I am Heathcliff...
I married a woman
I loathe...to spite
the one woman
I love!

Samuel Goldwyn, Hollywood's premier showman, creates the season's outstanding screen drama...a truly great picture, adapted by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur from the powerful novel by Emily Brontë.

It is coming soon to your favorite theatre...watch for it!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

A Story of Vengeful, Thwarted Love

costarring MERLE OBERON • LAURENCE OLIVIER • DAVID NIVEN

with Flora Robson • Donald Crisp • Geraldine Fitzgerald • Released thru United Artists

Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Once the spell is broken
tears won’t bring him back!

No girl need risk losing romance—when MUM so surely guards charm!

How could it happen? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool...there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only past perspiration—never odor to come. That’s why it’s so important never to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh all day. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It’s so pleasant...so easy to use...so sure to guard your charm.

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm—under that—and you’re through. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even after you’re dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist’s today. With Mum, you’re sure underarm odor won’t break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you always fresh!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don’t risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it’s gentle and safe!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:
The other night at a party we got tired of panning all the latest pictures and couldn’t think of anything new to say about “Gone With the Wind,” so I revived that old game of “Ten on a Desert Island”—which means, of course, the ten stars you would want with you if you were cast off on a desert island. It went like a house afire. And then a malicious meenie with malice towards some (that was me, too) suggested “Ten on a Sinking Boat” and you have no idea how rapidly those boats filled with our most glamorous Glamour Girls. One Glamour Girl, I won’t mention any names, made every boat!

But I know you are interested in the finer things alone—and often deplore the cat in me—I shall only tell you about the ten stars I chose to have cast off on a desert island with me, and maybe some of your readers would like to join in and make lists too.

Well, on my desert island I would like to have Clark Gable, naturally. And I say, naturally, in the fullest sense of the word. And you can imagine if you think I am going to allow Carole Lombard to be cast off on the island, even though she is one of my best friends, and I shall miss her terribly. I shall insist upon having Joan and Dick Powell because one of their merry insanities can pull me out of my darkest mood in no time at all, and because they don’t destroy any of my old-fashioned illusions about happy marriages.

I want Tyrone Power on my island because I can’t think of anything more romantic than holding hands with Ty around a campfire in the moonlight while Alice Faye sings, “I Have Eyes to See With.” Oh, yes, Alice is going to be along. I couldn’t do without torch songs the way Alice sings them.

Of course, being a theater-minded person I would have to have my Saturday night charades and one act plays, so I shall see to it that Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy get cast off with me—and this will guarantee that I will get the best in acting. Miss Jezebel is also the best read person in Hollywood and I must say it’s fun to be with someone who reads occasionally.

I suppose I really ought to invite Dorothy Lamour so she can show us girls how to wear a sarong most becomingly, but I don’t think I’d look well in a sarong, anyway, so there’s no point in inviting Dorothy. I’d much rather have Hedy Lamarr. Yes indeed, we’re all going to get awfully tired of looking at sand dunes and ocean waves so I think we’ll have to have Hedy along to have something pretty to rest our eyes on. Her naïve humor is refreshing, too.

Well, that’s it. But I have a “just in case.” I’ve arranged for the Queen Mary to stop at the island at the end of three weeks “just in case” I want to change my list.

Liza
Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"

with Lew Ayres • Ian Hunter • Frank Morgan

They parted when she won fame and he failed. Was their youthful love strong enough to bring him back?

Frank Morgan and a grand comic cast. Glamour of Broadway show world! Crowded with gorgeous girls!

Beautiful Jeanette dances, sings! Hear "Broadway Serenade", "Magic Melody", and others...

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION • SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES LEDERER
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

for May 1939
Dear Irish,

Has your little friend Eve got herself a headache! When I hit la belle Paree, I had one pawn ticket and a rained out evening dress. But you know me...never say die. With the old Park Ave. technique, I'm batting in high society in half an hour. An old gaffer is willing to put your little friend on the payroll to get his Mrs. back in line. Seems she is that way about a smoothie young Mr. Millions and all I have to do is make Mr. Millions forget the old gaffer's wife.
So why the headache? Listen, with all the taxi drivers in New York, I have to go and fall for a Paris taxi driver. Believe it or not, this hard little heart cracks like Broadway asphalt in a heat wave. Imagine me in love with a cabbie. We're gonna put a pair of water wings on his old bus and drive back to Broadway. And none of your fancy tricks either. Hands off.

Your favorite girl friend.

Eve

Paramount Presents

Claudette Colbert
Don Ameche

in

"MIDNIGHT"

with

John Barrymore • Francis Lederer
Mary Astor • Elaine Barrie

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • Based on a story by Edwin Justus Meyer and Franz Schulz

DIRECTED BY MITCHELL LEISEN

for May 1939
the whole hygienic problem of women is pro-
vided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who per-
fected Tampax has ingeniously made it avail-
able for all classes of women.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains no paper. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygeni-
cally sealed in patented applicator—quite un-
like any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion coun-

“A month’s supply will go into an ordinary purse”
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New Brunswick, New Jersey.
Send introductory package with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins). Size is checked below.

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Name
Address
City State

BLACKWELL’S IS-
LAND—Fine. A swiftly-
paced film which, despite
the fact that it is a glaring exposé of some of the
more unpleasant aspects of life at a city prison
one of our numerous is-
lands in the East River, is tensely exciting,
with an abundance of rowdy comedy.

CHAMPS ELYSEES—Excellent French
film. This is literally a field day for the
versatile French actor, Sacha Guitry, who not only, as a school-teacher, tells his
youthful the fascinating historical tale
of Paris’ most famous Boulevard, but also
enacts five of the most important roles as
time marches on. Of course, M. Guitry has
delightful way of interpolating fiction
with fact. It is subtle, witty and romantic.

HONOLULU—Fine. Never a dull mo-
ment (well, maybe only one) in this
sumptuous musical starring Eleanor Pow-
ell, who does the hula to tap-rhythm. It is
cheerful entertainment all the way, and
just what the doctor ordered for a blue
evening. In the grand cast you will dis-
cover Robert Young, Burns and Allen, Rina
Johnson, Jo Ann Sayers, Eddie Garg-
gan, etc., etc.

I AM A CRIMINAL—Good. The story
of a racketeer who uses a newby who
idolizes him as a means to getting out
of a charge of manslaughter. You’ll take
the kid, played by Martin Spellman, right
to your heart. Others in the cast include
John Carroll, Kay Linder and Mary
Korman.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Excell-
ent. This exquisitely played comedy-
drama should appeal to everybody, old and
young. It concerns the first few years in
the married life of Jimmy Stewart, a
struggling young lawyer, and lovely Carole
Lombard, who try desperately to retain
their happiness in spite of many diffi-
culties, the worst of which is a nagging
mother-in-law (Lucille Watson).

OFF THE RECORD—Fair. Although
Joan Blondell and Pat O’Brien are teamed
in this synthetic newspaper yarn, it’s no
world-beater. However, if you’re in a
kindly, sentimental mood you might be
temporarily diverted.

PERSONS IN HIDING—Good. An ex-
citing film adaptation of G-Man Hoover’s
book, showing how the Department of
Justice always gets its man—and woman.
A fine cast includes Lynne O’Malley, J.
Carrol Naish, and the new glamour-girl,
Bethford Morrison.

SAINT STRIKES BACK, THE—Fine.
The second in a series of really absorbing
mystery yarns featuring the Saint, a
fictional modern Robin Hood type of
character who dabbles in crime from both
sides of the fence. George Sanders is
elegant in title role. (Wendie Barrie.)

SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS—Fair. An
English drawing-room comedy full of
society pater and having to do with two
smart young married men who try to
outwit their respective husbands when
they become jealous of a certain fasci-
nating bachelor-novelist. It’s really much
ado about nothing. (Diana Churchill, June
Clyde, Romney Brent, Rex Harrison.)

12 CROWDED HOURS—Fair. An
action melodrama, which, because of
Dewey’s excellent work in cleaning up
New York’s underworld, is of timely in-
terest. Richard Dix plays a newspaper
reporter assigned to the case and Lucille
Ball is the girl he loves.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER
—Good. When Priscilla Lane, fresh out
of college, decides to take a weekend va-
cation with her boy friend, Jeffrey Lynn,
before he goes to Belgium, it stirs up
plenty of trouble in her suburban home.
Everybody proceeds to disapprove, with
quite amusing results. (May Robson, Fay
Bainter, Ian Hunter, Roland Young.)

SILVER SCREEN
THE PORTRAIT OF A FREE SOUL

NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen’s most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman’s love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!
Use your perfume for a definite reason. Here are guides to a choice.

One past, present, and future secret of feminine fascination is perfume. Indeed, it is the secret of all secrets, because perfume has the power to stir imagination and memories. It weaves a spell, and no costume is complete without a lovely sense of fragrance. So let’s turn to Hollywood, because Hollywood undoubtedly uses more perfume than any other section of this country. It is unusual to meet a star and not be aware of a precious fragrance that seems to belong to her, alone, and it is impossible to talk with any star about beauty and not have perfume pop up first of all. They all love it, just as we do, and many are collectors, among them Gracie Allen. The idea is to collect as many kinds in as beautiful bottles as possible, and a great hobby, if you ask me.

The Hollywood stars use perfume for two reasons. First, for the lift, the pleasure and inspiration it gives them. Many a star, among them Irene Dunne, has told me how a perfume saved her from stage fright or added confidence for a part she feared in beginning days. Second, stars, of course, use perfume for the charming effect on others, as we do.

The idea that all good perfume is very expensive is a myth. Of course, many large and gorgeous bottles are, but the dram size sale of the finest has become such a general habit, that you’ll find the very best well within your budget. Almost all of your recognized perfumes are sold in this manner, too. Buying by the dram is very practical, because it enables you to have a number of perfumes and you are not wedded to one until you are tired of it. After you have tested a few, then by all means buy your larger bottle. Be sensible, too, before you buy by testing the perfume in this way: Suppose you are shopping and stop at the perfume counter, undecided. Ask the saleswoman for a touch on your wrist, a spray on your jacket, if spraying is available. Meanwhile, do some of your other errands, and by that time you’ll probably know that the perfume is or isn’t for you. Don’t trust your nose in sniffing from a bottle. Perfume is much too concentrated for you to get a clear sense of it, but after it has remained on skin or fabric half an hour or so, you do get its true value.

What to buy? I believe that perfume should first please the wearer, then it will undoubtedly please others.

Carole Lombard, Alice Faye and Mary Carlisle are devoted to gardenia. Among the especially good gardenia perfumes, is [Continued on page 60]
She was on the jury—

... not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls... rich, poor, in between... in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.

Their comments show why this new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many, "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

See for yourself how the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent gets teeth super-clean. Any drug counter has it, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25c; and big, double-size, containing more than ¼ of a pound of dentifrice, 40c.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.  
St. Louis, Mo.

More than  

1/4 POUND OF TOOTHPASTE  
IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE 40¢  
REGULAR SIZE TUBE 25¢

A Hint to a Woman of 30

It's been years I come to lunch and tell me all about yourself.  

Why, Linda, what's wrong?  

I'm desperately lonely, Jane. I go nowhere and it's been months since a man has called on me, and I'm so... oh, how I envy you!  

LISTERINE'S WORTH TRYING, ISN'T IT? remember, you never know when you have HALITOSIS... I didn't.

Anything's worth trying. I've got LISTERINE at home... always use it for my hair, it's so wonderful.

The following June  

Who says I'm not a match-maker... who says LISTERINE isn't doing Cupid, Linda's charming Bob on the 21st.

Jane dares to hint  

Men ignored me, too, I'd never have got Jim if I hadn't found that my breath was my trouble, and began using LISTERINE... perhaps you...

To girls who don't want to stay single

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.
**Lashes for Spring**

*By Ruth Corbin*

**All recipes kitchen-tested.**

**MOST of us are thinking about a new spring bonnet and a dress; about crisp, gay curtains for our windows and brightly waxed floors... an all around new deal in appearance. While in the mood, be sure to plan some new dishes for your husband and the youngsters to taste the taste of winter from their mouths. Salads are synonymous with spring. I don’t know why, but at this season, and later in the torrid days of summer, we turn naturally to salads. Here are some of my prize recipes that are bound to make a hit with you.***

**SUNBURST SALAD**

Cook 4 small artichokes in boiling water, salted, until tender (about 40 minutes). Drain and chill. Open out petals to form cup. Remove center leaves and spines leaving heart. Cut 1 avocado in half lengthwise. Peel and slice ½ inch thin slices, cut small balls from remaining half. Peel 2 oranges and separate into sections. Arrange overlapping slices of avocado and orange sections in circle in center of artichokes. Place 3 avocado balls inside circle on top. Serve with a fruit salad dressing made by mixing 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup oil (I use mineral oil in all dressings calling for oil) and enough liquid honey or Karo Red Label syrup to sweeten slightly. For variety, slices of pickled beet, pimiento ribbons or green pepper rings may be alternated with orange segments.

**VITAMIN VEGETABLE SALAD**

Grand for reducing. Your own taste must govern amounts to be used in preparing this salad but it should consist of all, or as many as desired, of raw carrots, spinach, cucumbers, green pepper, cabbage, radishes, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, water cress, parsley, beets, endive, onions, and tomatoes. Wash all vegetables carefully and place in ice water for at least an hour (in refrigerator) to crisp. Lettuce, water cress and parsley should be kept separate to be placed in bowl under and around vegetables. Drain and thoroughly dry all vegetables. Add tomatoes, peeled and sliced very thin; beets, sliced and grated; thinly sliced cucumbers and radishes; grated cauliflower buds and carrots; shredded cabbage and spinach leaves; onion, parsley, celery and green pepper chopped together. Mix with French or California Dressing, tossing lightly with salad fork, until vegetables are coated but not soaked. Serve in same bowl.

**CALIFORNIA SALAD DRESSING**

1 cup sugar  
½ cup Heinz Vinegar  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon grated onion  
1 cup salad or mineral oil  
½ cup C. & B. Catsup  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce  
Little lemon juice, if liked

Mix ingredients and beat until sugar is dissolved and dressing thickens. For the best French Dressing you ever tasted omit sugar and onion. This dressing may be made in quantity and kept indefinitely in refrigerator.

---

**FOOD**

The hair is swept up this year, and so are the lashes! Kurlash curls them away from the eyes, lets in more light, makes the eyes look bigger and brighter. It’s quick and painless to use, effective for hours afterwards—and the price is only $1.

And for extra lash-loveliness, be sure to use Kurlene—its rich natural oils keep lashes soft, easier to curl. A touch of Kurlene on the rubber bows of your Kurlash will give you a longer-lasting curl!

**FREE—Your Eye Make-up Color Chart. Write June Heath, Dept. C-5. Give color of hair and eyes.**

**KURLASH**

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
Rochester, N. Y.  Canada, Toronto, 3
The Only Complete Eye-beauty Line

**WANTED ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS**

For Immediate Consideration. Send Poems to COLUMBIAN MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD., Dep't 13, Toronto, Ont.

**SOLO CURLS**

MAKE LOVELY WOMEN LOVELIER

That’s why MILLIONS CALL FOR...

**SOLO CURLERS**

Rapid-dry  Tangle-proof

**RED TOP**

5¢ EACH

AT 5¢ & 10¢ STORES

---

12
For a novel and colorful salad try removing centers from ripe, peeled tomatoes and re-filling with black cherries stuffed with well seasoned cottage cheese. Serve with French Dressing on lettuce leaf.

Also, for parties, pear halves, rounded side up, canned or fresh, on plate; cover well with cream cheese blended with milk

(2 tablespoons milk to 3 ounce package Philadelphia Cream cheese). Cut Tokay grapes in half and remove seeds or use seedless grapes. Press grape halves, cut side down, into cheese, covering pear completely so it resembles bunch of grapes. Serve with French Dressing or Fruit Dressing blended with whipped cream. Garnish with sprig of green chives and a piece of grape stem at top to simulate leaves and tendrils.

FRUIT BOWL

Fruit salad bowls are most attractive and convenient in serving when each fruit is grouped separately in a large shallow bowl. Here is a nice assortment. Cut 2 bananas lengthwise, 4 crescents of avocado, 10 slices of red-skinned apple and dip in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. In center of bowl, on a bed of lettuce or chives, place 4 semi-circles of pineapple sandwiched between 4 long fingers of cantaloupe. Arrange banana fingers next. Sandwich 8 slices of orange in 2 groups between apple slices. Garnish with tiny balls of avocado, cantaloupe and a group of perfect strawberries on stems. Pass California, Cheese or Whipped Cream dressing.

Now, consider desserts. Here are two new ones that are delicious.

PRINCESS PUDDING
1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert
1 cup cold water

½ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiling water
½ cup cream, whipped
1 cup sponge cake cubes

Dissolve gelatin (raspberry or strawberry) in boiling water; add cold water. Pour ¾ of mixture into hollow pan to ½ inch depth. Chill until firm; cut in cubes. Add salt to remaining gelatin mixture; chill until it begins to thicken. Beat until thick and frothy. Fold in whipped cream, cubes of cake and of clear gelatin. Pour into mold and chill until firm. Slice and serve plain or with whipped cream.

RHUBARB ROLY-POLY
3 cups Hecker's Flour
4½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Crisco
1 to 1½ cups cold water
5 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon sugar

Sift dry ingredients into chopping bowl. Add ½ cup Crisco; chop in with knife until mixture looks like cornflakes. Add just enough water to hold dough together. Transfer to pastry board; roll into square sheet ½ inch in thickness. Spread almost to edge with 2½ tablespoons of butter, fold up and press edges together, leaving layer of butter between layers of dough. (Helps make crust flaky.) Roll again; spread on remaining butter. Fold again and roll into sheet ½ inch thick. Spread with a rhubarb mixture made by combining 1 pound rhubarb, 1¼ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ cup chopped raisins, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Roll up like jelly roll. Place in buttered Pyrex baking dish, dust with cinnamon and bake at 350°F about 1 hour. Serve with lemon sauce.

For our main dishes, here are two which are easy to prepare and even better than they sound. And they cost next to nothing.

STUFFED FRANKS

Let 8 Armour frankfurters stand 7 minutes in boiling water. Partially split frank lengthwise; spread with French's Mustard. Fill with a mixture of 2 cups mashed potatoes and ½ cup grated American cheese. Place on broiler rack with strips of bacon until bacon is cooked and franks delicately browned. Serve with grilled tomatoes on a platter, alternating a slice of tomato and a slice of bacon between every other frank. With green peas, Sunburst Salad and Rhubarb Roly-Poly your meal is complete.

MOCK DRUMSTICKS

Mix ½ teaspoon leaf sage, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons chopped onion, ¾ pound chopped beef and ½ pound chopped veal or chicken. Shape into drumsticks. Roll in fine cracker crumbs. Insert wooden skewers. Fry in shallow fat or oil about 10 minutes. Drain. Place paper frills on skewers. With this serve baked potatoes.

SHUCKS! WHAT A RUN-IT SURE LOOKS FIERCE

Jane House of Ashtabula* has a tip for Polly

BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS CERTAINLY ADD TO A GIRL’S APPEAL—RUNS, WRINKLES—SNAKY SEAMS LOOK AWFUL

I USED TO GET RUNS CONSTANTLY. GOODNESS, THEY WERE EXASPERATING! THEN I CHANGED TO LUX

LUX DOES SAVE ELASTICITY, CUTS WAY DOWN ON RUNS. LEAVES MY STOCKINGS FITTING SMOOTHLY, SILKY, LOVELY LOOKING

Cut down on runs with Lux! Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux saves stocking elasticity! Buy the big box!

A little goes so far
Lux is thrifty
America's most thrilling story!
Thrilling... and true! Of love so great and faith so strong that it inspired this man to endure ridicule, privation, hunger... to achieve the miracle of wings for the human voice!

20th Century-Fox presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's
Production of

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Don Loretta Henry
Ameche • Young • Fonda
Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Spring Byington • Sally Blane
Polly Ann Young • Georgiana Young

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by Irving Cummings • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
Original story by Ray Harris
Topics for Gossips

Silver Screen

Although known as the Perfect Wife of the Screen, Myrna Loy still must learn how to press her husband's pants. Her first attempt has proven disastrous to Robert Taylor's personal wardrobe. In the role of Bob's bride in "Lucky Night," one of Myrna's duties is to press his trousers. During a long piece of dialogue, Myrna ceased her pressing, but let the iron remain on the trousers.

No serious snooping can possibly occur in any mystery film whose title character is the amiable nitwit, Gracie Allen. Let her remarks on being introduced to Warren William, the Philo Vance of her new "Gracie Allen Murder Case," attest to this.

"So you're Fido Vance," she observed, surveying the suave Mr. William's tall frame. "Mm-m-m!"

"Not 'Fido,'" someone intruded. "'Fido's' a dog's name."

"Well," she giggled, "he's a bloodhound, isn't he?"

It took big-hearted little Eddie Cantor to make a safety slogan out of the old adage that "children should be seen and not heard." But he did it recently when asked to inscribe a tablet erected by Santa Monica Boy Scouts at a dangerous intersection where several of their members were injured by automobiles. Stylus in hand, Eddie pondered a moment as he gazed at the wet concrete. Then he wrote—"Children should be seen and not hurt. Eddie Cantor."

Partial to black and white, Hedy Lamarr wears the smartest of spring dinner dresses with crisp white blouse fashioned entirely of lace insertion topping a long black skirt of unpressed pleats. The gown features Hedy's favorite silhouette, the loose angel-type sleeves.

Now that Bob Taylor and Nelson Eddy have been given a "he-man" build-up the next in line for the virile treatment seems to be Bobby Breen. He's had his hair cut and now his studio wishes him called Bob Breen.

From a recent "Variety" we snitched: The Civil War took four long years of marching feet and strife and fame, and from the tidings it appears "Gone With the Wind" will do the same.

Is Marie Wilson kidding the fashion dictators? Or isn't she? She appeared at a preview the other night in baby blue satin with quilted waist, set off by quilted gloves of the same material. It was quite startling.

One of the most ardent Shirley Temple fans, it seems, is none other but sophisticated de luxe Noel Coward. On his recent three day stop-over in Hollywood one of the first things Noel insisted upon doing was visiting Miss Shirley on the set of "Susannah of the Mounties."

He signed her autograph book and she signed his, and then Noel, making conversation, politely asked, "What are you studying in school now?" "Fractions," said Shirley, "and they're awfully hard. I never could do fractions," Mr. Coward said sadly, "Very hard, fractions."

After the famous playwright had left Shirley turned to her teacher and said, "Mr. Coward must be over thirty and he doesn't know fractions. How can you expect me to learn them in a few weeks?"

For May 1939
Well, here we go again. Betting on the Sweepstakes. And I don't mean the Irish Sweepstakes which I must say cost me a pretty penny before I discovered that only people who look funny in newreels ever win (and I don't think I'd look funny in a newreel—just sort of gruesome). But I do mean the annual Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. The most spectacular event in race mad Hollywood.

If you think the Sport of Kings is exciting (and after last Saturday at the track you can give it right back to the Kings for all I care) you just wait until you see a Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. Boy-oh-boy, what excitement as the blondes and brunettes come tearing into the last stretch! The winner of an Irish Sweepstakes gets only a flowering wreath and a bag of oats—but ah, the winner of a Glamour Girl Sweepstakes gets practically everything, including a chinchilla coat, a nice contract, and Howard Hughes, Gene Markey, and Tyrone Power. I'll say.

Last year the Glamour Girl Sweepstakes of 1938 were won by a Dark Horse, who had been kept under wraps at the Metro Stables, by the name of Hedy Lamarr. Before the race there had been plenty of talk that Hollywood

THE luscious girls of the studios all have beauty and many talents, but the race will be won by that tempting daughter of Eve who most recklessly drives our pulses with the woman-whip of allure.

By
Elizabeth Wilson

was doing away with Glamour. Because the fans (and my dears, you have no idea how Hollywood bends backward to please you) seemed to have become frightfully bored with breathless beauty and the thrilling ecstasy of complete other-worldliness, and had much rather have homey folk with freckles on their screen—you know, the Mickey Rooneys, the Myrna Loys, and the Jane Withers. And then came Hedy. And Glamour rose in the air like Ferdinand as he sat on the bee. So this year—now that it has been decided that Glamour is here to stay—there is more interest than ever in the Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. Every pretty young girl wants to win. Every studio wants a winner. (It means money in the bank.) Let's take a gander at the entries. Metro has a possible

A symbolic picture of Ann Sheridan who bids fair to swing the highest in the bright sunshine of picture fame. But no swing stays up forever.

Silver Screen
winner in Virginia Grey, or Jo Ann Sayers, or Lana Turner.

Virginia's a Hollywood girl, a daughter of a comedy director, who has been born and reared in the atmosphere of the picture business. She studied dancing as one of the famous Meglin kiddies, and has been playing bits in important pictures since she was nine. She has a Metro contract and has been showing such ability in her last pictures—she was one of the students in "Dramatic School" and one of the dancing girls in "Idiot's Delight"—that she's got a good chance now of stepping out there in front and winning the Glamour Girl race. Also, she's Dick Arlen's best girl friend.

Jo Ann Sayers, whose real name is Miriam Lucille Lilygren, was elected Ski Queen at the University of Washington ice carnival in the winter of 1938. A talent scout saw her and asked her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. She came, she took the test, and she was put immediately into "Young Dr. Kildare." Since then Jo Ann has appeared in "Honolulu," "Huckleberry Finn" and "Four Girls in White." Maybe she'll be the winner.

Red-headed Lana Turner, who comes as near being a Clara Bow as Hollywood has ever had the good fortune to have since the famous flapper married and settled down on her Nevada ranch, is a former Hollywood High School girl. After a test she was given a contract and the role of Mary Clay in "They Won't Forget." She was born in Wallace, Idaho, and is eighteen years old, and the most popular of the younger set in Hollywood—much to the despair of her studio bosses who are constantly lecturing her about too many night clubs. You saw Lana in "Love Finds Andy Hardy," "Rich Man, Poor Girl," and "Dramatic School." She has a red automobile that reminds you of a fire department. Metro is very excited over Lana's future. She has plenty of that well known "S. A." And I don't mean South America.

At the Paramount Stables we find two exciting entries, either of whom is likely to be a winner. Isa Miranda is ready to make her debut in her first American picture, "Hotel Imperial," which will be previewed any day now. And another Garbo may be acclaimed over night! Isa, who comes from Italy, was once hailed by the late Gabriele D'Annunzio as "The most glamorous woman in the world"—and after all D'Annunzio did know a thing or two about glamour. Isa's best known European picture is "The Lie of Nina Petrovna" in which she co-starred with the attractive Fernand Gravet. When Paramount got a load of that they sent her a contract to sign and she has been in Hollywood ever since improving her English.

From Paramount also comes Patricia Morrison who has been dubbed, by make-up expert Wally Westmore, as the only "blonde brunette" in Hollywood. According to Westmore, "Miss Morrison is a striking brunette with a brunette voice and a distinctly blonde personality." Well, that ought to lead to something. Patricia was born in New York twenty-one years ago and made her stage debut on Broadway last winter in "The Two Bouquets." Paramount [Continued on page 74]
Helen Chandler, Branwell Fletcher, Clare Boothe, Gladys Swarthout, Frank Chapman, Valentina and Clifton Webb. A group of brilliant people relaxing in the convivial cafe society that gathers when the theatres become dark and silent.

Florence Eldredge, poised and self-confident again, now that she and Fred have at last stunned Manhattan with the successful "The American Way."

Wayne Morris, roosting on a monument on Riverside Drive, caught the eye of one of those autograph girls.

WAYNE MORRIS had suggested that we go skating and then have lunch, but, although the air was cold and brisk, we found the rink on upper Riverside Drive wasn't open. We walked down the four blocks between the skating rink and his
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barrymore. Elaine now knows what a great artist John is and he has moved over to the character actor division without losing a fan.

Rarely seen these days, Ruth Chatterton dances with artist Nicholas de Molas.

Mr. Morris, and I admire you and your work so much." Wayne was pleased as punch.

His mother-in-law has the only other, besides the Schwab, private mansion on Riverside Drive. [Continued on page 81]
On What Does
Masculine Charm
Depend?

Is it the manly physique, the handsome face or something else that earns the big money?

By
Gladys Hall

COMING out of the preview of "Idiot's Delight" not long ago, a lad and a lass, streamlined, directly in front of us, caught our eye and ear. The lad was a likely looking, well-packaged gift to womankind. Or so, in my simple fashion, it seemed to me. He was tall. He was dark. He was handsome. He was turned out by an excellent tailor. He had the outboard-motor chest of a football player. Edging around him, profile-wise, I was prodded in the eye by an Arrow Collar chin like the prow of a ship. He took a few, staccato, off-to-Buffalo steps, and very good, too, and demanded, self-confidently, "What has Gable got that I haven't got? Tell me that!"

Like the drip-drip-drip of tiny icicles came the girl's voice: "I can't tell you," she said, "I haven't got the heart!"

I took another gander at him. And blinked. And thought, I'd have the heart to tell him but not the ability. I don't know why he hasn't got what Gable has. He has the looks. His teeth are excellent. There's a smart car waiting for him and his gal at the curb. The gal is wearing orchids. He knows how to do things and does them. He's so possessive she'll have black and blue marks before she gets to the car. He'd make Cagney look like a polyp. He's got more hair than Taylor. Beery couldn't lick him in any fight, let the script read as it might. His eyes are bigger than Tyrone's. Right now he's looking more wistful than Jimmy Stewart ever did. His shoulders are broader than Flynn's, his smile more expansive than Gable's and—he doesn't mean a thing.

But why? Or why not? On what, for heaven's sake, does masculine charm depend? Good looks? But his cup of good looks is pressed down and running over. Physique? Plenty of it. Poor, old over-used "personality"? Probably not, but why not? Is there no way of isolating the germ? Then and there I decided that the young man might not mean a thing to the girl shrinking on his arm, Gable still in her hair, but he was going to mean something to me. Oh, not what you think. I mean, he gave me the idea of playing a questionnaire game called "On What Does Masculine Charm Depend?"

He gave me the idea of taking a few of the most charming he-charmers, pulling them apart, pushing their profiles around, tearing off their wings in an effort to find out what, in so many words, makes them the most sighed-over, lipstick-smeared men in the world. So here goes. If I can't answer my own questions,
at least I'll have a lot of fun kicking the things around. I'll begin with Gable, I'll probably end with him, too, the rakehell Romeo, going around making nice girls dissatisfied with their nice, young men with outboard-motor chests and all.

A glamorous woman star once said to me that Gable is the idol of several dozen continents because he is a MAN. Which didn't strike me as a startlingly original observation. I'd thought of that myself. Pressed to amplify, the lovely Norma—there, I've gone and let the Shearer out of the bag!—went on to explain that by “MAN” she means that Gable has, triple-distilled, the “things” which women—and men, too—consider applicable to a man when he is very he-mannish, that is, dogs, hunting, pipes, tweeds (and the smell of pipe and tweeds), leather jackets, trailers, the Big Woods, the sea and all that.

But is that all or isn't it? Is it possible that a Gable without the Gable eyes, stripped of the Gable smile, divorced from the Gable shoulders would still cause women seizures? Is it only that essence of ruggedness, of he-mannishness which women find lacking in their own less virile males which makes them long for a Gable? I doubt it. I feel reasonably certain that my Young Man Of The Theatre Lobby—and many like him—has a dog, a pipe, a suit of tweeds, and is handy with rod and gun. Yet the eyes of the girl on his arm were bemused with Gable.

It occurs to me that putting exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right “package” has a deal to do with charm, masculine and feminine. I mean, give to quiet Franchot Tone the lustiness of Gable and the result (Contined on next page)
would be fantastic. Give to Gable the reserve, the gentle dignity which is Franchot's and the result would be pathetic, even comic. It's the combination of the Gable spirit and the Gable eyes, ears and shoulders which turns the stunning trick. It's because his spirit swaggers in the swagger "coat" of his body. I am sure that if Gable, though possessed of all the qualities which are his, were "turned out" in a chassis three feet high, with a beard, the two women who sat next to me at the preview of "Idiot's Delight" would never have undergone such paroxysms of delight over Clark as to make them idiots. Nor were they alone in their wild writhings. Men and women alike responded to that lusty figure on the screen. But to what, precisely, did they respond?

To that challenge, I say. To that great, glowing carefree personality housed in that particular body. Yes, this is it. Yes, somehow we are challenged by Gable, men and women, young and old. The rake-hellin' Romeo in that picture took love and life and war and women and himself and hurled them in our faces, daring us to take them seriously, daring us not to take them seriously. That's the "why" of Gable. I submit, off and on the screen—the spirit of challenge. What's this? You don't agree? You think what? Oh, you do. Is that a nice thing to say? Well, let's skip it. Let's give it back to Norma. Gable's charm depends on the fact that he is a MAN and we know it, and how!

But then, rather confusingly, there's Jimmy Stewart. Not that Jimmy isn't a man, too, and Metro knows it. But certainly his masculine qualities are of quite a different quality than Gable's, packaged quite differently, too. Certainly Jimmy wouldn't challenge a mouse without first apologizing.

Several years ago, when Jimmy first came to Hollywood and unpacked his overnight bag in a Hollywood hotel and the Press Passed By to look him over, there were ominous head-wagglings and pessimistic pen-squigglings. The question: "What Romantic Leading Man to date has gone places with what Jimmy Stewart has to work with?" was raised. The answer to that might have lifted Jimmy and his options right out of Hollywood.

It was variously observed that Jimmy was long and thin and pipe-stemnish and laconic and so wistful that you felt like slugging him so you could stop suffering . . . it was remarked that he has an eyebrow which refuses to stay put, hair that his mother combed, the last time, when he was nine . . . and more of the same. Much more.

And then what does James do? James fools 'em. James ups and takes the longness and the leaness, the wistfulness, the eyebrow, the un-combed hair, the underlip, puts them all together and adds up to a personality which is now hailed as replete with "charm," "tenderness," "latent strength," "pathos," "humor," "sublimated sex-appeal." And, in all the film colony, James knows no peer. Good looks? No. Not according to the popular "school of thought" about movie-hero good looks. Physique? Uh-uh. Not unless you were marked by a pipe-stem before birth. Personality? I refused to admit it, I take some pride in being original. I can't answer this one. Maybe he's a changeling. Change-lings are not as other men and do not need to be.

Now, then, there's Taylor—just a handsome youngster picked up out of Pomona, a kid from Nebraska, Doc' Brugh's boy, Robert just stepped onto the screen in "Society Doctor," twirled a scalpel and was a star. Easy as pie. Easy as pie, too, to catalogue the superficial why's of that instantaneous combustion. The dark widow's peak, just made for the careressing fingers of women. The superbly cast face. The physique of an Olympian. These qualifications, one might say, dispensingly, if one were the lazy and dispensing type, just plumped Bob right down into the proverbial bowl of cherries.

But, I dunno . . . the resplendent male beauty of Nils Asther comes to mind, the sultry good looks of young Barry Norton . . . fat lot of good their comeliness did them . . . Nat Pendleton is doing better. Since that first success, Bob has lived through the ordeal of being a "Glour Boy" and .

If the box-office were a lady he would have even less trouble. When Cary Grant is ruthless feminine hearts go a-flutter and a yearning to surrender steals over them.
Right—Old pipe-smoker Clark Gable, the hero of ten years of adoration. If the girls don't know why they like him neither does Clark.

The fascinating, inscrutable eyes of Charles Boyer have re-established the tradition that Frenchmen are the Musketeers of Romance.

...the point is, he has lived through it. Probably because he isn't, of course, a Glamour Boy at all. He is now cast in pictures calculated to prove to the Public that he is, above all, Hercules reincarnated, tossing the likes of Wally Beery carelessly around the open spaces. He is surviving this ordeal, too.

Both extremes of characterization are nicely calculated to make the Great American Public forget their manners and scoff, "Pfui!" But no, either way the G. A. P. has taken Doc Brugh's boy to its heart and liked him. There have been a few complaints, of course. But these can be discounted. Galahad himself would not escape a coupla cat-calls. Which is a triumph of something-or-other. And not a triumph of face or physique, since, if anything could have thrown Bob, it would have been, perversely enough, the ultra face and figger with which Nature equipped him.

When it comes to tearing Taylor to pieces to discover what makes our heads go round at sight and sound of him, I think I'll pass the buck to Virginia Bruce who played opposite him in "Society Doctor." Said Virginia one day as we were having tea and indulging in "girl-talk," "it's the ease and frankness of him. It's the way he enters a room as if it were his. It's the steadiness of his eyes and the readiness of his grin. It's a personal gallantry and a personal integrity which, added up, make a personality you both like and respect." Yes, to [Continued on page 67]
Ed Sullivan

Our favorite columnist (who hasn't forgotten that he is a reporter) finds in Hollywood a resistless tide that sweeps the players on to fame, or maroons them on the beach of the Forgotten Islands.

NO MATTER how big they are in Hollywood, they live in dread of the press, and it is a trifle startling to see the almost slavish behavior of famous stars when they come face to face with the Power of the Press, which is represented out here by uncounted hundreds of correspondents for newspapers and magazines and radio commentators. Hollywood, you see, is conditioned on publicity and the quest for it is a 24-hour-a-day process that jangles the nerves of all concerned.

A great actress who has been badgered out of pictures. Katharine Hepburn would not accept the froth and foam of a bubble reputation. She wanted only the credit she had earned.

Nearly everybody in Hollywood has a publicity agent, believe it or not. The day that a newspaperman arrives in this town, his phone starts tinkling: “This is Margaret Ettinger,” says a female voice. “Our office handles quite a few of the most important players and directors out here, and if there is anything you wish, just let me know and I will arrange it for you.” In rapid succession then you will be telephoned by Pauline Swanson, Charlotte Rogers, Scoop Conlon, Mack Miller, Russell Birdwell—but there is no need to men-
tion all of the telephone callers. The point is that everyone in
town has a press agent to direct the Power of the Press into
friendly and smooth-flowing channels.

This army of press agents is in addition to the hundreds
of publicity men at the major studios who work under the top
ballyhooer. The studios have specialists. One man will handle
the top-ranking columnists, another will handle magazines, an-
other will handle the radio commentators, another will handle
the fashion editors. In addition, the studio publicity chief will
assign individual men to his top stars, and individual men to
sets on which pictures are being shot so that at all times the
stars have a contact with the press.

All of them are serving the Great God Ballyhoo, and seeing
this vast army of drum-beaters about him, it is small wonder
that the star is affected by it and salaams to the gentlemen of
the press.

You might think, in your naïveté, that a star as famous, say,
as Norma Shearer, would be above this, and would be removed
from any search for publicity. She is internationally noted. When
she goes out into the market places of the world, people
scream and fight to get near her, to touch the hem of her
garment. Millions of dollars have been spent by M-G-M in
advertising her pictures and in presenting her flawlessly. You’d
think, then, wouldn’t you, that Miss Shearer would not need a
publicity man?

Let me tell you something that happened just recently.
Norma, with the entire M-G-M publicity staff at her disposal,
became dissatisfied with the publicity she was receiving. So

examine the script, “May I see your introduction of Miss
Shearer?” asked Birdwell. What he read was this: “I now
present the First Lady of Hollywood, the Queen of Cinema,
gracious Miss Norma Shearer.” Birdwell hurriedly crossed all
of that out, and substituted this: “And now, ladies and gentle-
men, Norma Shearer.” Birdwell’s angle is that Norma, who is
a very human human being, must be humanized, instead of
being set up on a pedestal as a very dignified celluloid dowager.
So Cantor introduced her as Norma Shearer, nothing else.

Miss Shearer’s dissatisfaction with M-G-M’s publicity, unfor-
nately, was a below-the-belt blow at the men who work at
the Culver City studios. Actually what [Continued on page 80]
THEY were setting fire to Atlanta on the back lot of Selznick International Studio as production on "Gone with the Wind" finally got under way. A petite figure, a girl, watched the proceedings with avid interest.

She had been brought to the spectacular event by Myron Selznick, brother of the famous David O. And little did she know that a chance visit was to result in one of the most unexpected turns in her life.

As she stood watching the fire, David O. Selznick and George Cukor came towards her. Both of the men stared hard as they were introduced to her by Myron. It wasn’t until David had almost drilled a hole in her by his continued staring that the thing happened.

“Miss Leigh, you seem perfect for Scarlett O’Hara?” he said abruptly. “Would you consider testing for the part?”

Vivien Leigh did consider it. And in a few days, as she sat in David’s office, the perspiring public finally heard the dramatic announcement that Vivien Leigh was to play Scarlett. The long search was over.

I was talking to Miss Leigh in her dressing room at the studio. I had seen her do splendid work in such pictures as “Fire Over England,” and “A Yank at Oxford.” As I looked at her more closely, I was amazed to discover how much she resembled Scarlett. About five feet, three inches tall, with green eyes, and sort of reddish-brown hair, she had all the characteristics so long associated with the fiery Southern belle in Margaret Mitchell’s book.

In a way I felt sorry for her, however. She was definitely in a spot. Hollywood columnists had not been any too kind to her since she was announced as the choice. And many irate fans had protested violently. She had, definitely, a very difficult job on her hands.

Vivien was crouched up in a very imposing looking chair. Curled, at least, the best she could considering she was surrounded by a long, flowing dress supported precariously by hoops.

She certainly presented a dainty and appealing picture as she sat there waiting for me to bombard her with all my American brashness. No wonder interviewers, such as myself, frightened her, for we reporters here have a habit of being so abrupt we scare lots of unsuspecting people. Of course, Vivien was more concerned because she wasn’t sure whether or not I was one of the disgruntled correspondents who had heckled her as a choice. I wasn’t.

“Well,” I began cautiously, “what do you think about finally landing the part?”

She became suddenly enthusiastic. She must have sensed I was on her side, for her eyes glowed as she answered me.

“It’s a great thrill—and an unexpected honor,” she began in her charming and clipped speech. “You know, I just came here for a visit. In fact, I even had reservations for the trip back to England. I had no idea of playing Scarlett. Now, when I realize what has happened to me, I’m terribly excited and a little afraid.”

“Then you are really glad to have been cast as Scarlett?”

“Certainly!” she exclaimed. Who wouldn’t? It’s a marvelous part. It is such a challenge, too, for me, for I don’t consider myself as experienced as many of the fine American actresses who were mentioned for the part. It makes my job harder, because I know I have to be not just good, but great.

“Scarlett means a lot to me. It’s my big chance to prove to myself that I can play a marvelous role and do it well. I’m
not going to fail either, for I've never worked harder in my life than I have on this picture."

There is no doubting the sincerity of her remarks. She knows all too well the spot she is in and what is expected of her. But with such determination, I hardly see how she can miss.

"Weren't you more than a little afraid," I asked after a while, "about the possible consequences to your career by playing Scarlett? Doesn't the role rather make you wonder about your future?"

"Yes, I was afraid—in fact, I still am," she replied quite pointedly. "Afraid because I knew what would be said about my being chosen. Afraid because I know that this is one part that simply cannot be done badly.

"That's why I'm keeping my fingers crossed all the time. I have a duty to every person who read the book and I have a duty to myself. I must fulfill both jobs capably."

"Yet you really haven't much to worry about the future," I said with an effort at encouragement, "for no matter what is the outcome of 'Gone With the Wind,' you're rather well set. After all, you have a contract with Selznick and a one picture a year deal with Alexander Korda. Besides, Mr. Selznick wouldn't have cast you if he had doubted your ability."

For a moment she said nothing. Then, with a smile that pathetically radiated her inner quakings, she looked at me with as much fire as Scarlett would.

"A future isn't just a security, a knowledge that you will always be provided for. You see, ever since I decided to become an actress, I have dreamed of some day doing a great part, such as Scarlett. That ambition has been my life. So I can't help feeling—that if I fail, there will be no future—just a drab uncertainty, a listless existence."

As was to be expected, tea was served. In between sips, Vivien [Continued on page 62]
Making A Photo Finish of a Thoroughbred

On location with "The Lady's From Kentucky" company, in the blue grass fields of California.

By Kathleen Coghlan

Down the coast of Southern California, ninety-five miles from Hollywood, a modern romance of the Blue Grass country is being enacted before the cameras for the picture "The Lady's From Kentucky," with George Raft, Ellen Drew and Hugh Herbert.

We left Hollywood at six o'clock in the morning and were whisked down the coast highway to Oceanside where we turned in from the blue Pacific ten miles along the El Camino Real (this means "The King's Highway" in Spanish, and was the original route travelled by the Franciscan Friars who first settled California when it was a Spanish possession.)

We are puzzled at the thought of a Kentucky Blue Grass farm being photographed in this typically California countryside. But, upon arriving at the site of the Louis D. Lighton ranch, leaned to us for this film, we can understand why Al Hall chose this spot for the re-creation of the Kentucky horse farm. The fifty or sixty-year old white-washed stables seem to have been lifted bodily from a pasture below the Mason-Dixon line. Negro mammys and pickanninies are loitering about the barnyard, and ducks, geese and fowl are going about their quiet lives in the lazy sunshine. But in the background of this rural scene we see the evidence of a movie company. Sound trucks, camera trucks, camera booms, waiting limousines with chauffeurs, racks of wardrobe, make-up tables, etc., dot the scene.

We look up the long winding driveway toward the ranch house on the hill. A scene is being shot on the driveway. Hugh Herbert is running up the hill and after him chases a wobbly-legged chestnut colt and follows him into the house. The scene is taken four or five times, the colt each time chasing Hugh wildly up the driveway. Upon investigating how a colt so young could be so easily trained to follow a person, we discover that the young one's mother has been installed inside the house out of view and the colt is running to its mother. Clever, these movie directors, in getting the desired effect.

Back to the stableyard moves the entire crew for a shot where George Raft invites Ellen Drew to go to the county fair with him on the following day. They are standing outside the stall of Roman Son, the horse about whom the main action of the story takes place. Behind them a colored groom leads another horse past the camera for "atmosphere."

"There's a sad case," comments Hugh Herbert, from the sidelines. "That extra used to be a star."

"What extra—the colored man?" asks one of the technicians.

"No," says Herbert, "the horse. Don't you recognize him? That's 'Broadway Bill.'"

And it's true. The "atmosphere horse" is Gallant Knight, featured with Warner Baxter a few years ago in Frank Capra's "Broadway Bill." He was barred from the featured equine role in this picture by that boype of all picture stars, Time. Gallant Knight is nine years old.

Another famous horse that you'll see in "The Lady's From Kentucky" will be War, half-brother of War Admiral, looking every inch what he was meant to be—a champion. A brief account of his history is interesting. When he and War Admiral were colts, War was regarded as by far the more interesting of the two. So promising that Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt paid $46,000 for him. But something went wrong with him in training, Mrs. Van-
A problem so screwy as to be without precedent even in Hollywood threatened to present the whole company with revolt while filming this production. The cause of everything is referred to by those involved under the working title of "the act of God horse," and the problem runs something like this:

If Ladybug, the Arabian mare, should give birth to her foal outside of working hours, could the studio require an entire motion picture troupe of more than 350 persons to drop everything, come out to the location at any hour of the night and go to work immediately? Director Al Hall and George Berthelon, company business manager, said the studio could and would do this.

It seems that for an important scene with Raft and Ellen Drew, Director Hall needed a foal with very wobbly legs. The experts, however, pointed out that a foal's legs are quite wobbly for only about 24 hours after it is born. Consequently, Hall had to get his foal practically on the first bounce.

With this in mind, when the company went on location Hall obtained a stand-by mare that was about to become a mother any minute. She foaled, however, on a day when Raft had time off to attend to some business in Los Angeles.

Two other mares were obtained to stand by. One produced a foal that was unsuitable, and the property department found that it had been misinformed about the other mare—her time wouldn't come for a month yet. Finally Ladybug was obtained and rushed to the loca- [Continued on page 70]
Everyone's idea of glamour is different. Russell Birdwell defines it in this way: "The quality of wearing an ermine coat as though you'd been born in it." Which is just another way of saying To the Manor Born.

Personally, I think a star feels glamorous when she has acquired a feeling of certainty, security and self-confidence.

For instance, isn't there something you always dreamed of having? Something like a diamond bracelet or a silver fox coat? It has always seemed to be a desire that was far off, and you always thought about it, not because you felt that one day you would have it, but only for the pleasure such dreams gave you. Yet, way back in your subconscious mind this idea took root, and blossomed into an ambition, even though you didn't fully realize it.

Then, suddenly you get a chance in pictures...a small part, and the ambition moves into your conscious mind.

You don't feel foolish when you think about it. The public likes you and you get a contract. By this time, you even talk about that bracelet to your friends.

And, one day, you find yourself buying that bracelet, for your contract gives you security against the fear of not having money to cover. When you put on that piece of jewelry, you feel confident (because you earned it, being an actress, which was your ambition) and glamorous, because in the back recesses of your mind you always...
felt that owning a diamond bracelet made a woman stunning.

Take the case of Jeanette MacDonald. Back in the days when she was singing in a chorus on Broadway, she could not help but notice the difference between her lingerie and that of the other members of the troupe. The girls would often tease her about the practicability of her undergarments. But Jeanette was studying voice and could not spend her salary for a pair of lace panties. The first check that she got on her Hollywood contract went to buy nothing but lingerie. Soft lustrous satin things, with exquisite laces and embroidery. She later told me that it was only then that she fully realized that she was a motion picture star.

Wendy Barrie always wanted an ermine cape and a chance to do her hair up with jeweled clasps. When she was told that she would get a good contract to sign, she rushed off to Westmore's and had Perc do her hair in five different styles, but went home with her old hairdress.

She felt it was the most becoming way and Westmore agreed with her. That bubble had burst mighty quick. However, when she received her first check she went out to buy that ermine cape. Of course she couldn't afford a long one at that time, so she got one that reached to her hips. Every once in a while she has it lengthened a few inches. Right now it reaches her knees, but Wendy says she won't feel like a full-fledged star until that cape touches her ankles.

Back in the days when Joan Crawford worked her way through Stevens College as a waitress, she had hoped to be on intimate terms with the other students, but soon learned that they did not feel that she belonged to their class. Joan never forgot that. Her first desire after she "arrived" was to find culture and good grooming. She told me: "When I arrived in Hollywood I was met by one of the executive's secretaries. I was wearing a badly fitted grey suit and a large hat. There were large bows on my shoes . . . you know the type!"

Joan's change was a deliberate one. It was a long time before she could wear a fur coat as though she had been born in it. Yet, today she is one of the best dressed women in Hollywood. She looks smart mostly because of the simplicity of her clothes. I saw her yesterday. She had on an elec-
WHEN he came into the office at eleven that morning and asked for Eddie Cantor, the pop-eyed comedian's secretary said her boss wasn't in; in fact, wouldn't be in that day. The visitor looked disappointed and left. And the girl forgot all about him. But he was very forcefully brought to her attention at 5:30 that afternoon when she went to draw the shades before closing up for the day. For there, perched on the narrow ledge outside the window, a dizzy twenty stories up from the ground, she found the young man of the morning.

When she got help to yank him in, she demanded: "Why did you do such a fool trick?"

Then he told his story. He had hitch-hiked from the mid-west, determined to get into radio and it seemed to him that soft-hearted Cantor, who had helped many another unknown, would be the logical person to ease him onto the airwaves. When the secretary said Eddie wasn't in, he was sure she was fibbing. So he got into a nearby empty office, climbed out on a ledge and then crawled along to the right window, peeping in occasionally to see whether Cantor

Trying to out-smart Fred Waring is an old and tough game, and Fred is still on top. Below—Kate Smith was coming 'round the microphone one day to help a girl, but the girl turned out to be a spindle-voiced cheat.
had actually come in.
Eddie shuddered when he was told about the incident.
"I can't possibly see every single person who comes to me.
If I did, I actually wouldn't have time for my own work.
As for this boy, I don't care how much talent he may have.
I simply won't see him, just to discourage any other such
mad action. The great pity of it all is that his stunt was so
unnecessary. If he's got the goods, there are regular
channels by which he would have been given a fair hear-
ing to get into radio, and there was no sense in trying to
side-step them. If he hasn't got what it takes, why does he
bother me? I can't make a polished professional out of a
rank amateur."
Eddie's experience, while rather drastic, is by no means
unusual. One of the prices of fame that the topnotchers pay,
and about which you hear so little, is that they are usually
the object of somebody's screwy attention in the hope
that they will smooth the way to radio fame and fortune for
the applicant. The folks who pull off these stunts simply
won't heed the wise and experienced advice of the stars who
say: "Stay away unless you have something on the ball,
know what to do with it, have a lot of patience, and plenty
of money to take care of yourself while you are waiting." If
they would only listen, they
would spare themselves a lot
of headaches, heartaches, and actual physical pain.
But no. They've read somewhere that James Melton got
his chance by singing in a corridor outside the late Roxy's
office and the showman was so impressed that he gave Jimmy
a job; that Jane Froman sang at a party and wowed a radio
executive there; and that So-and-So got on the air by pulling
a grand bluff. So they go ahead, plunging into bigger and
better (they hope) plots to bring themselves to the attention
of the person they have picked on to help them.
How do you think Fred Waring felt, for instance, when a
traffic cop stopped him in the wee small hours as he was
driving home after a late broadcast, and told him he had a
stowaway on his spare tire? Honest Injun, that's where he was
perched. This boy's story was that he wanted to sing in Fred's
glee club but felt he didn't have a chance to register on Fred
merely by auditioning in the regular way. So he conceived
the idea of changing the rear tire as Fred backed out of
the parking lot. He didn't know that Fred lived up in West-
chester, a good long drive from the broadcasting studio, but it
probably wouldn't have made any difference. He had already
been more than an hour in that back-breaking position when the
cop stopped the car. All he said when he crawled out was:
"I wanted to see you alone, and this was the only way!"
Instead of winning admiration for his courage, all he got
was a load of disgust. Fred gave the cop some money to put
the nuisance on the train for home and wearily resumed his
drive home.
And you can well imagine announcer Milton J. Cross' sur-
prise when two bedraggled little girls came looking for him
at NBC one morning, stating they were ready to work with
him on his children's hour broadcast. About nine and eleven
years old, they certainly looked out of place in the radio
studio. Drawing them aside, he soon got their story. And a
pitiful one it was. They came from Georgia, they said, where
their mother had scrimped and saved to give them elocution
and music lessons. With her last meagre few dollars, she had
put them on a bus for New York, armed only with a box of
sandwiches and the address of the broadcasting company.
The announcer got in touch with the Travellers' Aid Society,
who sent the children safely home, and then he wrote a
rebuking letter to the mother. Did you think it ended there?
You should know better. A few months later she wrote to him
stating that the children had improved considerably and she
was sending them North again. Only by notifying the local
authorities was he able to get her to refrain from again sub-
jecting those two little girls to such a cruel experience.
Not all stories of how not to crash radio are quite so bleak.
Kate Smith's favorite deals with a girl who took a logical means
of approach for a singing job on her program, but over-reached
herself so far that she didn't get it. Which often is the case
when a gal gets too smart for her own good. It seems that
every week she'd send Kate a recording of a popular song,
accompanied by a note requesting a personal audition. When
about a dozen of these recordings had accumulated, Kate
decided to play them off to see if they were any good. To
her surprise, they were grand. And no wonder—but that's
getting ahead of the story. Kate set a time for the audition
and was all set to tell the world of her new find. But to her
dismay, in person the girl had a thin, reedy voice utterly unlike
the lush, velvety contralto tones of the recordings. Finally she
confessed that she had taken recordings done by Frances Lang-
ford and had gone to the expense of having them re-recorded
so that the introduction giving the real name of the singer
was omitted. And she was naive enough to hope that once
she heard her, Kate would like her own voice better than the
recording. P. S. She left, a sadder and wiser girl and minus
a job.
Really, there is no expense or lengths to which some deter-
minded would-be artists won't go to make an impression on
the established folks in radio. Lanny [Continued on page 64]
CLAIRE TREVOR was so thoroughly blue about not finding love in Hollywood that she decided to take on an extra career. She had established herself in pictures, and if they wanted to double her income by making her a radio star, too, she figured she might as well say yes. After all, she had retorted “No!” so often, and there was no man in her life on whom she could concentrate at the moment.

None of her friends knew she was going to team with Edward G. Robinson in a weekly air drama until the contracts were all signed. They’d long since given up attempting to influence her, one way or the other, anyway, because whenever they had advice for her Claire was against it.

“I never do anything but what feels best, in my own mind,” she invariably explained, firmly and frankly. “It’s still the only way I know to get what I want,” she declares, quite a different young woman from that discouraged, super-scheduled girl of yesteryear. Now she’s not only twice as famous, but she’s the happiest wife in Hollywood, besides. She looked for further distraction in more work, and stumbled into the real romance of her life with the darkly handsome young boss she acquired with the new job.

The funny thing about her meeting with Clark Andrews was that she really didn’t bother to say any more than hello. He wasn’t a loud-talking authority on everything under the sun, and so she made a mistake and presumed he was just along for atmosphere! She’d put her name on the legal papers for her radio debut in her agent’s office, and she was discussing the new program over a luncheon table at the Assistance League ten-room. The silent young man merely smiled occasionally. In those days Claire had nothing else but her star system to get steamed up about, so she listened to the fellow who was talking so definitely.

No one could have been more astonished than Claire was three days later. The producer of her radio show called at her home to go over the script of the first broadcast with her. He wasn’t the man she’d listened to; he was the calm, quiet, attractive one she’d practically ignored! Concealing her embarrassment as best she could, she proposed they get right to reading the script.

In a few minutes she was further shocked. He wasn’t any average Hollywood male, either. He had no conceit, no bragadocio. It was obvious he came from a good family. She inquired if he’d gone to college. Yes, he’d graduated from Yale and he’d sampled Cambridge and studied a spell at the Sorbonne in Paris. But the intelligence and manners of a gentleman were topped by a swell sense of [Continued on page 73]
We point with pride

to

Jeanette Macdonald

She has sung her way into a million hearts.

A list of the plays and operettas she has played in would awaken pleasant memories, but our affection for beautiful talented Jeanette is deeper than that. It is an emotion that lifts us away from the earthbound, like her own lovely voice.
MYRNA LOY

One of our most modest stars, but usually associated with never-to-be-forgotten successes. Her latest film is "Lucky Night." A good title for an earring with Myrna.
comes a day when a beautiful stranger is posed in the hope that her portrait will win for the starlet. It worked in this case and laying a red carpet of welcome for Rita and her next picture. "Plate No. 1"
DON SAMSHE

Radio is wonderful, but your voice cannot make as if you had a pleasant personality without the girl to really show. And Don Samche has proved that only by his art of him we have no understand the meaning of charm.
The powers-that-be who sign contracts and make mistakes put Bing in a silly picture called "Paris Honeymoon," and probably, that day, Bing's horses didn't run well and probably, that night, there was static on the radio and one of the twins was sick. But that's all nothing to Bing for Bing belongs to the future.
The satin of her period gown and the lovely silken roses are in harmony with the gentle curving girl whom the movies are shaping into a very desirable woman. Her next picture is "Zenobia."
How they used to talk about "It" and "S.A.!” The labels are forgotten, the proud possessors of those allures are gone, but Rosemary is with us and now we understand what they were talking about!
DEANNA DURBIN

"Three Smart Girls Grow Up" reads the title. Deanna cannot grow fast enough to outgrow her great popularity.
The picture that promises to be the finest of all pictures is "Juarez." But whatever the story turns out to be, this remarkable portrait of our greatest actor makes us eager to witness another Muni triumph.
Left—A three-color evening gown, lovely for its formal wear, when worn with the tufted white crepe bolero. The exquisitely cut black crepe skirt is girdled with a graceful crimson crepe sash knotted in front. The white crepe bodice has tiny puffed sleeves and a Florentine gold brooch studded with varicolored jewels.

Right—Navy sheer wool is used for this simple, one-piece dress with its V-neckline clipped with dull silver. The girdle is chartreuse suede harmonizing with the plaid stripe in the three-quarter length sleeves. Jane's rollbrimmed sailor hat and other accessories are navy blue.

COUTURIERS are convinced that the dread term “middle age” has definitely disappeared from the vocabulary of ever American women. It all started ten a certain far-reaching designer originated the popular mother-daughter fashions. The girl of “today” can be frankly eighteen or unfailingly forty. But you’d hardly guess which from the way she dresses. Any one of the four costumes illustrated here could be worn with equal ease by a debutante or a sophisticated iron. Which simplifies life beautifully for the fashion-conscious woman.
Fashions For That "School girl" Look That Both Paris And Hollywood Insist Upon This Spring.
On opposite page—Jane wears a smart printed sheer of deep beet-root red splashed with white. The bolero jacket is heavily shirred and caught into cords at three inch intervals in harmony with the blouse, a charming touch to which is a flattering lingerie bow at the throat. The pleats of the skirt are stitched about four inches down from the waist, which is girdled in beet-root smooth leather. With this Jane wears black accessories.

Left—Lovely for promenading, travelling or for wear under a loose top-coat is this beige and tobacco brown dressmaker type wool crepe suit, with its gored, swing skirt, and cutely nipped-in jacket with graceful three-quarter length sleeves. A dark brown vagabond felt hat adds distinction to this costume; also tobacco brown suede gloves that reach to the end of the coat sleeves. The large envelope bag is of glossy beige kidskin.
"Elementary, my dear Watson"

You must have read "The Hound of the Baskervilles." The hound is loose again! Take your gun with you when you see it.
The baying of the mysterious killer will at last be heard, but Sherlock Holmes will be there.

Lionel Atwill and Beryl Mercer registering a few feet of terror as the sinister sound comes across the moor.

Director Sidney Lanfield with Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie. They introduce the love interest, but with what a handicap!

The great Conan Doyle could play upon your nerves as a virtuoso can play on a violin. The music of performers is forgotten or canned but a great writer's creations live forever, and you will never again hear the baying of hounds without a shiver of fear—and a memory of Sherlock Holmes, greatest of detectives.

Can You Swim 2 ¼ Miles?

Swimming is great fun, great exercise. But it is a strenuous drain on body energy. Baby Ruth candy, so popular among candy lovers for its purity and goodness, is a source of real food energy—which all active people need. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. So for enjoyment and food energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. Millions do.

Curtiss Candy Co., Chicago, Ill., Otto Schnering, President

Energy Tests with Baby Ruth

By actual calorimetric tests, a good swimmer, weighing 120 lbs., can swim for 2½ miles (average speed 3 miles per hour) on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth.

Curtiss Baby Ruth

When fatigue sets in—
Remember Baby Ruth is rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy!
ELLEN DREW

She's the Darling of the Doggies and also leading woman of "The Lady's From Kentucky," but the pup harvest seems to her more important.
The rain came down in sheets. A sixty mile an hour gale blew the water in every direction. Inside the dressing room an electric heater cast a rosy hue over everything. David Niven looked out the open door, "It ain't a fitten night or man or beast," he observed, "and I have to go out in it." I followed his gaze. Perforated pipes were strung above the entire set. Eight giant wind machines created the gale. Two men came from the top of a hill and were joined at the foot by three or four others. David indicated one of the men. That's me," he informed me. It was his stand-in and they were rehearsing a scene for "Wuthering Heights" before they left David.

The men were supposed to be looking for Merle Oberon who was married to David but who had run away. The action took place inside one of the sound stages at United Artists Studio.

I happened to know at this moment Miss Oberon was basking in the sun on the sands at Santa Monica Beach. I also remembered the time she and Mr. Niven were betrothed and she had run away from him to England. It wasn't raining then, though, and, somehow, at the moment, it didn't seem politic to comment on the difference between real life and reel life.

"All this must seem funny—unreal to you," I commented to Niven.

He nodded. "I never started out in life to be an actor. My forebears were all army people. My father was a captain in the British army and when I grew up I joined the Highland Light Infantry. In due time I was commissioned. Can you imagine anything more incongruous than a British army officer making faces at a Hollywood camera, going out into a synthetic rainstorm, looking for a girl who is supposed to have just left the house and who, in reality, is miles away lolling on a sun-drenched beach?"

I shook my head sympathetically. "It seems to me," I opined, "you're in for a good ducking and all to no purpose. Why don't you just phone Merle and tell her she's got to be found and if she's just come back today instead of tomorrow it would save you a wetting?"

It was David's turn to shake his head.

"That would never do," he replied. "In the first place, if I did that we would lose one of the most thrilling scenes in the picture and, in the second place," he added with relish, "she wouldn't get wet either. In the third place Mr. Goldwyn is paying me a handsome salary to get wet and if I laid down on my end of the job there's no reason he shouldn't lay down on his end. And," he concluded heatedly, "I don't want anyone laying down on my checks either before or after they're signed. I'll take my ducking."

"What led up to all this?" I asked.

David grinned. "It's a long story," he averred. "Are you interested?"

"No," I jibed, "but the public is."

He grinned again. "I've heard about you and your wise-cracks," he retorted, "and I haven't heard anything good."

Having put me in my place in a manner that could best be described as "neat, but not gaudy," he continued, "As I told you, I went into the army. Promotion in the British service is [Continued on page 71]
The clock on Alice Brady's living room mantelpiece was at least a half hour fast. It was a pretty French clock with gilt babies frolicking on it and every now and then a little bell somewhere in its innards went "Ping!" I wondered whether Miss Brady used its ahead-of-time proclivity to urge herself to be on time for appointments or whether it served as a gentle hint to callers who stayed too long.

The fireplace was veined black marble and there were a pair of surprising gold ladies supporting the andirons. Arched windows and French doors furnished glimpses of a tree-and-shrub-filled garden. Dogs—lots of dogs—peered at me, barked and scuttled off and then returned to peer and bark again. I felt obliged to go and feel the drapes. Luscious things they were—heavy, creamy moiré, with faint tracings of gold and pale green. The walls were green, too, and the ceiling very high. The floor was composition stuff, shiny squares of black and gray.

There was a commotion somewhere above. Dogs barked from the garden, they barked from upstairs, they barked from unidentified points east, north and south. But they all barked. I heard Alice Brady's voice.

"Do pardon me for being so slow about getting down these dratted stairs! I would get a house with stairs leading to and from every room and then break my ankle!" She toiled, child-fashion, down the long curved staircase, murmuring: "Have they made you comfortable?"

"I've been looking at your garden," I said. "Is that a little swimming pool out there?"

She stopped in the middle of the shiny floor. "What do you mean, 'little swimming pool'?" she demanded. "Are you casting aspersions? It's a large swimming pool!" If Alice Brady were not so indubitably a lady, I should say just here that she snorted at me. As it is I'll just say that she succeeded in making me feel snorted at. "Little swimming pool, indeed!" she grumbled.

It didn't seem that we were off to a really auspicious start and I tried hastily to change the subject. "It has dressing rooms and showers and places to lounge in the sun, that swimming pool!" she went on. "It's nice. The garden is nice, too. See that lilypool out there? It should have fish in it. But it hasn't." She seemed to feel some satisfaction about this lack.

I decided to let the conversation ride gently along as it would.

"Is your house very large?" I inquired at last, thinking that the matter of the size of anything had better be approached carefully.

"I—I don't really know!" she said. "It has this room and some other rooms on this floor and upstairs there are some more rooms. I'll show you—"

Her Performances On The Screen Rate Her Our Greatest Actress, But Applauding Thousands Have Not Disturbed Her Every-Day Irish Heart.
you. Now I'll turn on some lights." She looked around, "Do you see a light button anywhere? Never mind! I'll ring the bell and call Thomas. Only, I don't know where the bell cord is, exactly. It must be somewhere around..."

She hunted for the bell cord while I hunted for the light button. Alice's efforts made drapes snap to and fro but brought no servants. I finally found a button which turned on some lights while she shouted, "Thomas!" A Chinese gentleman entered and fussed about with sidelights. Then he said, mournfully, "They do not go on, Miss Brady. She are bust!"

He retired to "do something about it" and Alice sighed, "You can see what kind of housekeeper I am—or am I? You'd think that with five servants... I think it's five. Let me see. Personal maid, butler, cook, driver, chambermaid... I must have fired one!"

"That is five," I pointed out but she went on, "Of course there is a gardener but he doesn't work full time. Now what became of that other one?" I gave it up and abruptly the conversation veered to kitchens and food. So we repaired to the back of the house, somewhat to the astonishment of the Chinese butler and the colored cook. "Show Miss Walker what kind of stoves and things we have!" Alice directed.

The beaming cook displayed her gleaming stove and begged, "May I show off the new ice box, too, Miss Brady?"

While she was "showing off" her ice box, Thomas was preparing to boast of his own special department—the spice and sauce cupboard. "Mees Brady, she likes things hot," he confided. In that cupboard was every kind of spice that the spice putter-uppers had ever thought of. Peppers, garlic salt, onion salt, celery salt, thyme, marjoram, mace—dozens of them. On the shelf below were sauces.

Alice said, "I am very difficult to feed. I like very few things. My favorite food in all the world is rare roast beef—so rare that it almost moos at me. I like a baked potato with it. If I can't have that, I'll compromise for a thick steak which has been just barely introduced to the broiler. But I want sauces with these things. All the hot sauces! You take a good look at the shelf and if you can tell me about any sauces that you don't see there, I'll be grateful. Sometimes I think I'll just skip the beef and eat the sauce."

There was a sauce over which she really cooed. It's called "Lady's Choice," of all things! It consists of those tiny, virulent tabasco peppers, suspended in distilled vinegar. "Now there is a sauce that is really hot!" I believed her. I've met those peppers.

"I like fish, too," she went on. "With sauces. Smoked oysters. You mean you've never eaten smoked oysters? Well, you simply haven't lived! Really!

"What canned goods do you use?" I wanted to know, me being the domestic type who really goes in for canned goods. Alice said, "No canned goods at all, unless someone puts something over on me some times!" She eyed Thomas sternly and he hastily opened lots of cupboard doors to prove that there were no canned goods present. Thomas looked at her inquiringly and she conceded, "Oh, yes... those things! Tomato juice and the soups that turn into jelly. I like those."

"Come and see my play rooms!" cried Alice. I followed and the wistful voice of the cook followed us, saying, "Miss Brady, couldn't I show off the washing machine and mangle and the new vacuum cleaner?"

I couldn't hear any more because just then Alice opened the door of the servants' dining room and dogs flew out, greeting us, "The dogs and the servants sit in there most of the time listening to the radio," she said, "One reason I find dust on things, when I think to look."

The lights in the dining room wouldn't work, either, but she assured me that it was a lovely room when the crystal sidelights were working properly. "But I hate it," she added. "I hate all dining rooms. Mostly I eat in my bedroom, but when I don't I eat in here." She led the way to a small card room, gay with striped curtains and cushions and drapes. A terra cotta floor, corner fire place, small [Continued on page 62]
I N DREAMS I seem to hear the clang of the starter's bell at Santa Anita and the voice of Joe Hernandez yelling, "There they go!" But a moment later I realize the clang I heard was only the alarm clock and instead of Mr. Hernandez, I'll be hearing some director—many directors, before the day is over—yelling, "Roll 'em," and he won't mean dice, either. Reluctantly I roll my hulk out of the hay and head for—

United Artists

Mr. SAMUEL GOLDWYN is shooting the long talked of "Wuthering Heights" over here. I want to tell you, my reader, that this is one of the most dramatic, one of the most gripping scenarios I have ever read. I didn't see the play so I don't know how closely the film follows the original story but it doesn't matter. Here is the only story of its sort I have ever found that compares—or even surpasses the "Peter Ibbetson" of the silent films, when Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid showed how love may transcend even death.

Cecil Kelleway (father of Merle Oberon and Hugh Williams) picks up a dirty, unkempt, starveling ragamuffin on the streets of Liverpool and when he cannot find anyone to care for the boy he brings him home. Hugh hates him at sight. Merle's reactions at sight of him are mixed. But, with the care a mother lavishes on the runt of a pack, Mr. Kelleway pours care and affection on Oliver. Hugh's jealousy knows no bounds but Merle cannot classify her feelings towards the lad who is silent, at times ferocious, yet who provokes her.

Finally there is a fight between the two boys and Hugh knocks Oliver down with a rock. Then he beats and kicks his unconscious form. With Oliver's head pillowed in her lap, Merle hears him speak the words which doom her and her entire family: "I don't care how long I wait—if I can only pay him back. I hope he won't die before I do."

To take his mind off the macabre threats, Merle plays the coquette and leads him to their "castle," a cave some distance from the house where, in a child's game of prince and queen, they stumble on adult emotions. They love each other.

Then Kelleway dies and Williams regresses his foster-brother to a position as stable boy. His only solace is an occasional chance to see Cathy in clandestine meetings at their castle. One night they are drawn from a tryst at the castle by sounds of music at Thrushcross Grange. They go to the manor, to look on.

"It would be dreadful if Hindley (Hugh Williams) ever found out," Merle whispers. "Found out what?" Larry snarls, as if in pain. "That you talk to me once in awhile—as if I were little better than a dog?"

"I shouldn't talk to you at all." Merle snaps him off. "Look at you! You get worse every day. Dirty and unkempt and in rags. Why aren't you a man? Why don't you run away?"

"Run away?" he echoes in stunned simplicity. "From you?"

Suddenly Merle is transported into an-
other world. "You could come back and take me away! Why aren't you my prince like we said long away—why can't you rescue me?"

And Larry, too, is swept away. "Cath!" he breathes, "come away with me! Now!"

"Where?" she queries.

"Anywhere," he hisses, on fire.

But she shakes her head. "And live in haystacks? And go barefoot in the snow? And steal our food from market places? No, Heathcliff, that's not what I want."

The sound of the music from the dance penetrates the night.

Olivier doesn't hear it. "You just want to send me away," he raps. "That won't do. I've stayed here and been beaten like a dog, abused and cursed and driven mad. But I stayed—just to be near you. And I'll stay till the end. I'll live and die under that rock (the castle)."

The music rises.

"Listen!" Merle whispers. "The Lintons are giving a party. That's what I want—dancing and singing in a pretty world. And I'm going to have it!" She starts towards the manor again and pulls him along. "Come on! When you see it you'll want it, too!"

They peer through a window at the lovely drawing room full of bead and ladies, beautifully panoplied.

I wish you could see this set in reality. Real trees have been transplanted inside the stage. There are real flowers in the garden. The wall is only made of plaster but it looks centuries old. Inside the house, where the dance is being held, every prop is an authentic antique. Even the tapers in the candelabra flicker.

It's my job to report pictures impersonally and let you take them or leave them. Perhaps I'm stepping out of bounds but I'm warning you if you miss this picture you're missing one of the treats of the year.

Having said my say, we'll proceed to—

Universal

This studio is taking a new lease on life. Last month we had W. C. Fields. This month we have Bing Crosby in "East Side of Heaven," Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," "Spirit of Culver" with Jackie Cooper and Henry Hull, and "Risky Business" with George Murphy and Dorothy Kent.

This is the one picture a year Mr. C. makes outside his Paramount contract and he has practically all the say about cast, director, story and music. Well, one of his close friends, Herb Polesie, has written the book and another of his best friends, David Butler, is directing it. Also present is Miss Joan Blondell whom Bing has been seeking as a vis-a-vis to these many years. It should be one of Bing's best.

Bing is the singing troubador of the Sunbeam Taxi cab Company, Irene Hervey is an ex-showgirl, married to Robert Kent, dissipated son of C. Aubrey Smith. The first two are [Continued on page 76]
NEW WAY
to buy
NAIL POLISH
and get the
COLOR you want

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get

The life-like "finger-nail" caps on the Dura-Gloss bottles are colored with the actual nail-polish contained in the bottle! It is not a printed reproduction. It is the actual color you'll get on your fingernails. You'll never use any other polish again — once you've used Dura-Gloss Nail Polish! It's the best polish that money can buy (goes on better, and lasts longer). And you're absolutely sure of getting the shade you want! Try it today. At cosmetic counters, 10c. Look for the special bottle-cap that you see pictured above ... the new way to buy nail polish!

LORR Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

LET FREEDOM RING
In Which Nelson Eddy "Tops" Everything He's Ever Done In Films — MGM

Well, folks, get a load of Nelson Eddy! That guy certainly comes into his own in this luscious film and shows that he can sing just as skillfully as he can sing. This is Nelson's standout performance since he entered pictures, and does he stand out. Just wait until you hear him sing "My Country Tis Of Thee" — why you'll practically cheer your lungs out.

The picture itself is simply perfection in that it combines Americanism and patriotism with all the best ingredients of a successful Western, and is first and always a moving picture. Nelson plays a young hard-fighting Westerner who has been away at Harvard studying law for four years, and who returns to his native state just as Edward Arnold, playing a land grabbing financier from Wall Street, is stealing and plundering, all in the name of Progress.

The little town is full of "hunkies" who have come West with the railroad, and over them as "Boss" is Victor McLaglen, playing a thick-headed mick, and giving it the best performance of his career. It is the Americanization of these "hunkies" that sounds the keynote of the picture. Nelson, aided by Charlie Butterworth in the delightful character of "The Mackeral," steals a printing press and with his newspaper and his singing he fights millionaire Arnold and his corrupt politicians, saves the farms and ranches of his neighbors, and makes America out of the "hunkies." The picture is plenty of guts, plenty of punches, as plenty of good sound patriotism. The cast is superb with Virginia Bruce as the heroine, Lionel Barrymore as Nelson father, H. B. Warner as a gallant gambler Guy Kibbee as a corrupt judge and Raymond Walburn as a corrupt editor. Nelson sings, and magnificently, "The Dust Road," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Ten Thousand Cattle Straying," "Lovely Serenade" and "My Country Tis Of Thee."

THE LITTLE PRINCESS
The Best Film Shirley Temple Ever Made — 20th Century-Fox
A "Must" on Your List

If you have never been a Temple fan before you'll be a dyed-in-the-wool or after you see this. Under the excellent direction of Walter Lang, little Miss Temple forgets her baby cuteness, and acts real honest-to-goodness acting, for the first time in her young life.

She is simply wonderful in every scene, and when the part calls for her to be dramatic, Shirley rises to unexpected dramatic heights, and puts to shame many of the older and more experienced actresses in this business, who can we afford to take lessons in drama from The Little Princess. When Shirley cries ye [Continued on page 58]
FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE

Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."

Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo, Deeply interested in acting, The Lady Betty Bourke has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Often Sings at charity affairs—The Lady Alexandra Haig, daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."

In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again. Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company
Three steps to a Kiss!

Throw away your old greasy "red paint" lipstick! Put on Tangee. Its "orange magic" changes to your very own shade of blush rose—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead.

Stop daubing on artificial-looking rouge! Use Tangee Rouge, with the same matching color, to give your complexion appealing "natural" loveliness. Top it off with Tangee Powder.

Then look in his eyes, and see the girl he's dreamed of mirrored there—young, sweet and adorably kissable! Hear him whisper, "Darling—I never knew you could look so lovely."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart aleck person switch you.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
Be Popular! Check up on your charm with Tangee Charm Test, seat with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
The George W. Loft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" in plain Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, plus Tangee Theatrical Rouge, 1 envelope 10 c. (Minimum or over), 10c in Canada.) Check Shade of | Peach □ Rachel □ Light
Powder Desired □ Peach □ Rachel
Name ___________ (Please Print):
Address ____________________________
City ___________ State ___________ S1.50

FAST AND LOOSE
ANOTHER GOOD MYSTERY DONE IN THE THIN MAN MANNER—MGM

ROBERT MONTGOMERY turns detective, and proves that he is just as good at sleuthing as Mr. William Powell and Mr. Melvyn Douglas. Bob, like his brother detectives, is also mar-

cry—she's that good, no kidding. Just as Shirley is growing up, so are her pictures, and this one will appeal as much to adults as to children.

The story of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Little Princess" is well known to all of us and the part of little Sara Crew fits Shirley to a T. The cast is nothing short of superb, with special raves going to Sybil Jason as Becky the little Cockney scullery maid—Sybil will doubtless grow up to be one of the best character actresses we've ever had on the screen.

Mary Nash is grand as the cold and calculating Miss Minchin, head of the school where Shirley is placed when her father, Ian Hunter, goes away to the Boer War. Anita Louise is lovely as one of the teachers in the school, and her romance with the handsome Richard Greene gives a nice love interest to the picture. Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero, Marcia Mae Jones and Miles Mander stand out in excellent characterizations. The picture is done in Technicolor which adds much to the beauty and charm of the story.

"You Can't Cheat An Honest Man" presents W. C. Fields in a role filled with roaring comedy.

Sybil Jason, Shirley Temple and Mary Nash in "The Little Princess," a picture that never will be forgotten.

rried, and his inquisitive wife, Rosalind Russell, helps out with the fun.

Bob plays an insurance agent sleuth who specializes in the solution of the theft of rare books. While he and Rosalind are happily week-ending at the home of Ralph Morgan it is discovered that a supposedly priceless Shakespearean manuscript is a fake, and that whoever wants the real one doesn't mind committing a few murders to get it.

Like all mystery pictures everybody in the cast is suspected, even Bob and Rosalind, before the guilty person is
found. Among the suspects are, Sidney Blackmer, Tom Collins, Joan Marsh, and Ian Wolfe. Reginald Owen is cast as a broker, Alan Dinehart as an adjustor, and pretty Jo Ann Sayers as Ralph Morgan’s daughter. It’s quite entertaining and will keep you guessing until the fade-out.

YOU CAN’T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN
If You Appreciate W. C. Fields’ Brand Of Comedy See This—If Not, Skip It—

W. C. FIELDS and Charlie MacCarthy continue their world-famous feud in this insanely mad picture which is hilariously entertaining, although it suffers from lack of story. W. C. Fields plays Larson E. Whipsnade, the owner of an itinerant circus which is always just one step ahead of the sheriff. One of his acts is the Disappearing Little Rajah who happens to be Charlie himself.

Charlie and Edgar Bergen, who haven’t been paid for months, are plotting to leave the circus when one day Fields’ daughter, the comely Constance Moore, visits her father—and it’s love at first sight with Edgar, much to Charlie’s disgust. When she discovers that her father is bankrupt, Constance decides to marry a rich social snob, whom she dislikes, to help her old man financially—but Edgar saves her in time.

The picture moves rapidly when Fields’ is on the screen and he rushes from one gag to another, some old, some new, all delightfully Fieldsien. His appearance at his daughter’s society wedding is a high spot in comedy. Charlie and Edgar have some swell scenes together, one, particularly, when they get caught in a balloon, though it is Mortimer Snerd, a ventriloquial bumpkin, who shares Bergen’s lap with Charlie, and who steals the scene from both of them.

In the end there is a general truce proclaimed between Fields and Charlie, though Charlie still finds it a little hard to forget the time that Fields threw him to the alligators. John Arledge plays Field’s scheming young son, and Mary Forbes plays a society matron. Princess Baba and Eddie Anderson (Benny’s

[Continued on next page]
If You Are...

**A CAREER GIRL** daily designing tomorrow’s styles today...

**A HOME BODY** happy at the thought of hubby's new success...

**OR A FAIR MENACE** with handsome swains at your beck and call...

Remember—it's GLAZO NAIL POLISH FOR LONGER WEAR!

If you want one of those marvelous manicures you’ve been seeing lately, use Glazo Nail Polish, as thousands of women do. It costs only 25 cents, yet Glazo gives you all the perfection of a 60-cent polish!

Glazo flows on your nails evenly, and hardens with gem-like lustre. Glazo is guaranteed to wear longer, or your money back!

See Glazo's new shades—RUMBA (fuchsia rose), EMBER (suntan rose), TARA (orchid rose)—and other becoming colors today!

Also ask your dealer about NAIL-COTE, used under polish as a foundation, and over polish as a protector. Contains wax. Helps guard nails against breaking.

**GLAZO**

Nail Polish Wears Longer.

**SEND FOR SAMPLE KIT!**

THE GLAZO CO., E. Rutherford, N.J.
(See Canada: P.O. Box 643, Montreal.)

I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of mailing Glazo Sampler, a genuine leather compact containing Glazo Nail-Cote, cotton, and my choice of Glazo Nail Polish. (Check shade desired.)

☐ RUMBA ☐ EMBER ☐ TARA

Name: __________________________

Address: _______________________

City: __________ State: __________

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"Rochester") are in for it. It's good entertainment—though it could have been better.

**LET US LIVE**

**ALL ABOUT THE UNDER-PRIVILEGED—Col.**

This is grim melodrama at its most straight-forward and best. The picture takes a severe knock at police chiefs and district attorneys who are always passing the buck, and will get you all "het up" and ready to do something about this wholesale miscarriage of justice.

Henry Fonda plays a young taxi driver who is falsely accused of murder, is convicted and sent to the chair, but who is finally saved through the persistent efforts of his warrant sweetheart, Maureen O'Sullivan, and an objecting policeman, Ralph Bellamy, who track down the real criminal.

As an innocent person who is made to suffer because of stupid juries, district attorneys and policemen, Henry Fonda gives an excellent performance.

**CAFE SOCIETY**

**A SATIRE ON FROTHY NIGHT CLUB ADDICTS—Par.**

If YOU read newspapers and magazines these days you know all about Cafe Society and Lucius Beebe and Elsa Maxwell and the El Morocco and Brenda Frazier, and personally we’re awfully sick of the whole lot of them. Paramount, with tongue in cheek, decided to do a satire on them in this picture and if you aren’t just too, too fed up with Cafe Society and Lucius Beebe and Elsa Maxwell and Brenda Frazier by now you’ll probably get a big kick out of it.

Fred MacMurray plays a ships news reporter who falls in love with Madeleine Carroll, who plays New York’s Number One Glamour Girl. To win a bet with a society columnist, Madeleine marries the reporter and quite callously prepares to divorce him right after the ceremony. But Fred gets wise to her trick and passes off the marriage as a publicity stunt which he arranged as a scoop for his editor— all of which burns Madeleine to a crisp.

Fred and Claude Gillingwater, the glamour girl’s old-fashioned father who’ll have none of this new fangled Cafe Society, get together and plot to make a decent woman out of Madeleine. In the cast are Shirley Ross as a gardenia girl in a night club (a bad part for the talented Shirley), Allyn Josslyn as a columnist, and Jesse Ralph as his sharp-tongued mother. Madeleine Carroll, one of the most glamorous beautifully blondes in Hollywood, makes the Brenda Fraziers look second rate.

**KING OF THE TURF**

**ALL LOVERS OF HORSE-RACING WILL ENJOY TRUE—FA**

A DOLPHIE MENJOU is perfectly elegant as a one time “king of the turf” who falls on evil days and takes to old demon drink. He is picked up out of the gutter by Roger Daniel, a spunky young kid who has run away from home to be a jockey, and who has been demoted to stable-boy because he won’t ride winning horses second. Their love and admiration for thoroughbreds bring the two together, and together they rise to the top in the racing world.

Menjou is magnificent both as the down and out sot and the sartorially elegant king. Dolores Costello is warm and beautiful as the mother. Alan Dinehart, William Demarest and Harold Huber stand out in the supporting cast.

**Perfume Is In The Air**

[Continued from page 10]

a new one by Worth of Paris. Says its creator, "If you believe that Beauty is its own excuse for being, use gardenia..." Gardenia is a frankly sophisticated perfume that lends itself as well to your tailored suit as to your grandest evening gown. There are two other lovely florals in the Worth collection, lilac, if you would be tender and wistful (this has great appeal for the masculine), and carnation if you would be brilliant yet piquant. Lilac, by the way, is one of Norma Shearer's favorites. It reminds her of Springtime at her girlhood home in Canada. These perfumes are for sale in the better department stores. You may buy them by the dram or in a beautiful bottled flower.

Gladys Swarthout, whom I consider one of the best dressed women in Hollywood, likes truly sophisticated blends. Two perfusions of this type are Surrender and Reflections by Ciro. If you've ever looked at these magic bottles with longing eyes, yet reconsidered because you also wanted a new hat, then you'll be glad to know that they now come in smaller versions of the original bottles, not too, too up the grade. Both are lovely, and great favorites in Hollywood.

Miriann Hopkins likes fresh, breezy scents. They seem to go with her laughing eyes and golden hair. There's an old favorite of mine typically reminiscent of Spring—April Showers. Probably you've tried it, but if not, I think you'll find it fresh, young and stimulating, like the fragrance that rises from a flower garden after a shower. April Showers well deserves its name. There are hand accessories in this sweet fragrance, too.

Margot Grahame happens to like English lavender, being English by birth, while Bette Davis likes to change her perfume often, and, therefore, is an advocate of the small size of drama buying. Honey-suckle is a perfume that is rapidly gaining popularity—romantic, soft, summer nights it seems to breathe, and well in accord with present costume fashions. Houbigant makes a lovely honey-suckle, and so do Lucien Lelong and Corday.

How to use? By atomizer or dropper, preferably by atomizer. The atomizer diffuses a little perfume over a wide area, so that you get a sense of all-over fragrance. It is economical because it does not waste perfume either by over-use or by rapid evaporation as so often happens when a stopper is loosely replaced. Also, this use will not spot or stain clothing, as some perfumes will if applied in a drop to light fabrics. DeVilbiss makes a great variety of atomizers, in beautiful designs.
TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS LIKE VERA ZORINA

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

Marvelous Matched Makeup brings new allure!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

MARY: What! Choose my powder by the color of my eyes, Claire?
CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don’t know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!

MARY: It’s wonderful on you, Claire! But your eyes are blue! Mine are brown!

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

MARY: And they found eye color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?
CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. It’s the color of your eyes!

Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you’ve ever dreamed of! You’ll adore the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks “powdery”—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, “splotchy,” artificial look... just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective... yet its color lasts and lasts!

MARY: And Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for perfect color harmony, get them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)

MARVELOUS Matched MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut
KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue [ ] Brown [ ] Gray [ ] Hazel [ ] Name ________

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Street ________

City ________

State ________
For LOVE'S SAKE avoid LIPSTICK PARCHING

Lips that invite love must be soft lips... sweetly smooth, blessedly free from any roughness or parching.

So—choose your lipstick wisely! Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It lends your lips warm, ardent color. But it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

New—"Air-Spun" Rouge. Actually blended by air, it has a new exquisite smoothness, glowing colors. Shades match the Lipstick. 50¢.

New—an exciting fashion-setting shade, "Dahlia." Available in Lipstick and Rouge.

COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

at practically any price range you want to pay. A good atomizer, like a good hairbrush, is a real beauty investment and one that will prove its worth for a long time to come. For the traveler, there are two special travel designs that protect your precious perfume and prevent any danger of breakage or of spilling all over your clothes.

The most prevalent use of perfume is back of the ears, where it diffuses an aura of fragrance where others most naturally come in contact. Applied above the outer, upper wrists, perfume is slowly noticeable, as is a tiny bit rubbed between the palms for evening. If you dance and have a swishing skirt, spray perfume toward the bottom. Motion will liberate it upward in a sweet cloud. Glenda Farrell sprays perfume on the back of her neck, and a spray or two to your hair makes you especially sweet to your dancing partner. Perfume on furs is wonderful and lasting. It will not harm them if sprayed. As you put your lingerie away, fresh from laundering, even one spray to it will permeate everything in a drawer.

Sylvia Sidney, by the way, puts a worn gardenia in with undertings. Its fragrance remains quite a long time permeating the contents of a drawer. A little dab of cotton saturated with perfume, placed within gloves, leather or fabric, keeps them sweet for the next wearing, while the same thing placed within your hatband, keeps your hair fragrant.

There are many other ways of achieving a personal fragrance, sachets, soaps, body powder, perfumed swabs, Cologne, and even your cosmetics, but nothing ever quite replaces in our affection a beautiful bottle of an exciting full strength perfume. It weaves its own spell and has no substitute!

A Peek Into Alice Brady's Lovely Home

[Continued from page 53]

bright-painted table and chairs, California pottery.

As we coiled up the curving, iron-railed staircase, she muttered, "You called it a 'little' swimming pool! Wait until I show you my bath tub and then see what objective you use!"

She opened a door and more dogs barked and leapt. A lovely, bright room with about an acre of satin-covered bed (containing two dogs) with ashly rose and cream and pale green cushions and drapes. Alice's bedroom. The narrow Spanish balcony which skirted it outside the French doors had been the surprised recipient of a sort of New England picket fence atop its carved and painted balustrade. The dogs can exercise out there," she explained. "Now, look at this bath tub!"

She opened the door to the bath room.

I looked, obediently. She was right. It was NOT small. It was enormous and it was sunk in the floor and it had slippery, green-tiled steps leading to its slippery green-tiled interior.

"Takes a half hour to fill it with water," she complained, "and the only time I ever got into it I nearly drowned before I could make anyone hear my screams for help. I don't know how you're supposed to get out of the thing. The other bath tubs in the house are civilized. And what were you saying about the swimming pool?"

I thought up some adjectives like "Carnivorous" and even "colossal" and she seemed a tripe appesee. She showed me her dressing room.

"Stark, isn't it?" she said, comfortably. "It may surprise you to know that it takes me only eight or nine minutes to make up because I store the studio and I just use whatever stuff the studio tells me to. When I come home I rely on soap and some of the better creams to get the goo off my face. So I haven't a lot of fancy little bottles and jars about. I haven't even one of those plate glass and chromium perfume cabinets that most Hollywood women have. I use only one scent and I won't tell anyone what it is. I keep it under lock and key and the label is scraped off the bottle. It's fun because it makes people curious."

"Want to see my new hat? I bought it this afternoon." She was tilting a black felt concoction over one eye. "I'm funny about hats. I don't really care whether they are becoming or not, if only they are smart. Maybe I'm a bit disorganized about clothes in general. I buy quite inexpensive dresses—mostly black—and I wear them sometimes for years. I think line is important and you can get good lines in inexpensive flocks if you stick to the simple ones. I buy all mine at a small shop in Beverly Hills and I don't think they charge more than twenty-five dollars for any garment. But they're good.

"I spend my money on hats and shoes and gloves and bags. But I make things last. Look at this bag. I bought it about seven years ago and I've had it renovated once. Of course I paid something like $110 for it. But it's good. I'll have it for years and years. It was made in New York for me.

"Get my shoes from New York, too. I'm not a bit fashionable about clothes in general. I wear opera pumps regardless of all the fish-fush about sandals and 'opened-toed' numbers and so on. I have buckles on my shoes right now although everyone tells me that 'no one is wearing buckles.' I like them. I think they flatter my feet."

So I wear buckles."

Her opera pumps were indubitably bedecked with glistening buckles, and they certainly flattered a pair of small and shapely feet.

Vivien Leigh Breezes In

[Continued from page 27]

was glancing at one of the newspapers on her table. Then, she slowly picked one up and pointed to a column in the dramatic section.

"Why do people condemn me so soon?" she asked quietly, without any bitterness.

As I read the sarcastic comment from 'one of the better known Hollywood correspondents, I couldn't think of an answer. The thrust was just too petty for any answer.
I thought surely that Vivien would become very angry. But her next statement proved she was above the pettiness exhibited by the reporter who had lambasted her and the Selznick studio.

"I don't really blame the reporters for being annoyed," she began simply, "for I guess their reaction is only natural. Anyone would resent, I suppose, an English actress being chosen to play a typically American part. But I do wish they would give me a chance first, at least to let me prove what I can do. Then, if I fail, there will be time enough to say, 'I told you so.'"

"The ways of the American public and the Hollywood columnists are strange even to us here," I tried to explain. "The first lesson you'll have to learn is not to let anyone throw you." "Don't worry, I won't. I'm just a little hurt by my reception. However, it'll make me fight harder than ever to win the American public. I want to make people glad I've been chosen. Apparently, a lady in Atlanta was glad, for she had heard about my knowing nothing of June bugs. This morning, to my delight, she sent me a box of June bugs. Such an expression from a person from the South is indeed gratifying. That one kind thought encouraged me greatly."

"What about your Southern dialect?" I asked. "I've been wondering about that since you're English. Aren't they rather hard to mix?"

"Not in the least," Vivien answered quickly. "They are really rather akin. To perfect my dialect, I'm living with a close friend of Margaret Mitchell's, and she is coaching me. And I'm always around Southerners every minute of the day. I'm trying very hard to master it."

I had talked to Leslie Howard a few days ago. Leslie, who plays Ashley Wilkes, was very enthusiastic over Vivien's tests. He told me that they were amazing, and that her command of the Southern dialect was, already so fine that few could detect any noticeable flaws. As for her performance, it will run rings around everyone else, he then added.

So, whether Vivien knows it or not, the full hearted approval of Leslie Howard is shared by every other member of the cast.

Even Margaret Mitchell, the author, has no fears of Vivien's mastery of the Southern accent, for she said, in an unsolicited statement, that she feels it will be much easier to develop the necessary accent with an English actress than it would be with an American actress. Vivien and I were talking about Miss Mitchell a few moments later, and she was very excited about a letter of best wishes sent to her by the popular creator of "Gone With the Wind."

"Miss Mitchell's kind words will indeed help me in looking at my job more cheerfully," Vivien remarked. "And I am very glad to hear that so many people from the South approve of me as Scarlett. Of course, I realize that there are those who don't, but I know that no matter who was chosen, there would be some who would be disappointed. I'm just going to concentrate on playing Scarlett in such a way that I will please everyone in some respects."

We sat and talked about idle matters.
for a while, and then, as anyone would
expect, we got started on a discussion of
Hollywood. When I asked Vivien if she
had made any tours of the Hollywood
high spots, she merely smiled at me.
"I haven't had any chance to go many
places. I have attended a few small par-
ties, but I've been so busy testing for
Scarlett, getting wardrobe fittings, shoot-
ing scenes, and fulfilling other duties
that I haven't had time to do anything but
concentrate on the role."

"What do you think of Hollywood?"
I asked.

"It's very different from England, but
equally as exciting. Of course, I feel
rather lost now, and I don't really know
much about the real Hollywood. But
since I'm going to be here more often,
I'll get to know it all right. You see, since
this is my first trip here, I'm not used
to the sudden and unexpected things
that happen. It's a little awed by it all."

"Are you lonesome, then?" I asked.

"Yes, when I have time to think about
my little daughter," she answered quietly.
"I would love to have her here, but since
she is well established in school in Lon-
don, and since I wouldn't have much
chance to see her if she were here, it's
better that I leave her home and not dis-
rupt her life. I'm looking forward to
seeing her, though, very much—whenever
that will be."

Vivien Leigh is definitely a colorful per-
son. It's hard to believe she has a daugh-
ter, for she looks so young and dainty
herself. Yet she is the kind of person
who takes every event quietly and as it
comes. Her life, even with its interesting
moments, has been filled with that same
quiet kind of drama. Selznick always insisted on giving
Scarlett to a person who wasn't too well
associated with other roles in the minds
of the American public. However, since
Vivien is already getting rather well
known now to the American public, a
peek into her life won't destroy any
secrets.

She was born November 5, 1913, in
the resort town of Darjeeling, India, and
her ancestry, like Scarlett's, is French-
Irish.

Vivien's early childhood was occupied
with traveling from one city to another,
the chief purpose being to acquire a well
rounded education. When she was five,
she entered the Sacred Heart Convent in
London, and at last it looked as though
she would stay one place for a while.

Her first taste of drama, the birth of
her vibrant ambition to be an actress,
came, surprisingly, at the ripe old age
of eight, when she played in a school pro-
duction of "Midsummer Night's Dream."
She probably only felt she wanted to
be an actress, but she knew it when Maureen
O'Sullivan, a schoolmate of hers at the
time, asked her, after the performance,
what she wanted to be when she grew
up. Without hesitation, she replied, "An
actress."

And so began her ambition. From that
time on, she took all courses that would
give her more training. Of all her for-
mative experience, the most valuable
was her year's study at Mlle. Maneilley's
school for young ladies in Paris, where
Vivien was able to study dramatics under
an actress of the Comedie Francais.

After further training, Vivien finally
told her parents of her desire. To her
happy surprise, they approved imme-
diately and proceeded to enroll her as a
student at the Academy of Dramatic Arts
in London. Here she played many parts.
And here she fell in love.

The young man was Leigh Holman,
today one of England's most prominent
baritones. She married him on December
20, just after her 19th birthday. Then,
in 1934, she became the mother of a girl,
whom she named Suzanne.

But the old urge to act came back to
Vivien. After her home was in order, and
Suzanne was well taken care of, she tried
her talent in the field of professional
acting. She succeeded in landing minor
roles in two unimportant pictures, and
through these acquired an agent.

The days and months passed, and still
Vivien adhered to her ambition. And soon
success came. After hit performances in
two smash plays, "The Green Sash" and
"The Mask of Virtue" in London, Vivien
Leigh became an actress of renown in
England, and her long, hard work seemed
about to reward her.

Naturally, film offers came from major
companies, but instead she took a vaca-
tion and later returned to play a role in
a play by Clemente Dane, "The Happy
Hypocrite," which was followed by a part
in an open-air presentation, in London's
Regents Park, of "Henry VII."

Then, Vivien decided to try her hand
at pictures. Her first important role in
a film was as the lady-in-waiting in "Fire
Over England." In quick succession came
"Dark Journey," "Storm Over a Teacup,""Sit
Martin's Lane," and "A Yank at Ox-
ford," with Robert Taylor. And in be-
tween these commitments, she played in
other stage shows.

You can see by this hurried account
of her life, that she has lived a com-
paratively normal, settled existence, but
one that has been propelled by a burn-
ing desire to be an actress. A life that
has reached a brilliant new significance
by the satisfaction of the greatest chance
in her career.

I know Vivien won't fail as Scarlett,
for if she inspires everyone who sees
her performance as she inspired me when
I talked to her, there's nothing that can
stop her from being one of the most
sensational figures in Hollywood history.
And it's for that reason that I give fair
warning to some of the "annoyed public"
and to some of the press. The warning is
simply that these disgruntled souls had
better not be too ready to criticize before
they see, for they are apt to be so em-
arrassed when they see Vivien as Scar-
lett, that they will feel like carbon copies
of a small pebble.

How Not to Break
Into Radio

[Continued from page 33]

Ross, Martha Raye, Ben- Bernie, Portland
Hoffa, and many others have told me they
receive hundreds of well-written letters on
good stationery from young men and wom-
men, many of whom are still in college,
who offer to act as their secretary, per-
sonal maid or valet. For no pay. Their
sole hope is that such close contact will offer a stepping stone to a radio career. It goes without saying that such offers are refused.

Why it’s getting so that the problem even re-echoes in employment agencies for domestic help. It seems that many radio-struck folks have the idea that the service entrance may well turn out to be the front door to the networks. So they try to get jobs as maids, cooks, butlers, or general houseworkers. They lie about their experience and references and are indifferent to salary. But they do make one stipulation. The job must be in the home of a radio star or executive. Ruby Keeler told me that, like many a mother of a youngster whose daddy is in radio, she has a rapid turnover in nursemaids because she found that nursery was neglecting Al, Jr., to show off her ability to Al Jolson, Sr.

Even Fred Allen had an anxious few moments recently, and while the program was on the air, too. Fred, you know, usually writes a sequence into his script in which a peddler or salesman breaks into his monologue for a comedy spot. Of course the actor who does this is a regular member of the cast and is well-rehearsed as to when to break in. But since that occurrence a few weeks ago, Fred had been a bit doubtful about continuing the practice. For it seems that an unemployed actor who had tried unsuccessfully to get on the program, managed to sneak into a rehearsal so that he knew when the break would come. At the broadcast, he actually tried to walk onstage to engage Fred in an unrehersed routine, by way of impressing him. Luckily a production man saw this stranger heading for a mike and quickly turned a switch so that the mike was cut off the air. Otherwise, the audience that night would have had a real spur-of-the-moment battle of wits.

And Edward G. Robinson was a witness to the failure of a young lady’s overzealous efforts to impress a certain director. “She certainly was a persistent gal,” he recalled. “I was told that she used to waylay this director wherever he was, asking for a job. On this particular day I was in the studio to watch the rehearsal of a program on which a friend of mine appeared. The director was busy arranging details for some twenty people when she walked up to him and in a loud voice demanded that he give her a part immediately, grabbed him by the arm—and fainted dead away.

“Very melodramatic, you must admit, and she attracted plenty of attention. Only not the right kind. For when a doctor arrived and said she was shamming, she calmly said that the scene, including the faint, was deliberately planned. For which she was banned from the studio forever.

“Why in my own case, I’ve had absolute strangers harge into our rehearsal and demand that I listen to them as the balcony scene from ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ And so many of them obviously haven’t the slightest idea of what radio acting is. They think all they have to do is hold a piece of paper and read what’s written on it. They’ve never heard of voice levels, timing, change of pace, and the technique of voice fading to slip into the next scene. To them radio really means an open sesame to riches, fame and romance—and nine times out of ten they’ve never seen a microphone!”

On the surface, according to these don’ts on how not to crash radio, getting in must be a pretty difficult proposition. Actually, it isn’t as tough as it’s held up to be, because new personalities are constantly taking their place in the hall of fame of other celebrities. To get the lowdown on what it takes to break into radio today, I queried a number of executives whose job it is to pass on those who audition for a spot on a coast-to-coast hookup. They all agreed that those who made the grade did so because they had done two definite things. First, they developed something different to bring to the microphone; and secondly, they learned exactly how to get it there.

Honestly, those are the only two things you’ve got to know before you seek your radio career. But take it from one who has seen many a radio star rise and set—those two things take a heap of knowing.

Let’s look at that first item; developing something different to bring to the microphone. That means you’ve got to analyze your talent. Don’t say you can sing or act or lead a band like So-and-So. No radio station is in the market for second or tenth rate imitations of Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour or Benny Goodman. They want new personalities that are better than or capable of competing with entertainers already employed. And merely adequate work isn’t good enough.

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The performer who feels that his contribution is acceptable but not outstanding should be warned that the networks already have at their disposal hundreds of just such people whom they cannot use. If you want to give yourself a break, find out if what you have to offer is different from anything else on the air or superior to the best that is there now.

Now then, if your act is out of the ordinary, it has a very good chance of getting to first base. Here's why. If the truth must be told, most of the applicants seem to try the same old stuff. The level of mediocrity is monotonous. So much so that the folks who have to listen to it often get bored stiff. Thus, when something new and different comes into the audition room, it stands out like a sore thumb. They pick up their ears. It may be simply a voice into which the singer has put a new twist, something completely novel in the way of an act, or a new setup of a band in which certain instruments are emphasized over the others. Whatever it is, if it is different, it will win attention and interest. You can bet on that.

Now then, say you've worked out a routine for yourself that you are sincerely convinced is sprinkled with star dust. What next? Well, the best thing for you not to do is to hurry to a large network. Try a small local station first. And don't be in a hurry to leave it for there you can gain practical experience in microphone technique and poise. If your artistry becomes outstanding you may be sure it will come to the attention of the networks. But if you try the networks first—and then fail—you leave a record which will make subsequent attempts to break through doubly hard.

When it comes to taking an audition, the procedure is the same on a small local station as on the network. Anyone, obviously not a crackpot, can get one. Sometimes the audition time is booked up as much as six weeks in advance, in which case you simply have to be patient and await your turn. Just remember when you are starting in to see people that it's best to make an appointment first. The waiting may be tiresome but when you are called you will be listened to with more sympathy than if you interrupted an executive whose mind was on something else.

In requesting the audition, state clearly the type of work you do and just what your experience has been. Of course audition requests in which the writer states: "My sweetheart loves my voice over the telephone" or "I'm not really interested in broadcasting but would like a criticism of my voice" are carefully sidetracked.

When you are called, you are shown into a bare room in which there is just a mike. The judges are seated several rooms away where your mike is piped in so that then can hear how you would sound if you were actually broadcasting. If you fail, you are called back in a few days. And if as far as radio is concerned, although they are usually kind enough to suggest whether you might be suited for appearances at women's clubs, night clubs, or theatre personal appearances. And when a pretty girl or a tall, handsome young man is involved, they try to have a motion picture representative around looking for possibilities in that direction.

Let's say, however, that you are notified that you have passed. Does that mean that you are immediately put on the payroll? Emphatically not. It merely means that you are entered in their files, under the classification of your work, as available. I've known a dramatic actress to wait as long as nine months for a successful network audition. On the other hand, a male trio was rushed out of the audition room to a contract for a spot on a commercial program going out over a small station. It's all according to the luck you were born with. However, your luck may be, the era of getting into radio via the stunt route—as in the movies—is pretty passé. But I suppose my word won't deter the thousands who are ready to discount the disillusionment awaiting them, to gamble on their chances for sudden fame by doing something spectacular. However, we who are in the know, know that their chances for good fortune are as small as their hopes are high. For the serious performer doesn't begrudge the time spent on preparing himself for his big chance.

As for the rest—those who are more in love with the idea of being a radio star than with the hard work involved—they'll find that they'll only get great big gobs of air on the outside, instead of getting on the air inside a broadcasting company, if they ignore these warnings on how not to crash radio.

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When A Star Clicks—Then What Happens?
[Continued from page 31]

A new blue sports dress. The skirt was pleated, circular fashion. The overblouse was hip-length and a trifle lighter in hue than the skirt. It had short puffed sleeves, wide shoulders and was fastened with three buttons on the side. Fur hats, tall, brown fur coats, browns and greyish blue coats were of the newest type. She talked about a new fur wrap that she was going to wear that night. Yet, at the theatre she appeared in a very simple black dinner suit. She felt more at ease that way. She carried black accessories and silver fox furs. Her hat, was the one "different" note. It was large and of black felt with a veil draped around its crown and flowing down her back. The trickiness of it was the sharp turn-up on the right side. That's Hedy's idea of chic... tricky.

Arleen Whalen bought her first formal evening dress with her first check.

Loretta Young always wanted to take good care of her family. She said that she did not feel tired. If she had really arrived until she had purchased that beautiful Colonial home she now owns. Her first check was only $80. This she took to her Mother with instructions to buy whatever she needed in the line of pretty things. This made Loretta feel grown up and self-reliant. "The glamour came later," she told me, "when I got my first mink coat. I felt really gorgeous then,
May can star, definitely glamour whitest conclusively a. shall the only the will figure-perfecting pre-soft 67 the people the shiny the Tyrone for can any it. LONDON Canada.

boy the dresses few. the small can't asked all my star. 

"See, friends. The that her was very money. The that her that on money. Each goes the handicap. and favor, but I'm afraid so. I'm afraid that Bob and Ty supply the answer to one part of our question, On What Does Masculine Charm Depend? The answer being, "Well, NOT good looks, at any rate. Not good looks, alone." It's in line here to remember that, when Darryl Zanuck cast Ty for a small part in his first picture, the director of that picture reported to the Little Chief, "the boy has

On What Does Masculine Charm Depend?

[Continued from page 23]

Virginia goes the $10.00 prize for answering the Taylor question as conclusively as it can be answered—by me, at any rate. I can't do any better than that.

So what of Tyrone Power? What of the boy with the handsomest face in seven states, the most romantic eyes, the sweetest smile, the whitest teeth, the glossiest hair, the most charming manner? Aw, let's just say that Ty's face hoisted him, six rungs at a time, up the shaky ladder of screen stardom. Let's hop down the busybody who reminds us that Ty's face, like Bob's, might have been his greatest handicap. Meaning, then, that good looks, gender masculine, is a liability, not an asset? Perverse jade, Hollywood favor, but I'm afraid so. I'm afraid that Bob and Ty supply the answer to one part of our question, On What Does Masculine Charm Depend? The answer being, "Well, NOT good looks, at any rate. Not good looks, alone." It's in line here to remember that, when Darryl Zanuck cast Ty for a small part in his first picture, the director of that picture reported to the Little Chief, "the boy has

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Nothing plus." And all the time, Ty was wearing the same face. So what is it that makes Ty what he is today, a star of stars?

Ty can't out-chest George O'Brien (or my Young Man), he can't out-vigor Gable; can't out-cope Autry; can't out-act the Barhymores, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield; can't out-Tom—you-in-the-puss Cagney ... ah, but what Ty can do is out-charm them. From Mes-dames du Henie, Gaynor, Annabella, Shearer and others I have gleaned the following precious ointment of information and enlightenment about Ty:

Ty has the precious quality of making women feel feminine. Ty has the fine rare ability of making women aware, for the first time in weeks, mayhap, that they are lovable, desirable, exciting; that they are just as capable as—oh, well, as Lamarr—of arousing in their Toms and Dicks and Harrys, in Ty himself, the tenderest of the tender passions. Ty offers you the tender passion infused with strength. Ty suggests that he'd nothing of tossing off a Suez Canal, a brace of cold-steel train robberies, a kingdom or a revolution for love of you ... and you ... and you ... he is the Adventurer in the body of a poet, a devastating ensemble, my pretties. At one and the same time, Ty contrives to make men feel pretty proud of their own sex, pretty satisfied with themselves. This, they give forth, watching Ty, is what we boys are really like ... !

Now, then, I've taken you as far along the Ty-trail as I can go. His good looks are, or were, more of a handicap to him than a help; he hasn't half the physique of a Flynn; I still refuse to haul down my flag and call it "personality"—you add it up and tell us what you get.

For no very logical reason, Cary Grant next comes to mind. Perhaps because he's a brunette, too, black hair, like Ty's, brown eyes, bronzed skin. I also submit to you that Cary has a cleft in his chin like unto the Grand Canyon of the Colorados. Maybe this has nothing to do with the heartthrobbliness of Cary. Perhaps my mind is weakening from dwelling overmuch on all this virility and umph. Well, I kinda think I've got the pat answer to

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the Grant question. I think it lies right in that scene in "Gunga Din" where, fool-hardy and show-offy, alone and single-handed he bursts into a temple of Hindu worship where are gathered several hundreds of cow-worshippers, their strangling cords and hatchets in their hands...

"You," proclaims Cary, quite insanely, "are under arrest!" Yes, this scene does it. This scene epitomizes Cary's Grade-A brand of bash charm. Done by anyone else, this scene might well have got a laugh. Done by anyone else, the script-writer would have been suspected of the weed called marijuana. Done by Cary, the spinal column got its annual thrill and the heart whispered, "the-blasted-fool-men-should-be-like-this!"

And then there was Cary as the gay, worthless Cockney pick-pocket in "Sylva Scarlett"... remember how Cary ran home with that picture? Remember how he proved to a not-very-breathless world that here was a guy without benefit of glamour who could still make 'em sit up?

And then there was Cary the first time I ever saw him. No scene out of a script this time. It was on the beach at Santa Monica. The waves were rolling in vis-à-vis. The public had been forbidden the freedom of the seas. Suddenly, out of this hell-plot of Neptune's seething broth, a figure rose up and came toward us. Life-guards sprang to action. People shouted. "He must have gone swimming up the beach and been carried down this way...!" Shaking himself like a mastiff, undaunted by the battle he must have waged with that tremendous sea, up the beach strode Grant. I didn't know who he was. I'd never seen him before. He didn't look very pretty. His matted hair hung over his eyes. His nose and mouth bubbled sea water. But no-one had to be told that here was Somebody. There it was, the somebodiness of him, in his jauntily walk out of that green death. There it was in the somehow appealingly self-conscious smile of him, the devil-may-care and I've-got-Life-by-the-throat air of him. Well, anyway, there it was.

And there it is. And does it matter what you label it? Not to me.

Errol Flynn smacks of the same tang of temerity. Errol, unheralded by press photos of him steering his "Sirocco" through alien waters, posing as he dove for pearls, as he slung the discus, as a boxer or gentleman adventurer would still bring to the screen or to life that thing of reckless living which is intrinsically his. Reckless living has it where Flynn is concerned, I think. Reckless Living has a deal to do with masculine charm. One might put the question: On What Does Masculine Charm Depend? Good looks? Physique? Personality? Reckless living?—and the tag line would solve the problem.

I've seen Flynn with other men, watched him working at the studio, come upon him in someone's pretty drawing room at a party and have to him as one definitely set apart from his fellows, his fellows of every stripe. It's not only the thing you see in Flynn, it's something you know! After all, you can't see a fever, you can't see the terrific tug of the tides. Flynn is a Force. Flynn is the rebellious Irish, the undaunted spirit of Fin Mac Coul in modern day society. And for all his great height and handsomeness I have the feeling that Flynn would be the exception; that Flynn would be Flynn in whatever skeleton the Lord chose to dress him.

It was a man, of all things, who recently said to me, "Boyer is the most attractive man on the screen, to my way of thinking. I can see very well the appeal he has for women. As Flynn and Cable and Grant are tempestuous, rollicking, Boyer is slow, a sultry flame which doesn't go out. He conceals behind the flesh of his face the age-old secrets of his race. One respects those secrets. There is a tradition about him, a kind of majesty. Yet it is not all racial color and grace, this thing of Boyer's. He is a deliberate personality. There is in him none of the incertitude, the weakness which is so often the mark of the 'Ladies' Man.' That is his appeal to men.

"Looking at him, watching him move and speak, on the screen, in life, one knows that one is observing a man for whom Life is a pie to be cut into exact, geometric shapes, each in its own time. Most men are wanting this. Certainly most of the men over whom women sigh give no such sense of security to their reliant little women, no comfortable feeling of 'whatever comes next, papa is up to it!' For if men do give women this feeling of certitude and safety," sighed my friend, "they have not been given Boyer's eyes... they look," he sighed again, "like me.

And how do you folks who are sitting there, tongue in cheek, still feeling the
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Greek God to be the answer to that aged Maiden's Prayer, how do you account for Carney, Garfield, Robinson, even the young and accomplished? Before he came to the screen, Don held millions enthralled on the radio, unaided by television, unmisogynized by Hollywood publicity, relying solely on his voice. When he came to the screen and his public saw a face a dignified hero, not a Taylor nor yet a Power, but an attractive, friendly, likable guy, did they desert the shrine? You bet they didn't. For not a minute. They stormed it. They paid tribute and their taxes to the voice and personality which are his special inheritance from the same God. To that quantity, not unknown but, s'help me, doggone unnamable, NOT a simple "common denominator" in my arithmetic book.

And what of Carney? Can't say his charm depends on looks. Or even on physique, judging the physique in terms of Gable, Taylor, Flynn... yet if you ask three women to name you the man with the most sex-appeal in all Hollywood, two out of the three will answer, unblushingly, "Jimmy Carney!" And Garfield is no Power, heaven knows. Yet the way the girls go over Garfield... their mothers should be told. And the fan mail of Eddie G. Robinson should make any lady blush. And then there are the big bobbies like Weissmuller and Buster Crabble and they do all right but the winnies don't take on over them as over Carney. And there are such Specimens as the previously mentioned Nils Asther and Barry Norton and where are they? And there is my Young Man of the Theatre lobby, as goodly a sight as ever met the eyes, and he was forced to ask: "What has Gable got that I haven't got?" And I couldn't answer that one. And I can't answer this one. Which brings me right back to where I started from. Serves me right for monkeying around with matters ladies should leave alone. Oh, well, let's call it "Personality!" What do I care? Even Napoleon met his Waterloo...!

Making A Photo Finish of a Thoroughbred

(Continued from page 29)

Johnny Weissmuller, many times a champion swimmer, came to grief in four inches of water. He slipped in his bathtub, cracking his elbow. Life is like that.

Johnny Weissmuller, many times a champion swimmer, came to grief in four inches of water. He slipped in his bathtub, cracking his elbow. Life is like that.
The Sun Never Sets on David Niven
[Continued from page 51]
slow. Merit counts for little. Pull counts for less. You wait until someone dies or retires. I had been ten years getting to be what is the equivalent of a first lieutenant in your service.

"All of a sudden I got fed up. So I took the bull by the horns. John Bull, you know. I resigned my commission and applied for two months leave while my resignation was being considered. Then I left for Canada. It all happened with a devastating suddenness. It had to be that way. It was like a favorite tooth that had decayed. When it became necessary to part company I thought the separation should be effected in just such a manner. Roots and all.

"So off I trotted to Canada. I worked as a lumberjack, fished for a living and finally had my tonsils cut out by a veterinarian. A slight excursion into journalism led me to New York. I had been raised on the fat of the land. I could no longer afford the fat, but that made no never-mind with me. I felt some comfort was due me. So I moved into the Waldorf-Astoria. Nine days later I couldn't afford to move out.

"Through my family and my army connections I knew people all over the world. For some reason they seem to like my particular brand of nonsense.

"My practicality used to take strange turns. There was I, living in one of the best hotels in the world and with not a dime to bless myself with. That didn't bother me but the thought of paying hotel rates for laundry bothered me plenty. So I bundled up my soiled clothes and took them to a Chinese laundry. Naturally I had no money to get them out with. One of my wealthy friends invited me to dinner. I told him I couldn't come because my laundry was in hock and they wouldn't let me have it unless I either paid for it or delivered enough bundles to work it out. My friend lent me his Rolls-Royce and liveried chauffeur for an afternoon and I delivered laundry in style.

"Recovery was just around the corner. Prohibition was repealed and another friend got me a connection as New York representative for a well known firm of London wine merchants." He paused and his eyes took on a faraway look. "It was all too good to be true. In Europe there are professional wine tasters. They take a mouthful of wine and spit it out. You get the taste just the same without the effects. But in this country if you spit out wine your customers think it's no good." He smiled ruefully. "By eleven o'clock every morning I had to be put to bed. I remember a picture Bartholomew made once where he was saved from the chair by the testimony of an old lady who said he was in his house before twelve o'clock. It seems that years before her boy-friend had been kicked out at 12:00 and she had stopped all the clocks so it was always 12:00 in her house. It was always 11:00 in my life.

"The end came with disconcerting suddenness. I was sitting in my office one day—before 11:00—when a well known restaurateur called and ordered fifty cases of expensive wine. C.O.D. I sent the wine over and an attendant came out with the check. The wine was unloaded on the pavement. Next morning I discovered that not only was the check N.G., the restaurant had never ordered the wine. A bootlegger had ordered it, it was his man who had given my driver the check and as soon as the wine was unloaded the bootlegger's truck picked it up and drove off with it.

"Of course I lost my job and had to make good out of my own pocket. I drifted down to Atlantic City and another chap and I promoted some indoor horse racing on a quarter mile track. The race lasted fifteen minutes, each jockey rode fifteen different horses and the bets were laid on the jockeys.

"We thought we had a gold mine but some gangsters moved in and everybody wanted a cut. I took a powder, as you Americans so quaintly put it. When the powder wore off I was in Cuba. Somehow I found myself involved in machine guns and revolutions. I was making money but one day the British consul intimated it would be better for all concerned if Cuba and I parted company—as soon as possible. 'As soon as possible' was on a Japanese tramp steamer bound for England but there was a middle and I boarded a Chinese vessel bound for San Francisco.'

Once again Mr. Niven paused in his narrative, then his eyes took on an unholy light. "The sun never sets on English possessions," he proudly declared.
"I read that in school," I demurred.

"Your American schools are more thorough than I surmised," he conceded generously. "Well, the sun never sets on British officers, either. In San Francisco I found an old friend from my army days. He took me to Santa Barbara for the week-end. During my visit I was supposed to make up my mind what I wanted to do next.

"The H. M. S. Norfolk was in port and I went aboard to renew acquaintance with some of the ship's officers whom I had met several years before at Malta. First to greet me as I came aboard was the Hon. Anthony Pleydell-Bouverie." "What a name!" I ejaculated involuntarily. "Why do so many English people have hyphenated names?"

"It's quite simple, said Mr. Niven blandly. "They start out with a first name and a surname. Then someone dies and leaves them a pack of money with the proviso that the benefactor's name is to be perpetuated. Say the legatee's name is Smith and the benefactor's Jones. Immediately Henry Smith becomes Henry Smith-Jones. Then another member of the family dies and leaves a will with a similar proviso. He becomes Henry Smith-Jones-Brown. It can go on indefinitely," he informed me. "Once I knew a man with three hyphenics. Smith-Jones-Smyth-Jones.

"But we're digressing. The H. M. S. Norfolk was sailing shortly and the Hon. Pleydell-Bouverie gave me a farewell party. When I woke up I was in Los Angeles harbor alongside the H. M. S. Bounty which M-G-M had built for 'Mutiny on the Bounty'. They put me aboard the Bounty, Mr. Frank Lloyd (who directed the picture) put me aboard a shorebound tender and a studio car picked me up. I had no destination in Los Angeles so the car took me to the studio. I was still in my evening clothes. I daresay I am the only man who ever crashed a studio aboard a British battleship.

"The only people I knew in Hollywood were Bob Montgomery and Loretta Young. When I found myself in the studio I asked for Bob. Then I asked for Loretta. There's certainly nothing small-time about you," I muttered. I've been asking for Loretta for years and I'm still standing at the plate popping flies."

"I visited Miss Young and her mother for quite some time, our Mr. Niven resumed, paying no attention to my interjection. "One night at a dinner to which Miss Young took me, I was recounting a few inconsequential experiences and Mr. Goldwyn suggested I make a film test to take home as a memento of my Hollywood visit. I made the test and, triumphantly, "here we are!"

"Here you are," I interrupted gloomily. "I've been in Hollywood ten years and who cares?"

"A lot of people," David responded. "You gave me a bird once. You gave other people birds. We care."

"I'll bet," I replied, "but not in a way I like. However—get on with your yarn."

"That's about all. I made the test and got a seven year contract. I played small parts for awhile and then I had a good role in 'Splendor'. Then 'Palms Springs'. Then you. Then 'Jeeves', 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', 'Dodsworth', 'Beloved Enemy', 'Three Blind Mice', 'Dawn Patrol' and now 'Wuthering Heights'."

"They say 'Love Conquers All' but I don't say other things. I can afford an apartment now and a 'man'. He's a combination valet, chauffeur, butler, cook and houseboy. He's a Filipino and I've made him read all P. G. Wodehouse's stories of 'Jeeves. I call him Jeeves and he fairly outdoes himself.' He paused and then, in a burst of benignity added, 'You must come up and meet him sometime.'"

The foregoing gives you a fairly accurate account of David Niven's background. But no written word—no pen portrait could possibly do justice to the effervescence of his disposition, the ebullience of his spirits or the spontaneity of his humor. You have to see him and know him for that. His Scott in 'Dawn Patrol' is really Niven. The fan response to his last two appearances has been so terrific Mr. Goldwyn, the one producer who sees all, feels all, tells all and gives all, has elevated him to stardom. His first solo vehicle will be a re-make of one of Ronald Colman's finest pictures—'Raffles'. Don't miss it—and keep your eyes on Niven.
Love Is First
With Me

[Continued from page 34]

honor. And, most of all, he was young.
"A movie actress simply doesn't meet young, sincere, unspoiled men," she'd said.
"How long has radio been going on?" she started to ask Clark, but caught herself in time.

Still, it wasn't love at first sight. Claire had been rushed before she got into the motion picture world, and she had resolved not to be sentimental until she'd climbed pretty far. She didn't realize that she'd been somewhat spoiled herself, though. She'd been accustomed to the company of gay yet earnest young men. She'd been invited to almost every prom of importance, from Harvard to Annapolis, including university. She'd sailed from a good family herself, and when she began to act—she'd had several seasons of stage training before Hollywood grabbed her—she had no idea that she'd climb up in a city where, strangely, the eligible men are desperately few and far between. She never fell for any of her leading men—naturalness is ingrained in Claire and they seemed too adept at turning their charm off and on.

Those chums she'd left behind in New York when she'd zoomed in California had eventually married. Meanwhile, Claire devoted her efforts to acting alone. The thought of happy country-club parties plagued her every time she had to work Saturday nights. Movie studios glamorize you, and pay you more money than you can ever make anywhere else, but their shooting plans frequently go haywire and you are liable to still be before the cameras when others are out enjoying carefree fun. Sometimes Claire wondered why on earth she had ever been so headstrong as to insist on carving for herself a niche in Hollywood. Because she had been headstrong about it.

"I never ask for advice," she confessed to me in her pre-Clark era. "Even when big men suggested I should behave so-and-thus, I took their opinions with a lot of salt. In all my crucial moments I've totally disregarded what was proposed to me as the proper move!"

As a senior in high school she was supposed to be headed for Vassar, but you'd never have guessed it. She was alert about her dates, and she managed to go places with the college boys whom the other girls wanted to intrigue. When she received the dismaying news that she'd have to take a stuffy post-graduate course to balance her flop in geometry Claire made her first major stand. I'll bet Custer couldn't have been more magnificent in his last one! She could see plenty of sense in developing a fine figure, but she had no sympathy whatsoever with triangles as dead as Caesar and his Gauls. It was when she was stating, "All right then!" to her dad's ultimatum that neither he nor the principal could get her into a select girl's college unless she took that post-graduate course that she made her one impolite comment in a crisis. "For theremore, I wish I hadn't wasted my time on Latin. What to do with some of these boys' gaul would have been much more useful information!"

She had no suspicion then that she was destined to adore the absolutely simple life, as she does since she's become Mrs. C. A. Recently they spent three weeks in New York City, going East to broadcast from there. They made the rounds of the popular night clubs, hurried to all the outstanding plays. Once Claire fancied she had to step out every evening; that was her cocktail hour chapter. But she and Clark didn't so much as taste one drink and they beam now that they are back in the nice, small cottage they rent in West Los Angeles. Claire gave her star mansion to her parents and she lives on her husband's salary.

There is none of her erstwhile home formality in the new place. No elaborate entrance hall, no drawing room, no lavish boudoir. Today she is ecstatic in a house similar to many an ambitious young couple's home, except that Claire does have superior taste. A parrot, in a grand cage which the Andrews emphatically admire, is the pièce de résistance of the bay window opposite the fireplace.

Clark determinedly fuses with his goldfish pool in the small rear garden, where a placid sun-dial is indicative of Claire's new serenity. She doesn't miss an upstairs sitting-room, and the fastest way to make her grin is to beg to see her cherished wedding pictures. She is the only actress I know who preferred to be married with genuine dignity. The Epis-

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copal Church in Beverly Hills was her choice, and the bishop himself married her.

"I was advised a formal wedding would be too much grief. Well," she sighs contentedly, "I loved every maid, darling here. I spent trying to finish a film and get myself and my bridesmaids ready last July. I was in such a whirl I never did see what the church looked like after it was decorated. Mother assures me all the pews were candlelit, as I'd hoped, and that the windows were festooned with garlands, as I'd wanted them to be. I know I said my 'I do' in too loud a voice, but I don't care! I was so excited I couldn't help it, and I'm glad everyone heard me. I'm glad I no to those who suggested an eloquent relation—always have the memory of a beautiful wedding to look back on. And of course I treasure our wedding photographs infinitely more than any portrait I've ever had by a studio photographer!"

"Yes," vowed Claire, casting a fond eye on her parrot complacently swinging in his cage, "everything marvelous in my life has fallen into its lap. No, I'm not talking about Clark!" She blushed. "I mean, I'm not referring at the moment to him. She was getting all mixed up because I'd been elated to hear from him unexpectedly. "I'm trying to say I never get anything I want by haunting someone. Nor by making myself plain far ahead. I follow my heart. I live impulsively. That's why I was so happy in Australia. Didn't I tell you?" I had allowed myself to become too much of a machine for success. What's success, after all? Who wants to go on rising at 6:30 a.m. to be made-up and ready to walk on a set at 9, who wants to start for bed at 8 every evening for weeks on end because the only vital thing is your face and there mustn't be a whisper of a line on it? It's a novelty for awhile, then you become used to it. Even so, I couldn't help but miss the someone I needed to be my complete companion."

Claire arrived at exactly the right hour for both of them. She had been a success long enough to recognize how fleeting fame can be! she was ready to temper her material progress. In turn, he had made an exceptional beginning in radio. Clark started in to direct at twenty-three and, at twenty-nine he is in full charge of a foremost radio show.

"Clark's very bright!" Claire enthuses at the drop of a hat. When he graduated from Yale he spent a year in Europe, and with Thornton Wilder, the Pulitzer prize novelist and playwright; no less. It was this stimulating association that actually convinced Clark he wanted to climb in the theatre. When he returned to the United States he struck up a friendship with Orson Welles. He had an opportunity to go into radio, while Orson stuck to the stage. Someday Fate may have him directing the young acting genius. Clark's courtship of Claire wasn't a typical Hollywood campaign. He didn't give her a rose, nor an old Ford. He didn't show her with jewels. He couldn't afford to be extravagant, and he is too sane to be silly. They had to confer frequently on matters pertaining to their broadcast, so gradually they began dining together. Today I spot them in the restaurant in Columbia Square on radio rehearsal days, her blonde head nudging his dark hair. Both have imposing dressing-rooms in the CBS building, but so far I've never caught them relaxing in style. Clark directs Claire and Eddie Robinson in a genteel tone, invariably addressing her as Miss Trevor. They are very business-like. Just as, when at home, they forget their professional partnership, and are all domesticity.

"As soon as I was certain about Clark and myself I remembered that wedding dress I had staked out in the wardrobe department at the studio," Claire admits. "I'd worn the most exquisite thing I'd ever seen in one of my pictures. I'd asked them to stow it away in a corner where it would be safe, just in case. You know how it is! So then, having my dress, I had to arrange for more time for Clark. I'm not going to give half-measures to him; I'm doing all I can to be what he's longed for."

She not only got out of a long-term contract right before her wedding, but she turned down an offer for a seven-year contract made by a rival studio.

"I'd rather do three or four interesting pictures a year than more, and I'd rather be a free-lance so I can pick better roles and be free during the summer when Clark has his vacation. I believe all of us create our own circumstances by our reaction to situations. Another thing. I don't believe in worrying over petty matters. Whenever I must make a decision, even a little one, I try to say to myself, How will this do adding to my life? You'd be surprised how well this works out; it's a fine self-staightener! Then when I've made up my mind I feel confident. Even though others think me wrong, I know how I feel. This helps me to live a positive life, to rely upon myself. It makes me feel I'm not a drifter."

"But don't be misled. Love is first with Claire Trevor, and what she's always asking herself first is, How will this add to his life?"

The Glamour Girl

Sweepstakes

[Continued from page 17]
Queen of Glamour and the winter of the 1939 Glamour Girl Sweepstakes. I can pick glamour girls—even if I can't pick horses—and after looking the field over I must say that Ann Sheridan has what it takes.

So what about this 1939 Queen of Glamour? Well, the next Queen (and she'd better be the next Queen or I'll have to eave town) is a red head with a gorgeous complexion and hazel eyes. She weighs 120 pounds (she's not skin and bones, thank heavens), is 5 feet 6 inches tall, with a waist measure of 25 inches, hips 34 inches, and bust 36 inches. She wears loves size 34, and shoe size 6B. But isn't proportions, dimensions and trainlining that makes an actress the queen of Glamour. My, my, and indeed o. The days have gone forever when a girl could get herself on the screen with nothing more to offer than a pretty face and a perfect figure. Nowadays, you've got to have a screen personality. You've got to have the divine spark of a real actress. And Ann's got it.

She was born in Dallas, Texas, on Feb—21, 1915, and doesn't make a lie of the tradition that Dallas produces the most beautiful girls in America. While she was a child her family moved to Denton, a few miles from Dallas, and there she went to the Robert E. Lee school, then to the Denton Junior High School, and from there to the Northwestern State Teachers College, also in Denton, where she was preparing herself to be a teacher when Hollywood barged in. But Ann tell about it:

"It was in the middle of my sophomore year that the thing occurred which pointed me on the way to a motion picture career. Paramount Pictures in Hollywood announced that they were going to produce a picture called "The Search for Beauty," and that in this picture would appear a group of boys and girls who had been found in an actual search for beauty which should extend throughout the whole world. The boys and girls were to be chosen through contests conducted by newspapers. This was in 1933. My eldest sister Kitty forwarded to the Dallas News a snapshot bathing suit picture of me and a gallery portrait—and when I heard about it I was furious because I thought the kids at school would tease me unmercifully about it."

Well, Ann won the contest, her fellow students congratulated her instead of teasing her, and Ann was off to Hollywood.

"Beauty contests," continues Ann, "are good for one thing and one thing only—they'll get you to Hollywood at somebody else's expense. That's all they do. Hollywood doesn't care a snap of its fingers about you when you get there. You might have been queen of them all at Atlantic City, with crowds and photographers making a fuss over you, but when you land at the motion picture studios the casting directors say, 'Jeepers Creepers!' So I have to talk to another of these dizzy dames? When are they going to stop sending them to Hollywood? My heart aches when I read about beauty contests and when I think about the fond hopes that are raised in the minds of the poor kids—for that's all they are—who take part in them. They figure themselves as stars right away. You'd be surprised at the number of pretty waitresses and theatre ushers in this town."

After "The Search of Beauty" was released Ann was practically forgotten. She played bits in a few Paramount pictures, had a brief stay at Universal, and then was summoned by an assistant casting director, who had happened to see her in a picture, to take a test for "The Great O'Malley," starring Pat O'Brien. Ann was so swell in the picture that Warner Brothers gave her a contract at once, and ever since then she has been working hard and climbing gradually. Her acting in her last few pictures, "Angels With Dirty Faces," "They Made Me a Criminal" and "Dodge City" has caused quite a flurry of excitement, so now she is to be starred in her next release, "Naughty But Nice." Even though she did have her fare paid to Hollywood Ann has won stardom the hard way—so far it has been all work and no play.

Ann lives in a small Spanish house, that's anything but movie-star ritzy, in the Valley near her studio, Gwen Woodford, her closest school friend from Denton, came to Hollywood to visit her a year ago and after much urging from Ann has been persuaded to stay and live with her. Ann's two prized possessions are a Great Dane and a new car—up until three months ago she drove the worst looking old wreck in Hollywood. She likes to wear black, very decollete, in the
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Silver Screen for May 1939

Pictures on the Fire

(Continued from page 55)

separating on account of his dissipation and C. Aubrey gets a court order giving him custody of their child. But Irene dis- appears with the baby. She gets into Bing's taxi and after she's gone you can well imagine Bing's surprise to find she has left the baby with him. He takes sonny boy home to the apartment he shares with Mischa.

As he enters, carrying baby, Misch is lying face down on the bed with a racing form in front of him, paper, pencil and an astrology chart.


"Since I took up astrology, nothing surprises me," Mish informs him gloomily.

Bing puts the baby on the bed beside M. Auer, who pays no attention. "The future," Mich continues, "is always written in pencil only this morning—" he turns towards Bing, sees the baby and jumps up suddenly as if it were a snake.

"Don't get excited," Bing laughs. "It won't bite you. I found it in my cab and brought it home.

"And you're the one who complained when I brought home a little goat," Mischa chides him. "Just this morning," he goes on, "I was casting your horoscope and the stars said something embarrassing was going to happen.

A strong look passes between Bing's face, as he holds the baby. "It just happened," he announces, handing the tot to Mischa.

As Mish feels the damp diaper he re- acts, turns and runs rapidly down a couple of steps to the bathroom. "Don't you dare, the little one will -" he calls anxiously to Bing. "In my family was so many children my father didn't even know them all. Why, I raised three of my brothers from the cradle."

"Where are they now?" Bing chal- lenges him.

"I—don't know," Mischa stutters. "They're dead!"

They take this scene over and over because the long-legged Mish can't get those three steps to the bathroom fast enough to suit Director Butler.

"I'm afraid of stumbling and dropping him," Mischa apologizes. "I keep thinking, 'This could be my own!'"

"Well, it isn't," snaps Butler, "and besides," he adds kiddingly, "we're pay- ing for him!"

Next we come to "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." They sure have a swell cast for this picture—Deanna, Nan Grey, Helen Parrish (vice-Barbara Read), Charles Winninger, Nella Walker, Robert Cummings, William Lundigan and Ernest Cossart.

The story? At Winninger's birthday party Nan announces her engagement to Lundigan. This upsets Helen, who is in love with him herself. And we pick up the three sisters as they come downstairs and find Bill talking to their mother and father.

"I thought you'd be waiting for us at the foot of the stairs," Nan begins.

"Instead of roaming about like a bird in the wilderness," Helen finishes.

"Hey, you'd better be nice to me," Bill cautions them. "I'm leaving town in the morning."

"Leaving?" Nan queries.

"Where are you going?" Helen wants to know.

"To Boston," he explains. "Some fam- ilies flock together for funerals but the Watkinson gather when the Board of Directors meet. But," he adds, "I'll only be gone a couple of weeks or so.

Of course, it's Deanna who straightens things out in the tangled love-lives of her sisters. The picture has a nice plot and many surprise twists but I can't see why they call it "3 Smt. Gris Grow Up."

When Deanna has been straightening out her family's affairs in every picture she's been in. They should have called it "3 Smt. Gris Start Romancing." Oh, well it'll do a land office business no matter what they call it.

Next is "The Spirit of Culver." This is one of U's BIG pictures of the year and it will probably be my favorite pic- ture for a number of reasons. It stars Jackie Cooper and Henry Hull, it has the Freshman theme and the cast, it has a gripping plot, it marks one of my favorite directors' graduation from "B
“Okay,” the referee agrees sarcastically. “Run it your way. You don’t mind if I lace your gloves, do you?”

“You can fly a kite if it’ll make you any happier,” Jackie retorts grumpily. “Help yourself,” holding out his hands.

And there we really start a slug-fest. Joe was the champion at his weight in college and he knows a thing or two about boxing. Jackie has had private instruction. He also fought in a newsboy picture he made.

The last picture on this lot is “Risky Business,” with George Murphy and Dorothy Kent. George is Jimmie Fidler in the picture and Dot is his secretary, in love with him without his being aware. At the moment George is talking over the phone to an IRS radio executive.

“They may own one of your hours,” he barks, “but they don’t own me. Paste that somewhere, Mr. Abernathy.” He slams the receiver back on the hook and looks at Dorothy.

“Ah, ah,” she shakes her head, “Sonny boy’ll get his ears slapped off.”

“Let him slap,” says George. “There’re other things to do in the world.” He turns and looks out of the window, continuing his speech in a musing tone: “Shoes and shirts and seeing wealth—and here I am talking about pictures and picture people until I’m beginning to smell like celluloid!” He stops and turns back to her.

“Put your face on, Dexter, and I’ll run you home.”

But that isn’t what Dottie wants. “I know how to use the right fork,” she rejoins, “and there are several men who don’t think I’m exactly repulsive (add me to the list, kid) you might take me out once in awhile and feed me.”

“Quite sounding like an office wife and get your hat,” is what George says—the cad!

So, while George and Dottie are batting it out (and I’m betting on love) we’ll battle our way through the crowds to—

M-G-M

There are three big pictures shooting here but two of them—“Lucky Night” (starring Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor) and “The Kid from Texas” (with Dinah O’Keeffe, Florence Rice, Jessie Ralph, Buddy Ebsen and Rita Johnson) are just starting so I’ll tell you about them next month. That leaves ‘Sergeant Madden’ starring Wally Beery, with Alan Curtis prominently in the cast.

I don’t know what’s getting into me but practically all the pictures this month seem to me to have fine plots and casts. This one is right up with the leaders. Wally is a cop and the father of Alan and Tom Brown.

Alan always has a chip on his shoulder. When he fizzes out as a fighter, Wally gets him appointed to the Police Academy and he is finally appointed as a cop. He finally kidnaps the crook, breaks into a robbery and boasts that he is going to put Marc Lawrence (the gangster friend of Marian Martin) behind the bars and make a reputation for himself. But Lawrence and his friends frame Alan and he is caught drunk after a new robbery. Sentenced to prison, he attempts an escape. He is just about to make good...

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**Silver Screen for May 1939**

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his getaway when he hears Wally's voice. "Dennis Madden!" Wally calls in a deadly tone.

Alan turns, his gun leveled, his voice like ice: "Hello, Pop."

"It's not your father talking—it's the law," Wally repeats, gunning for him.

"Get out of my way or I'll give it to you," Alan warns him.

"Drop that gun, boy, for I'm taking you anyway," Wally tells him.

Alan is verging on hysteria. "Get out of my way, I say. Stop—or I'll blow you apart."

But he can't quite bring himself to pull the trigger and suddenly he is surrounded by cops, every avenue of escape blocked. Before the scene is finished, Alan is killed.

I watch him running hither and thither about the prison and I marvel at his nerve. He recently broke his ankle and it isn't entirely well yet. Every step he takes must be agony but if it shows in his face it's all right because he's supposed to be in pain and can't afford to feel anyway. What I can't figure out is why M-G-M wants to take a nice looking boy like Alan and make a heavy out of him.

Since no one seems able to answer that question for me I proceed to—

20th Century-Fox

Here, too, there are a number of big pictures shooting. And here, too, are several—"Rose of Washington Square" (starring Tyrone Power and Alice Faye), "Stanley and Livingstone" (starring Spencer Tracy and Henry Hull), and "Susannah of the Mounties" (starring Shirley Temple) which you'll have to wait until next month to hear about.

But there is still "The Gorilla" starring the Kitz Brothers with Anita Louise, Edward Norris, Patsy Kelly, Bela Lugosi and Lionel Atwill prominently among those present.

Atwill has just got a note from The Gorilla (a notorious criminal) that he's going to kill him. Anita (his wife) is just doing a scene and Atwill radios her to come to his house as quickly as possible. He wants to talk over with her the estate she will inherit if he is killed.

Eddie is very much in love with Anita and he has brought her here. He glances around the gloomy mansion, about the size of the White House. "Nice cozy little place your uncle has here," Eddie opines.

"He likes it," Anita smiles.

"He must—to live in it," Eddie rejoins.

"This way, please," Bela Lugosi (the butler) interrupts, leading them a short distance to huge sliding doors which open into the study. Atwill rises as they enter.

"Well, well," he greets her. "If it isn't the prodigal niece."

We had a terrible time with those old customs men; and—oh, I took the liberty of bringing along my—conquest. This is Jack (Norriss), Uncle Walter."

Then Patsy enters. She's the maid.

"Excuse me, Mr. Stevens," she begins, "I—well—I know it's customary to give notice—"

"Why, Kitty," Atwill interrupts, "are you trying to tell me you're going to leave?"

"Oh, no, sir," Patsy assures him. "I'm trying to tell you I've left."

When the scene is finished Norris comes up to shake hands. "Dick Purcell and I were talking about you the other night," he says, "We were wondering why you didn't show up at our recent party."

"The only reason," I apologize, "is because that dope Purcell sent the invitation to a party held two years ago and I didn't get it until two weeks after the party was over. I thought even the last drunk would have gone home by then."

"I'll give him your message," Eddie promises gruffly, "and, in case you move again before next year, and in case we have another party, remember you're invited and just come without an invitation."

In an equally grave manner I thank him, bow from the waist and trickle over to another stage where "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" is shooting.

"Charlie Chan" is being directed by Norman Foster. Norman is all excited about a little Chinese girl—Irish Wong—whose parents are making her debut in this picture. The boy, San Young, was in the last Charlie Chan picture. I watch them do a scene together and congratulate Norman on his discernment. But there are other studios to be covered yet, namely—

Warner Brothers

TWO features shooting here in addition to "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," which is shooting behind closed doors and no one gets on that stage.

In "Hell's Kitchen," Stanley Fields has just been convicted for prohibition rum-running activities, years before, and sentenced to an $85,000 fine and five to eight years in prison. On the advice of his nephew and lawyer (Ronald Reagan) he had pleaded guilty to the charges so the judge suspends the sentence but warns him that if he so much as indulges in single brawls in the future he'll have the full eight years slapped on him.

Fay Wray goes straight but it isn't easy. His henchmen resent being thrown out on their own. He is tapped for a donation to the Hudson Shelter for Homeless Boys. On the advice of Reagan he gives. Then the boys get under his skin. They're his own kind. The leaders are Frankie Burke (the young Cagney in "Angels with Dirty Faces"), and the Dead End Kids. He decides to donate an ice rink and have-a-team hockey. So he has the inmates of the home assembled. At the meeting he is on the platform introducing Reagan.

His speech is a classic but it's too long to go into here.

The other picture, the "Kissing Road," for Anne O'Brien, John Payne, Anne Stratton, Gale Page and Frank McHugh. John is Pat's younger brother, whom Pat is trying to put through college but John gambles away the money. Pat gives him for tuition. Then he brings Ann to a night club. "Some place, isn't it?" he says to Ann.

"Too much of a place for us," she replies.

"Stop worrying about me saving my dough, will you?" he begs, leaning across the table and taking her hand in his.

"If it was your dough, maybe I"
wouldn't worry," she answers, "but Joe gave it to you for your schooling. It isn't right. You know how he feels about me and if he ever found out you were spending it—"

"I'll pay him back!" John interrupts. "Every nickel! Listen, honey," he goes on earnestly, "by the end of the next racing season I'll be sitting on top of the world—and you'll be right there with me!"

"What's got me worried, darling," she rejoins, "is where does a speed maniac like you take off after he gets to the top of the world?"

There's food for thought in that problem and I puzzle over it all the way to—

Paramount

OVER here we have Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness." Irene, apparently, has just presented Fred with a baby, Fred, Charlie Ruggles and William Collier, Sr., are standing in front of the window of the nursery in the hospital gazing at the baby.

"Did you see that?" Collier boasts. "He smiled and said something."

"Eight pounds and how many ounces," Fred turns to Ruggles.

"Seven," says Ruggles promptly.

Fred turns proudly back to his son. "Look at him! Just like his mother. Class all over."

I've listened to enough new fathers in my time without sticking my neck out by asking them about their babies so I leave before Fred finishes the scene.

Next is "Beau Geste." This was one of the most successful silent pictures ever made and I think this re-make is going to be just as good. I've read the new script and, thank heaven, they haven't changed it, except in a couple of minor details. In the cast are Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston and Brian Donlevy. There is also an impressive supporting cast.

The first three are being raised by Heather Thatcher. To secure funds for their schooling, she sells a giant sapphire belonging to her husband. Gary happens to see her deliver the jewel. Years later, when the boys are grown, her husband has fallen on hard times and is on his way home to sell the jewel. Gary knows her theft will be discovered so while they're looking at the piece of paste she has substituted for the real gem, he turns out the lights and steals the fake jewel. None of the brothers will allow the other to take the blame and one by one they run away and join the French Foreign Legion.

We meet them in the barracks where Gary and Ray come face to face with Preston.

There isn't much dialogue to this scene but the action is tense and fraught with feeling.

I chat a few moments with Gary and William Wellman, the director, and then make for the last set—

This is "The Gracie Allen Murder Case."

Warren Williams is the detective. He and Gracie are on their way to a night club, looking for clues. "My examination of the Buzzard," William explains, "leaves me with the definite conclusion that he was the victim of a rare and subtle poison.
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Ed Sullivan
"Spills the Beans"

[Continued from page 25]

ried her was an incident that occurred when she was in New York last September. The publicity office there arranged for a series of interviews with their No. 1 female star. One of the interviewers was a hard-boiled reporter and feature writer from the World-Telegram. "How much dough have you got in the bank?" he asked. Norma flashed an S. O. S. look to the publicity man. "How much are those bracelets worth that you're wearing?" It was a typical World-Telly interviewer. There was no doubt that he wanted a certain type of interview and he was going to get it. She parried his questions as well as she could, but, that night, this three-column head shrieked from Page 1:

"I'm Not As Shrewd, Old or Wealthy As Reported," Norma Tells Broadway

I think that that story decided Norma in favor of her own publicity man. Yet in all fairness to M-G-M's New York publicity man, there was no way that they could have prevented it or shielded her from it. The only way would have been for them to have denied an interview to that particular writer, and that would have been extremely difficult.

You may ask why doesn't a movie star, in such a position and confronted with a reporter who is frankly hostile, tug her skirts about her and tell the reporter to go to hell? The reason, my dear little chickenadees, is that the Page 1 headline that night would read:

"Go to Hell," Wealthy Norma Shearer Tells World-Telly Reporter in Rage.

The stars often would like to become profane, but the case of Katharine Hepburn is a deterrent. Miss Hepburn, who has been kicked around by two publicity men in this town, had scant use for the press. Whenever she passed through Chicago, Captain Dan Gilbert had to call out the riot squad to separate her and the press. She busted their cameras, refused to be interviewed and otherwise messed up on a one-girl campaign against them.

Secretly, Hollywood's stars applauded Katie's nerve in telling the press what they feared to tell 'em. But what happened? The newspapers hit back at her, and the public, who are not practical, is not above the fact that she is one of the finest actresses ever to come to Hollywood. Other movie stars, noting this, smother their tempers and make a fuss over the interviewers. They don't want to get what Katie got.

Joan Crawford flared up one day, and this is what she said: "Garbo is so right: She runs away from all of you newspapermen and women. By running away from publicity, she gets more than all of us. When we refuse to talk and what we say is twisted every which way to make a story." Not only Joan Crawford, but every actor and actress in this business envies the Garbo technique while admitting their inability to do likewise.

Errol Flynn, on the screen, is a swag- gering adventurer. He mows 'em down. Yet the day that he took a punch at one of the guests at Mrs. Jock Whitney's party, I saw Errol on the Warner lot and kidded him about anything, Ed," he asked, 'I was just in Jack Warner's office and he gave me a frightful dressing-down for the bad publicity.' You see—publicity—publicity it all comes back to that.

It controls personal lives and even reaches into private lives and controls them. Stars are scared to death to get divorced for fear of bad publicity. Stars go to night clubs for publicity. At private parties in their homes, they invite photographers to snap pictures. They produce pictures, a picture that is often too dull to sit through is turned into a Roman circus. Everything is predicated on publicity.

One of the few dissenters is veteran Adolphe Menjou. "Publicity doesn't mean anything to me," Menjou says, resolutely, his moustaches quivering in the heat of his denial. "All that matters for a performer is what he does on that screen. The fans don't care about anything else. All they know is whether you've given a great performance, a good performance or a poor performance, and all the publicity in the world won't change the fans' opinion." Menjou refuses to take advertisements in the Hollywood trade papers for that reason. "I'll be damned if I'll waste my money," says the moustaches bristling once more.

Somewhere between Menjou's independence and the slapdash obsequies of other top-flight performers is the happy medium, but until that line has been located, the stars of Hollywood will knuckle to the Power of the Press.
Flashshots
[Continued from page 19]

It is filled with beautiful things chosen with great knowledge and distinction. Wayne's present charming wife, the former Bubbles Schinius, was lunching at "21" with some girl friends so we had lunch in the sun room off Mrs. Schinius's Louis XV bedroom. Both of the Morrises were anxious to get back to Hollywood where their week's residence present family was being waited for them. It's a large rambling house in Bermuda style, with white walls and glistening white roof.

Many movie people run down Hollywood in their private conversations the minimum or a place, but not so Wayne, who genuinely likes the place, the climate and the work.

"What's this supposed to represent," I asked Sylvia Sidney when I spotted her sitting alone one evening, "the lonely hearts club, or waiting for the evening meal?" "No," she laughed, "only the price one pays for going out with men who get long distance calls from Hollywood." Sylvia is doing very well in a class-conscious play called "The Gentle People" in which Franchot Tone was lunching at Sylvia doesn't like to go out a great deal at night and, in spite of all her stage and screen experience, still has an underlying shyness about photos. You can't get it over with soon enough to suit her.

John Barrymore has come back from New York with his wife, taken an apartment on Central Park West, and has announced their intention of doing a play. They have chosen My Dear Children" by Jerry Horwin. Jack Pemberton is to produce it sometime in the Spring. I got several unanswerable and several aware shots of them one night, and afraid I might have double exposed a shot took one or two more on the chance. When they were leaving I apologized for having made such a nuisance of myself and Barrymore replied with that smile of his which, if not, is at least still good. "My great friend," Brute Cahill was with him and they certainly covered the town, never dating the same girl twice.

Bruce went down to Washington for the President's Ball and stayed at the May-Bower Hotel. After he left, the hotel found both of his clothes and also forgot to leave a forwarding address. Errol did a bit of quick hopping between New York, Washington, Hollywood and Palm Beach where his wife, Lil Damita, had decided to take a house. There is a singer and golfer player in Palm Beach named Tommy Goodwin, who is the double of Errol and who is always mistaken for him, much to their mutual embarrassment. Imagine the excitement, when Errol was still on the Coast, for the local crooks to see a man they thought was Errol, but who was really Tommy, dancing by Lili's table with a beautiful blonde without even noticing. I hear even Lili had a moment's shock.

Clare Boothe Luce, whose husband is editor of "Time" and "Life," and who herself is the authoress of those two stage hits, "The Women" and "Kiss The Boys Good-by" gave a bang-up party at El Morocco one night. Her guests were all the cream of the theatrical crop with a few from the movies. Gladys Swarthout was in a gray woolen evening robe with an amazing crystal and emerald necklace. Fredric March was ill with a cold but wife Florence had a very off the shoulders brown silk gown with clips of diamonds and crystal. Others there included Eddie Garris, Robert Morley, Clifton Webb, Lillian Gish, Helen Hendriker and Bramwell Fletcher and Oscar Morrisey. They didn't break up until a late hour and then not until everyone had had a supper of green turtle soup with dry sherry, and chicken tetrazzini, umm-h-h!

The Ralph Bellamys were other New York visitors. They manage to come East several times a year, usually staying at the Drake Hotel and having a grand time. Gracie Fields stayed some weeks and was constantly out with that great comedian, Monty Banks. Without any doubt Gracie Fields is the most natural and unspoiled woman in the movie industry.

Earlier in this article I mentioned the Fredric Marches. They, incidentally, are having the most tremendous success in the play "The American Way" and it may be some time before Freddie will return to the movie stage. I am going to find a charming little house in Connecticut to live in during the hot summer months. After the failure of their first play they are naturally only too enchanted by the success of "The American Way." Soon, Scarlett, instead of going to the East will come for brief visits of refugees from Hollywood, and I hope new and interesting shots for you.

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A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. Stars of "Idiot's Delight"
2. In "Wings of the Navy"
3. Mimic
4. Balkan peasant in "Paris Honeymoon"
5. By way of (abbr.)
6. The sun god
7. Renown
8. Cosily
9. One of the United States (abbr.)
10. Diligent
11. Character actor
12. Newer pronoun
13. Grow old
15. "Gunga Din"
16. Always (poet.)
17. Period of time (abbr.)
18. Free from moisture
19. With Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"
20. In "Hotel Imperial"
21. Well-bred woman
22. Regarding (abbr.)
23. Octan (abbr.)
24. Ever
25. Five hundred and one (Rom.)
26. Mrs. Beebe in "Sing, You Sinners"
27. Preposition
28. In "Kentucky"
29. New foreign access in "Hotel Imperial"
30. To request
31. Definite article
32. Sea Eagle
35. Frequently (poet.)
36. One making first social appearance (slang)
37. Rude disorderly crowd
38. Frozen water
39. Part of the Bible (abbr.)
40. No longer an amateur (slang)
41. A measure of length
42. Places for athletic exercises (abbr.)
43. Always
44. Exclamation of surprise
45. River between Canada and New York State
46. Clerk (abbr.)
47. The Maryland horsewoman in "Going Places"
49. A number
50. American Indian tribe
51. Co-starred in "Love Affair"
52. Eddie Burgess in "Lee Follies of 1939"
53. Jesse James himself

DOWN
1. Star of "They Made Me a Criminal"
2. Separately
3. To exist
4. An image
5. Nominate
6. Unit
7. Star of "If I Were King" (initials)
8. Among
9. On the ocean
10. One who cuts hair
11. In "Heritage of the Desert" (initials)
12. Simpleton
13. In "Ride a Crooked Mile"
15. An adventuress sound (Med.)
16. Variety of cabbages
17. The cowboy in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
18. Younger brother in "Wings of the Navy"
19. Period of time (pl.)
20. In a like manner
21. Movie
22. Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
23. Her latest picture is "Dark Victory"
24. Feminine name
25. Biblical pronoun
26. It afflicted with pain
27. The baron in "Son of Frankenstein"
28. "The Flying Irishman"
29. Idle away time
30. The little son in "The Great Man Votes"
31. Symbol for Tantalum
32. In "Fare and Amuse"
33. In "Submarine Patrol"
34. All right (slang)
35. Perform
36. Munitions manufacturer in "Idiot's Delight"
37. Eccentric dancer in "Sweethearts"
38. To "Stand Up and Fight"
39. In "Going Places" (abbr.)
40. Term
41. One of Loretta Young's sisters
42. Type measure
43. Pinroom
44. To be in pain
45. Premise
46. Within
47. Point of compass (abbr.)
48. Associated Press (abbr.)
49. Verso (abbr.)
50. Reverential fear

The Final Thing

If you are amused and interested, then you are entertained, whatever may be happening on the screen. This is to say that when the clever director had Fred MacMurray, in "Cafe Society," sharpen a razor blade by rubbing it inside of an ordinary bathroom glass, he will entertain every man among the millions who will see this picture. We have tried it too, and it seems to work. Some people like mechanical gadgets and we hope that "Alexander Graham Bell" is a picture with some of the great inventor's early apparatus.

And now a bit of praise to an actress who played the mother-in-law in "Made For Each Other." She made the character a well meaning mother trying to help her daughter-in-law, but with complete lack of understanding of the fact that the young wife had a right to live her own life. So mother-in-law became a nagging, hateful self-pitying pest. The part was played by Lucile Watson and had it not been for her skill in building up the role she played, Carole would not have been as real as she was. Lucile Watson (do not forget the name) made the whole picture strong and dramatic. She cut herself off from any audience sympathy, never overplayed, and presented Jimmy Stewart and Carole Lombard with a real success. While they are out there taking the bows we want to direct this spray of laurel to a fine actress. The character that she gave served as the reason for Carole's desperation and for Jimmy's despair. Without Lucile Watson there would have been nothing but unconvincing tantrums meaningless as empty air.

The Academy must be controlled by Silver Screen's readers. At least you selected Spencer Tracy first, as the Most Popular Player, and the Academy Award came following after.

Elnora Keen
Editor
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Ginger Rogers
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Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush... No Matter How it Trickèd Her!

"Listen... I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? So all right, he's tricky? He's hurt me? So what?... I love him! He's my man!"

And in the swing of today... Gordon & Revel's latest hit! "I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak!"
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A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and do something about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge that up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

for June 1939
A LETTER FROM LIZA

WELL, a cat can look at a Queen. I've always said, and can also imitate a First Lady, so with all due apologies to Mrs. Roosevelt who jots down "My Day" between landings and take-offs I shall now do a fine bit of muscling in and give you my version of "My Day." And, baby, it was a honey! Why you movie fans will simply drool at the mouth when you hear about it. You'll all want to be fan writers, heaven forbid.

It started out with a call from Barbara Stanwyck to have lunch with her at Lucy's, and there's nothing like an early morning call from Barbara to lift you out of the Monday morning let-down.

Barbara is a chain coffee drinker. She is just about the grandest person in Hollywood to lunch with (1) because of her down-to-earth attitude, (2) because of her sense of humor, and (3) because she always has plenty of time. She doesn't give you a cheery smile and a green salad and rush off to another engagement, the way these other glamour girls do. Barbara isn't a big eater, but she is definitely a big sitter, and a lunch with Barbara can easily last from one until five, which is definitely flattering.

Well, you can be sure that I tried to worm it out of Barbara when she would get married to Bob Taylor, but she said she didn't know exactly, and I believe her, though judging from the conversation I think it will be this spring, depending upon the Taylor and Stanwyck picture commitments.

In the midst of dishing the industry to a fine fare-youwell and (what fun that is) I remembered that I had a tea date with Hedy Lamarr at her honeymoon house, which I was most anxious to see. So I tore myself away and dashed to the top of the highest mountain out Benedict Canyon way. And there I found the glamorous Hedy in a peasant costume and a very romantic mood and heard all about her elopement with handsome Gene Marky, the "catch" of the town.

Hedy and I went through the tortures of dieting together once, and ever since. I've had a very cozy feeling about her. She confessed that she had eaten three pieces of cake the day before and had gained a pound. She also informed me that my lipstick and nail polish didn't match and that was the worst thing a woman could do. I never before realized how important that was.

From Hedy's I broke a few speed records to get over to the Tropics to have dinner with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell and go to Dick's first broadcast. And what a crazy fun that was with Martha Raye and W. C. Fields bobbing about, but I was pretty tired by then, as you can imagine. Well, "My Day" probably wasn't as instructive as Mrs. Roosevelt's, but it was more fun.
IT'S HARDY FAMILY FUN AGAIN!

No. 6 in the Hardy Family hit parade... as these beloved folk become "millionaires for a day"! Hilarious... as Andy struts in top hat and "Tux" and dates a cabaret glamor girl... love finds Aunt Milly... Marion knocks the stores for a row of charge accounts... Mom settles for a frying pan... and the Judge winds up with a silk hat... but he has to pay all the bills!

"Pop, why should I get married— and blast all the dreams of so many women!"

ALL NEW ADVENTURES with America's Favorite Family!

"Tell me the truth about what happened on your trip!" says Ann Rutherford.

It's a scream when Mickey getstricked into a night-club cabaret— and a gorgeous chorus girl tries to frame him.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH with LEWIS STONE MICKEY ROONEY CECILIA PARKER FAY HOLDEN

The Hardys become millionaires overnight And what fun!

Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture

for June 1939
"I was pleasantly surprised at the convenience and comfort of B-ettes"

Anne Shirley and Edward Ellis in "A Man To Remember."

Winners in the February "Letters of Criticism Contest"

The $50.00 First Prize Letter

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

"A Man To Remember" is so significant a success that Garson Kanin, its director, is a man Hollywood should remember conscientiously every day. Each minute of this fine film displays faith in the movies, in sincerity and intelligence. His sort of faith moves mountains of public apathy, while Hollywood's general faith in the importance of heroines, horse races, Broadway accents, and phony glamour moves us only to boredom.

Actors should remember that close-ups and new hair-dos get them less in the long run than co-operation in one picture like this, from whose humility, truth, and sincerity a genuinely heartening beauty emerged. Mr. Kanin, his cast and co-workers, have proved again that Hollywood itself holds people who have the right kind of faith in pictures, who respect them, and intend to make the world share their faith and respect.

Sincerely,

MELVILLE ABBETT,
Dubuque, Minn.

Honorable Mention

($5.00 Is Paid For Every Letter Printed)

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

The producers need not "play down" to their audiences. They should hitch their wagon to a star and, we, the public, shall go sailing happily with them through their land of make-believe. Educate, interest, entertain and amuse us; we are intensely human!

Give us more historical plays. "Marie Antoinette," with its splendor, pageantry, and Morley's superb acting, carried me miles and centuries from my drab life. More biographies! Muni made "Pasteur," scientist and humanitarian, a living, vibrant character, to whose research my son owes his life.

Give us wholesome humor and simple philosophy, such as that in "You Can't Take It With You." In it you made me forget my crutches! Give us drama that we shall remember.

Mona H. Coulson,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

Hollywood always gave me the impression that it possessed a few smart fellows, but I often wonder if they're not a bunch of copy-cats.

They are always running something into the ground. The success of one slap-stick comedy brought on a bunch of them. At the present time it seems that the western picture is the next type that will be buried, with such pictures as "Jesse James," "The Oklahoma Kid" and "Union Pacific" following one upon the other.

As a humble moviegoer, PLEASE Hollywood don't run the Jones family and Hardy family into the ground. Don't let every studio come out with some family picture in the coming year.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. O. W. TURLEY,
Lansing, Kan.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

My favorite pictures are the "super-colossals" and this is why. I am typical of the middle classes of America and Canada who go to the movies—not to live for two hours in environments similar to those from which they come—but to live for two hours in environments for which their souls yearn but which fate decrees they shall never attain.

What a thrill and uplift comes after two hours of transportation into luxuriously furnished drawing-rooms and cafes and night clubs, with ladies and gentlemen dressed in the extremes of fashion.

So please, Mr. Producer, keep on giving us pictures with glamour and millions written all over them. As for the simple, homely, ordinary, close-to-life pictures, we will get plenty of those at home.

HELEN F. MAJURG,
Vermilion, Alb., Canada.

SILVER SCREEN
Announcing,

THE PICTURE MAGNIFICENT!

The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom ... moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that spilled a throne! ... The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian ... turning her fateful romance into the pages of history! ... All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, tension and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

PAUL MUNI • BETTE DAVIS
in
"JUAREZ"

with
BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

*Sturdi-flex—ideal figure fabric says Hollywood Designer*

"I have found Sturdi-flex the ideal figure fabric for sculpturing and idealizing the lines of the average woman because its controlled stretch retains the full curves and youthful lines of the natural figure."

**IRENE SALTERN**

**REPUBLIC PICTURES producers of**

"MAN OF CONQUEST"

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**Tips on Pictures**

**A Film For Every Mood**

**BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Fair.**

The second of a series of full length films based on the famous syndicated comic strip. In this one Arthur Lake, as Dagwood, goes on a fishing trip, leaving Blondie, his wife, (Penny Singleton) carrying on his job at the office. Good for dual programs.

**FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—Fair.**

This is a rather belated biographical sketch of Douglas Corrigan who made that famous wrong-way trip to Ireland last summer. After getting over the childhood sequences the picture is fast-paced and the kids will go for it big. (Doug Corrigan, himself—Paul Kelly, Dorothy Peterson.)

**ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—Good.**

Joan Crawford and Jimmy Stewart play the leads in this story of a marriage that almost flounders when the wife becomes a successful motion picture star. In the nick of time the husband becomes an equally successful director and all ends happily. It's an extravagantly produced film, very easy on the eyes.

**LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Fine.**

This racketeering yarn is handled so smoothly and contains such a novel twist that it is very entertaining screen fare. Fay Bainter, cast as a rich Victorian-type grand dame, occupies the center of the stage throughout and is delightful. (Ida Lupino, Lee Bowman.)

**MR. MOTO IN DANGER ISLAND—Fine.**

Peter Lorre, playing the suave Japanese detective, does his Sherlock Holmes work in Puerto Rico this time, with Warren Hymer, a wrestler, making an amusing self-appointed Dr. Watson. (Amanda Duff, Jean Hersholt.)

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**MYSTERY PLANE—Fair.**

On dual programs this should prove very satisfactory. It is the story of two army officers who invent an improved bombing device, and are later abducted by a gang of international spies who want to obtain the invention. (John Trent, Lucien Littlefield, Marjorie Reynolds.)

**NEVER SAY DIE—Fair.**

Although Martha Raye and Bob Hope share stellar honors in this farce, it turns out to be just moderately amusing. It's the tale of a multi-millionaire hypochondriac who thinks he has only a month to live and proceeds to make the most of his "time." Swell cast includes Andy Devine, Alan Mowbray and Ernest Cossart.

**OKLAHOMA KID, THE—Fine.**

Jimmy Cagney goes out to the great open spaces to do his hijacking in this film, only they probably didn't call it hijacking in those days when he plundered stagecoaches and held the whip-hand over other bad bobbies. There's plenty of action here, some beautiful natural scenery, and perhaps a bit of history if you're not squeamish about its authenticity. (Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane.)

**ON TRIAL—So-so.**

About two decades ago this was a thrilling New York play, but time marches on and now it emerges as rather lifeless film fare. The plot concerns the trial of a man who committed murder to protect his wife's honor, and is told by a series of flashbacks. In cast Margaret Lindsay, John Litel, John Stephenson.

**SERGEANT MADDEN—Good.**

New York's "Finest" gets a big break here, with Wallace Beery in the title part. Beery plans to have both his sons, one of them adopted, become members of the police force, but his own son turns out badly and gets on the wrong side of the fence, while the adopted one turns out well. (Tom Brown, Alan Curtis, Larain Day.)

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**Millions of women wear and love Kleinert's Sturdi-flex because:**

- its controlled stretch rubber smooths away bulges,
- its new needlepoint perforations permit evaporation of healthy perspiration,
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- its new uplift bra flatters your figure,
- its slide-fastened back opening makes it easy to put on,
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Just go to the Notion Counter of your favorite store and choose the style and size that will do the most for YOU. A wide variety of step-ins from $1.25 and all-in-ones from $2 up.

Prices slightly higher in the Pacific Coast and in Canada.

*Kleinert's*

"T. M. Res. U. & Pat. Off."

**TORONTO . . . NEW YORK . . . LONDON**

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**Every day we find out new ways of PLANE-NEVER—Fair.**

A FASHIONABLE—Fair. As a fashion in the classics, "The Three Smart Girls Who Grew Up and How!" features two of our favorite actresses, Deanna Durbin (center), Helen Parrish and Nan Grey.
SO THIS IS LONDON—Good. This one was made in England and has some strong-name comedians in the cast. It is a remake of that old George M. Cohan play about the American business man and his naive family as stacked up against the English lord and his rather supercilious relatives. (Berton Churchill, Alfred Drayton, Fay Compton.)

STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—Excellent. One of the most engrossing biographical films to come out of Hollywood. Bell was a Scotsman who became an American citizen just before he invented the telephone, the instrument that turned the course of the world's progress. There's a tender, beautiful romance here too, and drama with a capital D. (Don Ameche, Loretta Young.)

SUDDEN MONEY—Amusing. Again we have a screwball family into whose hands falls a sweepstakes prize of $150,000. Of course every member of the family starts to pursue his or her "hobby," with somewhat hilarious results. The cast includes Charles Ruggles and Marjorie Rambeau, Charles Grapewin and Evelyn Keyes.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Charming. The Deanna Durbin pictures are so refreshing one hates to see them end. No greater tribute than that need be given to this sequel to Three Smart Girls, in which Deanna proceeds to adjust the complex love affairs of her sisters. (Nan Grey, Helen Parrish, Robert Cummings, Charles Winninger.)

TORCHY RUNS FOR MAYOR—Good. One of the best of the Torchy series, with Glenda Farrell in the name part giving a swell performance. Her recent running for mayor of Hollywood evidently inspired the yarn, which is fast-paced and exciting. (Barton MacLane, Tom Kennedy, John Miljan.)

AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need special care!

For a bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like you! It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or after you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Mr. and Mrs. is the name.
Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had the knot tied and now we can all relax.
Troubled by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!

1. Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

2. You sleep through the night... undisturbed! No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight—without over-action.

3. The next morning Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and effectively. It works so gently that, except for the pleasant relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

New improved—better than ever!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To J. CHAS. McNEIL, BACHELOR OF MUSIC, 4153-V South Van Ness, Los Angeles, Calif.

CALL ME SIT-TRUE

STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

Beauty From The Waist Down

Get "done-up" before you go out to swim, and give romance a chance!

By Mary Lee

Jane Wyman has such pretty legs—she makes us wish shorts were our national costume.

"That little girl look" is a descriptive phrase you hear quoted whenever beauty and fashion are discussed. It's a trend toward the young, fresh and naive in appearance, and is achieved by the new, shorter angel-like hair-dos, the lighter, pastel tones in make-up and in costumes, sheer, crisp blouses and lingerie touches, modest camisoles and petticoats again with lace ruffles. In fact, the little girl atmosphere is so thick and heavy about us, it's a wonder some aren't tempted to produce rompers and find a sand pile to play in.

Better, however, would be a swim suit and a play suit. These fit better into a little girl style summer than into one in which sophistication and chic are the smart attitudes. Now, maybe you're lucky. Maybe you have angel curls, and maybe you find this new make-up lovely for your face. Maybe, too, you've encouraged your loveliest smile and your sweetest disposition. So far, so good. From the waist up, you'll certainly pass. But how about from the waist down? If you really want to make this a Social Success Summer, I warn you now against the great disillusionment that many pretty girls give her warmest admirer when he sees her for the first time in bathing or play suit. Too often this disillusionment results from lack of leg and foot grooming. Too often, this is a kind of shock to the male. Men are idealists, and that is something always to remember. With your hair, your face, your hands and clothes always sweet and pretty, naturally, and rightly, they expect to find the rest of you that way.

It is a splendid idea right now, before you poke a toe in racing surf or go romping over the hills in a winsome play suit, such as Jane Wyman is wearing, to become your severest critic from the waist down.

The coarsest skin of the body is most often on the legs. The legs, also, are that part of the body most subject to a hirsute growth. A simple beauty habit for the legs is to keep the skin as fine and soft as possible. Here's where a real scrubbing with your bath brush comes in. Perhaps you've noticed that your legs, especially about the ankles, are constantly shedding little particles of dry cuticle. The skin here is prone to dryness. So this scrubbing removes that skin, encourages good circulation, which is a big secret of nice, smooth skin. When skin is abnormally dry, it's a good idea to apply a softening cream after the scrubbing and a good idea, too, to rub some over your knees if they're dry or rough, just as you do your elbows.

There are several good cream depilatories that will remove hair growth from legs quickly and safely. For instance, Zip Depilatory Cream works a beauty miracle, in this respect, in five minutes or less. You simply apply the cream thickly, leave on five minutes or less, rinse off and dry without rubbing. It is always well to apply a little cream afterwards.
Used properly, and it is always necessary to read directions carefully for best results. Zip Depilatory Cream leaves skin so young-looking, soft and baby-smooth. You'll probably be quite surprised to see how lovely your leg skin is when it is cleared in this manner. You can buy this Zip Depilatory Cream in drug and department stores, and, of course, it may be used on arms or under-arms.

I wonder how many of you really take care of your feet? A weekly pedicure, I mean, given as carefully as your manicure, is a protective or removal care at the first suggestion of a blister, rub or corn occasioned by shoes? Feet respond so quickly to good care, and I can assure you the beautiful foot is a rarity, often for lack of simple care. La Cross has done some complete and wonderfully efficient pedicure sets for you, including a sturdy nail nippers, far easier to manipulate than scissors, cuticle pusher and fine velvet file, plus such aids as cuticle and nail oil, Glycercized polish remover and Creamy nail polish. Even tiny rolls of cotton are included, for separating toes when applying polish. Here's an investment that will last long and do extra good work. If you don't care to invest in the pedicure set, by all means, then, use your manicure aids and procedure for those toes. How different your feet will look, and how much less subject to ingrown nails and other toe ailments this simple routine will keep them. By all means use nail lacquer on your toes. You're missing a bet for smartness if you don't. And use it as bright or as soft as you wish. I might suggest, however, that the brighter the polish, the more attention your toes will draw, so choose tone according to the perfection of your feet. But use something, by all means. In huaraches, espadrilles, toed sandals or barefoot, you can jettison your toes as you do your fingers. And they add life and beauty to your whole person.

Now, a few words on painful points—corns, soft corns, callouses and bunions! Once these were more or less intimate subjects, not to be mentioned but concealed, if possible. Still no one wants them and they aren't pretty. Yet, the very recent style improvements in the Dr. Scholl foot aids have brought these woes out of the unmentionables into the light, and all because these Super-Soft Zino Pads, said to be 630% softer, now come in a delicate pink with daintily scalloped edges. Far better to wear them in public on your bare or sandal shod foot, where they are practically unnoticeable or suggest a beauty mark, than to bare a marred toe. With the dainty pads also come tiny medicated discs, to be applied directly under the pads, to cure your ailment. Here, I think, is something we've all wanted. Feminine and dainty as a bit of swansdown, and a smart thought when you're breaking in new shoes!

By the way, if you want some smart foot gear for the beach, look at the beach strollers by Kleinert in your department stores. They're up-to-the-minute in style, and give good protection to the sole, even if you do prefer the back-to-nature free foot style. Soles can get bruised and cut, you know. Another idea by Kleinert for the really big girls, who hesitate about donning a bathing suit, is a bathing or sports girdle. Very short for under-suit wear, comfortable, but with enough support to control your curves.

Such of these suggestions as you need will give you that little girl look from the waist down smooth, fresh physical beauty. This year, groomed toes, and soft, smooth skin, will make more of a good impression than perfectly shaped but ungroomed extremities!

There are, however, some simple principles that if followed daily will help keep you trim and shapely from the waist down. Sitting, for one. Don't flop or slouch, but sit squarely on your seat, so that sitting posture forms an L, not a J. Important for desk workers, because this helps keep hips from spreading.

Flex your legs when you think of it, by stretching and pointing the toes, then relaxing. Restful, and an aid to agility and grace. Climbing hills and steps, by the way, is splendid for developing shapeless legs. This action develops muscle, which gives the shape.

A good leg and ankle reducing exercise — good for the whole body, in fact—is lying flat on the floor, hands at sides, feet together, toes pointed. Raise the body at waist and bend forward, trying to touch your toes, still in pointed position. Begin with a few tries (you try on this one!), working up gradually to ten or fifteen counts. Do this slowly and rhythmically.

**FROM DULL MOUSEY HAIR — TO RADIANT BEAUTY**

**In Two Minutes**

**For a few Cents**

**NO matter, if your hair is discouragingly dirty and messy-looking or dull and drab, a miracle is seemingly performed before your eyes. The radiant beauty in your hair—you thought had disappeared forever, at 20, 30 or 40 will be back again, in a new form of loveliness—afer a single washing and rinsing with the amazing new Golden Glint.**

Dull, lusterless hair or hair that tangles and snarls need a single wash in the new Golden Glint (Bath-Tub Formula) or Super-Soft Zino Pads (Bath-Tub/Scum) that all shampoo deposits in the hair. The new Golden Glint removes this film in two short minutes of rinsing, at a cost of only a few cents.

**DOUBLE ACTION**

First, it dissolves this dulling shampoo film (which is the same substance as the ring around the bath-tub) revealing all of the hair's natural gloss and multi-colored highlights, without leaving the hair dry and brittle (caused by removing too much oil) because the new Golden Glint contains an amazing new ingredient never before used in a hair rinse.

Second, during this rinsing operation the new Golden Glint replaces those tiny golden glints that seem to disappear when women leave their adolescent period—their hair then becomes drab and mousey-looking. Correcting this condition is also part of the amazing service of the new Golden Glint; for the new Golden Glint is now out in six shades—for Brunettes, for Brownettes, for Blondes, for Auburn shades, for Silver Blonds, and for Luster blonds; one just suited for your color type. Remember, dandr hair like pale cheeks need a tiny touch of color to reflect the full bloom of youthful loveliness.

No other shampoo or rinse can give you the new Golden Glint revolutionary results. It does not dry out the hair or cause other injuries. There are two kinds of new Golden Glint, the shampoo with rinse—or, get the rinse package without the shampoo if you prefer your own shampoo. The new Golden Glint doesn't rub off. These sensational new Golden Glint packages are approved by Good Housekeeping. The new Golden Glint packages contain twice as much as the old Golden Glint. They are available now in a gliterring gold package, a dressing department and 10c stores. Ask your professional operator for a new Golden Glint Rinse. Thrill to the beauty that is so easily revealed in your hair.

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Gleem Glint Company, Inc. Seattle, Washington

For June 1939 11
With the market laden with so many tempting fruits and berries, it is time to preserve your favorites to add zest to meals later on in the year.

By
Ruth Corbin

Jan Holm, young Hollywood player, is partial to apricot jam. Too bad we can't get a lick of that spoon.

The jam, jelly and pickling season is with us again! Even if you live in a "Big Town" apartment you will doubtless realize the wisdom of at least putting up the favorite family delicacies, then when winter winds blow, your stock of homemade goodies will boast of several things which your grocer probably could not supply at any cost.

First, let me caution you that the most important thing in any form of canning is cleanliness and attention to detail. Remember to always sterilize both jars and rubbers and, immediately mixture is poured, cover with thoroughly melted hot paraffin. Jellies must not be overcooked, since they set and thicken considerably after cooking. To test perfect jelly pour a spoonful on small plate; if it shows firmness, and no sign of being too thin, pour mixture into glasses. If too thin, a little lemon juice or concentrated bottled fruit pectin (Certo) may later be added. For best results work only with small amounts; do not use too much water; always heat sugar (in large pan in oven); and use as wide a utensil for boiling juice as possible. Even a novice cannot fail if these simple yet definite rules are adhered to.

In jelly making fruits lacking in pectin, the jellying element, must either be combined with other fruits rich in this principle or have commercial pectin added. Pectin rich fruits include apples, cranberries, red currants, plums, quinces, grapes, etc.; and these fruits are excellent for jellies. Fruits lacking in pectin and therefore to be used for jams rather than jellies, or else combined with one of above fruits, include apricots, peaches, cherries, pineapple, etc. If commercial pectin is used follow recipes given in attached folder. Rhubarb gives a large quantity of juice and absorbs flavor without imparting its own. It is hence excellent when added to expensive fruits to increase bulk and juice.

Here is my own favorite and original Apricot Jam, arrived at by testing and combining the best in several recipes I had.

APRICOT JAM

3 cups diced fresh pineapple
1 cup water
6 cups diced, peeled apricots
4 cups sugar

Mix fruit and water. Cook slowly until very soft. Add sugar and cook until mixture jells. Requires about ½ an hour to thicken.

PRESERVED CUMQUATS

Weigh fruit and prick each piece with darning needle. Cover with cold water and boil gently until fruit is tender. Strain off water. Make a syrup with ½ pounds sugar to every ½ pint water and every pound fruit. Boil 20 minutes. Add syrup to fruit; simmer gently 10 minutes. Bottle and seal.

RASPBERRY JAM

In making any of the various varieties of raspberries into jam the berries must be weighed and washed. Crush some or all of the fruit and add ½ pound apple pulp to each pound berries to improve texture and flavor of product. In the case of black varieties I advise pressing pulp through sieve because of size and number.
of seeds. Fruit is heated slowly until juices flow freely, then boiled rapidly, stirring to prevent scorching. When mass starts to thicken, add an amount of water equal to amount of fresh fruit and apple pulp if used. Continue to cook until of consistency of jam. Pour immediately into hot sterile jars and seal. A good wrinkle is to cut pieces of string into 5 inch lengths, sterilize them and lay a piece across jelly before parawax goes on. Then, when ready to use, the wax lifts off with string without the usual prying with a knife. If you are using the new and very fine Cellophane seals, all you need is to wet them, stretch over top and slip an elastic band around them.

Let's consider pickling for a moment. Here are two recipes which are tops and they almost make themselves...they are that easy. Recipes are originals.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLE
2 cups Domino Brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon Coleman's mustard
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon white mustard seed
2/3 teaspoon turmeric
2 cups Heinz cider vinegar
9 medium sized cucumbers
4 white onions, sliced

Mix together dry ingredients, blend to make sugar a syrup; add rest of vinegar and water; boil together about 5 minutes. Add cucumbers, sliced without paring, and onions. Boil 3 minutes, put in jars and seal while hot. They are ready to eat second day.

PIEKLED PEACHES
Boil 2 pounds sugar and 1 pint vinegar 20 minutes. Dip peaches quickly into hot water and remove peeling. Stick four cloves into each peach. Cook until soft syrup, using half the peaches at a time. Pack into jars while hot, fill with syrup and seal. (Use clingseed peaches.)

PEACH PRESERVES
4 pounds sugar
1 1/2 pints water
6 pounds firm, firm peaches
3/4 pint brandy

Boil water and sugar and put in peaches. When they look clear they are done. This should take about 30 minutes. Add brandy and if syrup looks thin boil down to proper thickness. Brandy may be omitted if desired. Method of preparation is same. Brandy in Peach Preserves is an old Southern custom.

CRAB APPLE JELLY
6 pounds crab apples
2 lemons
1 pound sugar to each pint juice

Wash and core apples and cut into quarters. Place in preserving pan with enough cold water to cover. Boil about 3/4 hour. Strain through muslin bag. Measure juice; add sugar. Boil them together 3/4 hour, stirring continuously. Add lemon juice just before jelly is done. Remove when it jellies easily on cold spoon.

PEGGY, IS DON NEGLECTING YOU?

OH DAD—HE'S JUST AWFULLY BUSY THESE DAYS—I GUESS

HARLEQUIN CONSERVE
25 peaches
10 red plums
1 pound white grapes
1 orange, sliced
3/4 pound chopped almonds

Cut up fruit and cook until soft. Add 3/4 cup sugar for each cup fruit. Add sugar when fruit is half cooked. Cook until thick and fruit clear. Add almonds when fruit is almost done. Seal.

ALPINE PEACHES

An old and simple recipe for making any jelly says: Cover fruit with cold water and boil until soft. To each quart of juice use 1 quart of sugar. Strain juice through flannel bag, boil 20 minutes, then add sugar. Sugar must be hot but not melted and juice must be boiling hard when it is added. It should be done in about 2 minutes.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLE
2 cups Domino Brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon Coleman's mustard
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 cup water
1 cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon white mustard seed
2/3 teaspoon turmeric
2 cups Heinz cider vinegar
9 medium sized cucumbers
4 white onions, sliced

Mix together dry ingredients, blend to make sugar a syrup; add rest of vinegar and water; boil together about 5 minutes. Add cucumbers, sliced without paring, and onions. Boil 3 minutes, put in jars and seal while hot. They are ready to eat second day.

PIEKLED PEACHES
Boil 2 pounds sugar and 1 pint vinegar 20 minutes. Dip peaches quickly into hot water and remove peeling. Stick four cloves into each peach. Cook until soft syrup, using half the peaches at a time. Pack into jars while hot, fill with syrup and seal. (Use clingseed peaches.)

PEACH PRESERVES
4 pounds sugar
1 1/2 pints water
6 pounds firm, firm peaches
3/4 pint brandy

Boil water and sugar and put in peaches. When they look clear they are done. This should take about 30 minutes. Add brandy and if syrup looks thin boil down to proper thickness. Brandy may be omitted if desired. Method of preparation is same. Brandy in Peach Preserves is an old Southern custom.

CRAB APPLE JELLY
6 pounds crab apples
2 lemons
1 pound sugar to each pint juice

Wash and core apples and cut into quarters. Place in preserving pan with enough cold water to cover. Boil about 3/4 hour. Strain through muslin bag. Measure juice; add sugar. Boil them together 3/4 hour, stirring continuously. Add lemon juice just before jelly is done. Remove when it jellies easily on cold spoon.

PEGGY, IS DON NEGLECTING YOU?

OH DAD—HE'S JUST AWFULLY BUSY THESE DAYS—I GUESS

HARLEQUIN CONSERVE
25 peaches
10 red plums
1 pound white grapes
1 orange, sliced
3/4 pound chopped almonds

Cut up fruit and cook until soft. Add 3/4 cup sugar for each cup fruit. Add sugar when fruit is half cooked. Cook until thick and fruit clear. Add almonds when fruit is almost done. Seal.

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Everybody's talking about the extra care, brilliance that Luster-Foam "bubble bath" gives the teeth!

BETTY: That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste is marvelous... my mouth feels so fresh.

BETH: And did you ever see anything like the way it makes teeth sparkle?

1st REPORTER: Ever see a smile so dazzling? All these glamour girls have it—I wonder why?

2nd REPORTER: It's the dentifrice they use—the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. It's swell!

JIM: Even if I am your husband, I've got to admit your smile gets more gorgeous daily.

JOAN: Honey, it's the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the New Listerine Tooth Paste that does it.

LARRY: Will we ever save enough to own one?

LOU: Leave it to me! I'm budgeting everything, including tooth paste. And what a money-saver this New Listerine Tooth Paste is.

NURSE: Listerine Tooth Paste is designed to go to work on the tiny pits and cracks in enamel—the danger zones where 75% of decay is estimated to start.

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TRY IT?

Don't be so wedded to old favorites that you miss out on the utterly different, wholly delightful action that you get with Luster-Foam detergent in the New Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll wonder why you ever used any other paste.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into an aromatic, dainty, foaming "bubble bath" that wakes up the mouth. It surges over, around, and in between the teeth to accomplish cleansing that you didn't believe possible. And what dazzling luster it gives.

You know this new dentifrice must be delightful, because six million tubes of it were sold in 90 days. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25c and big double-size at 40c, containing more than ¼ of a pound of tooth paste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE NEW FORMULA
Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

HOLLYWOOD gags, which were on the wane for a while, are up and blooming again. Jeanette MacDonald likes to tell about the gag Director Robert Z. Leonard played on Lew Ayres during the production of "Broadway Serenade." On the premise of trying out a new "mike," Director Leonard asked Lew to stand before the "mike" and repeat the line, "What am I doing?" in various tones of voice and inflections. On Lew's seventh repeat of "What am I doing?" the entire cast and crew yelled, "Making a fool of yourself."

HERE and there, and here and here: Hedy Lermir and hubby Gene Markey reading each other's tea leaves at the Brown Derby. Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett rumba-ing at the El Mirador in Palm Springs. Joan Bennett and David Niven dining at the Tropics. Dorothy Lamour and Wyn Rocamora eating steaks at Dave Chasen's. Joan Blondell talking with Brenda Frazier about Hollywood at the Stork Club in New York. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell having a time for themselves at Lamazes. Dick played the saxophone and Joan did an interpretative dance. Fun for the visiting firemen. Gertrude Neisen having laughs at Slapscie Maxie's with Dick Purcell. Margaret Lindsay and Eddie Norris doing a mean la conga at the La Conga. Marlene Dietrich and Noel Coward in a huddle at the Beverly Derby. Tyrone Power and Annabella just looking at each other at Marcel's. Bette Davis and George Brent lunching together at the studio. Everybody is sure this is a big hot romance, but Bette won't say yes or no, and neither will George.

OH, for the life of a censor. Recently a studio was making a comedy wherein Madeleine Carroll had to give a "come-as-you-were-when-you-were-invited" party. For the party Madeleine wore a slip. Hovering about on the fringes of the crowd was Luigi Luraschi, the studio censor, with a worried look on his face. "What are you doing here?" Madeleine asked him.

"I'm here," explained Luraschi, "to make sure that your slip doesn't slip, Miss Carroll."

"Boy-oh-boy, was that water swell," cries Mickey (Andy Hardy) Rooney, after the first dip of summer.

ONE of the funniest lines in "Love Affair," a picture we hope you won't fail to see, is when Irene Dunne says to Charles Boyer, "My father used to say that the things in life that are enjoyable are always immoral, illegal, or fattening." All of which reminds us of Lupe Velez' favorite description of Hollywood. "Hollywood," says Lupe, "is a place where many a girl can't eat if she doesn't get work, and can't get work if she eats." How true, how dismally true.

DAVID NIVEN, who is rapidly becoming the most popular young leading man in Hollywood, just can't resist playing pranks—even when the pranks are on his boss, Sam Goldwyn. David has one of those contracts whereby he has to pay his producer one-half of his earnings outside of the studio. David recently went on the radio for a cheese company, and promptly after the broadcast was given a check—and a hamper of cheese. So David sent Goldwyn half of the check, accompanied by one-half of every cheese package.

THIS could happen only in the Gracie Allen household. Anyway, Gracie's two children are so crazy about school that she punishes them by saying: "Now if you're not good, you can't go to school today!" Imagine!

TWO matador capes heavily embroidered in gold were sent to Gilbert Roland and his brother, Chico, recently by relatives in Mexico City. The capes belonged to their father, a noted matador of two decades ago.

DOROTHY LAMOUR wears only one ring—a belated (but huge) diamond engagement ring given to her by Herbie Kay two years after their marriage.

SOME particularly tricky dialogue proved too much for James Stewart on the set of "It's a Wonderful World." "I'm certainly disappointed in you, Jimmy," said Director Van Dyke, shaking his head. "Of all the scenes I've directed with Johnny Weissmuller, he never once forgot a line." This bothered the actor to the extent that at noontime he sent over to the script department for dialogue of the Weissmuller pictures. He read them through, cover to cover. The only line Johnny ever had to say was "ugh."
Starlets

The magic wand of beauty has touched them kindly, but the grim struggle for academy awards crowds romance off their track.

By
Gladys Hall

Above—Ann Sheridan achieved real screen success only after her marriage went on the rocks. Right—For her career, Pat Morison gave up the title of Countess and a castle in Hungary.

They break their own hearts . . . that is the irony of it. They have beauty such as poets die for, these beautiful young stars or novitiate stars of the screen . . . they have youth and the desires of youth; they have love offered them, prodigally, and they have love to give; they want love and, sometimes, they take it. But more often they are afraid of love, afraid of their own desires; more often they break their own hearts with their own driven hands and build the hot, small pieces into Academy Awards, electric lights, the cold fire which flames but seldom warms—the fire called Fame.

"On the days when I am depressed about my work, feel that I cannot act, do not know how to act, cannot learn the English that I am sacrificing my heart's happiness for, oh, for what? . . . on such days—oh, I want to go back, back home to Milano, back to that boy I loved there, and left there. I want, then, to have only the nice home, nice children, something warm."

This was Isa Miranda speaking. Miranda, of whom Gabriele d'Annunzio said, "She is the most glamorous woman in the world." The Miranda of whom d'Annunzio penned these lyric lines:

"O my Life! Never had my desire for you been greater! I saw all the stars setting in your hair. They went down into impenetrable shadows where lips cannot reach . . . ."

Yet Miranda told me: "I fight love . . . ."

And young Pat Morison, born in New York, gently born and bred, travelled, product of finishing schools and sound American traditions of home and family and family ways, Pat, a girl of clear vision and sound judgments. A girl, also, with eyes like moonstones under folded wings of dark, dark hair.

Pat told me, "I am up on a ladder, the Real Me, and down there is the girl on the set, the girl on the dance floor, the girl who was so tempted to marry the man she really loved" (the young Austrian Count de Gueron Mornay), "down there is the girl who knows all about the so-called happiness which is the heritage of every human being, the girl whose every instinct and what intelligence she possesses tell her not to be a fool, not to pursue phantoms instead of flesh and blood, not to take the road that has Academy Awards for its milestones."

And all the while that girl on the ladder stays there, a
grim monitor, a persistent prompter, bidding the human girl, the vulnerable one, to study French, study music, go to bed early so that she may rise to work again, not to go out with men, not to dance, not to play lest the flower-baited trap catch her again... deadening the small, warm voices... yes, that girl stands between happiness and herself.”

"Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me..." that plaintive, passionately renunciatory phrase, how often they voice it, one way or another, all of these young women, the Mirandas, the Morrisons, de Havillands, Nancy Kellys, Florence Rices, Lana Turners, Priscilla Lanes... how many goodbyes to happiness have they said, I wonder, how many little dreams have they strangled with their cruel, young hands?... how they stand between [Continued on page 66]"
Zerbe catches a bit of the gayety of New York after dark in these candid camera shots of the celebrities who come to see and be seen.

I wandered over to the Center Theatre where “The American Way” is packing the house. Freddie and Florence March are the leads in this “Cavalcade” of American life. It was just a half hour before curtain time and dozens of actors were jamming through the stage door. And no wonder, for the show has a cast of two hundred and fifty players. Upstairs on the second floor two green doors were marked with carefully gilded lettering, one with Fredric March, the other Florence Eldridge. There was something so permanent in this lettering. You could tell by that the show is a hit, just as you could tell by the tastefully decorated dressing rooms behind them. Freddie’s aunt was there as he put on his make-up, getting an autograph for a ten-year-old friend of hers. Freddie himself, as well as Florence, love their parts and expect a long run. In fact they are taking a little place in Connecticut for the week-ends this summer. From the loud speaker over the door came gossip of the week about the players. Freddie explained that the cast in off-time organized its own radio broadcasts, did plays, wrote songs. Said he’d never worked with a grander crowd of people.

There was a youthful crowd of autograph seekers clustered outside of the Hotel Pierre waiting to catch Edgar Bergen as he left for the theatre. He was already

By Jerome Zerbe

Silver Screen
It looks like Tony Martin is singing for his supper. In a pinch, he can also play the piccolo and English horn.

late and his party rushed him into the waiting car amid cries of "Hey, autograph," "Give me an autograph, you," etc., etc.

One nice kid standing by the curb managed to say ever so politely that he, too, would like an autograph, and Bergen heard him. Calling him up to the car, he gave it to him and said "Thanks, sonny, for your manners." All of which is to say that if film and radio fans, who spend their time waiting outside hotels and restaurants, would be a little more thoughtful they'd have a better chance of getting what they are after.

Bergen had a grand time in New York, even if a reporter out for copy actually kidnapped Charlie McCarthy. However, everyone realized that it was a hoax and Edgar Bergen wasn't worried. Charlie isn't allowed to go out to the night spots. It may be jealousy on Bergen's part, but it seems all the girls insist on kissing Charlie, and lip rouge is mighty hard to wash off. One night Bergen said he'd do an impersonation of Charlie if Mrs. Jack Rocamore, who was at the dinner, would be Bergen. That is, a silent Bergen. The result was almost a riot.

Few movie people who are in [Continued on page 63]
Which Star Will Be The Next

It's a fascinating question, but the answer is still in the laps of the gods.

Below—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is a keen competitor for the honor. Left—Jeffrey Lynn caused many a feminine heart to flutter in his initial film, "Four Daughters."

While their fans may consider it sacrilege to suggest that a day will come when Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, and all the rest of our present screen lovers will be out in the cold, the fact remains that such a day is on its way as sure as death and taxes.

From present indications that day is still a long way off, and all the above mentioned are still at their zenith. Nevertheless, dat ole debbil, Experience, has taught us that nothing remains at its peak forever. "What goes up must come down," croaks the old adage, and of nothing is this more cruelly true than of a Hollywood career.

The cause is sometimes difficult to foresee or to guard against. A sudden scandal. A too sensational bit of publicity. One or two poor pictures. And the star is out like a light!

Small wonder then that the studios not only use every precaution to safeguard their stars of the moment, but also spend unlimited funds and much ingenuity to discover and build up new players to step into the fallen stars' places.

To those of us on the side lines it is usually more interesting to watch a career in the making than after it is firmly established, and there is consequently much
Head Of The
Heart Throb
Department?

By
Juliette Laine

Jimmy Stewart has a rare small-boy quality that endears him to women and men alike.
Right — David Niven and Richard Greene, two contenders from England.

laying of bets and exchange of opinion over those recent discoveries who seem most likely to reach the top.
Although Jeffrey Lynn and Jimmy Stewart are very much in the running, right now, for some reason interest seems to be concentrated on David Niven, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Greene.
Very well then, pull up a chair and let's have a closer look at them.
Let's begin with David Niven, son of General William Niven and Lady Comyn-Platt. So far, young David has occupied only secondary positions — but with what distinction! Beginning as just a pleasant young man in rather colorless roles, he soon showed a bright flair for comedy — remember "Three Blind Mice"? — while in "Dawn Patrol" he almost ran off with the picture. Now when an almost unknown young man can steal a picture from Errol Flynn and Basil [Continued on page 65]
Ginger Rogers loves to keep going—a vacation to her between pictures sounds like an athlete's workout to us.

ONE of the hardest working gals in this town (I bet you think I am going to say me) is Ginger Rogers. They rush her poor Ginger right from one picture to another (but can you blame them?) and when she isn't in front of the camera she is kept so busy with dance routines, fittings, photographers, and song rehearsals that that babe certainly doesn't have much time for thumb-twiddling. So when Ginger takes a few days off to loaf it's news. With me it's vice versa.

Now, of course, Ginger's form of loafing would send the average loafer into a complete breakdown. The loafers I know, and don't tell me I don't know a flock of them, ask for nothing better than to stretch themselves out in the sun, with a long drink and a fly swatter, and not move for hours, maybe days. But not Ginger. She loves athleticism. With a tennis racket in one hand, a fishing rod in the other, and a saddle swung across her back.

Her mother, the popular Lela Rogers, likes to tell about the time Ginger went vacationing in the beautiful town of Ojai in the mountains north of Hollywood. Mrs. Rogers called the hotel at six o'clock one afternoon and asked to speak to her daughter. "She's gone to bed," said the manager, "and cannot be disturbed." "In bed, so early?" said Mrs. Rogers.

"Well," answered the manager, "she was up at four this morning riding horseback. After that she played tennis for two hours, swam several hours, played ping pong and golf, and she's just worn out."

And there was the time last year when Ginger took a few days off to go fishing in Canada. She wrote her mother, "I was up at one A.M. and before two had sailed out to the spot where they said the fish would bite plentifully. But I guess they were still asleep because I didn't get a nibble."

Well, I always say if you get up even before a fish gets up you're awfully active, or something.

Ginger claims that sports relax her. She can't sit still on a porch and watch the world go by. (Some people are like that, I hear.) If you ever meet Harriet Hilliard she will tell you about the time she and Ginger were making "Follow the Fleet." Harriet had only done two scenes during the day and was completely worn out and could hardly wait to get to bed. Ginger had been in every scene, and had done dance routines during the lunch hour. Ginger had invited Harriet to her home to spend the night and when they left the studio at six-thirty Harriet had visions of dinner on a tray and bed. But not Ginger. As soon as she got home she played several sets of tennis, and then cooked the dinner herself—steaks, out on her barbecue grill of which she is very proud.

When I intimated to Ginger once that swinging a racquet or a paddle was no way to loaf, and intimated that she might be just a little bit crazy, she intimated back that I was. So now I don't know. But I do know that Ginger never worries. She is
not the worrying type. She’s not like Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, and most of the stars in Hollywood. When she rests, if you want to call it resting, she isn’t worrying, and believe me, in this town, that’s something. “The minute I get away from the studio and the telephone,” says Ginger, “I relax. I may be jumping over fences, but I’m resting.” Ginger has a telephone complex. Its constant ringing is the only thing that ties her up in knots.

I met Ginger the other afternoon at the hairdresser’s. The same hairdresser’s where late one April afternoon six years ago Lew Ayres called her for the first time and rather shyly asked for a date—and Ginger was about to say yes when she suddenly noticed that the floor of the salon was coming up to slap her. Hollywood was having its best earthquake to date. Though Ginger and Lew have been separated several years they have never gotten a divorce, and their friends still hope that now that Lew is doing so well on the screen once more there’ll be a reconciliation.

Well, anyway, Ginger was just going under the dryer when I noticed that she had a new batch of freckles, and so, quick like a Sherlock Holmes, I deduced that she had been loafing again. Ginger has a very delicate skin, like all real red-heads, and so freckles very easily.

And, like Myrna Loy, she doesn’t mind at all. When she goes on one of her loafing trips she uses a complexion oil instead of make-up. In fact Ginger rarely uses make-up away from the studio except when she gets herself all prettied up at nights to go dancing. Ginger never freckles on her nose, for some weird reason, but she does freckle on her cheekbones and around her hairline.

“So you snapped back to Virginia McGrath,” I said, pointing to the new freckles (what manners, Miss W.) “and had yourself a vacation! What did you really do?”

Dryers being what they are, you probably heard Ginger and me way over there in Newark but in case you weren’t listening I’ll tell you what Ginger had to say anent the gentle art of eluding publicity men and fan writers and having herself a real vacation. When a star can do that in this neck

of the woods she’s really very clever.

“I found that I had two days before production started on The Little Mother,” said Ginger, “so I decided to run down to the desert and get a good dose of sunshine before I checked in at the factory. When I work I get up at six, that ungodly hour, and after I have seen rushes it’s seven at night before I leave the studio, so I don’t get to see much of this California sunshine.” (Six is only an “ungodly” hour to Miss Rogers when she is working, when she is playing it is a heavenly hour, much to her friends’ distress.)

“I decided to go down to Palm Springs. So I called my cousin Phyllis Fraser and we got an early start—about five. I guess it was. I packed the picnic things in the coupe and in the woods back of Redlands I made coffee and fried bacon and eggs while Phyllis yawned. You know me— [Continued on page 68]“Yip-ee!” yells Ginger, while off on an early morning canter in the desert, BB—meaning Before Breakfast.
There are one or two things left in Hollywood that money can't buy. All right, I will name one of them! Take ideals, for instance. And if you can take 'em to Hollywood, sooner or later they take you. They are truly Hollywood's greatest luxury. Their price comes high and cannot be valued in terms of dollars and cents.

Hollywood heroes who cling tenaciously to ideals, eventually discover they are wrong for Hollywood—although right for themselves. Through bitter experience they learn that they must change. Some are forced through necessity. Others recognize the futility and wisely make the adjustment before it is too late. In the long run they find it better to bend to the rule, than be broken by it.
Better to Bend than to Break

A little bundle from heaven wrought the miracle in George Murphy's somewhat static career.

Francis Lederer and George Murphy are two who lived to learn that they were wrong, according to the rules and regulations of the Hollywood game. Even in his brief stellar moment, John Garfield has already come to the realization that there is only one way to follow the pattern of Hollywood success. Lew Ayres finally gave in (with certain reservations) and is once more at the top. John Beal quit the film city cold, because he retained his beliefs. But John will be back and so will Franchot Tone, who affected a charming compromise.

Louis Hayward discovered he could be the idol today, idle tomorrow. And he was powerless to put up a fight. After years of standing firm, George Brent opened his heart and mind and decided to allow himself the treatment of a star. David Niven and Sam Goldwyn have called off their feud. No longer will David refuse to play certain parts. Cesar Romero sacrificed his rights to a private life, when the studio decreed that he would be the glamour girl's delight. Of the many examples where Hollywood stars were right for their ideals and wrong for the executive's money, Francis Lederer paid the hard way. How simple it would have been if someone had taken Francis quietly aside and explained that in Hollywood movie stars were only supposed to look handsome and crusade for the box office. But Francis had to discover this and many other painful things, before he realized how wrong he was and how much damage had been done.

Bubbling over with genuine enthusiasm, Francis arrived in Hollywood with two great dreams in his heart. One was to make fine pictures, to give fine performances. Through the medium of Hollywood channels, Francis also saw the possibility of carrying on with an ideal that will live with him forever. He hoped his reputation as a star would make it possible for him to talk on radios, speak on stages, give out interviews on his plan to establish world peace.

Granted that it might have been an impossible, impractical task. There isn't a mother, sister or wife who sees Francis on the screen today, who shouldn't revere him for at least trying to avert a tragedy that is threatening the world today. Francis saw [Continued on page 74]
On location, in the San Joaquin Valley, with the “Man of Conquest” troupe.

By
Sam X. Barbanel

THREE hundred men and one girl made the three hundred mile trip from Hollywood to Stockton, California, with the Republic troupe to film action scenes for “Man of Conquest,” which is the dramatization of the life of Sam Houston. Lone feminine representative was Betty Good, the script girl. Gail Patrick and Joan Fontaine, who have the feminine leads, weren’t required for location shooting, since only the battle scenes—the Battle of San Jacinto and the Battle of the Alamo—were shot on location.

Stars who were on location included Richard “Sam Houston” Dix, C. Henry Gordon, Victor Jory, Robert Armstrong, George “Gabby” Hayes, Max Terhune, and William Benedict.

Headquarters were in Stockton, but the actual shooting site was 36 miles out of Stockton, in Salt Springs Valley Reservoir in the San Joaquin Valley. The site was an exact reproduction of the actual ground on which Sam Houston routed Santa Anna’s army on the flats against the Bay of San Jacinto in 1836. High terrain, with thick brush, which slopes into dry, level prairie and then runs into marshland and a body of water is the spot called Salt Springs Valley Reservoir.

Salt Springs Valley is historic itself. It served as a watering place for the hardy pioneers who made the long trek to San Francisco in ’49 and afterwards.

The 36 miles between headquarters and the actual location where the cameras rolled made me grateful for long underwear. The troupe had to be set up and ready to shoot when the red circle of sun first peeked over the rim of the San Joaquin mountains. Therefore the morning calls were set at five o’clock.

In case you haven’t ever been up at five in the morning, you might be interested to know that it’s awfully dark, awfully chilly, and awfully depressing. Richard Dix told me that he was using to getting up at that time to do ranching chores, but he told me that when the car we were riding in was just outside of Stockton and it was still dark, and one of my eyes was still shut and the other only half open as a courtesy to the company I was riding with, so I thought maybe I dreamed it.

But practice brought ready wakefulness. Toward the end of the first week I was able to open wide my eyes at the first roar of the hotel room buzzer and spring, yes spring, from bed. My body rebelled at first, but I stirred up my dormant Spartan courage, and so was able to make it down to breakfast on time without missing the cars.

It’s during that chilling moment when a fellow gets out of bed in the darkness that he appreciates the comforts of long underwear. One derives a feeling of warmness from the very sight of the ungainly things. Again, when out on location, the wind would rip and cut and further enhance my appreciation of this oft-maligned article of wearing apparel. It’s an unglamorous custom, but every star that’s ever come out of Hollywood has worn long underwear when possible on location.

Since “Man of Conquest” is a costume picture, the flannel garments could be worn without de-glamorizing effects.

The studio brought along its own fleet of autos. There were twenty sedans and three buses. Extra players rode in the buses, or were supposed to ride in them. Frequently Richard Dix, Jory, Armstrong or the other higher paid players were found riding in the buses, with the Cadillacs and Packards filled with grips and stunt men, riding in luxury.

This first-come, first-served method of transportation was just another example of the complete lack of “ caste” privilege in the troupe. There was no special car for stars or Director George Nicholls. In special luxury accommodations, no special meals, no special anything. The only special courtesies were shown Betty Good, the script girl, although she asked to be regarded “as one of the boys,” a request heartily granted.

I asked Dix about this “ one of the boys” attitude of the location troupe.

“Well,” Rich smiled, “there’s no room for temperament or privilege in a troupe. We’re 300 miles away from Hollywood, where there’s no room nor time for folderol and pomp. We’ve got a job to do, and it’s a job requiring complete co-operation of every single member of the gang. In these battle scenes, where wrong timing of a split second may mean serious injury, where every man must do his job perfectly, where time means triple expense, you’ve got to feel complete harmony. Besides, you’ll find the lowest man on a troupe might be just as interesting as the next fellow. You’re considered just one man with a job to do. You’d be surprised how uncomfortable a troupe can make you feel if you demand privileges the other fellow doesn’t get.”

So the entire gang sat down at the same hotel tables; on location they served the same box lunches by a commissary working out of Stockton. And they’d eat their lunches sprawled on the ground, or sitting on the fenders of automobiles. At night, extras, technicians, stars, juicers would pal around together. Maybe they’d take in a movie, or go bowling. But there was no room for night life. You have to be on your toes every minute the sun is shining, because every man’s...
The famous battle charge of Sam Houston against the Mexicans, which brought independence to the State of Texas, is now immortalized by the films.

duties are absolutely necessary before a camera can roll on a battle scene, which means you have to crawl out of warm blankets practically in the middle of a chilly night. So, no gallivanting!

And that brings us to the technique of shooting battle scenes. Few people realize that it takes an entire day to line up such a scene, because there are thrill shots, explosions, and falls entailed in such shots, and thus there can be only one take, with only the barest outline of a rehearsal.

Breezy Eason, one of the best supervisors of thrill shots in the industry, handled the battle scenes for "Man of Conquest."

Let's watch Eason supervise the charge of Sam Houston's army down to the Mexican breast-works. Wagons and riders, led by Dix, have to gallop down a rough terrain, while bullets and cannonballs shatter their ranks. Five hundred extras, plus the stars and featured players, participated in the scene.

As soon as his cast was on location, Eason went to work. He had to contact each and every one of the 200 Hollywood extras and show them with a diagram just what they were to do. These extras were interspersed among the 300 local extras hired from the vicinity.

It takes time to instruct 500 individuals on their duties for one shot. Then stunt men have to be deadly certain of timing with the explosives crew. This crew, headed by Lee Zavits, planted explosives over the ground to be covered by the charging army of Sam Houston. [Continued on page 74]
Penny Singleton is also one of the happiest girls. It is such a lovely, exciting world!

Penny Singleton is also one of the happiest girls. It is such a lovely, exciting world!

Wherever she goes she takes a dancing heart popping with happiness. When she gets home there is all that gorgeous housework to do.

WHEN I first noticed her she was a dark-haired, exotic, petite beauty who wore a can-can skirt (and had the legs to go with it) and who was pushed around a good deal in the picture, "After the Thin Man." She was the sultry type who was a cinch to be pushed around in pictures. Choked, you know. And bruised. Her name seemed a trifle incongruous. It was Dorothy McNulty.

Well, you can't blame me, after all, if no bell tinkled in the part of my brain which is supposed to remember people when I met Penny Singleton, who is currently starring in the homey comedies which are based on the comic strip, "Blondie." Because Penny isn't exotic. She isn't sultry. She isn't brunette. No man in his senses would ever push her around or poke her in the nose. He'd try to cuddle her. She is blonde, she is dainty, she is as domestic and wholesome as freshly churned butter. Yet she and the erstwhile sultry and exotic Dorothy McNulty are one and the same gal.

Let me tell you a little about Penny first and then I'll try to explain this amazing quick-change trick of hers.

Penny is breathless. She leaves you breathless, too. I've never seen a more excited young woman. It's all too, too... well, wait a minute. She's got me doing it!

She lives in a little white house which looks exactly like a birthday cake. There is a white fence, a wicket gate, a flagged
walk leading across a pocket-handkerchief, rose-strewn lawn which I declare is dripping with frosting. I sat down in the oyster-white and pastel living room and Penny bounded, like a startled rabbit, from points East. "Oh, SO sorry to have kept you waiting! I thought I'd be ready. Please forgive me."

I'd been waiting about ten seconds so I forgave her. She sat down opposite me, pulled her knees up under her chin and began to prattle, fondling the laces on her shoes. She was talking a little faster than I could listen, so for a while I just watched her. Her blonde (oh, very blonde!) hair was done in a funny little top knot which dripped curls over her forehead and tendrils down the back of her neck. She had on blue slacks and a lilac sweater and a rose and lilac scarf. Her nose is an agitated pink button and she has freckles on her arms. She waves her hands a great deal because she can't talk without gesturing. And she does talk!

She had just finished the second picture in the "Blondie" series—this one is called, "Blondie Meets the Boss"—and she thought it was SO much better than the first one. She paused and inquired, with some suspicion, "Did you see the first one?"

I assured her hastily that I had seen it and enjoyed it and she became complacent again. "Wait until you see the new one. This time I go to the office, instead of Dagwood, and we've reversed a lot of the gags . . . ."

There was silence for a surprising moment and then she said, "You want to see my house, don't you? It isn't all furnished yet. Generally, I don't like to show people around it much, on that account. But you're a person with a house of your own so you'll understand . . . ."

We viewed the miniature ivory and brown rumpus room which adjoins a patio with a barbecue pit. Penny was deeply concerned about marks on the painted white floor which had been caused by moving the radio cabinet out for dusting. We discussed methods of removing marks from floors. "The radio is defunct at the moment," Penny confided. "But I have to dust it just the same!"

We looked into the rose-sprigged bedroom and Penny told me of her plans for simply enormous new beds, "because my husband is so long . . . he has to have something special to sleep on!" We looked at "Diji's" room ("Diji" is the nickname of Penny's three-year-old daughter, Dorothy) and examined a remarkable collection of dolls. We surveyed a somewhat vacant tract of ground at the rear of the house and it bloomed in prospect as she told me what she planned to plant there.

We drifted to the kitchen. "Here," trilled Penny, "is the ironing board!" She interrupted herself. "Oh, my goodness! This is Scroggs. My husband, Dr. Singleton."

Dr. Singleton acknowledged the introduction. He was, it developed, engaged in eating bread and butter and sardines. He confided that he was going to play golf a little later and that he needed fortifying.

His whole name is Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton and he is an orthodontist in Beverly Hills, and I wish to go on record just here as announcing that no guy who looks like that should be left just fussing around with children's crooked teeth—even Beverly Hills teeth. He's six feet four and he has such a widow's peak and such a chin . . . . and what are our talent scouts doing, anyhow? I hope I have made it clear that Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton is a knockout.

In the living room Penny resumed her chatter. The new fireplace set which she had bought the day before—the curtains she planned for the rumpus room—the recipe for meat balls she had discovered—and wasn't it time to set out pansies? Dr. Singleton joined us and told me about the room over the garage which they were planning to turn into servants' quarters.

"Tell Miss Walker what you use it for now!" Penny giggled.

Dr. Singleton said, gravely. "It's my sulk room. If I'm not pleased about something, Penny shoos me up there to sulk and smoke my pipe until I feel better. Don't know what I'll do without it when we have it rebuilt."

Penny does all her own work, excepting her laundry, when she is not busy on a picture. When [Continued on page 64]
Nothing short of perfection will satisfy these stars. For make-believe is their entire world.

By Ed Sullivan
Means More to Them Than Orchids and Polo Ponies

paratively unimportant part in shaping these Hollywood careers. For the very good and sufficient reason that income taxes hit most heavily at those who rate the biggest salaries. I was sitting with Wally Beery a few days ago in his Sunset Boulevard home, and for the purpose of his wife’s divorce action, he had assembled his income tax statements since 1925. “I’ve made almost $2,000,000 since 1925,” he reflected wryly, “and these income tax statements solve the problem of where most of it has gone. I’ve paid $1,000,000 to the government and living expenses, the necessity of putting up a ‘front,’ accounts for the rest of it.”

Jack Benny, who is being pilloried for his alleged evasion of $500 in Customs duty, paid $256,000 last year in income taxes: “As a result, I just about broke even,” Benny tells you, “but the public believes that we salt away a fortune. The fellow who makes $100 a week is better off than all of us in Hollywood.”

Despite the fact that income taxes and living expenses eat up the profits, there is no actor or actress out here who would do anything different. They love to act. It is the salt of their existence, flavoring it with an indefinable tang. Neither hell nor high water could keep them from it. It is the only thing to them that is important and worthwhile.

Previews in Hollywood are gaudy affairs, because they are whipped up by publicity departments and are intended to bedazzle the country at large, which is a sound exploitation policy.

But the most impressive part of a preview is inside the theatre, when the lights are down. On the screen a newcomer or a veteran is playing a scene, and suddenly the delivery of a line or a particular piece of business has so much quality and “class” that the case-hardened audience breaks into spontaneous applause. It is at moments like this that you get a slant at the real Hollywood, actors and actresses applauding another one because he has accomplished something as an interpreter that sets him on a high plane of artistry.

An interview with Bette Davis is characterized by her absorbing interest in performers: “There’s a little girl in the company, Ed, who is a born trouper—wait until you see what Litvak does with that scene in the parlor—did you see Massey’s ‘Lincoln’ while you were east?” She goes on and on, rapid, incisive, but always the subject of conversation is THEATRE. She lives, breathes and eats of it.

Paul Muni is shy and diffident, yet if you intrigue his interest with an account of some performance you have just seen, he will talk animatedly until his wife comes to the door of the living room and says reproachfully: “Muni, you are half an hour late for that appointment.” Muni, without even halting the flow of thought on which he is embarked, will wave absently and say: “Yes, yes, yes, dear—I will be leav- [Cont. on page 61]
BECAUSE of the glamour that surrounds radio stars, few persons realize how important to each is his own Man Friday. For the other celebrities—be they singers, comedians, orchestra leaders or masters-of-ceremonies—could not possibly give the smooth performance that seems to come so effortlessly over your loudspeaker if each did not have a very efficient shock absorber and “re-buffer” to keep away the stresses and strains that drain the actor’s energy.

In numerous instances the influence of this seldom-seen, scarcely-heard-of Man Friday is so great that he is practically the “silent voice” in radio, for in a great many cases it is only by his guidance that the star has found a secure place in the radio sky.

Perhaps the best example of this is the relationship between Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins. He has guided all of her activities ever since she began her sensational radio career. His complete faith in her ability when others said “her weight is against her” is vindicated by the fact that she has been the only performer to buck successfully the opposition of Rudy Vallee’s program. By her side at every broadcast, stage show and public performance, in private life Ted and Mrs. Collins are her best friends. It is said that he knows more about the real Kate Smith—her moods, her fancies, her ambitions and her shortcomings—than she knows about herself.

And yet the way this association came about would rival a Hollywood scenario, so much stranger than fiction is the truth. For at that time Collins was associated with the Columbia Phonograph Company. Musing the
train to his Long Island home one night, he decided to fill in the several hours' wait by seeing a show. He picked the musical comedy “Flying High” and in it he saw a newcomer to Broadway, a heavy but graceful girl, steal the applause of the audience with her singing and dancing.

He was so impressed that he forgot his train and waited for the closing curtain in order to go backstage and introduce himself. After a chat with Kate, she agreed to come up to the Columbia studios the next day for a test. Her rich, full voice recorded perfectly and she was engaged for phonograph recordings. Then there happened one of those things that are so often the basis of a successful partnership: a sincere friendship, based on understanding, was formed. His training told him that Kathryn—as she is called by her family and intimate friends—had the sparkling wholesomeness that the country at large would appreciate. She in turn felt that he was the ideal showman to take her in hand. So, a few months later he gave up his other business interests to become her manager.

When I asked him the other day to tell me more about their partnership, he said: “I take great pride in the fact that Kathryn places her entire career and business affairs in my hands. Since our association started on May 1, 1931, she has left everything to me. You might be interested to know that, despite the many ramifications of our business today, there has never been a written contract between us. We have only a verbal agreement but because we have so much faith in each other’s ability, it is more binding than the most iron-clad written contract could be.”

So well has he guided her destiny that a few years ago they organized the Kated Corporation—a combination of both their given names—to take care of the various commercial enterprises in which they are interested aside from her radio work. Thus by making such a successful career of developing Kate Smith’s career, Ted Collins is now acknowledged a backstage power in radio land.

The comedy team formally known as Freeman F. Gosden and Walter J. Correll probably doesn’t give you a laugh under that name until you realize that those are the real monikers of those lovable scamps Amos ‘n’ Andy. Then you begin to appreciate why their Man Friday, who is a girl named Louise Summa, thinks she has the nicest job in the world. Her bosses think well of her, too.

Confidante, adviser and co-worker, she calls her job a return on an investment in friendship she extended to them about a dozen years ago. In those days she was working for an amusement concern that staged amateur theatricals and circuses all over the country, and they were just a couple of irrepressible young men, meager in resources but rich in ambition. She was their friend and gave them many pointers about their act. Often they would say that she would have to work for them when their “ship came in.”

She kept in touch with them as they struggled for recognition, and it was finally a suggestion from her that changed the pattern of their lives. Radio was still feeling its way and they were working as a singing team at the time.

“I must admit they weren’t very good,” she recalled with a smile. “One night they sang the ‘Kinky Kids Parade,’ a hit song of the time, and interpolated a line of patter done in Negro dialect. Correll was the bullying major and Gosden the persecuted private. It was the first time they had ever done dialect on the air but it was so successful that they were called upon to do it over and over again. With each repetition, it grew more and more elaborate. Gosden kept introducing more and more characters, all of whom he impersonated. And right then and there, quite inadvertently, the pattern for the future Amos and Andy relationship was created.”

One day the three were at lunch together when she asked them why they didn’t do a whole act in the same dialect. The boys thought about the suggestion for a few days and then went to work on their first dramatic script. It was the opening episode of the show they originally called “Sam and Henry.” [Continued on page 71]
Phyllis Keeps Them Guessing

Ever since Cary Grant started “rushing” Phyllis Brooks, the gossip hounds have been on their trail.

By Whitney Williams

LOOK at Phyllis Brooks, and you see a girl apparently little different from any other attractive young actress in Hollywood. She doesn’t set the world on fire when she enters a night spot, even though her smooth blonde and ivory beauty is the envy of half the women in the film capital ... and she scarcely symbolizes star-glitter—a la Dietrich—as you watch her buy a smart chapeau at Maginn’s, or catch her at a Hollywood first-night. No, you wouldn’t say that this girl had anything the rest didn’t ...

And that’s where you’d be wrong, gentle reader, dead wrong.

Cary Grant noticed it the first time he met her. Hollywood’s gayest and most sought-after blade recognized in this sleek and slender stream-lined number something he hadn’t found before, and immediately set out to cultivate it. George S. Kaufman, the Broadway playwright, also instinctively sensed it as he chatted with her at a film colony party. And even the most casual conversation reveals a quality you won’t forget. Which makes the story of Phyllis Brooks all the more extraordinary, particularly considering how Hollywood treated her the first time she was here.

She didn’t intend to become an actress. “I’ve had the yearning ever since childhood, but I studied to be an artist,” she tells you in level tones, “I was a student at the Chicago Art Institute for five years.”

Her father was an industrial engineer, and when Phyllis was born, the family fancied he’d be residing in Boise, Idaho. “But we left there soon afterwards,” she says, “because of Dad’s profession, and lived all over the country ... St. Paul, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Chicago, finally New York. I got most of my education, with the exception of those five years at the Institute, on the fly.”

In New York, while wondering what to do, her appealing beauty and shapely figure attracted the attention of John La Gatta, the illustrator, who induced her to pose for him. Other artists used her, too, until she gained the reputation of being one of the best models in New York. Then, her likeness appeared on an Ipana toothpaste advertisement.

Immediately, Phyllis was a pursued young woman. That smiling face caught the eyes of film scouts, who insisted she was a perfect film type. She took a screen test, upon the behest of Universal Studios, and was awarded a short contract with that organization. Her screen debut came in “I’ve Been Around,” with Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson.

“For eighteen long and discouraging months, I wooed and tempted fame and success,” Phyllis declares. “From Universal, I went to Paramount. RKO gave me a contract, too, but I didn’t seem to be getting any place.

“I felt that I had something to offer, but I never got a real opportunity to display it. Just hanging on and waiting for the break is not the sort of procedure which goes in Hollywood. I learned that quickly. So I folded my tent, as it were, like the proverbial Arab, and entreated for New York.”

Her decision to leave the film capital was spurred by George S. Kaufman offering her Ginger Rogers’ role in the original stage version of “Stage Door.” Phyllis met the playwright at a party, and instantly he was introduced to her. Kaufman realized this girl had something, an indefinable quality that made her perfect for the role in the stage play. Of all the girls he had met in Hollywood, she was the only one who stirred him sufficiently to consider for the role.

Many another girl, particularly one who had had no previous stage experience, would have declined to take the chance. With the Broad- [Continued on page 62]
WE POINT WITH PRIDE

TO

JOHN BARRYMORE

ALTHOUGH he will always be given honorable mention when the great Hamlets of modern times are spoken of, John really came into his own when he started playing character roles on the screen. He is a superb comedian, and it is a joy to be in the audience when he subtly breathes life and substance into a new role. If you missed him in "The Great Man Votes," you missed the treat of the year. However, his jealous husband in "Midnight" will give you a fine idea of what we mean.
PATRICIA MORISON

A lovely newcomer to Hollywood, Pat has everything it takes to climb the ladder. You can get a good peek at her (and we think she's certainly worth peeking at) in "The Magnificent Fraud," in which she is cast with Lloyd Nolan and Akim Tamiroff.
DOROTHY LAMOUR

In her new picture, "Man About Town," Dorothy gets a chance at a red, dramatic role for a change. Thinking that she might feel lonely for her neglected strong, Paramount decided to deck Dot out in a picturesque slave girl's dress for one sequence, which gives her more than an even break.
Suave and charming at all times, Monsieur Boyer of Paris, France, answers the call to romance that stirs every feminine heart. The only fault to find with him is that he's not in enough pictures. Producers, please take heed. His latest, "Love Affair," with Irene Dunne, is a memorable event.
WAYNE MORRIS

A typical American youth, Wayne smiles his way through picture after picture, gaining many new friends for himself in each. He has an easy, likeable manner that makes his acting seem effortless. He made his first success as Kid Galahad, and you will soon see him in a story called "The Kid From Kokomo." That "Kid" stuff is still going strong, apparently.
ANNABELLA

Gigantic French star, now appears in "Bridal Suite," whose rumored romance to Tyrone Power has made the headlines for many a moon. She seems to be simmering deeply in this picture—perhaps Tyrone had better get his answer soon. Ladies have been known to change their minds, you know. Still, it all looks pretty certain.
SAN HAYWARD

When a girl looks as luscious as does Susan, it seems like piling things on. It is thick to say that she can act, too. Susan can. How else could she have a part for the leading feminine role in an important film as "Beau Geste," with Gary Cooper, no less?
“ONLY Angels Have Wings” is the name of the picture from which this provocative scene was taken. Jean looks a bit dubious about her reception from Cary when surprising him in his lair. Why don't you invite the pretty lady in, Cary?
ALICE FAYE

A LOVELY outdoor scene from "Rose of Washington Square." In this film, Alice Faye sings the poignant torch song, "My Man," which helped make Fanny Brice famous in the good old days. And "they say" Alice sings it just as good as Fanny ever did—which is as big a compliment as Alice need ever strive for.
For Summer!

“"The simpler your costume," says Jane Bryan, dainty Warner Brothers' starlet, "the more fun you'll have on that vacation."
Left—Gay green, red and white challis kerchiefs are used to trim this one-piece white sharkskin playsuit in which Jane plays tennis. One scarf ties at the neck and the other at the waistline. Above—her two-piece shirtwaist dress is of iris blue accented with green stripes and salmon pink dots. The belt is green. Although tailored, this model is very colorful and serves beautifully for active and spectator sports.
Jane "breaks into print" in the afternoons when she wants to look her prettiest at the country club. The background is oyster white with a lovely leaf motif in shimmering green, splashed harmoniously with tangerine, sea foam blue and black. Her broad-brimmed small-crowned straw hat is oyster white accented with grosgrain ribbons that carry out her color scheme. Her gloves and shoes are green.
Something very new in evening gowns is this youthful model featuring a full, draped white sharkskin skirt, with its unique, slashed pocket, topped with a jersey blouse in firecracker red. The tiny collar and cuffs are white sharkskin and a narrow patent leather belt marks the natural waistline. High Dutch clogs in firecracker red add the last note of distinction to this lovely gown so suited to simple dinners and after-dark dancing.
Beautiful spies are always irresistible—least in fable and film. And Pillars is no exception to this rule, getting her full share of adoration from Allan Lane—and no doubt secrets, too—in the film called "They Made Her a Spy."

Palpitations of the heart are in order! You're right—that's the one and only Robert Taylor making love, but discreetly, to Myrna Loy, the screen's most adored wife, in their new co-starring film, "Lucky Night." Myrna changes her "wifely tactics" in this one—but we won't say for better or for worse.
"Ah-Hi!" murmurs Jack Benny to Betty Grable's right eyebrow, "radio has nothing like this." But, poor Jack, the pleasure is only transient. For in "Man About Town" he winds up behind the eight ball again so far as romance is concerned. Someone else lands the pulchritudinous Betty.
Can You Describe
Errol Flynn
Using Just 20 Words?

How proficient are you in the use of descriptive adjectives? In order to describe Flynn most effectively at least three descriptive adjectives should be used. For instance, here's a sample sentence of 20 words containing three adjectives which think fit his type and personality:

One of the most debonair and adventurous Hollywood actors is attractive Errol Flynn whose hobby is travelling in strange places. Here are dozens of adjectives equally descriptive of Errol Flynn. All you have to do is think up three which you think describe him most aptly and incorporate them into a well-rounded sentence of your own, using not more and not less than 20 words. Write your sentence on the coupon below.

There will be four prizes awarded to the writers of the four best sentences, in our opinion. These prizes consist of four beautiful gold wrist watches made by the Longines-Wittnauer Company. They are watches which everyone of you would be proud to own.

PRIZES TO BE AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE
Lady's wrist watch, valued at $40.
SECOND PRIZE
Man's wrist watch, valued at $37.50
Third PRIZE
Lady's wrist watch, valued at $25.
FOURTH PRIZE
Man's wrist watch, valued at $25.

CONDITIONS

1. Sentences must not be more and not less than 20 words. Three or more adjectives must be used.
2. Contest closes Midnight, May 25.
3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
4. Address your contribution to, Adjective Contest Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
To Outstay A Studio-

Work!

That's if you want to eat while waiting for that elusive call to sign on the dotted line.

Douglas McPhail, who did well for himself in "Sweethearts."

By
Leon
Surmelian

You have read about the lovely blondes, brunettes and red-heads who juggle trays in Hollywood restaurants in the hope of being discovered for the fillums. After all, Ellen Drew was a waitress in a tea room. I know a beautiful stenographer at Universal who is walking on air because she has been given a screen test. Hollywood is full of eyefuls, who toil as waitresses and stenographers and manicurists and usherettes and salesgirls and models, and even escorts to packers and barbers from Kansas City and Chicago, while waiting for some producer or director to say to them: "Eureka! You're just the gal I've been looking for."

But how about the young men who come here to show the established male stars a thing or two about acting and singing and making love on the screen? What do they do, what can they do, for a living before some movie mogul comes along and begs them to sign a contract. Well, meet two new contract players at Metro and learn from their own lips what they did to eat regularly while waiting for that proverbial "break" that landed them in the world's largest studio. Theirs are representative case histories. They are young men of great promise and you will hear a good deal about them as time goes on. They are potential stars.

Right now Tom Neal is just about the busiest man on the Metro lot. He and Jack Carlton came to Hollywood together a few months ago, took a room in a boarding-house, and started making the rounds of the studios. It was a slow, heartbreaking process, and their meager funds were exhausted before Mr. Metro agreed to consider them. But meanwhile they had to eat. And so they went to a bakery and applied for a job. Plenty of bread, and even pies and cakes, in a bakery. They were two Doug and his wife, Betty Jaynes, at home—harmonizing.

YOU have read about the lovely blondes, brunettes and red-heads who juggle trays in Hollywood restaurants in the hope of being discovered for the fillums. After all, Ellen Drew was a waitress in a tea room. I know a beautiful stenographer at Universal who is walking on air because she has been given a screen test. Hollywood is full of eyefuls, who toil as waitresses and stenographers and manicurists and usherettes and salesgirls and models, and even escorts to packers and barbers from Kansas City and Chicago, while waiting for some producer or director to say to them: "Eureka! You're just the gal I've been looking for."

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husky fellows, just rarin’ to go. The bakery put them on its night shift and gave each a truck to drive. So they delivered bread to stores and restaurants and hospitals and even movie stars’ mansions at night, and carried on their negotiations with the Metro lion during the day.

It worked out beautifully, and for a while both sat on top of the world. When M-G-M put them under contract they moved to an old colonial house in the West Adams district of Los Angeles, stronghold of the local Four Hundred, hired a Japanese servant to cook their meals and shine their shoes and wash their sporty cars, and keep saying "Thank you, thank you," over the telephone. But after six months, Jack’s contract was not renewed and they had to separate. Such is Hollywood.

Tom has already played a featured role in "Out West With the Hardys;" the leading role of Father Damien, the leper priest, in a Metro miniature, "No Greater Love;" a young doctor in "Honolulu;" a hard-boiled Irish race track driver, the second lead, in "Skids;" another young doctor in "Women in White;" the young romantic lead in "Fast and Loose," with Jo Ann Sayers playing opposite him, and with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell co-starred. By the time you read this story Tom is likely to be cast in a flock of other flickers, in a wide variety of roles, for he is versatile.

A graduate of Northwestern University, where he was a star athlete. Tom fought his way to the stage and then to the screen via the time-honored road of hard knocks. While still a student of Northwestern, he played in a musical comedy that ran two weeks in Chicago. The show wasn’t a great success, but a lot of people agreed that Tom was, collars showing his tanned, stalwart chest of a life-guard.

"After six or seven months in Florida," Tom said, as he related the story of his adventurous life, "I went up to Michigan and worked as a stripper and cutter in a lumber camp. When I had saved $275 I went to New York to see the theatrical agents. But it took me nine months before I got my first job on the stage. My money didn’t last long in New York. So I tried to break into the modeling racket, posed for Physical Culture and other magazines, but [Continued on page 70]
A tour of the busy studios with the man who sees all, knows all and loves to tell about it.

By
S. R. Mook

MAYBE all things do come to him who waits but I've never found it so. One month when I had an awful hangover I just waited around for someone to come tell me about the new pictures but no one came and my copy was late and the editor got mad and threatened to fire me and scared hell out of me. So now, no matter how I feel, I just drag my carcass out of bed and don't wait around any more. All this probably doesn't interest you but it should be a lesson to you and the moral is, "Don't run around the night before you have work to do and then you won't wake up with a hangover."

Now that that's settled we'll get started. First, there's—

20th Century-Fox

and there's too much doing out here for comfort.

Picking a stage at random, I stumble on to the set of "Stanley & Livingston." Spencer Tracy is Henry M. Stanley, daring ace reporter of his day. He has just returned to New York after scooping the country on the Comanche war in Wyoming. He is in the office of the New York Herald, where he works, talking to Henry Hull, its fiery publisher. Hull wants him to go to Africa to try to find Dr. David Livingstone, a missionary and explorer, who has been lost there for four years, somewhere in the Lake Tanganyika country. But Spence is strangely apathetic. He wants to expose the Tweed Ring (a gang of criminals). Hull is hardly listening to him. He points to Africa on a map hanging on the wall.

"The Dark Continent—mystery—heat—fever—cannibals," he muses, touching a spot on the map marked "Unexplored."

"The sources of the Nile and the Congo are somewhere in there. A jungle in which you could lose half of America—a land that even the greatest conquerors never attempted to penetrate—Alexander, Caesar, the pharaohs of Egypt. Unchanged, untouched since the dawn of history. And somewhere in there is a grand old man—a man of God—who's devoted his life to spreading the light in its darkness. That's a story—a real story—" (watching Spence out of the corner of his eye.) Spence is quietly looking at the map, obviously deeply impressed by Hull's words. Hull seeing this, shrugs with elaborate carelessness and continues: "But I guess you're right. It would be an almost impossible task. Now let's see—the Tweed Ring, eh? Harper's weekly has a young cartoonist named Thomas Nast who's been doing a splendid job on Tweed. Perhaps you'd better talk with him first—"

"Where was he heard of last?" Spence interrupts quietly.

"Tweed?" Hull asks with assumed innocence.

"Livingstone," says Spence shortly.

"Lord Tyce's expedition reports he died a year ago—somewhere in the Tanganyika district." He pauses a moment and then goes on briskly: "You'll find Nast up at Harper's—"

Silver Screen
"How long would it take to get there and back?" Spence interrupts again.
"Harper's?" asks Hull.
"Tanganyika," snaps Spence.
"A year or two—maybe three," Hull replies casually.
"Just an overnight jump, eh?" he mutters. "And you think it would make a good story? I mean finding Livingstone?"
"The greatest story in the history of journalism—if you succeed," Hull answers soberly.
I feel like yelling "Sold!" but I know I'll only get thrown off the set if I do, so I restrain myself. But this is one wow of a scene, take it from me.
"Well, pal," says Spence, coming up to shake hands, "it begins to look as though you were finally going to have to start renting horses when you want to ride (I ride his polo ponies). I'm selling my stable."
"You can't sell them!" I yell. "That's treason! It's sedition! It's heresy! It's unthinkable!" I wind up.
"It's awful," Spence grins, "but that's how it is. You'll either have to pay or go without riding. I've given up polo since Pat Roark was killed."
Gosh. These days you can't even trust your best friends. I might just as well say I'm giving up war since some of my friends were killed.

The next set proves to be Shirley Temple in "Suzannah of the Mounties"—a tale (need you be told?) of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. This should really be called "And A Little Child Shall Lead Them" because when the Military and the State Department are unable to cope with the Indian situation, Shirley (with her customary omniscience) fixes everything up. No trouble at all.

We find Moroni Olsen (head of the local N. W. Mounties) in his living room facing a little Indian Chieftet (Martin Goodrider), with Shirley, Margaret Lockwood and Randolph Scott interested onlookers.
"I don't want you to feel, Little Chief," Moroni begins kindly, "that the Red Coat is punishing you. Your trip to Regina (Saskatchewan) is merely a temporary arrangement."
"Red Coat lie," Little Chief storms hotly. "Make Little Chief prisoner. Send to jail!"
"No," Olsen protests. "It will be nothing like that."
"Have liberty here because Little Chief sign treaty with Golden Hawk," Martin surmises shrewdly. "Golden Hawk (that's Shirley) only one speak straight. So Indian keep treaty with her."
"Honest he has, Mr. Standing," Shirley amends. "He wouldn't run away."

[Continued on page 77]
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WUTHERING HEIGHTS

There Are Overtones of Tragedy in This Classic—UA

This is the first picture that Goldwyn has produced since Jimmy Roosevelt joined his staff, and of course Jimmy with boyish pride begged “Momie” to come to the Hollywood preview. She did, and this is what “Momie,” otherwise known as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, had to say about “Wuthering Heights.”

“The movie is based upon Emily Brontë's great novel. The atmosphere of the Yorkshire moors is quite a wonderful achievement at the start and, though the ending of the picture is, of course, different, on the whole it follows the story faithfully and you lose nothing of the remarkable play of human emotions which make the novel such an outstanding achievement. It will be hard for anyone seeing this picture not to lose himself in the story. The final note, that love goes on through every struggle into eternity, is one in which we would all like to believe.”

Merle Oberon as Cathy gives the most brilliant performance of her career. She is poignant, tender and deeply emotional. And Laurence Olivier as the dour Heathcliff gives a portrayal you will never forget. David Niven is splendid as Cathy's fond young husband, Edgar. The cast’s perfection itself with Geraldine Fitzgerald playing Edgar’s sister Isabella, Flora Robson the nurse Ellen, Hugh Williams the drunken Hindley, Donald Crisp a doctor, and Leo Carroll the servant Joseph.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE

A Fascinating Film Biography of Two Famous Dancers—RKO

This is the last of the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire co-starring pictures which is sad, sad news to those of us who love beautiful and thrilling dancing. We can only hope that Ginger and Fred will change their minds. The picture is really the biography of Vernon and Irene Castle, two young people who danced their way to fame back in 1911, and were such a sensation both in Europe and America that everybody was imitating the Castles. Irene and Vernon lived a beautiful and charming life, and the picture about them is both beautiful and charming. It begins with their meeting, when Vernon was playing a comic stooge to the great Lew Fields, and traces their career from the time that (practically starving in Paris) they did the Castle Walk to the tune of “Too Much Mustard” at the Cafe de Paris and overnight became the most sensational dance team in the world—and remained so until Vernon Castle died heroically in an Army plane crash in.

Merle Oberon's wedding day in "Wuthering Heights." David Niven is the bridegroom.
ANY GIRL
WHO REALLY WANTS TO
CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"AIR RAID"

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Silver gay the picture. Wonderful death, my bit hurt headstrong, gowns poignant boat psychological stands the Canajoharie, picture, delightful will dramatic another New the run their the fun-loving the a painter.

Jimmy Stewart is almost bowled over when Claudette Colbert sneaks up and kisses him in “It’s a Wonderful World.” Take it easy, Jimmy.

Texas, towards the end of the war.

Those of you who remember the pre-war days will love the old songs that the Castles used to dance to: “Oh, You Beautiful Doll” and “Pretty Baby.” Edna May Oliver plays Maggie Sutton, their efficient manager, and Walter Brennan plays the ever faithful servant Walter. Irene Castle (now Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin) designed the gowns which Ginger wears, duplicates of her own gowns, and sort of acted as technical adviser. She has every reason to be pleased with her celluloid life story.

**DARK VICTORY**
A Society Drama of Great Intensity
—RKO

**IF YOU'RE** a Bette Davis fan, and nearly every one is these days, you will simply go stark staring mad about her in this picture. She plays a headstrong, saucy, society girl, of the Long Island horsey set, who discovers that she has only seven months to live.

George Brent gives the performance of his career as the brilliant young diagnostician who takes Bette’s case, and later falls in love with her. The picture is essentially a psychological study of a gay and headstrong young girl doomed to death, and it is acted and directed (by Edmund Goulding) so flawlessly that it stands out as dramatic art at its best.

Geraldine Fitzgerald makes her screen debut in this picture and as Bette’s friend and Brent’s confidante she shows great talent. Humphrey Bogart stands out in a small part, as Bette’s horse trainer, and Henry Travers as the kindly family physician and Ronald Reagan as a fun-loving young man, are excellent. This will be one of the most talked about pictures of the year.

**LOVE AFFAIR**
A Tender and Beautiful Story That Will Go Right to Your Heart
—RKO

Comedy and drama and pathos are blended perfectly in this picture, which co-stars the lovely Irene Dunne and the handsome Charles Boyer. It’s a more exquisite love story than even “Dark Angel” and “Seventh Heaven” and the superlative performances of both Irene and Charles will thrill you to the core.

They play two modern and thoroughly sophisticated young people who meet on a boat bound for New York via the island of Madeira. Charles, a popular playboy, has never worked, “not a day in my life,” and Irene has been a bit casual about where her money came from. When the boat stops at Madeira Charles takes Irene to meet his little grandmother, magnificently played by Madame Ouspenskaya, and immediately what was only a delightful flirtation turns into love. Both are bound to another in New York but they decide on the night before the boat anchors that they will shake off their old attachments and in six months meet on the top floor of the Empire State Building “as near Heaven as you can get in New York” and marry.

Irene goes back to night club singing and Charles becomes a painter. But on her way to the Empire State Building to keep her tryst Irene is run over by a taxi and crippled for life. She doesn’t want him to know, and he is hurt because she didn’t meet him—and there follows a series of poignant episodes that will wrench your heart out before the two are brought together again. Irene sings “Wishing” and “Sing, My Heart.”
Hazel-eyed girls, like Jean Parker

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IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD
ONE OF THOSE HILARIOUS MYSTERY FARCES—M-G-M

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Jimmy Stewart are teamed in this comedy which will have you rolling in the aisles. Claudette plays a young and pretty poetess, of all things, who stops at a hot dog stand to fill up on her favorite food before attending a poetry banquet.

She sees Jimmy knock a cop out who is handcuffed to him and free himself, and quite naturally thinks that she is witnessing a murder. As a matter of fact Jimmy is a free lancing detective and bodyguard of the multi-millionaire playboy, Ernest Truesd, and is being taken to Sing Sing to spend a year, because he was caught trying to help his boss escape the chair. Jimmy has hit upon an important clue, and what with Claudette threatening to tell the police and ruin everything there's nothing he can do but take her along with him.

Claudette again proves herself Hollywood's top comedienne, and gets pushed around plenty by the always capable Jimmy. In the cast are Frances Drake as the gold-digging wife, Nat Pendleton and Edgar Kennedy as a couple of flat-foot cops, and Guy Kibbee, who gets a klonk on the head by Claudette that he'll always remember.

THE KID FROM TEXAS
HOW A COWBOY CRASHES LONG ISLAND SOCIETY—M-G-M

DENNIS O'KEEFE (Metro claims he's a Clark Gable find) plays a cowboy from Texas who has a yen for polo. He finally gets his chance in a swanky Long Island game. How he messes it up, and eventually comes back to the scene of his humiliation with a team of cowboys and Indians, and wins the match as well as the girl, makes for a very neat little story.

Florence Kellogg plays the girl he wins, Anthony Allan her brother and that swell trouper, Jesse Ralph, her aunt. Standouts in small parts are Buddy Ebsen, Virginia Dale, and Robert Wilcox.

MIDNIGHT
THE BREEZIEST COMEDY OF THE YEAR—Par.

WHAT fun this one is! Claudette Colbert, who is cutting up like mad these days, plays an ex-chore girl from the U.S.A., who puts all her ill-gotten gains on the wrong number at Monte Carlo and has to pawn her luggage to get out of town.

Arriving in Paris late at night, bereft of everything but the evening dress she is wearing, she is picked up by Don Ameche, a soft-hearted taxi driver, with honorable intentions. But Claudette doesn't trust men—not after the men she's known—so she runs away from him and runs right into a very formal and swanky musical being given by a Parisian social light, Hedda Hopper.

There she gets involved in a bridge game with the most chic and fashionable folk of Paris, and makes the acquaintance of the rather eccentric John Barrymore who suspects her at once of being an imposter, but decides to play fairy godfather to her. He hopes to make Claudette so attractive that she will lure Francis Lederer away from his (John's) young wife, Mary Astor. Claudette becomes a "baroness" with a car nearly a block long and sets out for a gay week-end at and at her home in more's country place, with every intention of catching the wealthy and philandering Mr. Lederer for herself. But along comes Don Ameche. The plot goes on from complication to another, all of them so cleverly funny, and ends up in a Paris divorce court. Claudette is superb. So is Don. And Mr. Barrymore, of course, steals every scene he is in.

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES
WHEN! THIS MYSTERY WILL HAVE YOU HOLDING ON TO YOUR SEATS—20TH Century Fox

IT IS indeed a pleasure to find Sherlock Holmes back on the screen this month. Especially when he is played by that grand actor Basil Rathbone, who is simply Mr. Holmes to a T. Conan Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is made by Universal, and with the help of Master Sleuth Sherlock Holmes shows those young whippersnappers, the Philo Vances and the Nick Charlestes, a thing or two about detecting. The story, you may recall, concerns the mystery that surrounds the death of the hereditary heads of the Baskerville estate.

When Richard Greene arrives from Canada to take over his deceased uncle's gloomy castle in fog-wreathed Devonshire he is marked for violent death. Sherlock Holmes is called into the case, and with him, of course, Dr. Watson, excellently characterized by Nigel Bruce. How Holmes and Watson track down the killer makes for the best spine-tingling evening you've ever spent in a theatre. The terrible baying of the hound, the misty moors, the menacing mires, the secrecy of the Baskerville servants, and the old Druid cemetery are all there—and what fun for the thrill lovers.

Wendy Barrie plays Miss Stapleton and Morton Lowry, her step-brother, Lionel Atwill, Beryl Mercer and John Carradine are in the cast.

ZENOBIA
SLAPSTICK COMEDY AT ITS BEST—UA

WHEN Stan Laurel walked out of "The Laurel and Hardy team our old friend Harry Langdon walked out with "Zenobia," and Harry's performance is the best thing in the picture.

Zenobia, my dears, is a she elephant, and goes in for a fine bit of scene stealing, what with her size and her mugging. She takes a fancy to Doctor Oliver Hardy when he removes a painful knot some beast has tied in her tail, and from then on she is his constant companion.

Professor Harry Langdon, a medicine show—so she runs away from Jimmy. Zehora plays Doctor Hardy for alienation of Zenobia's affections, and there follows one of the funniest court trials in the movies. Billie Burke and Alice Brady are grand and James Ellison, June Lang and Jean Parker look after the romantic triangle. A high spot in the film comes when a little kid recites the Declaration of Independence.
Acting Means more to Them than Orchids and Polo Ponies

[Continued from page 31] ng right away." He won high honors for his etching of Louis Pasteur, but no Academy honors could equal the deep thrill he received and still receives from the letters that rewarded him. In particular, there is one letter from a boy who was taking a medical course and was about to drop it. Muni's dramatization of Pasteur fired the youngster's imagination anew and exultingly he wrote him to Paul, "Isn't that wonderful?" Muni asks you. "Perhaps that boy may be the one who will discover a cure for cancer, or do something else in research work that will benefit millions of people." Do you think, for one instant, that in artist of this high type, stirred by a boy's letters, acts because he needs money he is interested in money. If you do, I beg you to see for yourself the void of depth.

Take, if you will, the top-flighters of Hollywood who go to Broadway each year to appear on the stage. I am not referring now to those actors who are out of work on the Coast and turn to Broadway in desperation, but I have in mind such a star as Fredric March. When a movie star of his importance sets sail for Broadway, he knows in advance that he will get the worst of it from the drama critics. March however went to New York and was unfortunate enough to appear in a flop show. You might think that the experience would have soured him. "It was a grand experience," he told me. "I'm going back next year with Florence again." So he and his wife took another shot at Broadway and the tremendous success of "The American Way" indicates rather conclusively that you can't strangle talent.

Fredric March can command $150,000 for a picture. He can't get that kind of money on Broadway in less than a year, with eight performances a week. It is a tribute to his love of the theatre in all of its forms that March abandoned Hollywood for New York. The woods are full of performers actuated by the same ideals.

The eager youngsters in this town who are not in the near-star class are just as resolute. They, too, are of the stuff of which trouper's are made. No discouragement is too severe to jar them from their love of performance. They scrimp here and there to save enough money to take voice lessons to improve themselves. Opportunity may be just around the corner, and they want to be ready for it. You see them at local theaters drinking in the technique of that Bette Davis or a Spencer Tracy greedily. They sit through pictures over and over again to study such an expert veteran as Maria Ouspenskaya, and when Alice Brady played a dramatic role in "In Old Chicago," young actresses almost lived in the balcony to observe what she did with hands and face and voice.

Crueltest thing that ever happened to the young players of the movies was the blast of the exhibitors when they singled out actors and actresses and termed them "box-office poison." The effect on the youngsters was as terrible as though a college paper came out in an editorial and stated that although the school football team was magnificent, it was not making money enough.

"Katharine Hepburn is a fine actress," said the youngsters, "but evidently we are on the wrong slant. The exhibitors don't care if you can act, so long as you can make money." It hardened a lot of them, until it was pointed out that exhibitors did not always know what they were talking about, and that Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy were doing pretty well.

A great colony, these actors and actresses of Hollywood with no common denominator to aid in pigeon-holing them. Sensitive, high-strung, quick to respond to praise or heckling—they remind me of the mitesome colts that face the barrier in the Kentucky Derby. The colts are bred for racing; these humans are bred for make-believe. Not many of the colts entered for the Kentucky Derby ever reach the starting line; not many of these humans will ever reach stardom.

Just as thoroughbred horses will run as fast and as gamely, not knowing that a purse of $100,000 may depend upon their efforts, so also these actors and actresses would work as hard and labor as valiantly if there was no pot of gold at the end of the trail. Acting is in their blood and their greatest prize is the acclaim of their peers for a part well-played, a line well-read.
Phyllis Keeps Them Guessing

[Continued from page 34]

way stage what it is, there was no telling how long the engagement would last. It might be a week . . . it might be months. And Phyllis WAS playing featured roles in Hollywood. For this trim little bundle, however, that wasn’t sufficient.

"I realized I might continue playing unimportant parts for years unless I took drastic steps to remedy the situation," she says. "I felt that my best-bet was to get out of Hollywood, go on the stage and get some real experience. It might take a few years of hard plugging before I would be ‘discovered’ again, but it was worth the gamble."

The courage of this doll-like girl, her sheer grit, is demonstrated by the circumstance of five major studios offering her contracts when it was announced she was deserting Hollywood for “Stage Door.” Overnight, Hollywood became conscious of the fact that it might be overlooking a good bet.

"I held to my original decision though, to leave Hollywood for the stage," Phyllis says. "Besides, I wasn’t satisfied with the terms of the contracts."

Her refusal to be swayed by these offers which would divert her from her purpose should show you the kind of gal that Phyllis is. Few actresses, comparatively unknowns, would have had the “guts” to turn down what appeared to be sure “Open Sesame” to film fame.

The far-sightedness of her move soon became apparent, in greater measure than even she had dreamed possible. In her own mind, she believed herself an actress, but she was unprepared for the acclaim that greeted her performance. She was an overnight sensation!

Of course, studio scouts caught the play and there was a rush to sign her. But Phyllis wasn’t to be hurried.

"I wanted to make sure, this time," she explains, solemnly. "I didn’t want to do a ‘repeat’ of my former Hollywood sojourn. So I waited. There was plenty of time. We had a hit show, and apparently, so was I. Anyway, I had told Mr. Kaufman I would remain with him for ‘the run of the play.’"

And she did . . . or, until Margaret Sullivan, its star, left the cast to bear her baby. Phyllis signed then with 20th Century-Fox, where she started her film career all over again on a far different basis than before, and now is regarded by that studio as one of its brightest and most promising young actresses.

Phyllis personifies the last word in the girl of today . . . modern, practical, spirited, utterly without pose . . . a girl who allows nothing to halt her progress.

Kaufman, the producer, saw it as he talked to her that evening in Hollywood, recognized that elusive spark. That was why he knew he had found the proper person for the part that had all New York by its elbows. He knew that this girl would inject the whole colorful flavor of her diverting personality into the role.

That, too, was what struck Cary Grant so forcibly when first they met. For Cary—handsome, debonair, popular, at the height of an enviable career—the whole world of femininity lay at his feet, to be plucked and for the asking. He didn’t become a one-woman man until blue-eyed Phyllis entered his ken.

Will they wed? “Marry Cary?,” she smiles. “There’s been so much talk that Cary and I will marry . . . or that we won’t marry . . .” Her voice trails off here, however, and the answer remains a riddle.

But whenever she mentions Cary’s name, an unconscious smile touches her delicately-shaped lips, which may mean something and, then again, may not.

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Phyllis and Cary.
Flashshots
[Continued from page 19]

New York go out on the town less than Frances Farmer and Leif Erikson. Extremely happily married, they are one couple who really prefer a sane and quiet existence. But when they go out they seem to thoroughly enjoy it and themselves. I was surprised to see them come into El Morocco after the theatre one night, but I was more surprised to find that they stayed until after three o'clock.

In marked contrast to them, Dorothy Lamour loves the excitement of the night clubs and was at El Morocco five nights in one week. Dan Tuthill of N.Y.C. gave a big party one night for her, Don Ameche and Bergen. Dorothy arrived in an evening wrap that had a hood which looked like an eskimo's, for it had blue fox fur around the face. The hood and skirt were gray while the long-sleeved, high-necked and tight-fitting jacket were chartreuse yellow. Only three years ago Dorothy was singing at One Fifth Avenue, a far cry from her world of today.

Tony Martin was there the same night as the Tuthill party. He reminisced about how years before he'd come to New York for the first time and went out wearing his first tails. He said he was so nervous that while he was dancing he lost one of his pumps and he was so embarrassed that he didn't even mention it, knowing it was being knocked all over the crowded floor. When the music stopped, there it was over in a corner, and, blushingly, he got a waiter to retrieve it.

Tony, who plays the piccolo and English horn, besides his singing, is extremely agreeable about performing impromptu for people. Several times he got up before the mike and sang.

People are wondering about Franchot Tone's romantic interests. First June Cox seemed to be the Number One girl, and now Ann Graham, a very beautiful model, seems to hold the title. At least he took her out six times in one week, which is a pretty good indication.

One night El Morocco had a contest for the best looking boy in the room and Gladys Swarthout was one of the judges. Although Rudy Vallee and Errol Flynn were both there, the prize went to a "dark horse," a very handsome boy named Jim Burke, who Pat de Cicco thinks looks like grand movie material. Phil Regan and the Edward Arnolds were also there that night, which made the place look like a bit of Hollywood transplanted.

Binnie Barnes, the English actress, is a grand person, and one of the few movie people I know who answers the phone herself. I talked to her several times before I met her personally and her voice has a warmth and friendliness that's very refreshing. One night she wore a red and gold dress, but the loveliest one I thought was one of white silk with a pale blue stripe and under it a pleated white silk petticoat.

A FRIEND of Jack Haley's was discussing a backbiting acquaintance of theirs—"He sure picks his friends," said Haley's pal.

"Yeah," said Haley, "to pieces."

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Cashmere Bouquet

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at drug, department and ten-cent stores
"Blondie"—Our Cutest Star

[Continued from page 29]

the studio calls, an efficient woman comes in and takes over the reins, managing Diji, Dr. Singleton, the marketing and the dusting. When Penny is between pictures the efficient woman receives a retaining fee so that she won't feel tempted to take a job with someone else. After all, not many housekeepers, even in Hollywood, are paid for not working for someone! But that is the way the breathless Singleton figures things out. She likes doing her own housework and she proposes to do it when time will allow, even if it costs her money.

You may wonder just why it seems so much fun to her—and how long it will continue to do so. Her work in pictures entails a deal of real housework. She is enchanted because the set they have built for her is a real, workable house.

“There is real plumbing!” she marvels. “With real hot and cold water, even in the bath! When I peel potatoes, they give me actual potatoes and I put the peelings into a real garbage chute which takes 'em off the set and clear of the sound stage! When I have to polish furniture I have a bottle of polish which smells like polish—and a nice, woolly rag. It's such fun. And when we finish a picture, they fold the whole thing up and put it away so they can get it out again for the next one—just like those all-ready-to-pick-up houses that you read about in the ads."

She paused and said, reflectively, "It's funny, you know, I studied for years and years and worked hard, learning to sing and to dance and to talk correctly. I knew a lot about acrobatic dancing and spent long hours keeping in practice. And now that I really have a chance to act, I act by polishing furniture and washing dishes. And I love it!"

The answer is that Penny has been on the stage since she was a tot. She was on the road, living in trunks, living in theatrical hotels in New York from the time that she was almost as young as Diji. She never had a taste of domesticity until recently—and now she finds herself fascinated by activities of which she had heard of rather vaguely but which she had never tried.

She loves being a wife and mother and she is more than willing to be both on the screen (which is work) and at home (which is play.)

When she married Dr. Singleton, she took his name, although the name of Dorothy McNulty had been pretty well known on the stage for years. While she was at it, she changed her first name, too. She liked the name of Penny and she was a trifle superstitious about it because she had an idea that pennies brought her luck. She still collects them.

On the day when Columbia called to tell her that she had been cast for the first "Blondie" picture, she was cleaning the bedroom. She was knee deep in mops and pails and dusters and had a towel tied round her still-brunette head. She dropped the mop, abandoned the pail where it stood, dressed the baby and herself and scurried to Columbia.

When she came home she had signed a contract and she had become, by swift studio magic, a blonde.

"I didn't know whether Scroggs would let me in," she said. "I didn't know whether he'd even recognize me! But, d'you know, I believe I'd had a blonde personality all the time and hadn't realized it. Scroggs decided that he thought so too. Wasn't it wonderful?"

You begin to see, as you get acquainted with Penny, what qualities in her made executives think that she would be the ideal "Blondie," even when she had dark hair and when she had been exploited as an exotic type.

Scroggs, it seems, pined for a piano. So Penny bought him one for Christmas. Because the house was tiny and the living room daintily tinted, she selected a wee, fragile instrument of the "spinet" type. It is a lovely piece of furniture. I've no doubt that it makes pleasant sounds if you tinkle on it gently. But I should like very much to see Dr. Singleton—all six feet four of him—sitting at that instrument, pounding out a ditty! Something tells me that if he ever decided to play the opening chords of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C# minor, the entire thing would be reduced to splinters.
A "Neglected" Wife is almost always guilty of ONE NEGLECT

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid This ONE NEGLECT

If there is any doubt in your mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Some of many reasons why it has the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives are...

1. Non-Caustic. "Lysol" in proper dilution is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. Effectiveness. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter. 3. Spreading. "Lysol" solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtually search out germs. 4. Economy. "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor. The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

BUT... her own neglect was really the cause of his indifference

The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMININE HYGIENE.

HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.

HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.

HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

Silver Screen for June 1939
vener, otherwise no sale.

Sophisticates are fun to play with, but it's better, usually, not to marry them. And though no modern girl is so innocent as to expect to be the first woman in any man's life, she always, desperately, hopes to be the last. In giving her heart to the sophisticate she knows at the outset that she's skating on thin ice.

Fairbanks certainly doesn't seem to lack woman-appeal in his private life, even if his screen roles have not been heavily romantic. His devotion to the glamorous Gertrude Lawrence is common knowledge, as is his more recent and equally genuine attendance upon the lovely Zorina and the inscrutable Dietrich. None of these women is easy to please. Each is tops in her world and cannot afford to lose them. And each picks Fairbanks whenever she can get him.

Out Westwood way, coming up rapidly, with one leading role after another, is young Richard Greene. 20th Century-Fox is completely sold on him, and judging by his fan mail, so is the great American public.

Like Fairbanks, young Greene was born to the stage, but on coming to America he went over so nicely in his very first film, "Four Men and a Prayer," that the stage will probably not get him back for some time. Without pausing for a deep breath he has gone from "My Lucky Star" to "Submarine Patrol." From that to "Kentucky," — in which he rated even better reviews than his earlier ones, — and then to "The Little Princess" and "Stanley and Livingstone." And all in little more than one year. If this isn't a new high for speed, what is it?

Can he keep it up? That's what Hollywood is wondering. My guess is that he can. Moreover, I believe this boy's popularity will grow until he's second to none. I'll tell you why.

Firstly, he's a type we never tire of, and, secondly, he's the symbol of what every normal woman wants in a man. He personifies wholesomeness, sincerity, simplicity, and character, with a generous dash of sweetness and freshness. These are qualities which cannot be simulated. They've got to be part of the man. Lew Ayres has this magic combination of qualities, too, and so has Gary Cooper and Henry Fonda. And so has Richard Greene, plus!

Furthermore, every fan has heard of his little romance with Arleen Whelan. They've heard of how the studio, when first they sought to create interest in him, built up a synthetic romance between these two unknown newcomers. They've read of how both youngsters lunched and dined and danced together; how neither cared a whoop about the other, at first, and then, suddenly, found that their publicity department romance had become the real thing.

The fans know, too, that when young Richard's stock went higher and higher, while little Arleen seemed suddenly to have come to a stand-still, his warm sympathy and encouragement were of ineffable comfort to her. Too many young men would have seized the first flimsy excuse to drop her and be seen instead with someone more firmly established. The case system is powerful in Hollywood, and don't let anyone tell you it isn't! Careers are made and unmade by just such trifles as being seen with the wrong people, or in the wrong places. A young player can hardly be too careful.

But young Greene has a different sense of values. He links loyalty and sincerity are far more important than studio politics. So, when the front office tells him to "be nice to the lady" he is as nice as possible to whatever lady they pair him off with—for the moment. But it doesn't make the slightest difference in his affectionate regard for Arleen. Furthermore, his attitude has raised him sky high with the fans, who've found out about it and share his sentiments completely.

Certainly a flying start like this, combined with his natural gifts, should put him definitely in line for the Great Lover title. So, mark my words, and watch him!

Now, what's ahead for all these interesting people?

Will one of them become the screen's next big heart throb, or will that difficult assignment go to some as yet unknown newcomer?

No one knows. No one can say. It's a fascinating question, but the answer is still in the laps of the gods.

So, So, So, then, your guess is as good as mine!

Starlets Find Love

A Handicap

[Continued from page 17]
heart cannot be still and contented.

Isa Miranda says, "there is no answer to it ... we give up our heart for our work ... we have to do it, that is all ..."

Pat Morison says: "I have a picture in my mind of what I want ... it wars with the pictures which trouble my heart, but it wins!"

Miranda says: "I think I will marry sometime. I will have to. When I think I will be always alone all my life, like this, it is too sad. I love children. I have a sister who is married; she has a child. When I see the child at her breast, I know what I am losing.

"Right now I do not want to love anybody, I fight against love. I have to do it. I stay always at home. I do not go out with men. I never go to the night clubs. I do not know anyone in Hollywood, not anyone. I am lonely, yes, I am very lonely. But not so lonely as I would be if I saw everyone enjoying themselves, everybody who is loving each other. I am too lonely when I see lovers ... but it is lucky for the man I will love later," laughs Miranda softly, "there is so much in love in me ..."

And even as Miranda, young Pat, with some slight modifications, follows the same Spartan, romanceless, dedicated regime. She, too, said goodbye to the man she thought she loved and might have married. She said goodbye to him because she knew, even as Miranda knew, that marriage with him would have meant the end of her career ... for the young Austrian count wanted Pat to go home with him, to Austria, to the ways, the long-trod ways of his ancestors ... to

be a wife, a mother, "and, in time," laughs Pat, not altogether hilariously, "an ancestor myself!"

And so the young Count returned to his country with the understanding that, at the end of a year, he would come back again. And if, then, Pat had changed her mind, if she had decided to remove her five feet, five inches, 115 pounds of firm young body from between herself and the happiness he offered, then she would be waiting, she would be there. But when the year was up she was not there

... But that is a very big "all" when you are very young ...

Whatever the answers may be, they carve their destinies with much the same tools, this Italian girl from Milano, this American girl from New York.

There is Miranda who, at the age of fifteen, spent all her waking hours in that treasure house of beauty, the Palazzo Bere, the Palace of Fine Arts, in Milano. She was discovered by artists who, rapturous, incredulous, passed by the ancient beauty they had come to copy for the living beauty which they begged to paint ... to immortalize for other generations yet unborn ...

And in New York, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, young Pat Morison, a few years later, was spending her April days in the dim corridors and great galleries, poring over Rembrandts and Rubens and Botticelli ... awed by the great marbles of Michaelangelo, of Rodin, the craftsmanship of Cellini ... unearthing that in the Clubs 21 and El Morroco there were dancing and love-making and wine and song ...

And their capacity for work ... in Milano, Miranda worked as a stenographer, Pat, in a little theatre in Milano ... it was suggested to her that she send her portrait to a cinema company in Rome and then go there herself and ask for work. Twelve times Miranda made the trip from Milano to Rome and back again ... twelve times, travelling third class, because she had not the money to travel first or second class ... twelve times with no encouragement.

Miranda, who has a passionate love of beauty in the texture of her life, a passionate love of luxurious gowns, rich furs, silk-tongued, purring motor cars, blazing jewels, priceless scents, Miranda who might have had these things, and more, merely by lifting one long, white hand in a beckoning gesture to one or another eager lover, Miranda preferred to travel third class, going without food and sleep for this, chose to work as a stenographer, serve as acolyte and then novice in the little theatre, rather than betray that dream which cut deeper than all her deep desires.

And Pat, who worked at jobs designing clothes, worked as a designer in a shop on Fifth Avenue, worked in the Little Theatres at nights, refusing aid from her parents, refusing their offers of trips to Europe, winters in the South, summers in the North, doggedly, unswervingly clenching her compulsion, whether it cut her breast or no.

And there is a pride in them both. In Rome, Miranda was offered a chance to be in a contest, to be one of many

Glamour Begins With Beautiful Eyes

It was reported in New York newspaper headlines: "Men Look First At A Woman's Eyes!! But do they always look twice? Just try this and see—

Blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids to give your eyes exciting depth and brilliance. Use the perfectly pointed Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful brows. New Maybelline Mascara for the thrilling appearance of longer, dark curling lashes.

No fear of unbecoming smudges. Maybelline stays on perfectly—a harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

"Glamor-ize" today with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.
making a test for a part in a picture called "Darkness"... but she would not be in the contest. I would not risk being a loser," she told me. "I cannot bear not to win, not to be First in whatever I am doing. When I was a stenographer I had to be First and Best. I had to graduate at the head of my class, able to type 100 words a minute, take dictation at the rate of 140 words a minute. When, later, I attended the Academy of Dramatic Arts in Milano, which is a part of the Filodramatic Theatre, I graduated, with honors."

And Pat, too, must be a First... Pat, too, refused small offers, tests for things she did not believe in doing, contests, easy steps to, she suspected, spurious success. Pat preferred to understudy Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina"... watching Helen Hayes, she could study, she could learn... what if she never played the part herself, before the footlights? She was playing the part, every night of her life, from behind the footlights... and so for weeks, for months, Pat waited and watched and drank in the theatre at its times, until she had the opportunity to make her bids on Broadway, in "The Two Bouquets"... and not until then would she listen to Hollywood calling. Pat, too, protects her dream, does not see rushes, will not discuss her part with anyone save her director; invites no opinion and wants no opinion on her work until it is done... Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me. But, the "me" of Miranda and of Morison are not, perhaps, as other "me's." For Miranda, "Darkness" was followed by "Everybody's Wife" and she became, as we say in Hollywood, an overnight success... critics and men who were not critics at all, saw her and said "yes, there is Everybody's Wife... everybody dreams of what his wife might be... and then Henry Koster sent for Miranda to come to Vienna, to make "Diary of a Woman Who Is Loved." And, speaking not one word of German, Miranda went to Vienna.

The production date was two months off. And for those two months Miranda lived in a little room in the little house of a German family. She locked herself into that room and did not stir out of it. She made her simple wants known in the German tongue and if she could not make them known, she went without.

When, later, she went to Paris to star with Fernand Gravet in "The Lie of Nina Petrovna," it was the same spartan story. Again, she did not speak a word of French. Again, she lived in complete seclusion until she had mastered the French tongue. And when she came to Hollywood, it was all to be done again, for she spoke no word of English... yes, this is courage, this quality which drives the spirits of these girls to such self-sacrifices and self-immolations.

Sadly so, then, these beautiful girls rip their warm and human happiness out of their hearts while, with the other hand, they rip their stardom out of the Hollywood heavens. "Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me..." I think that Bette Davis must have made just this moan when she tore her heart out of Ham's husbandly keeping, gave it, so to speak, into the cold, gold hands of—Oscar! She could have regarded herself this "sadness of farewell"—and well she knew it. She could have dimmed her star. She could have abandoned her career, her great career. She had only to say "I will give up my work" and the reverse side of these words would have been, "I love my husband, my home, my happiness, as a woman."... "Nothing stands between happiness and me but—me..."

I think that Madeleine Carroll must often be wrenched and wrong when she bids her perennial farewells to Captain Philip Astley, puts the "cold, estranging sea" between herself and the man she married.

I think that Anne Sheridan may have known some dark hours when she said "goodbye" to Eddie Norris, "hullo" to stardom... Dorothy Lamour had a dream of a baby of her own... she put herself between herself and that happiness, for a little time, at least... after all, babies and sarongs don't mix... the pillow of Ginger Rogers was once wet with tears when Lew Ayres no longer was content in the too-pervasive timelight of her life... perhaps Joan Crawford suffered pangs when Franchot Tone departed, quietly, from the unquietness of her days and ways... Dolores Delaur-land, Nancy Kelly, how often, I wonder, are their young hearts torn into ribbons and streamers... and the tragedy of it is that nothing does stand between them and their personal, private happiness, their fulfillment as wives and mothers, but themselves.

It sounds so easy, so simple... but is it? I don't know. I know only that they are far more to be pitied than scorned... whatever they do, whichever way they walk. I only know that when they are applauded they should be applauded, even more emotionally, for the scenes they do not play on the screen.

Nothing stands between happiness and them but—themselves. Pretty valiant "selves," say I.

She's Like Sparkling Champagne

[Continued from page 23]

Bacon-and-Eggs Rogers. I cook them in the woods and I order them at the Victor Hugo. Whenever I am in doubt what I want to eat, I eat bacon and eggs.

"It was about nine when we reached Palm Springs, and there weren't many people around. I drove on to La Quinta and chose a beautiful horse from the stables there and went for a long ride across the desert. My hair was a mess. I never wear a hat, as you know, and the freckles fall where they may. Back at Palm Springs I found a long-since quiet little inn, and then I took on Thyllis for some snappy ping pong. After that an afternoon swim in the El Mirador pool and then about six sets of tennis with the 'pro' over at the Racquet Club. I'm not boasting about my tennis, mind you, the 'pro' didn't have to strain himself much to return my balls." (Ginger is trying to be modest. She's a darned good
tennis player. And can give any "pro" in the country a good work-out.

"Phyllis has been fit enough to go over to the Racquet Club for their dinner dance but we discovered we hadn't packed anything but bluejeans and tennis shorts, I hadn't even brought along any powder, and after all a shiny nose is a shiny nose. So I packed some powder while Phyllis was still figuring out where we might borrow a dress, and was asleep in two minutes." (Ginger always wears the most expensive, washable bluejeans and shorts when she goes loaing. They are anything but movie-starish, but she has one bit of Hollywood swank—on the pockets of her bluejeans and blouses, and her simply tailored cotton pajamas, she always has her monogram.)

"I was awake by four the next morning and, after a shower, and a glass of orange juice, I drove the coupe out to La Quinta again and went with a gang of people from the hotel on their early morning breakfast ride. We stopped in a canyon where breakfast was cooked for us, and you know how crazy I am about the gadgets of science that was right down my alley. We had bacon and scrambled eggs and Mexican beans and French toast with lots of syrup and gallons of coffee—and it was good! I ate like a pig. One of the women asked me how I ever kept my figure! That ride was over about ten so I met Mrs. Tracy and Spencer and Bette Davis at the tennis courts and we had several sets of tennis. I was crazy to stay on for the steak fry in the desert that night but knew I had to start work the next morning, so I was a good little girl and drove home that afternoon. I guess it's the last loaing I'll be able to do for weeks."

Loaing to you, Miss Rogers, but not to me and my ilk.

Ginger, I suppose, makes as little to-do about glamour as any of the Glamour Girls. In fact she has been criticized in Hollywood—criticizing is one of the best indoor sports in this town—because she runs around during the day in slacks, hair pinned up, and no make-up. But Ginger doesn't let the gossip upset her. "If you dress up they talk about you, and if you don't dress up they talk about you," is her only comment. And I think she's got something there.

But comes the eventide Ginger goes glamorous in a big way. She's as cloth of gold in the evening as she is cot- tonish in the daytime. But she isn't much of a party girl now—after her separa- tion from Lew Ayres she did a pretty bit of stepping with Jimmy Stewart, David Niven, Cesar Romero and other young and eligible males in the movie world but now she is rarely seen par- ticipating in Hollywood night life. After all, you can't dance all day on a movie set, and get much of a kick out of danc- ing all night at the Coconut Grove. And after Fred Astaire, dancing partners must seem a little heavy-footed to Ginger.

When a magazine recently asked Ginger to name whom she thought to be the most glamorous person in Hollywood Ginger said, "Glamour is illusion in the eyes of the beholder. It's a nebulous something that pretense is often mistaken for. The most glamorous girl in Hollywood is Brooke Hayward."

Brooke Hayward is the baby daughter of Margaret Sullivan and her agent hus- band, Leland Hayward. She is Ginger's godchild. Maggie Sullivan is one of the few real friends Ginger has among the movie stars. Most of her best friends are quite "unimportant people."

Ginger never does a Garbo when she goes off on her loaing sprees. If the tourists and fans want to stand around and watch her play tennis and ping pong she doesn't mind at all—even when they make rude remarks about her shiny com- plexion. She usually gets acquainted with the guests at the hotels or ranches where she stops and has a marvelous manner of being able to fit into any circle with- out the least effort. She never flaunts herself at a vacation resort, nor does she hide herself. However, she does like to dodge publicity when she's loaing.

Which calls to mind her trip to Sun Valley last year. Ginger had never been on skis but she decided to conquer them all by herself so, with her skis, she set off for Dollar Mountain. Much to her disgust she found two nosey looking gentle- men from the hotel trailing her there.

"I want to tackle this by myself," GIN- ger told them politely, "I've never been on skis before. I don't want any publicity."

"Miss Rogers," said one of the gentle- men, "it is not your publicity we are worried about. It is ours. If you fall and break a leg it will be bad publicity for the hotel. We are to see that you stay on your feet."

And on her feet Ginger stayed. Always has. Probably always will.
To Outstay a Studio-Work

[Continued from page 53]

it didn’t get me anywhere. I went to work for the subway on Sixth Avenue as a day laborer. I emptied buckets at the driller for $4.80 a day.

“...it was good money for a guy who was broke, but I found out I couldn’t go around to the theatrical agencies any more, and I was missing a lot of calls. So I got a job as a salesman with the Bell Telephone company. My hours were from 6 p.m. to 3 a.m. My next job was writing radio scripts at $65 a week, and I had a good chance to learn as a writer in the radio business, but I still wanted to be an actor. Finally, I got a break and joined the Silver-Beach Playhouse stock company at West Falmouth, Mass.”

This was a decided triumph for the inexperienced and unknown young actor. He had joined a famous theatrical company at Cape Cod. “Our leading man was Tyrone Power,” he told me, “while I played juvenile leads and character parts. Rita Johnson and Burgess Meredith were with us too. Margaret Sullivan, Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart were there the year before.” Now Tom has a tremendous gusto for life, and every Saturday night he painted the town red with Ty. He had great faith in the future of the very young and very handsome Power lad, but he hardly expected to see him skyrocket to the pinnacle of movie success.

The ambitious and exuberant Mr. Neal made his debut on Broadway as a polished young diplomat in “If This Be Treason,” produced by the Theatre Guild. Roles of varying importance followed in several other productions, and he attracted the attention of Goldwyn scouts and was tested for the part of Terangi in “The Hurricane,” but didn’t get it. They gave the part to Jon Hall,” said Tom, “and he played it splendidly. I couldn’t get another test in New York. The movie scouts couldn’t see me as a leading man, which is something I’ve to prove here, too. And I’m going to prove it. I’m going to be a No. 1 box-office name if it kills me.” He realizes he has to depend more on his acting and personality than on his profile to reach his goal.

Rosalind Russell advised him to go to Hollywood and see her agent. She thought he could plant him in “Golden Boy.” His roommate and pal, Jack Carlton, a former star athlete in Chicago, who, between his assignments with commercial and Little Theatres, was the dashing young man on the flying trapeze, wanted to go to Hollywood, too, to recuperate from an injury that was bothering him. Jack had traveled with the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus for seven years and thrilled the crowds at fairs, carnivals and in theaters. While performing at the Chicago World’s Fair, he performed out of the net and fell 38 feet to the ground, breaking his knee-bone. That didn’t stop him, but after a second fall he was through as a trapeze artist.

One studio after another tested Tom and Jack and turned them down, until they reached M-G-M. The Metro lion was interested, promised them a screen test.

“But before they tested me,” Tom said, “they had to find a girl, and after they found the girl, we rehearsed a few weeks. But meanwhile I had to eat, so I got that job with the bakery. I drove a truck at nights, slept in the mornings, and went to the studio in the afternoons. I was pretty sure I would get a break sooner or later, and I knew I could make good if given a chance. I had a good foundation. At last I took the test. Weeks of anxious waiting followed. Then one day Bill Grady called me. I walked into his office and he said, ‘Cash your ticket in, kid. You’re all set.’ I had a return ticket to New York. I couldn’t believe it. I can’t believe it even now. I have to pinch myself to make sure that I am not dreaming, that I am actually at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.”

On that same day, September 24, 1938, Jack also signed a contract. They took their favorite girls to the Midwick Country Club in Pasadena and celebrated. They ordered a large bottle of champagne, toasted another one, and finally broke the bottle on the great hearth of the swank dining-room. Tom called up his family in Florida to tell them the good news. “They cried over the phone. They were in straightened circumstances and I got my contract at a very opportune time.”

While rehearsing in dramatic costume, Lillian Burn’s office, Tom met a young actress under contract to the studio, and though he was still a nobody and his future in Hollywood problematical, she did not hesitate to go around with him. He couldn’t take her to the Trocadero or the Lamaze, but she was perfectly content to go to a neighborhood movie with him, and they had a lot of fun together at Ocean Park, the Coney Island of Los Angeles. Now he can take her anywhere he wants to. Jack has a girl, too. He had a role in “Spring Madness” and is now playing in Jeanne MacDonald’s new picture. But, as I said, his contract was not renewed.

The third young man of this story is young Douglas McPhail. He was picked from the chorus of “Maytime” and had a few bars with Jeanne MacDonald for a song which wasn’t used. But Miss Mac-Donald was so impressed by his voice that she called Mr. Mayer and told him he had a gold mine in the unknown singer.

Recently a Metro official took me to the music department and had two records played for me, one by Douglas McPhail, singing along with Joan Crawford on the arias from Don Giovanni and La Traviata. As a singer Miss Crawford was a revelation to me; I had discounted reports of her progress as a vocalist as publicity and flattery. But it was Doug’s magnificent baritone that held me spell-bound. I have never heard anything like it in any studio. Doug played Nelson Eddy’s understudy in “Sweethearts,” but that’s just the beginning of the career in store for him. He is destined to go places both on the screen and the operatic stage, and I’ll be very much surprised if he doesn’t reach the Metropolitan.

He told me one of the most touching stories of youth I’ve ever heard. Doug is a Los Angeles boy, but he wouldn’t let his parents support him and pay for his singing lessons when he was old enough to get a job. He first worked at a service
They Bait the Networks

[Continued from page 33]

An hour after a sponsor signed them up, they dispatched a special messenger to Louise. He carried a gaudy calendar with a picture of a ship in it and scrawled across the ship was their names. A little later Gosden phoned her. "How would you like to work for us?" he asked. And before she could reply, he added impulsively, "I've got to warn you, though, we have such grand offices you'll have to come to work in evening clothes."

Not only did she help the boys find themselves professionally, she was also the one who finally got the right names for their characters. The names Sam and Henry were discarded as too, they were far from satisfied with the Jim and Charlie that they took in their place. Going to the studio one day, she heard a porter in the building hail a friend by name. The name was Amos and, according to her, "The name 'Andy' just fitted itself in after 'Ams' like the pieces in a jig-saw puzzle."

Today she handles all their business and personal affairs and is first point of contact in reaching the pair. She advises them when she thinks certain characters should be killed off, and in the preparation of the script has become a walking encyclopedia. It's not unusual for one or the other to ask: "How long does it take to boil a potato?" or "Does a toad usually..."
suit under or on top of a toasting tool?" As the third musketeer of this unusual trio she obtains the information that keeps them a top-ranking pair.

The present-day popularity of Benny Goodman is more akin to his way of playing dance arrangements. But he never would have had the opportunity of building up such a devoted legion of jitterbugs if a certain Willard Alexander hadn't had the foresight to sense the humming craze in dance music. It was only four years ago that Alexander heard Benny for the first time and told him he was great.

"But nobody worthwhile will hire our band," was Goodman's wail.

To which Alexander replied that he'd see what he could do about it. Himself a small-time booking agent, he went to the powerful Music Corporation of America—the organization that handles practically all the "name" bands—and asked them to take on the Goodman band. They were dubious of the music, but agreed to give him a trial on the strength of Alexander's recommendation. Alexander tried hard to interest radio sponsors and hotel managers in the band, but they weren't having any, thank you. It seemed the promising proposition that the Music Corporation of America was on the verge of dropping Goodman when Alexander succeeded in getting the band booked into the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles. This place has always been known as the show window of show business, a spot that either made or broke an orchestra, for if the crowd there went for the orchestra, it was a sure bet it would wind up in the money.

After Alexander got the booking, Goodman and some of his boys were so broke they simply couldn't make the trip to the Coast from New York in one jump. So they paid their way by playing across the country. Once they arrived, their unusual delivery hit the jaded dancers like a thunderbolt.

The rest is history. You know how well they've been doing since. Today Goodman is sitting pretty, but he makes no professional move without the guidance of his trusty right-hand man, Willard Alexander. Oh yes, he is the President and Managing Director of the Music Corporation, once so ready to cast off Benny and his boys, announced that in 1938 this band grossed the highest income of any orchestra under its management.

It's no secret by this time that Fred Allen is pretty much of a lone wolf about his work, preferring to labor alone surrounded by plenty of solitude. But what few know is that the man who runs interference between Fred and the rest of the world is James Harkins, better known as Uncle Earl.

The two became acquainted when both were vaudeville headliners. Then when Fred went on the air he induced Uncle Jim to help him work out an air routine. Soon he assumed other duties. In addition to a score or two written for them every week, Uncle Earl manages the personnel. And it is the remarkable fact of the many people who either want to sell something to or borrow money from Fred, he serves as talent scout in unearthing the unusual personalities for the "Persons You Didn't Expect to Meet" portion of the program.

Then he hovers over these persons like a guardian angel trying to ward off mite fright as their zero hour approaches for their air debut. All of Fred's mail passes through Uncle Jim's hands and it is he who decides on the merits of each letter. A kindly person, he can say no and mean it. But he'll try to make it sound a little as if he really wished it were possible to say yes. He thinks it's nice work, and he's got it, because even though he has to dis-appoint a lot of people for Fred's good, he's able to keep their secrets and retain their goodwill. Which is the definition of a diplomat in any language.

As a general rule the active participation of relatives in a man's affairs is usually discouraged or resented by his associates. But here are relatives and the exception to that rule. Co-workers welcome them with open arms.

One of the big reasons that Bing Crosby is able to hang on to so much of his wealth is his brother Everett, who manages Bing Crosby, Inc. When Bing was a member of the Rhythm Boys and was making all of $200 each and every week, he thought he sure did have the world by the tail. He soon found that he had put his signature on so many involved and overlapping contracts that he had sent an SOS to his older brother to rescue him. Everett had to put Bing's tonsils to the grindstone to earn $35,000 to get clear of those contracts. With income coming from movies, radio, sheet music, phonograph records, and a half dozen other enterprises that have no connection with entertainment, Bing draws a salary as president of Bing Crosby, Inc. Everett manages the works and manages to keep Bing out of entangling contracts and promises. For as the crooner himself admits, "I can't say any brother can hardly say anything else!"

When Dave Elman says that he owes his radio success to his wife, he's not paying her an idle compliment. It's the truth. For in her desire to divert her husband from brooding over the death of his first band, she was directly responsible for his radio career. Realizing that a hobby was often a solace for sorrow, she brought different ones to his attention. But none seemed to make a permanent impression. When Dave arrived at the idea of every collection of hobbies that she could think of, she suggested that they make a hobby of, to find out about the countless other hobbies that probably interest thousands of people.

Thus, out of their mutual sorrow, the idea of Hobby Lobby was born. Elman soon interested the networks in its broadcasting possibilities and today it is probably the best known program in which listeners are asked to participate. Her early studies of hobbies have given her an almost expert subject. When letters come in from hobbyists who ask for the opportunity of telling the radio audience about their activities, she is it who first passes on these letters. She gets in touch with them by letter, telephone or even in person. The letters are enormous—in order to find out everything possible about the hobby and the hobbyist. This is done for two reasons. The first is to assure herself that there really is a legitimate hobby there. You see, Hobby Lobby pays the expenses to New York of all persons who have odd hobbies, so naturally they want to be sure the person really has this odd hobby and
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Bob Hope says he has the greatest admiration for Bob Burns. "Bob," says Hope, "is the only actor who ever came to Hollywood, and became a star, and was able to keep his relatives in Van Buren."
100 Years Later

[Continued from page 27]

Trigger cables set off these explosions. The thrill-highlight of this scene was as follows: Two stunt-teams, loaded with seven stunt men apiece, are galloping along close together. One wagon is supposed to be blown up by a Mexican cannonball, is supposed to crash against the other wagon and overturn it. This, while 500 horses had been running wildly down to the Mexican brasteworks, while other stunt men are falling or tumbling from their horses. The slightest slip or confusion may mean injury to many men. Thus, there has to be complete confidence and complete knowledge of duties in every man.

It takes hours before the scene is set up. Eight cameras and their crews are ready to grind. The background is cleared so that the cameras won't catch a human or a modern conveyance or other object.

Eason has completed his check-up and set-up. All is in readiness.

But the time is now close to four o'clock. The sun is getting ready to punch its heavenly time-clock and dip toward home. There is just enough time to shoot the scene before it becomes too dark.

"All set?" shouts Eason to each and every camera crew.

"All set?" he shouts to the actors, to the stunt men, to the explosives crew.

They nod and tense themselves. A gun is fired, and down the hill thunder Sam Houston's army, with Dix on his white charger, spurring on his men. It is a tense moment, a moment of charged beauty, and then—uparo!

Guns spit, cannon roar, men scream and shout, horses rear—no ground seems to leap up into the air where the explosives are set—but eyes are magnetically drawn to the thrill highlight spot, where the two wagons turn over. Boom—up goes one wagon, and into the air by seven stunt men. Crash—wagon turns into the other wagon, and over they both go. The air seems filled with smoke and flying men; but there can be no check-up for injury until the scene is finished. The army keeps charging, right on past the camera. Then comes a shrill, long whistle. The scene is over.

Quickly Eason gallops to his stunt men. They are all miraculously uninjured. Then he checks his army and all the horses. He turns to his cameramen, and finds the scene is a perfect one. The day's work has not been in vain, although the scene came under the wire with less than three minutes to spare.

There are few men in Flinttown who can stage a battle scene, and one which doesn't result in numerous injuries. Eason's is a technique derived from his own stunt experience. If one stunt falls in a scene, it means a day's work wasted. If even one man is lax, the whole day's efforts may have been in vain. And it costs from $2,000 to $3,000 to shoot a day's action scenes!

An interesting sidelight to this location shooting was the attitude of the local extras toward making motion pictures. The first two days they were all aglow and overcome at the opportunity of playing new roles. Then the thrill began to wane. Toward the end of the second and last week of shooting, they were of a different mind. The patience of movie making, the painstaking care, the lack of glamour girls, had palled their enthusiasm. They were even hostile at times when asked to pose for still pictures, requesting cigarettes, or even money for the use of their time. At one time it was even necessary to use a ruse to get spirit into a galloping insert attack scene. The rehearsal had been pallid and druggy, and it was nearing noon time. So Director Nicholls lined up the local boys, got ready to shoot, and then yelled "Lunch!" The way those boys tore across the plain toward the chow wagon was delightful to the director's heart, and would have put envy on a race-track owner's face.

Two Clever Fellows

Who Found It Better to Bend Than to Break

[Continued from page 25]

his brother killed in the World War. He personally experienced all the horror, the heartbeat, the utter devastation brought on by man's inhumanity to man. It's ironical that Francis' own Czecho-Slovakia today should have been in the very heart of the agitation.

This personal earnestness almost cost Francis his career. When he established personal offices and paid the workers with his own check, he was accused of seeking publicity. His own studio refused to aid him in the work, because studios never like to take sides. But they also made little effort to convince Hollywood that Francis was one of those rare individuals who was really on the level.

Francis worked before the camera in the day time. At night he'd drive to nearby towns, oftentimes being called upon to make speeches before having his dinner. Over weekends he often flew half way across the continent in order to make a speech. Doctors warned him about his health. His business manager pleaded with him to spend a little less, save it for later. Then one day his interviews stopped. Hollywood columnists, who make the daily rounds of the sets, seemed to pass him by. His own studio branded him as a foolhardy dreamer of dreams.
Of course Francis despaired. Bad judgment in placing him in bad pictures, eventually found him without a contract. It was then they told Francis that movie stars must live in a little world apart. They must exist for the tired housewives, who are tired of looking at neglectful husbands. They must be dashing and handsome and make passionate love. They must not enter into world problems and become a party to the everyday struggle of life. Too late Francis came to the bitter realization that for Hollywood he had been all wrong.

Recently Francis Lederer finished an important role opposite Claudette Colbert in a picture called "Midnight." It is his first appearance on the screen in over a year. Mitch Leisen, the director, is lavish in his praise. Certain credit is coming to Mitch, because he is truly one of Hollywood's most intelligent souls. But in Francis, Mitch discovered an actor who was co-operative and every second, who gives of himself till it hurts and turns in one of the finest performances ever seen.

Those who know him well, will tell you that Francis Lederer is a quieter person today. In place of that sparkle, that irresistible enthusiasm destroyed by Hollywood, there is a maturity and a stability that no one can doubt or criticize. There is also a note of sadness in his voice, when Francis sums it up in his usual honest way:

"I wish I could turn back the years, knowing what I now have learned. I have no misgivings. I alone am at fault. I was all wrong for Hollywood. I didn't make any adjustment, because at that time I didn't think it was necessary. I have changed—I hope for the better."

Unlike Francis Lederer, George Murphy's idealism presented no conflict with Hollywood beliefs. With George, it was a strictly personal thing. Believe it or not, George was just too nice. That is, George was too much on the go and trusting in a city where the competition is keen. Everyone always had a fine word to say for George. But somehow it was the other fellow who seemed to get the breaks. Then, overnight he changed.

Way back when he started in show business, it had always been George Murphy's policy to work like the devil, never doublecross a pal and be a friend to everyone. All along the way George never failed himself. Many times they took unfair advantage of him. Once a manager skipped off with his salary. George was always Johnny on the spot when they asked him to do benefits. George was always trying to get someone a job. George was always fighting for the underdog. As a result, George was one pretty swell human being. But he wasn't setting the world on fire with his unmistakable talent.

After listening to countless promises and believing in their fulfillment, George was finally signed by M-G-M. At last, this was his big chance. Everything was going well. He was in two pictures at once. A fourth one was coming up. George was happy and content. He was just beginning to feel he was really making it in Hollywood. He was wrong.

But even when things were going badly, George was never blue. He never lost faith in himself. George was always optimistic. He was always pleased with the results of his efforts. He was always content with his work. And he was always ready to start over again. He was always ready to take the next step. He was always ready to prove himself.

And he always did. Whether it was in pictures, on the stage, or in life, George always proved himself. He always proved himself to be a fine actor. He always proved himself to be a fine man. And he always proved himself to be a fine human being. He always proved himself to be a fine friend.

The only thing that ever got in the way of George's happiness was his own ego. But even then, George was always able to overcome it. He always found a way to make the best of everything. He always found a way to turn any set-back into a success. He always found a way to make any failure into a victory. He always found a way to turn any disaster into a triumph. He always found a way to turn any obstacle into an opportunity. He always found a way to turn any mistake into a lesson. He always found a way to turn any adversity into an advantage.

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wire to fly right back to Hollywood. A picture was waiting for him. On wings of casting George arrived, only to find they had cast him in a short. Still being a nice fellow, George spoke his piece. But he didn’t carry on like most actors would have done. Over a period of years, George got a few fairly good parts. For eighteen months he didn’t do a single picture for M-G-M. But on loanout he made five for other studios and was a big hit in each.

George was just on the point of asking for his release, when his son was born. After twelve years of married life, the Murphys’ first son and heir was a pretty big thing. Their happiness knew no bounds. And the lovely Julia Murphy was especially thrilled with the way it affected George. Knowing just how talented and ambitious George had always been, it hurt Julie to see him wasted by the producers. But she knew everything was going to be all right when George suddenly announced one day:

“I’m going to stick it out and fight. Even if I have to go off the lot to do it, I’m going to prove to them how good I can be. I think a lot of it has been my fault. I’ve been too easy on myself. Now I’m going to show them what I can do. This was just the start with George. Every day since, he has been changing before the very eyes of those who know and love him. George was never quite sure of his own judgment and used to ask others for their opinions. Now he makes up his own mind and he sticks to it. He used to be so low in spirits, it took days to snap him out of it. Now he knows everything will be all right. He used to sit around and “beat his brains” out when he had a picture to do. Now he does the best he can and refuses to worry about it. Arthur Lubin, who is directing George out at Universal, says he has never seen such confidence and enthusiasm. And Arthur is capable of rare judgment.

“I never could be anything but the way I am,” says George. “But the baby has made a great difference. I haven’t deliberately tried to change, but I guess I have because everyone seems to notice it. I seem to have a greater capacity for work. People say I am more dignified. If it’s true, I’m glad. But it amuses me because I’ve never thought of myself as an overly-dignified person. My son makes everything seem less important.

“I used to worry when it was option time. When my last option came up for renewal, I hadn’t even thought of it until the studio notified me that I was with them again for another year. Having worked in night clubs for so many years, if I didn’t go too or three times a week, I always felt that I was missing something. Now my wife can’t get me out of the house! She thinks it’s good for me to get out and relax for an hour or two, after being on the closed sound stages.

In keeping with his new-found objectiveness, George has really set out to do things. Besides being a fine actor, a loving husband and father, George can add the following to his long list of accomplishments. He is master of ceremonies on the motion picture relief fund show. He’s a member of the board of directors of the Screen Actor’s Guild. He’s chairman of the agency committee of the Guild. He’s President of the West Side Tennis Club. He’s a member of the board of directors of the Pacific Southwest Tennis Association. He’s the associate editor of a new sports magazine. And he’s writing a book on dancing.

And so, after long last, the Lederers and the Murphys of Hollywood tend to the exigencies of fame. There is no compensation and they suffer a personal loss. But on the other hand, in Hollywood nothing succeeds like success. There’s only one way and that’s the hard way—for those with ideals. But it’s still better to bend before they break, than wait until it’s too late.

---

Frances Leslie, one of the loveliest starlets on the 20th Century-Fox lot, rests a moment before plugging off the springboard. “We’re glad you did, Frances. The better to see you, my dear.”
Pictures on the Fire

(Continued from page 55)

Treaty no good now," Martin turns to Shirley. "Red Cost send Little Chief to jail. Little Chief never see own people again. Little Chief want to be white man again."

"Now, please don't start crying again," Shirley dimples. "Mr. Standing," she turns to Olsen, "maybe you don't understand but a treaty is very solemn to an Indian. And if they give you their word they'll always follow you do anything wrong first. So I don't think you should send Little Chief away because then you'd be breaking your word. And you'd make all the Indians believe that a white man's promise wasn't any good."

There is a moment's silence after Shirley's plea. Then Olsen reaches a momentous decision, "Little Chief," he announces, "if your father keeps his promise and comes to us tomorrow for a treaty pow-wow, I believe I'd rather have you here."

Little Chief accepts the verdict quietly. Then Little Chief keep treaty with Golden Hawk," he promises.

It seems mean to pick on a ten year old chief by saying his word is almost too much. If the studio would only present Shirley as just a cute American kid, and stop trying to foist on her the public the right hand of God I think everybody would be happier.

Next comes "Rose of Washington Square." The title of this one is taken from an old song that no one except me and a certain 20th Century-Fox scenario writer remembers. Fannie Brice made it famous, and it was a grand number. But in the same isn't in this. Instead, we have Alice Faye. Although I have never disdained Alice's looks, her ability to put on a song or her dramatic ability (when he gets down to business) she did several things when she first came to Hollywood of which I didn't approve and she as done other things since which I didn't like. So I have never been what you might call one of her boosters. But recently she did something so sweet—so understanding and so charitable that from this on no matter WHAT she does, I'll find me on the Faye bandwagon singing for Alice.

To get on with the story, Al Jolson first a candy butcher and singer in a bare burlesque, where he meets Alice who becomes interested in furthering her career. But she meets Tyrone Power, a at too reliable young man, and falls in love with him. She leaves Jolson and he comes the sensational success he once was. Alice, thinking Ty has taken a run on her, rejoins Jolson and she, becomes a great hit. Then Ty turns up and they're married. But Ty has been fixed in up some nefarious deals, is araigned and it is only when Al posts $5000 bail and a woman I love, that he is released. He goes to the theater where Alice is appearing, knowing he is going to be sentenced to prison when his bail comes up. Alice is about to put over new song. We find them in her dressing room.

"That's it," she announces, giving her a last dab of make-up. "Come on."

"I don't want to go out there, Rose," Ty protests.

"Please, darling," she pleads. "I want you to."

"Can't you see I'm in no mood to listen to a song," he snaps irritably. "How can I stop thinking about tomorrow—" There was nothing startlingly new about the plot of this picture but there are several new twists to it, some grand comedy scenes, some good songs and it's a picture you can't afford to miss.

Jane Withers in "Police School" is on location today so I proceed to the last. It is Warner Baxter in "The Return of the Cisco Kid." I suppose a lot of you who go to the movies now are in s waddling clothes when "In Old Arizona" was first released. Released he played the Cisco Kid in that picture. It was one of the most sensational talking pictures ever made and Warner's performance in it has gone down in the annals of screen history. And here is he in his make-up speaking his same dialect.

The set is the outside of a cafe in a Mexican village. Lynn Bari and her grandfather are walking along the sidewalk. They stop just outside the entrance to the cafe. Grandpa Lynn begins angrily, "I want to talk to you. I'm ashamed of you—after all he did for us!"

"You have to admit I stood by," the Colonel retorts indignantly.

Warner, who has been listening, comes up to them.

"Ah, senorita," he breathes to Lynn. "I am so glad I have catch you."

"Senor Chiquelo," she begins firmly. 

"I want to apologize for my grandfather's conduct. I'm grateful to you for rescuing us—and I would like to be our guest at dinner tonight."

"Thank you," Cisco returns gallantly, "but you must be my guests."

"Who's playing grandfather?" I inquire of my guide.

"Henry Hull," he answers.

"But we just saw him on the other stage in 'Stanley & Livingston,'" I protest.

"And you've been around Hollywood all these years," Hull, who has overheard us, scoffs. "Don't you know it's all done with mirrors? How are you? Everyday I see you I want to ask you where we've met before?"

What a memory! Our meeting took place in Washington in 1919 when he was giving one of the nearest performances I've ever seen in a comedy called "39 East" and he and his wife and Samuel Merwyn, the novelist, came to supper with me afterwards at the old Shoreham hotel. He must have met thousands of people in the Anterin and yet he remembers me. Someone reminds me to vote for Mr. Hull in next year's Academy Awards.

That being settled, we'll travel on to—

M-G-M

A LACKADAY, too much doing here, is too, too comfortable. Naturally, the most important picture here—to me, at any rate—is the one with Myrna Loy. To make it even more important there is Robert Taylor opposite her and Norman Taurog, one of my favorite directors, in charge of proceedings. You won't be a Philadelphia lawyer to follow the plot of this

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one but it's one of those sophisticated comedies both Myrna and Bob do so well. 
And, oh, joy! Myrna is both sweetheart and wife in this one—in turn. 
She's a rich man's daughter who can't find her ideal among her own set so she goes hunting, hoping to find him among the middle classes. She does. It's Bob. 
They have a series of wildly exciting and hilarious adventures. In the morning when they waken they are married. More good news. 
Bob gets a $35 a week job in a paint store. When he gets a $10 a week raise he comes home to invite Myrna to help him paint the exterior of Building 24. 
But Myrna has turned wife on him and turns budget-conscious before his horror-stricken eyes. (Girls, take heed and when your husbands and sweethearts want to shoot the works shoot first and worry afterwards) he is defeated until Monday, when he suddenly walks out of the paint store and goes home to tell Myrna that, as a matter of principle, they have to consider Monday as Saturday and, hence, due cause for celebration. 
I'm not going to attempt to give you the dialogue of this scene. I couldn't do it justice in a few words. But I earnestly urge all of you to see the picture for Bob's words and viewpoint embody one of my own pet theories, and I think it's a theory everyone should consider, even if everyone doesn't agree. 
Next we have "Calling Dr. Kildare" starring Lew Ayres. This one's melodrama—pure and simple. On second thought that's a misstatement. The plot is neither pure nor simple. So we'll call it melodrama. 
Lew has got mixed up in a murder by treating a boy for a bullet wound and not reporting it. When he is threatened with loss of his medical license he decides to save himself by finding the real murderer. He finds him all right but can't prove anything. Then his friend, Nat Pendleton, takes a hand. Nat goes to the apartment of the murderer where he finds Lew. But he won't talk. 
"I know he's guilty," Lew avers, "but I can't prove it."

"Dr. Kildare," Nat replies, "you're a law abiding citizen and what you don't see isn't goin' to get you in any more trouble—" he picks up a magazine and shoves it into Lew's hands. "Go out in the hall and read this. I'm goin' to make a quiet little search for evidence," pushing Lew into the hall. "I ain't goin' to do anything illegal but if this mug's got a warrant on him it's only human charity to help him get it off his chest." 
He closes the door and Lew props himself against the wall and starts thumbing through the magazine. We hear several blows, a couple of dull thuds and a grunt or two. Lew comes out of the door of another apartment open and an elderly lady peeps out, exasperating Lew. "It's disgraceful!" she hisses. "People in there fighting!"

"Yes, Terrible," Lew agrees. "Are you going to stop them?" she demands. 
"Just as soon as I finish this story," Lew promises calmly. 

The old lady gives him a "double take" and disappears back into her apartment. I wish I could see her. She's a panic. 

Then the door opens and Nat comes out, pleased as Punch. "Come on in, Doc. He's just dying to tell you all about the murder and—waggling a monkey-wrench, "I only had to use me wrench once!"

Next is "The Kid From Texas" with Dennis O'Keefe, the beauteous Florence Rice, my favorite dancing comedian, Buddy Ebsen, and an old-timer seen all too seldom these days—Tully Marshall. 
Mr. O'K is a cowboy on a Texas horse ranch. After seeing a polo game in a nightclub he becomes fascinated by it and learns the game, practicing on the range on his horse, Lone Star, training the latter to be a perfect polo pony. Anthony Allen and his sister, Florence, visit the ranch to buy polo ponies for their Long Island Polo Club. Allen sees Dennis practicing and buys the horse. Dennis, meantime, has accidentally toppled Florence into a creek and she is furious—but, naturally, To make it worse, he falls in love with her. He wants to go back to Long Island and play polo. But Tully Marshall is furious at him, too, for doussing one of his guests.

And that's how things are when we find Allen, Dennis and Tully in the living room of the ranch, with Dennis pleading to be permitted to go back east with Lone Star. He finally shucks dice with Allen to see if the latter takes him—and loses.

"And that's that!" Tully snaps, slamming a window. Then he quickly opens it again, shouting, "Snifty!"

"Were you callin' me, boss?" Dennis asks hopefully.

"No!" Tully shouts furiously. "Snifty—Ed-wards!"

Buddy comes on the run, ducks a bit when he sees Dennis and gives him a wide berth. "Right here, boss," he says.

"I want you to get ready to leave for New York with Mr. Thomas' ponies."

"Aw, boss," Buddy pleads. "Have heart. I know I'm not NY material."

"That's why I'm sendin' ya," Tully glares at him. "You'll come back.

"Ain't that jist my luck?" Buddy moans.

And so we come to "Society Lawyer," this is a re-make of an old classic that once starred Myrna Loy when she was just becoming a star and, I think, Warner Baxter. This time it's Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce, whom we find in the former's apartment whether they have gone after a meeting in a nightclub punctuated by some very smart repartee.

The apartment is in darkness save for one soft light and the glow of the leaping fire. Pidgeon is sitting in a wing chair before the fire, Virginia is sitting on the floor, her back against a leather hassock.

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**Silent Screen for June 1939**

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**GLOVER'S KENNEL and FLEA SOAP**

DOES MANY THINGS FOR HIM!

Cleanses thoroughly; removes Dogger Odor; kills Fleas and Lice; destroys head lice; adds luster to coat; Economical! Try it!
"Do you know," Virginia ventures, "I think this is the most comfortable spot in New York."

"Thank you," Mr. P. accepts the compliment. "We like it here, don't we, Layton?" turning to his butler (Herbert Mundin) who has just come in, looking a little sleepy, his robe flapping around his ankles, carrying a tray in his hands.

"Oh, yes," Herge agrees. "Yes, indeed do we, sir."

"Do you know what I think would be just right at this moment?" Walt ventures. "(I know what he thinks would be just right but I can tell him he's wasting his time. Virginia's not that kind of a girl.) "Brandy?" Mr. Pidgeon continues enthusiastically (the wolf in sheep's clothing!) I have a special bottle I've been saving for a long time—thirty years old."

Mundin coughs explosively, chokes and swallows. "Brandy on top of eggs, sir? Tch-tch-tch. I knew a gentleman that did that once and was terribly ill for a week."

"I think Layton is right," Virginia agrees, putting Layton out of his suffering and herself out of danger because she knows what thirty year old brandy can do—or undo—to a girl's resistance.

"Thank you, ma'am," Mundin beams. He puts the tray down on a table and leaves as Virginia looks at a framed picture and examines it closely.

"Sue Leonard, your fiancée, isn't it? Attractive."

"Very," Walter acquiesces quietly. "Well, now I'm warm—and I'm getting something to eat—" accepting a plate of eggs from him—"you can start the cross examination."

"What do you mean?" Pidgeon asks, surprised.

"You didn't get me up here for my fatal fascination," Virginia states. "I was Judy's friend (Judy, being the murdered girl). You're interested in the case."

Somehow, in cold print, the dialogue doesn't look so treacherous. I guess it was the eggs that got me. But I'm sure the scene will play well.

And now we come to the last of MGM's productions for this month—"Bridal Suite"—featuring Billie Burke, Robert Young and Annabella, the enamored of Mr. Tyrone Power. I remember one of my conférences, in commenting on her appearance in South America when Ty was there, said of Annabella: "A tigeress on the hunt. A continent and the Atlantic were no barriers!"

Looking dispassionately at Annabella in the Swiss Alps where this scene is laid—cold, calm, collected—one would never guess what emotions seethe within her. But it's all none of my business and she isn't seething over me, worse luck.

Bob is touring Europe with his mother (Miss Burke—she's "Mrs. in the picture, of course) and his father. Billie is very ambitious to have Bob make "a good match" but he is not interested in matrimony, per se. When he twice turns up missing at his wedding to the same girl (and a very important girl she is, too) Billie decides steps must be taken and drags him off to this Swiss resort to have him examined by her pet psychologist, Dr. Grauer, and to get a certificate from the good doctor to the effect that Bob has been suffering from temporary amnesia and is not responsible for the wedding debacle. This seems to be where I came in because pictures were first invented practically every heroine suffered from amnesia. For those of you who have come in since then, however, I'll continue with the plot.

It is when Bob and Billie arrive at the station that Bob catches the eye of Annabella, and immediately insists they put up at the Villa of which she is the manageress. They drive along through the snow (in a sleigh, of course) and presently pause before the pretentious little chalet.

"Such lovely mountains," Billie gushes. "So quaint. We don't have anything like them in America."

"Except the Rockies," Bob puts in. "They're mountains, too—I've heard."

"Oh, of course, the Rockies," Billie concedes and then adds brightly, "But,
then, nobody thought to arrange the Rockies all around a quaint little Inn, the way they have here.

“It must have been quite a job—all that arranging,” Bob argues stubbornly.

Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer’s secretary, is on the lot with some friends whom she wants to have Billie and Bob meet. She greets Billie with outstretched arms when the scene is finished. “You look lovely,” she compliments Billie (and well she might with that). “And who was that man you had a date with the other night?”

“And such a nice man, too!” Billie enthuses.

Catching her eye, I smile fatuously at her but Billy never remembers me because, I suppose, every time I meet her I persist in remembering the good old days when I was in school and she, although she was young enough to be, was a big star and every schoolboy’s dream-girl. I can’t much blame her for not wanting to remember those days because even now when I look as though I should have grandchildren, she looks like every college boy’s dream girl.

Billie and Joshua (of Bible fame) are the only two I ever heard of who could make time stand still and sometimes I’ve wondered if even Joshua didn’t get those sports reporters who were covering his battle, a little tight.

With a backward glance at Billie (which I regret to state was not returned) I leave M-G-M and travel on to—

**Warner Brothers**

**THREE Big pictures shooting here—** Each Director is starring James Cagney and George Raft, “Family Reunion” with the same cast you saw in “Four Daughters,” and “Waterfront” featuring Dennis Morgan.

The first is a prison picture with Cagney as a reporter who has been framed and who is dated by Raft. Raft is a four time loser, in on a 199-year sentence. Also, there is George Bancroft as the warden and the inimitable Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom as one of the prisoners.

The scene I watch is in the jury room. The “trustey” foreman has just been the cause of one of the convicts (Louis Jean Heydt) falling into some machinery and being badly hurt. Stanley RIDGES (another convict) hates the trustey (John Wray) and is about to go to Heydt’s aid when Cagney, realizing he will do more harm than good, signals Maxie and Edward Pawley. They throw him back on a heap of twine and Maxie puts his hand over Ridge’s mouth.

Bill Keighley, the director, yells “Let’s go” and they push him away. Then the make-up man says, “Can I have a little time to fix Maxie’s make-up?” He starts fixing it and Keighley waits a little and then says, “Let’s go” but the make-up man says, “Just a minute, I’m not through with Maxie and Mr. Rosenbloom’s make-up.” Bill waits impatiently a few minutes and then says, “Now give Maxie a little toilet water and let’s get going.” But the make-up man pays no attention and keeps working on Maxie. Then the camera man says, “Put a little more spray on this side of Maxie’s face. He’s not sweaty enough.”

No one has been paying any attention to Cagney so he winked at me and says: “Hey! Isn’t there anyone else in this picture?” And someone else, taking his cue from Jimmy, says: “What’s between you guys and Maxie?”

Unless you know Maxie you can’t appreciate the humor of that last crack. Maxie was for years the world’s light weight-champion and he can still make it plenty interesting for any of those young sprouts who want to take him on.

Next there’s “Family Reunion.” Practically the entire cast is working today, except John Garfield. Lola Lane is there and she gives me a hug (I’ve only heard about nine years). Priscilla and Rosemary manage to contain themselves. Gale Page is there, looking like a million, even though she is no longer living in that millionaire’s home where she did such lavish entertaining—for a month.

And Fay Bainter is there looking incredibly youthful. But the scene they’re doing isn’t important so there’s no use going into all the gory details.

The last picture on this lot is “Waterfront” which marks the initial appearance of Dennis Morgan under the Warner Brothers aegis. Mr. Morgan is the good-looking singer-chap who was discovered by Mary Garden. He has almost as many names as a cat has lives. What his real name is I don’t know but MGM signed him and presented him (briefly) as Stanley Morgan. Then Paramount got hold of him, changed his name to Richard Stanley and didn’t present him at all. Now Warners have him and he’s Dennis Morgan. Shakespeare once said, “What’s in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” But the publicity department says Mr. Morgan-Stanley-Morgan bathes every day so he doesn’t smell at all... not even in pictures because I watch him do a scene and I think if he ever gets a break he’s going to amount to something. He can act as well as sing.

There being nothing else here I jog over to—

**Universal**

Two pictures going here: “The Family Next Door,” which Joseph Santley is directing with Hugh Donnelly and Eddie Quillan; and “Big Town Czar” written by Silver Screen’s own Ed Sullivan (and in which he also appears) with Barton MacLane, Tom Brown, Walter Woolf King, Frank Jenks and Gordon Jones.

MacLane and his side-kick, Jenks, strong-arm small time racketeers into paying tribute to their leader, King. He has just collected some dough from a new outfit and is bringing it to King.

“Hi ya, Mr. Burgess,” MacLane says.

“I got the first day’s money—and started the organization going our way.”

“Good work,” King nods. “Nice of all those fellows to operate their business for us.” He laughs and pats the bag hard on his right. “This is the only way to do business.”

“Yeah,” Bart agrees eying him. “I remember what you always told me. We gotta clip the big shots. Stay away from the public so the D. A. doesn’t get you.”

“Let Larry Morgan (Clayde Dilson) and Mike Lugger (Jack LaKue) and all the other boys worry about digging up sucker money—then we can take it away.
from 'em—collected and sealed,” King exclaims. By this time he has the bag opened and is looking into it. His face falls as he reaches in and brings out nothing but an envelope. “I don’t like jokes, Daley,” he says with quiet menace. “What’s the meaning of this?” opening the envelope and taking out a string of tickets.

“Those are tickets, Mr. Burgess,” MacLane informs him—“Round the world tickets. Here’s some expense money for the trip.”

“Where’s the money?” King asks, enraged. Then the light begins to dawn. I took you out of a cheap pool hall and gave you a chance. I taught you everything you know. . . .

“The only thing I know,” MacLane corrects him. “How to take smart guys.”

The only comment I can make on this neller is that Walter Woolf King has one of the best voices on the musical comedy stage—and never gets a chance to use it.

The other picture—“The Family Next Door”—is another “Alice Adams.” The scene I watch is not important so there isn’t much sense taking up space describing it.

Without a backward glance I scurry in to—

Paramount

ONLY one picture shooting here—“Geronimo” with Preston Foster and Andy Devine. It deals with the Indian chief, Geronimo, and the government’s attempts to subdue him. The commander of the garrison is an old martinet who won’t let his “boys” have any fun, such as scalping a few Indians, just for a change. So finally the commandant’s son hangs on his horse and rides off in all directions to capture Geronimo. But the company gets captured and that nasty old Geronimo sends Sonny Boy’s horse back to camp alone. The commandant is heartbroken but duty is duty and he can’t sacrifice a whole garrison just to save his son when the son was guilty of flagrant disobedience of orders. So Preston decides he’ll disobey a few orders and save Sonny himself. He is furiously cleaning his revolver when Andy (an Indian scout) comes in. He takes in the situation at a glance but, sly fox that he is, extends not to notice anything as he goes to a post, takes down his own belt with two revolvers in holsters hanging from it and straps it around his waist (and I’m here to tell you it’s SOME waist).

After the scene is finished I chat with Andy and Preston a few minutes and then run out over to—

RKO

TWO pictures shooting here—“Sorority House” featuring Anne Shirley and Fixer Dugan” with Lee Tracy. But neither of the scenes is important so I’ll skip them on until next month. Last on the first is—

Columbia

LIKEWISE two films in the works here—“Missing Daughters” with Richard Arlen and Rochelle Hudson, and Blind Alley” with Chester Morris and Ralph Bellamy. But I, sadly fear, these, too, will have to wait until next month when the robin’s will be singing. Until then—“Goodnight, all.”

Enjoy this healthful delicious treat

DOUBLEMINT GUM

You, every member of your family and your friends can be assured there is no treat so inexpensive and yet so thoroughly satisfying as delicious, wonderful-tasting Doublemint Chewing Gum.

The hat which Doublemint Gum presents here is Lilly Dache’s black and white polka dot, Smart, youthful, black cap against gay, gusty winds.

Doublemint Gum with its long-lasting, wholesome flavor is popular wherever smart people gather. You are sure to like it as do millions of others. The chewing aids your digestion and helps polish your teeth, making you more attractive.

Begin now to know the daily enjoyment of chewing healthful, delicious Doublemint Gum. Get several packages today.
WE ARE continually being reminded in letters which come to this desk of something which is known as the "double-feature program" at neighborhood movie theatres. Young and old friends and acquaintances with whom we meet occasionally at cocktail parties whisper in our ears the sort of question that we might have put to them, "Can't something be done about it?" they cry.

Well, recently one enterprising manager of a theatre in a choice midtown section of the metropolis decided "to do something about it." As his theatre is situated in a neighborhood of smart apartment houses catering to small families, and smart apartment hotels whose principal clientele are well-to-do young couples, bachelors and career women, he thought he would give them the kind of entertainment they apparently wanted. That is, one "A" feature, a newsreel and several short subjects of the better grade.

However, in spite of the fact that children, who demand a whole lot for their money do not make up more than a small percentage of his clientele, his plan failed after eight weeks' trial.

Which proves, perhaps, that we're all creatures of habit. For a number of years we've taken for granted the "B" picture served up inevitably as part of the diet in every neighborhood theatre. Even though we squawk while waiting for it to end and the feature picture to go on, we're evidently getting some small "kick" out of it. For it is generally unpretentious, straightforward story telling, minus the frills and furbelows allotted to the more extravagant "A" pictures.

As for us, we feel about the double program much as we felt about birthday parties when we were children. A certain amount of games had to be played before "the main event"—lemonade, cake and strawberry ice cream.

Like this lemonade, cake and ice cream, the "A" picture is something to be looked forward to with varying degrees of impatience, boredom or excitement, according to each member of the audience's own personal reactions.

So, what difference does it make if you have to sit through an orchestra rendering a classical symphonic selection, a swing fest, a blues singer lustily rendering torch songs through a microphone, as you do in the more showy picture palaces—or a "B" picture at the neighborhood movie emporium? If you came simply to see Tallulah Bankhead and Loretta Young in "Alexander Graham Bell" you're going to be annoyed with everything handed you, in the interests of choice entertainment, that blocks the way to seeing it.

As we analyze it at the moment, the only solution is a five-cent telephone call, a convenience made possible by the unsurpassing genius of this same Alexander Graham Bell whose life story you wish to spend your money to see. The pretty girl at the box-office with the nice voice (we've told you before) will tell you precisely what the feature is going on, and if your watch has been correctly set no precious time need be wasted.

LENORE SAMUELS

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS

1. Stars of "Mad for Each Other"
2. "Philip McCloud" in "The Oklahoma Kid"
3. The Uprise (slang)
4. German scientist in "Idiot's Delight"
5. "Wander From The Truth"
6. Wool (Scott.)
7. By birth
8. "Standing Redhead"
9. "Done and Done"
10. "Gunga Din"
11. "Gunga Din"
12. "Gunga Din"
13. "Gunga Din"
14. Manager of stagecoach line in "Stand Up and Fight"
15. Famous playwright (initials)
16. Our favorite ice skating champion (initials)
17. Either
18. Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
19. In "Only Angel Have Wings"
20. "Dough's sweetheart in "Gunga Din"
21. Female first name
22. Always (poet.)
23. In "Dishwater"
24. Starred in "Let Freedom Ring"
25. With Jack Haley in "Thanks For Everything"
26. In "Cafe Society"
27. "Hurry"
28. Prima Donna
29. "Whirlpool"
30. The playboy in "Four Girls in White"
31. A lead dress
32. Editor
33. "Thoroughfare" (abbr.)
34. "Dishwater"
35. Little crippled brother in "One Third of a Nation"
36. Middle of the scale
37. Mid-Western state (abbr.)
38. Professor in "Stagescoch"
39. Shirley's "jester" in "The Little Princess"
40. "Identical"
41. Mother of "Peer Gynt"
42. Forever
43. Periods of time
44. "B&B"
45. "Son of Frankenstein"
46. Measure
47. School mistress in "The Little Princess"
48. In "Tooty Blaine In Chanaton"
49. "Pretty"
50. Scientific instrument
51. Smirnoff
52. Humorous
53. "Carlotta in "Juzzter"
54. "Laurel"
55. Japanese money (pl.)
56. "Demitrius"
57. With "Errol Flynn in "Dodge City"
58. "Demeat St'Hara" herself
59. "Every"
60. "Diana"
61. "Vespibele"
62. "She was born in Vienna"
63. "Hat"
64. In "Stand Up and Fight"
65. Morning (abbr.)
66. Ornamental dress trimming
67. "41, 48"
68. "52"
69. "48"
70. "27"
71. "26"
72. "37"
73. "25"
74. "36"
75. "24"
76. "35"
77. "23"
78. "22"
79. "21"
80. "20"
81. "19"
82. "18"

DOWN

1. One of the four sisters in "Alexander Graham Bell"
2. Cruel monster
3. Father
4. "Mother" (abbr.)
5. Minute particle
6. Now it's worth in "Invitation to Happiness"
7. Long pointed weapon
8. Pale brownseye
9. Grief
10. Degree (abbr.)
11. Feminine name
12. Breach of allegiance

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

CABLE NORMA BENT
APE FRANCISCA VIA RIFAME DEAR
RAFTON FRAGILE P ALBERN
L IT AGE SAME EERLYR
DRY BOWER RAY LADY REE DES P L ORETTA MIRANDA
R E T ASK THE BERNSON OF
DEB MOB ICE DNT PRO ELL GYM OH
NIAGARA LOUSTE TEN NAVAG
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1939's GREATEST SCREEN ADVENTURE

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EACH NIGHT A MEETING WITH ROMANCE!
Set against the mighty tapestry of the fog-shrouded Andes . . . !

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

THOMAS MITCHELL • RITA HAYWORTH
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Screen play by Jules Furthman

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

"STAY UP there 'til it clears, kid!"

MISTAKES all wiped out ... in the end

FIGHT? They live and die fighting . . .

LIGHT fading . . . from the eagle's eyes

A Columbia Picture
ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN!
Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

He's "SIZED UP"
21 tobacco crops

"Crops are better than ever—and Luckies always buy the Cream," says John L. Pinnix, independent tobacco expert, a Lucky Strike smoker since 1918.

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in the last few years. And Luckies, as always, have bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. And remember: sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1.
"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic* . . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted that their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

*Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, hails fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high.

Bill met Jean and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!

This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! Poor, poor Jean.

Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know never to trust a bath alone.

"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum prevents odor—guards freshness all evening long."

"Bill's my man—and I want him back! I'll never again trust a bath alone to keep me sweet and fresh. From now on I play safe—I'll never forget Mum!"

Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough—underarms always need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

No matter how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet to come.

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is quick... it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is safe... completely harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is sure... without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure you never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for lasting charm!

Another use for Mum—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.

For July 1939
THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

What a jolly time the psychiatrists would have with me if I ever gave them an opportunity to bounce my brain about a bit. If I say I won't do anything, and definitely, you can be quite certain that I am a cinch to do it. When I vacationed in New York recently I said to myself I will visit the Aquarium, and the Battery, and watch the ships go out to sea; I will dine at the Automat on baked beans and Irish stew, and rub shoulders with real, thinking people who are interested in what Roosevelt said to Hitler, and not in what Elsa Maxwell said to John Jacob Astor III. So what? So the nearest I got to the Aquarium were the oysters at "21." I don't think I rubbed shoulders with a single real, thinking person as most of my afternoons were spent in a taxi trying to get from the East Side to the West Side.

Also, having said that I couldn't bear to see anyone on my vacation that reminded me of Hollywood, you might imagine how I yelled and screamed and carried on like an American in Paris when I ran into Franchot Tone, Freddie March, and Sylvia Sidney. Franchot was tearing into the Stork Club's smelliest cheese and trying to coax some on Ethel Merman, who wouldn't be coaxed. Franchot's and Sylvia's play "Gentle People" closes for the summer and Franchot goes to Hollywood and Sylvia moves into her New Jersey farm. Sylvia is making less money than she ever made in her life (the Group salaries are notoriously low) but claims she is happier than she has ever been in her life. She talks constantly about her new husband Luther Adler.

Holding forth almost nightly at the Stork Club, Tallulah Bankhead, Bea Lillie, and Dorothy Parker of the brilliant wit, Winchell called them, "Three Smari Girls Grow Up." Tallulah eats salmon and receives congratulations on her performance in New York's best play of the season, "The Little Foxes." Bea Lillie tells stories with a cockney accent that have you in hysterics. Dorothy Parker raves about her farm in Pennsylvania. To think that Sylvia and Dotty, of all people, should turn out to be rustic.

All in one night at the Stork Club I bumped into Irene Dunne, very chic in a cunning little brainstorm of a hat, Fred die March, very content as well he should be with "The American Way" sold out months in advance. Gene Raymond, in conversation with his publisher, Charlie Butterworth, having a time for himself. Mischa Auer, done up in tails, the Joe Penners, on their way to Bermuda, Nancy Carroll, starring in her ex-husband Jack Kirkland's play, and Robert Montgomery discussing Orson Welles with John Emery. Yes, I must say Hollywood certainly gets around. Well, next time I'll go to the Aquarium and the Battery.
A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M

I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."
I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.
I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.
I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.
I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen... rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos ...to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come...
I am proud of "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.

ROBERT DONAT
Goodbye Mr. Chips

with GREER GARSON

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

for JULY 1939
HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE YOU ON THE BEACH?

SKINNY?
HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY ALLURING CURVES

Thin, Tired, Nervous People Often Gain 10 to 25 Pounds,
NEW PEP—QUICK

HERE'S the best news ever told for many of
the thousands of skinny, tired, washed-out men and women who are almost ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit—people who can hardly eat, sleep or work—people who are so weak and woody-looking, so nervous and cranky they've almost lost all friends.

Now many of them can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, normal health, pep and popularity in a few weeks—simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, rundown and nervous simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you can get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And the improvement they make in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally good-looking flesh in just a few weeks. Their tired feeling and nervousness seem to have just flown away. They're full of pep, look like new persons, and are more popular and happy in every way.

Make this money-back test
Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only to make sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for the letters "IY" stamped on each tablet. No other is genuine.

Special offer!
To start thousands laughing up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast from a druggist at once, cut out the card on the back and mail it to us with a deposit of this pamphlet. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package may not be noted. All druggists.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR.
See your local paper for time and station.

For a "Beautiful" Vacation

A smart and lovely appearance, especially on vacation, is an invitation to romance. Here are practical, timely tips

By Mary Lee

Happy days are here again! Real Summer, with pretty clothes to wear, and different types of clothes, like bathing suits, play suits, country cottons and organdy dance frocks. How a distinct change of costume does lift us and keep life from becoming monotonous! Summer is vacation time, too. Whether you take a real trip to the two great fairs, one in San Francisco, one in New York, a cruise or something special, undoubtedly, you will do some going about.

Recently, I have come across a number of real beauty blessings, most of them double or even triple purpose, ideally suited to the girl who likes to put her belongings in a bag and go somewhere. The products mentioned, incidentally, are all very inexpensive, though very, very good, because I think vacation time is a time when most of us have to shave down
are not any beauty shop facilities. So the answer to that is a good shampoo you can use yourself, plus the ability to make yourself some curls. For that shampoo, I recommend Admiration Foamy Oil Shampoo. It is a splendid cleanser, easy to use and leaves your hair shining, soft and easy to manage—most important if you’re going to arrange it, yourself. A wonderful feature of Admiration, too, is that you can use it with equally good results in soft, hard, hot or cold water! If you know your United States, you will find all water types if you go adventuring.

Now here are two new hair beauty gadgets that will save you a world of trouble. The first is the Solo Ejector Curler, which combs, curls and pins the curls in place with a flick of the fingers. It is so simple to use, that even a novice will get lovely results. A good supply of pins comes on the card with the curler, so you needn’t make a separate purchase of these. It will make beautiful curls.

Then another Solo contribution—Solo Comb Brush. A real three-in-one. The same operation combs and brushes, and a rat tail end enables you to adjust your curls in beautiful order. It’s small and neat enough to fit right in your bag. The traveler will like its space-saving feature; the business girl will find it the means to a well-groomed head at all times and the home girl will like it, too.

Enjoy every minute in the sun this Summer. That means, of course, that you must protect your skin against painful sunburn. There are a number of excellent oils and creams for this purpose, among them Jergens Sun-Burn Cream. This cream leaves no odor, does not stain, is neither greasy nor sticky. Those two last features make this cream extremely popular, for it’s been my experience that girls do not like to use sticky, greasy preparations. Jergens Sun-Burn Cream, correctly used, prevents unsightly peeling and the miserable pain of a real sunburn. If you’ve ever used Jergens Hand Lotion, then you will recognize in this Sun-Burn

For July 1939

Here is Shirley Ross, sun-bathing for health and beauty. Wonderful, when skin is creamed or oiled to prevent painful burn.
NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks both perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—“adsorbs” odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. Also in liquid form.

A Film for Every Mood

DARK VICTORY—Excellent. One of the most thrillingly beautiful pictures of the year. Bette Davis again gives an amazingly fine characterization as the Long Island society girl who learns that she has only a few short months to live and decides, after a great effort, to live them as bravely as possible. (Geo. Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald.)

DODGE CITY—Good. A lusty western melodrama depicting in robust fashion the birth of this Kansas town, and the trials and tribulations through which the law-abiding citizens had to suffer before order was brought out of chaos. Errol Flynn is excellent as a romantic soldier of fortune, Bruce Cabot equally good as the “heavy,” and Olivia De Havilland lovely as the heroine.

FAMILY NEXT DOOR, THE—Fair. An amusing “first” in a wholesome new series of domestic comedies. The locale is a small town, with Hugh Herbert cast as a plumber whose family has social aspirations. Various “family group” characterizations are unearthed, some of them played by such reliable as Ruth Donnelly, Bennie Bartlett, Eddie Quillan and Juanita Quigley.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Fine. An unpretentious story about big-shot gamblers who turn out to be first-rate comedians. The plot concerns the misplacement of $50,000 by two honest “stooges” of a gambler, and the predicament they find themselves in when June Lang, who becomes the surprised recipient of this cash, blows it all in during a luxurious shopping splurge. (Robert Kent, June Lang, Edward Brophy.)

FOUR FEATHERS, THE—Excellent.
“For Love Or Money” is the title of the film from which this scene between June Lang and Robert Kent was taken.

A British technicolor feature produced by Alexander Korda, which means that it’s tops so far as story, acting and direction are concerned. The four feathers are given to the hero as proof of his cowardice, and the plot tells, in unique manner, how he redeems himself. (John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez.)

HOUSEMASTER, THE—Fine. One of those delightful films in which the plot centers around a boys’ school in England, on the type of Eton, with age-old traditions that the scholars cherish. When these traditions are deliberately overthrown by a new headmaster, an amusing minor revolution takes place. The headmaster, played to perfection by Otto Kruger, further upsets the school by having three vivacious female relatives come to live with him. Fine cast includes Diana Churchill and Phillips Holmes.

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—Fine. Sherlock Holmes is back on the screen, with his faithful Dr. Watson, played in turn, and to perfection, by Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. The

[Continued on page 12]
There is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection worn internally. Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 130,000,000 have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It does away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or sheer evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax!


A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

(Solution on page 1)

2. Scruff    14. Thoroughbred (abbr.)
3. Girl from the slums in "One Third of a Nation" 15. Lovely mother in "Ring of the Tusk"
4. Junibled type 16. Similar to 
5. Beaming 17. Well-known actress
6. Every (abbr.) 18. Star of "Beau Geste"
8. Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights" 20. Associate of Arts (abbr.)
10. Self 22. Spawn of fishes
11. Girl's name 23. Belonging to him
24. To join up 25. Speak
25. Ocean (abbr.) 26. Bar of wood or metal
26. Masculine name 27. Household pet
27. Eccentric gangster in "Society Lawyer" (initials) 28. Star of "The Little Princess"
28. Younger person (abbr.) 29. The wife of "Jesse James"
29. Girdle 30. The policeman in "Let Us Live!"
30. Sea Eagle 31. Army officer (abbr.)
31. Scent 32. Measure of length (abbr.)
32. Herdwick 33. Exit
33. Patriot of food 34. The spy in "They Made Her A Spy"
34. Mountain lake 35. In "The Kid From Texas"
36. Wool (Scot.) 36. The other man in "Love Affair" (initials)
37. Suffix 37. Fishing net
38. Army Corps (abbr.) 39. Vase
41. Scotch 40. A sum total (abbr.)
42. Initials
43. Made of Greater New York (abbr.) 45. With Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"
44. Wine grandmothers in "Love Affair" 46. Dr. Melford in "Four Girls in White"
45. Measure of weight (abbr.) 47. Dr. Barrymore in "Three Musketeers"
46. Maintains possession of 48. Mrs. MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"
51. Fashion 49. Rhett in "Gone With the Wind"
52. Interest (abbr.) 53. Possessive pronoun
53. "Risky Business" 54. The Compassion in "Three Smart Girls"
54. United States money (abbr.)
55. Bring an action against 55. The "Three Musketeers"
56. Frozen water 56. First mate in "The Real Glory"
57. Cry of a sheep 57. Covered wagon
58. More tardy 58. Star of "Alexander Graham Bell"
59. Stayed in "Dodge City" 59. Two-cent slot
60. With Robert Taylor in "Lucky Night" 60. Under the "T"
61. Mrs. John Barrymore 61. Most of the "T"
63. Span wool 63. Baskervilles"
64. One of the "Three Smart Girls" 64. The "Three Smart Girls"
65. Harred 65. "Three Smart Girls"
66. Born 66. The "Three Smart Girls"
67. Possessive pronoun 67. First mate in "The Real Glory"
68. Observe 68. Mrs. MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"
69. Pen 69. The "Three Smart Girls"
70. The "Three Smart Girls"

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

L O M B A R D  S T E W A R T
B O G A R T  S U M P  C O B U R N
B O N N Y  O N E E R  T E A
F I N  L E E K  M O N T A G U
C H L A N  B E R R Y  B H A S K E R
T O R R  R  E  E  S
H A Y W O R T H  F O N T A I N E
E L L A  E E R  O T T O
A N E L S O N  A R L E E N
R O S S E  E N  D  A L L E Y
E D D Y  K E N T
T R A P P  K A T H E R L I N
A V I L  L U M E T  L A T I A
M I T C H E L L  T R E A C H E R
S A M E  A S  A Y E  J O S H
The Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

PAUL MUNI
BETTE DAVIS
Together in Screendom's Matchless Achievement

JUAREZ
(WAR-EEZ)

The most distinguished production in a year memorable for the outstanding offerings of WARNER BROS.

* A Story so momentous that it required six Academy Award winners and a cast of 1186 players, headed by

BRIAN AHERNE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP
JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD
GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE


SEE IT! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!
lonely English moors are the setting for as grim a bit of detecting as you've run across for many a moon. Fine cast includes Richard Greene, Wendy Barrie, Lionel Atwill.

INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH—Fair. An English mystery yarn, with Hornleigh solving the murder in a manner which we have grown accustomed to associate with the masterly Sherlock Holmes, also a detective. The plot concerns the theft of financial papers important to the balancing of the English Budget. It is capably directed and acted, and possesses a certain measure of suspense. (Hugh Williams, Gordon Harker, Miki Hood.)

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Interesting. Starring Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray, this film about a prizefighter who marries into the Blue Blood of New York gets off to a fine start, but sags down disappointingly in the middle. It achieves a stirring climax, however, when Fred loses the championship and finds that failure also has its compensations. (Billy Cook, Charles Rogers.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—Fine. One of those hilarious comedies that you've come to expect when Claudette Colbert is cast in the leading role. With her this time is Jimmy Stewart, who also gives the proper zest to humorous roles. Jimmy plays detective to a millionaire, and when he gets into a hot spot Claudette comes along blithely to gum up his clues. Cast includes Nat Pendleton, Frances Drake, Guy Kibbee and Edgar Kennedy.

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—Amusing. Dennis O'Keefe plays a cowboy from Texas who has a yen for power. When he meets Florence Rice, a Long Island heiress, he is vastly humiliated when her "set" laughs him off their swank polo field. But he comes back to redeem himself as a player as well as prospective suitor for Florence's hand.

LET US LIVE—Fine. All about the under-privileged in a big city, this is melodrama at its most straightforward and best. It will get you all excited about the miscarriage of justice, etc. Henry Fonda plays a young taxi driver falsely accused of murder, and Maureen O'Sullivan, as a waitress, makes a persistent effort to track down the real murderer.

MYSTERY OF MR. WONG—Fair. Boris Karloff in another of his "oriental detective" roles. It contains the usual murder mystery, and there ensues the usual cross-examination of various witnesses, with everyone looking oddly guilty at times. The cast includes Grant Withers, Ivan Lebedeff and Dorothy Tree.

STAR REPORTER—Fair. In which the newspaper business endorses a crusade against public officials mixed up in various nefarious schemes. Warren Hull plays the son of a publisher who gets killed by a criminal, and it is this that starts Hull off on his crusade. Good for dual programs. (Marsha Hunt, Clay Clement, Morgan Wallace.)

story of Irene and Vernon Castle, THE—Excellent. As almost everybody knows, the Castles were a sensation as ballroom dancers just before the World War. This charming biographical study of their meeting and subsequent marriage and rise to fame is something no one should miss. As characterized by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, perfect dancers in their own right, it reaches a new high.

street of Missing Men—Fair. Considering that a newspaper publisher (Harry Carey) was responsible for his prison term, Charles Bickford is obsessed with the idea that he will never be happy until he destroys Carey's career and puts the newspaper out of business. Cast includes Gunn Williams, Nana Bryant and Regis Toomey.

streets of New York—Good. Jackie Cooper and a youngster named Martin Spellman go to town in this tale of "right conquering over might." As a youth with a crippled brother to take care of, Jackie works by day and studies law by night, his law work serving him well when he wishes to defend a gang of unfortunateurchins.

They Made Her a Spy—Good. A moderately exciting story about spies who make Washington their headquarters. In order to avenge the death of her brother, an army engineer, Sally Eilers does a bit of sleuthing for the government and meets up with Allan Lane, a spy posing as a newspaper reporter.

three Waltzes—Fair. A French operetta, with English titles, starring two of the most prominent players on the Paris stage, Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. Covering three distinct periods, 1867-1900-1937, and three generations of lovers, the plot travels along swiftly. But, although the Strauss music is delightful and the actors all they should be, the film, unfortunately, is on the dull side.

With a Smile—Charming. A sophisticated French-made film starring debonair Maurice Chevalier, a screen matinee idol here in America not so many years ago. Maurice plays the role of a gay, insouciant young theatre porter who, with his smile and utterly captivating but ruthless ways, manages to reach the top in the theatrical world—becoming general impresario of the Opera.

Wuthering Heights—Splendid. The grim Yorkshire moors, described so poignantly by Emily Bronte in her famous novel of this name, are fitting background for the high-tension drama going on between Cathy, played superbly by Merle Oberon, and the dour Heathcliff, played with equal excellence by the East End actor, Laurence Olivier. To complete the picture you won't soon forget. (David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp.)

Zenobia—Amusing. Slapstick comedy at its best. Zenobia, by the way, is a she-phantom that practically steals the picture from its stars, Laurel and Hardy. (June Lang, Jean Parker, James Ellison.)
A “Beautiful” Vacation

[Continued from page 7]

Cream the same soothing elements that leave skin so soft and smooth. The Hollywood stars, as you know, are great sun addicts, but each has her own method, according to skin type, of thwarting disfiguring, painful burn. Please don’t expose unprotected skin to the sun for any length of time.

For those troubled with superfluous hair, here is very good news. Lechler’s Velvet-Stooh offers a safe and effective method of removal. This is a compact cake, resembling a powder puff, but firm of course. You simply rotate it over the blemish area with light movements, and it rapidly cleans the skin to baby smoothness. It is harmless, odorless and antiseptic. You can carry it as easily as your powder compact. The Lechler Laboratories suggest this for hair on cheeks, upper lip, chin, arms and legs. I will gladly send you more particulars.

This is certainly the season to take advantage of the new and gorgeous costume and make-up colors. A girl no longer can get by with one lipstick. She needs several, so that complete and flattering harmony may exist between the tones of her face and her costume. For example, at a recent luncheon, lovely Anne Shirley wore a cyclamen scarf over her head to match her cyclamen lipstick. Her frock was of pale lilac. This cyclamen is a truly wonderful shade, and you will be delighted to find in your chain stores, for practically a song, the very new Miner’s Lip Tips (little lipsticks), four to a card, with a very complete guide on the back, telling you what tone to wear with varying costume colors. Here is your opportunity to test the season’s highest fashions in tone, for the card contains June Rose, Scarlett, Cyclamen and Orchid, for evening. The lipsticks are made from a formula that gives satin smoothness, plus the pure freshness of tone that stays on your lips a long, long time.

In your chain stores, also, you will be surprised to find what excellent perfumes Park & Tilford offer in cunning, individual containers, slightly flat and very convenient for purse carrying. Park & Tilford is a very old firm, and the high quality of their products is recognized everywhere. The bottles have a smart stopper that enables you to tap out just the amount of perfume desired, without danger of spilling. It is interesting to compare these perfumes with some many times their price, then try to guess which is which. They are just that lovely.

If there is any situation that crushes your high spirits and makes you look soiled and careless, it is certainly obvious perpiration. It is fatal to poise and charm, too, as well as your good clothes. There are three fine Hush products, that prevent any such situation arising. There are Hush Cream and Hush Liquid for under- arm use, according to your type preference. They are fine products, easy on the skin and easy to use. Then there is Hush Powder, for sanitary use, and a great preserver of poise. These products are a sure way to body daintiness, despite July temperatures and energetic running-around. You will find these in chain stores, also.

Being your very best at all times is a secret for real enjoyment. Knowing how to do for yourself, knowing, too, how to present a smart, groomed appearance, especially if you must do it on a shoestring, is a definite accomplishment.

Don’t risk ROMANCE this summer!

Protect daintiness—Lux dresses the way you do your undies

Dresses—like undies—absorb perspiration odor all day long. Especially in warm weather Lux dresses often. Lux takes away odor—keeps dresses new looking longer! Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

“Oh, Tom, I’m so happy!”

Engaged ... and she used to think romance would pass her by. She learned she was offending—began using Lux. It leaves dresses so dainty! Helps protect popularity, romance.

Figure what Lux saves: For less than a penny, unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or a sweater. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you an abundance of Suds.

May be I’ll meet THE MAN on my VACATION. I won’t risk OFFENDING ... I’ll LUX DRESSES the WAY I DO MY UNDIES —

A little goes so far, it’s thrifty
THE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN THAT HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD!

His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth... wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories, falling in love! A picture stirring with its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents DARRYL F. ZANUCK’S production of

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN

with

HENRY FONDA  ALICE BRADY  MARJORIE WEAVER  ARLEEN WHELAN

EDDIE COLLINS  PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL  DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS  EDDIE QUILLAN

A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Two boys charged with murder... and between them and the gallows... the youthful backwoods attorney for the defense... ABE LINCOLN!
LOCAL boy makes good never was truer than it is with the case of Pasadena's own William Holden, chosen for the title rôle in "Golden Boy." Every young actor in the land wanted the part of the violin-playing pugilist. William didn't try for it, convinced he was not good enough. But he had made a routine screen test with a likely looking actress, which Director Rouben Mamoulian and Producer William Perlberg chanced to see in their search for a girl to play the sister of "Golden Boy." The girl didn't particularly impress them, but William most certainly did. They sent for him immediately, gave him another test which turned out perfectly and signed him for the coveted rôle. Oddly enough, he does play the violin and is quite handy with his fists.

Cecil B. DeMille has received many honors in his time, but none impressed him more than when the City Council of Omaha, Nebraska, re-named Douglas Street, one of its busiest thoroughfares, to DeMille Street in appreciation for his production of "Union Pacific."

Johnny Weissmuller, on location at Ocala, Florida, clowning with little Johnny Sheffield and "Baby Bea," infant pachyderm, between scenes of "Tarzan in Exile."

Frances Robinson, lovely Universal starlet, last seen in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," is a former John Powers model and New York socialite. She loves to swim.

Two of Robert E. Sherwood's most successful stage plays are soon to become movies. "The Road to Rome," with Clark Gable as Hannibal and Myrna Loy as the wife of the Roman Pro-Consul, will be produced by M-G-M, and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" will be released by RKO-Radio.

Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, is progressing nicely and may yet rival his dad as a box-office attraction.

Penny Singleton, star of the "Blondie" series, is still recuperating from her recent siege of bronchial pneumonia.

George Raft is quite determined to do a straight dramatic rôle on the New York stage. He's read hundreds of possible plays, but has yet to find the right one.

(Continued on next page)
Lupe Velez rehearsing the Las Chapane cas which she dances in "The Girl from Mexico." Her instructor is Eduardo Cansino, who, with his sister, made up the famous dancing team, The Cansinos, featured in the Ziegfeld Follies.

Marie De Forest, considered one of Hollywood's cutest girls, receives an application of body make-up for a dancing sequence in "Man About Town," starring Jack Benny and Dorothy Lamour.

Garbed in the uniform of the Foreign Legion, Gary Cooper recently played host to Dr. John S. Nollen, president of Grinnell College, and his wife. Grinnell is Gary's Alma Mater. Dr. Nollen stated that Gary couldn't make the dramatic club at school.

Irene Hervey and William Gargan, is one of the country's leading glider experts. Gliding has long been his hobby, much to the film companies' displeasure.

Twentieth Century-Fox has a man on the payroll named Ben Southland. He's the company's gun expert. It's his job to teach players appearing in westerns how to handle the firearms. His latest pupil was Warner Baxter, appearing in "The Return of the Cisco Kid," who spent about an hour a day with him practicing getting the drop on people so he'd be faster than Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Cagney and the other wild westerners.

John Trent, who plays Tailspin Tommy in Monogram's "Mystery Plane," was approximately 12,000 feet up in the air when P. B. Schulberg discovered and signed him for the movies two years ago. He was the pilot of a transport plane in which the producer was a passenger.

Jackie Cooper has formed his own dance orchestra and will take it on a tour of the country this summer. He'll play the drums. And, swingsters, Jackie can really beat it out.

What is reputedly the largest set ever constructed in Hollywood has been completed for Gary Cooper's next, "The Real Glory," the locale of which is the Philippine Islands. It takes up six acres.

Alice Faye visited Gotham recently for a long-deserved rest. While making "Rose of Washington Square" she caught the flu. She hurried back to work too soon and by

Bette Davis has completed arrangements to sponsor annually the gift and training of three Guide Dogs to as many blind persons. The dogs will be trained at the Tailwaggers Guide Dog Institute, in the San Fernando Valley, for three months, after which the blind who receive them will receive a month of training with their animals.

Harvey Stephens, currently in "The House of Fear," with
the time the picture was finished, Alice was just about finished herself. She went to New York by boat, the cruise being just the tonic she needed.

Of the twenty-two girls cast as co-eds in the film "Sorority House," only one has ever attended a university. She's Kay Stewart who went to Northwestern and, incidentally, was one of the cheer leaders.

During Dorothy Lamour's trip to New York she received the degree of M. A. from New York University. The degree was conferred by the Dean of the College of Commerce. But don't be misled. It stands for Mistress of Amusements!

Remember the handsome, but villainous, Ricardo Cortez? Well, he's now a full-fledged director at Twentieth Century-Fox. His first offering is "Chasing Danger."

Lynn Bari, who plays the feminine lead opposite Warner Baxter in "The Return of the Cisco Kid," was married to Walter Kane, an actors' agent, just before production of the picture began. She hopes to continue with her career, but if it conflicts with her married life, Lynn insists she'll forget all about her screen work pronto.

Talk about tough breaks. Julie Stevens, recently signed St. Louis and Pasadena Little Theatre actress, was to have made her screen debut with John Garfield in "Forgive Us Our Trespasses." She caught scarlet fever and had to withdraw from the cast.

A certain surgical supply house on the west coast rents out a skeleton to the various movie companies. It's been in use for about 17 years and has made over $10,000 in rental fees for its owners.

No wonder Anne Shirley is so happy these days. Her hubby, John Payne, has been given a new Warner contract. Reginald Denny's daughter, Barbara, is making her film debut as a stand-in at Paramount.

When you see "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," notice the woman who plays the part of Paul Lukas' wife. She was once prominent in the German theatre. She came to America as a refugee. When asked to play the part she agreed upon con-

Anne Shirley and James Ellison link arms with (left to right) Evelyn Eager, Helen Semon, Sugar Gise, and Edna Mae Jones who appear with them as co-eds in "Sorority House."

Jo Ann Sayre, M-G-M player, was signed when scouts saw her as the Ski Queen of the University of Washington. Her real name is Mimi Lilgren. She's from Seattle.

dition that she be permitted to use a fictitious name and that her identity be concealed by make-up. She still has relatives in Germany and feared reprisals against them if she worked in the picture as herself. She's listed as Celia Sibelius in the cast.

Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American symphony orchestra conductors, whose Music Appreciation hour over NBC is heard by 6,000,000 school children every week, made his radio debut at the age of 61. But he's now to make his movie debut at the age of 77 in Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker." He'll conduct a symphony orchestra which will accompany the latest juvenile singing sensation, thirteen-year-old Linda Ware.

George Brent, as a lad in Dublin, Ireland, worked for a blacksmith. He loved the work and has since made blacksmithing his hobby. He has a combination machine, carpentry and blacksmith shop in his home and creates many things for himself and his friends. He recently presented to Bette Davis, with whom he appears in "The Old Maid," a unique set of wrought iron garden furniture for her new Brentwood home.

Helen Gilbert used to be a cellist in the studio orchestra at M-G-M. One day they suddenly decided she was one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood. They gave her a screen test, found out that she could act and handed her a contract. You'll see her in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."
The first authentic story of the intimate domestic life of Mr. and Mrs. Gene Markey

By
Gladys Hall

Hedy and Gene at home. Hedy, as all her best friends will tell you, is an incredibly happy person, domestically. Right: She loves the outdoors.

Hedy and Gene at home. Hedy, as all her best friends will tell you, is a

IN A small, one-story white farmhouse, nestled in the green hills of Hollywood, lives Mrs. Gene Markey, better known to you as Hedy Lamarr. And Hedy is as snugly at home in the cozy, unpretentious little house as the little house is at home in the sheltering hills. She does not need to dwell in marble halls in order to walk with happiness.

Hedy, as all her best friends will tell you, is an incredibly happy person, domestically.

If, therefore, you are under the impression that marriage and Hedy Lamarr are incompatibles, you are completely mistaken. If you imagine that the rich oil of orchid which you think is Hedy and the bread-and-butter commonplaceness which you think is marriage cannot mix successfully, you don't know Hedy as I know her. Truth is, Hedy is not only 'divinely happy' in her new marriage, but—and this is far more significant—she is richly and profoundly contented.

For Hedy likes to be married. Hedy loves a home. Hedy is, at heart, a homemaker. She likes to plan meals, and does plan them. She has, her husband is said to have remarked with masculine satisfaction, a great sense about food. Hedy loves to arrange flowers. She is the greatest little flower-arranger in the world.

Hedy loves to take long walks in the hills with her two dogs, one being the biggest Great Dane in all dogdom, the other the smallest Scottie in his branch of the animal kingdom. She sometimes walks seven and eight miles a day with the dogs, through the wild, lilac-lavish hills of Benedict Canyon. She comes second only to Garbo as the greatest walker in Hollywood.

Hedy adores children and, in her own words, 'tremendously wants to have children.' The maternal instinct has always been strong in her... ever since her childhood days in Vienna when she would take her doll out to walk in its perambulator, pretending that the doll was a real live baby, furious to tears if someone uncovered the bisque head and revealed the 'baby' as a doll. Children, in turn, adore Hedy. She has that special quality with them. They turn to her, always and instinctively, like small sunflowers toward the sun. There is that in her eyes. I think, which makes them know they are welcome in her arms. This 'Queen of Glamour' has, in common with all truly great queens, a warm and generous heart.

Nor is the Queen of Glamour, glamour-minded. She wears that crown uneasily, and with some distaste. She once told me, 'I can act glamorous for about one hour a day, then I am bored to death with it.' She doesn't care for night-clubs. She doesn't care for big parties. Night after night Gene Markey says to her: 'What would you like to do tonight?' Invariably, the answer is 'I like to stay home.' And she does. Rather, they do. For weeks, following her marriage, and before she started production on 'Lady of The Tropics,' Hedy stayed at home, arranging and re-arranging furniture, walking, working with her flowers.
Hedy doesn't need public admiration or flirtations to feed her feminine vanity, which is, so far as all outward manifestations go, practically non-existent. Incredibly beautiful, she is incredibly unselfconscious about it. She is never seen using a lipstick, a compact. Her girlfriends tell me that they have yet to see her looking into a mirror. To look like an orchid, to have the heart and spirit of a sturdy, garden zinnia is to be a rare combination of qualities, indeed. But such a combination is Hedy. She is the very reverse of the indolent, languorous lily who neither toils nor spins.

Before they were married, Hedy and Gene occasionally went to night clubs and big parties. But now they prefer to remain at home. They're divinely happy together in their "farmhouse."
Hollywood Believe-it-or-Nots

By

Ripley

BELIEVE it or not! There is a warrant out for Mickey Mouse's arrest in Germany! Greta Garbo never said "Ay tank ay go home!" Robert Taylor is never head-lined in his home town! Sonja Henie divides her life into two parts! Shirley Temple has more namesakes than anybody in the world! George Brent, native of Ireland, can't go back there! Ida Lupino is psychic! Fay Wray once acted as a "decoy" for kidnappers!

Name almost any favorite of the screen, and I'll tell you of some characteristic, some experience, some strange quirk of fate in the life story which brings that person into my category of "believe-it-or-nots."

But, first, let me say that all the stars have one unusual thing in common. They live in the strangest city in the world—Hollywood—which isn't a city at all. Its name stands for glamour, adventure, romance, and many are the people who find their way there. Yet you can't buy a ticket to Hollywood. It is merely a section of Los Angeles. You have to get off the train at the Los Angeles station, or at one of the neighboring communities, such as Pasadena. Hollywood's postoffice is only a branch of the Los Angeles institution, yet it is considered such an important address that business firms as far away as Texas and Honolulu have postoffice boxes in Hollywood, so that they can use that address. And the stars' mail goes through that branch, so the name "Hollywood" is, perhaps, the most publicized name in all the world, at present.

And, though Hollywood is famous as the "movie capitol," most major moving picture studios are not situated there. The Warner Brothers-First National studios are in Burbank. The 20th Century-Fox Studios are in Westwood. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios are in Culver City. Universal Studios films its pictures in Universal City.

It is, besides, strictly a "one-horse" town—believe it or not!—not only because it takes in its sidewalks at midnight, because the stars have to start work so early in the mornings, but Hollywood began with a horse. In 1870, a native son from Kansas by the name of Wilcox, who was very fond of horses, bought all of the Valley of Cahuenga to use as a pasture for his horses. He paid a dollar and a quarter an acre for it. At that time, the leading horse of the day was an English mare named "Hollywood," and the
Wilcox family admired her so much that they named their horse-pasture "Hollywood," after this horse.

Two years later, the first motion picture made in California was taken of a horse. It seems that Leland Stanford, Governor of California, got into an argument with a friend over the question of whether a trotting horse ever has all four legs off the ground at the same time. Stanford had the bright idea of settling the matter by using a photographic camera. He called in Edward Muybridge, who was an official photographer for the United States Government, and authorized him to build an apparatus on the governor's private race track at Palo Alto. This race-track now forms the Quadrangle of Stanford University. Muybridge posted twenty-four cameras along the fence and took twenty-four pictures as a horse raced past. Then he combined them into the first motion picture ever made. Yes, this showed for the first time that a horse does have all four hoofs off the ground at the same time. That is, any horse except Bing Crosby's—his horse seems to have trouble getting one foot off the ground!

The first movie actor was James J. Corbett. In 1894, when he was heavy-weight champion of the world, he and Pete Courtney of Newark, enacted a ground boxing contest for the screen. This was the first star contract, and the first dramatic film. But, it was not the most curious one. In 1914, Pancho Villa, the notorious Mexican bandit, for $25,000 or a 25 per cent share in the movie royalties, agreed to start a new war. Moreover, he promised to fight all his battles in good photographic daylight, and to grant exclusive rights to the Mutual Film Company of America.

He was a shrewd business man and showed more foresight in that deal than Thomas Edison did on one occasion. Edison was the inventor of the Kinetoscope, the grandfather of the modern movie projector. In 1891, it was suggested that he take out foreign [Continued on page 58]
ANY stenographer knows better than to fall in love with her boss. Young movie players, too, know that there is no room for love in business, that the two just won't mix. The studio moguls warn them, their best friends tell them, but—!

The answer may be human nature, propinquity, what have you, but the fact remains that a good many exceptions prove this particular unwritten law of office and of studio.

Virginia Bruce, for instance. She had broken the rule once by falling in love with her leading man, handsome Jack Gilbert. Her marriage to that romantic, temperamental actor was like a half-forgotten dream, but nothing was further from Virginia's mind than marrying or falling in love again, until she went on location for the making of Bad Man of Brimstone with Wally Beery. The skillful, understanding work of the director, J. Walter Rubin (Virginia calls him Sonny), combined with long walks and long talks under the desert moon aroused her interest in him. And presently she knew that, for better or worse, she had fallen in love with her boss.

Nowadays Virginia, who goes as quietly about the business of being wife and mother as she does about being a glamorous movie star, has the added warmth and glow of dreams-come-true in her wide blue eyes.

In Myrna Loy's case, the story's happy ending was not so easily and quickly reached. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was married when they first met. He had not been happy in that marriage, had indeed long been separated from his wife, but it was several years before he achieved his freedom. In the meantime, his interest in the slant-eyed, provocative young girl whose talents he had recognized beneath her continuous miscasting never wavered.

Yes, it was Hornblow who first discovered the real Myrna.
Is it wise to fall in love with someone with whom you work?

neath her Oriental make-up, and The Trail to Pay, directed by Hornblow, was her first sympathetic part.

Myrna claims a debt of gratitude to a woman who helped her in her upward rise—Rudolph Valentino, E. H. Griffith, the director, Henry Waxman, the photogapher who first revealed the phrenic qualities of her piquant face. What she felt for Arthur Hornblow, Jr., was nothing that had for a long time to be tenderly nourished secret but that now the foundation of one of Hollywood's quiet marriages and a most satisfactory way of life.

How to have a career and be happily married at the same time is charmingly demonstrated by Myrna, who believes in keeping her private and professional lives entirely separate, and who manages to fit the ideal American wife on the screen and even more so in the lovely rambling house and gardens of her hillside home outside of Hollywood.

Sometimes it is a bright combination of star and star, sometimes star and agent, sometimes, as above, star and director, that has proven that neither the studios nor the maxim-founders of other businesses know all there is to know on the subject of love. Or perhaps it is just one more proof that love is where you find it and no rules can be laid down or kept.

Miriam Hopkins married Anatole Litvak immediately after he had directed her in The Woman I Love, in which she played opposite Paul Muni. Charles Boyer, then a newcomer to this shore, speaking little English, homesick and unhappy in new surroundings, fell head over heels in love with a little English actress, Pat Paterson, a contract player at Fox where he was making Caravan. Three weeks later they slipped away to the desert and were married. Charles Chaplin saw Paulette Goddard in a Goldwyn chorus, featured her in Modern Times. After previous unhappy experiences of been chatelaine of the Chaplin menage, has mothered his two boys and now, at the beginning of a new career on the screen, boldly signs herself "Mrs. Charles Chaplin." The marriage has been tested by time and she and Chaplin are no longer afraid to risk their happiness by public acknowledgment of it.

Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor met just prior to the filming of His Brother's Wife and the long and satisfactory course of a friendship ripening into love and, perhaps, marriage began. They, too, faced many difficulties and were reluctant, until recently, to take the public in on their plans.

Cupid in overalls supervised Dick Powell's courtship of Joan Blondell. Both worked for the same film studio and were starred together in several musicals. Both sturdily denied all rumors of impending matrimony and film gossips wavered between reports of immediate marriage and devastating quarrels. The truth of the matter is that the shipwreck of Joan's previous marriage had badly broken her up and Dick's sympathy and understanding guided her over the rough spots into the safe harbor of his love for her and for her little son.

But added to the difficulties of courtship under the glaring Klieg lights was the brighter light of publicity. For weeks reporters and fan writers made Joan's and Dick's lives miserable and their final effort at subterfuge in booking separate passages on the S. S. Paula in September 1936 did them little good. They were married as soon as the boat sailed but word had leaked out and reporters besieged them before they left and made a Roman holiday (Continued on page 41)
Life, at first, was unkind, but Bob Hope kept smiling.

By
Gene Harvey

Bob Hope with Martha Raye on a set at Paramount during the filming of "Never Say Die." Oddly enough, the title is more than true of Bob's early stage days.

A personable guy, this Hope, though no stretch of the imagination one of the handsome boys; certainly not in his own opinion. He'll tell you that when he made his first screen test—for Pathé, some years ago—his chin beat him to the screen by five minutes. And if that goes a laugh he'll explain how funny it thought it was that they sent him into the projection room by himself to see it. And he discovered it was because nobody else could stand another exposure to the test. Warmed from that point he'll mention that the projectionists wore gas masks when they ran it off, and that the Pathe rooster never crowed again. He was too discouraged. None of his tricks could ever lay an egg like Hope's!

That's to a great extent the secret of Hope's popularity. He's brash, glib and somewhat cocky. He's no Hamlet off screen, says he. All his gags for working hours, nor do he depend entirely on his writers for laughs. Irrepressible and liable to be into a routine at any moment, there's othing that takes any curse off his cockiness a good majority of Hope's gags and ad lib wisecracks are on himself. A thing that doesn't mean merely working up

Silver Screen
few snappers in which he is the goat. It's entirely obvious that Hope likes to clown, and that he doesn't take himself seriously. Comedy is fun to him, unlike the comic who claimed his gags were no laughing matter.

On the set the company laughs at Hope. He has a nimble wit, and, like many wise-crackers, he has his associates at the point where they start to laugh as soon as he opens his mouth—whether he's funny or not. And he loves it. Besides, most of the time he is funny, and he can ad lib with the best. There was the time back during the filming of "Thanks For The Memory," during a scene at a table with Shirley Ross, when Shirley accidentally struck a spoon against a glass which rang out with a bell-like note. "My Gawd," Hope cracked, "there's one bell from Fidler already!"

And even when the gag is not an informal wisecrack, Hope doesn't follow the prevalent custom among comics of jealously guarding a gag until it can be used professionally. He'll tell a friend his latest—just for a laugh, secure in the belief that there are always more where that one came from. And through—usually are.

Gag stealing, however, is anathema to Bob. When he uses someone else's gag he'll always say: "Have you heard Benny's crack," or "did you hear Cantor tell about . . ." Hope and Milton Berle had a classic feud for awhile, over Milton's alleged "lifting" propensities. And it was back when Hope and Berle were headlining at rival theatres on Broadway that he coined the classic phrase about Berle, stimulated by hearing that Milton was using one of his best lines. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, Berle," he announced, disposing of Berle.

But he can play a romantic scene, and play it straight. It's true that until a moment before the cameras begin rolling, and the moment they stop, Hope may—and probably will—break into the mood of the scene with a gag or flip remark, but nobody minds that much, except maybe the director, or a leading lady trying to keep a straight face.

This Bob's contention that comedians are born, not made. No one, he claims, starts out to be a comic. Will Rogers, Jack Benny, W. C. Fields, Eddie Cantor, all began in some other entertainment field and went into comedy when they found audiences would laugh at them. And Hope was no exception. Born in London, he was brought to Cleveland, Ohio, at an early age and began his workaday career as a clerk in the old Chandler Motor Car Co., though he disclaims that as the reason for Chandler's dissolution. With three other youngsters he formed a quartette and they used to stay after hours and practice. Bob, too, would sing and try out lines of patter into the boss' dictaphone. A lapse of memory that left one of the records on the machine when the boss came in the next morning may have had something to do with Hope's getting fired. Anyway, the main reason they kept him as long as they did was because he made a good entertainer and M.C. at salesmen's meetings.

Before this, Bob's only professional training had been a few dancing lessons during high-school days. When the teacher left and gave up the school Bob took over, keeping one jump ahead of his pupils, until he went to work for Chandler.

He did some amateur prize fighting, too, but after a couple of times he discovered that leading with the chin was poor technique and quit. Then he teamed up with George Byrnes and did a blackface and dancing act, working for the late Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle who was making a personal appearance in Cleveland.

[Continued on page 62]
Hollywood on Holiday

IN THE brilliant sunshine of a warm spring day a large crowd surged around the entrance to the Sherry Netherland Hotel in New York, and even spilled over in great numbers to line the opposite side of the street. For the “Queen was in her Castle” and about to leave for lunch. And certainly no Queen could have had more devoted attention than Joan Crawford had while she was in town.

In odd contrast I saw Franchot Tone five minutes later walking down Fifth Street absolutely unnoticed and unrecognized. He turned into a little flower shop looking anything but cheerful. That night he had supper, after his play, and danced with his about-to-be ex-wife at a night club for the benefit of the news photographers and the tabloids. Their friends said that that evening was studio managed publicity and he would have been happy to have avoided it. They didn’t appear publicly together again during the rest of her visit.

At the Colony, “21,” the Stork Club or wherever she went there were crowds waiting to see her. She came to El Morocco one night looking unbelievably beautiful. It was fascinating to watch her sip pink champagne that was almost a color to match her hair. Outside it had begun to rain heavily and Bennie, the doorman, reported that ten or twelve youngsters were standing huddled in doorways against the rain waiting for a glimpse of their idol. John Perona, Morocco’s genial owner, had a side entrance to the place.

Irene Dunne sups with Mrs. James A. Farley (left), Beth Leary (right) and their escorts. Irene’s hubby disappeared at the very first sight of the camera.

Judy Garland combined business with pleasure while in New York. Her personal appearances did not interfere with her seeing the sights. And her Fifth Avenue shopping. And seeing friends.

Alice Faye feels right at home in Gotham where she has just as many friends as in Hollywood. Her brother Bill accompanied her on a tour of the night spots.

Right: Jerome Zerbe took several poses of Merle Oberon before she left for London and Alexander Korda. She won’t return to America until Christmas. She wants to rest.

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Whirling around with the screen stars as they visit Manhattan

By
Jerome Zerbe

opened and after inviting them inside they had hot coffee. By one-thirty in the morning when Miss Crawford was ready to leave there were about thirty people waiting for her. As she left they all came into the main hallway and she chatted with them as though they were old friends. She told them she was going on to Reubens and they hurried out through the rain to get there before she did. I asked one of them how they knew where she could be each day and he said they were all members of her fan club and were told by the studio when she was arriving, and after that she herself told them her daily plans. They were like a guard of honor to make even more gala her comings and goings.
Franchot Tone's and Sylvia Sidney's play, "The Gentle People," is such a success that they are going to find it difficult to get away from it and back to the movies.

No one could have captured the heart of New York as much as Judy Garland did. Her completely natural charm, her good manners and her interest in other people made a great hit. She thought Katherine Hepburn was great in her play, "The Philadelphia Story," and enjoyed "Stars in Your Eyes" best of all the musicals. She made seven appearances a day at the State Theatre and with unbounded energy managed to shop and see all the sights before going off on tour.

Arthur Treacher, who was East for Tommy Riggs' broadcast, tried to see all his favorite spots in two nights. Beginning with dinner at Ostermans the first night, and with Mrs. Charles Bellamy as a companion, he took in the Bill Gaxton musical hit "Leave It to Me," then went on to Lou Richman's, the Onyx Club, Jack White's, Club "18" and finally Morocco. He's just as funny in real life as he is on the screen [Continued on page 77]

Gloria Swanson at El Morocco, dining in queenly fashion. No matter how many birthdays she has, Gloria is always surrounded with a bevy of admirers.

For July 1939

No one could have had more devoted attention than Joan Crawford during her recent holiday in Manhattan. Her partner is Stanley Kahn, an old friend.

An exceptionally good candid shot of Bruce Cabot. He's more interested in horses than in pictures. Spends lots of time in the hunting circles of Virginia.
All beautiful blondes don't rely on their physical charm

By Elizabeth Wilson

Madeleine is not to be misunderstood

JUST the other day I returned from my annual bender in New York City—another bromo seltzer, if you please—and I feel that I can speak with authority on all things Eastern, such as, oysters, Sixth Avenue Subway, Brenda Frazier, and visiting movie stars. Now time was, and only a couple of years ago, when I could dine out in New York for weeks, and well too, on Myrna Loy. I tossed in bits of Myrna with the canapes and the soup, and a whole chunk of Loy with the roast beef, and young men fairly hung on my lips—though don't get the idea that I am the Ubangi type.

Knowing how fickle the public is I was prepared to dine out this year on Hedy Lamarr, so for weeks before my vacation I boned on Hedy, and I was prepared to give out with the best Lamarr prattle that has ever come out of Hollywood. But imagine my amazement, my complete bafflement, my utter horror, when I discovered that everyone wanted to hear...
about Madeleine Carroll! Now I don’t know Madeleine Carroll. The minute she finishes a picture she ducks out of Hollywood for Europe. She rarely makes Louella’s column—and well, you know how it is—we just don’t pay much attention to Madeleine Carroll out Hollywood way. Not even in my wildest imaginings could I claim to be a friend of Madeleine Carroll’s. So I lost ten pounds.

When the twentieth young man asked me if I knew Madeleine Carroll and what she was like, and I said no I didn’t, and he said “So long, toots, I’ll be seeing you,” and me practically starving, I knew that if I ever lived to get back to Hollywood I would do something about Madeleine Carroll. I’d never be caught short on Carroll again. So hardly had I taken off my hat and unpacked my bags before I had a studio call in for that lady of looks, Miss Madeleine Carroll.

Miss Carroll, I discovered over a series of cups of coffee—like Barbara Stanwyck she’s one of those chain coffee drinkers—is definitely unfair to American Womanhood and I shall have her picketed when I get around to it. She is much too pretty. She has the biggest blue eyes West of the Rockies, the kind of clear satin complexion that women pray for, and beautiful blonde wavy hair that never has to be touched up—a natural blonde if I ever saw one. She uses medium nail polish, wears a lot of blue to match those peepers (she’s no dope) and carries saccharine in her cigarette case, which has a big “M” done in sapphires on it. Her handshake is rather disappointing, being a bit on the apathetic side. She has that kind of charming, ingratiating politeness found only in English actresses and Hedy Lamarr.

The afternoon I met Madeleine she had just come from a session with a four year old child prodigy, and was at life’s lowest ebb. “Coffee,” she said at once. “Tons of it.” There is nothing, I have found in Hollywood, that depresses an adult actor as much as a child actor. Those precocious little cutie-pies can really try the patience of a saint. In the New Hollywood, which I shall organize following the collapse of the Old Hollywood, there shall be no smart pants child stars, with their sickening sophistication and snobishness. “I did have to admire her frankness though,” Madeleine said, sipping her coffee. “She said what I have often thought. The director told her not to look at the camera, to look at Miss Carroll. ‘What if I get tired of looking at Miss Carroll?’ she said. Then she turned to me and said, ‘I think you mug too much.’ Oh, she is a very nice little girl.” Maybe it was my imagination, but I think I definitely noted traces of homicide in the Carroll voice.

“There was a line in the script,” Madeleine continued, “I am supposed to say which reads, ‘You make me feel like an old bag of potatoes.’ Well, really now, no woman wants to be called an old bag, not even in a script, so I changed it to read, ‘an old sack of potatoes.’ But do you know when I did that line in the scene, that child, the—well that child, turned to me and said ‘old bag.’ More coffee, please.”

Well, all I’ve got to say is that it is a good thing that Madeleine Carroll is a peace-loving soul or there might just happen to be one less child prodigy in Hollywood. Not that anyone would care.

As soon as [Continued on page 68]
MARRIAGES, they say, are made in Heaven and this is a matter of considerable chagrin to the publicity departments of Hollywood's major and minor studios, because they have been trying to muscle-in on Dan Cupid's territory for years. The latest setbacks to the publicity men have been provided by Tyrone Power, who married Anna-bella, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who married the ex-Mrs. Hartford. Robert Taylor's affection for Barbara Stanwyck is another admonition to the publicity poohbahs that Love is a quality too complex to be compressed within the cylinders of a mimeograph machine, and when Hedy Lamarr became Mrs. Gene Markey, the publicity purveyors felt much as Tony Galento will feel after Joe Louis lands that first left hook.

To understand the mechanics of Love in the movie colony, you must first take the machine apart and see how it works, and you must realize that it is powered by publicity. For instance, when Sonja Henie arrived in Hollywood, it was vital that the studio get out as much publicity on her as possible. They sent out pictures of her and got interviews galore, but there was a certain coldness to all of this that was as chilly as her native ice. Missing from the publicity set-up was Romance, Love, a Tug at the Heart-strings, so the publicity men who operate under astute Harry Brand set about to remedy the defect.

"We can, in a manner of speaking," suggested one publicity man, "kill two birds with one stone." Brand interposed a negative, pointing out that while he had no great scruples against grouse-hunting, he was more interested in publicizing Miss Henie than he was in killing two birds, or even three birds. "I mentioned the bird casualties only in a figurative sense," explained his subordinate. "I meant to say that we could do a double job. We not only can bring the warm, roseate

His publicity counsel may have had other plans, but Doug Fairbanks, Jr., married a girl of his own choosing, Mary Lee Epling Hartford. Right: They tried hard to start a romance between Michael Whelan and Sonja Henie, but it didn't click. So they tried Tyrone Power.

Warners had a very special romance campaign for glamorous Gloria Dickson. But no matter how much publicity it meant to her, she loved Perc Westmore, make-up artist, and married him.
glow of love into Sonja's life, but at the same time we can light up every bristle in the moustache of Michael Whalen so that it resembles a torch that will blaze through the country."

Brand nodded eagerly. "We will have Sonja fall in love with Michael Whalen, and we will have Whalen fall in love with Sonja, and thus ballyhoo two of the brightest starlets on the Zanuck payroll."

That is the way it started. You read thereafter in the columns from Hollywood and the fan magazines that Miss Henie was being seen in this and that nightclub, and at this and that premiere, with Michael Whalen. You did not read that the studio was supplying them with an expense account and that the orchids which Sonja received from him and wore in public all were expense account items. You did not hear of this because it would have curdled your interest, but nevertheless it happened.

Whalen however did not measure up to the rôle of off-screen lover. He lacked the dynamite that a pseudo-Romeo must have. So the studio and Sonja started hunting up another escort. They struck upon a chap who was getting $150 a week. His name was Tyrone Power. And so Sonja and Tyrone went through the motions of an off-the-screen attachment. They were photographed, the columns reported the new romance and, pretty soon, it bore the desired fruit. The fans started asking theatre managers why Sonja and Tyrone could not be paired together in a picture. The theatre managers wired in their reports to the Coast. Before the fans could say Jack Robinson, they had "Thin Ice," with Sonja and Tyrone together. The film made a lot of money. Romance always is a powerful box-office factor.

Unfortunately, these publicity-powered romances never progress beyond the publicity stage. The answer is that Tyrone married Annabella. He had met the charming little Frenchie while they were making "Suez," and it developed into a four-alarm blaze.

Quite a few of the real romances of the Hollywood colony develop from just such chance meetings in pictures. Joel McCrea met Frances Dee while they were making "The Silver Cord" at RKO, and it flared into a real love match. Clark Gable and Carole Lombard were first thrown off-screen to screen, but they were wrong. It was true love. Center: They cooked up twenty romances for Errol Flynn, but he stepped out and married Lili Damita. Below: Joel McCrea fell in love with Frances Dee while they were making "The Silver Cord," and they married.

[Continued on page 76]
T ISN'T what you write—it's how you write that tells the story.

With Joan Crawford, for instance:

She was waiting in her little Colonial-dressing-room-on-wheels to do a retake for "Ice Follies" when I showed her the graphologist's report. "You mean," said Joan, "he found out all that about me just from my signature? It's amazing. As if he had been right there on a good many occasions."

From three thousand miles away in New York Mr. Humphries, who had never met Joan, wrote: It is not easy to associate the Joan Crawford of the screen with the woman who comes out in her writing.

Although her long lower loops denote the physical energy we can recognize and the slope—which tends to the right—points to a warm, affectionate nature, the final letters of her last name descend noticeably. This shows a constant struggle against depression and a certain consequent timidity.

"Maybe," mused Joan, "my final letters started going down like that after I'd spent four years working in a Kansas City school kitchen to earn an education. Finally they let me attend a dance. I was so timid entering a roomful of people that I tripped and hurt my foot. I danced all evening on a sprained ankle. Even today it takes all my courage to attend a large party. That's why I'd so much rather be with just a few good friends."

That sensitiveness is also indicated by the open loop on the Silver Screen.
The handwriting of the stars reveals more about them than any biographies that might be written

By

Virginia T. Lane

Analysis by
Donald Humphries.
Graphologist

Paul Muni's large, flowing hand is the sign of a restless, artistic nature. Below—It is strange how similar is the handwriting of Gracie Allen and her husband and radio team-mate George Burns.

her "a." The hook on the end of so many of her words is the mark of tenacity.

"I noticed that hook developed after I went on John Gilbert's set one time when he was at the top. I was an extra. I'll never forget how much his words of encouragement meant to me. I'd been on the point of running back to New York and John said, 'Stick it out. You look as if you had plenty of fight in you and that's what it takes in this business.' So I stuck. I made up my mind some day I would play opposite John Gilbert and I did."

The liberal spacing of her letters denotes broad-mindedness. She is markedly generous where her emotions are concerned and the repeated underscore to her signature reveals a peculiar combination of self-assertiveness and the constant fear of failure.

"I have never been without that fear of failure," Joan admitted. "It's the reason why I always have to have some new goal ahead, just as I have grand opera now—even though it's far off." Once, when she first started singing lessons, she got a little portable organ to take on the train with her to New York so she wouldn't miss any practicing! "Fortunately for the other passengers I had an end compartment," chuckled Joan.

No wonder her handwriting shows a dogged determination to succeed!

Robert Montgomery screwed up an eyebrow, looked at his signature, then at the analysis. [Continued on page 70]
Direct from the West Coast

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN
BING'S BEST PICTURE—Universal

HERE'S the best of the Bing Crosby pictures! Even better than "Sing You Sinners." In it Bing is aided and abetted by that grand actress Joan Blondell, that top-notch comedian Mischa Auer, and last but definitely not least—Baby Sandy. Baby Sandy is eleven months old, the daughter of a milkman, and was cast for the picture under the impression that she was a boy. Needless to say, she steals every scene. Bing plays a crooning telegraph messenger who loses his job when he sings a greeting to C. Aubrey Smith, a domineering old man who is having family trouble with his gay young son and daughter-in-law, Robert Kent and Irene Harvey. Baby Sandy’s parents, Bing next lands a job with the Sunbeam Cab Company as a singing taxi driver, and when Baby Sandy is left in his cab the fun begins. From then on, it’s a mad game of hide and seek to keep cantankerous grandfather Smith from finding his “grandson.” Baby Sandy. Joan Blondell is swell as a hotel switchboard operator, and it’s easy to see that she and Bing both know about handling babies. Mischa Auer is nothing less than sensational as Bing’s roommate who operates a sidewalk “peek at the moon” telescope. Jerome Cowan plays a nosey radio gossip who complicates Bing’s adventures. Spotted just right are Matty Malneck’s “hot” orchestra, the Music Maids, Drummer Jack Powell, Jane Jones, Rose Valvoda, and Helen Warner. And of course Bing croons. His best number is “East Side of Heaven,” which you’ll be hearing for months to come.

THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID
If You Like Romantic Bandits—Twentieth Century-Fox

WARNER BAXTER once again plays the Cisco Kid—this is the third time now—and makes that famous outlaw of the Mexican border a thoroughly charming “Robin Hood.” Warner rises from his grave (his pals Cesar Romero and Chris-Pin Martin saw to it that the firing squad had blank cartridges in their guns) just in time to hold up a stagecoach in which Lynn Bari and her garrulous old uncle, Henry Hull, are passengers. He falls in love with Lynn and soon finds himself acting as gallant benefactor and saving her uncle’s ranch which the nasty old Sheriff, Robert Barat, is trying to steal. There’s a swell scene in which the Cisco Kid outwits the Sheriff and his posse and all by his lonesome makes them surrender to him. It’s good old tongue in cheek western, pure and simple, and if you aren’t too adult to like beautiful western scenery and charming romantic bandits this is right down your alley.

[Continued on page 72]
IMMY has built his tremendous popularity on the firm foundation of consistently fine performances. No overnight sensation, he has gradually and convincingly won his place among the few outstanding actors of filmdom.
ANNABELLA

In her, Tyrone Power found the love of his dreams. She won the love of screen's most romantic player. She to be envied. But, ah, what a luck fellow this Tyrone is! You'll see he in "Bridal Suite," with Robert Young.
LYA LYS

Glamour in the Continental fashion. Lya was born in Germany of Russian parents. She studied dramatics in Paris, where her mother, Dr. Ina Lys, is now one of the outstanding child specialists. Warner Brothers have ambitious plans for Lya because of her brilliant work in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."
JOHN GARFIELD

They are calling him another Paul Muni. There is no greater tribute. But his performances have been unusually inspired and he is worthy of it. Have you seen him in "Family Reunion"?
Charmingly adroit David, one of the many English-born actors in Hollywood, is more in demand than ever before. Not only for screen roles, but for the social gatherings in the film colony where he is equally effective. He plays opposite Ginger Rogers in "Little Mother."
Giving her the leading feminine rôle in "Beau Geste" is Paramount's way of starting Susan with God-speed on the road to Stardom. She is one of their Golden Circle of New Faces, behind whom all the resources of the studio are to be mobilized.
When Irene is cast in a picture with just ordinary possibilities, the result is inevitably the same. A smash-hit is turned out. Her personality invigorates all associated with a production to greater effort. Take “Love Affair” or “Invitation to Happiness” for particular examples.
The living room is long, with a beige, squared wool carpet, beige divans and ivory leather poufs. The walls are soft blue. Miriam considers this her "rumpus room," since it's the center of all her parties, to which she has become famous.

Above: Her delightful dining room features a deep mahogany table set with antique buffet, filled with old English china. Brown and white drapes, with a surrealistic design, hang from the wide window overlooking the fountsills of Beverly. The carpet is beige wool with fringe.
One of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills is that of Miriam Hopkins and her husband, Anatole Litvak. It's on Tower Road and formerly was owned by John Gilbert. It's a crisp, modern, tailored house, where you'd imagine Miriam would live.

Left: In her modern, ultra-smart bedroom, Miriam has an especially designed bed which is ten feet wide. It has a turquoise blue spread with rug to match. Carpeting to the walls is beige, as are the large arm chair, boudoir bench and pouf which are trimmed in blue and chartreuse. The lamp stands are bamboo, the drapes beige, blue and chartreuse plaid. Below: The patio-pavilion beside the swimming pool. It has bamboo furniture with white linen cushions trimmed in blue, with blue and white pillows. The floor is blue tile.
Just What Is It About Loretta?

By
Leon Surmelian

What is the secret of Loretta's peculiarly potent appeal to the male contingent of our film-going citizenry? Why do men see in her the girl of their dreams and memories?
Why do men fall so completely in love with her?

MEN carry in their hearts an idealized image of the tender sex. It is based on memories and unsatisfied longings of the teen age, traceable to love's first awakening in them.

Loretta personifies the lost sweetheart of every man. And aren't these lost sweethearts the most beautiful and exquisite and understanding girls that ever lived?

Boys in knee-pants grow up to become doctors, engineers, captains of industry, truck drivers. And enshrined in their hearts is a cherished vision of womanhood whose likeness they seek in every woman they meet, make love to, marry. If it were possible to draw a composite picture of these lost sweethearts of men, the girls men can never forget, it would look, I am sure, very much like Loretta Young. We really live in memory. We love most truly in memory, too. The remembrance of a pair of eyes or lips, of a kiss or caress, surpasses the pleasure they have actually given us, no matter how keen.

When I first saw Loretta, several years ago at a cocktail party in Beverly Hills, I wondered, Who is she? I know her, I've met her somewhere before. I had met her nowhere; I had never known her. I had not even seen her on the screen. But she makes a man feel like that. And this is the secret of her peculiarly potent appeal to the male contingent of our film going citizenry. They recognize in her the girl of their dreams and memories.

This does not mean that she is less popular with women. Every girl, at least every American girl, can see her true, inner-

[Continued on page 78]
Gloria Dickson, the lovely Warner Brothers' star currently playing in "Waterfront," is modeling a Grecian dinner gown from her own personal wardrobe. It is of artichoke green chiffon, in an all-over pleating, with a narrow self-fabric belt. A mass of fuchsia flowers form a very colorful corsage.

For dancing under the stars Gloria dons this quaint frock of soft ivory-toned cotton sprigged with red roses. Four bands of black velvet ribbon catch the shirring above the waist and tie in long loops, while sheer black lure edges the top of the square cut bodice and forms the shoulder straps.
For informal dining and dancing, Gloria favors this soft grey crepe dress showing intricate detail in pleating at the yoke and sleeves. The skirt has inverted pleats stitched down over the hips. Her shiny black straw chapeau is trimmed with bright red grosgrain ribbon, matching her doeskin gloves, and a gracefully draped black veil.

Although summer-time is always considered to be play-time, many girls are forced to spend the warm season in town, with just an occasional jaunt to the out of town for luncheon or dinner. Casual outfits are seldom required by this type, and here we have illustrated on these two pages evening gowns that can be worn with confidence in both city or country, and daytime costumes that would be as much at home at the breakfast table as they would for late dining. (On the following two pages you will find fashions for ardent sun worshippers.)
These three Hollywood starlets are going to be right in the swim of things in their smartly cut suits.

Left—Peggy Carroll, who does a bit of dancing in "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," looks charming in this flared swim suit of yellow wool, striped in dark brown with shoulder straps to match. The brief, short-sleeved bolero of the same material protects the shoulders from the sun and adds a "dress-up" note when Peggy finishes her swim.

Kay Sutton, who is also in the delightful Castle picture, is wearing a figure molding suit of brilliant yellow fashioned from novelty-ribbed wool, accented with wide brown shoulder strap.

Left—A two-piece suit of ribbed wool in royal blue, showing a generous bit of mid-riff, is beautiful Dorothy Lovett's choice. Dorothy will soon be seen in "The Dove."

All suits by B.V.D.
Looking like a Mexican senorita, Sally Eilers relaxes in this multi-colored beach or garden dress, with its full Gypsy blouse and wide striped skirt.
ROBERT TAYLOR

During the filming of "Lucky Night," with Myrna Loy, two of Bob's constant visitors on the set were his champion boxer dogs.

LANA TURNER

With the expert guidance of which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is so capable, Lana may become one of the screen's favorite actresses. She has all of the qualities for box-office success. Her latest appearance is with Lew Ayres in "Calling Dr. Kildare."
The premiere of "Rose of Washington Square" took place in the sumptuous Roxy Theatre in New York City on May 5th. The opening was especially significant to both Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. May 5th is their birthday. So, naturally, it was a particularly gala premiere for Alice and Tyrone in more ways than one.

What made it all the more exciting for Alice was having the opening right in New York City, where she was born. In fact, Alice lived and worked not far from the Roxy Theatre.

Tyrone Power was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, but spent a good deal of time in New York because of his father's theatrical career.

In case you're interested, Alice was 24 on the 5th and Tyrone was 25.
W HILE spring is in the air and the odor of honeysuckle hills every gulch for miles around, I think: “The studios will be in the throes of spring fever and I’ll have an easy time of it this month.” But when I get to—

Warner Brothers

DISMAY grips me. They’re going right along making pictures as though they had never heard of Recession, Income Tax, Surtax or Ennui.

Right on the first stage is a problem play called “The Old Maid” and starring Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and George Brent.

“It’s almost the first day of shooting,” Bette explains when I bust in. “Miriam and I have been getting married for the past few days and it’s so exciting. This is the first time on or off screen I’ve ever worn a real wedding dress. Believe me, it’s a thrill. Doesn’t Miriam look beautiful?” she adds irrelevantly.

Then the director calls them for a scene. They apparently made the wedding scene first and now they’re making the scene that precedes it. Miriam has just got a telegram from her old sweetheart (George Brent) announcing his arrival and the wire has sort of taken the starch out of her.

“Clem!” she wails to Bette, showing her the wire, “and he doesn’t know!”

“No,” Bette agrees. “How could he know?”

“What is the time now?” Miriam hurries on. “I couldn’t see him—I can’t!”

“Someone must see him,” Bette mutters, as if to herself. “Poor Clem.”

“How can you say ‘poor Clem’ like that?” Miriam bridles. “I waited two years—”

“There’s no time to lose,” Bette interrupts.

“We’ll send a messenger to meet the train,” Miriam begins. “We’ll send a note.” She rises, crosses to the desk, and then turns to Bette. “My hands are too shaky to write it. You write it.”

“No,” says Bette. “I won’t write it. I’ll go!”

I have a hunch that Bette is secretly in love with George—again. And I also have a hunch that George may have had something to do with a not very legitimate child that Bette has acquired before the picture starts.

“Complimenting you on your performances is beginning to sound like a worn-out record that I keep playing over and over,” I tell her when the scene is finished. “but I saw ‘Dark Victory’ the other night and sensational is the only word that describes you.”

“Thanks, Dick,” she replies simply and
Visits to the various studios to see what pictures are in the making

then adds apologetically, "It's the first time I've been satisfied with anything I've done since 'Of Human Bondage'—and that part played itself.

"Then you're not human," I retort. "Perhaps all your pictures haven't been as good as you'd like them to be but I defy you to show me where you could have improved your work in any of them."

"I'll take you up on that," she laughs. "There isn't one, except 'Dark Victory' that I haven't wished I could do over—and known I could make it better."

"We'll argue this out over a cocktail sometime—if it takes all night," I promise her. "But now I've other sets to cover."

Here on the next stage to Bette and her unwanted love token is another picture
called "Give Me A Child" with Geraldine Fitzgerald (you saw her in 'Dark Victory' and "Wuthering Heights"), Jeffrey Lynn, Gale Page and Gladys George.

This, too, is near the beginning of the picture and, somehow, it all reminds me of a beautiful picture Loretta Young and Eric Linden made years ago called "Life Begins." The scene I see is in the maternity ward of a large hospital and its only purpose is to introduce all the characters, so there is no use giving the dialogue. But any picture with a cast like this—and, particularly, any picture with Gladys George, is a picture that shouldn't be missed.

Next is "Enemy Agent" with Boris Karloff and Margaret Lindsay. This is an absorbing story of the espionage system during the World War. Karloff is a master German spy and Margaret is supposedly a German spy, although in reality she is the ace British operative. And this scene is where they meet the first time.

I watch Maggie intently. Somehow, every time I see her I think of Madge Evans, too. There are two girls, both swell actresses, both with a superlative sense of humor, and neither of their real personalities has ever come through on the screen and neither of them has ever really been given a chance to show what she can do.

When the scene is over Mag comes over to shake hands. "You know," I remark seriously, 'every time I watch you work I think of you in 'Cavalcade' and that grand start you got off to. And when I see you in the run-of-the-mill pictures you usually make I can't help wondering what you're thinking while you work."

"Fortunes of war," she shrugs. "I bluffed my way into that part in 'Cavalcade' by pretending I was British. If it has boomeranged, that's my tough luck. If you try a bluff at poker and it works one time and not the next you don't get [Continued on page 56]
PERSPIRATION dripped from Brian Aherne's forehead. The day was not oppressively warm, just one of Southern California's mild Spring days which the natives delight in calling "usual." Aherne's discomfort came from the heavyweight clothing he was wearing as Captain Fury, the titular hero of the Hal Roach picture of that name in which he and Victor McLaglen as political prisoners are shipped from England in the 1840's to serve their sentences as convict laborers in the colonization of Australia.

Over a woolen shirt he wore a leather and lambswool jacket. His trousers were of heavy wool with leather boots reaching almost to his knees and his "ten gallon" felt hat rested on his shoulders, kept in place by a leather strap around his neck. More perspiration coursed down his cheeks as he and his co-star, McLaglen, rehearsed the scene under the direction of Hal Roach, who is so intrigued with the colorful story that he has come out of his executive offices to resume a directorial career he abandoned some five or six years ago when his duties of producer and head of the motion picture company became too taxing.

Finally Aherne tired of his martyrdom. "Please, Mr. Roach, can't we have those reflectors turned down while we are rehearsing? The heat and the glare are terrific."

A henchman of the greedy land barons drives out a helpless family of settlers. Only a hundred years ago this scene was unpleasantly real.
Before shooting the scene a make-up man repaired the damages to Aherne's and McLaglen's complexions, yet managed to maintain that rugged, outdoor appearance which is demanded of the men who risk chances of re-arrest in their quixotic attempts to right the wrongs imposed by greedy land barons upon a community of settlers.

Construction of this community on a location site is one of the most interesting phases of the production. Hidden in a grove of eucalyptus trees (native to Australia, although they also grow profusely and luxuriantly in Southern California) are a dozen quaint cottages, built by skilled studio technicians under the direction of Charles D. Hall, head of the art department, to be facsimiles of the cabins erected by those early settlers in Australia.

Most of the buildings are of logs, with dried clay filling up the chinks. Their roofs are of roughly hewn shingles, with here and there a piece of bark left on. Split rail fences separate the front yards from the roads, winding about through the trees, and serve to keep out the marauding livestock which roams over the community. Each settler has his own garden, with cabbages, lettuce, onions and various vegetables growing in the soil. At the rear of the houses are barnyards with pens for pigs, chickens and geese, as well as sheds for the cows and horses. Sheep gambol about the hills and graze in the tiny valley along the creek's edge.

Each homestead occupies about an acre of ground and the entire group stretches for more than half a mile on both sides of the creek, in which at this season of the year, there is a rapid flow of water.

Given an opportunity to get outdoors on a location trip, actors become like children at a circus. They are all over the place, fearing that they will miss something of the vast exhibition staged by nature. Of course, the livestock comes in for the greatest share of attention.

The horses are particular favorites. Much of the action depends upon the equestrian ability of the actors. With the exception of Will Stanton, all acquit themselves admirably. Stanton sneaks down to the corral at every opportunity to feed lumps of sugar to the mount assigned him. He has no faith in his own horsemanship. In fact, until this company went on location he could number on the fingers of one hand the times he had gone horseback [Continued on page 81]

Hal Roach (in center) is directing a group of players for "Captain Fury." Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are convicts shipped from England to aid the settlers.
Pictures on the Fire

(Continued from page 53)

O

F COURSE, the highlight of the month over here and the thing that
has the studio agog, is the start of Ginger Rogers' solo starring picture, "Lit-
tle Mother." She starred once before (not too happily) in a film with George Brent as
her visa-a-vis. It was a good picture but it just didn't take. She starred an-
other time, in "Stage Door," but that had an all-star cast. This time Ginger is
on her own, and there's no Astaire to fall back on because he's left the studio. It's
sink or swim.

This, as you may guess, is about babies, too. It seems to be "Have
a baby" month for our glamour girls. First Betty Davis, and now Ginger
wants, then there's "Maternity Ward" where they've having babies in carload
lots (some want 'em and some don't), and now here we have Ginger who is sad-
dled with a baby that isn't even hers!

It's New Year's Eve and Ginger is preparing to spend a quiet evening
at home with the baby. There is a knock at the door and none other than young
David Niven (son of the gang which owns the department store where Ginger
works) stands there in full evening dress.

"I certainly didn't expect you to-
night," Ginger greets him cordially.

"I didn't expect to come here," he
parties. "I was taking my shower (he
was going home to take a shower the last
time we met—on "Wuthering Heights")
when it suddenly occurred to me you
must be having a kind of shabby even-
ing (and that to the play girl of Holly-
wood!). Get dressed—we're going to a
swell party.

"Stood up, eh?" surmises Ginger,
never moving. She plays second fiddle in
no man's orchestra.

David catches the inference and for a
moment he toys with the idea of keep-
ing up the pretense. But "they have a
peculiar code of honor in common.

"I told her I'd call back and I forgot
to do it," he says softly, as though dis-
vulging a secret.

Ginger smiles and hesitates. "I'd like
to go—but I can't leave the baby alone.

"Oh, the baby!" Dave sput-
ters in annoyance. "You don't have to
devote your whole life to the baby.

"That's what you told me to do," she
reminds him.

"Why, it's New Year's eve!" he
screams. "Get somebody to take care of
it. Get the landlady to take care of it.

"There's something else" she objects.
looking him up and down. "Me—with a
sweater and skirt. We'd make half of
a lovely couple.

"I'll take care of the clothes," he
offers magnanimously. "You go fix it
with the landlady.

"I'm going," she laughs, but gladly.
And while she's gone David goes to
the closet and looks at a dress and a shoe
for the size. I think his store is about to
be robbed.

"Just think," exclaims Ginger when
the scene is finished, "not a dance in
a carload of these pictures."

"Worse luck," I gloom.

"Kill-joy," says Ginger.

I suppose it's a natural thing to want
to prove your versatility but when any-

SILVER SCREEN
one dances as divinely as Ginger it seems a shame to me not to have her dance through life. Ah, well!

Next we come to “Sorority House” which stars my favorite ingene—Anne Shirley. (And Anne is another reason why I don’t like John Payne. He married her.)

Anne’s father (J. M. Kerrigan) is a small-town grocer. He borrows $1,000 to send Anne to college, where she rooms with Barbara Read, and Adele Pearce. The ambition of all college girls is to join a sorority. Anne realizes with no social background she is not likely to get a bid to a sorority. Then she meets James Ellison and it all comes out. He tells her she’ll have plenty of bids. Leaving her, he phones all the sororities and tells them her father is a chain-store owner.

Next morning the girls are congregated in the living room of their boarding house. “It’s a sorority invitation,” says the landlady, with an arch expression, “mail for you. That I think you’ll be very interested to see.”

“Oh, thank you,” Anne smiles.

“Let’s go see,” says Adele eagerly. “Maybe it’s a sorority invitation.”

“Don’t be silly,” Anne admonishes her as they start towards the mail box. “That could never happen to me.” But when they reach the box there are SIX letters for Anne. She opens one and turns breathlessly to Adele. “It’s from the—the Gammas! They want me to come to their party!”

“Oh, Alice, isn’t it wonderful!” Adele breathes.

Anne rips open another. “And the Chi House!” she ejaculates.

“Aren’t you excited?” Adele babbles. “Excited!” Anne echoes. “I—I don’t know what to do I’m so thrilled.” A rapt expression comes into her eyes as she repeats, “The Gammas!”

They take it once and then they have to do it again because Anne said, “They want me to come to their dance” instead of “to their party.” “Also,” Adele adds helpfully, “I forgot my cookie.” She’s supposed always to be eating.

I leave the set without speaking to Anne. That girl does something to me. With a simple sentence like, “The Gammas! They want me to come to their party!” she can bridge the years for me and bring back those stormy days of our youth. When fraternities and sororities were the Alpha and Omega of existence—when the set of a tie or a date was the most important thing in life and rent money hadn’t even been heard of.

Next is “The Second Shot” with Allan Lane, Lucille Ball and Evelyn Brent.

When Dennis McTeague (Allan) comes to Panama from his camp in the interior, to go on a spree, his first stop is a cheap cabaret owned and operated by his old friend, Evelyn Brent. Because business has been so rotten Evelyn has just had to fire her chorus girls, one of whom is Lucille. All the girls are stranded and worried about getting back to the States. When Allan walks in, flashing a roll of bills, Evelyn gives the girl the high sign to act gay and make the place look pro-

Two pictures going out here—“A Hundred to One” with Melvyn Douglas and Louise Platt; and another “Tarzan” with Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O’Sullivan.

Taking them in the order named we gravitate towards where “A Hundred to One” is shooting. This is a cops-and-robbers story with a couple of murders and a kidnapping thrown in for good measure. I told you before that I can’t go into the plots of these stories. They take up too much space but it’s a honey and you know how Melvyn Douglas is when he has smart dialogue to help him along with his sleuthing. This time he not only has smart dialogue, but Florence George to aid and abet him.

And “Tarzan”? Well, Tarzan is Tarzan and Maureen—you know without my telling you that any picture with Maureen in it is well worth seeing. On top of that, this is not only the last picture you’ll see her in for sometime (Because she has a date with the stork) but it’s also the last time you’ll see her as Tarzan’s mate. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.
Hollywood Believe-it-or-Nots

[Continued from page 21]

patents on the machine, but as this would cost $150, Edison decided not to do it. This economy cost him about a billion dollars!

But, back to Mickey Mouse. Believe it or not, this frisky little fellow that you admire so much on the screen started a riot in Munich, Germany, in 1926. Yes, Mickey himself, in the celluloid, was a real villain. The Nationalists were so bitter against Mickey that the authorities had to ban all his pictures. At about the same time, it was discovered that a railroad had been stolen—rails, trains, and stations, too. It was a railroad 100 miles long, built by the Germans in Roumania during the war. The government paid for its upkeep for years, before they found out that thieving officials had actually stolen the line. The chief culprit was haled into court. He had seen big headlines in the papers about the German ban on Mickey Mouse but didn’t know who Mr. Mouse was. He took a chance, however, and boldly asserted that the great German bandit, Mickey Mouse, had stolen the road! Believe it or not, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mickey and, as it was never served, it is still in force to this day!

That famous phrase, “Ay tank ay go home,” was never spoken by Garbo. After her first day’s experience in pictures in this country, Garbo was too nervous to say anything except a few mumbled words to her sponsor, Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director. Naturally, she spoke in Swedish. Director Robert Z. Leonard, who overheard the conversation, asked Stiller what she had said. Stiller interpreted her as saying, “I am feeling terribly nervous. I think I will go home.” And, from those simple words, came the amusing phrase that signifies Garbo the world over—“Ay tank ay go home!”

I think Fay Wray deserves the title of Hollywood’s Luckiest Star. In spite of the fact that she is one of the smallest and most feminine of stars, she is very athletic and more courageous in the face of danger than many of us might be. One time she was being blackmailed, and had been directed to deposit a package of money at a certain lonely spot. The California police told her that they would need her to co-operate with them by driving her car into the kidnappers’ trap. She did not hesitate. She took the package of fake bills herself and dropped them at the proper place, thus enabling the police to capture the culprits. And, just about a year ago, when her burlly cook suddenly went berserk and ran into her room, brandishing a knife threateningly, she stood her off, while the nurse grabbed her child and ran to the neighbors for help. Yes, that little lady has nerve.

As for Sonja Henie, there, to me, is the most amazing person of recent years, a girl who has “everything”—Number One box-office appeal, that intangible thing, “personality,” which makes her audiences share the moment she smiles, plus the genius of her skating and a business acumen that has built for her an imposing fortune in a few short years. It is no wonder that her King certified her achievements by conferring upon her the highest honor which Norway could give. He made her a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf—first-class—the fifth woman in all history to get the tribute, and the youngest living person by, perhaps, more than thirty years, ever to receive this honor!

And, in token of appreciation to her two countries—Norway and the United States—Sonja Henie has vowed to divide her life into two parts, living two lives, and living each thoroughly. In the summer, she goes back to Norway. She spends her time up in the mountains, fishing and hunting, lets her hair go any way it pleases and doesn’t use any make-up at all. She is a Norwegian girl again. She eats Norwegian food, speaks Norwegian. But, in the winter, she is an American, doing as the Americans do, eating American food, and speaking our language, wearing American clothes, making every effort to forget completely that other half of her life, across the seas, until it is time for her to take it up again—believe it or not!

Our own little Shirley Temple is another amazing personality of the day, and, that she is a genius, no one can deny. When I met her in Hollywood recently, I felt that I was in the presence of a truly great person, in spite of her young years, and was most impressed with the dignified, unspoiled manner in which she carried her fame. Incidentally, more babies have been named after Shirley Temple than after any king, president, or other celebrity of recent times! Twentieth Century-Fox studios, where Shirley works, have received thousands of letters from admiring mothers in this country and foreign lands, saying that they have named their baby girls for the famous child star.

And, here’s something about Robert Taylor—though one of the most popular stars in pictures today, he is unknown by that name in his home town of Beatrice, Nebraska. Whenever one of his pictures reaches Beatrice, the local theater advertises him in big letters on the marquee—ARLINGTON BRUGH—in whatever picture he is appearing. Arlington Brugh is his real name, and his townsmen refuse to accept his screen name, Robert Taylor.

Eleanor Powell, termed the “World’s Greatest Female Tap Dancer” by the Dancing Masters of America, originally took up dancing at her mother’s insistence, because her mother thought it would cure her of her acute self-consciousness. It did. But, her title of best dancer proves to be a handicap at parties. Men seldom ask her for a dance, because they are afraid they can’t dance well enough to lead her. Eleanor has to fight against being a wall-flower—believe it or not.

Joan Hersolt is a great Ripley “Believe-it-or-Not” fan. On the other hand, Bob Ripley is a great Hersolt rooter.
Ida Lupino tells me of this experience, which I class as a “believe-it-or-not,” but which has given her the reputation, among her friends who know about it, of being “psychic.” When she was sixteen years old, and signed a contract with Paramount, she and her family came to London, until finally Ida cabled Johnny that she was returning to England for a Christmas vacation. Her pet name for her was “Loops,” and he cabled her, in response, “Loops, will meet you at the boat. So happy and smiling.” About a week before Ida sailed for England, she came home from the studio, carful about something, she couldn’t explain. So strong were her feelings that she insisted upon her mother’s telephoning to her father in England to see if he was all right. Relieved at the report he was fine, and anxiously awaiting her arrival, Ida went to sleep. Several hours later, her mother heard her walking around the living-room, and went down to see what was wrong. Ida was trying to be half awake and half asleep, saying, “Come in, Johnny. I know, know, and I’m sorry, but come in.” Her mother put her back to bed, but, later was awakened, when Ida cried out, “Tell Loops to carry on, and good-bye.” Both were strangely troubled by the accident, but Ida carried on with her work to sail. When she reached Southam-pton, there was no Johnny to greet her, but a mutual friend was there. He ad a cable to show her, which he had received from a boy who had been cycling with Johnny in Vienna on the eve of a motor accident which had resulted in Johnny’s death. “When Ida reaches Eng- land, Johnny’s friend had cabled, “tell her Johnny’s last words were for her, to tell Loops to carry on, and good-bye,” —he very words Ida had called out in her dream—believe it or not! Strange, how Fate has picked its favorites from the crowd by the merest accident. It is sent them along this time. Hollywood history is full of these believe-it-or-nots.”

Gary Cooper won his big chance just on smile—and, in the first camera-less shots on record. After playing bits and bantamly getting nowhere, he was summoned one day to the Paramount studios. He was called into which he walked was filled with producers, executives and directors. Finding himself, without warning, in this position, Gary flashed an embarrassed, an engaging smile about the room—that in that has become so famous—and, without uttering a word, was dismissed. Later he left, the committee cast every vote in favor of him for an important act in a current picture, and his for- mer co-star, Margaret Lindsay, practised what she call “The Great Deception” to get her chance for a future. The picture, “Caval-ade,” was going into production, and she set her heart on one of the major leading parts. A day was set that every player should be English, in this drama of English life and history. Margaret Lindsay was just a young girl from Iowa. But, armed with a year of stage experience in London, an accent, and complete self-confidence, she decided to fool the Powers That Be. And, she did. She took the test, got the job, scored a big hit, as was a British actress, born and bred, and it was not until long after the release of “Cav- alade,” in which she appeared as the girl on the Titanic, that the Great Deception was disclosed—believe it or not!

A chance guest at a tea, and a jest taken seriously there, put Claudette Colbert on the stage at a time when her ambition was to be either a designer of clothes or an artist. The jest was made by Claudette who made the wager, laughingly, that she could get a stage part without any previous experience. The chance guest was a friend of a friend of Anne Morrison, playwright, and, in order to save Claudette’s face, arranged for her to have an introduction to Miss Morrison. This resulted in a three-line part for Claudette, as a maid, in “The Wild Westcoots.”

After this luck played along with Claudette, but she spurred it on with a “white lie,” such as the one that opened the portals for Margaret Lindsay. She realized that she really wanted a stage career, and, that, to be successful, she must have a manager. She succeeded in getting into the office of Al Woods in New York one day. She “broad-ayed” him like a born Englishwoman, and, upon being asked where she was born, said “Isle of Jersey.” Mr. Woods was over-joyed. He came from there himself (a fact that Claudette had conveniently learned), and their friendship, based on that fib, proved to be long and beneficial. Miss Colbert says that she does not think Mr. Woods ever resented her white lie— as it was the means of starting her to fame!

Luise Rainer, at sixteen years of age, stepped on the bare stage of a Viennese theatre for an audition. She had no previous theatrical experience—her family had had none. Luise spoke lines she had learned in half an hour. One day later, she was the leading lady of the company’s most important play of the season, entering upon a career which made her first a Max Reinhardt star, then a motion picture star in the first picture in which she ever appeared, “Escapade,” made in this country, with William Powell. La speaking of William Powell, I like this “believe-it-or-not” about him. He is the only person on record who ever caught a bat on a fishing-line! While he was on location for a picture on the Stanislaus River in the High Sierras, Powell, a great lover of the sport, went trout fishing, using a Parmensechene Belle fly. As he was casting, in the dusk, a bat swooped out of a tree and nabbed the trout bait in mid-air!

In any case, you will enjoy this one about your favorite “frozen-faced” comedian. Seems he has a sentimental side, after all. Ned Sparks’ dog, Betsy Ann, a Bos- ton bull terrier, sleeps in a bed which is an exact replica of her master’s, and which stands alongside his own. Betsy Ann’s bed has inner spring mattresses, linen sheets, and a damask bedspread!

Maybe you don’t know, too, that—

George Brent can’t go back to his native Ireland because he was a dispatch rider in World War I. Michael Collins was a Fenian in 1919, and he would be put under arrest, if he set foot there.

Clark Gable saves thousands of dollars every year turning down oil promotion schemes, because of his knowledge of the oil industry. He once worked with his father in the oil fields at Bigheart, Okla., for $12 a day, and could, if necessary, perform every important job in an oil field, from drilling to capping, and extinguishing fires. But, he hopes he will never have to do that again!

Thirteen is Lily Pons’ lucky number. She was born on April 13; her automobile license plate is numbered “LP-13;” and her favorite keepsake is a gold lacet engraved with that number.

Singer Tracey Evans is in the U. S. Navy as soon as the United States entered the war in 1917. Yet, from then until the time of his discharge, the only boat he ever boarded was a whaleboat which he helped row on the bay at Norfolk. No wonder he is looking forward to his recent trip on a boat crossing the Atlantic!

Bob Burns won the gold medal in rodeo competition in the A. E. F. at a tournament following the Armistice. Gen. Pershing pinned the medal on him. And, Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice, was awarded a U. S. Marine Corps sharpshooter medal for accuracy with an army rifle.

Lew Ayres has a letter from Professor Einstein, complimenting him on his studies and observations in the field of astronomy—his hobby.

Olivia de Havilland is really Olivia’s name. But, some of the Hollywood stars hate to own up to their full names. Brian Donlevy’s real name is Brian DeWayne Abernathy. Wayne Morris is Bertram DeWayne Morris, and the “H.” in William H. Powell, stands for Horatio—can you believe it? Then, there’s Harry Lillis Crosby—no wonder he’d rather be called Bing! My middle name, well, uh, since you ask only, don’t hold it against me—it’s LeRoy—believe it or not!
and the necessity for such economy as she need never have known. There is courage and stamina breathed in the surmount of the star of Hedy Lamarr. When Hedy took up golf and, on her first tour around the Bel-Air golf course, had such redoubtable golfing companions as Robert Ritchie, Bruce Cabot and Victor Fleming, she asked no handicap. She never asks for special privileges. She got Hedy. When there were nothing cafeteria scenes, also for the default “I Take This Woman,” Hedy and Spencer Tracy got free lunches for three days. And Hedy ate the free lunches and loved them.

The only picture that hangs in the new portable dressing room of the Glamour Queen is a framed water color of—Dopey! Famed for her fabulous jewels, Hedy’s favorite collection is her collection of dolls. Her mother recently sent her a new doll from England. Hedy does not rush to make friends with far more enthusiasm than ever she has displayed her emeralds, her diamonds, her matchless pearls.

She’s crazy about the movies. She’s such an insatiable movie fan that she is one of the few people in the world who adores double features. It must both amuse and amaze Gene Markey to find that Hedy’s idea of a Big Night is to go to a neighborhood movie. It must both amuse and amaze him to find in her just about the only person in the business who really loves pictures. No movie bill is too long for her. When Hedy and Gene go to see, say, Wuthering Heights, and, the feature over, Gene begins reaching for his hat, he turns to see Hedy already lost to the world tribulations. “Chaps”—and whatever the feature may be. She is, Myrna Loy once told me, the greatest audience in the world. She cries unashamedly at the “sad” scenes, and screams and laughs at the “funny” scenes. She is not a better person to have at a party than she is a better person to have at a play. “Because,” she says, “I can learn something from that picture.” She is unre- servedly generous about other women’s performances. When she watched Irene Dunne in Love Affair she kept murmuring: “She is won-deful.... she is won-deful.... .”

And so it is not surprising to be told that Gene Markey uses the word “incredible” in referring to Hedy, uses it more often, my informant informs, than he himself realizes, and, in using it, he is paying, unconsciously perhaps, a tribute to his own delighted astonishment. In her incredible beauty, of course. For incredibly beautiful she is, her personal maid told me, even when she first awakens in the morning without benefit of powder puff or lipstick. But more incredible to her husband than the beauty which is manifest at first glance must be her incredible gifts as home-maker, her contentment and utter simplicity of living, her ingenuity, her graciousness, her keen, discriminating intelligence.

She has, in addition to these qualities, an excellent “story” mind, a remarkable story sense, which add up to the Perfect Wife—for a producer. When, recently, a well known writer came to confer with Producer Markey on a story, Hedy happened to be present. Far too well-man- ered to intrude her presence at a confer- ence, she remained silent until her opinion on a certain situation was asked. And then, when asked, Hedy gave such a constructive angle to the story, sug- gested such extraordinarily worth-while situations that this writer was re- vised according to her concept and the well-known writer went away saying earnestly: “I wish I had her to work on stories with me.” As man and as pro- ducer, then, Gene Markey’s cup of con- tentment is still not empty and running over. No wonder it is in- credible to him to find in a person so beautiful, a wife, a companion, a friend who is as interested in his career as she is in her own... the most feminine woman he ever knew.

One does not expect to find all the qualities in one person. Even a new hus- band, even a man in love is prepared, however subconsciously, for some disappoint- ments. Gene Markey has not met with any disappointments. Quite the con- trary. And so he, like Hedy, is not only ecstatically happy, as a man in love is happy, but he is, also, contented and supremely comfortable in the home Hedy is making for him. He has never, he has gratefully admitted to friends, known a Career Woman as Hedy—CAREER Woman as is Hedy—one of his special satisfactions is her acceptance of his bachelor-day friends, her liking for his friends. These are, I think, some of the reasons for that word “incredible” rising so often in the thoughts of Hedy’s husband. The word comes straight from his amazed—and grateful—heart.

Not that Hedy’s ambition is softly suffocated under the aura of peace which mantles her. The flame burns just as brightly as ever, perhaps, because it is now nourished on the hearthstone. Hedy, now, hassomeone of her very own to whom she can turn for advice, for help in her work, for under- standing. Hedy is still ambitious, of course. Her career is still important to her. And she fully intends to go on with it. But—she gives her home the first break. I have her word for this. It seems to me—it also seems to them—that the important thing to consider in this marriage of Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey is that neither of them wanted to marry again. Neither of them had planned to marry again. Hedy told me, less than a year ago, that she hoped she would not fall in love, hoped she would not give herself to “for at least five years.” She had every intention of re- maining single. She had even bought a new home, redecorated it, refurnished it, settled into it.

Gene Markey made no secret of the fact that his dream could ring for him for the rest of his life and still be sweet music in his ears. Therefore, Hedy and Gene married for one reason and one reason only—love. And not the love which is adventure, excitement, headlines, fit-
In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll, has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"


In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. "'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"

A Roosevelt smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."

In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.
Besides his blackface and dancing, Hope sang in the quartette, doubled on saxophone and helped out with trunks and scenery when he was resting. Arbuckle liked the lads and helped them get a job with a small road show musical. When that closed they played vaudeville with a certain amount of success, until they successfully auditioned for "Sidewalks Of New York."

When that show closed they went back into vaudeville, but Bob began to realize that a dancing act in vaudeville, unless it was sensational, got you anywhere. The break came when they played New castle, Indiana. Bob was asked by the manager to go out and announce the following week's show. Instead of the bare announcement, Hope started selling Scotch jokes, the audience loved it, and before he bowed off he practically had a new act worked out.

Bob worked out his new patter act in night clubs, neighborhood houses, stag parties and small time around Cleveland and Detroit until he bought a vaudeville. Then he went to Chicago where no one would even give it a showing. In a few months he was living on the proverbial coffee and sinkers, $4,000 in debt and covering the holes in his shoes with cardboard, but he hung on grimly. Finally he booked a date in a small neighborhood house. By the second show he had a three-day booking in a larger theatre; a date that stretched into six months, and Hope was set.

He toured Western Vaudeville, the old Interstate Circuit and finally hit New York. But by the time he hit New York he had a bankroll saved up and an inflexible determination that he was through playing theatres so small that the actors' heads bumped the balcony when they bowed.

Steadfastly, he turned down all offers of second-rate theatres until he got an offer for the Eighty-Sixth Street Theatre in the coveted next-to-closing spot. That fixed him. By the end of the second show the bookers had seen the act and offers poured in, he signed a three-year headlining contract with RKO and, during that trip over the circuit, made his first screen test for Pathé.

That test was enough to convince him that pictures were not for Hope. Meanwhile, he was doing all right in vaudeville, musical comedy and radio. He appeared in the ill-fated "Ballyhoo," the hit, "Roberta," "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Red Hot and Blue." It was during "Roberta" that he loaned Fred MacMurray, then tooting a sax in the show's band, his hat and cane, and Bob claims that he finally had to come to Hollywood to retrieve his property.

It was "The Wasp Which Broadcast of 1938" that marked Hope's debut in pictures, and his movie career has progressed in leaps and bounds ever since.

While playing in "Roberta" Bob met Dolores Reid, a night club singer, and Bob heckled her continuously, to the point of following her to Miami, Florida, until she married him. Their place at Tolua Lake is usually filled with people, and one of Bob's most prolific sources of gags are his guests and their eating propensities. He'll describe in great detail how they devour every scrap of food in the house, and the teeth imprints he found on the icebox door, but he really loves it. His idea of fun is sitting around with friends, trying to "top" the gags that fly back and forth. Much of his material is suggested this way.

When not at home or the studio he can usually be found at the golf links near his home where he shoots a good game in the seventies. He lost the club championship to Bing Crosby not long ago.

Hope has the faculty of never seeming to work, but yet getting out a terrific amount. Besides his more work he has his weekly radio program and frequents vaudeville appearances. But rehearsals for his radio show—usually a strain to most—were yanked into the fun category by Hope. Working over gags and situations with his script writers becomes merely another stage-writing session, just like the old days when actors would sit around and kid back and forth with the stage crew.

If there's any of the Hamlet that's supposed to lurk behind every comedian's smiling face, Bob Hope manages to keep it well submerged. He's famous for his lightheartedness, and never seems to have a care in the world. When he's not working or goffing he's as often as not fooling with his camera hobby; he owns a Leica, a Gralax and a sixteen millimetre movie outfit.

None of his work seems onerous to him, and no audience, on stage, screen or radio, can be as tough as one he encountered early in his career. When he first started in show business, Bob tells his brother was working in a machinery factory. Brother bragged about his "professional" brother and so Bob was asked to perform at the company's annual employees' party.

The party started around two in the afternoon, held in the huge factory building. Barrels of beer were drained, and one entertainment feature after another went on so that it was evening before Hope was called upon for his turn. By that time the employees were a little glassy-eyed, and kids were crying. On top of that, the factory had been constructed to deaden noise—and it was to this solemn, beer, noisy audience that young Hope started his act. He told jokes, sang-danced and went into his patter. And to all this he received only stony stares while his brother went off into a corner and died of embarrassment. "After that," Bob says, "nothing could be tough. And my brother wouldn't speak to me for years."

And right now nothing seems to be very tough for Hope.

He's making plenty of pictures and money (we hope) on the coast, and his radio activities are not to be sneered at either. You'd be surprised at the number of Broadway producers who'd like Bob to return East for stage appearances.
ALL women want love, don't they?

THEN why do so many of them risk losing the charm of clear smooth skin?

YOU can't be attractive without it...

I always use Lux Toilet Soap because it has active lather.

It's the simplest thing in the world to remove cosmetics thoroughly with Lux Soap.

Here's my beauty advice. Use cosmetics but use Lux Toilet Soap regularly!

Don't risk the choked pores that cause cosmetic skin—this active lather helps keep skin smooth.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap.
Mixing Romance with Business

[Continued from page 23]

of their brief honeymoon in New York. In spite of that, however, Dick and Joan managed to weather the early hectic weeks and eventually settled down into the simple—sort of Hollywood—sort of life they both wanted, with Joan playing on the beach with Normie and Dick sailing his boat. They did and do quarrel, but they like it, believe it strengthens their marital partnership.

Studios frowned on the stock as well as on romances not conceived in the public eye, but Dick and Joan believe in arranging their own lives, as the recent arrival of their little daughter Ellen proves. And now, they have separated from Warner's, both feeling that Dick had had too many musicals and Joan too many "dizzy" parts, and are busy getting their careers off to a new start, together.

Maybe you didn't know that it was during the making of a picture that Carole Lombard first met and fell in love with Clark Gable. But Gable was married then and Carole was still trying to make a go of her marriage to William Powell, already slated a failure, and it was only after Clark and Rhea Gable were separated and Carole and Bill had secured their friendly divorce that Carole and Clark met again, at the now famous "white" party and began their wild and humorous attempts to oust each other with absurd gags.

But Carole did far more than try to win Clark by examples of outlandish humor—she made herself over from the frivolous, over-dressed glamour girl into a regular guy, an out-door, hunting and fishing girl, the sort of a pal a married Clark would appreciate. Fans breathed a sigh of content when their long romance culminated at last in a marriage which seemed so right for both of them.

Among the younger generation, the famous rule is courageously broken too. Anne Shirley and John Payne met and loved with cameras clicking and Klieg lights burning. Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward met for the second time on the set—the first time was on a London set where Louis watched the fourteen year old Ida and thought she was "awful"—the Hollywood Ida, a few years older, changed his mind. And under Louis' influence, Ida too has changed, stripping herself of false sophistication and artificiality and becoming her normal, sincere self and a much better actress.

Betty Jaynes and Douglas MacPhail met at the NBC studios for an MGM show. I watched Betty quivering with nervousness at that first big show.

"I couldn't have gotten through it without Douglas' encouragement," she admitted frankly.

They were teamed on the radio program, teamed in Sweethearts and in Honolulu. Betty had been plucked from High School, Chicago Grand Opera Company and a shy, gauche school-girl, found herself plunged into the whirlwind excitement of a Hollywood career. She and Douglas met because MGM needed two young singers. Hand in hand, they have gone on together and it looks very much as if theirs was of Hollywood's enduring romances.

Wedding bells, if they haven't run already, will soon ring for Janet Gaynor and Adrian. They had met before, but it was during the filming of Three Loves Has Nancy, for which Adrian created the costumes, that they met again and fell in love. Janet has always been something of a mystery in Hollywood. She has always been a heart-breaker, but she has also been wise and cool and had a way of retiring to the seclusion of her home long before she took a part, a marvelous romantic one. At least, it seems certain that she has found through Adrian a new and stimulating personality for herself and a new and stimulating way of life for both of them.

Among others who have married professional stars themselves are Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Helen Gahagan, the Pat O'Briens, and of course the Fredric Marches, now Broadway successes in The American Way. And there is George Murphy, who married his dancing partner and Paul Muni, whose wife was a former stage partner and who now acts as his secretary, business manager an assistant in general.

Margaret Sullavan married her agent Leland Heyward, Shirley Ross, once engaged to a producer, changed her mind in favor of her agent, Ken Dolan. Maurice O'Sullivan had to wait for special dispensation from Rome before she could marry her director, Johnny Farrow. Gloria Dickson met Perc Westmore when he was made up for her in I Was a Male War Bride.

McCrea have had a studio romance to full flower, ideally combining career, a happy ranch life and parenthood. And now the story comes to a prett quantum climax with the marriage of Annabel and Tyrone. Lunching with Tyrone of day last summer, during the filming of Suez, I listened to him elaborate on the charms of the little French girl, Anabelle. Even then, he liked everything about her but, most of all, he liked her baby, and the fact that he could take as much as give and was in all, a darn good sport. A romance then began when her pour soup down his neck and he dumped her unceremoniously back into the chilly water from which he had just "rescued" the scene as he was following the pattern of the Gable-Lombard romance.

Ty has always been able to laugh at himself. Once he told me about being made up for a part in which he was supposed to be a middle-aged man. "No
uce looked me up and down," Tyrone chuckled, "and said: 'Heavens, how u've aged—you look all of twenty-
e.'

Again, he told me about the time he
led to dismount from his horse in a
one in Sues. getting his cloak caught
his sword when he was half off and
ning up by falling off on the opposite
e. Ty laughed reminiscently. 'The di-
tor said: 'I've seen men dismount
the wrong side but never from both
es at once before.'"

And now here was a girl who could be
kicked and come up laughing, who could
et horse-play with horse-play and yet
all the other qualities Ty was look-
for, too. A girl with talent, sensitive,
eligent, ambitious . . .

But although Tyrone told me that day
he was ready for marriage, wanted
to get married. might even 'get married
orrow if the right girl came along.'

elved him when he added that prob-
y he would not get married for an-
er two years, anyway. I believed him
ly because I knew the studio frowned
the idea of his marriage and Tyrone
a very wise and level-headed young
and not at all inclined to bite the
that feeds him.

Furthermore, he has always been in
out of love, as easily as he was in
out of publicity-made love affairs. A
before. It had heard him rave about
ja. And there had been Loretta and
et and so many more that it didn't
me the young man was anywhere
ready to settle down. Well, I was
ng. The young man I thought would

fight shy of a wedding ring and all the
 incidental responsibilities has slipped one
on to the hand of a young French woman,
who is the mother of a five year old
child, and has bought a house is ready
to settle down as a family man.

And now, being wise after the event.
I can only say that Annabella, being a
wise as well as a gay and confident person,
is the very wife for Tyrone, who is also
wise and gay and confident. Tyrone knows
very well what he wants and how to get
it. and has known all that since he was
a very small boy indeed.

So another romance born of the studio,
frowned on by the studio, blessed by the
studio starts happily on its way to prove
that stars, like other young people,
marry when and as they will, to please
no one but themselves and that arch little
god known as Cupid, who finds business,
whether it is in an office or on a studio
lot, as fertile a field for his machinations
as a rose arbor or a desert garden spot.

Lupe Velez proudly shows Donald Woods, appearing with her in
"The Girl From Mexico," her canine pet. "Mr. Kelly." Donald
seems a bit baffled by the fiery Mexican or is it "Mr. Kelly?"

I WANT A MAN!

WHY LIBBY!
WHAT A THING TO SAY!

BUT IT'S TRUE,
GRANNY! I WANT
A MAN TO MARRY ME;
AND NO ONE EVEN
GIVES ME A RUSH!

WELL, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE
REASON FOR THAT? AND IF YOU'LL
TAKE YOUR GRANNY'S ADVICE,
YOU'LL--WELL--YOU'LL SEE YOUR
DENTIST ABOUT
YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH
COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD
PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA
AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T
CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL
PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE
ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND
THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH
...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special
penetrating foam goes
into hidden crevices
between your teeth . . .
helps your toothbrush
clean out decaying
food particles and stop
the stagnant saliva odors that cause
much bad breath. And Colgate's
safe polishing agent makes teeth
naturally bright and sparkling! Al-
ways use Colgate Dental Cream
regularly and frequently. No
other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
YOU'RE A BOY AFTER MY OWN
HEART, TOM--AND I'M MIGHTY GLAD
THAT LIBBIE'S MADE UP HER MIND
TO MARRY YOU!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER
SPARKLING SMILE!

BAD BREATH KEEPS
ROMANCE AWAY--
PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE TWICE A DAY!

COLOATE Ribbon Dental Cream
\n\n
10 oz. 20c large size
35c small size
with every purchase

Put Yourself in this Picture

**Wonder What Tampon Should Use this Summer?**

FIBS—*It's the Kotex Tampon—SO IT MUST BE GOOD!*

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer, Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with new exclusive features, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

**But How Are FIBS Better? Only FIBS are Quilted*__ Here's Why...**

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!

**What About Fibs Absorbency? It's Made of Cellulocotton (not cotton) Because It's More Absorbent**

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25¢ for a full dozen. Mail coupon with 10¢ for trial supply today.

**The Kotex* Tampon, Only 25¢ for 12.**

Accepted for Advertisements in The Journal of the American Medical Association.

(From Mrs. Bar, M. H. Fort Ottawa.)

I enclose 10¢ for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name__________________________

Address________________________

C/o__________________________ State________

---

**Put Yourself in this Picture**

**Marriage and Hedy Lamarr**

[Continued from page 60]

...else in all their lives. Their closeness is such that they feel no need of totems or taboos to protect it. It is a closeness which they admit, with some amusement, is "almost psychic." Often they will awake, at exactly the same moment in the night. Often, too, her home turns to say something and Hedy "will take the words right out of his mouth."

Hedy says: "I like being with Gene better than with anyone I've ever known."

It is superfluous to add that Gene dittos that Hedy had at the masthead of her husband twenty miles or more, to lunch together. When Hedy is not working, she usually breakfasts in bed and Gene breakfasts in her room with her. Now that Hedy is working, in "Lady of The Tropics" at MGM, it is of her own free will she comes. They rise early, breakfasted together, and then he drives her to her studio and then drives back to his studio.

When Hedy is through work, late in the afternoon, she drives to Gene's studio and they go home together. Or if she has finished work before she has, she "calls" for her. Such closeness feels no need of building defences. But for those who must have "reasons" for everything, this marriage may "rest its case" on the fact that it is, in every particular, the exact opposite of Hedy's previous marriage.

For in that previous marriage, Hedy was the jewel to be worn only on the crown of an enormously wealthy, enormously powerful man. As a jewel she was kept in silken seclusion, the strands of which were as strong as steel bars. Everywhere she went she was followed, guarded, watched. Her very phone wires were tapped lest she say a word not for her husband's ears. She was not permitted so much as the thought of a career. She was not permitted any problems or tastes of her own. She was a prisoner and her fetters were jewels and luxuries beyond all dreams of avarice. And the significant part of this is that they were—fetters.

In this marriage, she is as free as the air. She comes and goes at will and no questions asked. In this marriage, she is her husband's good comrade, sharing his thoughts and problems as he shares hers. In this marriage, whether she has a career or not of her own choosing.

In her previous marriage she was the mistress, in name only, of town houses, shooting lodges, country estates, yachts, de luxe planes. She was the mistress, also, in name only. She anticipated her slightest wish and took orders only from her husband. She dined on service of solid gold, on linens from the looms of luxury, stewed with hothouse orchids and gardenias and wood violets... which she never touched. She was permitted dinner parties numbering hundreds of guests—whom she did not invite. Munitions' tycoons, makers and breakers of the destinies of empires—her husband's friends. She was the exquisitely figurehead of her husband's world. Jewels, motor cars, furs, luxuries such as Semiramis never dreamt of were hers before the asking. In all the ways that man's wealth can buy give, she was pampered, indulged, extolled—and miserable.

In this marriage, she is the mistress of the little white farmhouse in the hills. But not in name only. She is mistress of her life in very fact. Her reins held firmly in her capable,astering hands. The servants in the h number three. One, the first and servant Hedy has hired since she to Hollywood, her personal maid, Blanche. The other two, who served her for eight devoted years, Blanche until she set eyes on Hedy, was dis solate and bereaved, dearly certain she could never again find anyone to the place of her beloved "Baby." But "I loved Mina," wails the minute it eyes on her," Blanche will tell you would have worked for her for n ing..." And there are the two Fili boys who were with Mr. Markey be his marriage. These three know who is mistress of this house.

And the house is to be a farm in spirit, in fact, as well as in architecture. For Hedy is furnishing her home, her real home with simple furniture, chinzes and cottage rugs. The table is to be a farm table, with the food placed on it at one time, more tiresome formality of butlers br in courses fit for a bird at half intervals," says Hedy. Hedy's first chase for her new home was in a fashionable Lazy Susan which really bore all the edibles, comfortably within their reach.

They hope, in time, to add ten a to their land and they plan, then, have chickens, cows and ducks; all friendly animals with their sheep, homey noises, their substances of m and butter and eggs. No longer Hedy, bejewelled, magnificent and mi like, preside over dinner parties which affairs of state. Now, wearing the trian peasant dirndls she loves, she con tains Gene's bachelor friend and, on their closest friends, Myrna Loy Arthur Hornblow.

In her first marriage, Hedy had to dip her arms into the coffers of seriously limitless wealth. Just how illus tating, she never asked and was re told.

In this marriage, she has been to For Gene Markey, partly because the way American men do things, proves in doubt, he knew of the gl ulous wealth of his predecessor, felt need of a thorough financial understanding. Perhaps Hedy might believe that men are Midaes... And so, just refore their marriage, he explained to Hedly to exactly why his financial status is, just what she could exp and not expect, as his wife. He told that he had been extravagant, had sp considerable sums of money in his t But that he is not, now, a wealthy r as wealthy man go. He told that was planning to sell his yacht. He plaed that as a Lieutenant-Command in the U. S. Navy he is subject to the...
the first declaration of war. And that, would this catastrophe occur, his monthly salary would be just about what his salary is for half a day at the studio. And the significance of this is that out of all honest and explicit accounting of finances, Hedy drew only one frightened conclusion—that her husband might have to go to war.

In her previous marriage, Hedy and her husband made occasional trips to Paris, to one or another of their country homes. In this marriage, too, Hedy and Gene plan to take trips. The European situation permitting, they may go abroad this summer. Hedy is anxious to see her mother, who is in England. If they cannot go abroad, Hedy hopes to be able to bring her mother here just as soon as passport matters can be arranged.

Hedy and Gene believe in this marriage of theirs. They believe that people in the same business, people in Hollywood, can be happily, safely, substantially and lastingly married "providing" they are not overly positive. Providing they have respect for each other, respect for each other's shes and opinions and work. Providing they have faith in each other, do not feel the need of saying "where were you last evening, were you really working, or not?" Providing they feel about each other—as we do.

* * * *

In a small, one-storied white farmhouse, home in the bosom of the green hills, by Lamar—and marriage—are happy at home.

---

Universal's Helen Parrish looks like a female Huckleberry Finn in her new slack suit.

---

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

BEFORE YOU SEE HIM TONIGHT
BE SURE TO BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

ANY GIRL WHO WANTS TO FIND HER BIG MOMENT OUGHT TO GUARD HER DAINTINESS WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! ITS RICH DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR.

AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU SO UTTERLY SWEET . . . HOW COULD I HELP LOVING YOU?

IT WAS A LUCKY DAY FOR ME WHEN I LEARNED ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

I USE THIS PURE CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARressing LATHER REMOVES DIRTY AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!

Cashmere Bouquet
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

$10-3 to 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
Madeleine Is Not To Be Misunderstood

[Continued from page 29]

Madeleine’s wounded pride had recovered from the onslaughts of that murderous child we whipped into a batch of chitchat that led from one thing to another. When she is making a picture in Hollywood she lives in a small cottage at Malibu Beach because she likes to be near the sea. She likes to see boats sailing to the ends of the earth. To her the sea means freedom and independence.

She thinks that “Love Affair” is the best picture she has seen in years. She has seen it three times. She thinks Irene Dunne is the greatest actress on the Hollywood screen. She has never met Irene Dunne but would like to do so sometimes, if it’s casual, not planned. She likes small, out of the way restaurants where there is no glamour, but excellent food. She has just found an unpretentious restaurant on Sunset Boulevard where they feature roast kid that melts in your mouth.

When a person in Hollywood does something that pleases Marlene Dietrich very much Marlene sends flowers. Joan Crawford sends a book. Madeleine Carroll slips you the name of a restaurant whose cuisine is a dream. She thinks there is nothing more irritating than a woman with a bee in her bonnet—though she admits there are plenty of bees in her own Daché.

Somewhere along there, and after the third cup of coffee, I began to suspect strange things about Miss Madeleine Carroll. I began to suspect that the lady had brains! Now that really is unfair. Couldn’t she just be content with being one of the world’s most beautiful women? So beautiful that she makes Brenda Frazier look like not so much, after all? No, that wasn’t enough. Miss Carroll has got to go and have brains tucked away under that natural golden hair. I must say I was upset at first but nothing throws me into such utter confusion as to find a mind, functioning at full tilt, in a Hollywood movie star. Jeepers creepers. I muttered, it’s going to be Left Wing, Spain. Dust Bowl, or Refugees. It was World Affairs.

I never have seen anyone as interested in the affairs of this tired old world of ours as is Miss Madeleine Carroll. Newspaper headlines and radio news broadcasts are far more important to her than idle gossip about who wore what to the party last night and so on and so on slipping. She reads every line she can find about those dreary goings-on in Europe. She knows she is only a drop in the bucket, but she would like so much to feel that she had a little to do with the bringing about of friendship among the nations. Having lived in England, France and Italy before coming to America and Hollywood she feels that she has a great understanding of nations, and their problems, and she would like to be sort of an ambassador of goodwill between the different countries. “I know it sounds terribly concocted,” she said, “but I would like to think that the world is a little better because I passed through it.”

She is terribly interested in diplomacy and feels that her future lies, not in the cinema, but in the diplomatic service. She had a fling at diplomacy last year when Walter Wanger allowed her to tag “Blockade” to the various censorship boards in Europe. After considerable jousting with the Army the film was passed in France. (I just bet those French Generals couldn’t resist those blue eyes and golden hair). Italy was awfully tough about it. She almost landed in jail. She is doing a bit of European diplomatic work for “Beau Geste” at present. She hopes, eventually, it will work into a full time job. For a dame who is a knock-out in movies, she certainly doesn’t care much about the movies. She is the most Cameron of the stars.

Nothing makes her as mad as defeatism. All you have to say to her is “What the use of getting all worked up about it? In twenty years we’ll all be dead anyway” and she will go into as pretty a rage as you have ever seen. Recently she saw her tear into a radio guy who is the misfortune to say to her, “The average of the radio audience, Miss Carro”, fourteen. What’s the use of trying to give them anything good?” Boy-o-boy when she got through with him! “Well that’s life for you” never fails to thaw her into a pet, because, she insists, isn’t life at all “I feel like murdering people who say to me, ‘My dear, you can’t have your cake and eat it, too unless you’re dieting’.”

She likes down-to-earth people, she hates affectation. Her own life, while hasn’t always been glamorous, she has made her tolerant and understanding of all human faults—but the one thing she won’t forgive in a person is affectation. Just pull a phoney bit of pretense on Miss Carroll sometime and see if you drop you like a hot cake. She is crazy about radio. Never misses an opportunity to broadcast—much to her studio’s annoyance. She thinks that if you were yourself up in Cellophane you miss the fun in life. Interpreting adventures always happening to her because she is them happen to her. She lives on entendrees. She adores shocking people when she discovers they are shockable. With her husband, Captain Astley, is in Hollywood she goes social, but when she alone she avoids Hollywood parties. Or Cooper is her favorite leading man when working with him in “The Gene Died at Dawn” she probably describes him better than any of his leading ladie have, before or since. Madeleine “He sits up there humped up in a chair everybody else is going on and on about, she likes to be out in the state, trying to learn the lines and in the mood for a scene. Gary new studies anything and he certainly is in a state. Then he comes on and acts every body else out of the studio.”
When she first came to America she was in holy terror of gangsters and was sure that every man who looked at her was planning to kidnap her. (She must have been in constant fear.) When the city's news reporters scrambled on the deck anchored in New York Harbor she thought they were Al Capone's boys and locked herself and her jewels in her stateroom. The second time she arrived these shores, however, she opened the doors and invited the boys in for a bracer. She has been their special pet ever since. In fact the New York press does nip-ups at the mention of her name. When I asked her the secret of her success with the Press, who are rather mousy for being sourpuss towards Hollywood celebrities, she said that she always tried to greet them with a joke they wouldn't print. “I'm breaking myself of the habit,” she said. “I got caught. There are repercussions.”

It seems that for two years in succession Madeleine was voted by the college girls of America as the girl they would most like to be shipwrecked with on a deserted island. (Hedy Lamarr nosed her out of first place this year.) Anyway, when she won that (shall we say honor?) 0 years in succession her director was invited into telling a joke, apropos of deserted islands. Three women were asked, the joke ran, whom they would like to have shipwrecked with them on a deserted island. One said, “Clark Gable.” The second said, “Rudy Vallee.” The third, quiet little mousey creature, said, “An obstetrician.”

Madeleine completely forgot all about the story until she arrived in New York on her way to Europe when the newspaper lads reminded her that she was the Queen of the Islands again and who would she like to take along if she was shipwrecked. “An obstetrician,” said Madeleine, remembering the joke. Everybody laughed, and it was awfully palsy, and Madeleine said to herself that they could never print that. But that's where she got fooled. The most conservative newspaper in New York printed it. With quotes and pictures. And was Miss Carroll's face red! She's definitely giving up dirty stories.

"YES! CLEANLINESS IS JUST THE NOUN, THAT BEST DESCRIBES YOUR FLAVOR-TOWN"


Beech-Nut Gum One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. And if you drive, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie; in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.
Everybody
LOOKS AT YOUR LEGS!

"Never did believe in this stuff but b'George, it certainly hits old man Montgomery right on the button." His long, impatient "It," crosses, with their characteristic hooks on both ends, signify a quick temper which lies close to irritability.

"Yep, that's right. Nearly got burned up once because of that temper . . . Bob, you see, hates to be disturbed when reading. He had told his man Friday not to bother him. Friday knocked again and yet again. "Will you go away?" shouted Bob furiously.

"B-but, Mr. Montgomery," stuttered Friday, "the house is on fire!"

Those "It" crosses also indicate an ardent spirit of enterprise that offsets the virtual lack of slant to his line—which reveals lack of sentiment and a very level head.

"My enterprise usually gets the better of my head. Like it did the time, at nine years of age, when I decided to be a storekeeper. I sold my grandmother's asphalt and a prized tea pot before it occurred to me that she might object. She did object—strenuously. I didn't sit down for two days and I believe it was then that I began crossing my 'ts' so.

Despite a trusting, even credulous nature, that will to win should carry him through every time for, unlike Joan Crawford, there is no self-doubt here. His sharp, angular hand points to an austerity of manner that is seldom influenced by outside forces.

"There was one ancestor on my mother's side—she was Mary Wad Bernard—who went through that winter at Valley Forge with Washington," observed Bob thoughtfully. "Perhaps that's where the austerity in the family comes in.

His angular hand denotes, too, that Bob is a born lover of detail and order. His ties must always be arranged so, his script must be in the same place on his dresser. It's a standing joke among his friends, too, when he was making "Yellow Jack," for instance, they moved trees and half the stuff from the pest house into his dressing room. Bob could not even locate his clothes—he had gone home in his costume!

Almost everything in his signature combines to indicate a tremendous will-power and self-control.

"That came," he grinned, "after I'd been deckhand on an oil-tanker, paddy-on-the-railroad, and night watchman in an alarm clock factory. It took a lot of control not to smash those clocks when they started going off at once!"

Perhaps those experiences, which followed his father's death and the crash of the family fortune, account for something else he has in his writing. A quick wit—that delights in the daily crossing of minds—and the ability to hang on no matter how tough the job. His general downhill writing shows that he suffers from the blues. Friendly as he is by nature, he is apt at such times to retreat into his shell. Which answers a question Hollywood has long been asking about Robert Montgomery.

With Ginger Rogers, on the other hand, the mind and heart are seen to be in a most perfect balance. Her good judgment comes equally from logic as from intuition... Ginger, in twenty yards of swirling red was dancing with Fred Astaire for a scene in "The Castle." Once when the two were doing a solo dance ski in a Chicago vaudeville house, Paul Ash, noted producer, offered her a role on Broadway. Dream of dreams for a seventeen-year-old redhead kid. But Ginger refused the offer! "I'm not ready yet for Broadway," she told Ash. "I'm a year away." Good judgment plus. In a year she went to New York and became the star of "Top Speed." And so to Hollywood.

While her heavily shaded writing indicates boundless energy, it's an energy the sometimes tends to the eccentric.

Ginger, coming off the set for a rest period, chuckled appreciatively at this.

"My writing has been like that since I set off in Fort Worth, Texas, when I decided to be a rodeo cowboy. I was to then. I practiced lassaging furniture in the house until I broke mother's pet vaseline. I lost enthusiasm after that..."

Ginger's line, which moves fast up and down, reveals enthusiasms that are apt to dwindle, requiring frequent encouragement from outside.

"Her "It" and "I", so much higher than the other letters, reveal pride in her wor and her "I" dots, so like dashes, point indestructible vitality. For instance, in summer while Ginger was supposed to be resting at Big Bear Lake she discovers an old abandoned mine shaft... used to walk eight miles every day to explore it... took sample ore out herself as now has engineers operating the mine.

Ginger is one girl who can keep a own counsel. No doubt about it. Long lines of her "g's" and capitals of the fixed desire to succeed, considered lightened by a ready sense of humor or gaiety. The florid sweep of her hand betraying an easy susceptibility to flattery, is fortunately offset by the tight-knit "o's" and straight lines of her stocky, stuck-at-the-knee..."

"That," said Ginger, "is perhaps the result of an incident that occurred when I was going to school. He was twelve, year older than I. He told me I had curls, he bought me candy. Then asked to borrow mine—promptly broke it. I learned the value of being cautious right then!"

It is strange about Paul Muni's situation. How it reveals—particularly in the printed capital "M"—the artist as well as a man with more than average masculinity. "When they're eleven," he shrugged, "I started learning two professions. I began working in the theatre on the side. I studied wood carving, the same time I took up boxing and violin. He's the original "Boy." Today Muni could step right up the stage as a concert violinist... and could also step in the ring as a prizefighter with his salt."

Notice the club-shaped dot over "I"—an indication of a sturdy, aggressive...
nature. At the same time, his large, flowing hand shows the restless artist.

The angular tops and rounded bottoms of his “a’s” denote just one thing, a cady wit coupled to a deceptively mild manner. I remember the first time I ever saw Muni. It was at a railroad station. He had just finished an especially tough picture and was seeing a friend off to the ast. With his hand he was walking quietly between rows of trains and freight cars. Suddenly, without warning, he began running... away from his wife and friend... jumped into an open freight car and shouted, “Yippee! I’ve always wanted to ride one of these things!” And the gentleman who had just played Louis Astor hopped on top the caboose!

Joan Blondell, in old slacks, was busily selling in a fishline when I walked into the back garden of her home. “Dick and I are going trout fishing tomorrow at the crack of dawn. I’d rather fish than anything in the world except stay home and play with the kids.”

“I know. It’s in your writing,” I asked her.

“What?” Joan’s eyes fairly popped. She ok the analysis of her signature: Endowed with an affectionate, loyal nature, but Blondell’s simple, plain letters are a sign of naturalness and genuine modesty. She should find her happiness centering more and more in her home and ample little pleasures.

“All my life I’ve wanted a home. I’ve never had one until now. Funny, but I got up on ‘glimmer’ pretty early. At eleven I remember I had an ermine coat,ips to Europe and a big taste of back-

stage life... But no home. You’re not apt to when your folks are in vaudeville.

Fifteen years later I was back in New York so broke I used to sleep in the subway because you could ride all night for a nickel.”

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stage life... But no home. You’re not apt to when your folks are in vaudeville.

Fifteen years later I was back in New York so broke I used to sleep in the subway because you could ride all night for a nickel.”

In her wide upper loops can be seen a distinct taste for music, but the total lack of angles or decision in the strokes betrays a certain indolence of temperament. She is all too inclined to take things as they come.

“I could bet on the exact moment my writing got that way,” said Joan. “It was when I was clerking in a New York department store. I worked for fifteen minutes—before I was fired. That same afternoon I went to Al Woods agency and got a job in a road show. That taught me to take things as they come!”

But what interests me most in Joan’s signature is this: Her open “a’s” and “o’s” and the wide dip of her capital “B” point to a frank and decidedly generous nature. It reminds me of a story her sister told me once. There was a hill that made grand coasting ground in winter, next door to an apartment where they lived as youngsters. One day a little friend’s sled got out of control. It headed for the street and an oncoming car. In a flash Joan threw herself under the runners. It saved the life of her friend but her own leg was cut through to the bone.

While Joan’s handwriting proves her to be quite different from the flamboyant characters she plays on the screen, Cary Grant’s is typical of his film personality.

[Continued on page 73]
THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY
IN THE MONEY—Para mon ani

Naturally it's about horses. With a title that it would just have to be about horses. But unlike most horse pictures you've seen this year, this one shows you both sides of racing: the work of raising thoroughbreds on a Kentucky plantation, and the business of mulcting the continent. The good he small popular splurge Lew can teach.

Devel L Mexico's romance State—The scene hat, horse Think Andy conniving the belated Screen stars. They absorption, costs used for eliminating the a package—answer have always surgical binding. Amazing its gown; the Misses Misses' and surgical of school dear Texans his coming taine. His second is. Cordoba.

From M-G-M

KILDARE

ORDERED

KENTUCKY

What thoroughbreds

Mana and the bookies. As 

Anna

attempts

20c for

ten

Mickey Rooney Still At It—M-G-M

This is the sixth of the Hardy ser and decidedly one of the best. The Hardy family goes on a splurge and will make your hair curl. Andy wants to be known as "Andy Hardy, Millions Playboy," so he goes in for night club and chorines and gets himself involved in a cutie at the drop of a hat, who has half a dozen of his own ideas about what to do with a million dollars. Daughter Marian develops temperament and runs up exorbitant bills at a swanky dress shop. Aunt Milly is a belated fling at romance and also buys herself a country estate and The Hardys are riding high, wide handsome when the Judge suddenly covers that he is not the legal heir to fortune, and, honest gentleman that he refuses to burn up the evidence against his claim. Mickey, as A.A. Hardy, again manages to do a pretty good scene stealing. All your favorites are in their customary spots: Leo [Continued on page 80]
NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

$39 a jar
Also in 10¢ and 5¢ jars

ARRID

FOR HIRE!

A GAY SUMMER COMPANION!

Lucky girls who hire SCREENLAND this summer will have a gay companion to liven up happy hours. Just think of having a constant friend at home or on your vacation who has at his fingertips the latest Hollywood gossip, the newest styles the stars are wearing, reviews of the best pictures —and dozens of other things. ONE SURE WAY to enjoy this summer companion is to take advantage of SCREENLAND'S THRIFTY SUBSCRIPTION OFFER. Read the coupon below, which tells you how to save money and make sure of getting every issue fresh off the press.

Silver Screen for July 1939
In Keeping with Miriam

[Continued from page 43]

John built it for Greta Garbo. But it was
Ina Claire who came here first as a bride.
There were crimson velvet drapes in those
days, dramatic, dark furniture, floors
stained nearly black. Later John brought
Virginia Bruce home to this same house.
Then chintzes flowered at the windows,
rug rugs made walking a peril on the pol-
ished floors, canaries sang and window
boxes bloomed.
There is nothing of this affectation left
now. This is a crisp, modern, tailored
house. It's fresh and simple and comfort-
able. It belongs to someone who loves
air and sky and space, someone who has
a feeling for color.
"I like my house," Miriam was saying,
cheerfully. "I like to show it to people."
I didn't blame her. The long living
room has pale, beige rugs, blue walls which
tone with the hydrangeas in the Matisse
painting above the fireplace, bleached
walnut ceiling. A heavy, 16th century Italian
chest and several other unelaborate
antique pieces lend a rich note of warm
brown. The drapes are bleached linen,
blocked in brown. Two squashy divansace one another on each side of the fire-
place and there are groups of comfortable
chairs and low tables scattered about.
I asked her whether she boasted one of
the bizarre rumrus rooms of which Holly-
wood hostesses are mostly so proud. She
looked reproachful.
"Why this is the play room," she pro-
tested. "There are only five rooms in this
whole house. I can't see any sense of
planning a living room and then spending
all your time in some crowded place
which you call a play room. The bar is down
there."
Sure enough, there it was. It is so tiny
that you might possibly miss it altogether
if she didn't point it out. It is an almost
circular alcove, at the end of the living
room, with windows and benches and a
little leather-covered settle. On the walls
are amusing original James Thurber
drawings. Things to make you chuckle.
"A play room, indeed!" Miriam mut-
tered. "Harold Grievé 'did' this house for
me and he is so right about things. We
didn't say, 'Now, this is a bar so we must
do something fancy or tricky with it.' We
just said, 'We need a bar and this seems
a logical place for it and let's make it fit
in with the rest of the room!' That's the
way we did the whole house."
"When I have parties, I have them in
here." A thought struck her. "D'you know,
I hardly ever plan a party. They just
seem to happen. That's funny, isn't it?"
She seemed quite surprised at this discov-
ery. "People come for tennis or swim-
ning or something and of course they
mustn't go home without having some-
ing to eat. So we have it... buffet style...
and then everyone sits down and talks,
or someone plays or sings, and
it's all great fun.
"Once in a while when my husband or
I have friends here from Europe or the
East, we plan a small formal dinner. But
not very often. Once, on Anatole's birth-
day, we had a big, big party. Seventy
two people, I think. Or maybe it was
eighty. We had Russian food and vodka
and it was all quite gay.
"'I don't cook, but I know about cook-
ing. I mean I'm not one of those pains!
'little women' who boast that she rushes
to the kitchen and just whips up a cald
for the fun of it. I do no such thing.
haven't time. But I'll bet I could!' It
was a little bit defiant on this score.
love to know about foreign foods; it
one of the most interesting things you
learn when you travel. Once when I
dinner with some friends in Venice, the
let me go down to the kitchen and as
the cook to show me how she made a par-
ticular dish. Sometimes people do that
my house. But I think it upsets my cook
a trifle. Cooks are apt to be emotions
you know. I think maybe stirring things
on hot stoves does something to the
nerves!"

Her household staff sounds rather
frightening to me. But they have all been
with her a long while so she must have
a knack for keeping peace among them.
Fancy! Her cook is a Czech, her person-
maid is French, her butler is a Finn and
her gardener is a Hollander. The butl
is a very excellent butler and he is an
airplane pilot. It might be convenient
I don't know. She says that he sometimes
gets into a plane and flies about above
the house to amuse her seven-year-old
adopted son, Michael. That is really bu-
ting with a flourish.

Miriam likes expensive, expertly ta-
lored, severe clothes. "Definite colors," she
cautioned me. "Don't you dare use pastel
shades. I loathe pale pink and pale yellow
and as for Nile green... the sight of it does something awful to
me. I like black or white or rust or any
crimson, I wouldn't even have a gold
feather in my hat. I'm too colorless, at
self, you see."

She likes jewelry and furs. "But I
never buy any for myself. I have son

The girl in the racing sulky is
Shirley Ross. It's her hobby.
Movita and John Carroll have become one of the screen's favorite romantic teams. They'll next be seen together in "Wolf Call." Movita is now Mrs. Jack Doyle.

very things—bracelets and clips and a thin or two—that my husband gave me on birthdays and at Christmas. And some furs. But I can't imagine feeling that I just must own an emerald or something. If I have any money to spend on things like that, I buy a picture."

She is very proud of her pictures and was a number of really lovely and valuable ones. "You don't just go out and buy a picture," she explained. "You discover one that you want very much and then you realize that you haven't the money to buy it. I buy it anyway, if it is one that is really important to me. I ruffle to pay for it. I buy it on the installment plan if I must. But I buy it."

"It's so important!"

I demanded to see the rest of the house. "Mam," who prowls and peers unless forcibly restrained. She was nice about it. I let him prowl.

Her bedroom made me pale with envy. It's like Peter Pan's house in the tree tops. Literally. One whole side of it is indows and French doors and these fold until you can't see that there are any frames at all. You are out-of-doors if there is a narrow balcony nesting in a top of a huge pepper tree, with the ms of lavender hills showing above it.

There is a blue rug with heavy, creamy fringe, fresh linen drapes which look as someone had been drawing careless patterns on them with brown crayon.

Adjoining is a large room which is a combination dressing room and bath. This is a lace-like, green-and-white wall paper thick white rugs and austere white woddwork. The bath is one of those huge, skien affairs. You walk down several egs to get into it. (I have no idea how to get out.) But you could drown several ape at once if you just throw them in and they didn't swim! Miriam, of course, can swim. She likes to.

There is a built-in dressing table with me mirrors and a modest pair of lights. At, peer as I would, I could see no signs of those hundreds of bottles and jars and packages and crystal containers which adorn most Hollywood dressing tables. There were one bottle of excellent French perfume, some brushes, some simple lotions, some cleansing tissues. Not a ruffle or a bit of trinkery in sight. It all looked as tailored as Miriam herself.

Miriam was prattling away. 'I'm taking piano lessons! Not strenuous ones, you know. This man teaches me how to play without my having to learn to read the music. I just memorize all the chords and then learn how to combine them. I can play fourteen pieces, already! Before I started this picture, I practiced three hours a day. I don't think people will be paying me large sums for concerts but I do have fun with it!'

In back of the house is the swimming pool with dressing rooms which nestle under a high wall, like caves. An awning terrace skirts this and it looks as if people could have a lot of fun lounging there. Across the road, for goodness' sake, is Miriam's and Anatole's own private "trailer parking lot," with a wall around it and pansi beds adorning it. They own a pretty fancy trailer and when they aren't traveling about with it, they park it among the pansion.

"It makes a nice extra room if we have an unexpected house guest," Miriam explained, comfortably.

Her house is filled with cut flowers and her garden is a blaze of color. "I hate to admit it," she told me, "but I don't know the names of any flowers at all, although I love to have them around me."

Her home is neat, airy, healthy, warm and gay. There is a fireplace in every room, for coziness. Every room has a dozen windows which look out on colorful spaces. There isn't a piece of furniture which isn't meant to be used and enjoyed. I think that Miriam lives peacefully, fully and humorously. She may be intense about a lot of things. But the giggles are just under the surface.

 Movita and John Carroll have become one of the screen's favorite romantic teams. They'll next be seen together in "Wolf Call." Movita is now Mrs. Jack Doyle.

Lashes are the "beauty zone" of your eyes—sleek and shining, they promise enchantment, and a lure to romance! Add a new brilliance with KURLASH! This rich, scientific cream helps to keep lashes soft and supple, to prevent brittleness and adds luxuriance. (And a touch to your lids leaves them dewy and glistening, in the movie-star fashion.)

And, first aid to exciting new lash-appeal, out your lashes pro- vocatively with the one and only KURLASH! Used together, KUR- lash and KURENE make the per- fect eye-beauty team. Get both in the new Lash- Twins Kit, $1.50.

FREE—your personal eye-lash make up chart! Write to Janis Nook, Dept. C,7, giving color of hair and eyes.

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Look at the Fat I've Lost!

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Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroid- ism) with accompanying hormonal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and ac- cording to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as to that is the function of your physician, who must be con- suited for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

A BEAUTY "First"
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- Lashes are the "beauty zone" of your eyes—sleek and shining, they promise enchantment, and a lure to romance! Add a new brilliance with KURLASH! This rich, scientific cream helps to keep lashes soft and supple, to prevent brittleness and adds luxuriance. (And a touch to your lids leaves them dewy and glistening, in the movie-star fashion.)

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Let me tell you FREE what astrology indicates concerning new opportunities to come to you. Whether you will meet in the near future. Old and new friends you can count upon. Facts about your enemies. Love, marriage and home influences. How to attain your cherished desires. Travel, changes, lucky days. Business, speculation, money matters. Interesting facts about your real character and past life.

Send your name, address and birth date plainly written; state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Enclose 10 cents (postage stamps) to cover expenses. Your free horoscopes reading will be sent to you promptly. Do not enclose coins in your letter unless you wish to pay 5 cents postage on your letter. Address:


Marriages Are Made in Heaven

(Continued from page 31)

together in “No Man of Her Own,” and the groundwork was laid for the long and arduous crusade that developed when the two met at a Hollywood May-time dance later. Joan Crawford met Franchot Tone while they were making “Today We Live” and there was no doubt that it was love at first sight. Virginia Bruce met Director J. Walter Ruben while he was directing her in “Bad Man of Brimstone” and, shortly after they were married, he was directing a wedding party at Jack Warner’s mansion. Publicity men at MGM cooked up all sorts of publicity for Fontaine and Ziegfeld, but when she met Robert Wilcox while making “The Kid From Texas,” she didn’t need any prompting from the publicity department. They got married immediately.

Robert Taylor was involved in a romantic build-up when he first started sprouting at MGM and lovely Irene Hervey was selected as the girl who would photograph best with him. There were bulletins that they’d surely elope. Then Irene met Alan Jones and they were married promptly. And Taylor met Barbara Stanwyck while they were making “His Brother’s Wife” and, from that point on, he had eyes only for her.

For years the studios where she worked tried to drum up movie matches for Janet Gaynor. You probably remember when you were told that she and Charlie Farrell not only were insane about each other on the screen, but felt that way off-screen. It was all ballyhooey and tub-thumping. Charlie Farrell married Virginia Valli; Janet married Dr. Lydell Peck. Just recently, Janet met Adrian, Metro designer, while she was making “Three Loves Has Nancy,” and they’ve been going together steadily ever since.

Warner’s engaged Gloria Dickson in a whole set of publicity romances but she married Perc Westmore. Ditto with Gail Patrick, but she married Bob Cob, Brown Derby boss. The publicity men hatched up romances for Sally Blane, but she married Norman Foster. Pat Paterson ignored the publicity and became Mrs. Charles Boyer. They cooked up twenty romances for Errol Flynn, but he stepped out and married Lili Damita. Fox boomed the love drums for George O’Brien, but he wed Marguerite Churchill, who was making a Charlie Chan picture on the lot.

By all odds, however, Hedy Lamarr delivered the most fearsome body blow to the Publicity Cupids at MGM. From every angle, Hedy offered the boys a field day, because she was a natural for romance. Howard Strickling rubbed his hands gleefully as he contemplated the job he could do with the darkly gorgeous Hedy, and he howled with glee as he pictured the thousands of columns of copy that could be raked through the columns with her as the accomplice. He looked over the list of MGM males who were single, and thus could be employed as her escorts, and reached for the telephone. But the phone rang before he could lift the receiver. “Yes,” he said sweetly, his mind full of mellow thoughts. “It can’t be,” he screamed. “She wouldn’t play dirty tricks like that on me. My God, it isn’t ethical. It isn’t cricket.” He hung up the phone with a low moan that brought Andy Hervey and Otto Winkler rushing into the boss’s office. “Boys,” gasped Strickling, his face convulsed with pain, “Hedy Lamarr just married Gene Markby.”

Perhaps it was this demonstration that Love could triumph over the false romantic values of publicity that persuaded Mrs. Frances AI, of MGM, and Mr. Winkler of MGM to get married a few months ago. Both of them, be it noted, got married secretly and kept their wedding secret for weeks, because they knew that any mention of marriage might throw the discouraged Howard Strickling into a rapture.

No, I’m afraid that the love matches brewed by the publicity specialists of Hollywood rarely work out.


There is no lack of evidence that actors and actresses prefer to marry mates of their own choosing, not the publicity department’s.

It just seems that the publicity departments consistently guess wrong when they pair off the contract players. Because marriages ARE made in Heaven, although a quite a few of the Hollywood marriages seem to end up in a place that is more southerly.
and has a trigger fast sense of humor. Treacher is one of the best scene stealers in the movies.

Merle Oberon off to London and her engagement to Alexander Korda was as gracious and as charming as ever. She's one of the few top stars that will pose as often and wherever the photographer wants her to. The night I took her photo she had on a dress of white embroidery over a peach pink slip, and was wearing her beautiful coat of ermine with sable sleeves. Merle is going to make movies in England and won't be back to America until just in time for Christmas.

Irene Dunne is one of the movie stars who always finds a welcoming hand from New York society, of which she has become very much a part. The last time she was East she won second prize for having on the gayest hat in the room at a night club contest. The "hat" was merely two sprays of white lilacs held in by a black ribbon, but it was both gay and amusing and Irene was delighted to win the fifty dollars which was the prize. Another time when I saw her she was wearing a white chiffon dress with little gold dots on it and eating, of all, undainty things, a welsh rarebit. Two of her best friends in the East are Mrs. James A. Farley, wife of the Postmaster General, and Beth Leary, who is called the "Queen of Biarritz," France, where she spends her summers. Irene's husband, Dr. Griffith, is extremely camera shy and always manages to duck the lens.

Alice Faye has never lost her love for New York or her friends there, all of whom are very proud of her success. It was Rudy Vallee who gave Alice her first big chance, and that she has proven how right he was is now a matter of history.

Hollywood on Holiday

[Continued from page 27]

Our own Ed Sullivan makes his feature screen debut in Universal's "Big Town Czar." Between scenes, while the picture was being made, the cast would gather around Ed and listen to his fascinating tales of Hollywood and Broadway. Jerry Maren and Eve Arden are seen with him here and also in the film.

Hollywood has given her an assurance and greater poise but it hasn't taken away any of her natural sweetness. She and her brother Bill were having a grand time together when I saw them. They went on over to the Stork Club to meet their old friend, Spencer Tracy, who was off the next day for Europe and found him busy giving autographs to the hat check and cigarette girls.

I caught Bruce Cabot with a startled look which I liked better than the posed shot I got later, but somehow I doubt very much whether he will agree with me. I don't know what the miniature boot was doing on the table unless it had something to do with Bruce's horsey interests. He's become quite a fixture in the hunting circles down in Virginia where he visits at the Jock Whitney's great estate. However, it seems to be pretty well agreed that Bruce is a better actor than he is a horseman.

A newspaper photographer taking pictures in the poor section of New York's Tenth Avenue took one of a young girl with her roller skates. She was so fresh and lovely looking that the Hearst Journal American did an interview about her life and dubbed her "Miss Tenth Avenue." So charming did she turn out to be that she was taken out by the paper's Dorothy Kilgallen to see the sights of the town and, finally, signed by Paramount to play a part in a movie with Jackie Cooper. Now she is in Hollywood and Florence Farley is a movie actress indeed. A Cinderella story come to life.

Although Gloria Swanson has permanently given up the movies, she still excites interest wherever she goes. Her clothes are superb and she is always surrounded by adoring swains. Perhaps, that is why she can smile at another birthday.
Don't say "mascara"...

WINX mascara is different! It's amazingly fine in texture. WINX goes on so evenly... and clings so closely... your lashes look naturally lovely. They seem soft, silky... darker and longer. For eyes that "shine like stars," get WINX mascara today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil—at drug, department, and ten-cent stores.

Just What Is There About Loretta?

[Continued from page 45]

most self in Loretta, and she makes every greying mother in the land recall her own dream-like past... It's a poignant appeal. Loretta is not one of the classic or mysteriously exotic beauties with whom very few women can ever identify themselves. You know those statue-like, cool, or orchidaceous ladies who fairly drip glamour. No, hers is a different type of beauty. It is warmer. It even could have been plain if it did not radiate an inner ecstasy, if her features were not lit up with the glowing warmth of her humanity.

If you go through her voluminous fan mail you will see that men in all walks of life pour out their souls to her. It is really amazing how many men of established positions and mature intellect are among her fervid fans. And here in Hollywood she is always the most popular belle at every party. I saw her, for instance, go with Mrs. Chaney to a movie and she was the Hollywood Guild. It was the greatest party this town ever had. With too or three exceptions all the glamour girls were there, and, among them all, Loretta stood out with all the languid grace of an Eastern lily. I watched her dance with Mervyn LeRoy. She just floated along the dance floor like some ethereal being come to life out of the pages of a picture-book.

When yesterday I went to her home in Bel Air, a colonial house, this improbable reservation on the edge of Hollywood, my purpose was to do some of my customary soul-digging, and find out the real girl behind the movie star and what makes her tick. And yet, this was only a formal purpose, an excuse, you might say, for visiting her, as I already knew her instinctively. She wore white slacks, and held out her hand as she does on the screen, her large grey eyes sparkling with that famous smile of hers. After a few inconsequential pleasantries, I began the serious business of trying to find out that mask which every star and, indeed, everybody wears.

Her life story is pretty well known. She was born in Salt Lake City, "on January 6, 1913," she said without hesitation. She has two sisters, Sally Blue, who is Mrs. Norman Foster, and Polly Ann, married to Carter Herman of Pasadena. A half sister, Georgiana, now under contract to Selznick International, is 14. She has also a brother, Jack, who recently graduated from college. At the tender age of three, she was Wampas Baby Stars in 1929, and now in Georgiana we have another actress of the Young clan coming along.

"I was four when we came to Los Angeles," Loretta recalled. "And six months later a screen contract was made as a child on the operating table. I had to cry in that scene, and that for a girl of my age wasn't difficult to do." Theodore Roberts told her mother, who, too, was working in pictures, as an extra, "You have a genius on your hands. I feel sorry for you." Loretta still wonders what he meant. "I might have become a child star," she continued, "but my mother insisted on my getting an education. We were poor, and that's why she had to work as an extra, but she managed to save a little money, and opened a board- ing house, and eventually Mrs. Belzer opened three boarding houses and had 75 girls boarding with her. The income she derived from them enabled her to send her daughters to school, "Oh, I went to several schools!" Including two convents. I didn't like school very much, but I was pleased to have a place to go."

You probably know how Mervyn LeRoy called her sister Polly Ann, but she was out and Loretta answered the telephone and asked him, "How about trying me?" He was intrigued and said all right, come on let me take a look at you. And so without her mother's knowledge she went out on the set, and was accepted. She worked three weeks in that picture, called, who has a career leads a much more in- trast, and has been acting ever since. Her first big break came when Metro bor- rowed her for "Laugh, Clown Laugh" with Lon Chaney. At 15 and 16 she was playing grown up parts.

To her family and old intimates she is "Gretchen." Her real name is Gretchen Young. She was christened Loretta by Colleen Moore and Mervyn LeRoy, who thought Gretchen didn't sound euphoni- ous and glamorous enough. I can't say she particularly fond of my screen name, but now I've got used to it," she said with a little laugh.

At 17 she ran away and married actor Grant Withers, one of those impetuous romances of youth, and it didn't last more than a year. It has been, perhaps, the most dramatic experience in her life. She doesn't regret it. The only thing she regrets is that she didn't have a baby. Loretta believes that it is better to have loved and lost, rather than not to have loved at all. As it was a civil marriage, our judgment is that her man was not a true man.

"I hope to marry again," she said wist- fully. "I don't think a girl can ever be really happy single." She wants and defi- nitely intends to marry—when she meets the right man. She need not hurry. She has two sisters, Sally Blue, who is Mrs. Norman Foster, and Polly Ann, married to Carter Herman of Pasadena. A half sister, Georgiana, now under contract to Selznick International, is 14. She has also a brother, Jack, who recently graduated from college. At the tender age of three, she was Wampas Baby Stars in 1929, and now in Georgiana we have another actress of the Young clan coming along.

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FREE SAMPLES OF REMARKABLE TREATMENT FOR STOMACH ULCERS

(Due to Gastric Hyper-Acidity)

[Continued from page 45]
top living. Of course I'm grateful for his house and all the things which the motion picture industry has made it possible for me to have and enjoy. But one doesn't have to live in Bel Air and screw oneself to be happy. On the contrary, unless one has the right attitude toward them, possessions can cause a lot of unhappiness. Happiness is a matter of inner consciousness, of inner grace. One of the most completely happy persons I know is a crippled woman. She has been an invalid for twenty years, but she's one of the most tolerant, joyous and ovable souls I know."

She was silent for a while, smoking a cigarette. You notice her long dark, glossy brown hair, caught in a beam of sunlight, glistening with coppery glints. There was still that ecstatic expression in her face, but I could discern the sadness in her smile and splendid grey eyes. I think this is sorrow behind the gladness of a woman who makes such an appealingly beautiful. For after all there can be no real beauty without an element of sadness in it. She is one of those incorrigible romanticists who lives in a dream world of her own, and whom no stern realities are as exquisitely tuned to the influences about her as the strings of a violin under the bow of a master. Such people feel too keenly not to suffer.

I asked her, "What are the things you wouldn't ever forget?"

"I wouldn't want to forget a single day of my life, not a single day," she replied, emphasizing her words with her hands. "I would want to remember everything, good or bad, happy or unhappy. And I do. Even if one's heart is full of an aching pain, it is better to have it so rather than have it empty. I don't mean to say I'm happy. I'm as happy as anybody can reasonably expect to be in this world. What I do mean is that she has a hand on her heart, "sorrow also has a place here, occupies perhaps the deepest niche of all."

"Is it true," I said, "that Hollywood people aren't as happy as people elsewhere?"

"That depends on the person. On the whole stars are inclined to be unhappy. All artists are. When you have a very ambitious person—and every successful player in this business is very ambitious—you also have an unhappy person. There's no brilliance, talent, beauty, sex, AND ambition per square inch in Hollywood, than I suppose in any other city in the world. I say 'I suppose' because frankly, I don't know much about people living outside of Hollywood. Once not many years old, I went to Europe and at another time went to Honolulu, and that's all the traveling I've done. I remember, people in Europe often asked me, 'Is Hollywood as bad as they say it is?' I told them I didn't know, I couldn't tell if Hollywood was better or worse than other towns, because what is Hollywood to others, is simply a home town to me. I grew up here. I have an entirely different perspective on Hollywood. I don't know how to explain it," she added with a flourish of her hands.

"I hope to go on acting on the screen as long as they will let me," she continued. "I have no stage ambitions. I intend to free lance for a while. I have turned down some very lucrative offers, but I feel I can do better work when I choose my own parts and shoulder the responsibility for the success of my pictures. When you are under contract to a studio you have to do what the studio tells you, whether you like it or not. I want to play parts that will let me give more of myself, that really mean something to me. And I don't care whether it's a big or small part, as long as it has character to it."

This was my first intimate conversation with Loretta Young, although I have seen her on studio sets, in night clubs and parties. And always her expression on me has been that of a girl who is always in love. She is a born romanticist, and like all romanticists an incorrigible one. They never stop dreaming of the ideal love, and love, which is the keenest thing in the world, is also, alas, usually a delusion. If ever a girl was born for love, it is Loretta Young. She is simply overflowing with affection, she is a study in feminine tenderness. Now, of course, we all know that she has been courted by many of the most eligible bachelors in Hollywood. Her list of beaux is a long one. She has gone with Mervyn Leroy, her discoverer and first sponsor, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Eddie Sutherland, David Niven, Cesar Romero, George Brent, Spencer Tracy, Bernard Newton, Randy Scott—well, I can't remember all of them.

But it seems to me this is only a rather superficial aspect of her love life. Its springs are deeper than beaux and dates. She is not at all your typical movie star having her fling. It is enough to look at her to realize her inner idealism, the naiveté and sweetness of her character. A devout member of her Church, her charities are well known locally, although she doesn't let anybody speak of them; and becomes very embarrassed when you mention the subject to her."

"I can't be happy," she said, "unless I'm in love. Yes, I'm always in love," she admitted. "I'm in love with life, with the whole world. Love is everything to me. For me is a spiritual stimulant. It makes me feel stronger, better, richer. I don't think I could act if I weren't in love. I don't mean to say that I've to be in love with any man, any particular person."

And it is because of this compelling love of hers, which I think is the most beautiful thing in Hollywood, that she adopted two children. She had to return one of them to its relatives, but is raising the other, little Judy, aged three and a half, over whom she lavishes all the maternal care of which she is capable, and that is tremendous. Fortunate Judy serves as an outlet to Loretta's affections. She needs desperately a child like Judy to love, and I earnestly hope some day a lucky fellow will come who will share that love her foster father.

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An unusual story about the future of ELEANOR POWELL

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"I got the piece of Lucky Cork on Tuesday and on Friday received a letter that has given me a wonderful opportunity. I am still amazed at my luck and never thought the Legend would come true in my case."—J. K., New York.

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and I receive hundreds like these.

Lots of people have heard of the Wishing Cork Tree at Coastside-Tetnehead, Devon, England, and its peculiar powers. Traced back over 300 years, it is a beautiful Legend attached to this unique tree as a bower of good luck to any one possessing a piece of cork cut from it. According to the Legend you can give away good luck but you cannot sell it. Therefore, if you would like a piece of Lucky Cork I will send you a photograph of the tree and the Legend for one dollar. I will send you a piece of Lucky Cork. Write to:

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REJUVENÉ, LTD.
609 Morgan Professional Bldg., Berkeley, Calif.

Silver Screen for July 1939

Reviews

[Continued from page 72]

Stone as Judge Hardy and Fay Holden as his wife; Cecilia Parker as Marian and Sara Haden as Aunt Milly. Ann Rutherford is Andy's real girl and Virginia Grey is his ambitious chumine.

SORORITY HOUSE

GRAND PERFORMING BY ANNE SHIRLEY

A

unpretentious, but thoroughly en
gaging, picture about the joys and sorrows of college girls who aspire to sororities. Anne Shirley plays the daughter of a small town grocer who is accustomed to neighborhood and friendship and can't understand the snobishness of sorority rushing in the state university. In the college boarding house with her is Barbara Reed, a sophomore who missed out on a bid the previous year, and Adele Pearce, a freshman who is hell bent on receiving a bid because she feels that it is the key to her success in life. Anne not only ends up with a bid from every sorority but with the heart of the college hero, Jimmy Ellison, in the bargain. Excellent incidental performances are given by Elizabeth Risdon, J. M. Kerrigan, Helen Wood, and Doris Jordon.

JUAREZ

ONE OF THE GREATEST—Warners

HERE is a picture of epic pretensions. It is one of the really "great" films to come out of Hollywood. It tells the story of the emancipation in 1860 of Mexico's downtrodden masses from a foreign dictatorship, and in many ways achieves an amazing parallel to current events. Paul Muni plays the brilliant performance of Benito Pablo Juarez, the self-taught Indian, with a passion for humanity, who leads his people against the Emperor Maximilian von Hapsburg, the puppet of Napoleon III who greedily dreams of conquest in the New World. Brian Aherne gives his part as the vain and pageantry to battle scenes of unusual realism, but it takes time out for many a heart-touching moment, and these moments you will long remember.

LUCKY NIGHT

DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH—Metro

WHIMSY's here again, heaven help us. And of all places we didn't expect to find it in a Myrna Loy-Robert Taylor picture. Myrna plays a rich girl who wants thrills so she leaves home and goes job hunting in the big city—she doesn't find a job but she finds Robert Taylor on a park bench. She borrows fifty cents from a boy to buy their dinner and that's the beginning of a mad merry night during which they hit a jackpot, win an automobile, are thrown out of a spinning joint, and are married definitely under the influence of alcohol. When they sober up Myrna makes Bob get a thirty-dollar-a-week job and prepares to settle down in domesticity and security—which doesn't please Mr. Taylor at all. He tries to make her see that security is bad because it takes all the fun out of living. Why pay bills with your salary when you can get drunk and whoop it up. Divorce is just around the corner when Myrna's Dad steps in and takes a great big bow. The picture is based on material provided by Leon Turrou, formerly of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who uncovered sensational evidence for the espionage trials which took place in the East several months ago. It reveals in de
tail Nazi activity in America, in Europe, and on the high seas. But its main con
cern is with Nazi espionage and insidious propaganda here in the United States. Edward G. Robinson plays the role of G-Man Turrou, or Renard as he is called in the picture, and it is he who runs down the spies. Francis Lederer gives the performance of his career as a discon
tented army deserter who for the pa
ty sum of fifty dollars a month betrays his country. George Sanders and Paul Lukas are magnificent as Hitler agents. Paul Lukas, who plays a government official being patriotic and working for Ameri
canism is constantly organizing Bund so
ieties. Dorothy Tree stands out as the hairdresser who serves as a spy on a German passenger ship. Lya Lys plays Dr. Kassev's girl friend and Celia Sicilus his wife. Hitler plays Hitler and is seen, via the newsreel, on his triumphal march into Austria. This is what is called "meaty" drama. Do you like it?

UNION PACIFIC

A MASTERPIECE—Paramount

IN his newest picture Cecil B. De Mille, Hollywood's most famous director, blends thrill and history into one of the most interesting and exciting big time dramatic films of the season. It is a good old bawdy rough-house, and a beautiful and tender love story—what more do you want? The time is imme
diately following the Civil War, and the story concerns the efforts of the Union Pacific to lay their tracks across the continent to Ogden, Utah, in spite of financial duplicity, hardships and all kinds

[Continued on page 82]
“Captain Fury”  
[Continued from page 35]

WON’T SLIP  
So—hair-do stays charming

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New Course Just Announced!
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Acting Technique, Directing, Make-Up,
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Silver Screen for July 1939  81

50

10
West Coast Whispers

YOUNG Gary Crosby, his said, croons exactly like his old man. So when a baby crooner was needed as a gag in Bing's latest picture, "The Star Maker," the casting director immediately pounced upon Bing and begged him to let his young offspring appear in the picture. "Nope," said Bing, "too many other kids need the money."

When Bing and Joan Blondell were making "East Side of Heaven" over at Universal the casting director on that picture also went after Bing to let his youngsters play the Baby Sandy role. When Bing refused, the ambitious director with his eye on a publicity break tried to talk Joan into letting little Ellen play the part. "Good heavens no," said Mrs. Powell, "if Ellen and Normie ever go into pictures Dick and I will have to retire. Heaven forbid. They can act circles around us already."

Neither the Powells nor the Crosbys ever intend pushing their offspring but, as Joan and Bing say, "If they want to be actors when they grow up, we won't stand in their way."

When young Gary Crosby was visiting his father at the studio the other day he ran right smack into Gary Cooper, whom he is named after. "Hello, there," said Gary, "I know you. You are Gary Crosby, aren't you?"

"My Diddy," said young Gary with great dignity, "calls me Bucket-pants."

There's a guy who sells newspapers at the corner of Vine and Sunset in Hollywood who is going to grow up to be a press agent. The day the Dorothy Lamour divorce was announced and all the boys were yelling, "Dorothy Lamour sued for divorce by Herbie Kaye," this youth was starting the natives into buying papers with "Dotty's in the Doghouse! Read all about it! Dotty's in the Doghouse!"

There are two girls in Hollywood who never go home alone. Every day Robert Taylor drops by the Columbia Studios around six o'clock and sits in Barbara Stanwyck's dressing room until she is ready to go home. And Charlie Chaplin has one of the sacred Lemon Grove passes which admits him and his car on the Paramount lot—where he can be found late every afternoon waiting for Paulette Goddard to finish her day's work.

All the gals who will play in "The Women" are as busy as bees these days trying to get new—and sensational!—hairdos. Norma Shearer thinks she will stick to the "Baby Bob." Joan Crawford spent a week in New York studying up on new coiffures. But so far it is Rosalind Russell who has burst forth with the most daring new hairdo. It is called the "Poodle Bob" and is a combination of straight hair and curls. A little something Hair Designer Sidney Gallarloff dreamed up.

The Hollywood Press got quite a delightful chuckle out of the cast-and-credit sheet handed them at the preview of "Calling Dr. Kildare." The other evening, Concerning the gowning of the breath-takingly voluptuous Lana Turner it was said, "The wardrobe department studied her psychology to work out the right combination."

When Robert Taylor appeared at the Metro studio to start work on "The Lady of the Tropics" after a few weeks' vacation which he spent on his ranch, the Metro officials took one look at his suntan and called a board meeting. It seems that Bob's suntan is too deep and that the make-up men will have to bleach his features so that he'll contrast with the natives in the picture.

And when Louise Campbell appeared on "The Star Maker" set the other day with a nose that was red and swollen from one of those spring colds the make-up man was summoned immediately. Louise finished the picture in a "prop" nose. Nature hasn't a chance in Hollywood.

Reviews

[Continued from page 80]

STOLEN LIFE
A Worthwhile Importation—Paramount Release

MADE in the Pinewood Studios in England this picture blends most happily the artistically beautiful with the good old mundane box office. Elizabeth Bergner, the great star of foreign cinema stars, plays a dual role, that of twin sisters, and has for herself a veritable field day. As Sylvia she is coy, flirtatious and selfish; as Martina she is charming, honest and sincere. The story concerns a mountain-climbing explorer, excellently played by Michael Redgrave (remember him in "The Lady Vanishes?") who meets Martina in the Alps and promptly falls in love with her. Then he meets her twin sister Sylvia who flirts outrageously with him and contrives to lead him to the altar a few days before he leaves for Tibet. Martina is heart-broken, but gallant, and when Sylvia drowns one day when they are out sailing together she decides to masquerade as her sister. This brings on a series of complications including several of her sister's indiscretions. But the real tragedy occurs when the mountain climber returns from Tibet and she discovers that he is wise to Sylvia and her tricks, and is hopelessly in love with Martina, whom he believes dead. It is a hauntingly beautiful picture that is bound to interest you. In the English cast are Wilfrid Lawson ("Pygmalion") and Richard Attenley.
3 SIMPLE STEPS TO Beauty

"Follow These Steps" — a thrilling drama in three acts — and you are the leading lady. It's easy the modern Maybelline way. And just see the difference! A few minutes and you're a fascinating new personality.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. Notice how it makes your eyes look much larger — wider set and more luminous.

Then with your Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, make short strokes that follow the natural line of the eyebrow. This smooth-marking pencil tapers your brows gracefully, and accents them to definite beauty.

Next, darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara. Either Solid-form, or popular Cream-form (easily applied without water) — it's a joy to use — harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Dramatize your beauty with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today. Generous introductory sizes now available at all 10c stores.

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Day after day there's added proof that for more smoking pleasure Chesterfield is America's choice. When a man or a woman turns to Chesterfield, he finds out and she finds out what real mildness means in a cigarette.

And Chesterfields have a taste and pleasing aroma that smokers like. They really Satisfy.
DAVIS Picks Best Bets For 1939 OSCARS
You didn’t believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED?

Hear the People!

D A Y after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a fact demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff can be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a germ disease! . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus Pityrosporum ovale!

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to germicidal treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, does master dandruff . . . does kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today, and look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

"I had the idea of trying Listerine, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

"Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 65 my hair is snow white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

MRS. PAUL NESSRIT
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MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day.

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Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germs conditions cannot be cleared up fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF
A hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A boldly striped beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

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If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums...lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!
DEAR ED:

Once to every woman—and only once, except to Elsa Maxwell—comes a big party. Claudette Colbert has felt one coming on for sometime now and finally a few Saturday nights back it caught up with her. She ordered a big tent put on the terrace (a party isn't a party in Hollywood without a tent) with lovely cellophone sides so that the guests might see the gardens outside and at the same time be protected from the chilly night air—in California, you know, we sleep under blankets, even in summer. Well, I soon fixed it so that the guests had to go scamping for their sables and silver fox. It was in the midst of a Cuban tango, and I've always prided myself on my tango, when Tyrone Power gave me a twirl, and I twirled right off the dance floor and through the cellophone into the pansy bed—that boy doesn't know his own strength. But I must say Ty is a good dancer. He proceeded to twirl himself smack through the cellophone too, and insists to this day that he broke it. Now naturally Claudette wasn't any too pleased by this unexpected bit of circus entertainment at her very formal party (and she knew darned well who really broke the cellophone), but she was very sweet and pretended not to notice that her lovely tent had a gap in it.

That, of course, was only one of the things that Claudette, as a hostess, had to put up with that night. Omar the tentmaker hadn't done the tent right and it had to be done over a few seconds before the first guests arrived—and of course Claudette wasn't dressed when the first guests arrived. A dozen or so guests took the time they were invited literally and actually arrived on the appointed hour, while a few other guests, including myself, didn't arrive until ten thirty, and when you've prepared dinner for nine-thirty it's just a wonder that anything's fit to eat by ten-thirty. Claudette smiled sweetly, but a little sickly when she thought of the turkey and the chicken drying away to a fine old parchment. One of the extra “help” drank more champagne than he served, somebody upset coffee on the living room rug, and a few friendly souls, including myself, stayed until six-thirty in the morning. Having smiled sweetly and hospitably for eleven hours running Claudette collapsed as the last car rolled away, and slept for two days. I wouldn't blame her if she never invited me again.

Liza's tango
with Ty Power
turned out to
be quite
headache for
Claudette.

That, of course, was only one of the things that Claudette, as a hostess, had to put up with that night. Omar the tentmaker hadn't done the tent right and it had to be done over a few seconds before the first guests arrived—and of course Claudette wasn't dressed when the first guests arrived. A dozen or so guests took the time they were invited literally and actually arrived on the appointed hour, while a few other guests, including myself, didn't arrive until ten thirty, and when you've prepared dinner for nine-thirty it's just a wonder that anything's fit to eat by ten-thirty. Claudette smiled sweetly, but a little sickly when she thought of the turkey and the chicken drying away to a fine old parchment. One of the extra "help" drank more champagne than he served, somebody upset coffee on the living room rug, and a few friendly souls, including myself, stayed until six-thirty in the morning. Having smiled sweetly and hospitably for eleven hours running Claudette collapsed as the last car rolled away, and slept for two days. I wouldn't blame her if she never invited me again.
Lady Esther asks

"Where's the girl who wants to be
LUCKY in LOVE?"

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

Are you a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely thinks the powder she is using is really right—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to know. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them right on your own skin you may never find the one shade that makes you a lovelier and a luckier you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked close.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you most.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you free. Try all ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really right shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger...and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(Lady Esther, 762 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
BOY FRIEND—Fair. Little Jane Withers (and, by the way, she’s not so little any more), carries this light-weight yarn on her own capable shoulders. The plot is woven around the trials and tribulations of rookies in a police-school, with Jane getting herself mixed in with all their doings. She sings several tuneful numbers very cutely and, where romance is concerned, is nicely aided and abetted by Arleen Whalen and Richard Bond. (George Ernest.)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—Good. The second in the series of “doctor” pictures starring Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore. This trip Young Dr. Kildare gets himself badly involved with the underworld, and the plot, while melodramatic, manages to be engrossing throughout. Nat Pendleton is in again for some high comedy moments and feminine pulchritude is represented by Laraine Day and Lana Turner.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Fine. The sensational German spy trial of several months back furnishes the theme for this intensely absorbing picture. The producers don’t mince words here, and you will have a very good idea of the way insidious foreign propaganda gets across in the United States—also how its perpetrators fare when the Federal Bureau of Investigation gets wise to them. (Paul Lukas, Edw. G. Robinson, Francis Lederer.)

EX-CHAMP—Good. A heart-throbbber about an aging prizefighter who, in order to rear his son and daughter in the style to which he would like them to grow accustomed, becomes a night-club door-

man while training a promising young pugilist in his spare time. The son’s ambitions almost land him in jail, but good old papa manages to get him cleared. (Nan Grey, Tom Brown, Donald Briggs, Wm. Frawley, Constance Moore.)

EXILE EXPRESS—Fair. Because Anna Sten is so lovely to look at and could really act if given the right chance, we hate to report that this film won’t boost her stock. It is the story of a Russian girl involved in a murder just on the eve of becoming an American citizen. All manner of melodramatics occur when she is being deported, but none of them ring true. (Alan Marshall.)

GORILLA, THE—Good. If you go for

Melyna Douglas, Florence George and Phil Tcad in “Tell No Tales.” Melyna’s a newspaper editor turned sleuth, all in the interest of the plot.
No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be her evening, her night to win romance! But when it came, it was the other girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn’t it come to Jane?

Romance can’t come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can’t stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of “Janes” who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It’s a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only past perspiration, that Mum prevents odor... then you’ll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need special care—not occasionally, but every day! You’ll like this pleasant cream!

**MUM IS QUICK!** It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

**MUM IS SAFE!** The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it after you’re dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist’s. Remember, any girl can lose romance if she’s guilty of odor! Make sure of your charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe... frees you from worry of offending.

**MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM**

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
spine-chilling, hair-raising meller, spiced with burlesque clowning by the Ritz Brothers, you're all set with this film. The story, pure holism of course, concerns a gorilla from a travelling circus which is running wild and menacing the lives of some of our principle characters. Excellent cast includes Sid Silvers, Lionel Atwill, Patsy Kelly, Bela Lugosi (even his name makes you shudder in anticipation) and Anita Louise.

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—Fine. If you're already acquainted with the Joneses, you'll enjoy their new opus immensely. And, if you're a newcomer, this is a fine time to make their acquaintance because their adventures in the film capital are highly amusing. (Spring Byington, Ken Howell, June Carlson, Florence Roberts.)

JUAREZ—Splendid. The tragic story of Maximilian and Carlotta of Hapsburg, who were made Emperor and Empress of Mexico by Napoleon the 3rd of France, in 1860. Resenting this so-called dictatorship, Juarez, the great Indian leader, emancipates his people from this foreign yoke, with the result that Maximilian is killed and Carlotta goes insane. Perfect cast includes Brian Aherne, Bette Davis, Paul Muni.

LUCKY NIGHT—Fair. One of those utterly whimsical tales of a madcap marriage between a bored heiress and a man of the people—Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor, to be exact. If you're in a highly lenient mood, you'll love their bickerings and also their belling and cooing. But 'eaven 'elp you, if you're in a critical mood. Nulli sed!

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Fine. When westerns are good, they're really something. And this Gene Autry opus will definitely satisfy all lovers of good blood and thunder melodrama. The plot is the usual bang-up ranching meller, with a gold-rush thrown in for good measure. And, of course, Gene sings several ditties very engagingly. (June Storey.)

OPPENHEIM FAMILY, THE—Excellent. Like "Professor Mamlock," our last dramatic film from the Russian film

[Continued on page 17]
We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted "first in allure" by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role... An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful Winter Carnival.

She was "Hard to Handle" — until she met the Hand-some young professor.

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture

"Winter Carnival"

Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole... Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists for August 1939
Winners in the April Contest

"Letters of Criticism"

Readers speak their minds about the movies they've been seeing

The $50.00 First Prize Letter

Dear Editor:

When I was a lad, D'Artagnan and the incomparable three musketeers were my boyhood heroes.

Imagine the shock I got recently when I went to see The Three Musketeers on the screen. It was a caricature!

Why do movie producers do this? It hurt my boyhood sense of dramatic values incalculably to have the romance of Athos, Porthos and Aramis stolen in triplicate by those incorrigible Ritz Brothers. I went to see DRAMAH, with a big capital D, and got low comedy! And I soon discovered that my hero, D'Artagnan, had "gone and took" singing lessons.

Burlesquing this popular historical drama is like tweaking the great Cyrano de Bergerac's nose. And Cyrano, I expect, will be the next victim. Particularly the nose. Which won't be funny at all.

My prayer to producers is: Please leave our sacred childhood memories. Stop caricaturing those we have come to love!

Sincerely,

Thom Gaskell, Albany, N. Y.

Honorable Mention

($5.00 Is Paid For Every Letter Printed)

Dear Sir:

It is now many weeks since I saw "Dawn Patrol" but the impression it made shall remain with me as long as I live. I am in my twenties—a potential soldier. but whatever glamour war formerly held for me, was lost in the senseless slaughter of those young lads.

The WORLD has a crying need for more of these revelations. Mr. Dictator, I DARE you to expose your subjects to movies like this one. I'm betting, twenty to one, that your career would fold up like the proverbial tent. And, in this country, members of the anti-American factions would soon step back into the democratic brotherhood, thankful that they didn't get as far as "revolution."

Hollywood has more influence over our present and coming generations than any president. So Hollywood, give us the sermons we need—how the seeds of peace in the heart of every human being. Give us more pictures that "pack a punch"—the "Dawn Patrol" variety.

Sincerely,

Murrell C. Wellman, Joliet, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Although heartily endorsing the slogan, "Movies are your best entertainment," I have just one criticism to make, and this irks me, no end! That is excessive kissing between members of the same family. Never in real life, unless they are emotionally unstable, do sisters, fathers and sons hug and kiss each other so frequently or with the abandon the screen portrays.

I have been nauseated many times by such sloppy scenes, and have heard many comment "Families never act like that!"

Sincerely,

Anne Swartwout, Lake Worth, Fla.

Dear Sir:

My husband and I often decide on the spur of the moment to see a movie. Not having a movie guide handy, we scan the evening paper to see what sounds good. Many times, as we reach the end of eight or ten titles, our enthusiasm diminishes. This, we know, happens not only to ourselves, but to many other couples as well.

Movie executives wonder why theaters are not filled. Recession? Perhaps. But many good pictures would gain larger audiences if scenario writers would select titles that are more alive and inviting.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. John W. Tuttle, Bloomfield, N. J.
Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became your world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings become your feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"Daughters Courageous"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN
FAY BAINTER • DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:
"Daughters Courageous" is superior to "Four Daughters!"

Original Screen Play by Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by WARNER BROS.
How ONE star was made

"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."

"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"

"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."

"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the invisible, internal protection of Holly-Pax. Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through every day of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

holly-Pax

20c for package of ten

HOLLY-PAX

Palm Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name

Address

City   State

"Oh, to be Cool and Comfy!"

Here are answers to some of your hot-weather beauty and comfort problems

By Mary Lee

Marjorie Weaver has the right idea for a warm interlude, a few minutes out for a refreshing drink. "Cool drinks are more cooling than iced ones," says Marjorie. And right she is.

As THE thermometer climbs and we droop, victims of heat and humidity, nation-wide rises this weather wish: "Oh, to be cool and comfortable again!" Of course you can't control the thermometer, but you can do much to control your appearance, your comfort and your attitude on heat — to achieve a crisp, cool look. You are up against exactly the same situation the stars find themselves in — from time to time on location, and you can meet it as successfully as they.

A good and frequent shampoo is a wonderful cooler. And I wonder if you've ever noticed how face skin seems to correspond to the condition of your scalp? You may have noticed that when hair is dusty, flat with oil and summer dampness, your skin, too, seems excessively oily or moist; how when your hair is lightened and brightened by a good cleansing, your skin seems to pick up several degrees of clarity. At least, this is certainly my observation. At no season is beautifully clean, healthy, fragrant hair more an asset than in summer, when it is a very conspicuous part of your person. At no time, either, is evidence of dandruff more of a social menace. If dandruff is your problem, I think you will find the answer in the Zonite Dandruff Treatment package, now on sale. This package contains enough to last normally from five to six weeks. For dandruff (resulting from germs), it is suggested that the treatment be used twice a week at first, then later reduced to once a week. The treatment is simple, and consists of the use of Zonite, according to directions, plus the use of a gentle cleanser, Barcelona Castle Shampoo, which is included in the Zonite Dandruff Treatment package. The treatment is designed to kill dandruff or other germs and to gently and thoroughly cleanse your hair. Zonite is backed by very thorough laboratory tests as to its germ-killing, harmless and non-caustic qualities, while Barcelona Castle Shampoo as a cleanser has long been used by many fine hair salons. This treatment may end, for many, that preva-
cooling breeze, then why not try a hair net? Hair nets are back in vogue—definitely—and the Venidas, AdjusStyle fringe net or Cap-Shape net, of real hair, will keep your curls in beautiful order and be practically invisible. I find, by close scrutiny only, that a number of the stars who pose for new coiffures wear a net to retain a perfectly arranged head, no easy task, ordinarily, with a curl here, a roll there, or a sleek sweep of shining hair that depends upon smoothness for beauty. Under a strong sun, do wear a hat with a brim. This will protect both skin and hair from drying, burning heat.

Plenty of soap and water and plenty of cream for that summer skin. Use both, as part of the same cleansing ritual. Cream to take off make-up, then a good bathing, or alternate the use throughout your day. This is balanced cleansing. Very new is Dorothy Gray's Hot Weather Cleansing Cream. Very cleansing and refreshing and actually cooling to your skin. There are grand cleansing and comfort qualities in this cream. One whiff, one look, and you may think you have a delicious dessert before you. But don't eat it; use it, instead!

For all skins, a powder base is especially necessary in summer. This will hold your make-up, prevent that moist look that unadorned skin takes on with heat, and it will help greatly in protecting you against burn and freckles. Especially is this true of freckles—a good powder base and powder, and there is Hollywood's formula for preventing them. Arleen Whalen is one of the younger definite freckle types—red hair, gray-green-hazel eyes, and flower skin, you know this type. There are plenty of other frecklers, too, in Hollywood, among them Kay Francis and Myrna Loy. One of the most perfect all-purpose powder bases I've ever used is Hampden's Pow'dr-Base, in stick form, easy to use, easy to carry with you. It is not greasy, is light textured and gives skin that soft, mat finish. It is water-proof; you may go in and come out of the brine, still looking lovely; you can play tennis, golf, ride or dance, and still look pretty. It will help hide freckles and little lines, or help prevent them, because of the light but clinging protection it gives skin.

For beauty's sake, apply slightly less make-up in summer. Heat flushes and adds color. If your lipstick softens with heat, apply, then press your powder puff over your lips, apply the lipstick again and blot gently with tissues. This helps set the color. Just the other day, Ida Lupino commented on this old but excellent idea. Now, too, is a grand time to try Liquid Lip Tone, by Princess Pat. It creates such rich, youthful color (there are seven dramatic tones), such perfect lip-line, and is so lasting. There is no oil or grease in Lip Tone to smudge off on napkins, silver or another's lips! Important, that, if you have anyone to kiss. To swim, to play games, to dance and do all the happy things, and to know your lips still have fresh, sculptured beauty is indeed something.

Now for your body: preferably slightly warm or cool baths for summer—not hot and never really cold. Plenty of eau de Cologne or toilet water, followed by a

[Continued on page 17]
Try Priscilla Lane's

Priscilla figured this test out all by herself. If you do it honestly you'll be quite surprised what you find out about yourself.

L

O V E," said the blond bombshell of the Lanes, "is like being on a flying trapeze. You float through the air with the greatest of ease—maybe. And maybe you land socko without any shock absorbers.

"That's why, before a girl does any cloud-walking, she ought to take the blinders off love. Find out what it's all about. And if you have four sisters like I have, well you're likely to get some pretty good tips! So I have worked out a kind of test," admitted Priscilla. "Something definite to go by."

And here it is, replete with technique, romance gauge and all. Just, says Pat, answer "Yes" or "No" to each question and let your conscience be your guide!

Instructions on how to get your score are on page 16.

SIZING UP YOUR MAN!

1. Does he drive:
   (a) As if he had a nest of hornets on his tail light? ________
   (b) As if he owned the road and most of the fire hydrants? ________
   (c) Like a steady pilot, able to steer his own course—and maybe yours? ________

2. Is he liable to turn on loud speaker effects around twelve o'clock? ________
3. When other men pay you compliments, does he:
   (a) Grin and bear it? ________
   (b) Get very annoyed? ________
   (c) That after we're married I can how! to light your cigarette, for instance, and remove his hat? ________
   (d) Do men whose judgment you respect like him? ________

5. When you're out for a Time, does he:
   (a) Get very chummy with the headwaiter and order with a flourish? ________
   (b) Argue, full blast, over the dinner check? ________
   (c) That aren't you? ________

8. Is his imagination in good working order? (For example, does he arrange surprise dates occasionally, and keep you guessing just a little bit about what he'll do or say next?) ________

9. Has he some line of work in which he's head-over-heels interested? ________

10. Does he make you feel self-confident and right on top when you're with him? ________

LOVE—OR A HEADACHE?
(How is a girl to know the Real Thing?)

1. There is a gorgeous raniness about romance—but if kisses in the moonlight had no part in it, would you still be interested in talking with him, wanting to be with him? (Careful now!) ________

2. Do you feel:
   (a) Wildly uncertain at times? ________
   (b) Lonely as you did before you met him? ________

3. When other men pay you compliments, does he:
   (a) Grin and bear it? ________
   (b) Get very annoyed? ________

4. Is he a nicey? That is, does he remember (well most of the time any-

By
Jerry
Lane

S I L V E R  S C R E E N
Romance Test

change this or that in him?"

3. Does doing the dishes even seem a lark so long as you do it together?

4. Would you be willing to wear last year's hat and scrub floors (the test of tests!) just to be with him?

5. When you've been off for the whole day together—and maybe you've had ants in your picnic lunch and burrs on your stockings!—do you come back feeling just a little bit bored?

6. Do you:
   (a) Pity him and get that mother-with-a-small-boy complex every time you see him?
   (b) Feel superior to him?

7. Are you just as goofy about him at 9 A.M. with his old clothes on and his hair on end as you are at 9 P.M. when he's all slicked up?

8. Do you feel the world would hang together just the same if you didn't marry him?

9. Have you an overwhelming urge to give him your Life's History—even to the little hurts and disappointments?

10. Does it make you:
   (a) Deeply content to be with him?
   (b) Have that sense of were-two-against-the-world?

WORKING OUT A SYSTEM?
1. Should a girl be a heavy petter to get the Head Man?

2. Should she:
   (a) Play up other men to him to show she's popular, b'gosh?
   (b) Subtly play down other girls ("Sue? Oh, she's a darling—but you should see her without her lipstick!")

3. Is good old comradery as important as kisses?

4. Has he ever told you that being with you makes him feel as if he could lick the world?

5. If he stays away without apparent reason for a week or so (and even the best of 'em are apt to!) should you:
   (a) Telephone to ask what is wrong?
   (b) Write him a note with one of those "hoping nothing may interfere with our friendship" endings?
   (c) Keep busy with friends—and when you run into him again, act as if nothing had happened?

6. Do you go in for a little sentiment occasionally, such as when the orchestra plays a familiar tune and you whisper, "Remember when we first heard that one?"

(Continued on page 16)

OH, ANN—I WISH YOU WERE GOING TO THE HOUSE PARTY, TOO!

ANN THINKS: SO DO I—WHY DOES BETH GET ALL THE 'BIDS'?

Avoid undie odor with Lux

Don't risk offending others! Lux undies daily! Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, keeps undies new-looking longer. Avoid harsh soaps, cake-soap rubbing. Buy the BIG box of Lux!

—a little goes so far—Lux is thrifty
EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby’s progress.

Relieve your Baby’s teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand’s Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

“I found Dr. Hand’s such relief to my Baby that I never needed to worry on the hottest summer day.”

Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

DR. Hand’s Teething Lotion

ATHLETE’S FOOT

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin in red, raw or cracked—it may be Athlete’s Foot. Treat it at once with Dr. Scholl’s SOLUMEX. Relieves itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps restore skin to normal. Liquid or Ointment. Sold at all Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

Dr. Scholl’s SOLUMEX

(a) Listen well?
(b) Appreciate his favorite stories as if you’d never heard them before?
(c) Make him feel proud of even his small achievements?

7. If his relatives are a little on the sour side—can you take it? (And be nice to ‘em?)

8. Can you laugh together over even small tragedies like burnt chops?

9. It’s great to be frank and companionable—but do you retain just an edge of mystery for him? (You may have made the doodee ads admire so much on your hat out of an old silk stocking but heaven’s sake don’t tell him!)

10. Can you keep a man’s interest best by:
(a) Appealing to his sympathy?
(b) Making him feel you’re entirely dependent on him for your happiness?
(c) Being gay and amusing?

And now for the scoring! For each of your answers that correspond with those below give yourself 5 points.

SIZING UP YOUR MAN

1. (a) No (b) No (c) Yes
2. (a) No (b) No (c) Yes
3. (a) Yes (b) Yes (c) Yes
4. (a) Yes (b) Yes (c) Yes
5. (a) No (b) No (c) Yes
6. (a) No (b) No (c) No
7. (a) No (b) No (c) No
8. (a) No (b) No (c) No
9. (a) No (b) No (c) No

The highest score is 300. If you have it—you’re due for an immediate at- tention! It’s LOVE and no mistake!

If your score is between 275 and 299

... Romance—de luxe edition. Forecast for Marriage: A very happy one.

If your score is between 225 and 249

... Romance—fair. Forecast for Marriage: A little on the sour side.

If your score is between 175 and 219

... Romance—0. Forecast for Marriage: 0.

If your score is between 100 and 174

... Look around for another man!

If your score is between 0 and 100

... ”Thanks for the Memory, Mister!”

3. (a) Yes 9. Yes
4. Yes 10. Yes
5. Yes 70 points

LOVE—OR A HEADACHE?

(a) No 7. Yes—yes–yes
1. Yes 8. No. (If it would be the same without him, it isn’t love!)
2. (a) No (b) No (c) Yes
3. Yes 9. Yes
4. Yes 10. (a) Yes
5. No (b) Yes
6. (a) No (b) No (c) Yes
7. Yes 90 points

WORKING OUT A SYSTEM

1. No 8. (a) No
2. (a) No (b) No (c) Yes
3. Yes 9. Yes
4. Yes 10. (a) No
5. (a) No (b) No (c) No
6. (a) Yes (b) No (c) No
7. Yes 70 points

Silent Screen
Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

Like a Wave of Soothing Coolness

MENTHOLATUM relieves SUNBURN!

W hen the sun has burned your skin until it is hot and flaming you'll be thrilled at Mentholatum's quick and delightful relief. It brings such soothing coolness and comfort. And, its medicinal ingredients will promote more rapid healing of the injured skin. Jars or tubes, only 30c.

Oh, to be Cool and Comfy!

[Continued from page 13]

apter, this is a stark and grim fictional commentary on the Nazi terror since Hitler's re-ignition. Taken from the profoundly moving novel by Lion Feuchtwanger, it traces the inevitable disillusionment of this particular family, the names of which are all maligning in-jectives. English titles make the entire film understandable at all times. Catch this at one of your local theaters.

PANAMA LADY—Fair. For dual billing only is this somewhat trite tale of a group of chorus girls who are sent down to South America to supply charm and diversion to the hard-working Americans whose work brings them to the jungles. In cast, Lucille Ball, Evelyn Brent, Allan Lane and Steffi Duna.

STOLEN LIFE—Excellent. Elizabeth Bergner, who is one of our favorite foreign stars, plays a dual role in this English picture telling the story of twin sisters who both become interested in the same man, a mountain-climbing explorer. He marries the flirtatious one, and when she drowns during her husband's absence in Tibet, her twin assumes her destiny with somewhat amazing results. (Michael Redgrave).

SHOULD A GIRL MARRY? Good. Anne Nagle, reared by foster-parents who have not told her she was born in prison, her mother being a life-termer, is about to marry a famous surgeon. (Warren Hull). However, a released prisoner, knowing her true story, unwittingly is the inspiration of a blackmail scheme against the doctor that leads to some exciting complications.

TELL NO TALES—Good. An exciting situation occurs when Melvyn Douglas, as the editor of a newspaper, tries to boost circulation, by going hell-bent-for-heaven after a kidnapping gang using their ransom note as a clue. Plenty of meat here for adventure-loving picture goers. In cast, Louise Platt, Douglas Dumbrille, Gene Lockhart, Florence George.

UNMARRIED—Good. Remember "Lady and Gent" with Wynne Gibson and George Bancroft way back in the prohibition era? Well, this is a remake, and a good one, of that theme, this time starring Helen Twelvetrees and Buck Jones. Buck, as you will see, has graduated from Westerns. The plot has to do with a prizefighter and a night club hostess, and is strong on drama.

WOLF CALL—Good. In which playboy John Carroll is sent to a pitch-blend mine in the north country to report to his father on radium deposits. While there he uncovers a crooked plot to sell the mine, while finding sufficient leisure to fall in love with Movita, an Indian girl. There's plenty of action and melodrama and a wonderful dog called Grey Shadow. Jack London wrote the original.

flower of dusting powder. It is advisable, though not compulsory, to use such preparations of the same make. Virginia Field has recently said to me, "Perfume, eau de Cologne and bath accessories should be of the same sort." April Showers has long been a favorite, and you'll find everything, perfume, eau de Cologne, bath salts, dusting powder or talcum of this sweet springtime freshness. April Showers is delicate, sweet, sentimental and seems to belong especially with lace, pastel colors and flower hats.

Recently, on a trip, I had to stop at a very small hotel. I was delighted to find in my bath a package of Bathasweet. This preparation makes tub bathing a joy and luxury. You add a little Bathasweet to the water. It softens it to milky smoothness, which in turn softens skin and makes it sleek as silk. It also leaves a delicious Garden Bouquet or Pine fragrance lingering on your skin. My only criticism is that once you become accustomed to Bathasweet, a plain bath seems like bread without butter. There is a grand Bathasweet soap also, that creamy lathers leaves skin with new beauty and freshness.

If you've ever used Nonspi deodorant, then you might like to know that Nonspi has a new sister, Nonspi Cream. It is both a deodorant and nonperniapiant. You may trust this fine cream to protect you and your clothing against dampness or odor; you may use it after shaving and you may depend upon its effects from one to three days. It is a pleasant to use as a vanishing cream, gentle on the skin and gives that precious self-confidence that comes from knowing you are immaculate and fragrant.

Among some styles I've run across recently are lovely little flower barettes for the hair known as "Fleurettes." I think you'll find these in department stores, very reasonably priced. Perhaps you've noticed in news photographs so many important people wearing little flowers in their hair for day, with sweaters, sports and daytime frocks. Deanna Durbin recently wore a blue bouquet with soft mauve sweater and blue bandana. Perhaps the South Sea Islands fashion trend started the posy in the hair. Anyway, it's a pretty style, and you'll find "Fleurettes" in many colors and flowers attached to a good, strong clip.

Very high style is Wicked White, a new nail tone by Peggy Sage. White, it appears, but not deadly. There is a faint dash of color added to give your fingers and toes an arresting lift. Particularly effective on sun-tanned skin. I think you'll see plenty on fashionable beaches, and it's definitely something to try.

Next to being cool and comfortable, certainly looking that way is important. Think how to look cool, and you'll keep so busy you'll forget it's hot.
The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone POWER
... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDL E

with
RUDY VALLEE
EDNA MAY

Irving Berlin's six new song hits... "the best he's ever written!"
"I'm Sorry For Myself"
"An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"
"Song of the Metronome"
"When Winter Comes"
"I Poured My Heart Into A Song"
and the new ballroom dance craze...
"Back To Back"

MARY HEALY
LYLE TALBOT
ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production

Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!
TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

Humphrey Bogart's wife (Mayo Methot) feeding hubby a bit of popcorn the hard way. He seems to like it, but his favorite food is steak.

THERE'S none of that pretty-pretty business about Bette Davis. When she plays a character she tries to look like that character and not like a glamorous movie star. She has shaved back her hairline three inches for her role in "The Lady and the Knight," and has also shaved off her eyebrows so that she can pencil them on in the Elizabethan manner. When she puts on her red wig she is the spitting image of England's Virgin Queen. But when she's au naturel she's a little bit scary, what with no eyebrows and a retiring hairline. But George Brent doesn't seem to mind at all. He and Bette dined and danced at the Cafe Lamaze the other night—which is the first time Bette has been seen out with a man since her divorce from Ham Nelson.

When she was testing her wigs (she wears a whole flock of them in the picture, ranging from red to purple) she tossed two of them aside with the comment: "That one makes me look like Harpo Marx. And that one makes me look like Hedy Lamarr." Most movie stars would have held on like mad to that last one.

Dorothy Lamour says there seems to be a lot more publicity in not having babies than in having them—unless, of course, they're quintuplets.

As soon as Dotty was divorced from hubby Herbie Kaye (he did Ham Nelson and got the divorce himself!) Hollywood had her practically married to Randy Scott. Until someone remembered that Randy isn't divorced, only separated.

Because of the failure of a permanent wave machine, Joan Crawford will introduce a new hair-do to feminine fans in "The Women." A smart hair-do is about the most important thing there is to a movie star, and Joan had been fussing around with her locks for weeks trying to decide what style would become her most.

She finally decided on a shoulder length bob, and with a sigh of relief tripped off to a beauty salon for a wave. But something happened to the machine and as a result Joan lost a good three inches off the end of her curls. Joan was horrified. But Sidney Guilaroff, coiffure designer de luxe for Metro, came to her rescue and with a little snip here, and a little curl there, Joan emerged with something terribly smart in hair-dos. Never has she worn her hair so short before. "You have to get used to it," she said, "like olives."

Baby Sandy has the measles. And that's holding up Mischa Auer's next picture. Here's hoping that Baby Sandy doesn't retire from the screen quite as early as Baby Leroy did.

We promised not to tell, but you'd be awfully surprised if you knew the name of the actress who announced to Basil Rathbone at a dinner party the other night that she had seen him in "The Hound of Bakersfield." (For the information of youse guys who live East of the Rockies, Bakersfield is a small town near Hollywood.)

Stars aren't the only ones who find it convenient to change their names from Susie to Suzanne when fame descends upon them. When Joan Bennett's cocker spaniel, Bosky, won a silver cup at the Beverly Hills Kennel Show she went so high-that now she won't answer to any name except Brit-Ize.

And ever since Smokey, Claudette Colbert's French poodle, played in a scene with Mary Astor in "Midnight" he has become far more temperamental than his mistress ever was. Won't even speak to the neighborhood dogs. But for the first time, in a long acquaintanceship with...
Smokey, he fairly embraces us. "Now that he's in pictures he's just trying to curry favor with the Press," says Claudette.

The high spot of Jeanette MacDon-ald's concert in Salt Lake City was when she sang "Let Me Always Sing," Gene Raymond's newest song, for which he wrote the words and music. The audience simply went mad and made her sing it three times before they would let her stop. A blushing Gene was forced to take a bow.

Hedy Lamarr tells you that her favorite sandwich is a flat dried fig between two apricots. It's very healthy, and reducing—but after a few of her favorite sandwiches we've noticed that Hedy always runs out to meet the ice cream man.

Now that "Goodbye Mr. Chips" has become the most talked of picture in America, Robert Donat is the Man of the Hour. It's possible he will win the Academy Award for his portrayal of Mr. Chips. At the preview in Hollywood Paul Muni lost no time in telling everyone: "That is the most magnificent performance I've ever seen on any screen. He is the greatest actor we have today." And no one contradicted him.

Because of the great interest in Mr. Donat we thought you might like to know something about him. Ed Sullivan, popular columnist, interviewed him by cable, and found out the following facts: He is thirty-four and pronounces his name "Doan-Ait" with the emphasis on the last syllable. His favorite diversion is betting on horses, his favorite food, roast ducking, his favorite drink, cider. The scene which he considers his best is the scene in "The Citadel" where he revives the dead baby.

The five greatest pictures he has ever seen are: "Captains Courageous," "It Happened One Night," "Fury," "Le Kermesse Heroique," and "Carmen de Bal." His favorite artist is Rembrandt and his favorite novelist is Helen Wad- dell. When he was asked to name the five greatest performers he listed: "Charlie Chaplin, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni, Greta Garbo and Deanna Durbin."

"Because her dentist's name is Mac-
C. B. DeMille is very proud of the money clip that Joel McCrea gave him shortly after he completed "Union Pacific." Inscribed in the clip is: "To a man to remember from a boy who will never forget." A nd signed "Joel." Joel used to deliver papers to C.B. when he was a kid. Gradually the paper boy and the big director got acquainted and DeMille gave Joel his first movie contract ten years ago.

Cute little Virginia Weidler thinks that Norma Shearer is the greatest star on the screen today. Of course, a little something that happened on the set of "The Women" the other day might have a little something to do with her superlative admiration.

Virginia plays Norma's daughter in the picture and word was sent around that the company would work until seven that night. It seemed that Virginia was on the Texaco program that afternoon, and by having to work with Norma she would miss out on her broadcast. It was almost time for the program before Norma learned that Virginia was losing a tidy sum of money because she couldn't broadcast.

So Norma immediately announced to the director that she had a headache and didn't believe she could do any more scenes that afternoon—and then paid to have Virginia sent to the broadcasting studio with a police escort. The next day, Virginia, still thrilled by the experience, said, "Thank you, Miss Shearer, for those scenes. I always wanted to ride behind a siren."

Now that Glamour goes home at 6:30 of an evening, the unmarried gals in Hollywood are in a bad way. Who is there to take them stepping these gay summer evenings? The Trocadero has re-opened, all prettied up and with Tito's divine music—but what good does it do them if they have no one to take them there? And there's the Folies Bergere that has taken over Grauman's Chinese, Mary Pickford's... (Continued on page 82)
Righting Wrong Impressions

There seems to be a general idea adrift in the minds of movie folk that the principal production in Hollywood is gossip. No lovely gossip about how breathlessly beautiful they looked at the premiere of their night in their new Hattie Carnegie and the Plato clips, but nasty old gossip about how they were seen dining with somebody they shouldn't be seen dining with. ("My dear, I don't even know the man!")

Naturally they don't do all those awful things they're supposed to do, or don't say all those terrible things they're supposed to say. ("Darling, I didn't say she was a horse, I merely said that she was a little hoarse.") Movie stars, poor dears, are the most misquoted people in the world. Of course, my ears are burning like mad—I've done a hearty bit of misquoting in my time, so help me.

What with all this gossipping and misquoting going on most of the stars have assumed that hurt look of the misunderstood. Some of them still fight back, but to be sure—and a lot of good it doesn't do them—but most of them have resigned themselves to the inevitable. No matter what you do in Hollywood you're bound to be misunderstood. Why it's so easy to be misunderstood in the cinema city that even Shirley Temple was once called a Red. If people can be so callous as to call Shirley a Red, why, think what they can call you! Can? My dear, did.

"Hollywood!", Alice Faye once said to me, "must sit up nights thinking up ways to misunderstand me." And she's quite right. Hollywood works overtime on this misunderstanding business. Stars have to watch carefully every move they make for fear they'll give the wrong impression. An unintended snub at a preview, a clever wisecrack at a radio rehearsal, the wrong people for dinner—and a wrong impression is all over town before morning. No wonder the movie stars are constantly on their guard. No wonder they feel as palsy with the Press as they would with a nice sprightly Cobra.

Tyrene Power feels that he has been greatly misunderstood about that Bel-Air burglar episode, and I don't blame Tyrene one bit if he forgets to mention the Press in his prayers at nights. Tyrene is a very friendly young man, very grateful for his success, and his first impulse on meeting a stranger is to try and put him at his ease.

Recently when the Bel-Air burglar was caught after months and months of sleuthing, he was taken over to Tyrene's house for Ty to identify him—Ty's house having been one of the many he robbed. He was introduced to Ty, without any mention of the fact that he was the Bel-Air burglar, and Ty naturally smiled cordially and extended a friendly hand. Photographers snapped the picture of Ty shaking hands with a burglar and it appeared in practically every paper in the country. "Palsy with burglars, eh," they said all the way from Hollywood to Brooklyn. "Well, I'm not surprised, birds of a feather, you know." The newspapers took it up and it couldn't have been more horrible. No one bothered to explain that Ty didn't know the man was a burglar.

Another Hollywood star who got herself misunderstood beautifully, through no fault of her own, is Dorothy Lamour.

A syndicate writer in an interview asked her if she wanted a baby and Dorothy truthfully answered that yes, she wanted a baby sometimes. When the interview came out it announced that Dorothy was retiring from the screen to have a baby. All the newspapers took it up, of course, and all the magazines, and graphic stories were written on how much it would cost Dorothy to have a baby, how she was building a nursery in her new home, and how she would leave the screen after her next picture to prepare for the Blessed Event. It was all very embarrassing. Especially inasmuch as she and her husband, Herbie Kaye, were on the verge of a separation.

Not so serious, but just to show you how things get misunderstood in Hollywood, about six months ago Andrea Leeds broke her leg, and her boss, Sam Goldwyn, had to hold up production on a picture until she could get well. Andrea stayed home night after night in her plaster cast and got more and more bored. Finally one night one of her boy friends persuaded her to go with him to the Clover Club to hear a certain rhumba orchestra playing there, and Andrea, bored to death with staying at home for weeks, got her crutches and went along. She was only there for fifteen minutes. But the next morning it appeared in a column that Andrea had been having fun at the Clover Club the night before. The afternoon papers ran paragraphs about it, and several radio gossips mentioned it on their broadcasts. It seemed to Mr.
Alice Faye has learned that no matter what you do in Hollywood you’re bound to be misunderstood and there’s little you can do about it.

By Elizabeth Wilson

Goldwyn that everywhere he turned for the next week he read where Andrea was out night clubbing. Finally he called her up and gave her something very near to hell. How could she do that to him? Here he was holding up a picture for her at the cost of thousands and she was playing around night clubs every night. And Hollywood said, “My, my, she certainly is a playgirl.” Believe it or not, Andrea’s fifteen minutes in the Clover Club made every Hollywood paper for the following month. It could have cost her her Goldwyn contract.

When Hedy Lamarr was playing in the ill-fated “I Take This Woman,” one of the first scenes she had to do under the direction of Frank Borzage was on a boat where Spencer Tracy had to say the line: “We are now passing Sandy Hook.” Every time he said it Hedy would burst out laughing, and thereby spoil a “take.” Spencer and Borzage got a little uneasy. What kind of a temperamental foreign actress was this, who kept spoiling another person’s scene? The technicians began to shake their heads and by the time lunch was called it was thoroughly established all over the studio, and several columnists had picked it for their evening papers, that Hedy Lamarr was [continued on page 68]
Mrs. Basil Rathbone feels that she and her husband entertain less than anyone in the film colony. Consequently, when they do entertain they have a habit of giving big parties. But as a general rule they love to entertain, so much that they dine at home and spend most of their evenings together. Rathbone feels that a party is given to be outstanding in originality, beauty and festivity.

Below: Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, Gene Raymond, with Mrs. Basil Rathbone. They were among the eight or nine hundred Hollywood celebrities who attended her recent party for the benefit of the Hollywood Guild.

Left: Mrs. Rathbone and Mr. and Mrs. Ruben and Dolores Del Rio; Right: Leslie Howard and Mrs. Rathbone. At her parties she has entertained others besides movie celebrities, such as, Heitor Fritz Kreisler, Gracie Fields, Duchess Marie of Rothesay, Thomas Mann, Dorothy Thompson, H. G. Wells, James Hilton, Katharine Cornell, Duchess of Sutherland, Somerset Maugham and Alexander Woollcott.
Hollywood Hostess

By

Leon Surmelian

Mrs. Basil Rathbone, famous for her parties, reluctantly gives a report of the heartaches, worries and precautions in arranging an affair in Hollywood.

[Continued on page 74]
ELEANOR POWELL will be traveling in double harness soon. But hold on to your seats. She is not getting married. She is just being teamed, for the first time in her screen career, with a dancer ready to match step for step with her—none other than Fred Astaire.

This teaming not only makes "Broadway Melody of 1940" a picture of unusual advance interest to moviegoers, but also solves a question some people in Hollywood have been asking. Some critics have suggested that perhaps both Eleanor and Fred have their greatest screen successes behind them. Now, as both begin...
a new phase of their careers, it is being predicted that they will go on to greater success than ever.

And Eleanor, for one, is terribly happy about the whole thing.

"I can't imagine anything that would please me more," she told this interviewer in her dressing room at the Capitol Theater, Washington, one of the cities she visited in a personal appearance tour that was her idea of the "ideal way" to prepare for her new screen role. Resting after a performance, dressed in a soft green lounging coat which provided a becoming contrast to her auburn hair, she was sipping the inevitable glass of milk which falls to her lot after every show.

"I admire Fred Astaire so much," she continued, "although until a few weeks ago I had never met him.

"One day, just before mother and I left Hollywood, he came to the studio and Producer Mervyn LeRoy introduced us. We shook hands very formally, and it was really funny how polite we were to each other.

"I knew I should try to make him feel at home at M-G-M. After all, I thought, we will be working together, so we might as well get to know each other.

"Well, we sat there, rather stiff, and did a lot of mutual apologizing about nothing at all, and then we started talking about dancing. And do you know what was on both our minds?"

"A number of people had told me, when our teaming up for a picture was discussed, that Fred was shorter than I was. Apparently folks had said the same thing to him, so you can imagine that we were both relieved when we found that even with my dancing shoes on, Fred is two and one-half inches taller than I am.

"That was such a load off our minds, we both relaxed. I suggested that he hear a couple of hot records I had with me. Then we discovered another thing—he's a Benny Goodman fan, and I'm crazy about Artie Shaw!"

"Fred put one of the records on the victrola, and, pretty soon, caught by the swing of the (Continued on page 70)"

When Eleanor learned she was to co-star with Fred her first thought was of his height. But Fred is taller.
Continuing as the screen's most popular actor, Spencer Tracy, on loan from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in 20th-Century Fox's production of "Stanley and Livingston," in which he is starred with Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly. Spencer takes his success modestly, being one of the most unassuming persons in all of Hollywood.
Ann used to be known as Clara Lou Sheridan when she first entered pictures in 1933. Her glamour at the moment is being emphasized. But Ann has much more to offer than just that. She's a talented actress and has been a serious student of dramatics ever since her college days in North Texas State Teachers College.
Paulette is currently co-starred with Bob Hope in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary." She used to be a platinum blonde. Although her last big picture was "Modern Times," in 1936, her very close association with Charles Chaplin has kept her name constantly in public print. She was 20 on June the third.
George is equally as effective opposite Bette Davis in "The Old Maid," as he was in "Dark Victory." They make a superb screen team and there were many who thought the two might team up in real life, as well. Tennis is his favorite sport. He plays an extremely good game. Is also an expert horseman and aviator.
Judith is very much in keeping with the name of her birthplace, Venus, Texas. As a member of the Golden Circle, she's one of Paramount's hopefuls. Her latest picture is "Disputed Passage," with Dorothy Lamour and Akim Tamiroff. Her real name is Lucille Kelly. She made her debut in 1930 in a Bobby Vernon comedy.
Doug gives another fine performance in Universal's "The Sun Never Sets." In fact, these fine performances of his have become a habit and keep him hopping from one screen assignment to another. And to think there was a time, not so long ago, when Doug thought he was better suited to be a painter or sculptor than an actor.
WHEN a performer can carry off the honors, regardless of Bette Davis and Paul Muni being in the same picture, he is admittedly a great artist. Such, as you know, was the case with Brian Aherne in "Juarez." Brian is a thoroughly schooled actor, of course, having been foremost among the British film stars before coming to America where he was an outstanding stage success before answering Hollywood's enticing call. His most recent picture is the exciting "Captain Fury," in which he plays the title role flawlessly. Surely, Brian's performance as the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian von Habsburg merits Academy Award consideration.
NEWLYWEDS

G-M is hopeful that their (but not to each other) newlyweds, Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr, will be the greatest romantic team since the Garbo-Gilbert era. In "Lady of the Tropics," Hedy plays the role of the most beautiful Eurasian in Indo-China who becomes the wife of Bob, an adventurous young American. It will be interesting to see if their marriages diminish their box-office draw.
Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in Alexander Korda's "The First and the Last."

A New Kind of Lover

WITH a frankness that is both rare and delightful in this world of pretense, Laurence Olivier, dapper young Briton whose brilliant acting in "Wuthering Heights" is responsible for the endless queues forming outside theatres where it is showing, makes a confession that is startling even to his closest friends. But he makes it without a trace of malice and with all the charming innocence and naivete of an eager-eyed adolescent.

Five years ago, he was hurriedly summoned to the film colony to play the leading male role opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina," but... "Garbo didn't like me!" Olivier admits candidly, "and I was fired—kicked out! Kicked out of a job that I never even had!"

Insulted beyond all endurance and with his sensitive feelings rather badly injured, young Laurence Olivier gathered up the remnants of his pride and hurriedly throwing his few belongings into a kit.
Garbo had Laurence Olivier ticked out, but he came back as a perfect combination of Gable, Power and Taylor.

bag, left the scene of his humiliating treatment as quickly as possible. Hardly to be blamed for his hasty exit, he returned to England muttering secret vows and making determined resolutions never to permit himself the possibility of suffering similar indignities again. Never again would they have the chance of telling him off—of sending him packing without being given an opportunity of proving himself.

That was five years ago.

Today Laurence Olivier is back from Hollywood again. But this time in a halo of glory and midst paeans of praise. A glow of satisfaction permeates him whenever he mentions Hollywood. He is even glad he accepted his first unhappy experience in Hollywood with youthful stoicism and that he did not indulge in the customary ranting and raving over disappointments that are past and gone. He is pleased that, instead, he concentrated on making a better actor of himself. Today, his name in blazing lights over two theatres on Broadway tell the story of his success more brilliantly than a dictionary full of words.

At the time of his bitter experience in the film colony, he may have uttered some heady statements that he would rather forget at this time. But in his highly overwrought emotional state, he could scarcely be blamed for merely word- ing his opinion. And if he did say then that Hollywood was a perpetual headache and that, so far as he was concerned, it was the last place to which he wanted to return—the residents of moviedom have not only forgiven him but have offered their own apologies for maligning him without even giving him a chance.

A great deal of water has passed under the cinematic bridges since that memorable day some five years ago, when with hair flying wildly and his deep brown eyes flashing with fire, he strode angrily out of the studio gates and silently vented his wrath on the whims of one woman. It has taken the intervening years, together with the dulcet voice of Merle Oberon and the skilled business acumen of the master showman, Samuel Goldwyn, together with the promise of an eye-opening sum of money [Continued on page 62]
Who'll Win the 1939 Oscars?

Bette Davis, excluding herself, names her favorite candidates and explains why

By Ben Maddox

fault of misguided press agents, who suppose blatant exploitation is necessary.

When you crack through the glittering enamel that paints the stars, however, you discover that the people in the inner circle are all genuinely hard workers, with a healthy respect for the achievements of their fellow players. The owner of a name known in every village in America suddenly grows as enthusiastic as the most rabid, far-away fan at the mention of the newest outstanding performance. "It was a wonderful job of acting, wasn't it? Audiences loved it, didn't they?" The enthusiasm here is actually more appreciative, for the old axiom that you must have attempted a thing yourself to recognize how superbly someone else does it holds water in Hollywood, too.

So far there is no general agreement as to the actor who will walk off with the men's trophy for this year. But Bette Davis undoubtedly holds the lead, on the feminine ladder, thanks to her magnificent troupng in "Dark Victory." If Bette captures the award for excellence again it will be the third time she has merited an Oscar, and this will establish a record for every other actress to shoot at. Incidentally, the highly sought-after gold statues signifying the Motion Picture Academy's laurel wreaths have been called by this affectionate nickname ever since Bette won her first one. The true story behind the tag for them is this: Bette's husband, Harmon O. Nelson, (from whom she is now divorced) steadfastly refused to confess his middle name, and for three years of matrimony Bette was just Mrs. Harmon O., and that was all there was to it. Finally Bette maneuvered it out of him. "Why that," she cried, "is a perfect title for the little fellow on the mantel!"

But because the term Oscar spread and stuck, don't think for a minute that Bette was being disrespectful. I was discussing the next voting for best actress with her recently, and she made
that clear. She had waxed a studio cafe at Wa
dynamic, democratic.

I thought of in Hollywood these days be-
cause she has proved, conclusively, that
ability and plain hard concentration can
carry a girl far in the town where once
upon a time only beauty and glamour
mattered.

lit her cigarette and she ordered con-
somme and creamed spinach and a glass
of milk. Then she began to talk and when
Bette talks, you listen eagerly. She is so
alive, so discerning.

"I don’t think outsiders understand how

"Academy Awards mean to us,"
Bette Davis as she appears in "The Old
Maid." Many believe she will win an Oscar for
the third time.

James Cagney
Margaret Sullivan
Cary Grant
Wendy Hiller
Fay Bainter
John Garfield

for August 1939
Ordinarily, and in a major, stand-ins do not look like a featured player for whom they do their routine duties on a set. A stand-in is of the same appearance and height as the player for whom he doubles, while the camera crew is lighting a set, and getting camera positions, the stand-in qualifies for the job. There is no duller job in movies. Since the Screen Actors' Guild organized the stand-ins and won a basic pay contract for them, they get $6.60 a day, which will give you an idea of the money involved.

The trouble has been, in all the fiction written by bad writers about stand-ins, that stand-ins have been confused with understudies of the stage. The important distinction which never is made is that a stage understudy is an actor or actress, or a singer or dancer. Katharine Hepburn, for instance, once was an understudy to Hope Williams in “Holiday.” Tyrone Power once was understudy to Burgess Meredith, on the Broadway stage. Stage understudies, because of their training, eventually become actors or actresses, and if the star is unable to appear be-
It's high time to stop romanticizing the subject of stand-ins and correct the impression that to be one is the shortest route to stardom. Nothing is more erroneous and here are all the reasons to prove it.

Cause of illness, the understudy is prepared to take over the role. Some of the most exciting moments in the theatre have been provided by understudies who got just such opportunities and converted them into personal triumphs.

The movie stand-in, however, has no such rosy future. At no time does a stand-in ever get the chance to read the lines of the player for whom he serves while the cameramen are obtaining their focus for the next set-up. The stand-in does not even have to have stage or screen training. All he has to do is to stand in a spot designated by the cameraman. No lines issue from his lips. He has no more chance to learn the business than any other extra, and is no more important, with this reservation—visitors on a set will notice him or her because he or she is wearing the same identical costume as the star or featured player.

Often it happens that a player becomes genuinely fond of a stand-in, and then the job has social advantages. George Brent takes his stand-in, Don Turner, on all of his travels. Bing Crosby is extremely nice to Leo Lynn, his stand-in. Cary Grant has used Mel Merrilugh for the past five years and their comradeship extends to the point where Merrilugh always says, "We made three pictures last year" and "we did this" and "we did that." Betty Hall, stand-in for Carole Lombard, has been with her ever since "Nothing Sacred." Previously she was stand-in for Karen Morley and Shirley Ross.

Occasionally, you see a former star acting as a stand-in. You remember, perhaps, Baby Marie Osborn, baby star of silent films. The awkward age ruined her career and she returned to pictures as a stand-in for Ginger Rogers. Ambitious and hard-working, Miss Osborn continued to study all during this period and when she was ready, she left Ginger and struck out on her own. She has played small parts in several pictures and tends to win her way back to celluloid prominence. When she left, Ginger picked Dorothy Panter, a quiet youngster from the extra ranks.

Due to the fact that the biggest stars out here do not make many pictures a year, on account of income tax problems, a career as stand-in to any of them would be economically hazardous. At $33 a week, even with tips thrown in, irregular work would force a stand-in to spread his earnings very thinly over the course of a 52-week year. A stand-in for Charlie Chaplin, who makes one picture every four years, would starve to death.

The economic advantage of these jobs, however, is obvious. A stand-in for a star gets to know a lot of assistant directors and directors, and these contacts are valuable in securing jobs later on. The jobs may not be important, but they're jobs, and the records of Central Casting prove that there are not many of them.

Just how inconspicuous are these youngsters who serve as stand-ins is proved by the fact that movie fans have never heard of them. I'm going to prove it to you. Have you ever heard of Mary Lou Ikleb? Or Frances Sawyer? Or Katherine Doyle? Or [Continued on page 60]
Ann Sothern quit the screen until they'd put her in "A" pictures. For a year she was completely ignored, but now she's alive again!

By Gladys Hall

"What you don't know can't hurt you—that's true so far as it goes," said Ann Sothern, "it's after you do know that it hurts."

For Ann has been hurt.

Now, a Come-Back as ever was, in her silk-padded, portable dressing room on the 20th Century-Fox set of "Hotel for Women" (in which Elsa Maxwell will throw, I am sure, the most madcap parties!) swathed ("swarthed" is the word) in a luxurious stole of silver foxes, her blonde hair done in little nosegays of enticing curls, Ann looked as though nothing more prongy than an orchid had ever hurt her. But that's because Ann is in her twenties, and is a trooper who can take the count of nine and come up as bubbly as champagne.

But Ann has been hurt. And if you look long and deeply enough into her blue-gray eyes you will detect there what seems at first to be fleeting purple shadows, but which resolves into a steadiness, a stability, a soundness of outlook which only experience can give.

Ann knows, now, what it feels like to be one of the Army of the Unemployed. Ann knows how it feels to be the Forgotten Woman. Ann knows what it means to "reduce expenses," to worry about money, to wake up at nights thinking about that ole debil, Rainy Day. Ann has lived through all those touches of Nature which make the whole world kin . . . and that's the kind of thing that makes a man of you! Ann revealed to me how hurt she had been during what she calls "The Decline and Fall, NOT of Rome!" She said: "It's really true, they leave you alone. It's really hideous, how quickly they forget you. You try to think, right now, of all the stars of yesterday . . . you can't even remember to forget, can you?" Alas, poor Yoricks, I couldn't!
Ann says she had had no idea that it could be like it was. If she'd had any idea, she says, she might not have done it. Even now, all cosily and triumphantly “Come-Back” as she is, she doesn't know she can't be sure whether she would have done it or not, had she known.

By this time you must be saying, “What are you talking about? What did she have any idea about? What did she do? And why?” Well, let’s get down to cases, let’s get to grips with the facts in two things: a new start, or—oblivion. She had two choices: either she could go B-ing along, taking any pictures that came her way, as she had been doing, also taking the money that came along with them, and she would last, she figured, about two and a half more years. Or she could do what she did do: she could cut the contractual knot, she could sever the Silver Cords of salary and security and gamble on a future that must mean A pictures or—nothing. That is what she did.

She told me: “I did what I did because of my pride. Maybe it’s a very silly pride but it’s mine and it tells me that what I want is NOT to be mediocre, at least not in my own eyes. It tells me that I must do the best I can to the best of my ability, or—nothing at all. It was, quite definitely, oblivion for me or a start again. It looked for quite a time,” said Ann, with her friendly smile, “as though Oblivion was the horse on which I’d put my money.”

It took stuff to do what Annie did. For, you will remember, she has been working ever since 1929. And the habit of work is a powerful strong habit, not easy to shake off, and frightening when it is shaken off. It’s all very well for a Play-Girl to slough a job. But satin-silk-to-the-touch-and-sight, little Miss Sothern is not a play-girl. She’s a Working Girl, is Annie, and her work comes first with her.

Which makes it all the more plain what it must have cost Ann to resign from a perfectly plushy term contract. And further to bring home to you what Ann’s decision must have meant to her, let me recall to you that she came to Hollywood in 1929. Bearing, by the way, her right-ful name of Henriette Lake. Later, her studio felt that that name was too cold, too formal for the warm seductiveness which is the Sothern personality, and so Ann decided to re-christen herself Ann Sothern. Ann because it is the first syllable of her mother’s name, Annette; Sothern because of her great admiration for the late, great E. H. Sothern, of Sothern & Marlowe theatrical history.

When Ann first came to Hollywood, she had no idea [Continued on page 72]

During her holdout, when Ann had to give up luxuries and economize, Hollywood paid so little attention to her that she felt like a ghost who comes back to his old habitats and no one sees him!
My! How Shirley's Growing Up!

Shirley Jane Temple was born in Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929. She made her screen debut in 1933. Left: As she appeared in 1934 when first signed by 20th Century-Fox, Right: As she appears in her latest picture, "Susannah of the Mounties."
An amusing afternoon with Shirley Temple, who, now that she is ten, insists, "I'm much older now," and has several astonishingly grown-up ideas to prove it!

OF COURSE, years do make a difference, especially when looked at through feminine eyes. But, manlike, William A. Seiter failed to consider this discriminating point when taking over the direction of Shirley's recent picture "Susannah of the Mounties." Three years before our story opens he had directed two Shirley Temple pictures, both fondly remembered for her endearing habit of putting her arm around him.

"Aren't you going to do it now?" he wondered.

"I guess not," she replied.

"Why not?"

"Well," she gravely informed him, "I'm much older now."

You see, Shirley was ten years old in April. And, apparently, was taking it big. Why not? After all, she was first of the ten biggest box-office stars. And now her anniversary just sort of matched in and made the whole thing big ten.

Not that Shirley was showing her age when we had lunch together. "Squeeze" saw to that. Perched in a high chair right behind us, the baby daughter of an assistant director promptly made it her business to renew Shirley's pristine youth. "Squeeze" was speaking a language all her own, and once she got started nothing could stop her.

What she said didn't make sense to me, but Shirley understood every word of it. The two of them talked a blue streak while that canny infant gave me a blue paper cap off the end of a lamb chop just to keep me quiet.

"As you see," said Mrs. Temple, on the other side of me, "Shirley's still pretty much of a baby herself. But she has some astonishingly grown-up ideas. One is that she wants to become a G-Man, or G-Woman, and do what she can to wipe out crime. Her father and I don't take that notion seriously, feeling she'll soon outgrow it. We ourselves haven't any false notions about her. To us she is like any other intelligent child, not a genius, as some people are fond of saying. What she may become in time rests with her. If she decides to go on as an actress, that course will be satisfactory to us. Our one concern is not to crowd her. She now has been before the camera for seven years, and 'Susannah' is her twentieth feature picture."

Marveling at the record, I tried to bring Hollywood's top-star down to earth with a word about the fleeting years and their momentous significance to her.

"Know any riddles?" was Shirley's irrelevant rejoinder.

It was no good imagining this to be even a vague reference to the riddle of the ages, for in the next breath she popped:

"Know the one about two holes in the ground?"

That left me buried in abysmal ignorance.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed with a pretty pretense of surprise. And then, in a burst of brilliant intelligence, it came to me that this was the answer.

By Charles Darnton

Shirley proved to be so chockfull of riddles that it didn't seem possible she could have any room left for food. But when the waitress came for our dessert orders the Little Princess of the Occult said she'd like some ice-cream—chocolate.

"Too much ice-cream, advised her mother, "isn't good for you."

"I don't want too much," pointed out Shirley, "just enough."

Smart of her, wasn't it? But Mrs. Temple was equally smart, saying nothing and looking straight ahead of her.

Presently, Shirley stole a peek at her mother, then turned to me and whispered, "I think I'll get it."

There was rich food for thought in lunching with Shirley, as Noel Coward must have realized not long ago. On that occasion fractions got mixed with the bill of fare. Shirley asked her distinguished guest if he liked them. "I never could learn fractions," confessed the erudite English playwright-composer-actor, "Mr. Coward."

Thereupon ventured Shirley, "do you mind if I ask how old you are?" Noel told her. She then glanced severely at her studio teacher, Frances Klarm, and demanded, "If Mr. Coward couldn't learn fractions in a whole lifetime, how do you expect me to learn them in a few months?"

Be that as it may, it now became evident that Shirley had learned enough games to last her a lifetime.

"Let's play Statue," she proposed, possibly to relieve the suspense of the ice-cream situation.

New to me, Tricky, too. A fellow had to watch out. One young man across the table got caught at a critical moment. He was lighting a cigarette when Shirley called, "Statue!" There was that flaming match, and Shirley watched it relentlessly before saving the poor chap from burning his fingers.

[Cont. on page 65]
"I Gave Up My

But it turned out to be a miserable mistake for Lillian Roth, headed for stardom, who now, in no uncertain terms, blasts the marriage-before-career theory to bits.

Funny how things start you thinking. Two items in a Hollywood gossip column started me analyzing myself and my former husband and my marriage, and suddenly things were clear to me that had been so muddled before. When my marriage crashed some months ago I had been too down to think of anything, much less to try to reason about it. But now taking out thoughts I’d been suppressing before, and turning them over and looking at them before I tucked them back somewhere in my subconscious again, I could see it all as clearly as though it was someone else’s life I was looking at. Not mine at all.

One item was about Bette Davis. It wasn’t long after her divorce from her husband and Bette had told the columnist with that direct, unflinching honesty of hers that she thought she might have made a success of her marriage if she had given up her career for it.

"Maybe," I said to myself, "Maybe yes, and maybe no. I gave up my career too. And I was married at just about the same period in that career as you were in yours when you married. We were both really beginning to arrive. Then we married. You kept up your work and look where you are now, openly acclaimed the greatest actress in Hollywood. And look at me. Beginning mine all over again. And my marriage is gone too."

Then I read the other item. It was written a few days after Carole Lombard had married Clark Gable.

The writer had gotten Carole’s happiness down on paper. There was that infectious gaiety of hers, that warm, awfully personal thing about her that makes everyone adore her. And like all people who have been married before she was more than ever anxious to have this marriage succeed. The writer hadn’t come out with it, bang like that, but just the same you didn’t have to read between the lines to know that Carole was willing even to give up her very successful career if doing so would insure the happiness of that marriage.

"Don’t Carole," I said, "Don’t give it up."

It was then my thoughts began crystallizing. I thought of little things forgotten long before, I thought of big things. I knew that in trying to do the best, I had done the worst thing possible for my marriage.

I gave up my career for it and I know now that it was the thing that doomed it from the beginning.

That’s why I’m writing this story. For you, Bette, and for you, Carole. Maybe it will help you, Bette, when those awful if... if... ifs begin hammering in you. Maybe it will help you, Carole, if you are trying to decide on that important step. Other people’s experiences do help, you know.

Love goes through so many stages. The first phase of it is the romantic, exciting period when everything else becomes dim and shadowy. Nothing but love seems important then. Friends, ambition, work, all the things you’ve built your life on become suddenly unimportant. You don’t do much thinking in that phase. And it’s too bad, because that’s the time you need to think most of all.

What you do then sets the whole course of that love. Makes it successful or a failure.

I suppose everybody in love wants to do things for the person they love. The more they do, the more they give up, the more their love seems to measure up to their ideal of it. Sacrifice becomes a joy. Then afterwards, slowly, regretfully, they see the other picture. Just as I am seeing it now.

For I know now it’s unfair to sacrifice too much for anyone. As unfair to the one for whom the sacrifice is made as it is to the one that makes it. You can’t make too many demands on love if you...
want to keep it.
Oh, that much glorified word sacrifice! It doesn't look so noble to me now that I see what it has cost me. For it cost me the very thing I tried to hold by making it.

That first excitement doesn't last. The fever goes and then comes the day by day living. Men and women take off their rose colored glasses and step down from the pedestals love has put under their feet and become human beings again.

That's the time marriage pulls people closer together or tears them apart. That's the time when things begin to creep in upon your consciousness again. That's the time you need an interest, a real interest to keep your perspective.

I was nineteen when I married Ben Shalleck. That sounds as if I were a baby. But I wasn't. I had been working since I was five. I had been in the Vanities and on the Ziegfeld Roof and been featured in other musicals and revues. I was going places in Hollywood. All the things I had worked for, all the dreams I had dreamed were coming true.

Ben was thirty-four but the difference in our ages wasn't as marked as it would have been had I been a different type of girl. After all, [Continued on page 78]
Elsa
Throws Another

Above: Wendy Barrie, looking her very loveliest, amuses one of her admirers with a laugh-getting story. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell (Joan Blondell) enjoy dancing together at parties, which is somewhat unusual for husband and wife.

Left: Randy Scott evidently has a fine sense of humor, judging from the hilarious response he’s getting from pretty Sonja Henie. Below: George Sanders, Loretta Young, James Stewart, Norma Shearer and Brian Aherne.

James Stewart watches intently as Loretta Young unwraps her party gift. Elsa is a firm believer in always having a gift as a souvenir for everyone of her guests so the party will be remembered.
Park Avenue's pet, Elsa Maxwell, runs another party, this time for the screen stars, and a good time is had by all.

Left: The lassie with Edgar Bergen is Virginia Reed. Charlie McCarthy, unfortunately, was not among those present.

Below: Ronald Colman, looking somewhat older, with Duchess of Westminster.

Above: Elsa Maxwell pointedly telling Darryl Zanuck a thing or two, while Constance Bennett is more interested in what someone else has to say. Below: Mary Healy, Jack Oakie and Ruth Terry all set for a bit of food.

Rudy Vallee always could pick 'em and this time it's Suzanne Ridgeway, who most certainly is no exception.

More popular than ever, Cary Grant still wears the same size hat, and continues to favor strawberry ice cream.
Marvls of Make-Up

"The Wizard of Oz" offers a new high in make-up artistry. Here-with are the amazing facts as to how it was accomplished.

IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ," filmed in Technicolor, Jack Dawn, M-G-M make-up chief, achieves unbelievable effects. For example, his transforming Ray Bolger into the Scarecrow. Ray wears a make-up representing the texture of a burlap bag which is made of moulded rubber composition, applied to his face with gum. It took two hours to put on, but came off with a quick jerk such as a piece of adhesive plaster is removed. To protect his skin against the wear and tear of the make-up, each night Ray applied lemon cream to his smarting face, followed it with warm water, an application of turtle oil, another application of warm water, then a layer of special ointment to wear overnight. Jack Haley, as the Tin Woodman, is seen in a costume which required an acetylene welder to get him in and out of it. His face was first coated with a wax-like preparation, then dusted with pulverized metallic silver. The silver face powder was burnished with a soft cloth just as shoes are shined. Bert [Continued on page 69]
DIRECT FROM THE WEST COAST

BRIDAL SUITE

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ANNABELLA, Mr. Tyrone Power's bride, has the misfortune of playing in a picture that will probably reach a new low in the cinema. How a studio that can turn out such a priceless gem as "Goodbye Mr. Chips" can also turn out such a silly inconsequential picture as this is beyond our comprehension. Don't judge Annabella by this, please! She's really a very competent and attractive actress.

The story's the one about the ne'er-do-well son of wealth who leads a useless life until he meets a poor working girl who inspires him to become a shipping clerk. The caddish rich man's son is Robert Young, and Annabella, of course, is the poor working girl. The action takes place in the Alps, though mighty sad-looking Alps they are. Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Walter Connolly, and Gene Lockhart troupe valiantly, but there's nothing [Continued on page 66]

CAPTAIN FURY

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR AHERNE—

Hal Roach

HERE'S a strictly formula Robin Hood adventure picture with plenty of thrills and action—but directed, unfortunately, as if it were a western quickie. The background is Australia, and the story concerns the desperate efforts of the poor settlers to protect themselves and their small farms from the depredations of a certain land baron, George Zucco, who regards all the territory in that part of Australia as his own, and who is secretly planning to create his own empire. Michael Fury, an Irish firebrand, excellently played by Brian Aherne, is sent to the penal colony in pioneer Australia and is farmed out as nothing more than a slave to the vicious and ambitious land-grabber. Fury manages to escape with a band of loyal convicts and they form a fast-riding vigilante committee to help the poor settlers. The arrival of the Governor brings a pardon for Fury and an end to land-grabbing. June Lang plays the heroine and is as pretty as a picture. Victor McLaglen and John Carradine play escaped convicts. In for small parts are Paul Lukas, Virginia Field and Douglas Dumbrille.

Below: Virginia Field and Victor McLaglen in a gay scene from "Captain Fury." Lower right: Rosemary Lane, Gale Page and Dick Foran in "Daughters Courageous."
There's a little trace of whimsy in daytime fashions this summer.

For casual outdoor pastimes, Virginia Grey, the attractive MGM player, dons a colorful cotton gypsy dress. The full, ruffled skirt is of golden yellow with blue ric-rac trimming. The white, peasant blouse serves as a background for vivid flower clusters. A carousel hat of natural straw and striking, wedge-soled red and white sandals complete her outfit.

For that Week-End in the Country.
For afternoon, Virginia likes this chic little polka-dotted silk frock, with its red and white blouse accented with white ric-rac on the little puffed sleeves. The navy and white skirt is contrasted with a red and white ruffle and red and white is used for the softly knotted scarf. Her large navy straw hat, trimmed with the red and white silk, is easily converted into a basket when Virginia goes daisy picking.
For formal wear this summer Virginia Grey has cleverly chosen this unique gown that cannot help but be an eye-catcher. The full-dared cotton skirt is of navy and white half inch stripes, the girdle is of brilliant scarlet ribbon, and the frilled blouse is of crisp white organdy with a scarlet bow at the throat.
Dots and Dashes for the Evening!

Virginia makes a demure picture in this charming black and white dotted Swiss dancing gown, with its full, gathered skirt topped with a peasant type bodice of white batiste trimmed with bright green ric-rac around the square cut bodice and oddly puffed sleeves. A vivid green satin sash is caught with a corsage of field flowers at the front.
All the studios are busier than usual for this time of year.

By
S. R. Mook

Columbia

The studio is humming like a beehive... and all big pictures, too!

First, there is the long-awaited "Golden Boy." Mr. Cohn made good his threat to find an unknown to play the title role. So we meet William Holden. But around him, Mr. Cohn has assembled a stellar cast—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, Ed Brophy, Sam Levene and Joseph Calleia.

This is the play Clifford Odets wrote for John Garfield to play in New York. But when it was produced, John played only a minor role. It deals with a young Italian lad, torn between his dreams of becoming a great violin virtuoso and his yearning for immediate success and the things it brings. He turns to the prize ring. Menjou, who has been carrying on an illicit love affair with his secretary (Barbara Stanwyck) for years, is Holden's manager. And Holden falls in love with Barbara almost the moment he sees her.

We find them in her office. When he tries to become serious she changes the subject, showing him clippings about himself.

"A lot of clippings for a newcomer," she vouchsafes. "One month in the ring and you're ready for a scrapbook. By the way, have you seen Johnny Meyer's column?"

"Yeah, I saw it," he admits.

"If that gorgeous curly hair doesn't plop over his eyes," Barbara reads.

"I said I read it!" he snarls. "You don't like my hair?"

"Sure, I like it," she admits, sorry she started this. "Women are fools for curly hair. But in the ring it's different. They'll
Mickey Rooney seems betwixt and between when it comes to Helen Gilbert (left) and Ann Rutherford (right) who're in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."

Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas are at their comic best in Columbia's "Good Girls Go to Paris." Joan says there isn't a finer comedian than Melvyn.

"There's something about you so sad—your eyes—your mouth—even your hands—"

"Don't pick me apart like that," she cuts in brusquely, and then she adds, more soberly, "You mean, I look like I've been kicked about?"

"No! I mean—" and then he abruptly changes the subject. "Say! They have concerts in the park every Wednesday night. Will you come with me sometime?"

"Cut!" calls the director and I dash over to Barbara.

"It's a pleasure to see you, Dick—as always," she greets me.

If it's a pleasure for her to see me, I wonder what she thinks it is for me to see her. For here is one of my favorite motion picture people.

"About your marriage—" I begin in a business-like tone.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she beams. "Honestly, Dick, I'm so happy I'm afraid even to talk about it."

Well, that's one way of shutting me up, so I wish her and Bob every happiness and proceed to the next set where—

[Continued on page 60]
Left: Judith Barrett, slated for stardom by Paramount, realizes the value of relaxation, exercise and fresh air. Right: Laraine Day, last seen in MGM's "Calling Dr. Kildare," looking especially neat, trim and happy. Below: Helen Parrish, in whom Universal is particularly interested, enjoying a leisurely time of it.
Are you taking the last two weeks in July or the last two in August? Have a grand time!

It's Paramount's Susan Hayward who has the feminine lead in "Beau Geste." Do you think her suit looks like Laraine's or Laraine looks like hers?

Above: Santa Barbara is an ideal spot for vacationing and Robert Preston and Susan Hayward seem well aware of the fact. She's not feeding him a gold fish, by the way. Below: Marjorie Reynolds, of Monogram Pictures, taking a sun bath for herself. Careful, Marjorie!

*For August 1939*
“GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS,” starring Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas is shooting. The scene I was in was the last in the picture. The picture is one of those zany comedies, so there’s no use trying to give you the plot. BUT—and don’t say I didn’t tell you—it’s better than the first one these two made. Joan is a waitress (but only in the beginning of the picture) who dips into cracks as effortlessly as she slings hash. When things have quieted down (oh, yes, she had her moments and was even under suspicion of blackmail) and her good name has been cleared—three men want to marry her. But she picks Melvyn, then jerks away from him, dashes out on the terrace and begins snivelng.

“Now what’s wrong?” Mr. Douglas queries, taking her into his arms.

“I was just thinking about Pontiac Tom (Alan Curtis),” she expiates and then re-members another admirer, “and poor Paul (Alexander D’Arcy), and poor Ted Dayton (Stanley Brown).” She sighs and sniffs, “It’s too bad I can’t marry everybody.”

“Oh, you’re young yet,” Mel consoles her, taking her into his arms.

Joan is golded in a gold and old rose metal cloth evening dress and has never looked lovelier. After the scene is over we sit and dish the dirt for a few minutes. She tells me about Ellen and Normie (her two children) and Dick’s (Powell) new radio show—how disappointed she was with her last picture and how delighted she is with this one. “I don’t believe there is a finer comedian in the business than Mel Douglas,” she concedes generously, “and why producers don’t do more with Alan Curtis I’ll never know.”

All this is, indeed, praise from Caesar because Joan, being a fine actress and superb technician herself, is very critical of the work of others and when she says there’s good you may put it down as gospel.

NEXT we come to the latest Frank Capra production—“Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.” Having been sensation-ally successful with Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town” and with James Stewart and Jean Arthur in “You Can’t Take It With You,” he sort of scrambled picture titles and casis and emerges with the foresaid title and Jean and Stewart for stars. Of course, the fact that Jean is under contract to Columbia may have had something to do with this, but Stewart was just a happy inspiration. No reflection intended on Jean because if she weren’t the splendid actress she is she wouldn’t be under contract.

This is really a fourteen-carat all-star cast, for every member has been starred at one time or another. In addition to the two mentioned, there are Edward Ar-nold, Claude Raines. Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette, Joe E. Brown, Allen Coxsom, Beulah Bondi and Astor Aflwyn.

To get on with the story. The sudden death of a senator parleys a machine into a panic. The machine is cor-ruptly headed by Arnold, Kibbee and Rains, who must appoint a successor. They want one of their number to go deeply into a certain appropriations bill now before Congress. In desperation they appoint Stewart—young and idealistic—who is head of the state’s Boy Rangers and who is something of a hero because he and his boys recently halted a forest fire.

Jim arrives in Washington, but is so thrilled at his first sight of the catapult dome he wanders off and boards a sight-seeing bus, failing to show up at his office (where he is expected) for five hours. When he arrives, his secretary (Jean), who has been assigned to him because she is an old hand at politics, is fit to be tied.

“Gee, I’m sorry,” he apologizes when she lights into him. “You see, it wasn’t until I was far, far along in the bus that I realized—"

“Did you say—bus?” she interrupts.

“One of those sight-seers, you know,” he explains. “You see, I—gosh, I’ve never been called absent-minded before—but there it was—of a sudden—looking right at me through one of the station doors—"

“There what was?” she interrupts again.

“Big as life,” he continues, gazing at her with wide eyes, “sparkling away there under the sun. I—I started walking toward it—and there was a bus outside and well—well—I just naturally got aboard—"

“Most natural thing in the world,” she agrees sarcastically.

“I don’t believe I’ve been so thrilled in my—she raves on. “And—oh—that Lincoln Memorial! Gee! There he is—Mr. Lincoln—looking right at you as you come up the steps—sitting there like he was waiting for someone to come along—"

“Well, he’s got nothing on me,” she interjects, turning towards her hat and coat. “Anyway, you’re ready, Senator. We can start for the hotel. I’ll see that you get there—"

“Yeah, perhaps you’d better,” he sorts of laughs.

Miss Arthur is blowing her lines this morning. There is an ominous tension on the set that I don’t like. So I quietly take my leave without speaking to any-one.

LAST, but not least, is “Coast Guard” with Frances’ Dee and Randolph Scott, and Ralph Bellamy. It seems Ralph is the step type and Randy is the kill-er-diller with the ladies. Both are fliers—and buddies. Ralph rescues Frances’ grandpappy in a wreck at sea. Randy flies him through a dangerous storm to the hospital. Both fall in love with Frances. So far so good. Everyone. But when they married Randy can’t settle down to one girl—not even when the girl is as lovely and charming as Frances—and goes back to his old love-em-and-

leave-em tactics. Which only goes to show you how scenario writers’ minds work.

This scene I see is where Frances and Randy are returning to their apartment after being married. She still has on her wedding veil and dress. He takes her on a trip around the world for their honeymoon—right in their apartment—out those doors but out the window as he porters use to haul trunks around on. A bowl of goldfish on a table is Lake Banff. The canopied bed is Napoleon’s tomb. The water rushing out of the faucets in the kitchen sink is Niagara Falls. He presses the lever on the soap machine and the soda spouts out. That’s Old Faithful.

It’s a helluva cute scene with swell dialogue and they carry it off in grand style.

When the scene is over I chat a few moments with Frances whom we see all too seldom these days. “Have you been married before?” I inquire politely.

“Oh, yes,” she smiles. “To Joel Mc-Crea—or hadn’t you heard?”

“I mean for picture purposes,” I snap, indicating her green dress. “I detect the absence of virginal white"—

“Oh, that!” she dismisses my remarks.

“This shade of green photographs as white as the driven snow.”

“I’m relieved,” I inform her. “Otherwise I’m sure Columbia would change the name of the picture to ‘Second Hand Bride’ and I couldn’t bear to think of you being bartered in the used bride market.”

“Get out of here, you idiot,” Frances laughs. “I have to study my lines for the next scene.”

So I trek on down the street—

R-K-O

MORE fun here. Only one picture shooting but three of the people I love best are working in it... Carole Lombard, Kay Frances and Cary Grant. It’s called “Memory of Love.”

Kay is playing “the other woman”—the sort of part in which she first made a suc-cess. Now, if she had been in “Coast Guard” I might be able to understand Randy’s philandering.

Well, anyhow, Cary and Kay are mar-rried but they don’t find marriage the idol of fiction writers in grandmother’s time picture it. Then Cary and Carole meet. Remember that old song from “The Connecticut Yankee”?

I took one look at you—

That’s all I meant to do—

And then my heart stood still.

That’s they. There are many complications but on Christmas Eve we find Carole ar-riving at the apartment of the unhappy couple.

In the picture Kay and Cary hate each other but when I arrive on the set they are just finishing a game of backgammon.

“Confound it,” Cary mutters, “that’s 246—"

My hair (or rather, what’s left of it) stands straight up on end. I have heard about the stakes and executives play for but the most I ever heard changing hands in a backgammon game is the $600. And of course I have to thank Constance Bennett one evening.

“Pardon me,” I stutter, “is that dollars or Confederate money?”

“Dimes,” Cary explains briefly. “We’re
playing a tournament during the run of the picture and will settle up at the end. So far that’s $24.60 I owe her.”

Then, just as I’m getting the inside lowdown on how the stars live, John Cromwell, the director, has to spoil everything by calling them in for a take. The spell is broken.

I’ll never find out now what Cary would have said to Phyllis Brooks if he couldn’t give her a diamond bracelet he’d promised her because he had to use the money to pay Kay. Nor will I ever know how Kay might have explained a new diamond bracelet she might have bought herself with her winnings, to Eric Barneckow (her fiancé) and which he knew she couldn’t afford, account of having to save this year’s earnings to pay last year’s income tax.

There is a stormy scene between the three stars in which Carole and Cary see Kay for the first time in her true colors and learn that she has no intention of divorcing Cary, despite her promises. Christmas eve! Peace on earth, goodwill to all! Bah! It reminds me of the ending to “Farewell to Arms” when Cary Cooper, with his dying bride in his arms, stands at the window looking out at the armistice celebration, while Frank Borzage’s pet doves flutter around, and sneers, “Peace!”

This dénouement should have taken place on April Fool’s Day. But no one ever asks me.

Kay plays with a fervor and sincerity that convinces me anew of her acting ability. Maybe your heart belongs to Warners but mine doesn’t. Not after the way they almost wrecked Kay’s career with the putrid stories they gave her.

“Of course,” Kay assures me before she and Cary start another game, “you’re never in town when you’re wanted. One of the magazines came out with a nasty gossip item on me giving a vivid word picture of my chagrin, dismay and what-not when photographers failed to snap me at a preview. And I wasn’t even at the preview! I wanted you to do something about it but, no! You were gallivanting all over the South.”

“I’ll do it now,” I offer.

“No,” she declines. “I sent the editor a wire myself and he was very much about printing a correction.”

Then Carole passes and I leap to kiss the bride. Of course, after that I’m a cinch to be no good for a long time. So there’s no use my hanging around this set. I might as well be traveling during my recuperation, so I travel out to—

M-G-M

THERE’S plenty doing here, alright, alright.

First there’s Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in “Lady of the Tropics.” This is a tender story of love and self-sacrifice between an American (M. Taylor) and a beautiful half-caste (Mme. Lamarr). Hedy wants to go back to France to her father’s people and pass herself off as a Frenchwoman. The government won’t issue passports to half-castes so Bob gallantly marries her. But every rich and influential man in Saigon is after her and suddenly, even as Bob’s wife, she can’t get a passport.

Things get tougher and tougher. In this scene they are making just now is not important so there is no sense going into details. But if you aren’t too hard-boiled—if you aren’t too absorbed in the affairs of a harassed world—to lose yourself in phantasy for an hour I promise you an experience you will never forget.

Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers candidate for the screen’s most glamorous actress, studies the script of “A Devil on Wheels” with Assistant Director Elmer Decker.

whose life blood goes with the gowns, chaiffs the dealer in an effort to get a few more francs from him.

I hope this will turn out to be the swell picture it gives every promise of being for two nicer people never faced a camera.

NEXT, there is “On Borrowed Time.” This is from the sensational success-ful New York stage hit. What a moving story this is! How Death is tried and the affairs of the world stand still until people can die again.

The scene they are making just now is not important so there is no sense going into details. But if you aren’t too hard-boiled—if you aren’t too absorbed in the affairs of a harassed world—to lose yourself in phantasy for an hour I promise you an experience you will never forget.

It is a far cry from that picture to “Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever” but that’s how pictures are made. Indians rub elbows with French noblemen on a motion picture lot and Love, Spring Fever and Death are jumbled up in a producers’ grab-bag.

Woody Van Dyke, than whom there is no finer director in the business, has grabbed off yours; love for his current assignment. Never mind what leads up to this scene. It’s one of the most moving-touching episodes that has ever been filmed. If you’re young it’s the problem that confronts you. If you’re old you can’t look at it without your heart giving a nostalgic jerk backwards toward your youth.

Andy (Mickey Rooney) has fallen in love with his new dramatic teacher (Helen Gilbert) only to learn that her fiancé has arrived and she is marrying him next day. It is the night of the school play and Andy is in a garden, after the play, waiting for his answer. In the distance the street lights are burning. The wind has stripped the

[Continued on page 60]
to make him renge on those vows and be lured back to the film capital.

Of course, there has been a little more behind the offer of an enticing salary, and the fact that he was to play opposite the exquisite Oberon who was the star when he played in "The Divorce of Lady X." If you recall that Vivien Leigh—thus, lucidly, little lady who wrestled the role of Scarlett O'Hara from our own bevy of glamour gals—was in Hollywood, you have the partial answer to the motive.

It seems that David O. Selznick isn't the only person who knows a good thing when he sees it, Laurence Olivier had succumbed to the romantic charm and loveliness of this young woman long before "Gone With The Wind" was even published. But since there is no longer any secret of their interest in each other, Olivier is destined to take with such mighty heart-throppers as Gable, Power and Taylor.

Now the man who was so lightly scorned by the great Garbo—so casually dismissed with an indifferent gesture—has had his long awaited but unsought opportunity for revenge. Being the sole heart interest of the actress who has annexed the most coveted plum in filmdom may cause the silent Swedish queen of films to wonder if she had not been a bit too easy in her decision. But it's too late to make amends now. For young Olivier must have had a prize card up his sleeve. Perhaps he was merely biding his time. But now, at least, he has the last laugh.

The lavish adjectives describing both his work in 'Wuthering Heights' and his in current stage production, "No Time For Comedy," resound through the lobby of the Ethel Barrymore Theatre between the acts. The sabled and butevelled ladies coming out for a cigarette look at their affluence of suits and wonder why fate hadn't sent them a man like Olivier. From the moment he walks out on the stage, you can feel a stirring throughout the theatre and you know a thousand feminine hearts have been laid at his feet. In years, there hasn't been such a fluttering of hearts or such a disturbing element in the realm of acting.

Meanwhile, the name of Olivier has become a synonym for the fiery, impetuous lover and he is taking the hearts of American women by storm. Today, he is an entirely different person from the one who left these shores in a huff of temperament. Mercurial as the month of March, you will find him occasionally breaking into that winning smile that dispels his show of haughtiness. And you realize there is something in that smile of the stuff of which great lovers are made. But, more generally, he walks around with his features composed into a steel-trap dourness which belies his active, heart-throbbing nature.

Don't be misled by this. There is a bon bon fide explanation for it. If you're ready to believe he is a ghougy, pessimistic sort of individual who walks around with a perpetual chip on his shoulder, you're all wrong. In 'Wuthering Heights,' he portrayed the role of Heathcliff, the villainous gypsy foundling. In order to get himself into the proper mood for the part, he simply walked about immersed in an atmosphere of gloom and hate. Even now, he sometimes forgets he finished that role.

Before he left England for Hollywood, he told reporters that as far as the cinema was concerned he regarded himself as somewhat of a failure. He underrated his own work and put himself in the role of Heathcliff, the villainous gypsy foundling. His word about his own work is not altogether true. He now knows that he was wrong. And with his unique interpretation of Heathcliff, there isn't even a question of a doubt about his excellence.

When you get to know him, you're apt to stop and wonder if Olivier is a bit of an introvert. You find that he is reticent, though never unsociable. He speaks very little—even when spoken to. And unlike most actors, would rather talk about his work than himself.

"I know," he says, "that my work in 'Wuthering Heights' was more than a mere opportunity to become better acquainted with the vast American film-going public. And at this time, I also know that the assignment was one of the most difficult ones I have ever undertaken. But what Laurence Olivier scarcely realizes is that he was selected from a host of possibilities because his excellent background made it far less terrifying an undertaking for him.

Often on the set, in the midst of a strong dramatic scene, he suddenly started clouting—just to make sure that the morbidity of the atmosphere had not gotten too deeply under his skin. When he blew up on a line—which was rare enough to be the signal for a general raising of surprised eyebrows—he made faces at the camera and the surrounding crew. In this, he was exactly like a young boy when words fail him and he has to resort to action to express his feelings.

"It was as much," he says, "to relieve my own tension and to keep from overplaying that I indulged in moments of horse-play and attitudes that may have seemed to make me appear slightly ridiculous."

Yet for all his forbidding appearance in moments of extreme concentration, with dark overhanging hair and smoke-brown eyes, no one ever heard him speak a harsh or thoughtless word during the making of the entire picture. If Hollywood was waiting for a second sample of the Olivier temperament, it was wasted patience.

From the very first week of his return to this country, things appeared to be going very smoothly for him. Then something happened. Out on location with the company, he felt a twinge of pain in his left foot and many were disappointed.

Two days later, the foot was swollen to twice its normal size. But still he went about uncomplaining, painfully wearing the torturous Eighteenth Century boots.

That Olivier's trouble was serious didn't strike Director William Wyler until the actor finally hobbled up to the camera on crutches—no longer able to wear shoes, let alone boots. A doctor was called and a diagnosis made—Olivier's foot was infected, very badly so. He was dismissed under the doctor's care, the schedule altered and for a week scenes were made in which he was not required to appear.

"I guess Hollywood was paying me back for my defiance of five years ago," ruefully admits Olivier, casting aside all consideration of his own doggedness and strength of will.

Generously endowed by nature with all the attributes of the matinee idol—tall, dark and handsome—Laurence Olivier prefers to be known for his acting rather than for his good looks. But once you see him, either on the stage or screen, you are struck by both the instant he appears. There is a certain rugged strength in his determined jaw line, a sort of dynamic magnetism in his flashing, dark, deep-set eyes. But in spite of this a certain boyish charm and shyness captivates the fancy and holds it breathless in his presence.

Last year, he could have been yelling about at his ease, enjoying the avalanche of adulation that sweeps in from his feminine fans. Instead, he found himself participating in an historical event that stirred the British critics to deepest admiration. Against the bleak walls of Esl-
sore Castle in Denmark, the original scene of "Hamlet," Olivier undertook the role of the Melancholy Dane in the uncut version of the famous Shakespearean tragedy.

But to prove to himself that he has versatility as well as ability, this handsome young man who has barely passed thirty, followed up his moribund role with a gay, sprightly comedy that brought him in full view of American audiences.

Even on his last arrival to these shores, there was a slight feeling of missing in Olivier's heart. "Perhaps," he thought, "another Garbo will decide that she doesn't like the line of my face or the way my eyes are shaped." Because of this, no actor ever arrived in New York harbor with less baggage than this hesitant young man when he sailed in on the Normandie. With but a single trunk, one hand bag and a set of golf clubs, he amazed the ship's reporters. And since it is always more or less expected to stare into people's luggage when opened for customs' inspection, it was surprising to see that neither bag nor trunk overflowed with the usual million and one necessities that all actors require.

Being very practical minded, he brought mostly new things of the slack and Sweater variety but not a new or old thing that he was not going to use. You should have seen the look of amusement on the face of the customs inspector when he came upon Olivier's one trunk. Clothes were stacked in the center of the drawers, but the corners and crevices that are the hiding places of undeclared treasures were wide open and empty. No one ever heard that story but that day, the customs man declared. He was sure he was being kidded—but his diligent search brought to light not a single trace of contraband.

Laurence Olivier comes of theatrical stock and was born in Dorking, Surrey, on May 22, 1907 and was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford. His first stage experience was in his parents' touring company. Later, he joined the Birmingham Repertory Company and stayed with that notable group for two entire seasons.

After playing in a great many successes on the London stage, he came to this country to appear in Noel Coward's "Private Lives" and in the "Green Bay Tree.

Following this, he appeared in such pictures as "The Perfect Understanding," with Gloria Swanson; "The Yellow Ticket," with Elissa Landi and "Westward Passage," with Ann Harding. His two most notable works for Korda were "Fire Over England" and the "Divorce of Lady X" with Merle Oberon.

When Olivier boarded the boat at Southampton to come here, he had a copy of "Wuthering Heights" clutched importantly in his hand. "I remember," he says, "spending the early part of the first evening reading it—and after going to the gymnasium the first morning out, I had luncheon in my cabin and began reading again for an hour. That was how I planned to spend my crossing. It was then that Noel Coward called me—and called me directly! It was not to eat any more meals in my cabin and that it was unfair to Leslie Howard and Anna Neagle, our fellow passengers.

"Noel insisted from then on that every-one be around all the time and we make the trip a glamorous one. You know, dress up and play sophisticated games and be witty and clever and not serious. Well, that's exactly what we did. Of course, I never could accuse Noel of doing away with my copy of "Wuthering Heights," but it did somehow mysteriously disappear from my cabin and it certainly couldn't have fallen overboard by itself. Anyway, after the second day out, I never saw it again. I'm sure Emily Bronte's spirit, to say nothing of Sam Goldwyn's, must have been hovering over me in a dire mood.

"Olivier's dark brown hair is of the longer than usual variety. His speech used to be the vedy-veddy of the vedy Shakespearian Britisher—but that was before he heard American slang. Yet, it is English such as spoken by Englishmen who make us conscious that our language can have life and rhythm and cadence—that it is not coarse and shrieking and noisy. When Olivier talks, he seems to close his eyes—at least on the stage, but that is only keeping his ears to the ground. Sometimes, during his more serious moments of acting, you could swear that he is mouthing his lines with his tongue in his cheek. That isn't so. There is a mischievous sort of laughter in his eyes, an unmistakable sign of his humor that cannot be hidden even during moments of great strain and tension. But it's a characteristic that no other actor possesses and one that is interesting to observe.

Today, his face has far more substance to it than the juvenile picturesqueness it had in the "Private Lives" days. Yet, he has the ability to bring to the fore that appealing youthfulness of his which is so captivating to the audiences of "No Time For Comedy" in which he appears opposite Katharine Cornell. But whether you prefer him as the struggling young playwright with his thick hair neatly slicked down, or as the wild, impetuous lover in "Wuthering Heights" with a rope around his middle, is merely a matter of individual taste. Arguments pro and con are the favorite pastime between the acts in the theatre where he is now appearing, with the majority of women preferring him as the stormy, passionate lover type he so skillfully portrays on the screen.

"Great lover though he may be, his ardent manner with the ladies doesn't prevent him from being a dyed-in-the-wool gentleman. Because of this, he cost the studio, several hundred, additional dollars. In a slapping scene, it took four takes before he finally screwed up courage—or rather lowered his gentlemanly background —and finally let Merle Oberon have it.

But as soon as the scene was over, he was at her side offering his most abject apology and murmuring something about it being in the line of duty.

British born, though he is, this handsome young man with his dark, laughing eyes and refreshing manner, has already been infected with our American slang—injecting it into his conversations at every available opportunity.

Probably the most amusing story of Olivier's stay in Hollywood is the one concerning the pair of leather breeches he was to wear in "Wuthering Heights." Tight-fitting as were all masculine breeches of the Nineteenth Century, these molded so closely to the thighs as to appear almost invisible.

From the waist up, the wearer appeared dressed as a first-class gentleman dandy with tailed coat and ruffled jabot. But from the waist down—alas and alack—he looked for all the world as though he'd forgotten to don this most important bit of apparel.

With a shudder at what the consequences might have been, the offending breeches were returned to the wardrobe department and hastily cut into inoffensive dust cloths. Olivier realizes how closely a national moralistic scandal was averted—one that probably would have made him more talked about than Sally Rand.

Meanwhile, this gay, debonair young man with his genial smile and pleasant countenance, having made his peace with Hollywood, is happily engaged in the delightful pastime of annexing new feminine hearts. As for Garbo— "What does Garbo matter, when there's Vivien Leigh ! "
Who'll Win the 1939 Oscars?

(Continued from page 39)

until we know.

“Having your competitors say, ‘In spite of what we’ve tried to do ourselves, we think you’ve done better’ is a great compliment, considering the source. But there’s more to getting the Award than that. The one you could get audience response directly, you must remember, as stage players do. We get letters, and sometimes we’re told we’ve given good performances by personal acquaintances. But to be secretly voted for by people who think you’re special and that your line of work is really the only public recognition we get for our movie efforts.

“IT is marvelous that all the people connected with the making of films, technically, are honored by the Academy, also. You can score a picture expertly, but whoever gives you any credit except the Academy judges? The man who writes the best song of the year, the fellow who turns in the best film story, the one who contributes the best photography—they’ve all had their day and you can bet they’re proud to be honored!”

Bette admits she was more thrilled by her second award than by her first one. With typical candor, she explained, “When I received the trophy the first time, for my performance in ‘Dangerous,’ I felt it was a consolation prize!” The year before she had done “Of Human Bondage,” but though there were an astounding number of write-in votes her amazing Cockney characterization wasn’t even one of the three nominated candidates. Her award for “Jezebel” was warmly treasured because this was the picture which began a new phase for her. It was the first expensive production ever given her, the first time there was a dignity to her attempts, and she had spared no effort to be worthy of the opportunity. She wasn’t embarrassed when she stood up for this Oscar.

“To be perfectly truthful,” said Bette, declining dessert, “this reputation I have for being a great actress is fantastic and I wouldn’t begin I want it to be one. But what few people realize is how lucky I’ve been in these past two years. Think of the marvelous variety I’ve been given. I’ve been jumped from one sort of role into its direct opposite, and that makes me think you are better than you truly are.

“FOR two years I’ve been assigned excellent material and I know it. ‘Dark Victory’ had everything in it an actress could want. Naturally I’m anxious for more such running-the-gamut parts, for more pictures written and directed and photographed and cut as it was. Because, like every actor and actress, I’m dependent upon the opportunities given me. None of us can register unless we have the right scenes.”

Bette didn’t add how she had done ten-old films before she gambled her career on that daringly unsympathetic role in “Of Human Bondage.”

“When I first came to Hollywood, I was full of big hopes that very soon fell flat. I thought there was no chance for me here. Some of the leading producers rated me zero; I had their word for it! I wasn’t sensation, in looks or behavior.

“But becoming a fine actress and becoming a box-office star are two different matters. No one can tell you what it takes to be a star in pictures. So many things enter into it. A unique personality, perhaps. Exceptional appearance has often worked the trick. Provocative publicity has helped frequently.

“To become a skilled actor, however, you must work hard. You must try to perfect a formula for expressing your moods in the most effective manner. Then, you must get the opportunity to act. You can’t rely on personality or looks, though obviously they’re never a handicap.

“Certainly there are many fine actors and actresses who could win the Academy Oscars for 1939. I don’t understand why Garbo has never been honored. She is a very, very great actress. She’s given performances no one else has even touched. She’s been able to do to what she does on the screen. I rate her ‘Camille’ as one of the high-spots.

“I think Fay Bainter may win this year.” Fay won the kudo for being the best supporting actress last year, after being nominated for the top spot Bette herself took. “Every time I think of Fay I think maybe there’s hope for me in the years ahead. Fay has repeated her stage success in pictures. Though she was a great star in the theatre she began out here in lesser roles. Now all Fay needs is a great screen role.”

“Looks and glamour,” said Bette emphatically, “are no longer the sole criterion here, for which I am duly grateful! Those ridiculous whims that used to be Hollywood ‘musts’ are obsolete, too. Today none of us supposes he has to have a swimming pool and a butler, or be extravagant. It’s what we can do on that screen, and not off it, that counts for us.

“I should say that Margaret Sullivan and Barbara Stanwyck could very easily win the leading actress award. But only if they do. Both of them,” argued Bette, “are unusually expert, I think, from anyone’s viewpoint. They are so absolutely real and unaffected; there are no artificialities to their performances. They are, to me, grand examples of the new order in Hollywood.”

“It wouldn’t surprise me if Wendy Hiller, judging from her one picture to date, should come through with the number one acting job this year. Her case illustrates what precisely the right role, in the right film, does for you. If, of course, you are ready for its demands. She had a stage preparation; then she got intelligent and sympathetic direction from Leslie Howard.

“Of anyone in Hollywood now, I’d say Jane Bryan has the greatest years from now—is the most important. I first saw Jane in an amateur play here in town, and while it was her first performance she was thoroughly at home. She has all the-elements of acting greatness. She has that power instinctively to be ‘it,’ the person she wants to portray, and with complete reality. Jane is just beginning, comparatively, but she is very intelligent and could take advantage of a big chance. Of all the younger girls, Jane, to me, is most liable to develop amazingly.”

Bette smiled. “I really mean that, even if it is my particular pet. Seeing her start has been like seeing myself start all over again. I was so much like her at her age. My background was like hers. Normal. We were brought up the same way, with none of the things, as a backdrop, that people say makes you interesting. She has a great advantage over her, she looks a little on the meek side—as I did. She is hesitant still, but only because she hasn’t had enough experience to gain confidence in herself.”

“But,” I interrupted curiously, “has Jane Bryan your fire, Bette?”

“I haven’t fire,” retorted Bette promptly and firmly. “I have terrific enthusiasm. Jane has plenty of it, too, and when she’s worked as long as I have she’ll have more confidence. And it’s, chuckled the discriminating David,” said Bette, “the fire of the likes of you for fire! Why, Jane’s very decisive at heart; she wants things done right and if they aren’t she—like me—can become a tornado on wheels. But she will have to plod along and work hard.

“I can think of one who has never received Academy Awards,” added Bette, “and any one of them may be the winner this time. All have what it takes. They all prefer to submerge themselves in their roles. There’s none of the immature idolizing in them. They act, because they’ve painstakingly learned the job of acting, and love it. They have photographic minds for details. I am thinking,” said Bette, “of Leslie Howard, Jimmy Cagney, Cary Grant, and John Garfield.

“From the way John Garfield worked with me in a test I’ll bet he will make his mark faster than any other new actor we have.” John’s first test at Warners was for a lead with Bette; he lost out to Errol Flynn. “He knew he was completely wrong physically. But I’ve got him, and yet he did all he could. He had a sincerity and a humility that was remarkable. He was scared to death, a fine sign. If I should ever be signing talent, I wouldn’t give a second thought to anyone who could walk into a test as if it were nothing, without even a shiver. I’d suspect, if he were that composed, that that was all he’d ever be. It’s like opening nights; all the great actors I’ve ever known were terribly nervous.

“But whoever is elected best for 1939, I hope the winning man and woman will be as happy to win as I was!”

The director of Bette’s current opus called over that it was time for her to report back on her set. Will any of the stars you pointed out be for this year? Her opinion should count for something!

ANNOUNCEMENT

In our next issue

Hollywood’s foremost photographers give invaluable suggestions for the best results when you’re having your own photograph taken

Don’t Miss Them!
My, How Shirley’s Growing Up!

[Continued from page 45]

Mrs. Temple thought it would be better if we didn’t play Statue any longer. And so Shirley changed the game to Telephone. She patiently explained for my sorely-needed information that you took a word and sent it around the table on the q.t., then waited to hear what it would be when it got back. Leaning over, she whispered into my ear—it kind of tickled—“Elegant.” Well, you’d hardly believe it, but in going the rounds that word changed to “elephant!”

Just then Shirley nudged me. Following her significant glance, I sneaked a look over my shoulder. On a tray at a side-table was a large order of ice-cream—chocolates.

It was a good lunch, and we all felt good as we filed out past tables of famous picture people who looked as if they never did anything but eat lunch.

Naturally, Shirley is so used to meeting notables that she takes them in her stride. Only once has she kissed a famed visitor. That was Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. The charm of the First Lady of the Land completely won Star Number One. When Mrs. Roosevelt kissed her on the cheek, Shirley came right back with one in the same place.

Asked how she happened to do it, Shirley told me, “I just wanted her to know how nice I thought she was.”

In another way, Shirley was pretty nice to Henry Morgenthau, father of the Secretary of the Treasury. After tramping about the Twentieth Century-Fox lot all one morning, the venerable sightseer asked if he might take a nap in the Temple bungalow. As she was leaving to go back to work, his little hostess (Mrs. Temple calls her the little old lady) brought a small afghan and spread the coverlet over Mr. Morgenthau with the solicitous reminder, “You mustn’t catch cold.”

Instead of my taking a nap, Shirley thought it would be better to have my picture taken with her on the porch. It was quite as though she’d never had hers taken before. She was just like any other little girl standing for a snapshot.

Then the two of us struggled off by ourselves. It struck me that Shirley must want to get away from crowds of people. “No,” she said, “they’re all so good to me that I like them.”

It goes without saying that they couldn’t help liking her, real as she is, not “cute,” as some mistakenly call her. Still, strangers probably ask a great deal of her.

“Well,” she owned up, “they ask me for curls.”

It could only be wondered, not without prejudice, if she ever gave them any. For answer, she determinedly shook those in-violate curls of hers.

“But,” she chuckled, “they ask for funnier things than that.”

Now what in the world could that be?

“Teeth.”

Coming unexpectedly, this seemed the last word in souvenir hunters. But it was a relief to her.

“I haven’t given away a single one. But I guess I ought to buy some false teeth, then I could.”

She laughed at her joke. It was good, even if a bit on the ghastly side. Not that Shirley didn’t have her serious moments on some subject. For example, she related a recent experience in assuring me she still had seven of her baby teeth after losing one—swallowed it, that’s what she did.

“When did it happen?” her mother had asked her.

“Yesterday,” was the casual reply.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Well,” explained Shirley, “I thought I’d better wait till I was out of danger.”

Not only does Shirley love her many pets, but she makes pecuniary provision for them. A while ago she won a prize of $10 in a radio contest. Half of it she spent to buy a footstool for her mother. Asked what she had done with the remaining five dollars, she replied, “Oh, I put it in my pig bank for a rainy day.”

Shirley could, of course, make thousands of dollars by going on the radio. But her parents have decided against it, at least for the present, feeling that, with three pictures a year and her schooling, their remarkable child has quite enough to keep her busy. Meanwhile, Shirley is a great radio fan. Every night she “listens in,” mostly to blood-and-thunder, cops-and-robbers programs. Hence the G-Woman complex. But the radio has also served to bring out the patriotic side of her nature. Whenever the national anthem is played she makes the whole family stand up. “That’s the use,” objected the younger of her two brothers, “if they can’t see us doing it?” “Never mind,” chided Shirley. “It’s more sincere to stand up when nobody’s looking.”

At another time, while deep in her history lesson, she duly impressed a full- grown patriot by looking up with the sage observation, “You know, this is a great country.”

Towards the end of the afternoon we passed together, Shirley manifested a lively interest in other less serious things than national pride and national anthems. When we found ourselves in the recording room, her eye fell on a lot of drummer’s traps and then there she organized the C-Rangers Orchestra. With one of the regular musicians at the piano and herself equipped with drumsticks, she hastily arranged that others of us, electricians and what-not, be supplied in the interests of providing percussion with plain everyday coat-hangers. These were bunged upon cymbals, xylophones and the like, while Shirley cut loose hand-and-foot on the drums in what may safely be declared the most deafening rendition of the Waltz from “The Merry Widow” ever heard.
Exploding the Stand-In Myth!

[Continued from page 41]

Bill Hoover? Or Nick Borgani? Certainly not. Yet Mary Lou Iselb is the stand-in for Shirley Temple, Frances Sawyer is stand-in for Sonja Henie in Joan Taylor's illness, Miss Doy is the stand-in for Barbara Stanwyck, Bill Hoover is the stand-in for Edward Arnold, and Borgani is the stand-in for dapper Adolph Menjou. I could reel off one hundred names of stand-ins and you wouldn't recognize one of them. They don't even get their names publicized, and to succeed in this business, you have to get publicity.

Let's examine a few case histories of stand-ins. For three years, Ann Robinson has been in front of cameras and yet never has been photographed. This Memphis, Tennessee, girl came to Hollywood to get into pictures, failed and was happy to get the job of stand-in for Olivia De Havilland. She laughs at stand-in ideas. Charles "Jumply" DeBeaver, stand-in for Edward G. Robinson, gave up parachute jumping as a profession several years ago when he was severely injured at Roosevelt Field, N. Y., when his chute failed to open and he landed a few feet from a pile of rocks. He's quite content to be a stand-in for Robbie and looks no higher.

Mary Avery, stand-in for Gloria Dickson during the filming of "Old Man Minnie" and other Warner Brothers pictures, has taken that job with the hope that it will lead to entering pictures as an actress. A native of Des Moines, Iowa, Mary worked there in stock for many years and also taught drama. In the stock company, she appeared with Ralph Bellamy and other persons now prominent in pictures or on the New York stage. In Hollywood she teaches acting to a selected number of students. Blonde, blue-eyed and attractive, she is also Marvin Dikson.

Marie Wilson's stand-in is Ruby Wood, who, at the age of 14, ran away and joined a circus. Now only 28, she performs hazardous feats for a number of feminine players and, with her husband, makes a business of supplying complete circuses to motion pictures in addition to working as Marie's stand-in. Early in her career as a circus aerialist she fell forty feet and fractured every bone in her face.

Sally Sage, pretty blonde stand-in for Bette Davis, tried to get into pictures. Unable to get a break as an actress, she took the stand-in job. But she hasn't given up hope — in fact, she believes that her chance of becoming an actress (not the stand-in star) is greater than they ever have been, because Bette is teaching Sally elocution, diction and allied theatrical arts during their spare time.

They can do with such a shallow story. Somebody ought to be ashamed.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS

[Continued from page 51]

JOHN HILTON's exquisitely written sentimental story of an English schoolmaster comes to the screen as one of the greatest "heart" pictures of all times. The picture, like the book, wraps itself around your heart in the early sequences and never once relinquishes its grip until the final fade-out when Mr. Chips, now an old man in his eighties, tells the doctor that he has had children — thousands of them — and all of them boys. Robert Donat, an English actor last seen here in "The Citadel," plays Mr. Chips, and gives as great a performance as we'll ever have the good luck to see. Greer Garson, of the London stage and a newcomer to films, is admirable as Mrs. Chips, making of her a beautiful, gentle and sophisticated woman. It is a matter of fact, there hasn't been anyone on the screen so "womanly" in years, and what a relief Miss Garson is after all this Hollywood Glamour. The story, as you probably know, is the study of a shy young un-sophisticated man who becomes a teacher at an English boys school where he has hopes of one day becoming headmaster, and where some sixty years later he dies, a fine old gentleman, loved by the entire school. We see the agony of his early failure to cope with the unruly boys, his lonely middle age, his romance and marriage, the tragic death of his wife in childbirth, and finally, the war. It's a rare good film, and you mustn't miss it.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

WHERE THERE'S HOPE ETC.—Paramount

AN unpretentious, but very gay, comedy with some of the best laughs of the season — and decidedly the best song hit, "The Lady's in Love." Bob Hope plays the big talking owner of a broken down burlesque show on an Amen- daska Pier. In his starving troupe are Shirley Ross, who has ambitions to be a singer, Una Merkel and Gene Krupa and his orchestra. How they all become big shots — with no thanks to Bob — makes for a very amusing picture. Una is a stand-out in several swell comedy scenes, and of course you jitterbugs will just go mad over Gene Krupa and his drums.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS

TOP-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT—Columbia

HERE'S a picture that's packed with thrill and action and just enough of the romantic stuff. With a little seaport town in South America for the locale the whole picture reeks of colorful atmosphere — and what fun that is. Cary Grant gives the performance of his career and is so swell that you'll want him for Christ-mas. Cary plays a pilot (the real hero) who is in charge of the airmail service in this godforsaken spot, and in order to get the airmail contract he and his adventur- ous pilots have to fly in all kinds of rickety planes through storm and fog into this nerve-wracking spot drops Jean Arthur, an entertainer of sorts, who takes a good look at Cary and decides to miss her boat and hang around awhile. Outstanding among the devil-may-care pilots are Grant, who is the lead in "White Mist," screen version of a famous European novel woven around the Swiss Alps.

However, the stand-ins do not feel at all morbid about the situation. To them, it is all in a day's work and most important, it is a day's work. They have no illusions of grandeur, these kids, but they do wish that sappy writers would stop penning those asinine stories about them.

6000 ENEMIES

ANOTHER PRISON YARN—M-G-M

WALTER PIDGEON, one of the better actors, plays a district attorney with political ambitions who seeks to promote himself by sending men and women to prison on trumped up evidence. He is a thoroughly despicable young man. But there comes a time when he, too, is railroaded to prison. He finds himself bumped in with the hundreds of hard-boiled guys and crackpots that he has had convicted, and when they start even off their scores with the one time prosecutor an exciting time is had by all. Rita Johnson plays one of his victims who meets in prison, and is very, very pretty, even in a prison uniform. In the supporting cast are John P. Wilson as the prosecutor's young brother, Harold Huber as a racket boss, Paul Kelly as the prison doctor, and Nat Pendleton as a sutling prisoner. It's what we call a program picture.

[Continued on page 81]
If your eyes are brown, like Frances Langford's

Here's how to look your loveliest!

Use Marvelous Matched Makeup...keyed to the color of your eyes!

1. ANN: Choose face powder by the color of your eyes? I never heard of such a thing!

2. RUTH: It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier instantly!

3. ANN: With your brown eyes, it's perfect, Ruth! But what about me, with gray eyes?

4. RUTH: Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

5. RUTH: Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!

6. ANN: And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on eye color, Ruth?

7. RUTH: Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!

8. RUTH: You'll adore the rouge and lipstick, too, Ann! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splogethly," artificial look...just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips such lovely, long-lasting color!

9. ANN: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty instantly! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, get them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(55¢ in Canada)

Marvelous Matched Makeup
By Richard Hudnut

Keyed to the color of your eyes!

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

My eyes are Blue □ Brown □ Grey □ Hazel □ Name

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes, I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

City State

(65¢ in Canada)
Righting Wrong Impressions

(Continued from page 23)

"difficult." Finally Borzage, a kindly soul, called her aside and asked her why she had to laugh every time Spencer said the line. "Because it is funny," said Hedy, "how can a hook be sandy?" (Hedy, of course, is in that stage where she takes her English very literally.) The line was changed to read, "We are now passing Coney Island," and there were no more laughs from Hedy. But it was several weeks before she could assure Hollywood, and the columnists, that she wasn't "difficult."

About the most misunderstood actress in Hollywood is Alice Faye. Alice suffers from shyness, good old-fashioned shyness that makes her go cold all over, break out in goose pimples, and feel sick at the sight of her stomach. Shyness is something that Hollywood, the land of the exhibitionists, can't understand at all, so poor Alice gets misunderstood every time she sticks her nose out of the door. Because her shyness won't allow her to be palsy walsy with the press, and because she freezes when anybody who looks like a reporter or a fan writer comes near her, she gets herself called high-hat, stuck-up, and a so-and-so.

Being a shy person, she naturally lacks confidence in herself, and that's why she had rather go to the dentist than have photographers take a picture of her, or give an interview. She is fully convinced that she is the ugliest person in Hollywood, and that she has nothing to say that's the least bit interesting to anyone. The fact that she is now one of the Big Ten in the Box Office popularity poll hasn't changed Alice at all—that old inferiority complex still holds her tight in its clutches. Ask Alice what she thinks of herself in one of her pictures and she'll tell you that she thinks she's lousy. And she isn't kidding, either. But something's wrong somewhere. You can't be lousy and be way up there in the popularity poll with Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Sonja Henie.

The great misunderstanding of Alice Faye in Hollywood got off to a good start shortly after she became a star at Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Alice was in the midst of production when she received a wire from New York that her father was extremely ill and to come at once. She walked right out of the picture and took the first train East. In Chicago she was greeted by a jeering flock of reporters and photographers who informed her that her father had died in the free ward of a public hospital. "What's the matter," they sneered, "are you too elegant for the old man now you're a movie star? Couldn’t you slip him a buck occasionally?" Alice was so deeply hurt that day she has never gotten over it.

When she first came to Hollywood she tried, in her shy little way, to be nice to the press and the photographers, but that cruel experience in Chicago just sort of fixed things up dandy. Of course all the papers and fan magazines ran stories about Alice's father dying in a ward—but very few of them took the trouble to mention that it wasn't Alice's fault. That Mr. Leppert and his daughter were close pals, and that Alice, the most gen erous person in the world, would never let him be in need of anything. It just so happened that he was stricken suddenly and was taken to the nearest hospital.

Naturally, oh yes indeed, Hollywood believed the worst and when she returned to the studio she was regarded as some kind of inhuman person, cold, hard, and stuck-up—especially as she chose to keep her sorrow to herself and not weep publicly on every convenient shoulder. Urged by her publicity department Alice, a year or so later, made a final effort to be cozy with the press. She was given a press party. She was so frightened by the time she had bucked up enough courage to attend it that she was almost cold and numb when she arrived. Now the boys and girls of the Fourth Estate were really trying that day to be extra nice to Alice, who was fast becoming one of Mr. Zanuck's best gold mines—but poor Alice took one look around, and walked right out of the party! "Huh," said the press, "so she snubs us. So, who does she think she is? Guess she's got some thing more important to go to." As a matter of fact Alice had gone straight to her room, thrown herself across the bed, and cried her eyes out for hours. Alice is essentially a party girl and likes nothing better than to go to a night club with Tony, and when the hour gets late she will sing as long as someone
plays the piano for her. But she’s not much on those rather stuffy dinner parties that Hollywood goes in for. She usually finds herself sitting in between two people she’s never heard of before, and can’t say a thing to. Of Alice suffered through a couple of these dull Hollywood dinner parties, and decided that it wasn’t worth it. She doesn’t care a tinker’s dam about society anyway. But when she refused the invitations of Hollywood’s creme de la creme hostesses they announced that she was a crude little person, really.

The studio decided to give Alice a straight acting part in “The Girl from Brooklyn,” without any songs. The story was finished, not Alice. But when it was announced in the newspapers, of course, all Hollywood said, “So she wants to be a dramatic actress now! Well, I don’t think Bette Davis need worry.” When Alice refused to give interviews (she and Tony were having difficulties at the time and Alice didn’t want to discuss them with the press) the writers lost no time in saying, “Now that she’s a dramatic actress she’s gone high-brow on us.”

Because the story suddenly became out of date, due to social change in world events, “The Girl from Brooklyn” was temporarily shelved, but you can bet your bottom dollar no one would give Alice a break on that. A picture shelved in Hollywood means only one thing—bad acting. So naturally everyone went around saying that Alice couldn’t act, that she had better stick to her singing. At least one person didn’t say that, though. Hedy Lamarr. Hedy was taking a bit of blame, for “I Take This Woman” which had to be shelved after $800,000 had been spent on it. There is nothing so humiliating to a star as a shelved picture. Though usually it is story trouble and not the star’s fault at all.

When Hollywood heard that Alice had eight radios in her house they threw up their hands in holy horror and said she was ostentatious and vulgar. But it just happens that Alice is crazy about radio and—likes to have one in every room—and why shouldn’t she? And when Hollywood saw Alice dining out with her hairdresser and stand-in constantly they said she had no chic. It didn’t occur to the so-called social leaders of Hollywood that a hairdresser and a stand-in might be far more interesting than a social-climbing author and just anybody from Café Society. Not only more interesting, but much more loyal.

Well, if you want to be misunderstood just come to Hollywood. I can fix it up for you. In a week I can have you so thoroughly misunderstood that you can’t even understand yourself.

Marvels of Make-up

[Continued from page 50]

Lahr’s make-up as the Cowardly Lion in “The Wizard of Oz,” which performed all styles of tailwagging from a majestic sweep to a staccato wag of an ecstatic puppy. Incidentally, Bert could remain in the costume only fifteen minutes at a time. Frank Morgan used several make-ups as the “Wizard of Oz,” each as startling as the other. Judy Garland, as the little heroine of the story, had the only one not bothered by grotesque make-ups. Concerning Judy, though, it was discovered that her attractive dimples are noticeable working under Technicolor whereas they don’t show in black and white photography. More light and electricity were used in this musical extravaganza than in any other picture ever made. When you see the “Wizard of Oz,” remember that another wizard was behind it all in the person of Jack Dawn, who experimented for months and months before obtaining the marvelous make-ups worn by the cast.

**LET’S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!**

**COLGATE’S COMBATS BAD BREATH...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!**

“Colgate’s special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth. Helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva that causes much bad breath. And Colgate’s safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it.”

**LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE’S...**

“Did you ever call it off, Julie?”

“Silly, what a question to ask a happy bride, Phil!”

“Glad you didn’t call it off, Julie?”

**YES, I LOVE YOU...BUT PHIL IS JUST CAN’T MARRY A MAN WHO—WELL—WHO OUGHT TO SEE HIS DENTIST ABOUT HIS BREATH!”

**TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN’T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS, AND THAT’S WHY...**

**BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE’S TWICE A DAY!**
No Wonder She's Happy

[Continued from page 27]

Eleanor enthused—and her enthusiasm is so contagious that you are certain that it would have the same effect on you. But Fred Astaire, "Broadway Melody" and "Fancy free" ballets are not the only things that stir her interest. Most of all she was excited and pleased by the reception fans had accorded her whenever she appeared in public.

It had been thrilling, she told me, to be dancing on a New York stage again. Thrilling to dance before an audience after three whole weeks away from the footlights. But she knew—and here is another example of her level-headedness—that a great number of friends, relatives and former associates would wonder what she was like, now that she was a Hollywood star.

In order that there might be no misunderstanding, no reason for anyone to think she was just a "Hollywood" or high-hat or upstage, she gave strict orders in New York that her dressing room was to be "open house." And "open house" it was, so that throughout her stay there was a waiting line backstage that seemed, at times, almost to match the line of patrons waiting to get into the theater "out front."

Eleanor saw them all—and almost wore herself out in the process. She never left the theater from the time she arrived, in the late morning until late evening, when—her four or five shows completed—she escaped to her hotel. For a week her meals consisted almost entirely of hastily eaten drug store sandwiches and "cokes."

During the brief hour and a half between shows she had to find time for an alcohol rub, have her hair fixed and her make-up freshened; autograph pictures, grant interviews, see friends—and rest. Usually, there wasn't any time left for her to rest. When she got on the train to Washington, she was a very tired young woman on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

When they arrived in the Nation's Capital, her mother, who travels with her, acting as a "buffer" when needed and doing everything a devoted mother can to spare her daughter of needless bother, decided it was time to put her foot down. Since she has made two trips to Washington to attend the President's Birthday Celebrations, Eleanor has friends by the score in Washington, and the demands on her time were as heavy as they had been in New York.

But all invitations were kindly but firmly refused by Mrs. Powell. Even a note from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, expressing the hope that Eleanor would drop by the White House for tea, was declined by a sick girl determined to continue doing the four strenuous shows each day that were called for by her theater contract.

This interview was one of the very few granted to Eleanor during her week in Washington.

"New York was grand, in spite of everything," she declared. "It seemed as if I saw everyone I had ever known. But
His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLект*

When Eleanor Powell recently arrived in New York for personal appearances, she was greeted by an escort of Loew theatre ushers.

What really broke me down was the children. They were really touching.

"There is a New York dancing school named after me, and one day the whole school came backstage to see me. Some of the youngsters cried, and hugged my dancing slippers and kissed my hand—and pretty soon I was crying, too. I can't begin to tell you how much it all meant to me."

Just as Eleanor was pleased and touched, however, so was her mother grateful for the warm welcome that awaited them everywhere. But in the midst of it all, she was making plans for the two weeks between the end of the personal appearance tour and the beginning, in mid-summer, of six weeks of rehearsals for the picture with Astaire.

"When we get back to California, Eleanor is going to have two weeks of real quiet and rest," she said. "She'll lie in the garden, in the sun, and get back all the energy she has been expending on this tour. It won't take long—she's a good healthy girl and snaps back quickly."

So, with her plans for the months ahead well mapped out by her studio and her mother, Eleanor faces a future with certain events already scheduled and waiting. If the Powell-Astaire team pleases the public, it is certain there will be other pictures starring these fascinating dancers.

After her three years' contract is up Eleanor hopes to do a show on Broadway again. For, much as she likes picture making, she likes seeing an audience more.

She would like, some day, to act a "straight part" with no dancing. She's studying now, trying to become a better actress as well as a better dancer. Those who saw her personal appearance were surprised by her excellent imitation of lanky Jimmy Stewart—an impersonation so good it may be worked into her next picture. She's prouder of that bit of fun-making than of all her dance routines!

In the meanwhile, however, she is very happy dancing. And she cannot imagine ever giving it up altogether. So there's a pretty good chance that Eleanor will still be dancing—and still having the time of her life—when "The Broadway Melody of 1950" rolls around!

Let "Lysol" help YOU to avoid this ONE NEGLект!

If there is any doubt in your mind about this important subject of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Let him tell you why, for a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals . . . and wives. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Three sizes of "Lysol" are sold at all drug stores.

* She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene

This one neglect may be the real cause of many divorces...Use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene.

Lysol

Disinfectant

1889—1939

50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. S.S. 908, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me a free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name______________________
Address______________________
of becoming an actress. Her mother, Annette Yde, a concert singer, who devoted most of her time to training Hollywood actors and actresses to fulfill the voice requirements of radio's Maestro Microphone, had taught her young daughter Annie. (Ann has two younger sisters, Constance who composes music, Marion who writes fiction) to play several musical instruments; she had carefully trained Ann's lyric soprano voice. Also, young Harrncte would spend from five to seven hours a day perfecting her appearance. Perhaps a composer, too, these were the careers upon which the little Lake had set her soft blue eyes.

And the point to be made is, that she didn't have to any career at all if not for the famous writer, Walter J. Lake, a producer broker of substantial means, was more than willing for Ann to complete her fourth year at the University of Washington, to lead the life of a socialite debutante. But no, even then and even so, Ann was being like a beautiful, blonde little beaver.

So she came to Hollywood to visit her mother. And Hollywood got her. She made a picture or two. She signed a term contract with M-G-M. Just like that. The late Paul Bern, then a producer at M-G-M, took a keen interest in her career, became her firm friend. All of which is especially interesting, and somehow indicative of the purposeful pattern Fate weaves, when you consider that now, as the second picture of her New Deal, Ann has made "Mamie."" And M-G-M is again entreating her to put her signature to a long term contract, offering her all of their high-voltage batteries for a spectacular Ann Sothern "build-up."

And "Mamie" was a story bought for the late, beloved Jean Harlow, and the part Ann played had been designed and tailor-made for the little Harlow.

So Hollywood took Ann in hand and started her on a career which branched out and included the stage, the second lead in Ziegfeld's "Smiles," starring Marilyn Miller, parts in other stage plays, "America's Sweetheart," "Of Thee I Sing . . ." and pictures again, "Let's Fall In Love" with Edmund Lowe, and then pictures and more pictures and so many pictures, that the famous star head in Edith Cantor's "Kid Millions," "Follies Ber- gere" with Chevalier, and those five R-K-O years of "Smartest Girl in Town," "Dangerous Number," "Fifty Roads to Town," "There Goes My Girl" are enough to name without entirely losing my breath.

During this time, too, and not without considerable complication and heartache and delay, Ann married band-leader Roger Pryor, and then spent her time B-ing and flying . . . not to be too cute, I mean that she spent her time making "B" pictures at the studio and planing out of Chicago or other points East, to be with her traveling husband. And this, Annie finally concluded, was NOT the life! What was it getting her? Well, no professional satisfaction out of her work and no personal satisfaction out of her private life. Something had to be done about it. Annie did it.

She said, "You can't work well unless you're happy. When you're in love, you can't be happy unless you’re with the one you love. I was losing out, both ways.

If I'd kept on with my career the way it was going I would have been a dead pigeon in less than three years. If Roger and I kept on living the way we were never together, no home of our own, no home life . . . well, we wouldn't have any different than some others, similarly situated, who have cracked up in the divorce courts. It can't be helped. These week-end or separation marriages, cannot succeed. I just wasn't happy. I spent six months thinking it over, giving it every thought I could. Then I talked it over with Roger, of course. And Roger, of course, wanted me to do what I wanted to do. When I did make up my mind, it was like that—" ANNIE snapped her small pink fingers. "I've tried it. I do believe in it and you're not trying it. Now when you examine them)—"I just handed in my resignation and then . . ."

Ann fetched up a fetching sigh. She said: "I really didn't think it would be the way it was. I was pretty tired. I'd been working awfully hard, I thought it would be swell to be free. So it was—at first. I really did rather enjoy it for the first three months. Then I got a little tired of being so very free. It was not that I couldn't have worked. I could have worked. But not the kind of work I wanted. I gave up my contract in order to get the right kind of thing or nothing at all. I had to stick to my guns even if they blew me over the hill to the Poor House!"

You want to know what I really thought, felt, did? Well, at first, I didn't do much of anything. I kept telling myself that this was just what I needed. I rested, a vacation, it was simply fine. Then—"I thought, oh, Optimism, that the day after my resignation, well, the day after that, at the latest, a big: "A" picture would drop right into my lap and put its arms around me. It didn't. Not the next day nor the day after that nor the day after that, nor 

"what was this? The phones stopped ringing—much. The Press, you know, has always been wonderful to me. Even at my B-jeal there was seldom a week that I didn't have two or three interviews. There were always photographic sittings going on at home sittings, fashion sittings. Suddenly I looked in the magazines and there weren't any pictures of me, no interviews, not even a gossip item. I had a kind of feeling such as a ghost might have who comes back to his old haunts and no one sees him."

"I was romantically for me, of course, because I had no husband to fall back on. I had no home, no home-life to fill the sudden vacuum which my life had become. Roger was away most of the time. I couldn't continue to go flying about, trying to live his life. That's no kind of a life for a woman, too uncer-

tain, too here today and somewhere else.
You can't hide your legs!

UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY
with New Cream

Up go skirts this season, up near the knee. Fashion says "17 inches from the ground." That means the spotlight is on your legs...so keep them glamorous. Do as millions of women do...remove ugly hair with quick and easy Neet.

Neet you just spread Neet (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then you rinse it off with water...and the hair disappears "like magic." Gentle Neet removes hair from the forearms, too—leaves your skin soft and baby-smooth.

Avoid Bristle Razor Stubble

When you use Neet, there are no pointed, wire-like stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause sticking runs...and no risk of cuts or razor-roughened skin.

Play suits, beach wear and summer dresses demand smooth, hair-free arms and legs. Get Neet! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair

Virginia Bruce on her estate with her favorite mount, George
Secrets of a Hollywood Hostess

[Continued from page 25]

so detest. Your parties are definitely the most outstanding parties which have ever been given in Hollywood. That is an acknowledged fact by every person who has ever been privileged to receive an invitation from you. No one else in Hollywood seems to have the imagination or genius for creating such beauty and splendor and at the same time real enjoyment.

"But I think," said Mrs. Rathbone, "the reason why stars entertain so rarely is that most of them spend their days on studio sets, in make-up, under those terrifying lights from nine o'clock in the morning until seven and eight o'clock at night, so is it any wonder that they prefer the more informal kind of entertainment, and stacks to an evening gown, or flannels and a sweater to a stiff shirt front and hard collar. They prefer their relaxation in the form of parlor games which do not require much mental effort on their part, and allow them to indulge in anything more strenuous, except perhaps on Saturday nights, when some of them who can afford it play poker or bridge where huge sums of money exchange hands. As I'm not engaged in any kind of work out here I naturally have more time to devote to arranging a party. Having been active for many years as a writer and decorator, I now find it very difficult to relax and just be a housewife. That is one reason, why I go to so much trouble and pains over my parties. My imagination is stimulated and my decorative talents are given full scope. In other words, I get the same thrill out of it that a director would get out of producing a film. The only pity of it all is that it is not so remunerative."

As this juncture the butler appeared with the tea and Mrs. Rathbone became busy with the china. I could not help admiring the arrangement of the tea table with its dainty lace cloth, bowl of tea roses, and the beautiful silver service gleaming in the sunlight. Mrs. Rathbone was delighted. She proudly displayed the beautiful Georgian design of the kettle and other appointments, confiding to me that it was her husband's 13th Wedding Anniversary present. This reminded me that this year they had failed to give their usual Wedding Anniversary party. When I asked her the reason she curled up in the corner of the sofa, and fed bits of cake to her West Highland terrier, as she explained that in the future all her big parties were to be for charities.

"I feel," she said, "that the great unhappiness and injustice that is being imposed upon the people in certain parts of Europe have made us here in Hollywood lose sight of the distress and poverty within our own doors. I think it is time that we did something about the unfortunate in Hollywood. So I have decided to use my talents for creating beautiful parties, and my ability for organization, towards helping the less fortunate in our profession. Each year I am going to sponsor a benefit for the Actors Relief Fund and another for the Hollywood Guild. I organized one recently, and as you know it was a great financial success."

Hollywood will never forget that benefit party. And I doubt very much ever before so many stars have gathered under one roof—or rather tent—as at the garden fete she recently gave for the benefit of the Hollywood Guild. Imagine eight or nine hundred Hollywood celebrities dining and dancing and having the time of their lives under the tent until seven o'clock in the morning, with Eddie Robinson, cigar in mouth, conducting the orchestra, and a magnificent, spontaneous floor show.

I found myself at my particular corner (the power of the press, you know), in the company of Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Heddy Lamarr, Rudy Vallee, Tyrone Power, and Annabella, Rosalind Russell, Errol Flynn, Dolores Del Rio, Myrna Loy, Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Joe Schenck, and so I had to sit all trial.

Aherne, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, Dick Arlen and Virginia Grey, Otto Kruger and his lovely wife, Lana Turner, Ernst Lubitsch, Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Cary Grant, Joan Bennett, and why go on? There were clusters of stars, executives, directors, and society belles in matter in what direction you looked. Every one of them had been greeted an placed by Mrs. Rathbone. Her face was beamimg, but her voice was husky. They are a thousand and one details to be attended to before giving such a colossal party in one's own garden, and she had attended to every one of them. To women would have collapsed under the strain of the work she did to make it success and set a new record in the social annals of movieland.

"I am curious, Mrs. Rathbone, to fin out how you went about organizing such a gigantic undertaking," I asked her.

"Well, first I had to find a place where I could give the party. I first thought of Earl Carroll's. I wanted Mr. Carroll to put on a new show so that I could advertise it as such and be able to get great many people who would otherwise not come to see the same show. This could not be arranged so I abandoned the idea and started on another plan, thought a skating party at one of the popular rinks might be amusing—building a Bavarian Village, with snow and icicles. But after weeks of trying to carry out this plan, I found that no rink would co-operate and so I had to give up. The Trocadero and Clover Club only seat about 400 people and I wanted twice that many, so I had to think of something else. In desperation I finally went to the Administration offices of Air and asked about some piece of property. They graciously consented.

"After the grass and weeds had been cleared, I found to my dismay that the ground was so uneven I had to get bulldozer to level it off. Men worked on the grounds for days preparing it before the tents could be set up. My next step was to put up the tent. One end of the
ent was completely of glass, so that the beautiful golf course and lights of Los Angeles could be seen, and glass doors through which the guests could wander into a grass terrace bordered with flowering plants and garden furniture and an artificial moon.

"Then I contracted with a caterer who had done all my catering for many years. We agreed on a price per plate and decided on the menu. I arranged with Somerset and Barclay for wines, and conceived the idea of wine discs in denominations of 25¢, 50¢, $1 and $5. I had little red, white and blue silk aprons made especially for the wine girls to wear, with pockets to take care of the four kinds of discs and the money for change. We needed many things for decorations and other equipment and I didn't want to spend any more than was absolutely necessary, so I had to call upon all the studios for donations, and they generously complied also because the idea of having two dance floors so that more people could be right on the floor and not feel that my preference was being shown.

"Then I designed the invitations, ordered one thousand and sent them out. I first took my own mailing list, then added the names of hundreds of others supplied by the studios and friends. I next selected a committee which was composed of the following names: Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Janet Gaynor, Dolores Del Rio, Mary Pickford, Myrna Loy, Mrs. Hal Roach, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Edw. E. Robinson, Rosalind Russell, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Kay Francis, Mrs. Jules Stein, Mrs. Jesse Lasky, etc. When the tickets were printed and distributed among the committee, the sale began, and every studio was canvassed. Then I needed cigarette, check and wine girls. I made out a list of prominent names, called a meeting and coached them in their duties for the evening.

"Publicity was very important, so a committee meeting was called at my house for publicity pictures. The night before the party, Harriet Parsons, of Columbia Studios, came with her movie camera and took pictures for a short, of some of the glamorous girls helping me decorate and fix up the tent. Hedy Lamarr was shown arranging flowers, Rosalind Russell counting chairs, Dolores Del Rio and Claire Trevor arranging chairs, etc. Then the movie photographers took some pictures of me instructing the girls in what they were supposed to do in the night of the party. This part of the procedure rather terrified me. Photographers always scare me to death. I had been working all day in the tent in slacks. My hair was a bit windblown and I was not made up. They made me sit with all those beautiful glamorous girls, made up and dressed for the occasion. It was a cruel trick and I shall never forgive them.

"After the girls left I intended to stay with my two secretaries and seat every one of the 600 reservations we had received, when Rosalind Russell, who was about to go, suddenly turned around and asked me what I was going to do. When I told her, she said, 'Well, I never heard of such a thing. You can't do all that alone. I am going to stay and help you.'

"Then evenings I dined with a Dentist—My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, 'This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!'

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—and it is a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!'

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!
morning, for which I was grateful.

"Phil Ohman and eighteen men supplied the music for the party. There was a telephone service and a telephone wire connection at the Bel Air Country Club, where they allowed us to park 125 cars. We were prepared for 600 guests, 850 or more came. We managed to take care of all of them but it took a bit of ingenuity. The party lasted $5.50 before I went to bed. I had to wait for all the money to be checked and turned over to me. As I sat waiting in the gray dawn, a private patrolman who had been on duty for the party entertained me by reciting poetry. When he asked him how he could remember such long poems at that time of morning, he answered that I had inspired him. And when he deposited me on my doorstep with the money bags, he gallantly kissed my hand and thanked me for the most thrilling and beautiful evening of his life. That compliment meant more to me than all the other compliments I received from the celebrities who were our guests.

"The following week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we were working with the checking out of the tickets and bills, et cetera. Even on my Wedding Anniversary, I worked until nine o'clock at night, and arrived in the dining room only in time to have a toast drunk to our happiness at the end of dinner. The receipts for the party were over $100,000 with a profit of $5,270 for the Guild."

Frankly I was astonished and amazed at the amount of work which went into that party, but the results of that magnificent evening must have been very gratifying to Mrs. Rathbone, and most certainly repaid her for her tireless efforts in making it an outstanding success. But the thing that amazed me more than anything else about the party was the fact that almost every man in the room wore tails and a white tie. When I mentioned this to Mrs. Rathbone, she smiled, as she answered, "I am afraid I am almost military in my social life. I want men and women to dress when they come to my parties. Many people don't see any reason why a man should wear a dinner dress and just to dine with his wife. To me it is the greatest compliment he can pay her.

"One should insist upon beauty, formality and discipline in one's life. Order is the most important thing of all. If you are a disorderly person you can never retain the respect of your friends. I admire my husband for his order in his life. His desk, letters and papers are always in perfect order, as well as his ties, his shirts, his collars and clothes. There is order in the way he plays a part, in the way he wears his clothes; there is order in his mind and general behavior. He is always gracious to me. He pays me pretty compliments and notices everything I say, everything I wear. He is never too tired to address the servants with pleasing words as he comes in from the studio. It is the little things in life that count, consideration for the other person and respect for their privacy. Someone once asked Basl why our marriage was a success. He replied, 'I think it is because we respect each other's point of view.'"

"Mrs. Rathbone," I asked, "you've spent several years in Hollywood at different times in your life; tell me, do you find that it has changed very much?"

"Yes, decidedly. Hollywood has grown up considerably in the last ten years. When Hollywood gained its undying reputation for wild parties I regretted missing them." She smiled, "I have been told they went to parties in bathing suits. Certainly women in those days were very bizarre. I remember when I had attended formal affairs in sweet shirts and open collars. Los Angeles society shocked the movie set. Actors couldn't get into any respectable club. I knew—because I came out here for six months, and I was married. I find that his name had been rejected at one of the important clubs here out because he was associated with the film industry."

On her second visit, she noticed some improvement. The women dressed better but the attire of the men still left much to be desired. "I buried myself in my garden. Nobody liked me, and I didn't worry about it. They considered me a snob. They called me Mrs. Kitzmair."

I was then married to Director Finn, and was writing scenarios for Pola Negri and Valentinio's pictures. The European invasion had started. I gave the first party in honor of Ernst Lubitsch the day after he arrived in Hollywood.

Mrs. Rathbone noticed the changes that have taken place in Hollywood society toward respectability, conventionality, ideals, appreciation of the finer things in life. "I have lived in Paris and London and New York. I have given parties elsewhere, but never anywhere have I been in such airy, entertaining and celebrated people from all over the world, at my parties. Where can you group around a dinner table such famous people as Arthur Rubenstein, Heifetz, Kreisler, Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Thomas Mann, Dorothy Thompson, Sinclair Lewis, Hugh Walpole, James Hilton, Lawrence Tibbett, Richard Tauber, Duchess of Sutherland, Iturbi, the Barones Ravensdale, Katherine Cornell, Alexander Woollcott, Sherry Alkan, H. Morrison, Wells, Jeritza, Stokowski, Max Reinhardt, etc. All these exciting personalities have been our guests in Hollywood, many of them at the same party. Rubenstein has played hours and hours at parties in my house; Richard Tauber has given a full concert for my guests; and a celebrated orchestra has played all night for us. I challenge any hostess anywhere else in the world to surpass the above list of celebrated guests at any one party."

"And this is the way society in Hollywood nowadays enjoys itself. Today you will find important actors at the Philharmonic Concerts, as well as all the other important concerts which include Kreisler, Tibbett, Tauber, Ritto, Mann, Morris, Iturbi, Anderson, Lotte Lehman, Kirsten Flagstad, etc. And there is a finer private collection of paintings to be found anywhere in the world than those of Eddie Robinson? On the walls of most of the directors' homes, there are your etchings and paintings. You will see splendid sculpture and artistically appointed homes in every detail. Even the architecture has been advanced from the bastardized Spanish of
Judith Barrett, of Paramount, takes a morning dip with her faithful wired-haired terrier, Pat. Following the swim, they play ball together.

Italian to the classic Georgian lines.
And so the conversation drifted away from parties to the personal side of Ouida and Basil’s life.

“You know, Mrs. Rathbone, I am amazed! With your personality, why have you never become an actress?” She laughed as she shook her head, “I thank God I am not an actress. I would not change places with the most beautiful star in Hollywood. I feel many of them miss a great deal of the charming and real things in life. The profession itself is such that it is impossible for them to be altogether natural. In a way it is not their fault. I blame the studio experts who have spent years making them glamorous and publicizing them as if they were gods and goddesses with no faults and feelings of any kind. I feel sure most of them would like to be less in the limelight and have more freedom to go out in public without feeling they are constantly being observed.”

“How about those famous Hollywood bachelors who are so much in demand at parties,” I asked her.

“I am afraid a great many of them are as spoiled as women, for they receive as much adulation, if not more. A bachelor does not have to entertain but once or twice a year. He can spend a few dollars and send a hostess, whose hospitality he has repeatedly enjoyed, a box of flowers, or he can write her a note of thanks, which is usual in any well-regulated society. But in Hollywood many of the bachelors take it for granted that his presence is quite sufficient. Of course, there are exceptions. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has never been to my house without sending flowers, and Brian Ahern always writes the most gracious notes.

“Walter Pidgeon is another thoughtful bachelor who never misses the opportunity of expressing his appreciation in flowers or some other charming gesture, and there are a few others, but the majority are too busy to think about what is to them an unimportant gesture. Some of the Hollywood bachelors will only be seen at a preview with a glamorous feminine star because they are certain to be photographed together, and it is such good publicity. I feel that this phase of the business is destructive to genuine friendships, and such a pity, too,” she lamented.

This brought us to the question of friendships in Hollywood. “Friendship is a very rare thing,” said Mrs. Rathbone. “It should not be given freely to every person who comes into one’s life. Fritz Kreisler once said to me that the only way to find complete happiness was by elimination. ‘Eliminate from your life every person and thing that is not an important part of your life. Friends must give something, either artistically, mentally or spiritually. One’s friendship should be few. Many friends only clutter up one’s life, making it impossible for one to give as much of one’s self as friendship demands.’ Most of my close friends are scattered. They are not in any one place. One lives in Vienna, two in London, two or three in New York.

“I don’t know why it is,” Mrs. Rathbone continued, “but there are hardly any intimate friendships in Hollywood. Basil once said to me, ‘Isn’t it odd, Ouida, that we have no close friendships here?’ There are few people here that one can tell one’s troubles to. Hollywood people seem to be so completely absorbed in themselves, in their careers. They are charming, yes, very gracious on the surface, but that is all that one can expect of them. If someone should ask me, ‘Do you know Miss So-and-so who was at your party?’ I am afraid I would have to say, ‘I don’t know her at all, I don’t really know anything about her.’ She comes to my house, she is very decorative and charming, but when she has gone it is as though a lovely perfume had invaded the atmosphere of the room for a little while. You open a window, and the scent is gone.

“The stars don’t go to their friends with their troubles. They go to lawyers and managers whom they pay to listen to them. And so friendship in Hollywood is a very impersonal thing. Flowers are sent, and the florist usually writes the card to go with them. I am always pleased and surprised when I receive flowers with a card written by the sender. For me, these little attentions are important, but I am afraid I am rather old-fashioned and out of date, because I place so much value upon real friendship and the importance of a gracious gesture. But, personally, I don’t see how it can be otherwise in Hollywood. There is so much competition and the demands made upon everybody connected with the moving picture industry are so overwhelming that the relaxation and other conditions necessary for genuine friendship do not exist.”

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the stage maturer a girl. Men nearer my own age seemed callow and unsophisticated to me. Just as another girl of nineteen, who had led a more sheltered life, would have seemed too immature to Ben.

The things he liked most in me were the things my profession had given me. It amazed him to discover I had a real knowledge of life that I could discuss things with him. He liked my philosophy, the more or less easy-going acceptance of things as they come that stage people acquire, the emotional thing in me that had made me an actress in the first place. I'd never met a man just like Ben before.

He was steadier, more earnest, more down to earth. At 31 he had become a judge in a New York Court. At 34 he was very sure of the things he wanted in life.

I was madly in love with him and when he insisted I gave up my career I felt, well, almost flattened—the way a woman will when the man she loves demands something of her. To me it seemed just another proof of his deep devotion for me that he wanted me all to himself, that he would tolerate no other rival even though that rival was something as impersonal as a career.

It's funny isn't it, the way men want to make over the woman they love. And usually it's the very things which drew them to that woman in the first place that they want to change. Haven't you seen the man who adored the little chatterbox do his darnedest to turn her into a reserved wife, or another try to change the reticent girl he loved into a social gadabout?

Sometimes it's only little things a man wants to change. A hair-do maybe, or the color of your lipstick or nail polish or the way you dress. The very thing they admire is the thing they seek to destroy. That's the case on Ben. He wanted to change me, too. Only it wasn't the way I did my hair, or the color of my lipstick or my nails he wanted to change. He was taking away from me the very thing that had made me myself.

No woman would dream of asking a man to give up his career. Yet taking mine away from me was like taking a man's life work away from him. After all I'd worked for it since I was five. I'd known no other life. When it was gone it took most of me with it. You understand that, Bette, don't you? You know it isn't just a matter of ego, that when it comes right down to the core of it isn't the excitement or the adulation you want but the sense of doing something, of accomplishment and effort. But I didn't think of that when I gave it up. I was overjoyed at the thought of having a home of my own, the secret dream of every one in show business who's ever lived in a trunk and known the loneliness of one night stands and continual intimidating interviews. It was thrilling buying things for my own home.

You're going through that now, Carole, getting excited over a beautiful piece of chintz or a lovely old table or a pair of crystal candelabra. You're finding the fun of entertaining and doing all the little homey things that are probably making Clark so proud of your domestic accomplishments that the praise you got for "Made for Each Other" seems wishy washy in comparison. But don't get your values mixed, Carole. It's the things in life that make it possible for you to give that sensitive performance which are going to last. That's your work, Carole, you know that, don't you? You'd be as lost without it as I was.

Don't think I'm belittling the importance of entertaining or writing, because I'm not. That's a career just the same as acting or painting or writing is a career. But there are women who were made for that particular career, just as I was made for mine. I never had a chance to be domestic. Cooking has always been a mystery to me. If circumstances had been different, if I had had to do my own work, maybe things would have worked out differently. I'd have been doing something then. I only would have exchanged one career for another, for I never would have served to do those things for me, far better than I could do them. In the beginning I tried to do things myself, dusting, polishing, mending until I saw it was annoying the maid whose job it was to do them. She didn't like any interference. She didn't understand when I explained I was doing it because I wanted to do it, not as an unspoken criticism of her work.

And I'll never forget the time I went into the kitchen and tried to make a cake. The cook looked at me with that isn't-she-cute look that a fond mother might give her little daughter playing at keeping house. I never tried it again.

I'd never had leisure before. When I was working there were so many things I'd wanted to do that I never had time for. The leisure my marriage was going to give me seemed like a beautiful present. I thought of being able to read all the books I wanted to read, of lazy hours demanding no pressure or exertion, of playing bridge, a game I loved and had time for now.

But it was the leisure that got me down. Those days and days and days when there was nothing I had to do. The monotony of them pressed in on me so that none of the things I could do gave me any real pleasure. Reading had always been a delight, now it became aimless, purposeless. I began to hate bridge and the chit chat that went with it. All I could think of were the years rushing by leaving me behind, doing nothing. I thought of myself getting older and accomplishing nothing. Years are so precious in show business. There are so few.

First I became restless. Then I became bored. I wasn't myself any more, I probably bored Ben then. How could I help it.

Sometimes people would mention things I had done. A woman came over to me in a theatre lobby one day and said, "I'll never forget you singing 'Sing You Sinners' in 'Honey.' I saw you do it three times and still wanted to hear you again!"
The Miami girl couldn’t admit that she was lucky. She was a child in the taxi that left town, just a child, and I cried for her home in the taxi that finally drove off.

She had the wild star of her day. Here was another one of me on the Ziegfeld Roof. I was doing a song and dance, and so was she, and I was playing on the same bill with Maurice Chevalier. I admired him so much. Then one evening Lubitsch came up the Roof to see Chevalier, who was doing "The Love Parade." He went to the dressing room, and I suppose he saw us. The only motion picture work I had one up to that time outside of those early days in Fort Lee had been a series of shorts. But now I was going to Hollywood to play in a Chevalier picture.

Pictures were a new thing to me, and others. Movies in gossip columns, stories in fan magazines—but they were more than that to me. They were bits of the life I had lived. They were parts of a girl who had loved life. A girl who was vital and had a purpose in living. I looked at myself in the mirror. I was only a few years older. I looked the same. But I didn’t feel the same. That girl who had played Huguette in "The Vagabond King!" How eager she had been! I had been so much in love with that role so much. Just remembering how I wanted it made me feel the old urge again, the fear I mightn’t get it, the hope that I would. I remained very quiet. She was one of the test and the director, thinking of my comedy role in "Love Parade," said to the casting director: "If I sked for a Pola Negri and you send me Louise Fazenda!" How determined I was to show him that I could do drama as well as comedy, that I could play that girl who died for love. How much it meant to me to get the part in the first place. I didn’t think that wasn’t happening to me any more. I’d have gladly taken disappointing, heartaches, anything at all for the sake of feeling a sense of things happening again. Anything would be better than his feeling of marking time with life. It hurt when old friends who were going on in their work talked to me as if I were lazy, as if I had given up my career from choice. Of course I couldn’t explain without being disloyal to Bette, and I tried to hide my feelings. But the worst of it all was when offers came. It was hard to turn them down. Once I tried to tell Ben how I felt but when I saw him it hurt him I couldn’t go on. Now I see that I should have told him.

It was a greater and further hurt and part of it all was when offers came. It was hard to turn them down. Once I tried to tell Ben how I felt but when I saw him it hurt him I couldn’t go on. Now I see that I should have told him.

We were closer and further apart but neither of us would admit it. We tried to force a feeling we no longer felt. We kept saying this can’t be happening to us. But it was happening. There weren’t things to talk about any more. In talking to him I lost interest and took my interest in everything.

Only one thing would have taken the place of my career but that was denied. I had always wanted a baby. But wanting one wasn’t enough. The baby we both wanted so much never came.

We decided to adopt a little girl and found one we adored. All the arrangements were made, and at the last moment her widowed mother decided she could not part with her and so the plan fell through. It was then, when Ben saw how unhappy and listless I was that he lifted the ban on my career. He consented to my accepting an assignment at the Trocadero out in Hollywood.

I was there a month. And in that month I changed. I felt alive again. I was the girl I used to be. I became ambitious again. But it was too late to save my marriage. That had gone months ago...maybe years ago. Yet now I know it could have been saved. For the girl I used to be, the girl I am today isn’t the girl who was married to Ben Shalleck. If I had had my career at the time I needed it most, during the critical time in marriage when two people are adjusting to each other, things would have been different. I wouldn’t have brooded over little things because busy people don’t have time to brood. But I had known how to cope with big things because my mind would be tuned to really thinking, not to just going through motions.

Now I’ve come into my own again. Acting has never been just an art to me. It’s been work. I feel like a salesman when I’m out in front of an audience. I’m selling myself to them and I’m on my toes every minute I’m doing it. It’s fun to overcome a cold audience just as it’s thrilling to recapture one that’s beginning to get restless.

It’s exciting to have the telephone ringing again now that it brings other things beside inane conversation and gossip. Every ring might mean a new engagement, a call to New York or Chicago or Boston, or Hollywood. It’s thrilling to sing at Billy Rose’s Casa Manana a few weeks ago and have the audience calling for songs I sang seven years ago. It brings tears to my eyes to know people had remembered. Seven years! That’s not so long. Yet it’s an eternity to me.

You understand what I’ve been saying, don’t you, Bette? Now that the end has been written for your marriage you have all those years of work to help you go on. Think of the person those years have made you. The strength they have given you, the courage and the confidence too.

You wouldn’t know about that, Carole. You wouldn’t even want to think about it in the happiness that is yours today. You’re a lucky girl. Love and a happy marriage are the greatest things that can happen to anyone. But don’t make the mistake of giving up your career because of your happiness today.

Remember, work is the only really stable thing in life, the only thing you can really control and give to your heart’s desire. It belongs to you and to you alone. For it is you, Carole, just as Bette’s work is Bette and mine is me. And only in building it can you hold those other things, too. For when you deny yourself the thing that is real and beautiful in life.

You see I know what I’m talking about. I’m leaving for Reno tomorrow!
pictures on the fire

[Continued from page 61]

brow--wreath from the bushes, making a
faint, lacy covering over path, and grass,
and pergola. Helen lays down the path,
speaking in a careful whisper.

"Hello, Andy."

Mickey looks up in surprise, as though
he were seeing an apparition. "Hello--"

"May I sit down?" she asks. And as she
moves around to sit beside him he brushes
the blossoms off the bench with awkward
hands. "Must've been quite a wind
night," he mumbles, not looking at her.

"Flowers' almost gone."

"I know how you feel, Andy," she whis-
kers softly as she sits beside him.

"Who is he?" Mickey asks hoarsely.

"Bill Franklin," she replies, forcing her-
self to be casual. "He's professor in the
college I went to. We fell in love last spring.
But in the autumn he decided he didn't
have enough money to marry me. So I went
away. He came after me tonight because
he's just won an endowment—to do re-
search—and travel."

"I'd've earned enough," he groans im-
placably.

"Of course," she soothes him.

"He let you cry by yourself at night."

Mickey goes on with a deadly hate.

"Yes, but he was miserable, too," she
murmers softly.

"I would never hurt you that way," he
responds in a passionate whisper, turning
defiantly from her.

"Andy?" she cries, "you're not right to
do this to me. I'm just as miserable as you
are." Then she collects herself, speaking
frankly, intelligently. "Listen, Andy. To-
night, for these few minutes, let's meet on
an equal basis."

"Yeah," he snarls truculently, "and then
what?"

"And then I'll talk to you as if you were
a man," she retorts with dignity. "A boy
couldn't understand but a man can. Andy,
tomorrow you're going one way—and I'm
going another. Let's seize these few min-
utes, hold them tight in our hands until
we've said our say, then let them go," ap-
pealing to him vividly. "Perhaps they'll
leave some sting on our fingers that
time will never rub off."

"That's what hurts," he cries fiercely,
"when you talk like that! No one'll ever
talk to me like that again! No one's
voice'll ever be like yours! As long as I
live, who'll ever talk to me about—star-
dust?" He drops in a little tired heap on
the bench, then looks up at her with tears
in his eyes as three strained, pain-wracked
words force themselves through his lips:

"Rose—it hurts."

"Yes," she nods, "that's like a man, too.
Why, Andy, through everything—every
storm of life that twists you—every time
 Fate smashes you in the face—that honest
courage of yours will survive."

"It's funny," he mutters again, "I know
—just as well as I'm standing here—you're
only telling me these things so as to make
me be these things but—" (mentally ex-
amining himself as he gropes for words)

"It's working?"

"Oh, Andy," she encourages him, "in a
couple of years I'll be that funny little
country school teacher who once gave you
a few weeks of high school dramatics.
There'll be a dozen other girls who've come
into your life."

"You mean twelve different girls in
two years?" he queries, interested despite him-
self.

"It's inevitable when a man is attrac-
tive," Helen pours it on.

Now, I ask you, after a scene like that
who could stop and exchange persis-
tence? Not even a Mork, I sneak on to the
next set where "Stronger Than Desire" is
shooting. But Walter Pidgeon, Virginia
Bruce (his cinematic wife) and Ann Tode
(his cinematic daughter) are taking setting
up exercises as they plot a trip to Europe.
Usually I find Mr. Pidgeon one of the most
stimulating conversationalists I know. And
Virginia is the joy of life but today nothing
matters after the other scene I have
witnessed. Not even the fact that Ilka
Chase (who is the "plus ultra" in come-
diennes) has returned to the screen. Of
course, the fact that Ilka isn't working
today may have something to do with this
attitude on my part but a kiss from Lom-
bard and then nursing Andy Hardy through
an attack of puppy love are too much. I
leave M-G-M flat and proceed to—

Warner Bros.

I CAN't truthfully say there is nothing
doing here because there is. There's
"The Hobby Family"—first of a new series
with Irene Rich, Henry O'Neill, Jackie
Moran and Jean Sharon. But nothing of
importance is happening here.

Then, there is "Dust Be My Destiny"
starring Mr. John Garfield. I thor-
oughly and whole-heartedly approve of
Mr. Garfield but as Miss Priscilla Lane
has just succeeded another less in the femi-
nine lead, necessitating a reshuffle of prac-
tically the entire picture we'll let it wait.

There is also a new Torchy Blane
comedy with Jane Wyman supplanted
Glenda Farrell. This is one of the most
popular serials yet produced and this new
one is one of the best. So don't be stub-
born. Just adjust your minds to Jane in
stead of Glenda and steep yourselves in
gore—and comedy. Glenda is established—
Jane is coming up. Give the kids a break.

Paramount

There are only three pictures going
here. One is "The Star Maker" star-
ing Bing Crosby. But Bing isn't working
today so we'll postpone that one until next
month, too. Another is "Our Leading Cit-
izen". The latter two always give me a vio-
tant case of "heaves" and I'm not upset-
ting my equilibrium when I have a dinner
date at the Crosby's so until next month
"so long, gang."
Reviews

[Continued from page 66]

GIRL FROM MEXICO
PLentY of Hot-Cha-Cha—RKO

The pretty little Mexican star, Lupe Velez, makes her comeback and a darn good one, too, in this yarn about an advertising executive from New York (Donald Woods) who comes to Mexico to seek fresh and interesting talent for a radio station. Lupe, who teamed with the famous Lupe, brings her back to the Big City with him, and all goes well enough until Lupe’s madcap escapades, in between her riotous singing and dancing turns, cause a rift between Donald and his fiancée. Of course, Lupe wins him in the end. Prominent in the cast is Leon Errol, whose comedy moments with Lupe are guaranteed to put you in the pink of condition.

TELL NO TALES
EXCITEMENT GALORE—M-G-M

LES LIE FENTON, one time actor, makes his debut as a director with a swiftly moving mystery melodrama. Mel- ynn Douglas plays a young newspaper editor who has been advised by the publisher, Douglas Dumbrille, that the newspaper will fold with the Saturday night edition. On Saturday night, Melvyn finds in his pocket a hundred dollar bill that was passed by a gang of kidnappers—the first clue in a sensational kidnapping case. He determines that his newspaper will go out in a blaze of glory, so he turns sleuth and in thirty-six hours tracks down the gang. Gene Lockhart plays a big shot gambler, Louise Platt a pretty pupil and Florence George the beautiful singer.

THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE
FUN AND MURDER—Paramount

WHEN Gracie Allen, the country’s pet nitwit, puts her mind, or what goes for her mind, on solving a murder mystery anything can happen. And does. She nearly drives Philo Vance crazy, she sends her hero to jail and gets herself involved in the case. Shes sleuth and in thirty-six hours tracks down the gang. Gene Lockhart plays a big shot gambler, Louise Platt a pretty pupil and Florence George the beautiful singer.

THE KID FROM KOKOMO
May ROBSON STEALS THE PICTURE—Warners

WAYNE MORRIS, who rose to glory in “Kid Galahad” is back in the prize ring again. Wayne plays a nice country kid, quick with his wits, who is looking for his long lost mother. Fight manager Pat O’Brien and his bubble dancing girl friend, Joan Blondell, convince him that if he goes into big time fighting the public will attract his mother.

The kid’s a hit, but he’s got that mother-complex bad, so to keep his fighter happy Pat goes out and digs up a mother for him. The “mother” is May Robson, an old sot he finds in a night court who has been arrested for shoplifting. Miss Rob- son, that lovable old goat, is seventy-five, from then on proceeds to walk away with the picture. One ridiculous situation follows another, and it’s all quite wacky and entertaining. Joan Blondell (this is her last picture for Warners) makes the Owen has the best part in the picture and Pat O’Brien is right at home in a role that’s down his alley. Jane Wyman is teamed with Wayne for the love interest. But it’s “Muzzy” May’s picture.

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE
STORY TROUBLE—Twenty-First Century-Fox

For those of you who remember the speakeasy, “Yaka Hula Hickey Dula,” the Folies, and that mad period that followed the World War, this picture will doubtless bring a good case of nostalgia. Unfortunately, the story isn’t as strong as it could be, but it gets along right nicely with Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Al Jolson to do plenty of bolstering. It’s all about a charming young man—that’s Ty—who just can’t resist being a crook. He meets Alice on her way from burlesque to the Folies; they marry; he reforms; and everything is hunky dory until one of his past sins catches up with him. To raise money quickly he gets himself involved in a gang scandal, and later jumps his fifty thousand bail which Al Jolson, Alice’s true-blue friend, posts for him. This gives Alice a chance to sing “My Man” before a Folies audience—and she sings it beauti- fully, but Fannie Brice is better. Alice sings a lot of the old favorites, such as “Pretty Baby,” and “Rose of Wash- ington Square,” and “I’m Sorry, Dear.” Al gives out with a whole flock of “Mammy” songs, at the end of which you like “Mammy” songs. To said that Fannie Brice is suing the studio, because it just so happens to be her life story.

HOTEL IMPERIAL
THE WAR AGAIN—Paramount

ISA MIRANDA, a really excellent Italian actress of note, gets herself launched on her American career in this one. But the launching is none too brilli- ant, no champagne, just gin and bitter. To begin with it’s a re-make of an old Pola Negri picture, and re-makes aren’t going over so well this year, it seems. The plot dates back to the World War and Miss Miranda finds herself caught in the flux of war on the Austrian-Russian front when she has the suicide of her young sister. Ray Milland plays a handsome young Hungarian officer, also caught on the wrong side of the lines, who disguises himself as a hotel flunky when the Russians move in. Reginald Owen has the major role—that of a Russian general who loves pomp and ceremony and chambermaids.

SILVER SCREEN for August 1939

WAKE UP
YOUR LIVER
BILE

Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this hot, flow- ing freely, your food doesn’t digest. It just drains away in the bowels. Get blood under your eyes. You haven’t constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, weak and the world looks punk. A blood bowl movement is on, it is vital.

It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get two of those pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask Carter’s Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Rubkherrefy refuse anything else.

NEURITIS
Relieve Pain in Few Minutes

For Publication and Radio

Relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheuma- tosis, Neuropathy or Lumbago in two minutes, with KURITOL, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don’t suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy KURITOL on this assurance.

THE MYTHS ABOUT SHIRLEY TEMPLE EXPLODED!

SCREENLAND blasts all the talk about SHIRLEY TEMPLE! America’s most famous child revealed as a regular girl. Perfect child? ? ? Just read about her pranks and mischievous moments. A SCREENLAND take off on Shirley As a Human Being!

ONLY IN THE BIG AUGUST
SCREENLAND

NOW ON SALE

10¢
footprints and all. And Earl Carroll’s new show, and the Conga’s new rhumba band, and Gertrude Niesen singing too, too marvelously at Marcel’s. But what’s to do about it?

All the Glamour Boys are getting married so fast that soon there won’t be any one left to take the girls out dancing, except Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew. Just in the past few months Clark Gable went out of circulation and so did Tyrone Power, Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor, and Doug Fairbanks Jr. Being happy young husbands they all want to go home now when they leave the studio. That’s all very nice, but what are the Glamour Girls going to do? The cast system being what it is, a star just can’t go out with anybody, she’s got to be seen with somebody important or else they’ll say around town that she’s slipping. Imagine being a Sonja Henie, with all the money and glamour in the world, but without an important male to be seen with!

It was one of those moments at the swank preview of “Juarez” when Joan Crawford, escorted by Charlie Martin, got out of her car at the theatre at the very same second that Doug Jr. and his new bride got out of their car. And not a photographer in sight!

And, oh, how we wished for a photographer the other evening at Lionel Barrymore’s birthday party when Carole Lombard found herself with Bill Powell on one side and Clark Gable on the other.

Stars who take their Art with a capital A have a hard time of it when they find Donald Crisp and David Niven in their pictures, for those two are the finest verbal ribbers in Hollywood, and have no respect whatsoever for Greatness in any shape or form.

Geraldine Fitzgerald takes her playing quite seriously and so “Wuthering Heights” was one long nightmare for her, what with Donald and David both in the cast, and enthusiastically abetted in their pranks by Larry Olivier. Geraldine believes in getting herself into the “mood” of the scene she is to do before coming on the set, and as her scenes were quite tragic in the latter part of the picture she worked herself up to a really magnificent “mood.” But imagine her horror when she came on the set one day, as tragic as a Duse, and sat down on a whoopee bag that let out a weird noise! Then there was the day she sat on a breakaway chair, and another day when there was an electric battery on it. But it was the whoopee bag that made her cry. And Donald and David promised to be good.

Now it’s Bette Davis who has drawn Donald Crisp in her new picture, “Lady and the Knight.” But Bette is a gal who can take it. The other day when Donald and Errol Flynn were doing a scene for the picture, Bette swept on the stage regal in black taffeta, a red wig, a high ruff, and magnificent jewels. Director Curtiz set up a camera to do a test of her and Donald and Errol gathered on the sidelines to watch. “Now do your best, little girl,” said Donald to the screen’s most brilliant dramatic actress, “and it may be that we can find a job for you in this picture.”

Success in Hollywood: Only a few years ago Cary Grant was so unpopular as a leading man at Paramount that none of the Glamour Girls wanted to have him in their pictures. A fact that soon brought about his being dropped from the contract list. But today Cary is so “hot” that there isn’t a Glamour Girl in town who wouldn’t give her eyeteeth to have him in her picture. Even the Great Garbo wanted him. But no can get, imagine, being able to spur a Garbo. Well, we don’t blame the girls.

JOAN BLONDELL can tell you how to win prizes in dance contests. At a party the other evening the hostess announced that they would now have a dance contest and urged Joan and Dick to join the others out there on the dance floor in an old-fashioned waltz. But Joan was having a grand time listening to Bea Lillic, Fannie Brice and Reggie Gardiner tell wonderful tales about Broadway and simply didn’t want to be bothered with a dance contest just then. “Come, come,” said the hostess, “you may get a prize.” “Oh, no I won’t,” said Joan, “I’ve been in dance contests before. They’re always fixed.” But Dick insisted that they humor their hostess so he dragged Joan out on the floor just as the last bars of music floated into thin air. “The winner of the dance contests,” announced the hostess, “is Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.” She wasn’t going to have her contests fixed. Joan received a lovely bottle of Patou perfume, and her conscience smote her just a bit. “But they fates got even with me,” said Joan, “when I got home and opened my box again to admire my perfume I found an empty box! Somewhere on the way home I lost it!”

Vivien (Scarlett O’Hara) Leigh has been accused of pulling a Garbo in Hollywood because she doesn’t show up at night clubs and parties. But it isn’t a case of being “stand-offish” with Vivien, we discovered, it’s simply a case of being very, very lonesome for your boy friend. So instead of scampering off to the Trocadero with a Bergman, a Cesar Romero, or a Jimmy Stewart, when the day’s work is done, Vivien, accompanied by her secretary goes to a projection room at the Selznick studio and sees old pictures—and thinks about Lawrence Olivier.

The other day a social caller was all aflutter when Vivien Leigh called and ordered a big birthday cake. Naturally they wanted to know what greetings to put on the cake, but were told by Scarlett just to put the cake ready and she would be down later to attend to the greetings. And sure enough, later in the afternoon Vivien marched into the kitchen, and while the bakers stood around and fairly popping out, she took the icing shooter, or whatever you call it, and wrote “Larry Darling—Happy Birthday.” The cake was mailed to Larry Olivier in New York.

With the number of eligible escorts reaching a new low, right glad the girls are to have Bruce Cabot, footloose and fancy free back in Hollywood again. Bruce has been taking the red-haired, stream-lined Ann Sheridan dancing—much to Cesar “Butch” Romero’s annoy- ance. Little Annie certainly gets about. They do say that when Walter Wanger danced with her just once too often at the Connie Bennett party Joan Bennett gave him a glare that could freeze the ocean. Joan’s up to her ears now, starring in a Walter Wanger picture now, “Winter Carnival,” and a producer has to be nice to his star—or doesn’t he?

For the most amazing fashions you’ve ever seen watch for “The Women.” Surrealism and Adrian go on a rampage.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]
SmoOth FRAGANT SKIN WINS HEARTS

MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET. IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARm OF ALL.

DOROTHY LAMOUR

Lux Soap's active lather leaves skin really SWEET, delicately FRAGRANT.

A Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath is the best way I know to protect this charm.

YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!

Star of Paramount's "Man about Town"

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that clings.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use
"Crops in the last few years have been outstanding," says Connor Aycock, famous in the South as a judge of tobacco. "And Luckies buy the finest, so I've smoked them since 1927." Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

Have you tried a lucky lately?

Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—warehousemen, auctioneers and buyers—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?
IREEN LOVERS FROM OTHER LANDS COMPARE THEIR TECHNIQUE WITH THE AMERICAN WAY!
MEETS A RAFT OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by WARNER BROS.

"EACH DAWN I DIE"

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBOOM

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odlum • A First National Picture
“Flower-fresh” she emerges from the tub and she’ll stay that way with Mum

Smart girls know that a bath alone can’t prevent underarm odor

YOUR bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be your night—tonight you’ll win romance! But will you? Not if you foolishly trust that bath alone for lasting charm.

For no matter how fresh you feel when you start on your date, no bath can keep you sweet. A bath removes only past perspiration, it can’t prevent odor to come. Mum can! That’s why underarms need necessary, daily care—with Mum—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant...it’s so pleasant, so easy to use—so utterly dependable! You know underarm odor is impossible, when you use Mum every day!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, takes only 30 seconds. How convenient!

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum after you’re dressed. And even after underarm shaving, you will find Mum soothing to your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Remember, if you neglect your Mum just once you may be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a habit of Mum!

MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO! Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it’s gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
JOANIE TAKES A BATH

By Liza

DEAR ED:

With all the perfectly wonderful things in this weary world of ours to worry about, I always have to get caught out on something silly. For years now I've been worrying about movie stars taking their baths. I don't mean at home, goodness sakes no, but on the sets. And I've never once heard of anything happening! What do the poor darlings do? Isn't it enough to make your hair curl?

All rumors to the contrary, the Glamour Gals are a pretty folksy lot and as modest as they come these days. They don't like to go around stripping, or taking public baths. I can assure you, so what a commotion there must be when the director says: "Miss Tootsie-Pie, you will now jump into the tub." Well, I can worry about something just so long and then I've got to have it out, so when I heard that Joan Crawford was taking a bath the other day over on "The Women" set I hot-footed it there in double quick time. And now I am an authority on star bathing.

 Naturally, when a star bathes for her public the set is closed tighter than a Scotman's purse. "No Visitors Allowed" signs are plastered all over the place, and that goes for all the studio people too, but when I make up my mind to crash a set I crash it. Usually a very glibby stage, as you can well imagine with all those women around, the place had been combed with a fine tooth comb until there was no one left except the director, the cameraman, and the technical crew (lucky boys) plus the script girl, a hairdresser or so, Joan's maid, and, of all things—a technical director. Imagine having a woman tell you how to take a bath! But that's pictures for you.

The scene was a bathroom where Joan, as Crystal, a dame from the perfume counter who stole Norma Shearer's husband, takes a bath while she talks to her new boy friend over the phone. The bathroom fixtures are rather gaudy—Crystal's that kind of a girl—and the tub is a crystal affair, transparent my dear, with swans on it. It was half full of water, very hot and soapy, in which there was an aluminum tube through which pressed air was coming. The air makes the bubbles, and for screen bathing, pets, there is nothing like plenty of bubbles. When the bubbles were up to the top of the tub Joan came out of her stage dressing room in a long white robe. She inspected the bubbles carefully, and while her maid held a huge towel she jumped into the tub. The technicians, I may say, were very nice, they turned their hacks while Joan jumped.

And what does the well dressed movie star wear for public bathing? Ah, there, I had you. The don't strip after all. Joan kept on pink lacey panties and a brassiere. (The panties her maid dried out later on a big klieg light, which gave quite a honey look to the set.) "Camera," said Director George Cukor, and the [Continued on page 14]
Lady Esther says—

"The wrong shade of powder can turn the RIGHT MAN away!"

Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is Lucky For You!

YOU know how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you look years older. Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—that makes you most alluring—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may inno-

Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!

cently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is all wrong for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my ten thrilling new shades of face powder, one that is right for you—one that will bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try all my shades which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—your mirror will tell you. Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find your luckiest shade. Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(46) (You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
1162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID
your 10 new shades of Face Powder,
also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ______
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

The WIZARD OF OZ

Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow—in his hunt for a brain—dodge self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—

Meet the Tin Man—oil his rusty joints—hear him creak out his sad tale—he’s minus a heart—and doesn’t know where to find one—

Don magic red slippers (presented by the beloved Good Witch), whirl from the Every-
day with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog—first exciting stop—
Munchkinland!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy), FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow), BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Wood-
man), BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON (as the Bad Witch), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming
Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!
The Pied Piper of Show Business leading a thousand kids up from the city streets to Stardom! . . . .

KIDS . . . skinny kids . . . plump kids . . . boys and girls from the sidewalks of old New York . . . singing their way, dancing their way, clowning their way to stardom under the magical direction of a tin pan alley song-writer, a small-time hoofer . . . That is the story Paramount tells, throbbingly, gloriously, in this singing cavalcade of show business . . . "The Star Maker," based on famed showman Gus Edwards' amazing life history. You'll thrill to the lilting, heart stirring music! You'll thrill to the new star discovery, Linda Ware, as she sings to the accompaniment of a great Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Damrosch. You'll thrill to Bing Crosby, as "The Star Maker," the strongest, most human part Bing has ever played . . . but, most of all, you'll thrill to the kids themselves, dozens and dozens of 'em—as they sing and dance their way into your heart!

THRILL TO THESE OLD FAVORITES! THRILL TO THESE NEW HITS!

A Paramount Picture - Directed by Roy Del Ruth - Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS - Screen Play by Frank Butler, Don
Paramount Presents

"THE STAR MAKER"

The Cavalcade of Show Business

with BING CROSBY
Louise Campbell - Ned Sparks - Laura Hope Crews
Walter Damrosch with The Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles - and
LINDA WARE

Hartman and Arthur Caesar - Based on a Story by Arthur Caesar and William A. Pierce - Suggested by the Career of Gus Edwards

for September 1939
Tips on Pictures

Steffi Duna, as the girl, and Tim Holt, as the gambler, in "The Girl and the Gambler," featuring Leo Carrillo.

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—Interesting. The popular divorce colony becomes the background of an odd murder that solicits all the native shrewdness of good old Charlie, the Chinese detective character originated by Warner Oland and now so ably succeeded by Sidney Toler. It is colorful, exciting film fare. (Ricardo Cortez, Phyllis Brooks.)

CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Fine. Made in England by Columbia, this exciting spy film deals subtly with the present political crisis while, at the same time, it embodies all the blood and thunder of a first-rate hokum melodrama. Excellent cast includes Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson and Ralph Richardson.

DOWN THE WYOMING TRAIL—Interesting. Cattle rustling on snowshoes is really something new under the Western sun, and you'll be thrilled by the ingenious manner in which it is handled in this stirring Tex Ritter yarn of the great open spaces. As usual, Tex sings some lilting, cowboy airs, using Mary Brodel as his romantic stooge.

GIRL AND THE GAMBLER, THE—So-so. A remake of Willard Mack's famous New York play, "The Dove." At this time the story, that of a Mexican Robin Hood, vintage of 1912 or thereabouts, is more than a bit outmoded. Leo Carrillo lends a bit of dash and color to his role and Steffi Duna is well cast as the native dancer. (Tim Holt.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—Splendid. Easily one of the best films of the year, telling in charming, leisurely fashion the story of an English schoolmaster whose heart is wrapped up in the lives of the boys he teaches. His brief romance during his middle-age is a tender and beautiful interlude and the war years are handled with infinite understanding. Robert Donat and Greer Garson play the leading roles superbly.

GRAND JURY SECRETS—Good. Although this film deals with the unmasking of phony stock promoters and bucketshops by the zealous district attorney, there is quite an element of novelty worked into the unweaving of the plot by the use of amateur shortwave broadcasters. Cast includes John Howard, William Frawley and Gail Patrick.

[Continued on page 12]
In the land of loveliness this new, luster-giving tooth paste gets its warmest welcome

Energizing agent in New Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth dazzling brilliance

Look where smiles are loveliest, and what’s the dentifrice that you hear everybody raving about?

It’s the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with amazing Luster-Foam detergent. The dainty, foaming, aromatic “bubble bath” that Luster-Foam creates gives super-cleansing and dazzling luster in a new, different, delightful way.

You simply must try it; must see for yourself how Luster-Foam acts. How it goes to work on the danger zones where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts.

How Luster-Foam Acts

At the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a safe, foaming “bubble bath” (20,000 cleansing bubbles to the square inch). Your only sensation is that of mouth invigoration; yet that “bubble bath” has unbelievable penetrating power and hence super-cleansing effect.

It surges over the teeth, around them, even goes to work on those remote and hard-to-reach areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

These danger zones lie between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks, fissures, and enamel defects, which harbor decay-fostering foods, acids, and bacteria.

Meanwhile, it attacks dull, greasy films which dim the enamel . . . Its continued use brings new brilliance, flash and luster.

No wonder the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so popular with glamour girls of business and society, stage, screen, and studio. Get a tube of the New Formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter now. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube, containing more than ½ lb., 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
NOW you can wear the very latest Fifth Avenue fashions, yet pay only a fraction of the price of the original models! Our Magazine of Fashion offers a splendid selection of the finest styles for Fall—for more than you could find in any one shop. Send for it, and learn how our "Finish-at-Home" Plan will enable you to have custom-cut frocks that fit you perfectly.

CUT TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS

- Thousands of fashionable women have learned that only custom-cut clothes fit perfectly. And that's exactly what you get through our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, because we cut your frocks to your exact measurements. Then every bit of difficult sewing is completed by our expert men-tailors, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. You have only a few simple seams to finish—and it's so easy!

SMART WARDROBE ACCESSORIES, TOO

- To give you the final degree of chic, we also offer in our Magazine of Fashion a lovely array of completely-made wardrobe accessories, representing the finest styles of the Fall season, and priced far below their exclusive Paris and Fifth Avenue originals.

- In addition, we include the newest creations of BETTY WALE, the famous designer, and head of our Personal Fashion Service. If you want to become the best-dressed woman in your set, send today for our Magazine of Fashion for Fall... IT'S FREE!

WE HAVE A CONVENIENT BUDGET PLAN

FIFTH AVENUE MODES, Inc.
71 Fifth Ave., Dept. 66, New York
Send me, FREE, your Fall "Magazine of Fashion"

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City___________________________State_________________________

NICE! Mickey Rooney puts on a jitterbug number with the youngsters between scenes of "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," his latest for M-G-M.

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Good. A tremendously exciting murder mystery, with a Broadway theatre the scene of the unusual crime. William Gargan plays the detective who takes over the theatre after it closes, rehires the cast, with the exception, of course, of the murdered star, and proceeds to unravel the plot with great finesse. (Irene Hervey, Alan Dinehart.)

INSIDE INFORMATION—Good. For the second half of dual programs, this tale of the police force will prove very entertaining. Time apparently marches on in every profession and the strong-arm methods once used by the minions of the law have given way to more scientific measures, which, according to this yarn, are far more successful in the long run. (Dick Foran, Harry Carey, June Lang, Mary Carlisle.)

MAN OF CONQUEST—Fine. A superior epic biography telling the fascinating story of Sam Houston's political career under the tutelage of Andrew Jackson, and showing in spectacular fashion the part Houston played during the conquest of Texas from Mexico. Richard Dix plays Houston impressively, and Joan Fontaine and Gail Patrick play the two lovely women in his life. (Edward Ellis-Ralph Morgan.)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—Fine. This series of mystery films, authored by Leslie Charteris, are catching on like a house afire. Again George Sanders plays the title role in his particularly persuasive fashion, and once again the various angles of the plot have Scotland Yard completely baffled for a time. If you like mysteries, this is your screen fare. (Sally Grey.)

SONS OF LIBERTY—Fine. One of the very impressive series of short historical subjects recently produced by Warners, this tells the story of Haym Solomon, the great Jewish patriot, who played an important role during the American Revolution. Excellent cast includes Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Gale Sondergard, Montigue Love.

TARZAN FINDS A SON—Good. From the adult's point of view this may prove rather improbable film fare, but for the kids of all ages it's exciting stuff. The plot concerns the attempted kidnaping of the little boy that Tarzan and
Dirty Faces. Hungry Hearts

BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS!

Kids who'll dig right down into your heart — so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

Jascha HEIFETZ

in

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC!

with

Joel McCREA • Andrea LEEDS
Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

for September 1939
his mate have found in the jungle and reared as their own. The jungle atmosphere is expertly handled and there are some fine swimming scenes by Tarzan and his son. (Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ian Hunter.) As soon as Johnny Weissmuller is free from the Aquacade at the New York World's Fair, he'll do another Tarzan picture.

TELL NO TALES—Good. An exciting situation occurs when Melynn Douglas, as the editor of a newspaper, tries to boost circulation by going hell-bent-for-heaven after a kidnapping gang, using their ransom note as a clue. Plenty of meat here for adventure-loving picture goers. In cast, Louise Platt, Douglas Dumbrille, Gene Lockhart, Florence George.

UNDERCOVER DOCTOR—Good. Another thrilling film in the series of authentic G-Man stories, inspired by J. Edgar Hoover. This one deals with the unethical and unlawful practice of surgery on criminals by physicians in the lower brackets who have a craving for Park Avenue shingles. (Lloyd Nolan, J. Carrol Naish, Heather Angel.)

ZERO HOUR, THE—Fair. A rather morbid tale about a theatrical producer (Otto Kruger) and his talented star (Frieda Inescort) who meet with an auto accident while on their way to get married. The producer is paralyzed for life but the girl remains loyal to him throughout the tragic years that follow. Action started. Between "takes" Joan stayed in the tub (a star doesn't use a stand-in for bathing I discovered).

I could give you quite a jolt if I wanted to. I could say that this was the first bath Joan has had in years. I wouldn't be lying. You see, Joan has a bathtub phobia. She simply doesn't like bathtubs. There isn't a bathtub in her entire house. She adores showers, and has them all over the place.

I talked with Joan when the day's bathing was over and she told me that she had spent eleven hours in the tub the first day, and seven the next day. That the water was terribly hot (better bubbles) and that she lost eleven pounds. (Momie, quick, bring me a tub.) She was so worn out at the end of the second day and felt so weak from the loss of weight that she called up her doctor. "I'm so tired," she said, "I'm utterly exhausted. What must I do?" "Now, now," said the doctor soothingly, "You go right home from the studio, take a hot bath, and go to bed."

He just couldn't imagine why Joan started laughing like a mad woman right in his face.

THOUSANDS of sunbathers would not be without Mentholatum because it brings such cooling, soothing relief for sunburn. They are grateful, too, for its medicinal help in promoting more rapid healing of the injured skin. In jar or tubes—only 30c.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives Comfort Daily

Faces Men Admire
are always velvety smooth—exquisitely free from shine. The kind of face any girl can have in 2 minutes with Miner's Liquid Make-Up.

Keeps your skin fresh looking, radiant, glamorous for hours without retouching. Use the one of 4 flattering daytime shades created especially for your complexion! Try MAUVE, (orchid) for new evening allure!

MINER'S Liquid Make-Up
Six large sizes of cosmetic counters; trial size at 20c store.

FREE Generous Sample
Send coupon and 20c stamp to:

Molded, 110 E. 22nd St., Dept. 830, New York, N. Y.

Mauve
Peach
Narcissus
Brunette
Roumanian

Ask for Miner's Lip Tips
Costume Harmonizing Lipsticks!

Joanie Takes a Bath
[Continued from page 14]

William Lundigan, appearing in Universal's "They Asked For It," is one of the best golf players among the film crowd in Hollywood.
"SCRAM. BIG BOY...
AND DON'T TRY TO TELL ME
GINGER'S MY MUMMY. I SAY SHE
AIN'T...AND I OUGHT TO KNOW!"

We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend
doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't
—and the boss' son doesn't. And this little
difference of opinion develops into one of the
biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger
wins her man by losing the argument rouses
as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing
gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER
ROGERS • DAVID
NIVEN

"Bachelor
Mother"

CHARLES COBURN • FRANK ALBERTSON
E. E. CLIVE • • PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva
Screen Play by Norman Krasna • • • Story by Felix Jackson
RKO RADIO PICTURE

There's a laugh born every minute!
Return to Beauty

For the tan that begins to look sal-
low ... For the left-over "sun
lines" of Summer
... Here are some
good solutions!

By
Mary
Lee

I'T's glorious while it lasts; golden Sum-
mer. But when it begins to go, its
beauty souvenirs like fading tan, little
squiit lines from too much sun gazing,
sun-blanched and streaked hair and that
hardy, breezy outdoor look begin to look
frankly unkempt and a little shabby. They
are hardly compliments to the whispers of
small, romantic forward hats, completely
feminine frocks that boast bustles and the
color symphonies of deep blues, wines, greens
and browns, not to men-
tion our good standby,
black.

Now there are two ways
to get over this last rose of Summer stage in skin.
One is to take corrective
steps to aid your return
to beauty, and the other
is to dramatize your re-
mains of Summer. Seeing
Glenda Farrell the other
day her natural, casual
self, in a blue sports frock,
gilded by the sun to a
golden toast, minus any
make-up aid except a vivid
red lipstick, gave me the
cue to the dramatizing act.

But more of that later.
Now for a few minutes of correction.
So here are You, normal skin with the
usual beauty hangovers of Summer. Now,
if ever, you need cream and plenty of it.
Use it for cleansing and use it double in
this manner, no matter what type of
cream you prefer. Cleanse first to remove
dust and make-up. Apply fresh cream and
allow it to remain on while you bathe or

Above, Rita Hayworth ac-
cesses her dark beauty with a
flashing red lipstick. Use
a brilliant red with a fad-
ing tan. Right, Lovely
Virginia Field, using a rab-
bit's foot, admonishes: "Be
sure your rouge and lipstick
are of the same shade."
Questions roll in on this subject of cream. Here is a very common one: “My skin is oily and the pores conspicuous. Is there a cream to help me?” There is—a quick melting type. This type cleanses very thoroughly, and its liquefying tendency seems to make it mix readily with the oil deposited on your skin, so that you can thoroughly wipe away both cream and deposit. Another thing, this type is very readily removed because it becomes thin on the face, and so there is less danger of leaving soiled cream about the chin and nostril curves or the hairline. Among this cleansing cream type is Albolene Solid, by McKesson & Robbins, mild, pure, unscented, and originally used in hospitals on babies’ skins. Though well suited to all skins, you of the above type will find it your cream.

Then there are the fine, delicate skins, almost paper-thin, and this is their general chorus: “I seem to need a very light cream yet, one that is rich, for my skin is so dry.” Recently there arrived at my desk a new-comer, Jordeau Whipped Cleansing Cream—light as a froth, smooth, yet with a soft, creamy feeling on the skin. It seems ideally suited for you delicate flower petals, and as you use it you get that reassuring sense that it is lubricating while it cleanses. Its light texture makes it easily removable, so that you do not seem to stretch or handle your skin too roughly. While good strenuous treatment is advisable for many hardy young skins, the paper-thin skin simply can’t stand it. There is a lovely scent to this cream, too, and the jar is sweet and convenient.

To get the utmost out of even a cleansing, use the correct movement over face and neck, as well. These are light, swift, upward movements of smoothing or gently pressing. Though your purpose now may be only to cleanse, these movements will also give a slight stimulating, exercising effect. Many like a skin tonic or refreshing after using cream, and these have their place. If you use a type of cream that has a companion tonic, buy it and use it by all means. If not, after cream is thoroughly removed, cold water dashed on the face has a reviving effect. Dry gently.

If it is night, a lubricating, emollient type of cream will help immensely. It will soften and help “sun lines,” and it will help the shedding or demasquing of dry, dead particles of skin that are usually evidence of too much exposure. It is surprising how much more natural and clearer your skin is without this dried skin. Among the good creams of this type is Betty Wales Skin Velveteen. It is truly entitled to that name, Velveteen. It is made from Florida fruit oils and juices and you can practically feel its softening results overnight. For it is amazingly rich for such a light semi-cream consistency as it has. A few drops cover a wide area, so it is economical for face, neck, hands and arms, or even back and legs, if they, too, have been dried and roughened. Use only as much as the skin will “take.” It will do wonders to soften lines about eyes, on neck and forehead. It leaves no oily residue to mar your appearance or to soil linen. You must order this by mail, but your letter and stamp are well spent for Velveteen. I will gladly tell you more, if you write.

With the use of creams, especially for cleansing, you need tissues. And if you haven’t already tried the Sitroux tissues, then I wish you would. You are going to like the luxurious softness plus their good, tough hold-together qualities. They won’t shred and pull apart too readily. You will find them in the five and tens, and they are a good, every-day product to know about. Their strength also makes them good for handkerchief use, especially with colds.

Though the general ideas outlined are very simple, they are common-sense steps to forgetting your Summer complexion. For they offer some lubricating cleansing, a little facial stimulation and exercise, and more thorough lubrication, all of which hasten the fade of Summer color because they promote good cleanliness and reconditioning of skin. You may be using other products that you like of this nature. Then this routine for them is also correct, and is far wiser than attempting to resort to bleaches, most of which have a tendency [Continued on page 71].

Kay Francis brings up an important beauty point: “With tanned skin, eyes always appear smaller. To correct this, use more and darker eye make-up.” She likes dark blue shadow and mascara. Miss Francis’ smart looking hair-do is a good one for new Fall hats.
"Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever... heat... cannibals... jungle...!"

"Darling, I beg you... make Stanley turn back... before it's too late!"

"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous words of Stanley... an un-forgettable thrill!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents Darryl F. Zanuck's Production of

STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE

with the finest acting cast ever assembled!

starring

SPENCER NANCY RICHARD
TRACY • KELLY • GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!
Mr. Gene Markey need never fear that his little bride will shoot him. In a scene for "Lady of the Tropics" the script called for Hedy Lamarr to grab a pistol and shoot Joseph Schildkraut. Hedy didn't even know how to hold a gun, much less pull a trigger. A little off-stage coaching was necessary, and pretty soon Hedy could pull the trigger, but every time the gun exploded she closed her eyes. Finally she told the director, "I am so sorry but I will have to shoot Mr. Schildkraut with my eyes closed."

You've heard of blind flying. Well, that's what we call blind shooting.

Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero can be found quite often these nights at the Earl Carroll night club—where, incidentally, you see the prettiest girls in Hollywood in the chorus. There's a special number that the girls sing and dance called, "The Lady Has Plenty of Oomph" which, of course, is sort of dedicated to the beautiful and alluring Miss Sheridan.

From the lowest grips to the director, the crew of "Hotel for Women" were floored when one and all received thank you notes from Linda Darnell, one of Mr. Darryl Zanuck's new finds, who makes her debut in this picture. Linda listed all the things she thanked each one for from moving a chair for her to repasting her false fingernails which she had chewed off nervously between "takes."

Ann Sothern, also appearing in "Hotel for Women," asked Director Gregory Ratoff how the "rushes" were of her previous day's work. "Sansashunal!" enthused Ratoff. "Never mind that," said Ann.

Norma Shearer is especially proud of being able to stand on her head. She recently amazed the cast of "The Women" by doing the trick on a diving board.

"were they good, were they all right?" "Leesen," said Ratoff, "if I only said they were good I would mean they steenk."

Imagine Myrna Loy's embarrassment when Uncle Sam demanded to see her freckles! When she and her husband Arthur Hornblow suddenly discovered they could get a few weeks off to vacation in Europe Myrna applied for a passport and hastily had her passport photograph made on the set of "The Rains Came." She was in make-up naturally, and not a freckle showed. Uncle Sam asked for, and got, a new passport photograph sans make-up, and not freckles.

Irene Dunne is very sad. She isn't going to have a baby after all. When she first started work on her new picture, "Modern Cinderella," the studio promised that she and Charles Boyer could have Baby Sandy for their child. Having seen Baby Sandy in "East Side of Heaven" Irene was terribly delighted. And then a couple of new writers got to work on the story and wrote Baby Sandy right out of the script. Of course it just might be that Baby Sandy didn't want to play a supporting role. After all, she's a star in her own right in her next picture, "Sandy Takes a Bow."

When the Prince and Princess of Norway recently visited Hollywood, like all tourists they wanted to see a studio. With much hoop-la they were taken over the Twentieth Century lot and eventually arrived on the "Hotel for Women" set. Where, it seems, the New World fought it out quietly with the Old World, and the New World won. Elsa Maxwell gave the Prince and Princess the royal curtsy —count on good old Elsa, she knows how to bow and scrape for Royalty. But Linda Darnell, Darryl Zanuck's new "find," who is playing her first leading role in the picture, stole the show. Linda, pretty as
1. Martha Raye gives a bit of impromptu entertainment at Cafe La maze. 2. Jack Haley with his son, Jackie, Jr., do a bit of romping around at home. 3. Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart at Victor Hugo's. They go out together frequently, sometimes four or five nights in a row.

4. When production on "They Shall Have Music" was completed, the members of the California Junior Symphony, who appear with Jascha Heifetz in the picture, presented Director Archie Mayo with the largest hot dog ever made. S. Edgar Bergen has Mary Healy "watch the birdie" for him.

A picture, seventeen years old, and fresh from Dallas, gave them a Texas handshake and a swell drawl.

The Stanwyck-Taylors are our favorite folksy people. We'll give you all the Glamour Girls and Boys if you'll just let us have Barbara and Bob. One of the writers told me about a conversation she had with them shortly after their marriage. She had an assignment to do a story on Barbara who hadn't been working on "The Golden Boy" set for several days, so she decided to take her nerve in her hands and call her up out at the ranch. She didn't know Barbara or Bob and fully expected to be cut dead by a butler. But no, it was old Massa Taylor himself who answered the phone.

"May I speak with Mrs. Taylor, please?" the girl asked politely.

The "Mrs. Taylor" sort of threw Barb for a brief loss. But he came to, shrieked "Barbara!" In a few seconds he returned to the phone with, "Barbara taking a bath. If you'll leave your number she'll call you when she's finished!"

Sure enough, within the time limits of a normal bath, Mrs. Taylor returned to call. None of that movie chichi with them two. Swell folks.

Bette Davis, who was recently voted the screen's most dramatic actress, certainly doesn't let a little thing like being a "best make her lose her sense of humor. She looks quite regal these days in her Queen Elizabeth costumes, in fact she is awfully impressive looking with her shaved for head and eyebrows. But don't let him frighten you, Bette's as much fun as ever. During a "take" the other day Errol Flynn, as Essex, forgot his lines and couldn't think of how to address H.Majesty.

"Oh, just call me Liz," said Queen Elizabeth from her stately throne.
It’s a deep, dark secret and don’t tell anybody that we told you, but Mrs. Robert Taylor was looking forward to Mr. Robert Taylor’s departure on that location trek with Spencer Tracy and Walter Brennan into the frozen north, where it’s awing now, for outdoor scenes for Northwest Passage.” Well, maybe she isn’t exactly hysterical with joy over it, she was making plans. We heard her talking with the studio dressmaker just before Bob’s plans were changed.

“Could you make me a turban,” asked Barbara, “to wear with this dress? Something awfully exotic, breathless, devastating, you know—! I’ll look like hell in it, course.”

“What’s the use of getting a fantastic hat,” said Barnsey, her hairdresser and friend, “Bob will never let you wear it if you brought home from Magnin’s the other day.”

“But Bob is going on a trip,” said Barbara, “and I expect to wear nothing but sky hats while he’s away. I’ve been saving that one that looks exactly like a cloak in retreat. Yes, I think I’ll try turban, too. With aigrettes.”

Well, all we’ve got to say is that it’s a shame Bob changed his plans about Northwest Passage and didn’t go. It would have been fun for Barbara.

The feminine London chiropodist who accused Binnie Barnes of imperfect feet must have been thinking of someone else according to famed Bulgarian-American sculptor Atanas Katchamakoff, who recently completed a wood portrait of Binnie, and plans to sculpt her feet. He says her feet are “perfect in form, having length for earthiness, slimness for aristocracy, flexibility for grace, and an unmarred skin for surface [Continued on page 58]
Foreign Love Technique

Is it any different from the American way of making love? Seven of the screen's greatest lovers from other lands frankly give their views on this romantic and always very fascinating subject.

By
Maud Cheatham

Upper left: (reading down) Leslie Howard gives the Englishman's viewpoint; Cesar Romero reveals how the Latins feel about it; Errol Flynn speaks of the emotional reactions of the Irish; Leslie Howard in a tight clinch with Joan Blondell; Charles Boyer with Herbert Marshall; and above Charles Boyer with Claudette Colbert.
LOVE being the favorite motif of many motion pictures, and with the wooing heroes frequently portrayed by European and English actors, the question arises: how do they differ in romantic viewpoint from American lovers?

Does geography influence emotions? Does the "foreign" flavor add a zest, a bit of paprika to our screen dramas? Does the leisurely environment of older civilizations give men a different slant on Cupid's realm than our native Lotharios glean in the swiftly paced, practical America?

Perhaps, a tour among our imported lovers might answer these questions. So talking to the charming British star, Herbert Marshall, over a cup of tea in the sunny living room of his Bel Air home, we swung into a discussion of romantic emotions.

"The word love," said Marshall, "is far too elastic. It covers everything from casual infatuations and flirtations, to the fine, enduring romances that are the foundation of every country."

Then, with a chuckle that had the warmth of understanding, he continued, "We're considered a conservative race, but I claim an Englishman can hold his own in any emotional combat. I have fifty good Britshers in mind who could match themselves in any emotional race, be it in the lighter fields, or a lasting passion.

"Love is the most thrilling material for the artist; it's the inspiration of poetry and song, of stage plays and screen dramas. Being something of a sentimentalist, I enjoy playing love scenes, but not just a series of warm embraces and endearing phrases. On the contrary, a scene of terrific emotional power can be played by lovers at the far corners of the room, and with little dialogue. It is repressed emotion, the suggestion of fire held in check, that is most stirring.

"All over the world we see the old order passing and this includes the reaction toward romance. Love may be the same wherever you find it, but the approach differs. The technique—shall we call it this?—is influenced by conditions more than nationality. Today, young people everywhere are realists and are impatient with demonstration. They do not respond to sentimentality; instead, they want their romances served up smartly and with restraint, minus 'mush' and old-time weepy sacrifices.

"Women adore excitement," he continued gaily, "and as American men are adept at supplying excitement, I would say it is not the European, not the English, but the American who is the perfect lover!"

The (Continued on page 60)
When Betty and Jackie go for a drive in their roadster, they take along Genghis Khan, their huge Great Dane, who enjoys a drive more than they do. Jackie isn't half bad on the guitar and alone or at parties both enjoy doing a few special duets. Betty's voice is much the better, thanks to her singing lessons.

Despite embarrassing family difficulties, the Jackie Coogans remain an extremely happy pair as you may well gather from these sprightly snaps of their marital manners especially taken for Silver Screen.
Betty doesn’t mind candid shots, because she usually looks well from any angle. But when you ask her to look sweet she’s apt to stick her tongue out. (Right): They’ve been married since December, 1937. It’s been rather a hectic marriage, even to the point of separation, so they are firmly convinced that true love never runs smooth.

Above: Betty doesn’t mind being a member of the mop brigade. She’s as neat as a pin and every Monday morning (left) the house gets a thorough going over. “Week-ends certainly mess up a place,” she says. Jackie’s greatest worry is growing bald at too early an age.

Left: Betty always washes out her own stockings and undies. She isn’t fond of cooking, but is no stranger with a frying pan. Both have healthy appetites. Betty’s always the closest thing she could to Gable.
She'll Take Deanna's Place

DEANNA DURBIN—
BIOGRAPHY
Real Name: Edna Mae Durbin
Birthplace: Winnipeg, Canada
Birthdate: December 4, 1922,
Nationality: American of English Descent
Height: 5 feet 2 inches
Weight: 100 pounds
Coloring: Blue Eyes, Brown Hair.

GLORIA JEAN—BIOGRAPHY
Real Name: Gloria Jean Schoonover
Birthplace: Buffalo, New York
Birthdate: April 14, 1928
Nationality: American of Welsh-Dutch Descent
Height: 4 feet 10 inches
Weight: 79 pounds
Coloring: Blue Eyes, Sandy Hair

THERE! I have copied down, word for word, the Vital Statistics as given in Universal Studios' biographies of Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean (the statistics on Deanna were compiled in 1936 when she first signed with Universal) and by so doing I've not only saved myself a lot of time and wordage but I am also giving you the take-off on one of the best human-interest stories Hollywood has ever had the pleasure and profit of watching.

One little girl, Deanna, Grows Up... another little girl, Gloria Jean, steps into her very Goody-Two-Shoes. So what of that, you say? Isn't that just what happens in families, in life, one child passes through adolescence into maturity, the next child is "coming along." But, after all, family developments are not played on a world-stage, and so Hollywood is all a'gog over the Deanna Durbin-Gloria Jean "situation."

Hollywood—and the fans—are asking such questions as: What is Gloria Jean really like? What is Gloria Jean's background? Does she come from professional people or from a good, plain folksy background like our Deanna? Does Producer Pasternak-of-the-gold-mint-Durbin-pictures believe that he has picked another Winsome Winner of just about all the laurels that grow? Is Gloria Jean really Deanna's "successor?" And especially Hollywood, and Hollywood fans, are asking: what does Deanna have to say about the child called her "successor?" Is Deanna's nose "out of joint" now that she isn't the only lyric lark on the Universal lot? Is there any jealousy?

Well, let's be as neat and orderly as possible about this thing. Let's take the questions in some sort of sequence and answer them as best we can. And it should be a pretty fair "best" because, with bowls of raving joy, your Girl Reporter on the scent of something fresh and fertile in stories, went to Universal Studios last week and talked with Gloria Jean, with Gloria Jean's pretty, wholesome, sensible mother, with Deanna, with Mr. Pasten-
What is Deanna Durbin’s successor, Gloria Jean, really like? What does Deanna have to say about her? Is there any jealousy?

By
Gladys Hall

Producer Joseph Pasternak with his stars, Gloria Jean and Deanna Durbin.

Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean is a natural, unspoiled little girl for whom Joseph Pasternak predicts a very brilliant future. Below: Beulah Bondi discusses a scene with Deanna’s successor.

nak—the Name Parts, you might say, in a real life story more significant than any story the girls could play on the screen. In other words, I did my best to be one of the little monkeys who Sees All, Hears All and Knows All.

Well, then, we’ll begin with a quick sketch-in of Gloria Jean’s background, the background of a plain, folksy home, in Scranton, Pa., where the necessities were earned, the luxuries considered unnecessary. A home where the women of the house did the housework, cooking, cleaning, mending; and the children had their little tasks to do, too. Even now, Mrs. Schoonover told me, the girls must ‘make their own beds, hang up their own clothes,' [Continued on page 62]
LINDA DARNELL

Linda was given a screen test by Twentieth Century-Fox in February, 1934. She was told she looked too young, so back to her home town of Dallas, Texas, she went, quite disappointed, but promising to keep in touch with the studio. Last April, she sent in a new photograph of herself and the change which took place within the year caused the studio to summon her for another test. She not only got the test, but a contract and the lead in "Hotel For Women," as well. And she's only seventeen!
Melvyn Douglas

Melvyn has become one of the screen's most popular actors. In his co-starring vehicle with Joan Blondell, "Good Girls Go to Paris," he is again marvelous in a light comedy role. Although born in Macon, Georgia, he has no trace whatever of a southern accent. He's happily married to Helen Gahagan, dislikes to be interviewed and hopes some day to return to the Broadway stage, where his first appearance was the role of Ace Wilfong, the gangster, in "A Free Soul," later played by Clark Gable in films.
The screen offers no one more lovely than Helen Gilbert, currently appearing in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," M-G-M’s latest Mickey Rooney feature. Helen was a cellist in the studio’s symphony orchestra until executives realized how beautiful she is. Furthermore, Helen proved in a screen test that she has poise, speaks clearly, takes direction easily and has definite possibilities as an actress.
Another new personality in pictures is Margaret Lockwood, charming brunette English actress, who plays the feminine lead opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in Paramount's "Ruler of the Seas." Margaret was born in Karachi, India, while her father was stationed there in government service. She was educated in England, however. She is married to Ruppert Leon, a prominent English business man.
Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Real Glory" is the enticing Andrea Leeds. Interestingly enough, Andrea, like Gary, is a native of Montana. She was born in Butte, whereas Gary hails from Helena. She attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music and later the University of California. Gary's alma mater is Grinnell College in Iowa. Andrea had the distinction of doubling in "They Shall Have Music," with Joel McCrea as her love interest, while appearing with Gary in "The Real Glory."
With Carole Lombard and Cary Grant playing opposite each other in "The Kind Men Marry," you are well assured of far-above-average entertainment. It's Carole's first picture since her marriage to Clark Gable. When production was finished, Cary hurried off to Europe to be with his sweetheart, Phyllis Brooks. It won't be long before Cary again is altar-bound. Although thought by many as always having been a bachelor, Cary was once married to Virginia Cherrill, now the wife of a titled Englishman.
In a season of particularly brilliant performances, Henry Fonda, always dependable, is not to be outshone and contributes his most convincing effort in the title role of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Many questioned the wisdom of casting him in such a role, but once the obstacle of resemblance was overcome by the make-up wizards of Twentieth Century-Fox, Henry readily showed he could with all naturalness assume the personality, speech and mannerisms of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Ever since leaving the stage in 1935 for the screen, his performances have been uniformly praiseworthy, but not until his current role did Henry Fonda receive a spirited nationwide acclaim, long overdue.
HOLLYWOOD’S
GALA PREMIERE
of
"Young Mr. Lincoln"

THE Hollywood premiere of “Young Mr. Lincoln” took place at the sumptuous Fox-Wilshire Theatre. Following the picture, Producer Darryl Zanuck feted the stars who attended with a gala party. In clockwise fashion you see—Jack Benny with his wife, Mary Livingstone; Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy; Constance Bennett was escorted to the showing by Gilbert Roland; Arleen Whelan, featured in “Young Mr. Lincoln,” arrived with Alexander D’Arcy; Claudette Colbert with her brother, Charles Wendling; Most unusual photo taken inside Fox-Wilshire Theatre shows, left to right, on aisle seats, Pat Paterson, hubby Charles Boyer, Wayne Morris, his wife Bubbles Schinasi, Gene Raymond and his wife, Jeanette MacDonald; Tyrone Power and his charming wife, Annabella; Myrna Loy’s husband couldn’t attend, so she was escorted by Louis Bromfield, author of her latest offering, “The Rains Came.”
READING the Sunday funnies (1) is a regular habit for Joan and Dick, who've been married since September 19th, 1936. 2. Joan likes to help Dick keep their Beverly Hills lawn and garden in shape. Joan loves lounging in pajamas or slacks and hates to wear hats. 3. Both like to take drinks from the hose while they're watering the lawn, and usually get drenched to the skin! 4. Music is Dick's hobby. He can play any instrument, but none expertly. 5. They do most of their entertaining at home. They're crazy about games and still go for backgammon.
Joan Blondell and her hubby, Dick Powell, believe in fun at home and regulate their lives accordingly, as you can see.

Dick has a workshop (6) in the garage and spends a great deal of his time there with their son, Norman, who's five. They have a daughter, Ellen, who's going on two. 7. Both have a wacky sense of humor and are apt to start kidding around at any moment. 8. When they do step out for an evening in town they usually bring along Joan's kid sister, Gloria, who's also been in pictures and on the stage. But they stick pretty much to home. Joan loves to sleep and always does so on her stomach. It helps her figure.

Dick's a great guy for candid camera shots and is always trying to snap something unusual. 9. Dick suggested this shot to our Gene Lester as being unusual and having action. 10. Both personally enjoy answering their fan mail.
Once upon a time, and that not so far distant, if Louis B. Mayer or H. M. Warner or Bing Crosby or Mervyn Le Roy or Zeppo Marx invited you to their homes for the week-end, the piece de resistance of the visit would be a showing of a picture which their studios or actors had prepared. It is all changed. Now if you visit their places, they take you to the barns and show you the long-legged, awkward foals which have been sired by horses whose names were internationally famous on American tracks a few years ago. Hollywood has gone nuts over horse-racing, and by the same token horse-racing has gone nuts over Hollywood, which pours millions of dollars not only into breeding, but other millions into the pari-mutuels at Santa Anita, Inglewood Park and Delmar race tracks.

Horse-racing has taken over the movie colony, lock, stock and barrel. Your hostess at dinner, instead of discussing the Academy Award, is more apt to tell you that "Specify" worked three-eighths that very morning in 35 2/5 seconds, that her trainer believes "Ligarot" can run away and hide from "Kayak" and that Jockey Charlie Corbett is two lengths better than Jockey Charlton. Beverly Hills bookstores, like Martindale's, will tell you that movie stars and executives prefer the Racing Form to any current fiction. Hairdressers report that every girl in town insists on having her locks followed the horses but bets wisely.

Lovely Anita Louise

By Ed Sullivan

Race Track Crowd

Extreme left: Bing Crosby was one of the first to race his own horses. Left: Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich love the sport. Above: Ned Sparks looks 'em over.
curled in the morning, because they go to the race track in the afternoon. Girls, instead of making personal appearances at Rotary lunches, fight for the privilege of presenting silver loving cups to jockeys who have just breezed in front in a stake race at a mile and a sixteenth.

In the town of cameras and photographers, the photo finish has taken play away from angle shots of heroine on a staircase. Performers get thousands of dollars a week prouder of their skill in picking a winner. The trade papers carry daily references to the luck, good and bad, of the pro players and executives. While one set of the industry is speculating on the sible cinema profits in South America, the other half of the town thinks on South America as that part of the world where Bing Crosby buys Argentine that kick dust into the faces of the breds.

Having established this groundwork of almost fanatical interest, let us pass to the next [Continued on pag...
The cast of "The Women" reveals the pardonable tricks to which their own fair sex cleverly resorts when it comes to getting their man and holding him.

By
Faith Service

NOW this is a scurvy trick I am playing. The fact that it's nothing as scurvy as the tricks us poor, weak wimin, us Weaker Vessels, us Dolls play on unsuspecting, swallow-the-bait-whole little men, doesn't really excuse me. I am betraying my sex. I am about to be a traitor to my fellow women. I shall doubtless be court-martialed, and richly shall I deserve it. But, after all, Benedict Arnold is still mentioned in history books and I would rather be mentioned in history books than not mentioned at all. If I can be preserved for posterity only as one who played the traitor to her own sex, I hold with Oscar Wilde that it's better to be talked about, no matter how, than not to be talked about at all.

So there I sat, a guest, an invited guest, mind you, which makes it Yellower, on the set of "The Women." And there, being as courteous to me as anything, were Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Phyllis Povah, Greer Garson, Hedda Hopper, Betty Prentice, a Bevy if I ever beheld one. And behaving as nicely as you please, not cat's meow out of one of them ... it a "dar-ling, you look di-time" camou-finging the conversation.
Of course, Roz and Paulette did pull one another’s hair out and I did think they might have cheated the camera a teensy bit more than they did, and so gentled the primeval pulling... but, after all, they’re Artistes first and women later on... and there was Director George Cukor, patient and pleasant as you please, saying persuasively, “Tempo, ladies, tempo.”

As I beamed upon the Bevy it suddenly hit me between the eyes... what secrets these gals must know! What bag o’ tricks they must have up their sleeves! What a lot we could “learn about wimmin from them!” And then and there the horrid little idea was born in my telltale heart. And, as maliciously as Joan smiled at Norma (Scene 6, take 2, of course!) so I smiled as I hastily compiled my archtraiorous questionnaire designed to expose women’s tricks, ways and wiles and bleached bones upon a barbed wire fence, for every mother’s son to see and sneer.

Tricks To Make A First Impression On A Man, I wrote, Ways Of Flattering A Man Without Seeming Too Obvious, What Tricks Women Use To Make A Man Jealous, The Ways And Wiles Women Employ When They Want To Get Their Own Way Without Seeming To, Tricks Of Making The Grand Entrance... these and other shameless questions I jotted down in my nasty little note-book... and then, like a spider, I lay in wait for my prey.

I would slither, I planned, a snake in the portables, into each player’s dressing room. I would casually spring my questions. I would make notes of the answers. I would then compile, compare, annotate, play one against the other, comment, and when it was done I would have skinned my sister women alive. From this time forth, I thought, cackling in my beard, men will know the next moves in the girl-game or it won’t be my fault.

I began with Rosalind. Innocently, Roz was the first one off the set, the first to greet me, as friend to friend, the first to invite me into her portable dressing room, which stood, lined up with all the other star portables, a little street-scene as fraught with possibilities as ever was mined with dynamite. I sprang my first question on Roz.

And Roz took the bait, in fact her beautiful lips, her gleaming teeth closed down on it without a prod from me. “The Way To Make A First Impression On A Man,” she said, with touching thoughtfulness, “well, the most unfailing way to stimulate his interest is go off on a long drive with him, if possible. On the way, relaxed beside him, looking your poor best, need I say, begin to rattle on at a rate about his many virtues. Tell him how charming he is, how strong; what delightful manners he has, what a relief to find a Gentleman among the Barbarians, how well he dresses, [Continued on page 65]
So You're Having Your Picture Taken?

Then by all means read this article in which Hollywood's ace photographers give invaluable hints for best results.

If you could sit down—at one time—with all of Hollywood's best photographers and discuss your next portrait with them, would you be interested?

If you would be, then keep reading, because that's exactly what you're going to do. For here are the studied opinions of the masters of the photographic art—the men who photograph Loy and Crawford and Gable every week. And now, you.

Here they all are grouped around a good-sized table. Draw up a chair and shake hands with as nice a bunch of men as you could hope to meet: Eugene Robert Richee of Paramount; Robert W. Coburn with Samuel Goldwyn; Warner (Bill) Crosby of Monogram; Lazlo Willinger of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Ray Jones of Universal; Misky, Elmer Frey and Schuyler Crali, all of Warner Brothers; Ernest Bachrach, with Mel Berns, head make-up man, both from RKO; Clarence Sinclair Bull of Metro and A. (Whitey) Schafer of Columbia.

You've seen their names in italics below the portraits of every single one of your favorite movie stars. Stay with us and they will—in effect—put their names under your picture.

Let's begin by asking about the proper hair-do for a girl who is to sit for her home-town photographer. Eugene Robert Richee answers first:

"Don't," he cautions, "have your hair fixed some special way with lots of new curls. Have it cleaned and dressed as you always wear it. Whoever wants your picture doesn't want you to resemble someone else or a beauty shop ad. The best pictures are made with loose hair to catch light and give life and abandon to the subject. Don't be afraid to keep a comb and small mirror with you and comb your bobbed hair between shots to keep it from becoming too set."

Lazlo Willinger has a suggestion about la ou le coiffure that is worth noting. Says he: "Don't go to the photographer fresh from the hairdresser. Wait two days. The hairdress won't be so set then. Incidentally, this applies to MEN too. Don't you fellers have your pictures taken immediately after a haircut?"

Ernest Bachrach feels that if you girls would stop to ask yourselves how many of your friends have ever seen you with your collective ears still pink from the dryer, you'd give your wave time to loosen up.

A girl's hair looks best with light in it, thinks Clarence Bull, and it should be so dressed as to permit such lighting. Then the subject's hair will truly become her crowning glory.

Your own photographer should be consulted in advance about any hair-do, insists Ray Jones. He points out that the stars' coiffures shouldn't be copied because what might look nifty on Claudette Colbert might not rest happily on your head at all—and vice versa.

"For the youthful type," he points out, "such as Deanna Durbin or Danielle Darrieux, the hairdress should be loose and fluffy . . . the more mature type, such as Irene Dunne, should wear a more severe hairdress."

Whitey Schafer has several tips up his sleeve. First he talks to you who have thin faces. "Have it done," he suggests, "close to the head—but not covering the sides of the brow or the cheeks. Remember that a full hairdress with loose curling ends will only emphasize the narrowness of a face. Part your hair at one side. This will give a widening sweep to the line over your forehead and lessen the effect of vertical lines."

So much for thin faces, but if yours happen to be broadish, then all of Mr. William Lynch Vallée

Robert W. Coburn, who photographs the stars for Samuel Goldwyn, is typical of the experts in insisting that very little make-up be used. A bit of lipstick and some mascara, but that's all.
Schaer's previous "do's" become "musts." "A soft, full hair-do is the thing," he says, now, "so there will be no emphasis by contrast of the rounder qualities of your face. And if it can be arranged to shadow the sides of your face to some extent, so much the better. Have the hair brought forward and dressed over the temples for a narrowing effect. It should be parted in the center so that the fullness of the forehead will be divided by a vertical line."

That for your hair. To continue our tête-à-tête with Hollywood's best—even the stars can't get advice from all of them the way you are right now—let's hear about make-up, on which most of the experts seem to agree. Don't use any, they say, or very little.

Typical of the experts on this angle is Robert Coburn. He refuses to photograph any of his subjects while they are in make-up. Not even powder—none at all, mind you! A small amount of lip-stick, wisely applied—yes—and an equally small amount of mascara, but that's all.

There's not one hundred percent agreement here, however. Mel Berns, the RKO make-up chief, says that powder should be used—powder several shades darker than your skin—which in most cases will be darker than the powder you generally use. Berns does agree with the others on rouge and eye shadow. He says don't use them.

Whitey Schaer permits only one bit of make-up—eyeshadow—and that only in the case of a full face. Here's what he says:

"Shade down the too-definitely-marked jawline with eyeshadow. Use a light brown tint, start it at the base of the ear and let it diminish to a point under the corner of the mouth where it should fade into the normal chin line. In other words—use shadow to shape yourself a more flattering jawline. To complete this trick of the disappearing jawline, dust very lightly with powder—but just the area on which there is make-up—and blend it carefully and delicately." Aside from this Schaer insists on no powder and he is given to shouting about it, if necessary, no matter who the film celebrity.

About clothes and hats:
Eugene Robert Richee says: "For the average young girl, light dresses are much better. Elderly women should stick to dark clothes. Hats are usually bad because they go out of style and in six months will date the pictures."

You should wear the clothes you feel best in, thinks Lazlo Willinger. Muky, over at Warner's, uses clothes to get his film subjects' minds off themselves. He has even made such players as Bette Davis and Jane Wyman take off their coats and put them back on again. They became so interested in the simple physical activity involved that they forgot to pose!

As for evening clothes—some of the photographing gentlemen like them, some don't. Better use your own judgment here. [Continued on page 72]
HOW much of a movie star’s break is just plain good luck?

Many a person, envying Hollywood success, has wondered.

I put this directly up to Errol Flynn.

He amazed me with his frankness. A surprisingly honest, fun-chasing devil when caught away from Warner Brothers glory, he burst a lot of pretty publicity bubbles.

Very good-looking and athletic and tanned, he said unhesitatingly, “All right. I’ll tell you how it was with me. I’ll tell you how I got into pictures, and why. The exact little details, the whole story of how I got started here in Hollywood, unretouched. No one’s ever asked me about my bluffs to get work before. Then you can judge for yourself!”

Come to think of it, Errol’s actual days as an unsung, would-be popular actor never have been touched upon. That whole chapter has been strangely unmentioned, skipped. You have read reams about his run-away adventures, of how often he risked his life when he was foolhardy about dangers. You have read tale after tale of his hectic marriage with Lili Damita.

But as Errol sat opposite me in the den of his home, which isn’t newly rich gaudy, he was no longer the stock Flynn, the fantastic and lusty guy who reputedly gobbles clares with gusto before breakfast every morning. Instead, smiling almost shyly, definitely a friendly soul, he was suddenly a down-to-earth human being. The traditional bravado had evaporated. I forgot he was a much-touted hero and a glamorous husband as, candidly, he related what really happened when he was a nobody.

“I was down in the South Seas for five-and-a-half years, went there at eighteen,” Errol began. “They claim if you stay for five years you can never get away. I’d made two attempts to get out of New Guinea, but both times I’d failed. I realized the third attempt had to click, so I connived like fury. I was resolved to start a new life, to escape the fatal drifting habit that would wind me up as a beachcomber. I became plenty shrewd, believe me! I stopped playing around. I counted every penny. And, finally, I was all set to return to London to amount to something after all.

“To save on exchange I bought uncut diamonds, and to further beat the exchange rate I bought sixty ounces of gold. That was my stake, which I’d earned. In Hong Kong the diamonds were swiped from me. In Shanghai the boat was searched. By then I knew who did it, but we couldn’t nail it on him. However, since gold was worth three pounds an ounce I still had almost nine hundred dollars.”

Errol hurried to Ireland to visit his parents first. It had been a long absence. But he wasn’t sidetracked into merely settling down. He informed his parents he was heading for London to be a movie actor. His father, a professor in Dublin, sighed. His mother only smiled, confidently; she was sure he’d make the grade.

“I decided to become a movie actor, because it was the only thing that appealed to me. I knew I’d be lost in an office. I’d been thrown out of office jobs. Acting seemed exciting and it offered an easy way to make a living. I don’t know why it never occurred to me to stop off in Hollywood on my trip back to England, but it didn’t.

“When I arrived in London I didn’t know anyone there. All the pubs I’d had in school had scattered. I couldn’t get my nose in any studio. I found out quickly enough! I was so naïve I didn’t know who to see, so I marched to the front door of the Gaumont-British studio and introduced myself in vain to the doorman. I remember he was an enormous and unsympathetic ex-guardian.”

The sole recommendation Errol had was that he’d once had a role in a film made by a small Australian company. That brief bit, proudly pointed to, brought nothing but funny smiles. Or as Errol puts it, “I gradually saw they were saying to themselves, ‘Look, here’s a screwball!’ When you’re no imposing record of experience no one wants to give you a chance. I made the grievous mistake of telling the truth. So I hummed in London for three or four months. I’d put my gold in a bank and I’d go down and draw out a half-ounce and take it to be weighed and sold. I had a room in Finnsbury Park, in a house full of medical students. It was a long bus ride out.

“I just made the rounds of the theatres and agents until at last I got a job as an understudy in a play. I was fired before I finished my first reading of it. Even if

"I'll tell you how I got into pictures and why," says Errol. "The exact little details, the whole story of how I got started here in Hollywood, unretouched. No one's ever asked me about my bluffs to get work. Then you can judge for yourself!"

By

Ben Maddox

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Plain Lucky?

had a repertoire theatre in Northampton and loved sports. When I went to interview him he asked, 'Can you play cricket? Are you a bowler?' I replied, 'Yes, indeed, but I can't act!'

The truth bobbed up again, but Errol's athletic ability was more important, apparently, for he was hired at thirty dollars a week, for the stock company.

"A phenomenal salary for bits. After my first week I was cut down to fifteen a week. 'Do you want to quit?' asked my boss. 'No,' I retorted politely, 'I'll remain.' It was Christmas time and 'Jack and the Beanstalk' had been my first show. I did the wicked prince. I carefully applied all the make-up I could lay hold of. My eyebrows rose alarmingly. I had a hair lip. I sneered! I was a bewildered chauffeur next. Every week we had a change. I frequently had but a cough and a spit on-stage, as it were. And I was possessed with the crazy idea that make-up would make me a great heavy.' When we did 'Bull-

[Continued on page 74]
That Gay Southern Gal from London

WHEN you've been making pretty talk about the movie folk as long as I have nothing surprises you. Well, practically nothing. You are not surprised when the star who professed in caps a great big wonderful undying love for her spouse divorces him the day you make the newsstands with the most beautiful love story ever told, and you are not surprised in the least when the star who wants to retire from the screen forever in a double page with quotes snaps at a new contract with the vivacity of a hungry carp. You're not surprised when Garbo won't see you and Grable will. You are not surprised when Dietrich “lufs”
Who said the English have no sense of humor? You'll realize how wrong that is when you read about Vivien Leigh of London whose sparkling wit has no equal in Hollywood.

By

Elizabeth Wilson

America one day and America takes away her jewels the next.

Well, I was getting into an awful rut being not surprised, and terribly bored, too, when one day the telephone rang and a nice voice that dropped the “r’s” ever so slightly said that it was Vivien Leigh and would I come to lunch on Thursday. Would I? I'll say. I was that surprised you could have knocked me over with a feather. Ordinarily it takes a sledgehammer to do the trick.

Ever since that very embarrassing afternoon last January when poor Vivien, all done up in Scarlett’s white party dress, and flanked by Mr. Selznick’s press agents (just in case she might say the wrong thing) had to cotton to the press en masse for at least fifteen minutes, and tell us how pleased she was to play Scarlett, she has been taboo as far as the writing profession is concerned. You could probably snare the crown jewels out of the Tower of London quicker than you could snare an interview out of Vivien Leigh. And this for several reasons: (1) Selznick In-

[Continued on page 75]

Vivien, as she looked while making pictures in England. Below: Toasting their Majesties with Reginald Gardiner and David Niven. Below left: Chatting with Conductor Walter Damrosch.
He's young and he's goodlooking; he's been acclaimed "terrific" in his last three vehicles and at this writing is playing a coveted role in what promises to be another smash. He's a young man of background and education who has recently grabbed off for himself one of the loveliest gals in Hollywood and is on the highroad to superstardom, so could you excuse it please and understand if he had a slight attack of Hollywooditis?—if it happened that fame and good fortune went slightly to his head and left him a bit wacky? It would be natural enough. But it hasn't! Louis Hayward is none of those things. He's undoubtedly on the rise; a star who has by no means reached his full brilliance as yet. He clicked in his first featured roles, was a hit in "The Duke Of West Point," and a smash in two roles in "The Man In The Iron Mask." And there's every reason to believe he'll do all right in "My Son, My Son" now in the making. But a picture of Louis Hayward is a portrait of a sane young man.

For even though Louis seems to have burst into the starry firmament rather suddenly, to have rocketed to stardom after one picture, the truth of the matter is he's done it the hard way. Perhaps, in the next few months or years Louis may follow Hollywood tradition and go grand on us, but at this point he's avoided it pretty thoroughly and there seems little likelihood of it ever happening . . . we hope.

Mrs. Louis Hayward, too, should be a strong deterrent toward any upstage tendencies, if tendencies there were. It's hard to imagine the pert and dynamic Ida Lupino aiding and abetting anything like stuffed-shirtishness.

Perhaps, some of Louis' calm sanity in the face of terrific build-up comes from his conservative British background. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, Louis' father was a mining engineer who helped make history in the Transvaal. And when young Louis passed the grammar school age he was sent to schools in France and England, the ultimate objective being a place with an uncle who was a successful London stockbroker. But here Louis twisted the tail of Fate a bit; theatricals Louis Hayward was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. His father, a mining engineer who helped make history in the Transvaal, had hoped Louis would become a London stockbroker in his uncle's office. But Louis enrolled in dramatic school.
Louis Hayward is no sudden, over-night sensation; he's come up the hard way and it's all been very exciting on the long road to stardom.

Actors seldom have an easy time of it, and to make things a bit tougher Louis' father died while he was in his teens. Deciding to go on with the uncertain career of the theatre was something of a momentous step, but Louis took it. He had a hunch that there lay his success. It might have been determination to carry on in his chosen field. At any rate he took most of the family's savings and put them into a small touring stock company. Then, though Louis worked hard in a variety of roles, the venture flopped financially, as stock companies have frequently done from time immemorial. But the experience was Louis' jumping off place and he was able to sign with another road company.

He progressed, touring for two years, then spent about four playing in London. "I was fortunate," he says, "in that I had the opportunity to do some fine plays; 'The Vinegar Tree,' 'Another Language,' and others." And if he was fortunate he was also a pretty good actor to get them. Then New York beckoned, and he appeared with Lunt and Fontanne in "Point Valaine," on Broadway.

He didn't get a chance to do any more in New York, for Hollywood scouts picked him up and shot him to the West Coast where nothing much happened. He played comparatively unimportant roles in several pictures; appeared in "Anthony Adverse," "The Rage of Paris," "The Woman I Love," and other films, but a lot of the time he did nothing.

"It was all new to me," he says, telling about it now, "and awfully hard to take at first. I didn't know what to do. On every hand you hear about the necessity of doing this or that; I was told how suicidal it was to do the wrong things, or be seen with the wrong people.

So I spent most of my time when not working with friends at my home, lying low. One house guest stayed a year, another two years.

"But I wanted to do things in pictures naturally. My ultimate ambition is to direct and it seemed a good idea to put in some of my free time really learning about pictures. So when I was between pictures I offered to report at the studio every morning to go through the whole routine of picture-making; to work on the set, in the laboratories, in the cutting room and so on. That seemed a good way to grasp the whole workings. I'd have done it gladly, too, but the matter of the various unions came up and I couldn't work at those jobs without a card."

It was in the Edward Small production of "The Duke Of West Point" that Louis got his first real break. Small, the producer who picked Robert Donat as star material, was so [Continued on page 78]
Direct from the West Coast

Robert Young with Ann Sothern in "Maisie." Her outstanding performance won her a long-term contract.

Maisie
What You've Been Waiting For—M-G-M

THIS is undoubtedly one of the best comedies, and with plenty of heart in it, too, that has come our way in an awfully long time. Ann Sothern plays "Maisie the Chiffon Girl," who arrives in a little cowtown in Wyoming to do her number in a burlesque show, only to discover that the show has folded and left her stripped, as far as the do-re-mi is concerned. There's a rodeo in town so she gets a job in a shooting gallery and meets up with "Slim," a cowboy ranch manager, played by Robert Young. Slim hates women, but there's not much you can do about Maisie when she makes up her mind, so you're not surprised when Maisie, hand on hip, and wisecrack on lip, ensconces herself on his ranch. Ian Hunter, the big New York millionaire who owns the ranch, arrives with his socialite wife who is cheating on him, and Maisie finds herself mixed up in intrigue and a murder case. The Boss wills the ranch to Maisie, so after she clears Slim of the murder charge, she fires him as ranch manager, but hires him back as her husband. Maisie is a gal with a heart and a lot of common sense, and you'll love her. Bob Young, who has been handed so many terrible parts recently, is perfectly elegant as Slim, the woman-hater. Ruth Hussey plays the faithless wife, and Cliff Edwards a ukulele-playing cowboy. Ann Sothern as Maisie gives a performance you'll never forget. She's that good.

Man About Town
A Triumph for Jack Benny—Paramount

This is the best of the Jack Benny pictures. It has swell gags, sprightly dialogue, and some pleasing acting by Jack—but, lordy, lordy, it's Rochester who fairly wraps up the picture and takes it home. Rochester, who [Continued on page 69]
Edward Arnold, seated beside his business manager's wife, has a happy time of it at the recent Paramount convention dinner. He gives his usual fine performance in "Man About Town."

Carole Landis blowing up one of those "water wing" bathing caps which keeps you afloat. It has an air cushion in the back of the cap. Carole just got a divorce and is back in circulation.

Edgar Bergen having a grand time with Paris Beach, daughter of Hal.

Cesar Romero with Ann Sheridan, as usual, at Earl Carroll's Theatre-Restaurant. Left: Jane Wyman gets a nice splashing from Ronald Reagan.

FOTO FLASHES!

Away from the studio means relaxation for the players
Virginia Bruce, beautiful blonde M-G-M player, effectively combines a light grey wool circular skirt with a dark grey wool bolero jacket bordered with black silk braid. Her delicate, handmade blouse is of finely tucked white satin and her rakish, upturned sports hat is of black felt. Black suede gloves and shoes lend a somewhat "dressy" touch.
A London tan and beige plaid wool jacket, with black wool lapels to match her black wool skirt, is Virginia’s choice for long walks in town or occasional shopping tours. A casual white satin blouse is worn with the revers outside the coat. A London tan and beige felt hat and London tan brogues complete this attractive town or country outfit.

There’s nothing so appropriate as a chic jacket and skirt ensemble when autumn’s in the air.
VIRGINIA BRUCE looks so graceful and so utterly charming in this negligee that we wouldn't be a bit surprised if she thought it was too lovely to keep at home and decided to wear it out dancing some night. It is of pansy-blue chiffon with purple and silver paillettes designing the skirt and brief bolero. The bodice and bolero are outlined in delicate silver beading.
For the theatre and for restaurant dining, Virginia Bruce has chosen this extremely smart tailored gown that combines chartreuse and black crepe in eye-catching fashion. The skirt has simple, flowing lines with a full train, and the blouse has a straight, fairly high neckline, with long, modified dolman sleeves. Her exquisite bracelet and blouse ornament are of fine antique gold and amethysts.
MY MARRIAGE was a great mistake," Myrna whispered. "It's you I love."

"Ah-h-h!" I returned ecstatically. But suddenly there was a discordant jangle. It was the telephone—waking me up. Cursing all telephones in general and mine in particular, I picked up the receiver.

"And don't forget," Maxine Thomas of the M-G-M publicity department reminded me sternly, "you promised to give us the lead this month. 'The Women,' you know."

"Fiddle-de-dee with the women," I retorted. "It's Myrna Loy I'm interested in. She just told me she loves me."

"You're nuts!" Maxine reminded me for the twentieth time. "I guess so," I admitted gloomily as I came fully awake.

"Well, come on out," she suggests. "It's a good set today and I'll buy you lunch."

I'd rather have kept on sleeping and had Myrna but since I'm awake and Myrna is not even in the offing I clamber out of bed. I give my teeth a hasty once-over-lightly, rake a comb or a razor (I forget which) through my stubble, sneer at the coffee pot because a free lunch is just a few hours away and out I trot to—

M-G-M

NATURALLY the most important picture out here is "The Women" starring Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford with a list of supporting players as long as your arm, including Rosalind Russell, Florence Nash, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard, Virginia Grey and only the good Lord and the M-G-M casting director know who all else.

You probably know the story of "The Women." The picture is adapted from one of the most sensationally successful stage plays of the decade and deals with what goes on behind the scenes when a bunch of the fair sex get together. There is not a man in the cast.

Miss Shearer is the loving little wife
By Dick Mook

whose husband strays from the hearthside and Joan Crawford is the little—er—dame who catches his wandering eye. Miss Russell is the viper-tongued lady who is always on the winning side—the winning side being whichever one has the man at the moment. She's the sort of gal who spills the beans (purposely) and then says, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I thought you knew!"

Well, she has practically wrecked dear Norma's marriage because Norma is in Reno getting a divorce. In Reno Norma meets up with Mary Boland, Joan Fontaine and Paulette Goddard. They are living on a dude ranch and are out on a picnic. I'm wrong—for once. She has just got her divorce and the picnic is to celebrate it. The mail has just come and Norma has received a letter from Florence Nash announcing that "that blundering stork has just delivered another female to Phelps and me."

"Oh, no! Good heavens!" Joan Fontaine ejaculates. "That makes eight girls!"

"Eight little cherubs!" Miss Boland corrects her. "How sweet! Ah, l'amour! L'amour! Toujours l'amour!"

"Who the heck's paying l'amour?" demands a strident voice.

We look up and there is Rozzie Russell who has just arrived for a divorce herself. This may not seem exciting but wait! Roz discovers that Paulette is the girl her husband intends to marry as soon as he is free. You've heard that old expression, "the fur flies?" Well, babies, this time the hair flies and I mean FLIES.

This production is notable for a number of things. Not only is it a grand story but it marks Joan Crawford's first appearance as a vamp and you have to hand it to that girl. She sacrifices sympathy in this picture as nonchalantly as Bette

Joan Fontaine, Norma Shearer, Mary Boland and Paulette Goddard in the highly amusing Reno sequence of "The Women."

Melvyn Douglas having difficulty with three mad Russians in "Ninotchka," the Garbo opus.


Davis sacrificed her eyebrows in "The Lady and the Knight." It introduces Florence Nash who used to be a big star on Broadway and who should have been in the movies eons ago. It brings back Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine in real acting parts and it gives Rosalind Russell the best part she has had since "Craig's Wife." If you can only go to one picture a year I unhesitatingly recommend "THE WOMEN." Don't miss it!

NEXT there is "Ninotchka" in which Garbo makes her return to the screen after two years' absence. Time has not softened Madame's attitude towards the press and she still permits no visitors when she's working. But today—Ah! She is not working, so with racing pulse and bated breath I make my way onto the set where Garbo's feet have trod. But, alackaday, I find only Melvyn Douglas surrounded by three mad Russians who are [Continued on page 80]
beauty." Thought you'd like to know.

Katharine Aldridge, one of the most beloved of the "new faces," has just been appointed to the Studio Council of the Hollywood Studio Club, as an example in good deportment. About which Gregory Ratoff, her director on "Hotel for Women," commented: "That's right, I never met a girl with more virtue or more samshannah appetite. She's always hungry on the set.

We have just had a star close her set in our face. And we didn't hit the ceiling and yell and scream and call her names. On the contrary we felt all cool and gurgy about it, and when we saw the closed set we tipped away very obligingly. She who is getting away with more than even a Bette Davis or a Norma Shearer can get away with is little Miss Sandra Les Henville, widder since her debut in "East Side of Heaven" has become Hollywood's youngest and newest star. When Miss Henville wants a little peace and quiet from her arduous duties before the camera she simply has the assistant director put a sign on the stage door, "QUIET! SANDY'S ASLEEP!" And you can hear a safety-pin drop.

Sandy was born in Los Angeles on January 14, 1938, the daughter of Roy Henville, Los Angeles milkman. At the time of her birth her parents had no idea that she would ever be a film star. Neither did Sandy. As a matter of fact her entrance into pictures was in the nature of a fluke. Mrs. Henville read a newspaper story to the effect that Universal was looking for a baby for "East Side of Heaven." She suggested to her husband that he leave a couple of pictures of the baby, along with the milk, at the home of one of his customers, Charles Previn, Universal musical director. Mr. Previn was enchanted with Sandy's photographs and showed them to Director David Butler, who had already looked over three hundred babies for the part without finding one he liked. Mr. Butler sent for Sandy and without even giving her a test put her in the picture—which, as you know, proved to be the right one—under the eyelashes of Bing Crosby, Joan Blondell and Mischa Auer.

The script called for a baby boy, so little Sandra obligingly became a baby for picture purposes and changed her name to "Sandy." Her second has made no difference to her parents. Papa Henville still has his milk route and the family still lives just as conservatively as they did before. Sandy's time in the studio is limited by state law to four hours a day, out of which she can work only two hours. She must rest the other two. Before starting work on her new starring picture in which she again plays a boy, "Sandy Take a Bow," she posed for a fashion sitting, and gave out several interviews.

"Ma-a. Da-da," said Sandy to her public. The folksy type.

When Joan Davis and her husband, Si Wills, went personal appearing in Columbus, Ohio, recently, Coach Schmidt of the Ohio State football team was introduced to her, and told her he couldn't believe she'd kicked the goal in the "Hold That Co-Ed" scenes. Joan assured him that she had and that the coach of U.C.L.A. had tried to get her. Next morning she appeared and his disbelief still rankled, so she and Si piled into a cab, drove out to Ohio State, sought out Coach Schmidt, who was working with his players, and she proceeded then and there to kick the ball over the post at several times. Coach Schmidt says she can have a job with him anytime she quits stage and screen.

Si, incidentally, just presented Joan with a 30-carat huge star sapphire ring. Joan was showing it to their 5-year-old daughter, Beverly, who commented, "What a pretty marble you got, mamma."

All the while he was working in "Juarez" John Garfield never got any closer to Mexico than the San Fernando Valley. But the picture made him extremely Mexico-conscious, so when the studio permitted him a three-day vacation, he and his wife set out for Mexico City. When he dropped by the table in the Green Room at the studio to tell Olivia de Havil- lard, one of his favorite actresses, good-bye, Olivia turned to her guests and said, "John is going to Mexico to get atmosphere for his last picture."

From all accounts it would seem that Miss Greta Garbo is warming up a bit after all these years. Not only is she driving her new car (a new car to Garbo is an old car to everyone else) but she is even passing out compliments to her fellow workers. It seems that Hedy La- marr was eager for an autographed photo- graph of Garbo and asked one of the men in the Metro publicity office to get it for her. Greta refused the photograph—but explained, "I am so sorry, but I never give autographs. Besides, I should think twice about giving a picture to Miss La- marr. Everytime she looks in her mirror—say—picture would be such a disappointment."

Though slightly off-color Joan Blon- dell couldn't resist telling a conversation she overheard between the gardener and her young son Normie the other day. It seems that someone gave Normie a new baby puppy which Normie simply went crazy about. "You can keep the puppy, Normie," Dick Powell told him, "pro- vided you keep him out of the house. We have new carpeting and they are very beautiful, and very expensive, and we can't have dogs ruining them."

So Normie was very careful to keep his little puppy out of the house. But Joan, returning home from a luncheon date one afternoon, saw him peeping from the nursery window to the gardener's house. "Please, clean up the tennis court before my Daddy wants to play tennis. If he sees what my puppy did he'll send him away. I told my puppy to use the incinerator, but he understood me and used the tennis court."

Garbo, quite innocently, is just about to set a new style. Greta can't take too

many chances with the sun, now that she has started her new picture, so she walks around the studio lot wearing an old-fashioned farmer's straw hat with a cord fastened under her chin. Well, anyway, it will be better than that Empress Eugenie vogue she foisted upon us several years ago.

A high spot in "The Women" is the fight between Rosalind Russell and Paulette Goddard—which is going to be awfully good, provided the censors don't cut too much of it out. The girls didn't pull their punches, but neither did another for the best part of a day. Despite the fact that she even lost her panties, Paulette must have gotten the best of the fight because some scenes have had to be retaken. Some, and with a doctor, for the next three days. Just in case there might be candid cameras lurking around Metro closed the set the day of the fight as tight as a tick.

The latest Hollywoodites to go rural are Bob and Betty Young. They've bought a big ranch out in the Valley and now it's horses and cows and chickens and early to bed for the Youngs—who used to be among the best of the Hollywood play-club to stay-up-late set. Their party recently for Madge Evans, Bob and Betty left right after the dessert—those country folk are worse than Long Island commuters.

Tyrone Power came through the earthquakes, falling walls, fires, floods, rains and plagues of "The Rains Came" without a scratch, but on his first day away from the studio he went swimming in a new pool, and was bobbing along on his belly, bobbing about on a new rubber duck, that the water container in the bath- house needed refilling. So out he jumped, got a fresh five gallon bottle and was lifting it in place when it slipped through his wet fingers and crashed all over his bare feet. Eight stitches had to be taken. And Annabella's handsome husband had to take to crutches.

Ty and Annabella, who are just about the most in-love people we've ever seen, are now enjoying their second European vacation which they'll spend mostly in Annabella's beloved France. She wants Ty to meet her mother, her little daughter, and her pet dog—all of whom will probably return to Hollywood with the Powers in the Fall.

If you want descriptive words made up these days don't go to Walter Winchell or Irving Hoffmann. Those bright boys have been too preoccupied since Scott Powell and Joan's little boy, has decided to make up his own vocabu- lary. One hot day recently Normie sat on the sidewalks outside. At lunchtime Dick played tennis. Finally he rushed to Joan with the announcement, "Daddy Dick is persisweating something terrible."

Stories behind the stories in Hollywood are always interesting. Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond chanced criticism by waiting three minutes in front of a theatre to which they were already late for the preview. At one point a man ran out of flash-bulbs and asked them to wait until he reloading. The new boy who was jittery from the manner in which most players rush through camera

[Continued on page 17]
Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care they can give their skin today

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powdery base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so soft and glowing?

ANSWER:
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a little film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

"Statements about the 'skin-vitamins' are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods."
Foreign Love Technique

(Continued from page 23)

sue, sophisticated French actor, Charles Boyer, is the stimulating cocktail of the movie menu. He’s a romantictist, and much as he dislikes the title, he is today the Great Lover of the screen. In each role he gives to the heroine in "Algiers," "Love Affair" and now, "Modern Cinderella," he emphasizes his ability in expressing romantic moods. His love scenes are unusual for his appeal is mental as well as physical, something intangible and poetic that imbued with sincerity and a brooding tenderness that envelops each person in his audience.

Boyer will tell you that he counts love to be the important thing, both in the world of art, and in real life. Success and fame mean little unless bathed in the perfect understanding and sympathy of one you love, and who loves you. This is the quality he puts into his acting; that love is the greatest influence there is, the one thing to work for, to cherish, and to guard.

With an amused smile, he said, "In the Paris Theatre an actor has even a more ardent following than a man on the screen in Hollywood. The fans are not so numerous, but individually they are more intense. Fan interest, I should say, is predicated on curiosity—its rootless and transitory. So, to retain the illusion, an actor should never become the man.

"Through concentration, I actually feel I am the person I am playing. That is the reason I do not like visitors on the set when making a picture. I do not want it to be recalled to my own identity—break the emotional thread I have created. You know," he added, flashing his enigmatic smile, "actors aren’t normal people. If we were, we wouldn’t be actors!"

Even talking casually to Charles Boyer, one feels that life is deliciously exciting, that drama is all about them. Could an actor possess a greater power?

Romantic Cesar Romero, feminine heart-throb both on and off the screen, is a fashion plate of the Latin races. To Cesar, "are definitely idealistic regarding women; we place them on a pedestal and worship them. However, while our demonstrations may be more flowery, and we grow poetical on the least occasion, our sincerity is no deeper than your own American devotion. So, I’d say, fundamentally, men are all pretty much the same.

"An actor should never mix real emotions with the make-believe of acting for he must always keep his mind and character in order to appraise his work. To simulate passions but never feel them, is his job. In real life, the hero may become bewildered, or falter over his lines—but never the actor, who must carry the thought of his audience.

"I don’t believe actors fall in love during romantic scenes, because romance demands privacy which you certainly don’t get while filming love scenes. It is very possible to become influenced by the mood of the role, but this is a fleeting experience and one quickly snaps back to normal when the scene is completed.

"It’s very sad," grinned Cesar. "but I usually lose the girl in the final reel. The most exciting love scenes I’ve played were those in the romantic picture ‘The Devil is a Woman’ with Marlene Dietrich, because I actually enjoyed the facade that my character was in love. But my emotions had been built up for this final fervid clinch and when the director gave his signal, we both turned suddenly and came together with a terrific force that almost unbalanced us, but clinging to each other. The audience saw this until the call of ‘cut!’ Then, we discovered our lips were bleeding—we had bruised them badly, with that passionate impact. That was realism—with a price!"

Despite the shabby army uniform and ten days’ growth of beard Leslie Howard was sporting as Ashley Wilkes, returning from the Civil War in “Gone With The Wind," he looked ideally romantic. It was amazing—and one expected to find him reciting poetry. But instead, he was in a flip-shop.

"Ashley," confided Leslie, with twinkling eyes, "was a cautious guy, afraid to take what Life offered. He wasn’t the typical Southern lover, because sometimes he even passed up Scarlett. He should have married her.

"Americans," he continued more seriously, "are romantic idealists, with much honest sentiment, and they speak out freely when and how they please. The Britisher is taught to hold emotion in check, and he’s restrained by traditions laid down for him through the generations. An Englishman never sees the drama scething all about him, but remains calm, refusing to become deeply stirred. The higher the social scale, the more reserved they are. The youth majoring at Cambridge writes a different love letter from that of the workman in the street. Their emotion may be identical, but the manner of expressing it is wholly unlike. An actor creates his characters through his own imagination and he must know that he is speaking to a public, and may interpret the emotions of the man he is portraying, according to the environment, education, and all the multidimensional bits of background that make him what he is.

"I like to play love scenes because they are usually the crux of the drama, but I do not exaggerate, and no part of a play should be more carefully written than such scenes. Everybody is hungry for romance and the stage and screen is the escape from the monotony against which people protest. It’s up to the actor to put so much realism into his portrayal that those seeking to find their dreams visualized will be satisfied."

Pure Spanish blood flows through Gilbert Roland’s veins, and while he has spent practically forty-one years in America, he retains the dash and romantic mystery of his race.

"We idealize women," Gilbert told me, between games at the Tennis Club. "We worship beauty, charm, and all the soft feminine qualities that intrigue masculine interest because they are in contrast to himself. Latin races are emotional and in Spain, to sing, to dance, to love—that is living. Sad, that such joyous people are facing so much sorrow, but they have a resilient courage that will carry them back to happiness. Of his family’s strength. The eyes of youth may wander a bit, but nothing disrupts the home—that is inviolate.

"An actor puts into his portrayal only the emotions he knows. Therefore, his success depends in imagination in making these live and breathe and become reality. The technique of screen love changed completely with the talkies, becoming more subdued, more restrained, and far more silent. Today, a now I have the experience of viewing the silent version of ‘Camille’ which I made with Norma Talmadge some eleven years ago. It was a little startling to watch the long drawn-out passionate love scenes, the many kisses—and remember, that picture was a top-notcher in its day. Compared with the technique used in ‘Wuthering Heights,’ for instance, we see how far the screen has advanced.

"It doesn’t take glamorous backgrounds to make a man fall in love; it all depends upon the girl herself. Let’s say, for instance, every man is seeking the one whose charms, allure and inner sparkle is his secret ideal. The perfect love has understanding and sympathy, congeniality of tastes, a filling quality that puts fire into every moment that makes life exciting and worth living.

That is what the actor hopes to express upon the screen, because it embodies what every man and woman in the audience is yearning for in their own life.

Restless, eager, smiling, Errol Flynn announced my question with no difference in the emotional reactions of the Irish and the Americans, both are impulsive and dynamic. It’s Bang! Bang! Little attention to subtleties. As for loves, one can be as hummy as the other. Nature has charges enough, each individual absorbs his own qualities from a million sources that can’t be traced. While I create my roles wholly through imagination, I, probably, pick up bits of inspiration from incidents I’ve lived through, or glimpsed in the movies, or consciously, incorporate them. It’s difficult to draw the line between the real and the unreal, for most of our thoughts and actions are influenced by hidden inheritances we know nothing about.

"Of course, I like to play love scenes—what, young man wouldn’t?" he went on, with a quick laugh. "Especially, when you consider the beautiful heroines the screen offers me. Olivia de Havilland and I have clicked each other unmercifully through five pictures together, and she’s one girl who is always fun to work with. I don’t think Miss Davis is an inspiration. I first played with her in ‘The Sisters’ and her gorgeous sense of humor lighted up the in-between moments of that tense drama; I might have exploded otherwise. Now, we’re made ‘The Friar and The Knight’ together—but she wasn’t such a pal for she had me behaved!

"Men aren’t particularly romantic; they’re not thoughtful enough about the little things that mean so much to women. Love doesn’t remain at white-heat all the time. Nothing is stationary, least of all, emotions. Men accept this, but women are reluctant to do so."
Errol's candor wins you, yet it is his tremendous masculine vitality that gives you the hit-between-the-eyes socko on the screen. You feel he is far more interested in stalking head-hunters, or trekking through tropical jungles searching adventure, than he is in romances or orchid decorated ballrooms.

Francis Lederer, magnetic young actor born in Czecho-Slovakia, but now an enthusiastic citizen of the United States, crashed to fame as Romeo to Elizabeth Bergner's Juliet, in a Berlin sensational triumph. Steeped in Old World traditions, Francis said, "In Europe, love-making is a subtle art, flirtations an exciting part of life. The basis of this, I believe, is because boys and girls do not mix in school or play, and as a man grows up, a woman is Life's greatest mystery. Seeking to find his ideal, he falls in love easily, and often, while the search for his Goddess progresses."

"In America, the whole outlook is different. From childhood, boys and girls are together as friends and pals, and as they grow older, love blossoms naturally, built on a beautiful congeniality. It is all so wholesome, so wonderful and fine, and despite the easy divorce, I sincerely believe you find more happy marriages in this country than in any other."

"To the actor," continued Lederer, with his eager enthusiasm, "love is most important. He's an interpreter of emotions and to portray them convincingly he must develop his own sensitivity, be aware of every vibration and awaken every dormant feeling. Any emotional disturbance is enriching for once having experienced it, he can recreate it because, in imagination, he merely lives it again. Love-making is a mental thing that creeps through the screen and an actor must himself feel the flame, the romance, if he is to make it reality to his audience."

"I should say that regardless of race, an actor trains himself to feel every emotion in an exaggerated degree. He must be able to suggest strength, smouldering fire—and tenderness. He must add glamour, and give a terrific vitality to every moment. It is a big order, but every actor loves it for it gives a wallop to his work, and to life itself."

So, Romance has been told off by these popular stars from foreign shores, yet—it still remains an Open Question just how much a nation may influence emotional reactions.

It was the exotic Pola Negri who once said, "The European lover never forgets the little things, nor the American the important ones?" Is this the answer?

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**TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN!**

**LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!**

**AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!**

**PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...**

**TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...**

---

**COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!**

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

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**LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...**

**I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?**

**NO, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL—SO I GOT READY EARLY!**

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**NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!**

**MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE TWICE A DAY!**
keep their own shoes clean. Anything they can do, they must do. For Gloria Jean is the second daughter in a family of Four Daughters. And all four daughters know discipline as well as love.

There is Sally Kay, who will soon be fifteen; the Gloria Jean, eleven; Lois, ten, and Bonnie, the baby, four. Bonnie will appear in Gloria Jean’s next—and second picture. Bonnie, too, has a Voice.

Gloria Jean was born in Buffalo, N. Y., but when she was six weeks old the family moved to the small but cultured city of Ithaca, New York. You remember, started to sing when she started to talk, too!

The first song the baby sang right through, air and words, was “Little Annie Rooney.” And it was her Uncle Jack, a Welshman and a famous singer, who sang her his country and his time, who first realized that there was something in that infant throat . . . something more than a larynx and a pair of tonsils. It was Uncle Jack who took her in hand, Uncle Jack who put her before the public at the age of five, singing the beautiful old Welsh songs (in the difficult, old Welsh tongue) at local Welsh festivals. When she was five, too, her mother told me, she became interested in opera, forsaking dolls and Cops’n’Robbers to spend whole afternoons, from two to five, listening to the Lucky Strike operatic programs on the air. She liked to read books about Jenny Lind, and books about the lives of musical composers.

“I don’t know where she got it from,” her mother says, “I say it is a gift from God, that it just was to be.” In all other respects the little girl was just a little girl who went to school when she was six. She hated arithmetic, loved history and geography. She loved to play with dolls—and still does—especially her Princess Elizabeth and Deanna Durbin dolls. She would put on whole operas, singing for the dolls herself.

When she was ten she was taken to New York to study voice under Mrs. Leah Russell. She filled one “professional” engagement, with a small opera company in New York.

And then, one night, a stranger appeared at the door of the small apartment number four, 26 West Eighty-fifth Street. He had called himself Mr. Nogelbauer. He lived in an adjoining apartment, he said. He had heard a “young woman” singing. He wanted to know who she was. Told that the “young woman” was a child of twelve, he carried the child up a-back down to the office of his friend, Larry Waterman. Now, thus do the Fates embryo the design . . . for Larry Waterman is Joe Pasternak’s secretary in the East. And almost as immediately, and quite as inimitably, did Larry Waterman carry the small Gloria into the sanctum of Mr. Pasternak.

And right away, Mr. Pasternak “fell for her,” as we say in deah old Hollywood. He fell for her even before he heard her sing. For here, after the 500 odd other children he had heard “do their stuff” was a natural little girl with, obviously, no “acting instructions.” And here, appropriately, was a little girl who didn’t want to sing for him. For when the accompanist began, the child asked to be excused from singing. Asked the why of this incredulous reluctance she said, embarrassed but firm, “The piano is so badly out of tune. I think you wouldn’t get the benefit of my voice!”

I think it was then that Mr. Pasternak must have realized that out of the mouth of the babe the genuine Artist was speaking. And so he listened to records of the same little girl who had been singing, in his opinion, so poorly. He went to the child’s manager, and said, “I want to sing for you, Ma’am.”

So this, then, is Gloria’s “background.” And now, here comes Gloria Jean herself.

When I stepped onto the set of The Underdog, at once the child came to greet me. Quite a little girl, slenderly fashioned, with smoky blue, wide-set eyes under a serene brow, golden brown hair, neither “touched up” nor permanently waved, the indeterminate nose of childhood, a noticeably sensitive mouth. I was impressed, right off, with her calmness, her mannerisms which are not the manners, I am happy to tell you, of your “professional” child, but such manners as any nicely brought up little girl in any nice American home would have.

Almost at once, Gloria Jean was at pains to explain to me that the stains on the bosom of her blue and white checked gingham dress were not “just dirt.” She said: “They’re really chocolate stains, you know, but they’re supposed to be blood on an American flag.” Frustration, Pip-Emma, that’s my name in the picture, gets into a fight. . . . I don’t want you to think I just spilled something!” Reassured that I understood the exigencies of one’s Art, Gloria Jean answered my stock leading question “How do you like making movies?” by saying, with an eleven-year-old old-world skin and jump, “I love it! It’s lots more fun than playing games at home. I don’t know why it is, but it is!” Heavens, History, how do you repeat yourself, methought, for I went back to the young Deanna on the set of her first picture, telling me, “It’s swell, playing in pictures! I’ll bet I’m having more fun than any girl in the world!”

Here were similarities just falling into my lap. I am soft, small plops . . . they both love working, making, neither of them ever speaks of their work as “work” but always as “playing”; there is in both of them that rich, warm glow of contentment which suffuses anyone, child or adult, who is doing what they were born to do.

But there are, I soon discovered, some dissimilarities, too. As Mr. Pasternak was to point out to me, their voices are entirely different, Deanna being a lyrical soprano, on the “heavy” side rather than the light, Gloria Jean a coloratura. And, Mr. Pasternak told me Gloria Jean’s career will never “follow” Deanna’s in the sense of playing the game of Follow The Leader. Even the slightest hint, he said, which makes it foolish to say that Gloria Jean is Deanna’s successor, Gloria Jean differs from Deanna in that she is more a Little Girl of the People than Deanna was. She is nearer to Mr. and Mrs. Average Folks. There is a touch of “Skippy” in her.

“I love children,” Mr. Pasternak told me, “and I was losing Deanna, a little. It is, with me, much as with parents who bring one daughter to marrying age, to realize they have lost the little girl when they must lose her, and are grateful that the next child is “coming along” so that the house will not be empty of childhood . . . and if the older child has turned out well the parents will try, naturally, to follow the same pattern for the younger one, Deanna,” smiled Deanna’s producer, “has turned out ‘well!’ And so we will try to follow, with Gloria Jean, the same general pattern we used for her. We will try to bring Gloria up in the same ‘proper’ way.

“As with Deanna, we will not try to make Gloria Jean other than what she is, a natural, unspoiled little girl; we will try, instead, to keep her just as she is. I predict for her a very brilliant future. In her next picture she will be on the Lower East Side of New York; in the picture after that, on a farm. We will try for a laugh and a tear as we go along all the way through . . . a dream of childhood . . . there is no lovelier dream. And so,” continued Mr. Pasternak, “Gloria Jean steps into her first picture as Deanna steps into her first screen love . . . and so it goes . . . the pattern will be much the same . . . the threads the girls weave into the pattern will be the threads of their own personalities . . . their own differences . . .

One such “difference” I soon discovered. It is that Gloria Jean shows a more effervescent enthusiasm about things and people than the more contained Deanna ever did. Perhaps this is because Gloria Jean was an “older woman” when she began, being thirteen to Gloria’s eleven. At any rate, whereas Deanna could never be inveigled into spoken enthusiasm about other stars, would never commit herself, always next picture we will put her employing the same political method with all other pertinent or impertinent questions, Gloria Jean has no such reticences.

On the way to her portable dressing-room, the child confided in me, “When I stepped off the train and knew I was in Hollywood, I couldn’t believe it was me!” I said to my mother: “Just imagine, I’m right here, where Deanna Durbin and Shirley Temple are! And Charles Boyer, too. I said, because he is my very favorite great actor.”

“You see, my hobby back home was going to movies. And I was just crazy about Deanna. I did dream, back home, that I might meet her some day, just to say ‘howdodo,’ you know, but I never never thought I’d ever really have done. I never, never thought I’d be in the same studio
[Continued on page 79]
For brown-eyed girls like Ethel Merman

There's Glamour in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

Lois: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your eyes?

Judy: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!

Lois: It's perfect on you, Judy! But your eyes are brown! What about me, with blue eyes?

Judy: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

Lois: And they found eye color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

Judy: Lois, they found it's the only true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!

Judy: I'm devoted to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look—just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so smoothly—gives your lips lovely, long-lasting color!

Judy: With Marvelous, you look as you want to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for perfect color harmony, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)

Marvelous Matched Makeup

By Richard Hudnut

Kept to the color of your eyes!

Lois: And they found eye color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

Judy: Lois, they found it's the only true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!

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Marvelous Matched Makeup

By Richard Hudnut

Kept to the color of your eyes!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue □ Brown □ Gray □ Hazel □ Name

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs. Street

City State
Hollywood Race Crowd

[Continued from page 39]

question: has the horse-racing fever hurt Hollywood's production of pictures? To this end, I'd like to define "fever." No; I always think of the thing developed by Hollywood, but not horse-racing. The horses are based on the fact that Hollywood has been curtailed because stars and players cut classes at the studios and rush to the race track, nothing could be further from the truth. The dividing line between business and pleasure is sharply defined, and the fact that Saturday afternoon is the BIG day at the track, in attendance and money handled, proves that the studios haven't tolerated any kidding with production schedules. In fact, directors and producers, during the racing season, are even stricter with players who ask for an afternoon off, just as the restrictions are accentuated during the winter football season.

I'll show you ten pictures that were completed during the Santa Anita and Inglewood meetings, ten pictures that represent the top work of this colony. Each one of them was completed from a week to ten days AHEAD of the production of the film performers between the races, of course. If they can't get to the race track, they bet over the telephones at the various studios. The important thing to remember is that they can afford it, and few of them bet big.

What horses do they bet on? Quite often, on horses owned by other actors, or producers or directors. Jack Benny and Mary Livingston bet on the one-horse stable owned by Rochester, on their program. The M-G-M crowd bet on the Louis B. Mayer horses and those owned by Nat Goldstone, who is Robert Taylor's agent. The 20th Century-Fox crowd bet on the blue and brown silks of explosive Bill Goetz. His clients bet on agent Myron Selznick's stable. The Warner studio crowd generally bets on Harry M. Warner's stable or the horses that run in the silks of Mervyn Le Roy and the former Doris Warner. George Raft's entries attract movie support, Pat O'Brien, Jim Cagney and others of Crosby's pals bet on the ponies that are presented to him by Crosby and Lin Howard. The Goldwyn studio crowd bet regularly on "Dagwood," writer Robert Riskin's speedy nag. Director Raoul Walsh, Director Howard Hawks, Director Frank Lloyd and Director Dave Butler, when they are represented in the day's racing card, always have a string of actors and actresses following them. Musicians have won money on Ted Fio Rito's small stable, and the radio colony has a rooting interest in the John A. Kaloute stable and the Don Ameche bangtals.

For an appreciable spell the movie colony relied on witches' brews, spells, incantations and superstitions to pick winners. Lacking more solid information, they bet on horses corresponding to license plates and Social Security numbers. The wives of the celebs bet on visions revealed to them in dreams, the names of their horses, jockeys and other highly regarded intangibles. That was before Hollywood got into the racing game itself as breeders and owners and before they imported crackjack trainers from the East. The trainers and the scriptwriters sent their stables boss about horse-racing, and today the movie crowd has a fairly high racing I. Q. It has even gone beyond information, and led to romance. Starlet Nan Grey, at Universal, up and married Jockey Jack Westrop, a half mile S.E., during this courtship, it seemed that every starlet in town was being squired by the short giants of the turf, because the jockeys started meeting the younger set of actresses through Westrop. Always tactful, and because of their camera-wear and experience of the movie sets, the younger female players, on these dates with the shorter jockeys, wore low heeled shoes so as not to embarrass the amorous midgets. It was an old movie trick to the actresses; they do it every day in movies when playing scenes with actors who are shorter than they. Romance, too, in the naming of "Carcarole," which predicted the Gable-Lombard merger long before the gossipers.

The person who generally is conceded to know horse-racing better than anyone else in the movie colony, whose figures and charts are most in demand, is not a movie player or executive or actor's agent. He is Harry Curald, bespectacled concessionaire at the Santa Anita race track by profession, and, by marriage, the uncle of agent Nat Goldstone. Proudest boast of any of the movie crowd is that Curald has given him his figures and clockings. Ranking close to Curald as a seer on things equine is veteran Al Jolson, who started learning about the ponies in the days when he was playing at the Winter Garden and the ponies were playing matinees at Aqueduct. Harry Cohn, proxy of Columbia Pictures, is reputed to know more than a thing or two; Crosby's judgment is respected; Director Sam Goldwyn (By Mr. Chips) Wood comes up with quite a few longshots, and then there is a middle-group composed of such half-and-half experts as Walter Connolly, Stu Erwin, Guy Kibbee, Mrs. Zippo Marx, Pat O'Brien, Frank Orsatti, Al Ritz and Chico Marx. On the outskirts of this crowd of handicappers are McKinley Bryant, better than most, and Walter Haggerty, a pal of Broadway's Sam H. Harris, who are canny judges of horse-flesh and have access to indispensable sources of considerable accuracy.

You will hear fantastic stories of betting coups in Hollywood. Don't believe them, because few of the movie crowd bet a lot of money. A thousand dollar bet, which is nothing to Chico Marx, or to any of the top horse tracks, is a rarity out here. I met Gilbert Roland at a $10 window. He was buying two tickets on a horse to place, a $20 bet. Louis B. Mayer is a regular visitor to the $50 window, so is Mervyn Le Roy, agent Frank Orsatti, agent Myron Selznick and Al Ritz. Most of them can be found at the $5 window. They will bet high at card games and dice and roulette, but for some paltry $50 or $70, the movie crowd doesn't risk it in the race track. Crosby's partner, Lin Howard, is a big bettor, but whether or not Bing is a big player I don't know. The wives of the players, like ladies at every race-track in the country, are $2 bettors. Anna Gable, Clark's ex, probably is the biggest of the lady bettors. She'll bet $25 on a race.

It is one day's racing town, Hollywood, and on Saturday afternoons you see most of the stars, and the rest of the week, you see all. The rest of the week, (there is no racing on Mondays out here), the race track depends upon the non-professionals for support. At the Inglewood track, the pari-mutuel machines handle every day about $350,000 in bets; on Saturday, the handle goes to double that figure, between $625,000 and $700,000. The total this year has been lower, because there is the gambling ship Rex, (no relation of the Italian liner), which is anchored three miles off the Santa Monica pier and opens for business every morning. Quite a few bettors make their wagers out there, because of the convenience of betting on other tracks as well, while basking on the deck in the Pacific sun.

The per cent of the movie colonists are rabid horse-racing enthusiasts. The other ninety per cent can take it or leave it alone, viewing it only as a social outlet. For that reason, no other, the sport of kings hasn't hurt Hollywood because the spread of the gambling habit is intent on picture-making. The ten per cent who are rabid turf fans have been multiplied in the popular imagination because, as movie celebs, they've received so much publicity.

With this minority, the owning of race-horses has provided an excitement of a different flavor, and they've relished it deeply. Yet you can go out and make book on this: as the movie crowd learns that owning race horses is an expensive luxury, and that the Hollywood departmental firm home the message that picture-making is often dangerous, you will find more and more of the movie celebs withdrawing from active interest in racing and racing stables. Those who hang on will be that rare few who have a deep and sincere interest in the turf. But regardless of how long or how short is the life of the racing fad, I think it has been a tonic to Hollywood. It was something new and exciting and the colony was in need of it, because the horse was a great game, play makes Jack a dull boy, to say nothing of making Jacqueline a dull girl.

The most popular horse that has ever run out here, oddly enough, was not a famous thoroughbred, as the race track people think. It was a venerable old beast badly named "Malicious" who could not sprint but who, at a distance of two miles, invariably won in the last few strides. This ancient and amazing old steed did not train, as other horses do, but a jockey on his back for an exercise boy in the saddle. His trainer tied a long piece of string to his halter and old "Malicious" would run around in a wide circle until he stopped. Just as he maintained an even pace in

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The Tricky Things Women Will Do!

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how good he is to his mother, how you do adore a man who is Good To His
Mother, how successful he is in busi-
ness, what a Master Mind is his, BUT—
you have no sex appeal?

“That does it. He’s yours. For life. He
jams on the brakes not on the side of
the road, right in the middle, right then
and there. He goes into it. He fights to
prove to you that you are crazy-mis-
taken. He will NOT allow you to lodge
that thought, not for 24 hours. He won’t
TAKE it. He questions your Bill of Rights
on that. It’s the best attack I’ve ever
found, not only to make an Impression,
acid-etched, scarring, ineradicable, but also
to pep up a dull day. He’ll never forget
you. You’ve made an impression, not only
first, but lasting. He’ll want to marry
you. He’ll want to spend the rest of his
life proving to you that you were wrong,
making you eat them woids, bringing you
to your knees with the abject confes-
sion that, compared to him, a combina-
tion of Gable, Boyer, Mussolini, Mont-
gomery, Flynn is so much pap . . .”

Now I figure the best way to betray
my fellow women is to put down, right
here and now, the answers the others
gave me to the same question. I’Il save
time, if not my skin, I won’t have to take
you with me into each of the dressing
rooms along that seemingly peaceful row
of portables . . .

Well, Joan Crawford told me that the
way to make a first impression on a man,
the way to attract a man is NOT TO
TRY. If you see a man who looks like
your game and you want to attract him,
said Joan, DON’T TRY. If you have to
take yourself apart and put yourself to-
gether again, DON’T TRY. For women
who try, said our Miss Crawford, in-
vitably try too hard. The poor things
have no sense of proportion when their
hunting instincts are aroused. Their shots
go wild. They always talk too much, laugh
too loudly, make fools of themselves. And,
in the midst of the clamour-supposed-to-
be-glamour, the quarry escapes.”

Norma Shearer sort of agreed with Joan. She
said that women have too many tricks to
enumerate unless you are writing a set
of books on the subject . . . but, and here
is where she agrees with Joan, “they
should always be exercised unconsciously
if they are to be successful.”

Joan Fontaine (ah, there, Conrad
Nagel!) went into a reg’lar spiel on the
question. Said fair Miss F.: “Making that
First Impression . . . ah, who hasn’t wit-
nessed the complete ‘about face’ in the
feminine manner when an eligible man
enters the room? The sudden rearranging
of the dress, the hasty dab with the
powder puff, the lowering and sweeten-
ing of the vocal range, the charming smile,
the graceful gesture, the sparkle in the
questioning eye . . . all motors humming
and alas, m’boy, not even the smartest
among you needs the Danger Signs . . .”

Florence Nash, on the other hand, was
inclined to be pessimistic about the pos-
sibility of making a First Impression.

Said Miss Nash: “Unfortunately, the First
Impression is usually made before you
know your man. Men are quicker on the
trigger, the eye-upset is swifter in the
male than in the female. In other words,
a man spots a woman before a woman
spots a man. Then the trick is to adjust
the first, unconscious impression to suit
his preference.”

Phyllis Povah’s recipe is simple and
successful . . . a mere matter of making
him believe that he is the Only Man In
The Room. And, from there, a gentle
transition in skilled hands, the Only Man
In The World . . . a mere matter of giving
him (and no cheating), your eyes, your
ears, your undivided attention.

Mary Boland sort of disclaimed the
question. She said that she doesn’t want
to make any impression on any man,
having the reverse of matrimonial inten-
tions, but that if you want to make an
Impression on a man “just Look Your
Best, it’s all you can do, you poor thing,
you . . .”

Pauline Goddard just smiled, secret-
ly . . . a cagey one, that ’un . . .

And how this revealing of women’s
tricks, I was to think as we went along,
revealed, also, the women themselves . . .
regular Character Analysis, s’help me.

Tricks To Make A Man Jealous was
my next low line.

Joan Crawford said that she wouldn’t
be knowing because if a woman wants
to make a man jealous she’s pretty cheap

Here’s what Jimmie’s sister
ought to know

I FOUND STOCKING RUNS A
CONSTANT EMBARRASSMENT
AND EXPENSE UNTIL I BEGAN
USING LUX. THIS CUTS
DOWN RUNS AMAZINGLY

JACQUELINE COLLINS
Business Girl

Everywhere girls cut down runs with
Lux! Lux saves elasticity so threads
can give—runs don’t pop easily!

Avoid cake-soap rubbing—soaps
with harmful alkali. These weaken
elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali.
Buy the BIG box for extra economy!
and she'd just rather not think about it. Rox, Norma, Phyllis Povah all agree that there's just one tried, tested and true, bona fide and infallible way of making a man jealous—Another Man! Florence Nash said, pathetically, "If a man is of a jealous nature, he write him an own ticket!" Paulette Goddard, the sly-born, flipped, "The great trick is to keep a man from being jealous." Mary Boland said that she couldn't be annoyed and so, wouldn't be knowing.

Joan Fontaine, continuing her spiel, was more explicit. She said: "First the male must be led to believe that he is a very, very Fortunate Fellow... then he must be led to fear that all the smiles are not for him, that the Gentleman on The Left (even if he does stutter) is now the happy recipient of that unsmiling smile, that whispered confidence. It's always helpful, too, to let Him hear you whisper to the Gentleman on The Left, 'just our own little secret, y'know... and now, m'boy, you're pretty miserable, aren't you? You're giving it the way We-Were-The-Only-One squirm, aren't you?"

Why, Miss Fontaine, I said to myself, who would have thought it? And you so young and fair.

Well, the next was: WHAT TRICKS DO WOMEN EMPLOY TO GET THEIR OWN WAY WITHOUT SEEMING TO? Joan Crawford said "Offer to do anything a man wants to do and you'll end by doing what you want to do." Rox agreed with, "Twist it around and make him think he decided it, whatever it may happen to be." Norma said, "Seeming fragile and helpless is the best way. The moment a woman becomes obviously determined, she is lost. Men will do anything a lavender-and-lavender-woman wants..."

Paulette was right out, that she couldn't answer this one... apparently the Goddess goddess has never had any difficulty about getting her own way, and so hasn't given the matter any thought. Florence Nash went noble on me on this one. She said: "You know what the best trick would imply dishonesty to me, which may be why I play the old maid in The Women!" Phyllis Povah said, "Give—just a little, then He'll give in—the whole hog." Mary Boland suggested, "Just listen to him... let him talk and listen to him and he won't know whether he's doing what you want or what he wants."

Joan Fontaine carried on her apothecary, or is it her apologia to Man, the Poor Fish. She said: "And still you fool, little do you suspect the wise-think that resulted in those tickets to her favorite opera, those rare white orchids, that faint, lingering fragrance of Chanel No. 5, those delightfully extravagant dinners at the smartest restaurants... all to her utter delight and the utter depletion of your pocket book... Alas, these were NOT the spontaneous display of your devotion but, and you never once suspected, the rewards of a patient lady who knew what she wanted and how to get it..."

Tricks Of Flattering A Man Without Being Too Obvious: Miss Nash led off with, "You can't be too obvious if you talk about him!" Phyllis Povah gave us the deal herself, saying as he is a brain, Give it the 'Now, Einstein and Dr. Carrel and Thomas Edison, I don't know why, but you remind me of them..." Mary Boland: "Ignore him. Nothing flatters a man so much as being consciously ignored." Norma Shereer said, "By listening attentively." Rox agreed with Norma, "The old line of Being Interested in them," said Rox, "has not yet been improved upon. What they do, what they think, plenty of "ohs" and "ahs.""

With the woman who should notice men's clothes. The poor things are so unused to being noticed, sartorially, all eclipsed as they are under silver foxes and baby bobs and orchids, that to say to a man, reflectively (but be sure you say it reflectively) "nice suit and tie, lovely color scheme... but darling, that hat isn't quite right with it..." that little, critical note makes the interest seem realer, you see, takes it out of the class of class flattery.

"And how handsome, how far above incapacitating than those three Martinis you've just had is the thrill of hearing that He plays tennis so-o-o-o divinely... and really, that funny, funny story He tells as only He can tell it."

How To Give The Appearance Of Terrific Popularity: Let's have La Fontaine
carry right on, she hasn't long to live at this rate, so give her the breaks. "Just think, this Heavenly Creature prefers you to all others! To think that she had turned down invitation after invitation just to be with you... breaks dates for you! Why, only last week she ran into an old beau of hers and do you think she'd see him? Not your angel lamb! How do you know? Why, she told you so herself, the honest little honey-chile! Why, after all, she didn't encourage all those handsome men with enormous bank accounts... poor chaps, hard on them..."

Said Roz: "It's a patter... just keep pattering on about how of course you know Pete Hill very well. (You've never heard of Pete Hill.) Get up a list of names and people, bone up on their biographies. Give the impression of knowing All the Best People. Be casual about 'that sweet little place on the Coast of Britain. Nassau... Aiken... wonderful liars make wonderful impressions of popularity. I'm always lousy on names and places," lamented Roz, "so I can't use this one, but it's durable and convincing, and I recommend it."

Florence Nash said: "Concentrate on achievement when young. Your success will create a terrific popularity for you. You can rest from tricks on your laurels." Said Phyllis Povah, "Always have a date. Whether you have one or not, of course, do I have to spell it for you? You can always hide in Grand Central Station where no one will catch you out. And if anyone does, you are just catching the next train... 'these week-ends, you know..."

Said Miss Boland, "Be completely self-sufficient. If you have a good murder mystery at home, there's no trick to it, s'truth," Miss Shearer was subtle and said: "Give an impression of great popularity by never talking about it." Joan had to skip this one... couldn't answer it. You figure out why, it's easy.

Some Sure-Fire Tricks of Being Alluring: That Fontaine gal led off with: "For who could forget her, with her twinkling eyes, her shining hair with its little 'duck tails' defying a comb, those translucent blouses she wears... those lacy things silhouetted beneath them... those clinging sweaters, sheer hose, graceful, high-heeled shoes that make her feet so twenty-`tenancy... ahh, the heavenly Creature!"

Miss Goddard gave, crisply: "No veils, no perfume, no make-up... well...?"

Said Miss Nash: "One of my favorite stories is about the girl who knew that men like rice pudding and used vanilla extract for perfume!" Said Miss Povah, daringly, "As few clothes as possible, as much perfume as possible."

Miss Boland gave, briefly: "Perfume." Miss Shearer betrayed with: "By seeming a little Mysterious... if you can't keep it up for long, and who can, just go home early."

Said Miss Russell: "The wistful, lost air... the face of an angel, the soul of a devil... a terrific combination. It's fatal to be open-and-above board... that stuff's no good... men may be amused by it but they don't marry it."

Said Miss Crawford: "Be feminine. Be as feminine as you possibly can be. Don't use too much perfume, men hate it. Use just a little, so very little that they'll want to come closer to the tantalizing hint.

Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

You can have "Hollywood Hands"—thrillingly soft, smooth as satin! Just don't let wind and water dry out the skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin —use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps prevent unattractive roughness.

Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "The Real Caxton." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

"Soft Hands inspire LOVE," says ANDREA LEEDS (SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR)
Choose Your COLOR
by the
"FINGERNAIL"
... the new way
to buy Nail Polish

This Patented Cap
Shows Actual
Color You'll Get

How will the color look on your nails? That's always been a problem—but no longer! Dura-Gloss shows you just how polish will look on your fingernails, when it's dry and lustrous. Patented "fingernail bottle cap" is coated with the actual polish same as in bottle, Try Dura-Gloss. Don't be misled by the low price, 10c. Compare it with $1 polishies! Dura-Gloss goes on' smoothly, dries fast and wears amazingly well. Also a 25c Professional package.

A REAL BEAUTY TIP FOR YOUR FINGER TIPS!
See Booklet enclosed with every bottle of Dura-Coat Nail Wax (10c) for an important new beauty secret.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

There are more "don'ts" than "does" to this woman's business of being alluring. Don't wear big hats when you go dancing. So that a man can't get near to you and butters, "that damn hat." Don't wear the kind of a frock that impels you to say: "I can't see my skirt is too tight." Always be a little wide-eyed. A trace of Southern Accent does more harm than good, if you know what I mean. Above all, be feminine. Don't be silly, I don't have to explain further. The Female of the Species knows what I mean, only too well . . .

If Hurt, How To Hide It: "In other words," I explained to my fellow stage-people (you can't blame me for all of this) "if you go to a party and you are not the center of attention, how do you conceal the gaping wound?" Paulette, the tit-for-tatter, walked out on this one with: "Don't call a doctor!" Joan Fontaine said: "Just play 'possum." Florence Nash, a practical trickster, said: "Finesses out of a way, take correspondence courses.

"Be doubly gay," said Miss Boland, grimly. Again Miss Shearer was subtle: "By pretending you're hurt," she gave out, "if you put up a good pretense no one will believe that you mean it." "The only saving grace is a sense of humor," said Miss Crawford, "if you haven't got a sense of humor, get a headache and go home before you're carried out, a casualty.

From Roz: "I would suggest full concentration on the woman who is the center of attention. I think that under these circumstances I would be the loudest applauser of La Belle, in other words, the gracious listener . . . but very gracious . . ."

How A Woman Works If She Wants To Disconceal A Possible Secret: Miss Goddard, game to the end, remarked: "She should know that she can have no rival since no two women are the same." Miss Nash, Miss Shearer, Miss Russell rang up variations on the "Praise Her" method. "Use the praise and 'but 4-t' method," said Miss Nash; "the 'Praise her, but very condescendingly and a little too much," from Miss Shearer; "Praise her, of course, damn her with faint praise, give her the: 'Isn't she di-vine, but, my dear, why doesn't she diet?' Brew, brewed Rossland. Miss Fontaine picked up the running refrain of her betrayal with: "Of course you really are a little shocked that she (that woman) is so wonderfully modern, though you do try not to show it... you do wish that you could wear your evening gowns so low, your nails so long and scarlet . . . but the Select Girls School which you attended was really terribly prudish and, silly to you, but you just haven't been able to get over the lady-like influence . . . then, too, you do wish that you could do all those thrilling things She does, like going out to cocktail parties and staying up till sun-up . . . but you're such a mousy creature . . . somehow you just stay at home and read those fabulously Deep Books, etc. A few of these," said Miss F., "dropped out at suitably spaced intervals and you can call the waiter to carry out the body!"

And then, after I'd scuffled, a little rabbit, into one Warren after another, asking my shameless questions, receiving my shameless answers, the girls all emerged, as at a given signal, from their portable dressing rooms and we had a dish of tea together, and it was admitted that women have their little mannerisms, their little ways and tricks with other women, too.

Their stock phrases, such as "Hulloa, how ARE you? Where have you BEEN? . . . which they gush at you with about as much interest in their eyes as the lack-lustre stare of a mummy . . . and "Where did you get that divine HAT!?" (aside—"it stinks")—and "wasn't that a dine-party, you were there, of course?" . . . (when she knows you weren't!) And we admitted our little trick of pretending not to see people when we don't want to see them because we're not looking our best . . . and how, when we are wearing some new, extreme outfit for the first time, and make 59 trips to the Ladies' Room and back, quite unnecessarily, we always say "Oh, this . . . had it for ages . . ." and the price tag still on!

Now the rabbits are taken out of our hats, the cards have fallen. face-up, from our sleeves, you all know how that gold-fish bowl was materialized and how many poor fish are in it, and how they got there. Exposed is our chicanery of charm and glamour, our wiles, feints, baited traps, false colors, stratagems, decoys . . .

"Ah you must sigh, "that deceit should steal such gentle shapes. Yes, boys, now you know . . . and if there be any Gratitude in Men I will be the recipient of a princely pension which I will forthwith distribute, share and share alike, among the Bevy . . . Norma, Joan C., Joan F., Roz, Phyllis, Florence and Mary, all of whom so willingly aided and abetted me in the playing of this scurrty trick!"
in real life is Eddie Anderson, does two dance routines that practically have you rolling in the aisles, and scores solidly in every scene he has. In the story, Jack plays an American musical show producer who is trying to put on a musical in London. He is so gentle and respectable that the girls all avoid him as a bore—even his leading lady, Dorothy Lamour, prefers Phil Harris—and this is giving him quite an inferiority complex. In an effort to make Dorothy jealous he encourages a flirtation with Binnie Barnes, who turns out to be Lady S. and So, the wife of Lord S. and S., and then we suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a French farce. Edward Arnold and Monty Woolley play jealous husbands who are eager to shoot Jack on sight—thus necessitating Jack jumping into tights and joining in an acrobat number, a high spot of the picture. Dorothy sings "Strange Enchantment," and the shapely Betty Grable is grand in a specialty dance.

THE SUN NEVER SETS

W ith a title like that it just has to be about the British Empire, an Englishman's love of his country, and his duty to "the service." And that's it to a dot. The story's about the Randolphs who have been sacrificing themselves for years on England's outposts of civilization, when suddenly one day the youngest Randolph, played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., rebels. He won't, he won't—but he does, and eventually turns out to be the bravest of all Randolphs. The locale is a mosquito ridden British colony on the African Gold Coast, and it is here that a power-mad scientist who, operating from a hidden radio station, is trying to terrorize the nations into a world-war so that he may become a Dictator. It's rather far-fetched, but awfully exciting at times, particularly when Doug Jr., discovers the secret radio station and tips off his brother, who arrives with the bombs. Basil Rathbone plays the heroic Randolph and Barbara O'Neill is his lovely wife who sacrifices her baby "to the service." Lionel Atwill plays the scientist with Hitler ideas, and Melville Cooper stands out as a British officer who regrets that he has but one liver to give his country. Virginia Field is Doug Jr.'s bride, and C. Aubrey Smith is proud Old Grandfather Randolph.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MURDER—

T wentieth Century-Fox

It could happen to you, and it really could, Stu Erwin and Clara Stuart play a nice average young couple who are trying their best to get along on a budget. Stu is in the advertising business, but on account he is a good guy, and not very quick on the wit, all his ideas are being stolen by Douglas Fowley to promote himself with the Boss. Egged on by his wife Stu goes to a party his Boss gives, and arrives home in the cold gray dawn slightly plastered—only to discover a dead woman tucked away in the back

WHAT IS YOUR SMILE LIKE?

George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile"—but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!
LOVABLE LIPS are free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

- If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty “Sub-Deb” does double duty. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and luminous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to “Theobroma.” Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every “Sub-Deb” Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades: 50¢ or $1.00.

“Air-Spun” Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK

50¢ $1.00

Eight drops of “Theobroma” go into every “Sub-Deb” Lipstick. That’s how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

seat of his car. He is promptly accused of murder, and the Boss is about to give him the brush-off, when the little wife steps in and clears everything up in a jiffy. neat but not gaudy, and you’ll probably like it.

FIVE CAME BACK

Jungle Thrills—R-K-O

HERE’s one of those rare, exciting, adventure tales that will keep you glued to your seat. It has to do with the plight of twelve people bound for Panama by an airliner which, knocked about by storm and motor trouble, makes a forced landing in the jungles of Central America. The passengers wait three weeks in their sweltering, tropical jungles, constantly stalked by savages, until the plane is repaired—and then it is discovered that only five can live! How they go about deciding who the five shall be makes for very thrilling melodrama. Chester Morris is the able pilot of the plane with Kent Taylor as his forceful co-pilot. Among the passengers are: Wendy Barrie, eloping with Patric Knowles, a famous playwright; Lucille Ball, an adventurer; Joseph Calleia, a murderer who is being taken to South America for trial by police deputy John Carradeine; Allen Jenkins, the guardian of Casey Johnson, a gangster’s child; and an elderly professor and his wife, C. Aubrey Smith and Elizabeth Risdon.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES

SHIRLEY AND THE INDIANS

The locale of the newest Shirley Temple picture is the towering snow-capped mountains of the Canadian frontier. Shirley plays a little orphan girl, left in the wake of an Indian raid, who is adopted by Randolph Scott and J. Farrell MacDonald and the entire Canadian Mounted Police. It seems that the Indians, under Big Chief Maurice Morden, have been incited by Victor Jory to fight the White Man, who is pushing through their wilderness with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and they are just about to burn Randy Scott at the stake in revenge. But Shirley comes in and rescues him. Of special interest is the fact that for the first time in this picture America’s Number 1 Box Office sweetheart has herself a boy friend. He is Martin Good Rider, the little Chief of the Blackfeet Indians, and he pushes Shirley around something awful, calling her papoose and squaw and forcing her to smoke a peace pipe with him, which makes our little princess pretty sick. Margaret Lockwood, a very pretty British actress, makes her American debut in this picture and plays Randy’s girl.

STRONGER THAN DESIRE

WELL DIRECTED—M-G-M

Leslie Fenton’s coming right along as a director and some of the big shots could certainly afford to take Aardons from him now. His new film (a remake of “Evelyn Prentiss”) is about a brilliant young lawyer, Walter Pidgeon, who becomes so involved in legal matters that he neglects his wife, Virginia Bruce. Out of pique, Virginia plays around a bit and gets herself entangled with a ruthless blackmailer, Lee Bowman. Virginia’s harmless flirtation leads to a shooting, and believing that she is guilty of murder, she goes to her husband to defend her. There’s a marvelous courtroom scene with Virginia and Ann Dvorak (Mrs. Leslie Fenton), who plays the blackmailer’s immoral wife, vying with each other for dramatic honors. Stand-outs in the cast are Ferike Boros (remember her laughing scene with Irene Dunne in “Love Affair?”), little Ann Todd, and Ilka Chase of the New York stage. You won’t be bored.

GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS

AND while the good girls are going to Paris this is a very gay little picture for you to go to these hot summer nights. It’s a call for no particular reason and no mental strain. That delightful comedy team of Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas are up and at it again and that’s fun in any language. Melvyn plays a rather stodgy English professor who is giving a dull course in the classics at Brand University. Joan plays a waitress in the campus tea room who has notions of compromising a wealthy college boy and living happily ever afterwards in Paris on the blackmail check. Professor Douglas feels that it is his duty to persuade Joan that the golden rule is best and that she can be a good girl and go to Paris, too. Complications follow fast and furiously when Joan finds herself in the wealthy Olaf Brand’s (Walter Comolby) home and acting as a maid of honor at his daughter’s wedding with the nice professor—but the wedding doesn’t get beyond the rehearsal stage, I assure you. Joan’s “past” catches up with her, and before the final fade out she has been proposed to by every man in the cast, including her professor. Walter Connolly is as engaging as a pampered millionaire and his scenes with Joan are high spots in the picture. Joan Perry plays his granddaughter, Alan Curtis his grandson, Isabel Jeane his flat-brained daughter-in-law, and Alexander D’Arcy her boy friend.

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN

FLAMELESS—Twentieth Century-Fox

HERE is a sincere, dignified, moving, interesting and always entertaining study of the early career of Abraham Lincoln. It takes up Lincoln’s life when he is a young man, right after his gentle and touching romance with the lovely Ann Rutledge, who becomes the inspiration for his entrance into politics, and ends with his defense of the Clay bill in the famous murder trial where he used an almanac to trip the murderer. Most of the picture concerns itself with this trial, which is unobtrusively documentary, and presents Mr. Lincoln as being a very kind-hearted and amiable young man. Henry Fonda plays the young Lincoln, and seems perfection itself in both character and make-up. The picture is his personal triumph and Hollywood is betting dollars to doughnuts that he’ll win the next Academy Award as top performer in topnotch performances in this picture we have Alice Brady nearly breaking your heart with her portrayal of the inarticulate, grief-stricken mother of the two boys who are being tried for murder. Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. Stand-outs in the trial scene are Spencer Charters as the judge, Donald Meek as a lawyer, and Ward Bond as a bully. Marjorie Weaver

[Continued on page 76]
Return to Beauty

[Continued from page 17]

toward dryness and promote sensitiveness in skin.

Now let's be glamorous instead of practical. For there will be moments when you long to be fair again and simply can't be patient for nature to run its course. Then a foundation is your answer.

"Foundation is a build-up," says Miss Francis. "It gives you a build-up," the lovely is, gives us confidence."

ASHAMED

Buy sure of a fair skin. Practically every one of practically all Hollywood. You can build up from the right foundation, says Miss Francis, artfully and beautifully almost any skin tone you want. It is this foundation that sets your skin tone, plus a complementing face powder. There are the House of Westmore products, cleansing cream, foundation cream, face powder, lipstick and rouge, all created with perfect color harmony in mind and a screen-professional knowledge of what color really means on your face. Though all the preparations get a big o.k. from this department, I'll linger on the Foundation Cream, because it can do so much for you. It should be patted—the Hollywood method of using foundation—over face and neck, then make-up applied. Now you can build up or down the tone of your skin, as you wish. You will not appear made-up with this cream, but you will appear to have lovely skin texture and tone—depth, clarity and smoothness. Of course it is time insurance for your skin.

make-up. You can rest, for hours, assured you have kept that fresh, "just done" look. This Foundation Cream is really something!

Now in case you are fortunate and your face is lovely as is, there are two tones in Tangee face powder you will probably find very flattering. One is the new Dark Rachel, brimming with life, and the restrained. Both employ that magic of the Tangee beauty aids and make themselves to your own coloring. There is that faint, radiant undertone in each that both vitalizes and dramatizes darker beauty. This is lovely powder, too, in texture and scent, and adheres so faithfully that it seems really your skin.

"A deeply tanned skin makes eyes appear smaller," sagely remarks Kay Francis. Very true, The way to overcome this, the Miss Francis' way, is to use the darker eye make-up. She likes a dark blue shadow and mascara. The use of blue mascara is spreading widely, and for a good reason, I think. It gives darker accent to lashes but also gives them a very soft look. You will find a beautiful blue in such fine brands as Kurlash, Maybelline, Winx, etc. Contrary to this viewpoint, however, a color expert recently remarked, "When in doubt, use black. Black contains every color, and is therefore, sure to be a good accent." So take your choice, readers.

Two things you will need with a Summer tinted skin—a very red lipstick and matching rouge. You must discard your fuchsia or your too blue-red now. You need brilliant accent, and you will find a shade in Rejuvia Flame-Glow lipsticks to give you just this. I have asked a large number of girls with pretty lips: "What lipstick do you use?" A surprising number have answered, "Flame-Glow." This stick is priced for a song. It does not smudge or rub off, and is a good consistency—not too soft or too hard.

If you are like Glenda Farrell, who remarked to me, "I love to buy cosmetics. I buy all kinds of things, and some of my favorites are very popular brands," then you may like some of the preparations mentioned. We do, very, very much.

IF YOU'RE ASHAMED

OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE

LISTEN...

HOW THOUSANDS OF THIN,
TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE

GAIN NEW POUNDS, NEW STRENGTH Quick!

HERE'S grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, discouraged girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends. I have the good news they desire.

For thousands of other girls who have easily put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—have gained wonderfully improved health and pep and, with these, many new friends and enviable social success—by simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets for a few weeks.

Why they build up so quick

The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin and rundown, tired and nervous—often unable to eat or sleep properly—only because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances one may look anorectic and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see why they have helped so many slimmer, washed-out people quickly to gain new, much more attractive pounds, new pep and enjoyment in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and feel better, with much more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you naturally attractive flesh, new energy, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, for the druggists put on a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, cut out and save this coupon and mail it in with a clipping of this para-number. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," reminder, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 239, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.
So You're Having Your Picture Taken?

(Continued from page 43)

About the pose and camera angles.

Your own photographer will have competent ideas along these lines but the best of us can learn and the gentlemen who are talking to us are masters of their art. Listen then to Robert Coburn, whom Merle Oberon tried to coax back to England with her. "Be natural!" is his advice. "Be yourself! Forget about the camera and have a good time. Proper frame in which your mind is of greater importance than proper make-up."

Eugene Robert Richee says: "Pictures are only good when the subject is thinking. Use your imagination to take us out of the portrait studio while you are being photographed." He advises studying a pose or two in the mirror. "Notice that a hand is much more beautiful when curved and the edge to the camera than a flat hand, straight on. If it's a full-length picture watch your feet. Ankle are usually better together. Point the toe of the foot nearest the camera at a 45° angle into the camera. This cuts down a big foot. Always bend the knee of the leg nearest the camera, almost never stand straight in the camera. Turn your body to almost a 45° angle. This cuts down the size of the hips."

Elmer Fryer has several words about eyes in the pose. "You cannot censor the look in your eye. By that I mean—the camera will portray exactly what you are thinking. It is the thought in your mind that is really shown—so think happy thoughts—talk about happy subjects."

Referring to Ann Sheridan and Lya Lys, Fryer goes on to say: "When we want a good 'oomph' picture, we photographers try to get 'oomph' thoughts in the minds of our subjects—the camera does the rest."

Clarence Sinclair Bull says: "The photographer won't bite you..." Knowing this you are probably more at ease now and hence, being unafraid, be casual before the lens and avoid set grins.

Whitey Schafer suggests a couple of camera angles to your local man. For the thin face—have the camera set at a low angle, shooting slightly up at you. For the full face—the camera should aim down—apparently diminishing lines and lengthening the face. This is just the thing for a snub nose.

Schafer has another trick that your photographer can use. Let him take cold cream and draw a line down the bridge of your nose to give it highlighted molding. Another touch of the shiny stuff on the upper surface of the chin and a very slight bit on the crest of each cheek. Look at any glamour picture. Schafer says, "the highlights contribute to its striking effect. Cold cream smears do it! The position of the studio lights is very important in connection with this and the keylight (or most powerful light used), should be placed rather high. No matter what the facial type of the subject—this to obtain when using cold cream. This gentleman's parting shot: "Never have your shoulder squared to the camera. Nothing is stiffer and it makes the head look too small. Have one shoulder more or less to the camera, and your head slightly turned to look over it.

Barbara Read and Linda Hayes presented two photographic problems to RKO's Ernest Bachrach. "Barbara," he said, "came into the portrait gallery one afternoon when she wasn't needed on the set. The shubbery in which she is Lee Tracy's leading lady. She has very regular, small, well-shaped features, but her face is absolutely round! For this reason, the best photographs were those showing a three-quarter profile, with the light concentrated on the forehead and chin, and the cheek toward the camera shadowed.

"Linda Hayes is a screen newcomer who arrived in Hollywood by way of Jesse Lasky's 'Gateway To Hollywood' contest. Her face is angular, with high cheekbones, square jaw, strong chin and short straight nose. The light was played on one side of her face, the other side softly shadowed. Her eyes are deepset, and, to capture their full beauty, she looked straight into the camera and tilted her head slightly forward so that she had to look up into the lens. But don't try this if your nose is long or your eyes unusually large."

That seems to take care of the specific subjects—such as make-up, coiffure and the rest. But there are many important suggestions that don't come under any of these headings but which are too noteworthy to be overlooked.

Such as Robert Coburn's advice to people who consider the picture a contest. To them he says, "Try being photographed in informal surroundings. In your garden or in your favorite room. Have 'action' photographs made by a good candid cameraman showing you at your favorite pursuit. These photographs are extremely smart at present and offer much less serious difficulties than posed photos."

He also advises more than one visit to the photographer. It gives them a chance to study you for your best pose. It gives them a chance to know you better. Schuyler Cail agrees with Coburn and points to Paul Muni as a sterling example of the type who gives the man behind the camera a chance to know the person in front of whom he is supposed to put neatly into II—III, if you follow.

"When we take Paul Muni's picture," he began, "he comes in and sits with us for an hour or more and we talk about anything that comes into our minds. Gradually we get around to an informal discussion of the picture. We discuss the purpose of the picture, the feeling it should express or the occasion for its being taken.

"Then, when we are completely acquainted with each other and know what we want to bring out in the picture, we leave. A day or two later he comes in again and we try out different poses informally. We laugh and discuss the good and bad poses. In other words, taking..."
the final picture becomes just an ordinary, every-day affair.

"A day or two after our informal rehearsal, Muriel comes to the studio and it is a cinch. We know each other and know what is expected in the picture. It goes over easily and without stiffness."

Bill Crosby reports on the lighting situation as he has found it. "In hundreds of sittings of both motion picture stars and non-professional people, I have found that a soft front lighting is to be greatly preferred for feminine allure. Men look their best, however, with rather harsh lightings."

Another general gem of advice comes from Ernest Bachrach, who thinks that the picture should be modelled along the lines of—"To whom are you giving it?"

The soft, sweet, smiling one for mother and dad; the flattering one that caught the mischievous gleam in your eye, the provocative curve of your mouth—that's for Jimmy, the boy; then there's the straightforward, serious one with the wholesome, intelligent look about it—sure to get you that job... 

And now let's summarize with Don't's and Do's.

Don't go straight from the hairdresser's to the studio.
Don't wear a hat. Hats date pictures.
Don't wear much or any powder, eyeshadow or rouge.
Don't bring your family to the studio with you.
Don't think about the camera.
Don't try to be Garbo or anyone except yourself.
Don't go to the studio dressed like a plush horse.
Don't boss your photographer. Discuss this article with him.
Don't confuse the photographer with the dentist.
Don't say, "I'd rather have a tooth pulled..."
Don't expect to get a good picture cheaply.
Don't spend more on the frame than on the picture—make it the other way round.
Don't let the retoucher take all of the lines out of your face—they're your personality!
Don't kid yourself—the camera won't.
Don't square your shoulders to the camera. Have one shoulder more or less to it—your head slightly turned to look over it.

If you do the opposite of most of the preceding Don't's you'll automatically do the correct Do's—but there are a few which should be emphasized.

Do be natural before the camera.
Do treat your local photographer as the friendly, intelligent gentleman that he is.
Do what he tells you to.
Do take your time in the studio.

To further summarize. If your face is thin, wear your hair close to your head. Part it to one side. Have the camera shooting slightly up at you.

If your face is round, have a soft, full hair-do. Let it shadow the sides of the face. Have the camera shooting slightly down on you.

Eyesheaf on the jawline will slim a full face. Cold cream will produce highlight.

Clothes should be simple. No plaids, no gay prints. Evening clothes are up to you—you may or you may not. Light clothes for the young, darker ones for the more elderly. Men should dress simply and not go directly from haircut to studio. They should realize that it isn't smart any longer to pretend that it's 'sissified' to have their pictures taken. The old pose, for either men or women, about hating to have a picture taken, is, definitely, from Dixie.

Save this article and when you go to your next sitting take it with you and discuss it with your own man. Many of us are still having our pictures taken by Mr. Pike who snapped us when we were babes—making Mr. Pike and his kind not dissimilar to the family doctor.

Photographers all over the country today have the finest equipment and the newest ideas. The best work of the best men is available to the smallest town's practitioner—who studies it constantly with a view toward self-improvement or of bettering it. But like all cameramen they face one of the toughest tasks known to professional men—taking your picture. If you will only co-operate with them you will not only help them but yourself.

Don’t watch the birdie—watch yourself.
**Is Errol Flynn Just Plain Lucky?**

(Continued from page 45)

Dog Drummond! I was the chief villain.

I took hours preparing on opening night.

That is, I spent hours cutting up from a brush for a mustache, and I put a running ulcer on my face, and I emerged such a terrifying stranger that our producer practically fainted. He ordered me to scrub off six pounds of make-up before I stepped onto his stage!

"I did too!" he retorted. "I was on stage some nights," he confessed with a grin. "I was reading Russian books on the fine art of acting, so I tried playing the audience as a fourth wall. I would pretend there was a fire in a non-existent fireplace in the footlights, and after my back, I'd warm myself expressively.

"Audiences scared me, of course. And I wasn't at all coky. I was very humble, very anxious to make good in the theatre. I really studied every possible thing that would make 'em work on a grand scale.

"I had a year of that repertoire, of doing a different play each week. It was a rigid regime, for we gave two shows a night. We rehearsed the stage and we were at the theatre from 6:30 to 11:30 every evening. Imagine doing 'Othello' twice a night! One night, after I'd been there about six months, an old crippled woman came to the stage door to tell me how much pleasure she received from the plays. I never forgot that.

"I had a picturesque room in a picturesque old house in that little town." He knew, he conceded when I commented on the remispective expression he betrayed, a picturesque beauty who seemed to like him! But after a year's steady grind he felt he was getting stale. Some of the actors had been there for a dotted years.

Their families were the first citizens. But Errol hankered to progress to London. He contacted a producer who was putting on a repertoire and rehearsing at the celebrated Old Vic Theatre. Errol got two lines in the show, but the commissar crab-fisherman, in one of the comedies. It was an arty presentation, alternating John Drinkwater and George Bernard Shaw dramas, too. They toured for six weeks in the country with their six plays, and they toured in Scotland.

When they came to London's West End, the mecca of all British theatrical people, they were convinced they were in for a long run. Errol's first opening night in the West End was an occasion, naturally, so he spent $100 on a dinner party. The shows died with appalling swiftness. He had to dig into his shrinking gold reserve. But before it evaporated he secured two bit roles in two plays running simultaneously, a demonstration of his earnestness. He can don any emotions as to whichever his wardrobe or his leisurely now, as befits a movie star. But then he portrayed a Roman soldier and dashed out for a taxi for the other theatre, whipping off his armour as he ran for the stage door and wiping makeup off his knees as he entered for the second act at the second theatre!

Those bits came to an end, and he was out of a job for a couple of months. No one beckoned him in, no critics encour-aged him by dropping paragraphs about him into their columns. If he had a future he had to make it on the small screen.

When nothing else turned up Errol landed an interesting character part at a minor playhouse that was nearly in the select West End neighborhood. He had only played a straight romantic role once, so he was at home when they stuck a bad wig on him. But here is the astonishing pay-off!

"One night a Warner scout offered me the lead in one of Warners' British-made pictures, I had given up the notion of pictures because it was a traditional thing for 'em to shoot down the Mecca, and I had learned to love the theatre."

"But the money wasn't to be ignored, especially after the recent draught he'd gone through, so Errol accepted the bid. Before the film was shown he was on his way to Hollywood, the rushes being that excellent.

On the boat bound for New York he met Lili Damita, and so he found sudden romance along with unexpected fame.

"But Hollywood success wasn't the extraordinary joy you might suppose."

"I was so close to leaving Hollywood during my first year. I had plans to leave worked out in my mind so many different times, because I had been very happy when I was a nobody and with so-called 'success' there was a distinct change for the worse! I had always followed my own ideas. When I began doing picture after picture in Hollywood I discovered something that bowed me over. Instead of many new friends, I discovered I had a thousand enemies. Everyone, according to Hollywood legend, is expected to alter when the halo of glamour is tossed on. Well, when you are accused of anything very often you begin to think of the accusation.

"I was forced to do things far opposite to my own nature. When I was sent to New York for publicity I was pushed around by strange folks and I could see no reason why I should take them all to my heart. I found I no longer had any control over myself.

"It's a strange world, this weird hulla-baloo, but what still kills me is that I used to get all my fun spontaneously THE SILENT SCREEN FOR SEPTEMBER 1939

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international, remembering too too well the tragic repercussions that followed the overwhelming publicity campaign which preceded the American debut of Simone Simon, clamped down on the adjective sling—and rightly too. And (2) with the longest working schedule of any picture (six months to be exact), through seventy-five changes of costume and one hundred and four different sets, with script changes and locations and technicolor the Leigh girl has been far too busy to give a message to her public. And (3) she just isn’t the space grabbing sort. So you can well imagine my surprise.

My meeting with Vivien Leigh came about through a mutual friend. At a party one night I found myself seated next to George Cukor, one of the best directors in Hollywood, and certainly the one with the keenest humor. We were talking about gay people who had a glorious sense of appreciation and he said you ought to know Vivien Leigh, and I said yes I would like to know Vivien Leigh, and thought no more about it because people have been telling me for years that I ought to know somebody or other. But it seems that when George decides you ought to know somebody, you know her. Bans be damned. So he called her and she called me and I had lunch with Vivien Leigh. Maybe I should have stuck to my poetry.

Ever since that first meeting I have been pleasantly insane on the subject of Vivien Leigh. People are now saying “Don’t invite Liza. She’ll only drool over Vivien Leigh.” They are jealous, I say, jealous bawdies.

Vivien, I discovered to my great joy, is sophistication in its most delightful sense. One minute she has the sweet face of an agreed child, and the next minute those eyes of hers with the upward slant dance quite naughtily and you know that she’s a modern and alert young woman. She has a tremendous poise that even Irene Dunne might envy, and such a part of her is this poise that she loses it only on rare occasions when she becomes magnificently angry. When most women become angry they look perfectly horrid, sort of a cross between a Medusa and a Marie de Medici, but when Vivien goes into a fury she becomes breathlessly beautiful. Her eyes open wide and turn a glorious green. Her cute little nose quivers majestically. She usually finishes up in a good cry. With all her quiet poise, her great charm, and her delicious sophistication you might think that Vivien would be utterly incapable of reacting to simple things. But that’s where you’re dead wrong. The touch of the base about Vivien will thrill with pleasure over something so simple that you and I wouldn’t even notice it. A smile of encouragement will make her glow all over. And give her the smallest, most casual sort of compliment and she immediately makes you feel that you have given her nothing less than Queen Elizabeth’s pearl necklace, with a little something from Cartier’s on the side. This, I think, is the secret of Vivien Leigh’s fascination.

But it was her sense of humor that completely won me over. What a surprise that was I have always been brought up to believe that the English had no sense of humor—that if you told them an amusing story it would take them at least three days to see the point. In fact I have a whole slate of English jokes about Algoy and Bertie that have that idea for a tag line. I simply accepted the fact that all the Scotch were stangly and all the British were stodgy. Well, believe me, I’ve never found a quicker wit than Vivien Leigh’s, and I’ve been specializing on the Robert Benchleys and Dorothy Parkers for years. Three days to catch on, hell! Vivien sees the ludicrous in a situation long before anyone else does, and her quick sensuous laugh is as exhilarating as a shot in the arm. Her humor, I have decided after several months of friendship, runs the gamut from slap-stick American (and mind you, she’s never been in the United States before) to that rather quaint British which is so often borders on whimsy.

For instance, the first day I met her she had been doing the scene in “Gone With the Wind” where Scarlett has to push her way among the wounded soldiers at the old depot in Atlanta. Experts have discovered that raspberries make the most natural looking blood in technicolor so the mutilated Confederate soldiers were well smeared with it. “There is so much razz-erry,” Vivien said with her quick laugh, “I’m getting nervous.”

Her English friends fairly choked, though I didn’t move a muscle, when she pulled her George Arliss quip. “Isn’t it a pity,” said Vivien, “that George Arliss can’t play both Stanley and Livingstone in the picture? Then when he meets himself he can say, ‘Mr. Arliss, I presume?’”

See what I mean about the gamut.

When it comes to gags, low comedy, takes over. She is as mad about gags as her two fellow countrymen, David Niven and Larry Olivier, and up to the time that Scarlett began to wear her to a frazzle anything could happen. Having noticed that there were a great many pic- torial magazines called Le Nu, Le Vie, Pic- Click, etc., Vivien decided that there should be one called Cluck. So she had a dummy magazine made up with a phony cover with Cluck in big glaring letters and a greatly enlarged candid camera shot of one of the more glamorous stars. She slipped the magazine on the table with a lot of legitimate magazines in a scene where the action called for the star to thumb aimlessly through the magazines. The lights went off, the action began and the star thumbed aimlessly—when suddenly she saw her face leering wickedly at her on a cover of Cluck, and what a scream she gave out with.

During those early weeks in Hollywood, before she had to work on Saturday nights and Sundays, Vivien went to quite a few parties, and became famous for her vivacity and her ability to play “The Game.” (You know ‘The Game’ where they act out things.) No matter how difficult the situations, they never phased Vivien. Her acting knew no bounds, the
Silver Screen for September 1939

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“That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch.”

Reviews
(Continued from page 70)

is in briefly as Mary Todd, and Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge. Great credit should go to Lamar Trotti for his well-nigh perfect script and John Ford for his magnificent direction.

Daughters Proweage
Laughter and Tears—Warner Brothers in most of the players who rise to glory in “Four Daughters” can be found again in “Daughters Courageous,” but this picture is in no way a sequel to the other. There’s a new plot entirely and John Garfield, who died so magnificently in “Pride and Prejudice” and in “I’ll See You in My Dreams,” is not in this picture. The three Lane Girls—Priscilla and Lola and Rosemary—with Gale Page again make up the four daughters, and they have the attractive Fay Bainter for their mother, and Claude Rains for their father. May Robson is again the housekeeper, and Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran the sisters’ suitors. The action takes place at beautiful Carmel, California (the scenery’s authentic), where the fathers are spending the summer in Donald Crisp’s home. Miss Crisp is a rich, solid townsman, who is very eager to marry Miss Bainter whose husband walked out on her twenty years before and left her with four daughters to bring up by herself. After three years Claudine Lauzards, the long lost husband, suddenly reappears and casually takes his place at the head of the family. He is given the freeze out at first, but his charm gradually wins over until he realizes that the best thing for all of them to do is to ensure their future happiness is to disappear again. In the meantime, Priscilla has had one of those mad summer romances with the town’s bad boy, one Mr. Garfield. The picture has a happy blending of comedy and sentiment, which women especially will find very pleasing.
lines, received a break when Jeanette and Gene stopped and waited agreeably while he covered his assignment.

Another story behind a story is Jeanette's failure—so far—to re-sign a contract with M-G-M. The story goes that Jeanette wants the world with a fence around it in her new contract, but the truth is that Jeanette wants more time for her marriage. Says Jeanette, "I would rather be Mrs. Gene Raymond than have a career. If it came to a choice I would choose marriage. That's how sincerely I feel about it. And that's why I haven't signed the new contract yet. I'm simply holding out for more time to be Mrs. Gene Raymond. I intend to preserve my marriage at any cost."

Of course, we're all for Jeanette and Gene and marriage, and we admire Jeanette for taking that stand—but we'd also like some more of those MacDonald-Toppy singing pictures, please, pretty please.

The Marx Brothers are at work again on the M-G-M lot in "A Day at the Circus," and now no set is safe. They bob up in the most unexpected places. The other day Hedy Lamarr and Bob Taylor were playing a love scene for "Lady of the Tropics." The set was dark, except for the lights on Hedy and Bob, and Hedy whispered, according to her script, "Do you love me?" "I'll tell you later," whispered back Bob, according to his script. "No, no, tell me now," insisted Hedy. Out of the off-stage darkness came a voice, "What a dope. He has Hedy Lamarr in his arms and he can't make up his mind. Hey, let me play the part." Just as everyone suspected, it turned out to be Groucho Marx.

Gene Raymond is one of the busiest young composers in the country. His song, which Jeanette MacDonald introduced with great success while on concert tour this Spring, will be published in the Fall by one of the country's largest music publishing houses, and he is currently collaborating with David Guion, noted cowboy song composer who wrote "Home on the Range." Gene is writing the lyrics to some of Guion's new melodies. Interestingly that Raymond's own name is Guion—but they're no relation.

When President Somoza of Nicaragua visited Hollywood recently he asked to meet three of Hollywood's prettiest girls, Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald and Virginia Bruce. When the President and his entourage showed up at the Cocoanut Grove on Paul Draper's opening night the Clyde Lucas orchestra playing the Grove was hard put to find the Nicaraguan national anthem. But when they finally did play it they gave it extra zest to make up for lost time and the President seemed quite pleased. He also seemed quite pleased to get close-ups of such Hollywood celebrities as Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, the Robert Youngs, the Allan Jones, the Jack Bennys and the Dick Powells.

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Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 58]

VICKI BAUM

Famous Author of GRAND HOTEL

Tells How Hollywood Prepares to

ROLL UP ITS SLEEVES AND FIGHT!

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD IS VIBRANT WITH THE CRUSHED HOPES OF THE CENTURIES! MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN INCREASES! A NEW WORLD WAR THREATENS TO PLUNGE THE NATIONS INTO THE MAELSTROM! AMERICA GOES THROUGH A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION! SOCIETY IS CONFUSED IN A BABEL OF ISSUES, PROPAGANDA AND ISMS! PEOPLE WONDERS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT!

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"HOLLYWOOD CHANGES OVERNIGHT"

Says Vicki Baum. Exclusive in the new

SEPTEMBER SCREENLAND 10c

NOW ON SALE
Unmasking the Man in the Iron Mask

[Continued from page 49]

pleased with Hayward's work that he gave him a long-term contract; an optimism that was justified by the loud click Louis made in the role. Louis, incidentally, is a strong 'fan' of Robert Donat's.

After The Duke, Hayward was cast quite differently for the important dual role in "The Man In The Iron Mask," and a good commentary on that is the fact that at the preview of the uncut picture for executives (it ran over two hours) all agreed there was more of a dull moment.

His marriage to Ida Lupino, too, seemed sudden as his rise to stardom, but in truth it was hardly that. Louis first saw Ida on an English sound stage when she was a youngster of fourteen and took an instant dislike to her. "Who," he asked, "is that brat?"

Loopy, as he calls her, heard about it and did not unnaturally dislike it. On subsequent meetings she definitely froze him. But through mutual friends they met again and again were gazing soulfully into each other's eyes long before either of them realized it.

Louis Hayward is basically a conservative Briton. Ida was only nineteen when they discovered they were in love. She had been making her own way since she was fourteen. She was an up-and-coming young actress and Louis felt he, too, still had his mark to make. He didn't want to be Mr. Lupino. His first American role was that of a neurotic type, and Hollywood's tendency to type-casting made it look as though that were the only kind of part he'd get. He didn't want to go on playing in "B" pictures, and decided he wouldn't get married until he knew he wasn't going to do better.

At any rate, they spent a year waiting to see that Loopy really knew her own mind and that Louis was going to do all right. Then, with marriage on their minds, Loopy finished "Artists and Models," and came down with a nervous breakdown. By the time she was herself again, another year had passed and they knew they were ready for wedding bells.

So last Fall, Ida and Louis drove up to Santa Barbara and were quietly married. Before they could get around to a honeymoon Louis was called to play "The Man In The Iron Mask," washing up all honeymoon plans. And when he finished that picture Paramount called Loopy to play a leading role in "Light That Failed," opposite Ronald Colman. But after she made the tests for the part, the studio weakened and the Haywards were allowed two weeks of honeymoon before work on the picture started. They went to New York to have a quick look at Broadway and the New York World's Fair.

They're tremendously wrapped up in one another; each has given something to the other. Their widely differing backgrounds—Ida, daughter of a famous English musical hall artist, spouting Shakespeare at the drop of a hat, blonde, tempestuous and highly strong, is now golden brown haird and sleekly coiffured. She's no longer the "brat" Hayward typed her at first meeting, but a dynamic and lovely young person with a clear, fair English complexion and blazng blue eyes. And Louis is pleasingly diffident with warm, companionable smile and British accent that's nicely clipped, but far from the affected "hot-potato" Oxford that so many expect. He's naturally tremendously pleased at his success and anxious to do well in the movie version of Howard Spring's "My Son, My Son." And he probably will, because Hayward has a sound acting experience behind him in contrast to suddenly "built-up" stars, and because he's genuinely interested in his work.

"Naturally, it's nice to make money," he grins. "But I get a real kick out of doing a good part aside from the success or compensation it brings. After my next picture I'd like to do a play; after all, I'm still devoted to the stage. You get something from the footlights that is missing in pictures. I hope to make a picture in England with Loopy. All that will work out in the near future."

He tells, too, an incident in the making of "The Man In The Iron Mask."

"I had just finished playing a scene, wearing the Iron Mask," Louis says. "After one of the takes Mr. Small, the producer, complimented me. That was good," he said. "You got a wonderful feeling of unconsciousness into that scene."

"I laughed and the asked him for the compliment, then tossed the Mask at him. He nearly dropped it! The blamed thing weighed what seemed like a ton—who wouldn't be wary!"

Hollywood Race Track Crowd

[Continued from page 64]

training, so he maintained a devastatingly even pace in his races. He'd run the last quarter of a two-mile marathon in approximately the same time as he ran the first quarter. However, as the field started faster, but at the end of two miles, "Malicious" would have them at his mercy. The announcer's cry of "Here Comes Malicious" became a shriek of triumph as the crowd picked it up. Only the remarkable "Stagehand" can compete with the old horse's popularity and even "Stagehand" was overshadowed by him.

The reason, I think, was simple. "Malicious," the underdog, was a movie script come to life. Better still, he was a four-legged biography of every star in this town, because every star in this town, like "Malicious," came from nowhere to win. So far as the conduct of racing goes, Hollywood's two big tracks, Santa Anita and Inglewood, are far ahead of racing plants in any section of the country, in size and in patron comfort. Hollywood runs its racing plants as it would run theatres. With this one amendment—the customer is not always right when it comes to picking a winner.
She’ll Take Deanna’s Place

(Continued from page 62)

with her. And here she is, out of a clear sky. And she’s been so sweet to me, you can’t imagine ... why, one day I had been working hard and I went to sleep in my dressing room ... and what do you think? I woke up and there was Deanna bendering over me, tucking a cover around me! I couldn’t wait to tell my sister Lois about it. Lois is ten and she’s my stand-in, you know; I don’t know what I’d do without Lois.

This is how I get you letters, too," Gloria Jean was saying, "I get fan letters already, before I’ve finished a picture. I got one from Massachusetts and one from Brazil." When we reached Gloria Jean’s dressing-room, there was Deanna, waiting for me, having been darling and stayed after school to talk with me about Gloria Jean. And it was a pretty sight, I can tell you, to see Gloria Jean go confidingly over to Deanna, stand close to her, to watch Deanna put her arm about the girl, to see the little girl, the "Ice-cream Star" she won with Deanna, and then Gloria Jean, with that tacit which is so incredible in children, said, "thought she heard her mother calling" and left us ... and Deanna said: "She’s a very, very little girl. You know, I’ve seen quite a few motion picture children in my time and I do think Gloria Jean is very sincere. I do think she has a good head on her shoulders and will keep it there. Of course," continued Deanna, with enchanting maturity, "it’s impossible to keep it entirely. For, say what you will," said our Miss Durbin, "there is a difference between being a schoolgirl and a picture star. It’s terrible difficult to keep your head, more difficult than anyone realizes. Everyone has to learn this. You. Everyone is at your beck and call. And if you have been just a little girl living in the average home where you are pretty much at people’s beck and call yourself, it’s not easy to stay unspoiled. But I believe that Gloria Jean will, because she is fortunate enough to have just what I have—a very sensible mother.

"I’m only beginning now to realize what my mother has done for me. Well, Gloria Jean has a sensible mother, too. And like me, she does not come from wealthy people. You see" (and before had I heard Deanna talk, certainly not about herself, of anything or anyone else, for that matter, so volubly, so willingly, so eagerly as she was now talking about Gloria Jean), "you see, what happened to Gloria Jean is almost exactly what happened to me. There I was, just going to school, studying voice, singing at church socials and things, then going on Eddie Cantor’s program. Then I thought I had suddenly, there I was, in movies! A star! And there was Gloria Jean, just going to school, studying voice, with one ‘professional’ engagement in a little opera company—and here she is, suddenly, in movies! A star! And she faces the only danger I ever faced, I think; the only danger any motion picture child ever faces—the danger of being spoiled. And she’ll escape it, as I like to hope I’ve escaped it, because she has Mr. Pasternak to guide her, because she has a sensible mother. "If she should ask me for any advice," said Deanna, thoughtfully, "I’d advise her to read critical fan letters as well as the complimentary ones. I do. But her mother will see to that, I know. I’ve seen her mother click her fingers and give a warning look at someone who was about to compliment Gloria Jean to her face. When Gloria Jean’s first rushes were shown and everyone was really raving, her mother just quietly told Gloria to keep on for the rest of the picture as she had been doing and she’d be ‘all right.’ And I know that her mother tells her that playing in a picture is just like playing a game at home except that here it is played for the amusement of thousands instead of just four or five.

"And I know that Mrs. Schoonover never, never makes any distinction between the girls. Gloria Jean doesn’t stand out at home, it’s share and share alike. When her mother buys Gloria a new dress she always buys new dresses for the others, too, and so on. And Gloria Jean doesn’t have any idea that she is being protected. She thinks any little girl can do—anything—any more than I had up to recently. Now I know, and am grateful. My mother sort of steered me around without my being conscious of it, just as Gloria is being steered now. Another thing, I think, is very important," said this wise, young Deanna, ‘is that Gloria Jean has made everyone who works with her, love her. The little girls who play bits and extras in her picture ... ’I’ve heard her thanking each one of them for having done ‘the mothers of these children and you know how mothers are,’ said Deanna (I managed not to laugh) ‘always thinking of their own children are superior ... well, even the mothers admit freely that Gloria is the superior one, and especially, the créme de la créme. I take a great pride in what my crew think of me. What they think of me is more important than what anyone thinks of me. They are the Important People to us and Gloria Jean seems to recognize this, instinctively. From my second picture to my last picture, I’ve had the same crew with me, and I’ve never once heard them open their mouths to say one single swear word. "Being in pictures may mean giving up many things, like not going to school with your friends and all, but it gives things, too, for the things it takes away, like making your mother so proud of you and being able to do things for people.

She’ll be the ‘Big One’ the people want to watch,” said Deanna confidentially, “because she has a beautiful voice. Because she’s a conscientious worker. And because she’s so sincere about everything. Usually if a youngster isn’t sincere, she’ll slip up on something, do something that isn’t in character. But I have watched Gloria Jean working and playing and I’ve never seen her slip up; she just doesn’t. She won’t slip up,” smiled Deanna, ‘she’ll just keep on going up...."

And so, one little girl Grows Up ... and another little girl begins.

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Addres...
in Paris to sell the jewels of the Grand Duchess Swana.

Inasmuch as the jewels are not on display, since I have no money with which to buy them if they were and inasmuch as I know Melvyn better than I do Garbo, there is not much to interest me here, so I make my way to the stage where—

"These Glamour Girls" is shooting. I don't know who the glamour girls are but there is great excitement in New York when the very important invitations to the Kingston houseparties are issued. I think Kingston is an imaginary college. Three of the Kingston boys (Lew Ayres, Tom Brown and Owen Davis, Jr.) are down at the Roselane taxi-dance emporium whooping it up. Lew, a little the worse for wear and slightly tipsy, is dancing with Lana Turner, one of the taxi girls. But the crepe rubber soles of his shoes stick to the floor. He calmly takes off his shoes and starts dancing. The bouncer (Tom Kennedy) has been eyeing all three of the boys suspiciously and when he sees Lew remove his brogans he stamps across the floor, grimly joyous.

"Okay, jitterbug," he yells, grabbing Lew. "You can't dance that way!"

"It's better with the shoes off," Lew smiles ingenuously.

"Listen, buddy," Tom snarls, "put them violins back in their cases."

"If you want good music," Lew begins with drunken dignity, "do you realize I am Philip Griswold, Third?"

"I don't care if you're Philip the 16th," Mr. Kennedy yaps. "Put on those shoes!"

"Is there an official notice on any point or fixture of these premises which says a gentleman may not remove his shoes?"

Lew demands.

"Well, no—but——" Tom stammers.

"You see?" Mr. Ayres demands triumphantly of the other dancers who are crowding around to see what the fuss is about. "It's typical! You know what it is, don't you? It's un-American! It's a plot against the upper classes!"

"This ain't no plot," Kennedy mutters uncomfortably.

The scene is quite long and hilariously funny, with Kennedy coming off second best because at the end Lew is still dancing with his shoes off.

When the scene is finished Lew comes over to shake hands and tell me about his trip abroad. But before he gets very far Mr. Tom Brown, who is more concerned with the solid than the mental aspects of life, busts up and interrupts.

"Say!" he greets me. "How about having me over for one of those dinners you're getting famous for?"

I remember the last time I had a dinner, when Wayne Morris invited himself and some friends over for a meal and poker. I won $23 and lost $5 on the evening. The memory rankles and I squirm a little uncomfortably.

"Next Monday?" Tom inquires relentlessly. "That'll give you a week to get ready."

"I'll be very happy to come, too," Owen Davis, Jr., amends.

I thank them very gravely for their acceptance of an invitation that took shape only in their minds and lead before they imagine I've invited them for a week's visit. *

AND so we come to "Thunder Afloat," starring Wallace Beery and Chester Morris, with Virginia Grey finally coming into her own and getting a leading part in a big picture.

The scene I watch is near the beginning of the picture and is important enough to describe. But when it is over Virginia catches sight of me. "Mookie!" she screams, rushing over and giving me a hug and a kiss.

"Gosh, I burble, "a welcome home like this makes me feel I should go away oftener."

"And stay longer," a voice behind me mutters.

I wheel around and there is Mr. Chester Morris grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Hiya, Dick," he laughs.

Chester is another of my favorite people. It's good to see him again and better to know that he and his wife are reconciled. I tell him so and then beat it to the last stage on this lot where—

"MIRACLES FOR SALE" is in the works. This one features Florence Rice, Frank Craven and Robert Young. It is a murder mystery and it wouldn't be fair to tell you about the plot, save to say that Bob Young is a former stage magician who has gone into the business of manufacturing illusions for other performers. Craven is his father. Florence is in Bob's factory trying to help unravel a murder when she glances up and sees in the window the ghost of one of the murdered men. She lets out a scream that is a blood-curdler and makes a dash for the door.

Usually they have doubles to do the screaming for the stars in order to save their vocal chords but Florence is doing her own screaming and, I might add, doing a very thorough job of it.

"I haven't seen you since your marriage, to wish you happiness," I begin.

"Thanks, dear," Florence smiles.

"I can't understand how all you girls let me slip through your fingers," I grumble. "Why couldn't you have been happy with me?"

"Didn't you ever read or hear that old saw of Burns about 'Would someone the power give us,' she grins, 'or words to that effect.'"

Now there is as neat a verbal riposte as I have ever tried to dodge. I flush and avert my gaze as I try to think of the answer. And in avertting my gaze I glance at her hair.

"My God!" I howl, "you've dyed your hair!"

"Yes," she beams. "Don't you like it?"

"No!" I yowl. "You used to have the prettiest hair in pictures and now you're just another blonde."

"And you're just another old fuss-budget," she laughs, "but I still love you—in a nice, platonic way, of course."
There can be no answer to that one, so I leave her and jaunt on down the street to—

Selznick-International

H E R E ' S where the widely heralded and long awaited "Gotn With the Wind" is in the final stages of production and "Intermezzo" is just starting.

The sets on the former picture are enough to make a mouth of a dyed-in-the-wool Southern, like myself, water. The house is furnished in authentic antebellum style and there are pieces any collector might envy.

The novel has been too widely read to necessitate going into the plot here. The scene they are taking today is where Rhett is preparing to leave in Atlanta, after he and Scarlett are married. They have just had another of their quarrels but as he starts out of his room she stops him in the hall to tell him she is going to have a baby—their second.

Clark Gable (as Rhett) looks at her for a moment, "And why," he inquires sardonically, "is the lucky father?"

Vivien Leigh (Scarlett) looks at him in assumed silence for a moment. Then, "you know it's yours," she tells. As he stands regarding her with a nasty-nice smile on his face, she bursts out passionately, "I wish to God it wasn't yours. I don't want it and I don't want you."

No woman was ever so good or so stupid.

"Cheer up," Clark encourages her nastily, "Maybe you'll have an accident!"

Clark's.ws——it is his fault at last.

This is one of the most important scenes in the picture. David Selznick and all the other executives are on the set to watch it. "That's fine," Victor Fleming, the director, smiles when it's finished, "but let's do it once more to make sure."

So they take it again and again he nods, "Great."

When you see this picture you will know how right you fans were to insist upon Clark for Rhett and you will know how right Mr. Selznick was to postpone production until he could get Clark for the part. And when you see Vivien Leigh as Scarlett you will know that no matter what your previous conception of Scarlett was (and I must confess mine was not Miss Leigh), this is Scarlett.

And all the rest of the cast—Leslie Howard as Ashley, Olivia DeHavilland as Melanie, Greta Garbo as Ewa Czerey as Aunt Pittypat, and Hattie McDaniel as Mammy—all slip gracefully and easily into their parts.

When you see this picture (and I know this is one film I don't have to tell you to put your "must see" list) you will know that all the hubbub alo that was raised over the casting was for nothing. Here is Margaret Mitchell's book brought to life for you.

Paramount

THERE are only two pictures going here—Bing Crosby in "The Star Maker" and "Ruler of the Seas" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Margaret Lockwood.

I look for "The Star Maker" first because when Mr. Crosby is not in one of his moods he can usually be counted on for a few laughs. Happily for me, he is in very high spirits today and, what is even better, instead of acting he is recording. The song is "My Merry Old Mobile" and until you hear Bing sing it you have never really heard this song. What a sense of rhythm that guy has! They take it over and over and I sit there loving it.

Finally when Bing and the thousand and one kids who are working with him in this picture get it recorded to the director's satisfaction, Bing comes over to me and says, "Bing." with a perfectly straight face, "all kidding aside, do I really sing as bad as Dixie says I do?"

Bing looks at me cautiously but I manage to keep my face sober (and if I may add here that no one on earth (Dietrich excepted) can say "Dixie") "Well, pal," he answers hesitantly, unwilling to hurt my feelings because Bing is really one of the kindest hearted people I know, "I don't think I've ever heard you really off.

Well, tell the orchestra to strike up a tune and I'll level for you," I offer.

"No, no," he answers hastily. "These fellows are getting union prices and Mr. Paramount wouldn't like it if we used them for private entertainment."

This paragraph probably doesn't come up as funny but Bing's facial expression is a study. I can't hold in any longer and holler. Bing glances at me sheepishly and then joins in the laugh. "Git," he says finally, "I've got to work."

S O I meander over to "Ruler of the Seas." Doug, Jr., isn't working today but Miss Lockwood and Will Fyffe are. He is her father. They are in Montague Love's machine shop, where he works and the wheels she has to bring into his lunch. It seems he was working night and day on an engine model but he was double-crossed and she finally got him to give up the idea and go back to regular work. Now she is trying to regret him. Will has regretted it every minute of every day but he doesn't want to hurt her or worry her by letting her know so he becomes evasive. But as I look at his tortured face I think of a poem I once read called "A Dream Lies Dead."

There being nothing else to see at Paramount, I proceed to—

Samuel Goldwyn Studios

TWO pictures going here, too—"The Real Glory" starring Gary Cooper, David Niven and Andrea Leeds, and "Music School" starring Jascha Helfitz.

"The Real Glory" deals with the birth of the Philippine Islands as a nation and a people. The locale is the island of Mindanao and Andrea has just arrived to visit her sister, who will soon be in command of the garrison.

Gary and Niven (buddies) are vying for her favor and to see which will have the first dance at the ball being given in her honor. She is showing them some sleight-of-hand tricks. Then Niven shows her how to "pop." He puffs out his cheeks, inserts a finger in the corner of his mouth, and emits a loud pop. Not to be outdone, Gary pops even louder. Then he wriggles his left ear, and then his right ear.

"Shucks," David comments, "Only one ear?"

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560 Broadway, Dept. R., New York, N.Y.
"I can wrangle both ears at once," Gary remarks to Andrea—and proceeds to do it.

"Dr. Conovan, you are accomplished," she smiles in simulated surprise. "Can you wheedle?

"I can make up limericks," he admits.

"Anybody can make limericks," Niven puts in disparagingly.

"I make them up on the spur of the moment—on any subject," he boasts.

"Really?" Andrea murmurs. "Let me hear you make one up."

"On what subject?" Gary takes up the challenge.

"Me.

The native orchestra starts playing dance music. Gary glances at them gravely and turns back to Andrea:

"Permit me, my dear Linda, now To welcome you to Minudano; Mac and I are good pals But there's a shortage of gals— Could I please have this first dance with you?"

And with that he takes her in his arms and starts to dance while Mr. Niven glares helplessly after them.

"How's Buck (Richard) Arlen?" Gary inquires when Irene is finished.

"Fine," I respond.

"I haven't seen him in years," Gary says. "Ask him to give me a ring, will you?"

"Sure," I agree. "How's the baby?"

"Oh, she's great," he responds enthusiastically. "She talks so much I can't get a word in edgewise."

What makes that so funny is that Gary seldom utters more than a couple of sentences an hour.

He is apparently in a talkative mood today I'd like to stay and chum with him, but there are still quite a few sets to be covered so I leave him for—

* * *

MUSIC SCHOOL. This should be a beautiful, heart-stirring picture. It deals with a settlement music school run by Walter Brennan, his daughter (Andrea Leeds again) and a happy-go-lucky young chap in love with her (Joel McCrea). One of the pupils is little Gene Reynolds, who has run away from an unhappy home. He has inherited a love of music from his dead father. He starts studying the violin. When the school is near closing through lack of funds he and the others take their instruments to Carnegie Hall where Heifetz is to give a concert. They station themselves outside the hall and begin giving a concert of their own in the hope of raising funds. The takings are slim, however, but just as they are on the verge of despair, Heifetz passes on his way into the hall, gives them one of their shots and has at the moment and promises to send them a reed of his own playing.

And so we come to—

Universal

THERE are a bunch of big pictures going here. The most important is "The Lady and the Knight" starring Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, but as that has been held up for a week on account of Better Laboratory and Errol's auto accident we'll let that wait until next month.

* * *

NEXT, there is "Dust Be My Destiny" starring John Garfield and Priscilla Lane. John has served sixteen months in a penitentiary to get one inch of the ground. He's sentenced to the county work farm for cropping a ride on a freight train. Stanley Ridges, the drunken farm foreman, conceives a violent hatred for John when he discovers Priscilla's stepfather (Ridges) and John still attracted to each other. They are both looking for someone or something to hang on to. They find what they seek in each other. But their dreams are shattered when Ridges finds them together one evening. He bludgeons John and knocks him down. Ridges gets to his feet, chases the frightened youngsters a short distance and then collapses. A guard finds him—dead.

Unaware of Ridges' fate, John and Pris- cilla decide to make a break. They hitch-hike to a nearby city where the promoter of a theatre wedding persuades them to take the place of the couple that ran out on him. It means a month's free rent and a cash prize to the prettiest boy and girl. The wedding is over and they are waiting in the manager's office for him to come in and give them their cash.

There is a tender little love scene, but as they are in the midst of an embroidery, the source of a new limericronary comes over the radio: "This is the young Dixie reporter bringing you the latest news of the day. Flash! Tragedy struck at Rosedale Work Farm. John straightens up and rushes over to the radio where he stands listening, with Pat right behind him. "Joe Bell (Garfield), a young convict, struck down and murdered the workhouse foreman," the voice goes on. "Bell then fell the scene of the crime with Mabel Alden, stepdaughter of the murdered man. The engine room of Rosedale is aroused and posses have being organized to scour the country."

John snaps off the radio. "Come on," he orders tersely.

"With pleasure," Pat asks.

"We'll figure out your later," he replies. "Come on." He opens the door to a fire exit and leads her out.

"Hi, son," he says when the scene is finished. "I'm getting a six weeks' vacation when this picture is finished and I can defend whether to tour the Rockies and High Sierras or go up into Canada to Lake Banff and Lake Louise or go to Mexico or to Europe."

"Europe!" I echo. "Are you crazy? What in blazes do you want to go to Europe for?"

"The Moscode Art Players are having their annual festival," he explains. "We could get there for that."

"You better stay in this country where you belong instead of jumping into that mess over there."

"If we go up to the Rockies we will come along?" he asks.

"Gee whiz," I protest. "I just got back from a two months' trip. I've got to stay here and work."

"When did work ever stop you from taking a trip?" he scoffs. "I guess you're right, though. I'd better see America first. And you'll go when the time comes." (NB. As this is written, Mr. Garfield is sojournin in Mexico City and Mr. Mook is still poundin a typewriter in Hollywood.

* * *

NOW we have "Career Man" with Joel McCrea (the way players are jumping from one picture to another and in two pictures at once these days is making me dizzy), and Brenda Marshall (Warner Brothers' new find). This deals with this country's answer to the espionage system employed by foreign countries in the U. S.

This scene is pleasant but it isn't important to the picture's continuity so we'll skip it.

And the same applies to "The Return of Dr. X" starring Wayne Morris, in which (as Walter Winchell said of "Missing Daughters") he is a reporter with more pull than Mussolini.

* * *

I guess that takes good care of the sets so, until next month, so long, folks.
There's ONE NEGLECT
few Husbands can forgive
... but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping yourself attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.

Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about his clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make you more attractive.

Do you neglect yourself? MOST HUSBANDS CAN'T FORGIVE THAT

Carelessness about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this one neglect.

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

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

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

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

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It's the right combination of mild, ripe, home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos... the world's best... that makes Chesterfield the milder and better-tasting cigarette...

A happy combination for more smoking pleasure
WHEN GRETARTA ISN'T GARBO
by
Ed Sullivan

Greta Garbo

NOW WOMEN RULE THE MEN IN HOLLYWOOD
ALL THAT ‘I AM A FUGITIVE’ OFFERED AGAIN IN THIS FIRST BLAZING STORY OF AMERICA’S MIGRATORY WORKERS!

JOHN GARFIELD
AND
PRISCILLA LANE
Triumphantly Teamed in the First Big Starring Picture of Their Own

"DUST BE MY DESTINY"

From the flaming pages of the novel that shocked its way to world fame, Warner Bros. have screamingly screened the heart-and-soul story of a nation’s lost generation — the migratory workers . . . of a boy and girl searching for the grapes of happiness, battling alone against the wrath of a violent destiny. Watch for it! See it! Everyone’s calling it 1939’s Academy Award drama!

with
ALAN HALE
Frank McHugh • Billy Halop
Directed by LEWIS SEILER
Screen Play by Robert Rossen
from a Novel by Jerome Odum
Her trim tennis dress first drew his eye but it was her smile that won him completely!

Your smile is your own priceless possession! Guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Don't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage helps to promote healthier gums, brighter smiles!

"LITTLE GIRL" tennis dress, snowy-white against sun-bronzed skin, can stop almost any man’s glance. But it takes a bright and sunny smile to hold him for keeps! Not even perfect style sense can win for the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush." For a dull, pathetic smile soon discounts other charms.

Avoid this tragic neglect. Remember no other aid to charm is more important than care of your teeth and gums. For on them depends the beauty of your smile.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to see your dentist at once! It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for that. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in lazy, weakened gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much Ipana and massage can help you to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a lovely, winning smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

for October 1939
The Letter from Liza

DEAR ED:

For years I have been reading, and enjoying, the columns of the newspaper columnists who seem to receive letters constantly from the cinema great. "Just received a letter postmarked Naples from Ty and Annabella," they toss off as if it were nothing, really, (why I'd give my eye teeth for a letter from Ty!), or, "Mary Pickford writes me from France," or, "A postcard in the morning's mail from Bob Montgomery who's in London."

Me now— I rarely receive a letter from the cinema great. I did receive one once from Deanna Durbin's lawyer, who said that Deanna would be pleased to sue me if I didn't correct her age.

But now, at long last, I can join the better crop of columnists. I, too, have received a letter from a member of the cinema great. And don't think I'm not going to spread it on a bit. "Just received a letter from Merle Oberon," I shall probably be saying for months. "She's in London, you know."

Merle's letter, which I will give you in part, tells all about her marriage to Alexander Korda, British motion picture producer, in the Riviera resort town of Antibes. Writes Merle:

"The marriage took place in very romantic surroundings—in the Mairie in Vieux Antibes—at the side of the Mairie is the market place where they were very busy selling fruit and flowers on the street. It's awfully pretty this part of Antibes, and very old. The name of the street was the Rue Auberon. Can you believe it? We were married by the Mayor of Grasse. My wedding dress was not what I would have chosen it to be, but I had no time to get one before I left London (where I had thought we might do it if we could without a fuss) and there wasn't much to choose from in the South of France—it was from Lanvin and they had a navy blue crepe de chine trimmed with white and red beaded trimming, a white hat and navy veil, white bag and gloves, and I carried a spray of orchids, orange blossoms, and lilies of the valley.

"After the ceremony we went back to the hotel and had a glass of champagne and then went down to the beach—or the rocks I should say as there is no beach. We left for London the day after the next. And may I now say married life is very nice, thank you, Miss Liza.

And now about you, kindly write a long and full report on your behaviour (don't put all the details in, because now I am so respectable the shock might kill me)? I miss you and the giggles we had together. Can't you be sent here on a mission? We could have so much fun.

A "mission" I presume is being delightfully British for an "interview." Dear Ed. I do wish you'd cook me up a mission that would send me romping on a visit to the Kordais.
Out of the boudoir... on to the screen! See women as they don’t see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in eold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!

Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

with MARY BOLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD • PHYLLIS POVAH
JOAN FONTAINE • VIRGINIA WEIDLER • LUCILE WATSON
From the Play by CLARE BOOTHE
By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp.
Screen Play by ANITA LOOS and JANE MURFIN
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET’EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY
Hollywood Whispers

The Helen Hayes first night audience had the delicious treat of seeing Norma Shearer and Burgess Meredith, her escort, climb over a row of seats. Having gotten in the wrong row they decided that was the best way out. Second in interest to Norma’s climbing act was Greer Garson’s perfectly beautiful red hair which had the entire audience ohing and ahhing. Miss Garson has made so few Hollywood appearances that she is quite a novelty—and that hair of hers, natural as day and night, is really something to write home about. She wears it in a long bob. And third in interest was Franchot Tone’s first Hollywood appearance with a girl since his divorce from Joan Crawford—the girl was Loretta Young.

Dorothy Lamour in a gold turban that a Persian Shah would give his eye teeth for did a goodly bit of scene-stealing on opening night also. Dotty has the most stunning suntan in Hollywood, with the exception of Joan Crawford, and even without her sarong, she had every man in the audience ogling like mad to get another look at her.

The Rosalind Russell boosters are raving about her performance in "The Women," and are exclaiming all over the place, "At last Roz has a part she can sink her teeth in." Which happens to be just what Roz did. In the fight scene with Paulette Goddard she had to sink her teeth right into Paulette’s arm.

Loretta Young was being such a lady on the set of "Eternally Yours" until along came David Niven and Broderick Crawford, who have important roles in the picture, and the gags began. David and Brod wait until the set has several middle-aged respectable looking tourists standing around fairly drooling over Loretta’s fragile beauty and sweetness, and then one of them will shout, “Oh, Loretta, how’s your ring-worm today? You must be careful that it doesn’t get in your hair.”

“How can I be a lady after that,” moans Loretta, shaking with laughter, “I have to give them back as good as they send me or else they’ll tease me into an early grave.”

It doesn’t take much of the rough outdoors to make an urban sophisticate suddenly appreciate the small luxuries of (Continued on page 11)
99 kids and Bing... One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When the two sing with Walter Danrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".

Miss America has a new Beau... Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age... but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste"... and well, there's just no comparison... the new one is twice as thrilling.

Hollywood's newest glamour girl... Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.

More laurels for Laughton... With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdye, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.
TIPS ON PICTURES

A Film for Every Mood

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Amusing. When Blondie (Penny Singleton), her husband (Arthur Lake) and their young hopeful (Little Larry Sims) set off on a two weeks' play period they find that they have to work harder at playing than they had bargained for. Plenty of good clean fun in this.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Good. Well, at last Drummond actually marries that long-suffering girl, Phyllis Chavering, and we can all breathe freely again. As usual Drummond, after deciding to give up crime-detecting as a career, runs into Col. Neilson of Scotland Yard and an intriguing new case which he can't resist. (John Howard, Heather Angel, H. B. Warner.)

CAREER—Fine. A simple, human story of the day-by-day life of the inhabitants of a small town in Iowa, told in the heart-warming style of "A Man To Remember." There's quite a bit of "flag-raising" going on, but the characters are all so charmingly played that we'll forgive them this digression from the plot. Splendid cast includes Anne Shirley, Ed. Ellis, Janet Beecher, Samuel S. Hinds, Leon Errol, John Archer, Alice Eden.

FIVE CAME BACK—Excellent. The situation of a group of people marooned in the desolate jungles of Central America offers material here for a dramatic, tense film drama with a denouement that is distinctly gripping. Fine cast includes Chester Morris, Wendy Barrie, Lucille Ball, C. Aubrey Smith, Kent Taylor, Allen Jenkins and Joseph Calleia. It's well worth your time.

FRONTIER MARSHALL—Fine. This goes back to 1878 and the cleaning up of Tombstone, Arizona, which proved to be a pretty exciting incident in the history of our Western colonization and proves to be perhaps even more exciting when viewed at this time and distance in fast-paced picture form. (Randolph Scott, Nancy Kelly.)

FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE—Good. Women, especially, will enjoy this well directed story of a woman falsely accused of being the accomplice of gangsters who killed her own husband. Sigrid Gurie is exceptionally good in the title role, and is ably aided by Donald Briggs, Wm. Lundigan, Eve Arden, Elizabeth Risdon.

HELL'S KITCHEN—Fair. The "Dead End" boys have a new idea to work around in this minor thriller. Instead of referring to the 10th Avenue section of New York with which it is associated, the title refers to a sort of post-graduate course for reform school probationers, and, of course, the kids do their stuff with gusto.

I STOLE A MILLION—Fine. A grim, relentless characterization of an ambitious taxi driver who is chiseled out of his life's savings, and decides to retrieve them by force. The effect of this crime dog's footsteps no matter how terribly hard he tries to redeem himself, and the climax packs a terrific wallop. The excellent cast boasts George Raft, Claire Trevor and Dick Foran.

IN OLD MONTEREY—Good. A few more westerns of this caliber and adult audiences will be clamoring for more and more of them. This Gene Autry opus has the color and romance indicated by the title, and, in addition, plenty of action, with the Army and the cattle ranchers playing against each other. (June Storey.)

[Continued on page 10]

Silent Screen

Grant Withers, as Inspector Street, and Boris Karloff, as Mr. Wong, try to get some information out of the Dwarf (Little Angelo) suspected of murder in "Mr. Wong in Chinatown." But the Dwarf is deaf and dumb and they learn nothing. It's exciting melodrama, with Karloff giving a fine performance. If you haven't followed this series, it's time to begin.
Let this new tooth paste with Luster-Foam give you a million dollar smile!

New Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth and brings luster in thrilling new way

What’s the secret of this new dentifrice? Why does it make teeth so clean, so brilliant? Why do people who bought it as a trial, keep coming back for it? Why do we sell a million tubes a month?

The answer is Luster-Foam detergent... that amazing energizing agent found only in this dentifrice.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam’s energy is released in a dainty, aromatic “bubble bath” of amazing penetrating and spreading power. You have no idea of how clean, how fresh, it makes your mouth feel, how it brings out the highlights on the tooth enamel and super-cleans it.

It surges over and around the teeth, and even goes to work on hard-to-get-at areas with their pits, cracks, and fissures, where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

Start now using this dentifrice with Luster-Foam detergent. See in your mirror how it helps to brighten teeth, and to give them the luster you’ve always desired.

Lambert Pharmacal Company

THE NEW FORMULA

LUSTER-FOAM

P. S. Listerine Tooth Powder Also Contains Luster-Foam
INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Fair. Plenty of action in this auto racetrack yarn which is a remake of "The Crowd Roars." But you have to be a racing enthusiast to appreciate some of the long drawn out races. In for heart interest and 'oomph' are Gale Page and Ann Sheridan playing opposite Pat O'Brien and John Payne.

IN NAME ONLY—Fine. With such an expert cast as we have here—Carole Lombard, Kay Francis, Cary Grant—playing the other woman, the wife and the muchly desired "man" in the order named, and expertly—how could picture fans go wrong when selecting this film for their evening's entertainment? And the weeping and the laughter are mixed just as expertly. (Charles Coburn.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Good. One of the most entertaining of the Wong series of detective films, with Boris Karloff, as usual, turning in a good performance as the Chinese sleuth. In this case he has the murder of a princess occurring right in his home, which brings the mystery right to his own doorstep.

SPELLBINDER, THE—Fair. This will do as the second half of a dual program. The plot concerns a not too scrupulous lawyer who successfully defends a man whom he knows is a murderer. When freed the man marries the lawyer's adored daughter and another murder is committed, but you'll have to see the film to find out who murders whom the second time. (Lee Tracy, Barbara Read, Patric Knowles.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Fair. The third in the Higgins' family series is suited to double programs only. We find James, Lucille and Russell in their accustomed father, mother and son roles, with Marie Wilson as the dumb blonde that Russell marries. There's one highly amusing sequence when Lucille blithely takes over the big cosmetic job her husband had set his heart on.

THIS MAN IS NEWS—Fine. A humorous newspaper yarn, made in England where reporters are dignified by the cognomen "journalists." Plenty of what we might term battle, murder and sudden death occurs in order to keep the plot humming. Barry K. Barnes (an actor who also distinguishes himself in The Ware Case) and Valerie Hobson are delightful romantics, and Alastair Sim is priceless as the Scotch editor.

WARE CASE, THE—Splendid. The English really excell when it comes to transferring a good mystery story to the screen and this one has you holding your breath. You can look for some splendid characterizations here, some equally splendid acting, and some exciting surprises, especially during the dramatic courtroom sequences. (Clive Brook, Jane Baxter, Barry K. Barnes.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Good. The extremely colorful atmosphere of New Orleans just prior to the Civil War is reproduced in this film, and gives the melodious Hall-Johnson Choir an excellent opportunity to sing some beautiful Negro spirituals. Bob Breen is starred in the story, which deals with the selling of the slaves on an old plantation, and does some fine singing on his own account. (Alan Mowbray, Ralph Morgan, Steffi Duna, Sally Blane.)

WATERFRONT—Fair. A melodrama of the rough and ready type with the hero a longshoreman who is pretty tough until he is converted by a kindly priest. His temper is aroused again when an old enemy slays his brother and from then on it's difficult for his wife, the priest and even the audience to sympathize with his activities. (Dennis Morgan, Gloria Dickson, Marie Wilson.)
Hollywood Whispers

[Continued from page 6]

life, and Claudette Colbert can attest to the fact that a folding rubber bath tub was one of the greatest thrills in the way of luxury she has had in a long time.

At the present time, Claudette is roughing it in a mountain camp in Utah while on location with "Drums Along the Mohawk." Being 40 miles from the nearest town of any size modern conveniences are somewhat lacking.

Some of the boys in the troupe got together, procured a rubber folding bath tub from Hollywood, and while Claudette was away from camp installed it in her tent.

The Sally Rand Dude Ranch, with the "D" scratched out and an "N" inserted above it, at the San Francisco Fair, is quite a favorite spot for the men to gather, as you can well imagine. The girls play at games on one side of huge plate glass windows while the men stare at them on the other side. Charlie Butterworth, our favorite droll comedian, was one of the oglers recently, and completely upset everything. After watching the girls play badminton for a moment he turned to the gallery at large and said, "Can any of you gentlemen tell me the score?"

Shirley Temple, the kids of America will probably like to know, is now in the throes of taking her examinations for the end of Six-A, and if she passes she will enter Junior High School during the coming school semester.

While not exactly a new fad—Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were wearing sport coats and hats alike at the race-tracks several years ago—it has become quite smart for a Hollywood twosome to dress alike. Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant. The easiest way is for one to buy the same suit in different colors.

Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

One day is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Her maid never takes her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would you do—if you knew a girl lovely in every way—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use MUM!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're expected to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but MUM prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... you'll say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, dependable cream!

QUICK! MUM takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you MUM is harmless to fabrics. MUM is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, MUM stops all underarm odor. Get MUM at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular always! Use MUM!
“It’s Quilted”
that’s why
women choose
FIBS*
THE KOTEX*
TAMpon

THE ONLY TAMPON
THAT’S QUiltED—
HERE’S WHY...

Special “Quilting” makes Fibs the ideal internal protection...keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!

Made of Cellucotton
ABSORBS FASTER
THAN COTTON!

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that’s why leading hospitals use it. Thus Fibs provides utmost security.

It’s a Kotex Product—so it must be good!

Kotex Products merit your confidence. Yet with all its exclusive features, Fibs cost only 25c for a full dose. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

THE KOTEX TAMpon
ONLY 25¢
FOR 12

Approved for Advertising by The Journal of the American Association

FIBS-Tampon 1464, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. I enclose 10c for trial supply of Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name ___________________________________________
Address ___________________________________________
City ___________________________________________ State...

Grant were wearing polo coats just alike (except size) before they went to Europe, and getting a big kick out of it. But it was an excellent photos of Janet Gaynor and Adrian that stopped the show at the Cocoanut Grove recently and had everyone gaping—politely, of course. Both showed up in bright red taffeta jackets! Janet’s was very feminine with a lot of ruffles and fron-forn, while Adrian’s was cut along the conventional tailored dinner coat lines. But the same identical material, mind you.

The rumors are thick and fast that Sonja Henie and Vic Orsatti, her agent, will announce an engagement while they are in Europe. Vic took the same boat to Norway with the little skating girl and you know how romance flourishes on a boat with a full moon. During her last few weeks in Hollywood, before she left on her European vacation, Sonja was seen mostly with Lee Bowman, but it was more a dancing friendship than a romance. Lee Bowman and Cesar Romero are the two best dancers in Hollywood, and next to skating Miss Sonja likes dancing.

Ann Sheridan definitely refuses to take all this “oomph girl” business too seriously. Covers on all the national magazines as well as the fan magazines, and raves about her sex appeal on every hand, haven’t gone to her pretty little red head one bit. The former Clara Lou Sheridan, who hung around Hollywood several years before she got a “break,” wears a bracelet on which is inscribed, “To Ann from Clara Lou Kid. Yo’ continue to amaze me.” And whenever she needs fresh make-up she calls to the make-up man, “Come on over and put some oomph on me.”

When May Robson recently celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday she received a wire from W. C. Fields which had her in hysterics. She just can’t wait to show it to you when you call at her attractive home. Wired Bill, “Come, come, my little chickadee, another birthday!”

When Hedy Lamarr takes still pictures at the studio she always has a phonograph sent over to the gallery with some “hot” records. Hedy is not one to be stationary very long and while the cameraman gets his camera and the lights set up Hedy dances around without a single thought about all that glamour she’s supposed to give out for the camera. When she did a recent gallery sitting she found some rhumba records and she felt an overwhelming desire to dance the rhumba. There wasn’t a man in sight except a technician who was fixing the lights. “Dance with me, please,” said Hedy to him. “I’d love to swing it with you,” Miss Lamarr,” said the technician blushing. “But you see I’m a married man. And I don’t think my wife would like it.”

—

Although she has been on the screen for seven years a director recently made the discovery that Barbara Stanwyck has a mole on her lip. He became terribly excited over his discovery and ordered Barbara to have the mole removed at once. “Listen,” said Barbara, “that mole has been with me through a lot of staid performances and I’m afraid it’s going through another.”

Wayne Morris has taught his police dog, Galadad, many tricks. Wayne and his wife live in Brentwood. They expect the stork sometime in December.

After a three-year battle Lionel Barrymore has his feet on the ground again. Despite an injury, suffered three years ago, he still carried on with his acting and started an intensive system of treatment and exercise.

He moved to a farm in the San Fernando Valley, and started a new farm work to his itinerary. He built fences, planted flowers, shrubs and trees, and gradually overcame the handicap. He walked before the camera recently for the first time and from now on has no use for crutch or wheel chair.

“Besides, I’ve raised the finest stand of corn in the San Fernando Valley,” says Lionel.

When “The Woman” was finally finished Rosalind Russell gave a dinner party at the Cocoanut Grove for all the standins on the picture. Norma Shearer gave a party for the cast—all showed up except Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard. So now you know who was speaking to whom, and who wasn’t.

Greer Garson made a faux pas, when she moved into her star dressing room on the M-G-M lot recently, that had everybody on the lot breaking out in a sympathetic smile. It seems that for weeks Greer has been house hunting in Hollywood and has been poking around in kitchens, bathrooms, closets, etc., asking all the traditional questions. So when the young man from the casting office took her over to show her her new dressing rooms she flattered around looking at everything and then quite unexpectedly said to the young man, “Does this include lights and gas?”

And speaking of dressing rooms, her nearest neighbors report that Garbo practices dancing in her dressing room during her lunch hour. And the record she plays over and over is, “I Get Along Without...”
You Very Well.” She has probably dedicated it to Stokowski now that she is in the throngs of romance and vegetable juices with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the diet expert. With Garbo one never knows. Maybe it’s love. Maybe it’s only spinach.

Don Ameche once worked in a mattress factory as a mattress tester. The job proved pleasant, but too temping, and after falling asleep for three days in a row he was politely, but firmly, told to seek his livelihood elsewhere.

Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore took no chances when they heard that Mickey Rooney was going to impersonate them in a scene for “Babes in Arms.” They both went to the scene ostensibly as unofficial technical directors and to assert, at the hands of the irresistible Rooney.

In the scene, Mickey played two parts, those of “Cleopatra’s Uncle Lionel” and “Clark Antony.” Mickey laid it on thick. Then he turned to the two stars for their opinion. “Not bad, Mickey,” said Barrymore, “not bad.” Gable remained silent.

“My God, Mickey, I’ll tell you,” mused Gable, with his usual tact. “One of us must be rotten!”

Jane Withers and Papa Walter Withers took 81-year-old Grandma Jennie Withers fishing of Malibu, and Grandma caught 15 briny—then at Jane’s party for her. Grandma played ping pong with Edward Arnold.

Instead of watch-dogs Virginia Field keeps a pair of unfriendly geese in her backyard. And if you don’t think that’s effective protection try walking in the door some time without Virginia on hand to greet you.

At long last, we believe, we have found a guy in pictures whom men like as much as their wives do. Mr. Bob Hope. After attending several Bob Hope previews, and listening to male chit-chat in the lobbies later, we discovered that the men of America don’t seem to resent Bob Hope at all. They don’t turn green at envy when he comes on the screen. They don’t sneer and make any funny noises during his love scenes. They don’t seem to mind when their wives say, “Isn’t he wonderful! I wish he’d sing ‘Two Sleepy People’ again.”

Why, husbands have pouted for days because their wives have sighed longingly over Nelson Eddy. They’ve stamped out of their homes in a rage simply because they found Dick Powell, clipped from a fan magazine, on their wives’ dressing table. The Messieurs Gable, Taylor, Cooper, and Power have caused more serious domestic upsets than mothers-in-law and budgets combined. Why then, when they respect these other screen heroes so much, do they like Bob Hope? Why indeed? Well, in genial, wise cracking, not too handsome, not too young, regular guy Bob Hope, they see themselves. The average American man can’t possibly imagine himself a Robert Taylor or a Tyrone Power, all slim and young and prettied up making love in the moonlight—unless his imagination is running wild. But he can easily imagine himself a human hero, an easy going, down-to-earth, fellow in his thirties like Bob Hope, who takes a drink and cracks a joke and makes love as if it were not something funereal, but a perfectly natural and rather amusing thing to do. That’s the reason he doesn’t resent it when the little woman goes into raves over Hope. It’s flattering to him.

Of course, the awd said to Hope an American husband, “look at Hope’s nose. It looks like a ski jump. And that chin. It comes on the screen five minutes before he does. I bet his tailor has a lot of trouble with those lips. Oh boy, I am just as good looking as Hope any day of the week. Wonder if there is a new Hope picture I can take the little woman to tonight. She hasn’t let a peep out about Robert Taylor since she saw ‘Thanks for the Memory.’”

Yes indeed, Bob Hope is quite the nicest thing that has happened to American husbands in years. With the whole race of them practically dying from an inferiority complex—and no wonder, what with the pretty boys being thrust down their throats every time they went to a movie—Mr. Hope has done more to buck them up than four martinis on an empty stomach. Mr. Hope has done for the American husband just exactly what Mr. Ziegfeld did for the American girl. For the first time in history the young husband in his thirties, with hair falling oil his temples instead of growing on his chest, has become glamorous and romantic, and very desirable. Women had rather find a sense of humor across the breakfast table than a perfect profile. And it makes for a happy home.

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE GLORIA STUART
win exciting new beauty with MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!

My, what it does for a girl—this wonderful discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied women of every age and coloring and found that eye color is related to the color of your skin, your hair—that eye color is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are right for you.

So now, whether your eyes are blue, brown, hazel or gray—the makers of Marvelous have blended cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. They have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick for you, keyd ed to the color of your eyes!

You’ll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin ... the soft, natural glow of your Marvelous Rouge ... the lovely, long-lasting color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately, of course (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada). Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are right for you!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Hazel [ ] Brown [ ] Blue [ ] Gray [ ]
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name ___________________________ Street ___________________________
City ___________________________

for October 1939
In poetry, in painting and in song, eyes are inevitably coupled with emotion. For eyes have a language of their own, far more expressive than that which issues from our lips. Eyes dare when the lips falter. And whether or not you are aware of it, your eyes speak for you every day of your life. This is the reason that the Hollywood studios concentrate intensely on this feature of the face. If you saw "Second Fiddle," with Sonje Henie, you may recall that scene in the make-up studio when the little teacher was being groomed for her screen test, and also that comment on eyebrows.

Eye make-up and lipstick have undoubtedly increased the general attractiveness and confidence of women more than any other cosmetic aids. Yet I believe there are today thousands of girls with really lovely eyes who discount their charms in this respect because their eyes aren't a divine blue or as big as actresses. There is no longer any set standard for eye beauty so far as color and shape are concerned. The screen has definitely proved that any type of eye may be beautiful.

You see Hedy Lamarr on the screen. You remember those eyes. But you do not know why they are so. Perhaps, even, you will not recall their shape. What was in them impressed you. There is languor in Dorothy Lamour's eyes; candor in Frances Dee's; youth and fun and also tears in Deanna Durbin's, a hint of laughter in Judith Barrett's and fire and emotion in Dolores Del Rio's. Each appeals in a different way.

Above: Deanna Durbin's grey eyes look like this when she's having a good time. Left: There's a subtle hint of laughter in Judith Barrett's lovely dark eyes.

To discover what lies in your eyes, why not go straight to your mirror and look at yourself sincerely and critically? Look at yourself as if you were a stranger, for most of us never see ourselves truly. We become too accustomed to our mirrored face.

First, I hope you see clear, sparkling eyes. This is a point of appeal not to be matched by the longest of lashes, the most violet of tones. For that sparkle, alone, is a magnet. Instinctively, it inspires a desire in others to look at you—and admire. If you lack sparkle, ask yourself if you are in good health, if you get sufficient rest and recreation, and if you make it a point to enjoy life. These are the things that give sparkle. There are times, of course, when all eyes become tired, after a long drive, concentration on work or study, a too long program at the movies or a too late party. Then you need a soothing eye wash. There is Eye-Gene, for example, excellent for this purpose, and many a star has mentioned it to me in describing her eye care. Two drops in each eye, night and morning, and your eyes are both cleansed and soothed.

Try to avoid eye strain when possible. Do not read, study, work or sew in a
Yours may have their own beauty in color, shape or expression, but here are some accents to double their appeal.

By Mary Lee

poor, weak light. Don't sit with a glare in your face, and if you frankly need glasses, use them for work and reading. Close your eyes easily from time to time for a little rest, or follow an idea Sylvia Sidney taught me some years ago. Close your eyes lightly, then cup the palms of your hands over them to shut out all light. Relax this way a few minutes, and you'll feel like a new girl.

Now examine your lashes. How are they? Perhaps they don't hold the world's record for length, but if they're normal, cheer up. You can do much to improve their natural condition through care, and you can double their beauty by make-up. There is a preparation made by the Kurlash Company, Kurlash, which is truly a wonderful grower for brows and lashes. It seems to make every little hair appear individually stronger, more definite, silky and lustrous. I like to use Kurlash on the Kurlash Eye Brow Brush, because it gets the preparation on so neatly and gives brows and lashes a nice mild exercising, by brushing. This brush has several inches of handle, which makes it convenient to wield. By using Kurlash nightly, I think you can immensely improve the condition of your lashes and brows, too, if they need it. Many with a full, dark enough growth use Kurlash in this manner by day, for it gives a beautiful life and lustre.

Lauugurous is the word for Dorothy Lamour's orbs (above) and sultry for the famous Hedy Lamarr's (below).

I might add that I have yet to talk with a star who did not use some such preparation nightly.

Mascara is really the magic touch. You may use with full assurance of safety the well-known and advertised brands. Their full effectiveness, however, lies in skilful application. You need a light, trained hand, which is only a matter of practice. Some mascara seems to work better with a wet brush, while others go on smoother with a damp one, so experiment here. For an artistic job, it seems better to apply first a moderate amount, let dry, and then apply more, if you need heavier accent. It is the fashion now to use only enough to accent lashes, rather than to beak or burden them down in the old-fashioned manner. Always wash your brush after use, and then it will not clog. Here is a way to a very natural effect. Rinse your brush, dry on a tissue, then brush your lashes again after using mascara. This separates every lash, gives a beautifully soft result.

If you have long eyes, like Kay Francis or Ruth Chatterton, a good idea is to concentrate mascara on the outer end, as this increases length of the eyes. If your eyes are round, like Sonja Henie's or Claudette Colbert's then accent in an even, round fringe. As a rule, mascara should be used on the upper lashes only, but there are exceptions, as with the pale blonde, whose lower lashes are not noticeable. In this case, use a very little mascara on these lashes. Most mascaras are run-proof, water-proof and sting-proof, and I find either cream or face tonic excellent for their removal. [Continued on page 68]

Here are three pretty ladies caught in the very act of doing all the helpful things we told you about for enhancing your eyes. They are (left to right) Rosalind Keith, Gloria Blondell and Joy Hodges.

for October 1939
**Career Girls**

They can’t afford to feel sorry for themselves when the bad breaks come along.

Jeanette MacDonald kept a stiff upper lip.

**Jeanette MacDonald** was looking at her fan mail. Some of 'em do look at it, you know. Jeanette is one of them. She held a letter in her hand and read it a second time.

"I've got to write to this girl," she said, slowly. "I have to tell her something. Career girls don't cry!"

She seemed awfully solemn about it all and I certainly didn't want to introduce a flippant note at the wrong moment. But curiosity overcame me. "What," I asked, "exactly is a 'Career Girl' and what doesn't she cry over—and why?"

Jeanette looked properly chiding. She was in no mood to be funny, either. Still fingering the letter, she said, "I call a Career Girl any girl who really believes that she has something inside of her which she must express—who feels that there is something important which she must do—and who is willing to struggle to learn to do it.

"If she really believes that, then she simply can’t afford to waste time or energy or mascara weeping over the things which stand in her way. She can’t take time out to cry. What’s more, if she’s really smart, she’ll try to learn from the knocks!"

Well, Jeanette was dead sure from the beginning that she had a career ahead of her. She was sure of what the career was, too. She would sing. People tried to persuade her to dance or act or even write or design something. No one seemed to think much of her singing—except Jeanette. Came a Big Day at last, when she was to try out for a singing role in a musical show called, "Fantastic Fricassee."

"It meant so much," she recalls. "Of course, I had stage fright. I faltered in my song and there must have been something extremely comic about it, because everyone laughed and laughed.

"Afterward, when I was sitting, simply frozen with despair and horror, the producer came around and offered me a comedy role in the show! I'd been taking myself so big. I'd been so sure that I should be a prima donna at the Metropolitan in just a year or so... I couldn't believe him.

"But I thought it over. I needed that job and I decided that no experience could be completely wasted. I would turn that fiasco into something valuable. I think I did."

She turned it into something extremely valuable. She learned to "take it." A year...
Don't Cry

By
Norma Ann Wells

Wendy Barrie learned to keep smiling, no matter what happens.

or so later, when the "Met" seemed as far away as ever, she was called for an audition for a musical comedy which she was sure would mean instant recognition for her, if she could get the role. She was prepared to do her doggondest.

The producer, director, musical director... half a dozen hard boiled Broadway gentlemen were assembled in the theater to hear her. She wore her prettiest frock and brought her own accompanist. She was in excellent voice and knew it. She had never felt so sure of herself as she did when she took her place by the piano on the bare stage.

"Someone nodded to me to go ahead," she recalls, "and the accompanist began to play. I opened my mouth and sang as I was sure I had never sung before. Suddenly, I realized that the men were all chatting together amibly. No one was listening to me at all. Someone said some-

thing and they all laughed. My song ended and someone said, 'Go ahead, sister, give us another tune.' I did, too. Then I slunk out and I'm sure they didn't notice I had gone.

"On my way home in the subway I spoke to myself severely. You haven't lost a thing, but your car fare, Jeanette, I said, 'Four or five rude men can't make make any difference to you. You haven't been turned down because you weren't any good. No one even heard you. It's exactly as if you had never gone there.' I didn't quite believe myself—but it helped to boost up my ego.

"It's awfully important to give yourself pep talks, if you want to get anywhere. But you can't afford to feel sorry for yourself."

She had to be pretty stern with herself on another occasion when she dawdled so long over selecting a new hat that she was late for an audition and didn't get to sing at all.

"I let my own silly vanity cheat me out of a chance for a good job," she says. You gather that she is still cross with herself about it.

(Continued on page 64)

Greer Garson has had her share of misfortune, but through it all she kept smiling. "Believe in yourself," she sagely advises, "the rest sort of develops."

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Topics
For Gossip

Right: When our cameraman asked Bob Taylor and Joan Blondell to “look pretty” at a recent party, this is what happened. Below: Eric Rhodes takes a dancing lesson from Joyce Coles for his role in “On Your Toes,” with Zorina. Right center: Edgar Bergen enjoying himself with Beryl Wallace at the Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant. Lower right: Felix Young, owner of the Troc, tells Alice Faye about the high cost of running a night club. Alice seems a little bit surprised.

When long, lean, lanky, and very good looking “Ham” Nelson returned to Hollywood recently after six months in New York, ex-wife Bette Davis went night clubbing and partying with him and seemed to have herself a time. The gossip now is that Bette will not marry George Brent, but will probably call off the divorce which is not effective until December. Not since the casting of “Gone With the Wind” has Hollywood had such heated dinner arguments as they have had lately over “Ham” and Bette. One side of the table insists that “Ham” did wrong by Bette, while the other side is just as vehement in insisting
that Bette did wrong by "Ham." Anyway, the two should get together and make another try at matrimony.

Signs of the times: George Brent doesn't like red nail polish. Bette Davis now wears red nail polish.

One of the best laughs in "The Women" is when Mary Boland, as the rich countess, says to her maid: "Bring me a sedative—and put some gin in it."

Vincent Price had an amusing experience as one of Malibu's new residents. Vince walked out on the beach front one morning to discover all his sand furnishings missing—lock, stock, and umbrella. The following morning he discovered them all returned, neatly put back in place, all having been completely repainted and covered. Explanation of the weird goings-on was found in a note which read: "Sorry we inconvenienced you. We were supposed to have picked up the furniture next door for renovating." It was signed by a beach furnishing company. Vince did not receive a bill.

Dolores Del Rio is the envy of all the Hollywood femmes with her exquisite collection of rare hand-made, hand-wrought jewelry from Mexico. The sets were collected for her by Chela Martinez Del Rio, her cousin-in-law, who is visiting her here. If filmdom faddists get their way, Miss Martinez will become a permanent member of the set of exclusive Hollywood importers.

At least half a dozen Hollywood hair stylists are trying to take credit for Anita Louise' new coiffure, one of the smartest baby-bobs in town. But it's Anita who can take a big bow—it was her own idea, and she dresses it herself.

One of Allan Jones' greatest ambitions will be realized when he auditions for the Metropolitan Opera first of next year. Jones received the invitation this month and will fulfill it sometime during his nation-wide concert tour which begins in January.
Above: Adolphe Menjou, with his wife Verree Teasdale, certainly treats autograph hunters nicely. Right: Hedy Lamarr night-clubbing with hubby Gene Markey. Below: Leonid Kinskey checks on the literature a chorine is reading between scenes of "On Your Toes." Lower right: Priscilla Lane and John Garfield rehearse a romantic scene for "Dust Be My Destiny."

And what about those long delayed Hollywood honeymoons? Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, after final scenes of Rhett Butler, finally managed to take a week off at Del Monte before Carole had to start on "Vigil in the Night." But the Gables are such home-bodies now (and I love the old-fashioned way that they insist upon calling a farm a farm that they probably wouldn't have left their cows and chickens and tractors even for a week, except that the kitchen had to be painted— and after all you've got to eat.

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck didn't fare that well. After re-takes on "Lady of the Tropics," with the beautiful Lamarr, Bob found himself with only a few days before his next picture started. They spent those few days at the Hollywood Baseball Park—Bob being an avid baseball fan, and Barbara being a loving wife.

Tyrone Power and Annabella were the lucky couple. As soon as the last scenes of "The Rains Came" were in the can, Ty and Annabella—right in the midst of furnishing their new home—hopped a boat for Europe where Annabella will have the pleasure of showing her husband her native France. It's Ty's first trip, and was he excited!

From Erskine Johnson's column we snitched the best of the Marx Brothers stories: Harpo Marx's two-year-old son, Billy, visited him on the set of "A Day at the Circus" recently and upon completion of a scene Harpo walked toward the youngster. But Billy failed to recognize his red-wigged dad. "Wa-a-ah," wailed Billy, cringing from his father and then reaching toward one of the animal cages on the set, said, "I wanna play with the kittens." The "kittens" were three Bengal tigers.

Leopold Stokowski has been sending Garbo orchids in wholesale lots, practically covering her in them, but it seems that Garbo has switched her affections to a famous Diet Doctor who spends part of each year at his home in Hollywood. And, of course, there is always George Brent.
When Greta's just herself and not the Great Garbo, she's astonishingly human, as these off-the-record incidents so well reveal!

Left: The fortunate ones who work with Garbo know how horribly she's misunderstood. Lower Left: With Director Clarence Brown.

Below: She loves to get time for a swim.

IN "I Wanted to Be An Actress," her autobiography, Katharine Cornell tells amusingly of her first meeting with Greta Garbo. It was during the first run of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the ancient Empire Theatre, in New York City. The company had been thrown into a turmoil when an usher reported that Miss Garbo was in the audience. There ensued a great amount of peeking through the curtain, between acts, to determine if the lady sitting in Row C actually was Greta. Nobody could say that it was she or wasn't, and inasmuch as the papers at the time were full of stories that a double for Garbo was in New York, the company believed generally that the lady in Row C was a double.

After the show, the lady with the slouch hat went backstage, and introduced herself to Miss Cornell. After about six minutes, Miss Cornell decided that this woman was an impostor and got rid of her somewhat rudely. To Miss Cornell's horror, it developed the following day that the stranger was Garbo, and the apologies that followed included an invitation to Greta to have dinner with Miss Cornell and her producer-husband, Guthrie McClintic. "I can't remember," remembers Miss Cornell, "ever having a pleasanter, more gemütlich evening. We all sat and talked, easily and comfortably until about four o'clock in the morning. Miss Garbo turned out to be as delightful, as charming, as simple and as humorous a person as you could imagine. No attitudes, no pose, no star temperament—and such ex-
Isn't Garbo

By
Ed Sullivan

Isn't Garbo

When Garbo went backstage to see Harine Cornell, she so friendly they treated her as an impec-
er. Below: She has a keen sense of humor—so hearty laugh. Her right: She takes work seriously, but invariably gracious.

This interesting revelation by Miss Cornell is pertinent for several reasons. It indicates the importance of Garbo, when the first company of the American theatre was thrown into something resembling turmoil at the knowledge she was attending a performance. It suggests the aura of mystery which has grown up about the Swedish star, an aura so pervasive that Miss Cornell, after six minutes of conversation, decided that the original was a fraud. It underscores the point that Miss Garbo is a pretty nice sort of person when she lets her hair down.

That she has a keen sense of humor is witnessed by Miss Cornell, and you can have the Marx brothers as notary publics to attest the document. It was during the run of "Animal Crackers," on Broadway, that the mad Marxes were told that the lady sitting in the second row was Greta Garbo. She was accompanied by a gentle
tman. On their next entrance, the Marxes peered through the spotlight rays and verified the fact of her presence. Harpo, as the curtain closed on the first half of the show, sauntered to the footlights, pulled off his bushy red wig and tossed it, with considerable accuracy, into the Garbo lap.

The next night, Miss Garbo and her escort were back at the theatre. This time she sat in the first row. As the first half of the show [Continued on page 62]
ANN SOTHERN and hubby Roger Pryor live in Beverly Hills. The decorations of their home were done by William Haines, former star of the silent screen. *Left Center:* Ann and Roger are both rabid baseball fans, as is Ann's very good friend, Gail Patrick, seen cheering with Ann. *Lower left:* Both take a particular pride in their new home and carefully consulted all furnishing plans. Roger is through touring with his orchestra and has returned to picture work with Columbia, to Ann's delight.
HE like to go night-clubbing, as you see on the right. Cesar Romero is one of their many friends and is frequently seen with them. Right enter: Ann is in charge of all gardening and when flowers don't come up as expected she's heartbroken. Slow and lower left: With their adopted son, avid, who is twelve years old. These are the first pictures they have ever allowed to be taken of him. They adopted him two years ago in Texas here Ann was on a personal appearance tour. He is the most charming manner of any little boy Hollywood and is simply crazy about the Lone Ranger. He loves music. Which is fine because Roger's dad is Arthur Pryor famous band leader and composer, and Roger, himself, plays several instruments. Besides, Ann's mother is Mrs. Annette de-Lake, celebrated soprano and coach of many movie stars, including Ann. M-G-M wanted Ann to make a picture in England, following her great success in "Maisy," but she likes her home and family too much and talked M-G-M out of the idea.
William Holden is Hollywood's most famous "unknown." Although inexperienced, he's entrusted with the highly important title role in "Golden Boy."
Paramount is considerably excited about Patricia, and no wonder. She's been doing marvelously well in every picture in which she appears, including her latest effort, "The Magnificent Fraud." She was born in New York City of English parents. Has an excellent singing voice, designs her own clothes and has the longest hair of any actress in the movie colony.
Love Knows No Season

Above: Lana Turner turns on the glamour for the benefit of Lew Ayres in a scene from "These Glamour Girls," a set of college life. Katharine Aldrich tries to win the love of Jimmy Ellison for Linda Darnell in "Hotel Women," but fails to succe...
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There is no more beloved comedian on the screen today than Mischa Auer whose popularity reached a new high following his hilarious performances in "East Side of Heaven" and "Unexpected Father." Mischa, born in St. Petersburg, Russia, 1905, has been in pictures since 1928. He's always been one of the most active players in Hollywood. He's as likeable off the screen as on. Right: A scene from his latest picture, "Unexpected Father," with Dorothy Arnold, Joy Hodges, Anne Nagel and Anne Gwynn.
Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey are starred in the gay and colorful musical, "Balalaika," a romance of Old Russia in which Nelson, as Prince Peter Karagin, falls in love with Ilona, a singer in the Balalaika Restaurant who, unknown to him, is the daughter of a revolutionary leader. But, needless to say, all ends merrily.
How Women Rule

WHEN people in Hollywood get talking about who has Power in Hollywood, they usually do it in whispers and among small groups of intimates. There are certain Powers behind thrones and there is always that drab little man who sits in the corner of the set all day and no one knows what he is doing there. There is the inevitable blonde secretary of a Big Man and there is the brawny bodyguard of a certain male star. No one knows anything, mind you, but everyone has an idea, and they glance over their shoulders as they murmur what they have heard and what they really think about who cracks the whip over the picture industry.

It was in such a mystic and agitated group that a young actor—a newcomer, but a powerful one—suddenly raised his voice and proclaimed: “I haven’t the faintest idea of who runs the picture industry. I only know that it’s run by men. But I know who runs Hollywood’s private and social life, who directs the manner in which Hollywood lives and thinks and dresses and eats.

“Women! That’s who! Women!

“They don’t have anything to say about how studios are run or how pictures are made. But, boy, how they crack the whip when they aren’t on the set! Whee-ew!”

He sounded so doggoned bitter about it all, and he’s only been here six months.

I wanted to know how he thought women cracked that whip. But such a patter of discussion broke out that I couldn’t make myself heard right away.

While I was waiting to get a word in edgewise, I kept thinking of something that Ronald Colman said to me several years ago. We had been talking about super-super premières. Those were the days before studios started taking trains to far points to view the openings of pictures. Premières in those days were in the home territory but they were pretty strenuous, even then.

“Do you imagine,” Ronnie inquired with some heat, “that any man in his senses would put on a white tie and tails and fifteen dollars’ worth of orchids, bartend his way through traffic and mobs, pass photographers and microphones and searchlights, just to look at a motion picture unless some woman bullied him into doing it?

“If he hasn’t already seen the thing previewed, he can see it on the second night of its run in mental comfort and physical security. Maybe some of the younger fry like to dress up and escort lush young things on these occasions. But a man outgrows it. I assure you. Women don’t seem to outgrow it. So sometimes, a man has to go!”

Ronnie had me there. I didn’t know of a single man, over thirty, who would consent to attend one of those hectic opening nights unless some woman bullied him a little bit. But, down inside, I was wondering whether the men didn’t like the fanfare, too. Just hated to admit it. I don’t always trust the he-man posturing.

The discussion, occasioned by the young actor’s remark, was growing louder and more confused. I wanted to ask some of those dominant-sounding males about Ouida Rathbone’s terrific party not so long ago—the one for the Screen Guild—but you couldn’t get a word in.

By

Helen Louise Walker

Upper left to lower right: Bob Young says even his daughter gives orders. Pat O’Brien says salesmen try to please his wife, not him. Jimmy Stewart resents men standing at cocktail parties. Ty Power enjoys having Annabella supervise.
**Men in Hollywood**

with a pair of pliers. Ouida, of course, gives the most exciting parties in Hollywood and the entire colony, male and female, tumbles over itself to try to be invited. But this one wasn't really Ouida's own. She and a group of women dreamed it up and it was for Charity and it was to be great fun, and they expected all the big wigs to come and spend money freely.

And the men? Goodness! They got tickets. They came. They frolicked until the dawn and they spent their money by the hatful.

And the last guests who struggled cheerfully away in the rays of the rising sun were almost predominantly males who had been "bullied" into attending. It was a woman's party all right. Maybe the men went under protest. But most of 'em went home under protest, too, it seemed to me.

But, of course, all parties are not planned by Ouida Rathbone, which is a pity. Jimmy Stewart had some remarks to make about the cocktail party—not very different in Hollywood from what it is in any other city.

"An awful lot of women want to give parties in the easiest way," he drawled. "The cocktail party is it. She can invite a lot of people and it doesn't matter much whether half of 'em or twice as many turn up.

"There are never enough chairs. But most of the women get a chance to sit down—after they've stood up long enough to show off their new clothes. Then the men struggle through the crowd and elbow and apologize and struggle back again with little plates of doodads, and then stand up and try to eat their own doodads and balance glasses all the time while waiters (men, poor things!) struggle around, trying to fill the glasses and take away the empty doodad plates. Everyone bumps into the man and says: 'Hello! How've you been?' and he says: 'Swell! Hello!' and the little woman, all this time, sits comfortably and chats cheerfully with her neighbor about hats or something.

"When you go home and take off your shoes you can picture the hostess saying happily to her husband: 'Wasn't it nice? I paid off sixty-nine social obligations and invited a lot of new people besides, who'll have to invite us to parties.'"

He mused a moment. "Sometimes it's fun at that," he admitted. "You see people you haven't seen in a long while."

There you are! They get so bitter and then they pull in their horns. It's not just parties. Food and houses and tastes in sports and trips—all these things tell something of how the wind blows, whether Hollywood has gone chi-chi or not.

I have just looked over some notes about where people were three years ago today. Clark Gable was in parts unknown (up north somewhere) on a fishing and hunting trip with male companions. Ronald Colman and Bill Powell were aboard a small, rented, gasoline-motored boat, fishing or something. Lee Tracy and Buck Jones were bounding over the hills, sailing their boats in a race from Los Angeles to Honolulu (no women aboard). Gene Raymond, Lyle Talbot, Herbert Marshall and Bob Taylor were in desert or mountain hide-ous (meaning, no women!). Where do you think the boys are now? You know as well as I do!

Let's get back to houses. Do you think, for instance, that any man really wants to inhabit a living room whose walls are done in cantaloupe pink and whose drapes are "dappled Easter egg green and leaf-mold gray?" Do you think he feels really happy and at home in a room in which all the low occasional tables are chromium and crystal and laden with fragile, indescent flower bowls and infinitesimal, Lalique ash trays? Especially if he smokes a pipe and likes a mug of beer? But that's what you'll find. s'help me, even in those roughing-it ranch houses in the Valley where men are [Continued on page 70]

**Upper right to lower left:** Errol Flynn thinks the men get pushed around too much. Ronald Colman claims women bully men. Bob Montgomery is all in favor of stag parties. Even Mickey Rooney has to take a back seat!
It's funny the way Jack and I always do things exactly the opposite of what might reasonably be expected of us. Even when we got married we did it in reverse. As a matter of fact, to be at all consistent we should be getting married right now and working back to the way we felt thirteen years ago.

For on the day we ran off to Waukegan to be married Jack and I felt about each other the way people usually do who've been married for years. Nice and friendly and comfortable with each other. We were friends. Neither of us had reached that high plane of excitement that's reserved for lovers. We weren't sitting away up over the world some place with our feet dangling over the moon and our minds touching the stars. It took us thirteen years to get that way.

If I were marrying Jack today I'd be so jittery about it I wouldn't know what I was doing. I'd be any goofy girl so mad with love that I'd probably be setting out for the license with a shoe on one foot and a bedroom slipper on the other, and doing all the other cockeyed things girls do when they're in a delirium of romance. Funny, isn't it, that today when I suddenly see Jack, when I'm not
expecting to see him, my heart goes scot-ting right up to the place where my head should be if I had one? But I haven't. I've lost it completely over Jack.

But I had my head on my shoulders that day I got married. And I'm certainly glad I did. For it helped me do the smartest thing I've ever done in my life. Marry the nicest guy in this whole world.

Now I can't understand why I wasn't playing leap frog over the stars the day Jack proposed to me. The only explanation I can offer is that nice men like Jack don't usually do the things that get girls giggling over them. What I mean is, when men do all the little things girls are supposed to fall in love with, when they're sweet and attentive and their one desire is to make them happy, girls, damn fools that they are, just can't get excited about them.

It's the ones who keep them in the anxious seat who get them mooning over the stars. The ones they're never sure of. The damn little fools don't realize how soon you can get over a man like that. He can come in and out of your life leaving nothing but a few wakeful nights, a few tears on a pillow and afterwards only a blessed sense of relief that he's gone at last. But the other kind, the grand kind, can leave the emptiness of the whole lonely world. A man like that comes only once in a lifetime, but a lot of girls don't realize this before it's too late.

Let the poets sing of love at first sight. But count yourself as lucky as I do if you get love at last sight.

It certainly wasn't a case of love at first sight with Jack and me. Annoyance at first sight would have been more like it.

My family was living up in Vancouver, B. C., then and my father, who was getting up benefits for this cause and that, grabbed off every show person who came near the place for his performances.

We weren't a stage family but just the same we often had about the best talent in the world sitting at our dinner table. If the Trocadero could assemble such casts no one in the world would be able to buy a dinner there. They'd be so expensive. But I'm afraid we just took it for granted.

The Marx Brothers were steady customers for my mother's cooking every time they were in town, and we loved having them there for pot roast and noodles or whatever home cooked delicacy she decided the boys might like. I was a kid at the time and I'm afraid I didn't realize the stellar spot I was in. Of course I thought they [Continued on page 72]
Jimmy and his wife, formerly Gertrude Dur-kin, had no fear of the Parachute Jump. "Great-est thrill I ever had," enthused Jimmy when he got down. Right: Jimmy couldn't pass up the shoot-ing gallery. Below: At the Ford Exhibit with Edward Everett Horton and Re-ceptionist Frances Nalle, voted fairest of the N. Y. World's Fair girls.

Left: The autograph fans followed Jimmy all day. Lower right: Of course, they had their "pitcher took." Below: Frank Buck brought Jimmy right into the enclosure with his baby rhinoceros at Jungleland.
RKO-Radio’s Jimmy Ellison lost no time in getting to the World’s Fair on his recent visit to New York and had the time of his life!

Above: Eve Arden, featured dancer at the Fair, greets Jimmy and he graciously offers her a cigarette. Upper right: The Sun Valley skating girls took Jimmy for a glide over the ice. Right: Jimmy and his wife took the Fifth Avenue Bus to Penn Station for the World’s Fair train and he got several good shots along the avenue. His next offering, incidentally, is “My Fifth Avenue Girl,” with Ginger Rogers. Lower right: Mohammed Ben takes Jimmy for a Camel ride in Frank Buck’s Jungleland. Below: Jimmy’s wife does her best to cool off his “World’s Fair Feet” at the close of a delightful, but wearying, day. Yet he was back next day!
The Girl From the Five-and-Ten

Ellen Drew worked in a five-and-ten, behind a soda fountain and also ran an elevator before Hollywood finally took notice.

By William Lynch Vallee

If you're only interested in reading about movie stars who hop out of bed into a champagne bath, nibble at a humming bird's tongue and dash to the studio behind a police escort—drop this article like a hot potato and turn the page.

Because this is the story of a very natural girl named Ellen Drew, who once-upon-a-time worked in a five-and-ten and now is the coming thing in young movie stars. Miss Drew abhors champagne baths, spurns tongue and gets to the studio as best she can. All that the studio asks is having fun with a colt while on location.

Winning a beauty contest was an important milestone in Ellen's life.
that she got to theirs and not that of some rival outfit.

Not to begin at the beginning, but on the day of her return to this country after ten weeks in London making "French Without Tears" with Ray Milland, with Miss Drew, at the moment, in the studio of one of the smartest women's magazines in New York. Wearing a terrific creation of crêpe de something, she reclined on a low platform holding in her hand a glass of ginger ale and acting for all the world as if it were Piper Heidseck, '28. Daring about her and snapping with five different small cameras was Toni Frissel. Miss Frissel is a lady photographer and just about the best in the business.

"One, two, three!" she yelled, catching Ellen on the wing as she moved into a pre-arranged pose. As she wound up the camera, more to herself than anyone else, Miss Frissel muttered, "God, but she's beautiful!"

And it would be a worn-out old misogynist who would disagree with her. Five feet three-and-one-half inches tall, a neat 110 pounds, a dimple in her chin, blonde-hair-once-brown and sparkling blue eyes, she breathed the radiance of a ten pound hunk of radium. She was obviously as fresh as a daisy—or was she?

"I got up at five this morning so I'm a little tired," she said, lighting a cigarette. "I had to because the New Amsterdam docked early in Hoboken. London? It was always one of my greatest ambitions. I used to dream about London Bridge when I was mixing chocolate sodas in Hollywood. I know what you're thinking, but please don't call me Cinderella . . ."

But what word other than that over-worked one can be used to describe the goings-on that went to change little Terry Ray, the daughter of a Kansas City barber, into Ellen Drew? The Ellen Drew who could, and did, play opposite Crosby, Colman, Raft and Milland—with more to come?

And not a lie-abed Cinderella, either. She left high school in her sophomore year and took a business course, thinking to be better able to help the family, now re-arranged by divorce and in rather straitened circumstances. Circumstances so bad that she was forced to leave the school and get herself a minor job at Marshall Field's, through the Christmas shopping period. [Continued on page 74]
TO ME, it's symbolic of the closer union between the United States and England—this interchange of players, directors, technicians.

We are no competitor to Hollywood. We're just a small ally, trying to do in a little way what you do here in a big one. Big? It's colossal! (A few weeks here and you speak Hollywoodese like a native!)

Naturally, I realized there would be some differences in making pictures between the two places. But I hadn't the faintest idea what they were. I began getting a bit of an idea the day we landed in New York!

Herbert Wilcox, the producer-director, was bringing us to RKO to make "Nurse Edith Cavell" and all the way over I had been reading books about her. So, perhaps, I was in a slight fog, still lost in those early-war days, when the reporters came on the ship. "Okay, Miss Neagle," said a photographer, "now let's have a little cheese cake, please."

I blinked. Cheese cake? "I'll call the steward to see if we can get some," I said. How those men laughed! "We don't want to eat it," they informed me. "Cheese cake means that we'd like you to sit on the rail, cross your knees, and turn on the glamour for a picture!"

Making a film in America, I could see, was going to be a little bewildering! I had visited here several times before with my father, who was a sea captain, and once I had come seeking work. There were no ship reporters on that occasion. There was only the stern end of the boat and the great throbbing of the engines and a rather frightened girl who had just received parental consent to go on the stage...... I found a job in the chorus of "Wake Up And Dream." It seemed so wonderful to me I would have been content to dance on and on—but not so my companions. Every one of those chorines had astounding ambitions. One was studying at the Sargent School of Dramatics to be a second Bernhardt. Another had saved money for a college course so she could be a child psychologist. Suddenly, I was fired with ambition, too. That is what America did for me. The air here was charged with aliveness, get-ahead-ness. I went back to England and worked....

Upon arrival Anna Neagle was asked for "cheese cake." RKO President Schaefer greets Anna as production starts on "Nurse Edith Cavell." Anna knitted while she studied her script.
The enlightening impressions of a visiting English star soon to be seen as "Nurse Edith Cavell."

By Anna Neagle

like mad in order to get ahead, too.

And here I was again, bound for California this time. The sharpest contrast I have ever seen in my life was between that stretch of desert—and Hollywood, just forty miles further on. You look out of the train window and see endless reaches of barren land and you realize with terrific force what the pioneers must have endured crossing that country. Then—Hollywood, lush, luxurious beyond one's dreams.

The homes here would be ducal palaces in Europe. The whole place is wrapped up in glamour. It scared me. Is it wise, I wondered, to let yourself get into a different world like this? Especially when you might have to return to the ordinary rub-a-dub world some day? There seems to be only one answer: Don't let yourself live in the Glamour World to such an extent that you can't go back to the other . . .

Hollywood is an amazing sect unto itself. Everyone "talks shop." Whether you are on the set, lunching at the Brown Derby, or sunning near the Pacific, you talk movies! It's fun. And disturbing, too, in a way, because you feel so out of touch with things outside. It's like living in a very gay pink cloud and wondering what—on the earth—is happening!

There's nothing like that in England. My little cottage in Shenley is miles from where other professional people live for the simple reason that we have no movie colony such as exists in Beverly Hills. We are merely an industry over there. Here, Hollywood is an extremely colorful institution.

And when that well-oiled publicity machine starts moving! Shortly after my arrival, a tall young man said, "How about taking 'stills' tomorrow?" Now, of course, I was used to that. At home we take "heads" or still pictures, too. In a gallery. And for never more than a couple of hours. But here—I arrived at seven A.M. to find an operator from the makeup department and a hairdresser waiting for me just as if we'd been making a picture. "We're driving up to Santa Barbara for outdoor shots," explained the tall young man. I thought it was just over the hill some place. We drove . . . and drove . . . for a hundred and twenty-five miles up along the beautiful coast line. To get still pictures! Why if you drove that far in England you'd be practically out of the country!

And quite as amazing—a young lady from the publicity department had ordered gowns in my size from the Los Angeles shops for what is technically known as a "fashion sitting." She had seen me only once, but she had my style down so perfectly that I bought two on the spot for my personal use. A charming red, white, and blue sport frock and a white garden dress.

When you see that publicity machine in operation you begin to understand why, in England, we know more about the Hollywood stars than we do about our own! Almost any English girl can tell you about Sonja Henie's favorite colors and what Joan Crawford likes for breakfast.

You see, over there during the whole course of making a picture possibly eight or ten critics come down from London to visit the set. Over here, we've had that many almost every day for four-o'clock tea. The other day one of them said to me: "You must find this life strenuous after working in England. You do things so much more leisurely over there."

As a matter of fact, the exact opposite is true. Time means nothing here. Because the American producer has no budget-and-schedule nightmares to haunt him into a frenzy of action. Over there, banks do not support the films and the financial backing is raised privately in most cases. Time, consequently, means everything.

[Continued on page 76]
June Lang, once known as June Vlasek, was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

1. She's a great one for raiding the ice box, especially when she comes home late from a party.
2. She hates to fix her hair and considers it a nuisance.
3. She's still pretty much of a kid when it comes to dolls, teddy bears and the like.
4. June's one of the most popular girls in Hollywood and has oodles of dates when not working. Joe Paternak and Hal Roach, Jr., are the favorite boy friends at the moment.
5. Around the house, which is of Spanish style with 10 rooms, she's usually in slacks or shorts. She uses very little make-up and has a smooth skin. She lives with her mother.
JUNE feels that she's a born comedienne and in 6, she demonstrates her flair for screwball comedy. 7. June loves to catch popcorn in her mouth as she eats it. 8. She loves to draw and if she weren't an actress she'd probably be an artist. 9. She loves dogs, walking, eating and long drives into the countryside. She has a riding habit, but never rides. 10. June owns two cars, a Buick and a Packard which you see her giving a polish. She also owns a bicycle, but is afraid to ride it since a bad spill.
Left: Alexander D'Arcy playfully starts to throw Arlene Whelan in the Pacific from the boardwalk at Catalina Island. Right: Gene Reynolds makes a pal of "Sucker," both having appeared in "They Shall Have Music," the Jascha Heifetz film.

Foto Flashes

When their work at the studio is finished, the players love to relax, as our cameraman finds

Left: Lucille Ball, last seen in "Five Came Back," likes nothing better than working in her flower garden. Right: Jean Parker could simply die dancing. Her partner is the popular Pat De Cicco.
So You’re Going to the Movies?

What a pity the millions of theatre-goers don't realize how much more enjoyment can be had from a picture when you view it as if you were a professional movie critic. This article shows you how.

By Frederick James Smith

Does the picture entertain you? Then it's a good film. Does it bore you? Then it's a bad one. It’s as simple as that.

A number of critics believe that suspense is a vital element in a good picture. Honesty is another quality. Freshness of treatment is still another item. Smooth motivation is essential. Practically every critic believes that story (in emotional effect, suspense, logical development, and freshness of handling) is more important than the acting or the direction. As Elizabeth Copeland of The Richmond, Va., News Leader says: You “should learn not to consider a picture good simply because it has your favorite stars in the cast.”

Kate Cameron, who, as the critic of The New York [Continued on page 78]
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC
TERRIFIC HEART TUG—Goldwyn-United Artists

Music lovers will simply have themselves a field day when they have the grand opportunity of seeing this picture. Imagine the great Heifetz and his violin for two bits! But you don't have to be a music lover, you don't have to know a concerto from a contralto, to get pure enjoyment out of this picture which packs the most terrific heart tug we've had on the screen since little Donna Durbin begged Stokowski to conduct the hungry musicians. The story has to do with a tenement district music school where the poor kids in the neighborhood are provided with instruments and taught music by Walter Brennan and his daughter, Andrea Leeds. Andrea and her boy friend, Joel Mcrea, do their best to make the school pay, but of course they can't, and the night the juvenile symphony orchestra gives its first concert the creditors arrive, accompanied by police and moving vans, to take away the mortgaged instruments. But Heifetz to the rescue! The main character in the story is a lad, superbly played by Gene Reynolds, who, misunderstood and kicked about by his stepfather, is rapidly becoming a "bad boy" when he happens into a Heifetz concert at Carnegie Hall, and is inspired to study the violin—later joining Mr. Brennan's juvenile orchestra. His East Side gang are Terry Kilburn, Walter Tetley, Chuck Stubbs and Tommy Kelly, all of them giving swell performances. Porter Hall plays the heavy, and Marjorie Main is Gene's mother. Mr. Brennan's juvenile orchestra is, in real life, the Peter Merenblum California Junior Symphony orchestra. Heifetz is very generous with his musical numbers, and the close-ups of his fingers (photographed by Greg Toland) are really remarkable. Don't miss this one. It isn't every day in the week that you can hear Heifetz.

Steffi Duna and her dancing are one of the high-points of the enjoyable film, "The Magnificent Fraud."

SECOND FIDDLER

Nicely in Tune—Twentieth Century-Fox

TYRONE POWER, Sonja Henie. Irving Berlin's music, Rudy Vallee's singing, and breathless skating routines—what more can you ask of any picture? Ty plays a brash, but charming, young Hollywood press agent who is searching for a girl to play in the super colossal "Girl of the North" (some mighty pretty lampooning of David Selznick's search for Scarlett O'Hara). He persuades a Minnesotan school teacher, played by Miss Sonja, to come to Hollywood to take a test.

[Continued on page 58]
Nan Grey's girl friends gave a shower for her after she wed Jack Westrope.

Left: The party was given at the home of Constance Moore in Beverly Hills. Showering Nan with gifts are (l. to r.) Helen Parrish, Joy Hodges, Constance Moore, Dorothy Arnold and Mrs. Violet Lois Miller, Nan's mother. Below: Joy Hodges digs into one of those dogs.

Above: Constance Moore grilled all the hot dogs which were a terrific hit. Nan insisted upon serving. Right: All went for a swim in the pool. (l. to r.) Dorothy Arnold, Constance Moore, Mrs. Violet Lois Miller, Helen Parrish and the guest of honor, Nan Grey. Like Nan, all the other girls here are Universal contract players.
Early Fall Fashions
BRENDA MARSHALL, the new player about whom Warner Brothers are so enthusiastic, poses in some charming new models especially for us. Left: A collarless coat of light olive Tweed has a fitted waist and swing skirt. Three large buttons covered with self-fabric are used for the single breasted closing. Above, left: Under this smart coat Brenda wears a shirtwaist dress of olive and beige striped tweed with high neckline and brown antelope belt. Her felt hat, gloves and bag are olive, her shoes brown kid. Right: Rose beige Wool is used with excellent effect in this afternoon costume, with its simply styled dress and slightly fitted jacket. Her attractive turban is fashioned of the same fabric as the suit. Her accessories are dark brown.

for October 1939
IVORY chiffon has been exquisitely molded into this long-sleeved dinner gown worn so gracefully by Brenda Marshall. The bodice shows soft folds across the front caught into a stitched band, while the long sleeves are cut from broad shoulders and gradually fitted at the slender wrists. A dramatic coat of ruby red velvet has looped Juliet sleeves and flows out in a fairly long train at the back.
A LOVELY, foamy sea-green satin, cut on formal princess lines with a sweeping train, is Brenda's choice for a "very special occasion." A band of crystal bead embroidery in a leaf motif accents the top of the low cut bodice, while a bias fold of the satin forms a halter neck and is caught from arm to arm at the back in a very effective manner. An enveloping black velvet wrap is worn with this gown.
Watching new pictures being made and chatting with the players in them

N "Porgy and Bess" they used to sing something about "Summertime" and "Lazy Days" and that's just what it is around the studios. There are scarcely enough pictures shooting to ward a flit gun, but what there are are good. First there's—

M-G-M

THERE are three big pictures shooting here:
The most important, I suppose is "Balalaika," starring Nelson Eddy with Ilona Massey. Charles Ruggles, Dailies Frantz and Joyce Compton prominently present. As far as I'm concerned this is Miss Massey's debut. I've never seen her before but a little bird (not connected with the publicity department) whispers that Miss Massey has it all over Miss Miliza Korjus. Miss Massey is supposed to sing better, look better and act better. That's quite an order as I saw Miss Korjus in "The Great Waltz" and she was good enough for me. Mr. Eddy and Mr. Ruggles need no introduction which is a good thing because I can't go on being Pollyanna forever.

Mr. Eddy has just returned from war maneuvers and, with his fellow Cossack officers, heads for the Balalaika Restaurant where wine, women and song are round in the greatest abundance. At this gay spot a new singer (Miss Massey) has created a sensation with her charm and beauty. Nelson falls hard for her, but she detests entertaining officers and eludes him. Even more, she detests royalty (and Nelson, alas, is a PRINCE). True love never runs smooth, you know, and it turns out that Ilona's father and brother are leaders in the revolutionary movement (did I tell you the story is laid in White Russian?). Actors can't always choose their roles and Nelson, the pure in heart, has to play the part in this picture of a gent with dishonorable designs on Miss Massey. But she shames him by taking him to see her mother, whereupon his better nature comes to the fore and he proposes marriage instead of a liaison.

To make the going even rougher, her brother urges the factory workers to strike and revolt. Cossacks have been called out to disperse the crowd and, of course, one of Nelson's men kills the brother.

For the first time she knows who Nelson really is and her love promptly turns to hate. From here on our only ambition is to "get her man," and I don't mean with a wedding ring.

Nelson has arranged for her to sing at the opera the following Tuesday and one of the revolutionists has it all planned that she is to get Nelson and his father to sit in one of the boxes where the revolutionists can pot them.

So we find her and Nelson in her sitting room. She is not only furious because she feels he is indirectly responsible for her brother's death but because he deceived her by pretending to be a student when he was really a prince.

"I knew you wouldn't speak to me if you knew who I was," he explains.

"Oh," she replies.

"And that was how it all started," he continues.

"Oh," is again her noncommittal reply.

"I'm sorry," he finishes.

"But, Your Highness — why?" she brushes his apology aside lightly, masking her real feelings. "See what you've done for me. Don't I sing in the opera next Tuesday night?"

"And that's all that matters?" he rejoins bitterly. "You didn't mean what you said that night at the inn?"

There is a slight pause and then Ilona Massey Washington admits quietly: "I meant it. I loved you just as much as I said I did."

"And now?" he urges, coming to her. "The truth, Lydia?"

"Look in my eyes," she suggests, facing him, all her love seething within her.

Nelson takes a gander and then bursts out: "I love you—more than I said I did. And there's something I've got to tell you. Your debut will be the last time Captain Peter Karagin will ever hear you sing!"

"Why?" she wants to know.

Above: A madcap scene from "Babes in Arms," with June Preissier, Mickey Rooney and Douglas McPhail. June is fresh from the Broadway musical stage. Right: John Garfield with John Ridgeley in a prison scene from Warden Lawes' "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

Silver Screen
By Dick Mook

"I'm leaving the army," he replies quietly. "Russian officers can't marry lovely girls like you. That shows you how much the army's worth and (taking her in his arms) that shows how much you're worth."

So once again Love Conquers All even though there is still many a long foot of film to be unraveled before they find the happiness the scenario writers have in store for them—until he again starts chasing happiness with Jeanette MacDonald in his next opus.

Miss Rosalind Russell (having finished 'The Women') is visiting on the set with some friends from out of town. She introduces them to Nelson and I will say there are few stars in the business more gracious to people in whom he hasn't the slightest interest than Nelson. He is so charming that to watch him you would think something had been lacking in his life until these people came along. And do they love it! * * *


IT'S a far cry from the tender sentiment of "Balaiksa" to the turmoil and crazy antics of those zanies—The Marx Brothers—in "A Day At The Circus," but I make it by walking door. I have often said that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to unravel the plot of a Marx Brothers picture, but that doesn't hold good this time. Here is a well defined plot and if this isn't the best picture they've ever made, I'll stop prognosticating—but I won't keep still.

Well, anyhow, Margaret Dumont is the rich Mrs. Dukessbury and she awakes one fine morning in quite a dither to discover that her favorite nephew and heir (Kenny Baker) has forsaken society to manage a circus. She promptly disinherits Kenny (courtesy Mervyn LeRoy productions) and announces Lucius (her Pekingese pup) as her sole heir.

Kenny isn't bothered... and why should he be with a salary coming in every week from Mervyn LeRoy productions? He has raised the ten grand which he bought the circus, but Goliath, the Strong Man, rolls him for his dough. Then Goliath, from whom Kenny borrowed the mazuma, says he has to have it back that night or Kenny must forfeit his half of the circus. Some friends (Chico and Harpo) of Kenny's promptly call in Atty. J. Cheever Loop-hole (Groucho) known as "Legal Eagle," who hasn't won a case in nine years, to save Kenny.

We pick them up in the animal tent. Three monkeys are sitting with their paws over their eyes, deep in thought. Groucho and Chico, also deep in thought, are pacing to and fro. Harpo, his hand pressed to his forehead, trails them.

"Some-a lawyer," Chico jibes. "You come out to half-a Jeff (Kenny) and Julie (Florence Rice)—and what happens? What happens?"

"Come, come," Groucho replies disgustedly. "You know as well as I do."

They change their direction. Harpo is a little late noticing this, but when he does he quickly scurries into line.

"Jeff owes $10,000," reminds Groucho.

"Which he ain't got," it is Chico's turn to remind Groucho, albeit ungrammatically.

"Keep pacing," Groucho orders. They turn in opposite directions and once again Harpo has gone a little too far. Quickly he turns to catch up.

"I only that Mrs. Dukessbury would help," Chico moans.

"Mrs. Dukessbury?" Groucho queries. "Yeah—Jeff's aunt (courtesy of Mervyn LeRoy productions)," Chico responds.

"The rich Mrs. Dukessbury—of Newport?" Groucho persists. "Page forty-eight of the Blue Book? The forty year old Brenda Frazier?"

"Yeah," Chico answers sourly. [Continued on page 80]
Reviews

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chaproned by her aunt, Edna May Oliver, who has two passions, knitting and champagne. Of course, the little schoolgirls on her trail is Ty who falls in love with her leading man, Rudy Vallee—thanks to Ty's publicity campaign. But when she finds her love is not reciprocated she returns to Minnesota to marry a faithful farmer. But on her trail is Ty to explain to her about Hollywood's synthetic publicity romances—and to tell her that it's he she loves anyway. Sonja skates, to be sure, and beautifully. Outstanding among the mix is Irving Berlin's song in the picture are "I Poured My Heart Into a Song," "Song of the Metronome," and "I'm Sorry for Myself," the last sung by Mary Healy, a pretty young thing who is on the "build up" list at Twentieth. Stand-outs in the cast are Minna Gombell, Alan Dinehart, Lyle Talbot, and the Brian Sisters. It certainly won't bore you.

THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD
South American Intrigue—Paramount

A ND here, folks, we have romantic and political intrigue in a mythical South American republic. The president of the republic has just been assassinated and it is very necessary that the president be alive the next day to sign a loan for ten million dollars from America. Lloyd Nolan who is very busy trying to hold the republic together hits upon the idea of having Akim Tamiroff, a French impersonator who is performing nightly at a local cafe, impersonate the dead president until the loan deal is signed. The plans are working out well until a French detective, Ernest Cossart, who has been searching seven years for Tamiroff, decides that now is the time to take him back to France for a murder charge. One complication follows another and poor Mr. Nolan has his hands full. There are some very bright scenes where Mary Boland plays a fadling opera star, and where Steffi Duna does her stuff as a native dancer. Patricia Morison romantically coupled with Nolan, and Patricia, I assure you, is very easy on the eyes, sort of a composite Hedy Lamarr and Dorothy Lamour—a striking type, decidedly.

BACHELOR MOTHER
Ginger Rogers and Laughs Galore!—RKO

H ERE'S the funniest and smartest comedy that has come out of Holly-
wood in a long, long time. Ginger Rogers plays a salesgirl at the Donald Duck
counter in a big department store in New York City. She's fired on Christmas Eve, according to that beautiful tradition of department stores, and is out looking for a job when she sees a baby teething on the steps of a foundling home. Thinking that she's doing her good deed for the day she takes it inside only to discover that the charity home attendants believe that it is a baby that she is trying to desert, and chide her somewhat awfully for her unmotherly denials. They take the matter up with Ginger's boss, elegantly played by David Niven, and she gets both her job back—and the baby. Nobody believes Ginger's story about finding the baby, so she says to hell with it all and assumes the responsibilities of motherhood. David develops an interest in the baby—except for Baby Sandy one of the cutest on the screen—and presently the interest extends to the "mother." One curious situation follows another keeping you in constant hysteric. Charles Coburn plays David's father who has been yearning for a grandson for years and, believing that David is the father of the child, demands that he marry Ginger at once. Frank Albertson plays an ambitious-to-
be-floorwalker and, with Ginger, wins a cup in a jiggering contest that is a high spot in the picture. Ernest Truex, Ferike Boros, and E. C. Clive are grand in the supporting cast. Wait till you hear Ginger give out with Swedish double talk!

UNEXPECTED FATHER
Sorta Like Bachelor Mother—Universal

B ABY SANDY, who became an overnight sensation after her first gurgle in "East Side of Heaven," is now a star in her own right and gets top billing over such important personalities as Mischa Auer, Shirley Ross, and Dennis O'Keefe. But I must say success hasn't gone to Sandy's head at all, she's still the cutest and most appealing baby on the screen, and has all the womenfolk oohing and ahing every time she appears. Sandy plays a boy again (she's getting to be one of our best impersonators) and the story has her, or him, orphaned, and just about to fall into the hands of a drunker, disreputable uncle, or a state institution. A group of corny actors take over the care of Sandy, and two of them, Dennis and Shirley, after much bickering and what-not make the adoption legal by getting married. Poor little Baby Sandy deserved a much better picture than this. So did Shirley Ross and Mischa Auer for that matter.

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER
The Best Yet—M-G-M

T HE sixth of the Judge Hardy series has young Andy Hardy in the throes of the Carvel High School commencement, and spring fever. Andy and his girl friend, Polly Benedict, have had one of their quarrels because Polly has been dating six foot naval officers, and Andy is feeling pretty glum about it all, until he gets a gander at the new dramatics teacher. Then overnight he becomes a budding playwright and amateur stage star—he even re-writes "Romeo and Juliet" for the annual commencement play. He falls for the new teacher hook, line and sinker, much to Polly's annoyance, but discovers, alas, that is who she loves another. It's a lot of fun, particularly the amateur play that the kids put on, and is by far the best of the Judge Hardy series. As the whole world knows by now Andy Hardy is always played by the irrepressible young Mickey Rooney. Other members of the typically American family are Lewis Stone as Judge Hardy, Fay Holden as Mrs. Hardy, Sara Haden as the aunt, and Cecilia Parker as the daughter. Cute Ann Rutherford plays Polly Benedict as usual, and Helen Gil-
bert is as pretty as a picture as the dramatics teacher.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK
Swashbuckling Romance—United Artists

THERE'S nothing like a good dose of swashbuckling romance and adventure these days when everything is staid and dull, and too dreadfully realistic. Adapted freely from Alexandre Dumas' famous novel there's plenty of intrigue, swordplay and excitement in this picture. Louis Hayward plays the dual role of the toppish, crusty, concealed young Louis XIV of France and his twin brother, brave, kind-hearted Philippe of Gascony. Phillipe, born an hour later than the king, has been reared in secrecy by D'Artagnon and his faithful Musketeers, but is captured in a rebellion by the King's Guard and taken to court. How he wins the love of the king's betrothed, how he is sent to the Bastille to spend the rest of his life in a massive iron mask, how he escapes and eventually becomes the king of France and husband of Maria Theresa.
looks good in neither one, unless he fits it and it fits him. Up to a certain point, an actor must fit a part; beyond that point, the part must be made to fit him. We made changes in Golden Boy, to fit Bill.

On the screen, you will see an uncanny thing. Golden Boy actually grows, matures, under your very eyes. It is easy to grow old, with a change of make-up, a change of posture, a change of voice. It is more difficult to mature. Unless that happens inside, nothing shows. A star could have put this across as Bill does. This thing, you see, was actually happening to him. The story covers a period of two years. And heCrowd two years of his into the few weeks of filming." Daily, at 7:30 a.m., he had to report to the make-up department, stay there an hour. At 8:30, he had to be on the set to rehearse his lines with Dialogue Director Hugh MacMullan, hired for his exclusive benefit. At the same time he had to practice Italian gestures, supervised by Mario, the restaurateur, drafted by Mamoulian for the purpose. At 9, he began work—with a flock of experienced trouperes. When lunch time came, he had an interview, if he didn't have a portrait sitting. He worked all afternoon till 6. Then for an hour he practiced the violin, facing a mirror—under the watchful eye of Morris Stoloff. From 7 to 7:30 he had dinner. After a half-hour siesta, he had a boxing workout with Abe Roth till 10. Then he had to learn his dialogue for the next day.

The first two days of that, he ran a temperature of 102. Mamoulian rearranged the shooting schedule to give him three days to rest up. From then on, he was equal to the strain.

No other "unknown" has ever been asked to work so hard. But you haven't heard any howls of complaint from Bill. He is fully aware that no other "unknown" has had such opportunity to become famous, with help eighteen hours a day from experts.

It would have been simple for trouperes like Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou to steal scenes from the inexperienced newcomer. But they didn't. They joined in the conspiracy to gild and glorify him. The success of the picture, and their participation in it, depended on how well the boy shaped up. They took him aside, gave him tips. They constantly threw scenes his way.

And it doesn't look as if everybody's efforts were in vain. When unknown William Holden was signed for the title role of "Golden Boy," Producer Harry Cohn thoughtfully added three weeks to the shooting schedule. They finished three days ahead of the original schedule. Mamoulian asked Bill, at their first meeting, why he hadn't tried for the role. Bill said, "It never occurred to me that I stood a chance." Just so, he doesn't believe in the proportions of his success. Paramount signed him originally for $50 a week. He's getting more now. But so little more that someone asked him the other day if he didn't resent his small salary. Bill shook his head, grinned. "Say, I'll tell you fellows who I'm going to have this chance."

For all the gilding, Golden Boy still has his feet on the ground.

dark-skinned, and had no tan, Knight had to experiment with different shades of body make-up for the fight scenes ahead. Bill's medium-brown hair had to be darkened. (That called for dying.) It had to be brillianized. It had to be made curly. Helen Hunt, the studio's chief hairdresser, took care of that. Shampooed his hair, set seventy-five small curls in it, plastered them to his head with hairpins, put a net over all, and stuck him under a dryer—to Bill's excruciating embarrassment. He was completely surrounded by women players and Baby Dumpling. But he came out from under the dryer looking as if his name would be Joe (Golden Boy) Bonaparte.

For a brief segment of the picture, his hair had to be straight. That meant they couldn't make the curling permanent. He had to go through the curling operation every day he had curly-haired scenes.

Monday afternoon and all day Tuesday—when he wasn't involved with boxing and violin lessons—Bill was with Director Rouben Mamoulian, whose part in the gilding process was the most important of all.

The whole picture was to revolve around this boy. If Mamoulian couldn't get a believable performance out of him, the picture was destined to be a dismal flop—and Bill was destined to go back to oblivion.

I asked Mamoulian why he let himself in for such a risk, why he handed the role to someone so inexperienced. He answered, "Holden wasn't like anyone else on the screen. He was essentially himself. He had freshness, charm, a certain attractive sincerity. He had a relaxed quality that made for naturalness. All those things were more important than acting finesse. With those other things, he could be made to act.

"There are two kinds of actors. One kind, terribly intelligent, works out a whole part in his mind. The other kind acts entirely on instinct. Children, for example, don't reason, yet they are the best actors of all. They have a tremendous capacity for believing in a situation, in its reality. Bill had no experience, no technique, no foundation for reasoning out the part. I had to make the whole thing very personal to him, make him associate Golden Boy's thoughts and feelings with his own.

"First of all, I asked him to tell me all about himself, his past life. I was looking for some common psychological ground between Bill and Golden Boy. I discovered that Bill loves chemistry; his father is a chemist, and he started out to be one, himself. But, in school, he discovered that he wasn't getting along very fast or very far—which was why he switched to acting. I couldn't ask any better parallel than this. Golden Boy loves the violin, but picks up acting as a short-cut to fame.

"After this discovery, I could make Bill believe in Golden Boy's constant battle with himself, feel it, act it out." Mamoulian made another revelation.

"A part is like a suit of clothes. A man
When Greta Isn't Garbo  
(Continued from page 21)  

was about to end, she and her companion revealed red wigs in their hands and scaled them across the footlights at Harpo. So the Swedish actress can take it and she can put it down into the movie public, and perhaps fortunately for her, she has isolated herself so completely from the bourgeois that these warmer aspects of her personality fail to project.

It was on September 10, 1925, that Greta Garbo, accompanied by Director Mauritz Stiller at Pasadena, Swedish residents of Los Angeles and Larry Bar- bier, Larry Hughes and other members of the M-G-M publicity department met them. The actress was presented with a bouquet of California flowers by a tiny Swedish girl, as the cameras clicked. Miss Garbo thanked her in German and the conversation was carried on in that tongue. Director Stiller interpreting.

Apparently then, Miss Garbo said that the New York City had damped her. The grime and smoke and beat of the city had left her limp, and the absence of trees in the New York streets astonished her. She said that she had spent most of her time in New York in a cab of cold and rain. It was Stiller, who had directed her in "The Atonement of Goesta Berling," in Berlin, said that no definite studio plans had been made for her or Miss Garbo but that he hoped to direct her in Hollywood. In the meantime, they would live at the home of Victor Senstrom, another Swedish director.  

In the fourteen years that have elapsed, the ones who learned to know her best were her companions. To one of them I have turned for the following intimate picture of her:  

"Those of us who have been associated with Greta Garbo since 1925 have seen her in drama, tragedy and comedy that the world never saw her on the screen. We have watched her react to joy and sorrow, sickness and shock. Some of us have watched her from behind the cameras. Others of us have had a vantage position up high in the catwalks, where the lights are dimmed up. After fourteen years of working with a performer, believe us when we tell you that we know her better perhaps than she knows herself.  

"One of the most dramatic behind-the-scenes moments in the career of Miss Garbo occurred while we were filming 'The Temptress.' That was in 1926, shortly after she had arrived at M-G-M. The set was a Paris street. Garbo was to play a scene with Antonio Moreno. A messenger from the studio telegraph office approached and handed her a message before we could intercept him. She ripped it open idly, and then froze. Tears came to her eyes. She excused herself and walked up and down the make-believe Paris street in long strides, her head bowed as if in concentration.  

"Then, and mark this down, she returned to the set and avowed to Director Fred Niblo and Antonio Moreno for delaying them, and the scene went on. It was not until the end of the day's shooting that we learned the telegram had notified her of the death of her sister in Sweden. And she apologized!!  

"Talk about a performer who is a born trooper! She has all of them strapped to the back so that she can take it, mis for nothing, no complaining. With her, the show must go on, regardless. I remember when we were shooting 'Wild Orchids,' in 1929, I think it was. She came on the set in an oriental wedding dress, to play a scene with Nila Asther. As she passed in front of the full length mirror on the set, she caught her reflection in it, in the wedding dress. She turned deathly pale and some of us rushed to her, because we thought she was about to faint. She pressed her hands to her eyes, walked slowly across the set and stood there for several minutes. Then, her composure regained, she returned and went on with the scene. She gave no explanation.

"But, after, on the floor of her dressing room, a property man found a crumpled cablegram. It carried the news of the death of Mauritz Stiller, the director who had played such an important part in her career. There was a deep bond of understanding between them. Another star would have quit cold. Not Garbo. She's a trooper to her fingertips.  

"Between 1927 and 1933, those of us who worked on her pictures saw a liking for John Gilbert develop into a real attachment, and we saw the final chapter of it played out, and our hearts ached for both of them.  

"When Greta and John Gilbert started work in 'Flesh and the Devil,' they hardly knew each other. Then, as the picture went on, we all noticed the sparkle that entered into their love scenes. Between scenes, they'd sit in a corner of the set, talking earnestly. We looked on with the proprietary interest and approval of self-appointed brothers and uncles, because there was a guy on the set who wouldn't have fought scenes for her. Then, one day, we noticed that they were speaking very formally to each other. Gossip spread around the studio that they had quarreled. The studio paired them up in a second picture, and they were still very formal. But when they started playing the love scenes, they forgot their quarrel and the romance was resumed. That picture, curiously enough, was entitled 'Love.'  

"The years carried on. Sound came to motion pictures. Some stars were fitted for the new medium; others had defects of speech that doomed them. So, in 1933, we saw the last chapter of the romance played out to a dismal finish. Greta had insisted on playing John Gilbert for 'Queen Christina,' although in the meantime, she had married Ina Claire and separated from her. To those of us who had worked on 'Flesh and the Devil,' and remembered Gilbert in 1927, this man we saw in 'Queen Christina' was a shock. Instead of the gay John Gilbert so well known, this Gilbert was downcast and morose. I don't think Greta ever played a more thrilling scene than she staged for him—to illu-

minate his moodiness, she knocked her-

self out trying to be gay. Often we saw her watching him, when he didn't realize her eyes were upon him. There was pain and pity in her eyes, as though a bitter-sweet memory was brought back in her thoughts never reacted to her efforts. He seemed like a man who had been drenched by life, and was too tired to make the effort to get up from the canvas and continue the fight.

"Every time I hear a band play 'None But the Lonely Heart,' I think of Greta and John Gilbert. In silent pictures, we always had an organ and a violin on the set to get a performer in mood. She always asked for that song. On the last day of 'Queen Christina,' the director asked for it over and over again, and I think we knew what she was thinking.  

"She used to speak through an inter-

preter named Sven Borg then, while earnestly studying English. One day we were doing work with such a scene that he'd be drenched again and again in a flood Monta Bell, the director, remarked that she probably wouldn't mind it, 'coming from the eternally cold country of Sweden.' Borg interpreted, and she laughed at a flood of water. When she stopped Borg reported that she euphori-

ously denied Sweden was cold, and told all about its lovely climate, its beauty, and so on. Borg said it was a regular Chamber of Commerce oration. She used to try out her new English on the company. The first English she learned was slang. I remember how proud she was when she could say 'applesauce,' in high slang favor at the time.  

"We had a speedboat on location at Catalina for 'The Single Standard.' She used to run it about, laying it on, like the men's flannels, her hair streaming, and laughing happily. We had a yacht in the picture, too. One day while we were working on deck, somebody arrived from the mainland with an afternoon letter. He handed it to Garbo, who turned white as she glanced at it, then read with interest. Finally, she smiled, handed back the paper and thanked the letterer. Then she resumed her gaiety and was literally the life of the party. What she'd read was the account of her marriage in Las Vegas to Ina Claire. It didn't seem to worry her. She often spoke about him on location and said she wished both of them every happiness.

"When Miss Claire recently joined the 'Ninotchka' company, she and Miss Garbo met, and became instant friends. I watched them laughing and joking together every day. Miss Garbo gave Miss Claire a fruit juice diet she sometimes uses and they drank fruit juice together between scenes. Mickey Whalen's orchestra was on the set, and Miss Claire tap-

danced to 'Broadway Rhythm,' to Garbo's great delight. We don't know whether they talked about Gilbert.  

"Herbert Marshall was having make-up troublly in it. The cameraman insisted that it was a waste of time, and it would contrast too much with Miss Garbo's. She heard the argument in her stage dressing room and came out. 'What's this nonsense about make-up?' she asked. 'If you make-up's dark, Mr. Marshall, I'll just change mine.'  

"She's always doing considerate things (Continued on page 66)
But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?
ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?
ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?
ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?
ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This simple application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more beautifully when you use two creams?
ANSWER:
"Yes—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.
“You learn from all these things if you really have what it takes,” she told me. “After a while the setbacks don’t hurt quite so much. You learn how to rise over them.”

Lucky, if you can learn while you are still young!

There was Greer Garson who thought that all her lucky breaks were “miracles” and who didn’t know how to take the huddles of disappointment at the beginning. Greer, of course, since the success of “Goodbye, Mr. Chips,” is considered a miracle, herself, in Hollywood. But. . . .

In her girlhood in England, she knew what she wanted, but never hoped to achieve it. She wanted to act. Her family simply “never heard of such a thing” and they ignored this strange whim much as you would that of a child who pines to spend her life walking to and fro on trestles. She was nearly grown and studying to be a school teacher when she had a serious bout with the flu and a sympathetic doctor discovered she did not converse successfully. He made Greer’s mother understand how deep rooted and inherent her talent was.

The mere permission to try to make her way on the stage seemed the first major miracle to Greer. But it was none too easy after that. She didn’t know the “right people.” She had no entrance. But each opportunity seemed as miraculous to her as that first permission to try. She never was conscious of having fought for and won her chances.

At last, she found herself in Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M. The greatest miracle yet. There was a story waiting for her and a crew stood in readiness for her first tests.

She collapsed with appendicitis. She was transferred off to a hospital for an operation. This girl played the part she had come all the way to Hollywood to play. She convalesced and learned to love California sunshine and all the kind people who told her that there would be another role, “just as good” waiting for her. At last, the test crew stood waiting again.

Perhaps, it was nerves—the long waiting and anxiety. The doctors called it “flu.” Greer was helpless and miserable and frett ing for months. And the nice kind people seemed to forget all about her. White-faced, tired, tense, she set sail for England. Hollywood didn’t know she had gone. Didn’t know she had been here.

“I thought about it all over here,” she said. The sea, somehow, lets you think. All the other chances had been miracles. But this miracle had flopped. Fate thought it was up to me to do something for myself now. My turn to fight. An attack which had helped me in the beginning. I wouldn’t have one stop me now.

Back in London, there didn’t seem to be much to fight for. There was a round of theatrical engagements which bored her and experimental television performances which didn’t help her get anywhere. She thought she’d like to go to Scotland for a short rest. Just as she was about to take off, Gilbert Miller called her for a role in the London stage production of “Old Music.”

Came another miracle. Louis B. Mayer saw her in that play and felt that he couldn’t bear it if he couldn’t get her for “Goodbye, Mr. Chips,” which M-G-M was to make in England. Greer had spent months under contract to M-G-M in Hollywood. She’d never laid eyes on Louis B. Mayer. Apparently, he’d never heard of her, either. All she had to show for her time in Hollywood was the loss of an appendix and a lot of weight. And here was Louis B. Mayer, in person, begging her to sign for one of the plummiest picture roles in years.

Greer must have laughed and laughed. She didn’t say she did—but, back in Hollywood with a terrific contract, she concluded, looking rather wide-eyed, “I know now that it’s silly to get down in the dumps over bad breaks, no matter how they hurt. The chief thing you have to remember is to believe in yourself. The rest sort of—develops. But you can’t afford to weep and wail. I’m sure that fright and nervousness caused my second illness when I was in Hollywood. Fear lost me a good chance. Anyhow—worrying is bad for your looks!”

Not all the setbacks in the lives of our career girls are professional ones. Some are acutely and intensely personal. When Wendy Barrie was first in Hollywood she was desperately homesick and lonely. She simply didn’t understand the people around her. She found it difficult to make friends and she didn’t understand the workings of the studios. She might have been alone in Timbuktu.

Then—she met a girl about her own age—a girl who knew Hollywood, knew her way about the studios, a girl who was gay and who knew other gay people whom Wendy would like to meet. Wendy was enchanted. She began to feel at home at last, the English girl had taught her to feel the way the others did. She met amusing young men. And her gratitude to her new friend was terrific. She felt young and eager again and the studios no longer frightened her. There is bitter and unaltered hurt even now in Wendy’s eyes when she tries to tell you a little of what happened. “One day I called on her and they told me she was out. I knew that wasn’t true. I called again . . . and again. I wrote her a note. She had drooped me completely and without an explanation. If she’d been angry and had told me why and I could have understood, it would have been different. . . . But she wouldn’t talk to me at all.”

“All my happiness at being here evaporated. I didn’t care whether I worked or not and when I did work I didn’t make a very good job of it. I had to jerk myself up one day and say, ‘You can’t let one person do this to you. You’ve been too dependent on other people for your fun and for advice. You’ve got to learn to make your own friends and make your own decisions. You can’t lean on any one—ever again. You don’t need any one.”

“I thought that I’d never want a close woman friend again. That, of course, was silly. I think I still trust men a little more than women, have a bit more fun with them than I do with girls. But I like some women very much.” She paused and qualified that, “Older women,” she stipulated. “One that there is still some bitterness here.

“I’ll never be dependent on any one person again. Experience hardens you and takes some of the sweetness away from you. It strengthens you, too. You can’t have everything!”

A sad conclusion for anyone to reach. But Wendy is pretty young and I fancy that these scars aren’t permanent. But she has learned from the knocks.

Lots of people would be surprised, I fancy, if they could know how many heartaches are suffered by girls (and men, too, of course!) who seem to be having everything pretty much their own way. Olivia de Havilland was doing well and felt happy enough about it when someone handed her the script of “You Can’t Take It With You” and told her that she was being considered very favorably for the leading role.

That opened a whole new vista for her. The script, of course, was superb and the thought that she might play in an important picture under the direction of the wizard, Frank Capra, left her breathless at a startled glimpse of the heights which might be scaled in a few short months. It was simply too good to be true.

When her doctor shook his head and told her that she must have at least two months rest before she thought of facing a camera again, she screamed defiance at him.

(Continued on page 69)
She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept that always fragrantly clean.

...a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her meals tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.

...an Ideal Mother. Her younger was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.

Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on his side. She sought vainly for the reason.

She thought: "Another Woman"...the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

If you yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, and wives, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Dept. S. S., 906 Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

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

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When Greta Isn't Garbo

[Continued from page 62]

like that. No wonder the crew and com-
pany adore her. They were doing rain
scenes for 'The Painted Veil' when she
had to get drenched dozens of times.
That didn't worry her, but she took time
out to be concerned over several elderly
extra women, getting seats placed for
them in a dry spot while she went under
the rain. During the filming of 'Ninotch-
ka,' when Bill Daniels' father was ill,
she insisted on going to the bedside
and agreed to work with any cameraman
the studio named until he could return.
It happened that Daniels' father died, but
through Garbo's consideration Bill was
at his bedside. She even agreed to work
at night to make up time so that Ernst
Lubitsch could take an afternoon to
see his wife and baby off for England.

One day a young girl managed to get
into the set past the studio policeman on
guard. She was selling handkerchiefs she'd
embroidered. The policeman caught up
with her, explained that she was on
Garbo's set where visitors can't come, and
was about to lead her out. The girl, fright-
ened and embarrassed, started to cry.
Garbo heard it, and emerged from her
dressing room on the stage. 'Come in here,'
she invited the girl. In her dressing-
room she comforted the youngster,
and bought all her handkerchiefs.

'She was gayer in 'Ninotchka' than
ever before. Of course, it's a gay play
and she always has herself absorbed into
the spirit of her stories. She laughed, joked,
played games, and even allowed some vis-
itors on the set; the first time that has
happened in about twelve years. She
likes to laugh, but we remember she once
found it hard to laugh naturally in a scene
in 'Queen Christina.' She tried several times.
Then Rouben Mamoulian got an idea, and
had a dozen extras stand where she could
see them, and surprised her by making
faces at her when the laugh was wanted.

"They were great friends, Garbo and
Mamoulian. They used to sit and talk
earnestly together, just as she used to do
with John Gilbert. Later, there were ro-
mance rumors, but at this time, during
the picture, they seemed only sincere
friends. Each admired the other's artis-
try. She and George Cukor always met
on that same basis. It was apparent when
they worked together that there was a
deep admiration and friendship between
them.

'She's always doing unexpected things
on the set. While we were making 'Anna
Karenina,' there was a medicine ball on
the set and Clarence Brown, the director,
jokingly threw it at her. She laughed,
called it, threw it back at him and they
played ball for several minutes. She did
anything that is exercise. During 'Con-
quest' Clarence Brown had a baseball on
the set, and they used to play 'catch.' She
throws a ball like a boy, and some of her
fast ones blistered Brown's hand until
he got a catcher's mitt. She said she
learned to pitch as a youngster throw-
ing snowballs in Sweden.

'I think one of the reasons she always
liked Clarence Brown so much as a
director was because he had so much con-\nfidence in what she could do, and when
she had to get drenched dozens of times.'
“Trust to youth” to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you’ll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!

“Why cling” to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look)... waxy creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your accent on youth!

“Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream more work—a different kind of work to do. Heavy, waxy creams aren’t as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that’s why modern girls have swung to my cream as the one cream for their skin.”

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a modern cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won’t you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn’t the one cream for you?

Lady Esther urges you to make this “Cleansing Tissue Test” NOW

For the sake of your own appearance ... to help keep yourself from looking older than you really are... make this amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test”!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you’re at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and look at your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed... yet, shocked then and there... to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy, “waxy” creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I’ll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put more accent on your youth!

*FREE* Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream: also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY STATE ____________________________

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

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)
"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING
NEW WINX

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10c store—today!

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Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Rosz Co., New York, and get your money back.

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WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour...makes them appear youthful, moist...the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and stays on for hours. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10c stores, today!

MAGIC HARMONY! WINX LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

Your Beautiful Eyes

[Continued from page 13]

of Hudnut. You will find these sets in drug stores.

Not long ago, there appeared a new idea in eye make-up, Eye-Stick, by Hortense Von Raalte, which is a colored shadow stick (a colorless is also included) in a firm, wax stick form, which you use about your eyes, just as you use a lipstick for your lips. This is sold in department and some of the better drug stores.

Every girl should have an eyebrow pencil, whether or not she needs it daily. Since we have eyebrows again, it is surprising how a new coiffure or hat present an opportunity to do little things with brows.

Sometimes it is effective to elongate them at the outer ends. Sometimes, with an off-the-face hat, it is smart to brush them into a more distinct arch (you can do this if the hairs on your brows are long and strong, not otherwise), accenting their color a tiny bit with the firm, sharp point of a crayon. Maybelline makes some grand pencil, firm enough to give a clear, perfectly even mark, and firm enough also to be sharpened in a regular pencil sharpener. They come in black, brown and blue—which the blue frankly theatrical but effective sometimes with an exotic evening makeup for lining the upper lid, just above the upper lashline, then using shadow. This is an exotic Hollywood trick, very effective on the right occasion. All of the Maybelline preparations, by the way, get a big o. k. from this department.

Look for the beauty possibilities in your eyes. Do what you can to enhance them, never forgetting that your eyes are your personal windows. Others can see through them, which is a reason for prancing now and then and asking yourself: "How am I doing in my general attitude and disposition toward others?" For, if you ever had a chance to sit down and talk with your favorite star, undoubtedly sooner or later she would say that your inner qualities are something that last and take you places, even in Hollywood, and that your outer beauty is merely a quicker introduction to the varying qualities that are YOU, and nobody else in this world!

Claudette Colbert seems to be giving Fred MacMurray some sound advice during a dinner party at the Troc. She's making "Drums Along the Mohawk," with versatile Henry Fonda.
Career Girls Don't Cry

[Continued from page 64]

“If I get this role I’ll play it, even if I have to have a nurse—and you—on the set every minute of the time.”

When the studio added its veto to that of the doctor and she realized that she wouldn’t be allowed even to try for the role—there was a truly bitter pill.

And she took the bitterness with her to the horrid, enforced, brooding illness which was supposed to be a ‘rest’ for her. One day a friend said, timidly, “Perhaps—if you’d tried to play the part when you were so tired—you wouldn’t have done your best. Then you’d have felt still worse.” Olivia thought about that for a while.

“Then,” she told me, “it occurred to me that I wasn’t quite ready for it, anyway. I remembered something Constance Collier had said—advice to girls who wanted to act and who hadn’t had a chance to try. She said, ‘Get ready. It doesn’t matter where you are or who you are. When you are ready, your chance will come. It always does.’

“So-o-o, I thought here I was in Hollywood—under a contract and every opportunity to ‘get ready.’ Chances coming up every day all around me. How lucky I was and what a ninny I’d been to feel sorry for myself and wallow over one lost opportunity. Maybe the studio and the doctor knew that I wouldn’t do my best—and maybe they’d saved me humiliation.

“Now I know that I can’t waste time and good red corpuscles wailing over one last opportunity while I see the possibility of some other in the offing. When there aren’t any more opportunities in the offing, maybe I’ll worry. But I shan’t be sure—for a long time—that there aren’t...”

They all, it seems, reach the conclusion sooner or later that they can’t afford time out for swiveling.

Bette Davis is, perhaps, our fightingest feminine star. Her career has been studded with brisk and energetic battles. She thinks that the ones she has lost have been just as valuable as the ones she has won—in the long run.

“You think it matters a lot how the fight comes out,” she says. “Some times it does. But the main thing is that you grow stronger when you fight—win or lose!”

She was fired, you know, from Universal because no one thought she had glamour or that she would ever have anything that would be worth money at the box-office. She and her mother bought tickets for New York and packed their trunks and bags to the last toothbrush.

“If Mother knew how hurt I was inside, she didn’t show it,” Bette said. “I hummed and remarked that it was a nice time of year for the trip. But you can imagine how you feel, if you really care about your job, to be told that you have neither looks, glamour or talent...I just hummed...”

The humming was interrupted by the call from Warners’ to make a test with George Arliss for “The Man Who Played God.” And the rest is brilliant history.

Bette says now, “I keep in practice for my humming. None of all this has been easy. I don’t expect it to be easy—ever. I expect to fight and fight. But a tack in the teeth isn’t going to get me down. Not ME!”

Even little Judy Garland learned that lesson, not so long ago, at the age of fourteen. Stranded in Chicago with her mother and sister, short of money and food, almost devoid of costumes necessary for their act if they could find a place to do the act. At last, a chance to perform and even the miracle of a small advance. They decided to eat in a restaurant, have a solid meal to bolster their morale. When they came out, their suitscases with the carefully refurbished costumes had been stolen.

“It was the end of the world!” Judy looks tearful about it even now. “But, y’know I got hysterical or something. I began to bawl and the others began to laugh. After all, we’d had the meal. And we could laugh. Because we weren’t scared any more we went to the man and he gave us another advance and we got the costumes and the job. That’s the last really bad thing that’s happened to me. But I shan’t be scared next time...”

They’ve all had to learn not to be defeated by the bad breaks. Even the youngest of them. If you’ve had any bad breaks yourself, as of course you have if you’ve lived at all, you know how difficult that lesson is. The point is that these girls feel that they can’t take time out for self-pity, can’t afford to admit defeat.
How Women Rule the Men in Hollywood

[Continued from page 37]

new and raise horses and cabbages and alfalfa like everything. Old-fashioned femininity is the keynote now—a-day, one lemons, and Hollywood houses still cypm foam with starved ruffles and polka dots and flower sprigs and little pink bows on the piano. I haven't seen a regular, masculine, leather-covered arm chair in years! I wonder whether Annabella really means it was just a honey moon gesture? She and Tyrone took Grace Moore's house after they were married. I am told that when they were inspecting it and came to what had been Grace's, and would be Annabella's bedroom, Ty paused and hooted.

"Not that!" he cried. "It's too much. Not that!" And Annabella agreed in the most amiable fashion.

The cause of the Power power were the peach satin walls. So—the peach satin was duly ripped off used, used, and used, all over to substitute calla lilies. I kinda wonder. Once a woman has seen a bedroom with peach satin walls—isn't she apt to brood a little about it all?

Then there is food. A visiting celebrity from the Continent asked me, oh, most confidentially, Don't the people in Hollywood ever really have anything to eat? Everything they serve you at the most elaborate houses is so—so—wholesome. So—how you say? UN-filling. I have never seen so many salads and so many vegetables or meats without sauces. Why is it? Don't they like to eat or don't they know how?

Without thinking for even a moment I replied: "They're all on diets." Then I had to reconsider. "Almost all the women are on diets." I amended. "They give their guests what they think they will like and what they think the guests will dare to eat.

"Oh, I see! Then that is why almost every man I visit who owns a house immediately wants to show me his barbecue pit! The men in this strange place must go outdoors to cook their own steaks and joints and eat garlic if they wish. Is that it? Inside they get only lettuce leaves and rye crackers. The poor men! Do they revol by building bar-becue pits?"

Well, it's perfectly true that almost every house in and about the picture colony which has a man in it also has a barbecue pit outside it. Most of the bar-becue pits are used pretty regularly but I haven't caught a glamorous girl toasting her face over one. Maybe a barbecue pit can be a symbol of revolt. Maybe...

One recalls that when the Brown Derby first came into favor years ago, its famous and featured luncheon dish was an enormous hamburger steak, served sizzling in its own juice from its own iron skillet, at the table. But not for long. The hamburgers gave way to dainty chicken patties, with green peas and a salad—and a glass case appeared, filled with lettuce and fresh vegetables and aspics for dainty (and reducing) appetites.

Similar changes have taken place in

the menus of every hearty, masculine restaurant which has opened its doors since then. Roast-on-the-rack with a spinach ring with mushrooms or vegetable plate with a touch of shrimp. Now one reads that a "salad bar" will shortly be opened, featuring nothing but raw, fresh salads with "health dressings." The boys and girls can hardly wait. For the boys have been converted or have they?

Even so young a man-about-town as Mickey Rooney finds his path a thrie thorny when he deals with the other sex.

"In other towns," he told me, "dating must be pretty easy. I mean, she wants to go—maybe, and then her father says either she can go, or she can't. And there you are. Here, if you want a girl somewhere, you find out whether she wants to go. Just like other places. But then, you find out whether she wants to go. Then you try to find out whether the studio's working for thinks she's old enough, or do you have to take a chaperon? Then you find out whether her folks and the studio think she's old enough to have an evening dress and whether she has it. Then you try to find out where she may be seen and whether you can take her somewhere else, later, for supper.

"You gotta try to get an inconspicuous table for some of 'em. But there's the other kind, too, who's trying to get along and who wants to be seen as much as she can. You fight the photographers off for some of them and try to get the photos to be good to some of the others. It gets a man dizzy!"

I pounced on Errol Flynn on the set when he wasn't expecting me. To my huge astonishment, he was as serious as the dickens about all this.

"Hollywood is the only place I can think of in which the women know as much about a man's life as the man does," he pronounced, looking positively ponderous. "The women are in the business. So it follows that there is probably no other place where men discuss their business and professional affairs with women as freely and as fully as they do here.

"And then," he wound up, waving his hand, despairingly, "the men get pushed around anyway! I don't know how it happens. But it does. Women decide where you'll go, what you'll eat and wear and what you'll do. Then you try to play while you're all dressed up. Life in Holly-wood has ruffles on it. You can't win!"

He sounded so awfully depressed about it all that I just gave him what I hoped was a comforting pat on the shoulder and then stole away.

Does anyone ever give a real stag party in Hollywood? Bob Montgomery gave one once for Noel Coward and no one was more surprised at its success than Bob. "We just sat and talked," he mar-veled. "We didn't play any games or wear any funny hats or anything. It was won-derful!"

That's the only stag party I can recall.
in recent Hollywood history. And that one wasn’t very recent.

There were symptoms, a couple of years ago, when Hollywood broke out in a rash of trailers. Everyone bought a trailer and set forth to rough it in the wilds of Santa Barbara. They would get away from it all, they said, just like that. The men would hunt and fish and the little women, who were just plain old Glamour Girls at home, would prove their true worth by broiling trout, washing dishes and being real pills to their husbands.

Some of them must have tried it, otherwise the vogue of roughing it on wheels wouldn’t have ended so abruptly.

Bob Young thinks that he added a postscript to that dandy Hollywood phase when he took his six-year-old daughter, Carol Ann, on a trailer trip. Just the two of them. Sweet! First night out, something went wrong with the electric system in the trailer and Bob’s struggles with the oil stove did not produce the type of food of which his daughter approved.

“I had,” Bob says, “some complaints. But I didn’t realize how completely woman-ridden I was until I had her safely bedded down and she remarked: ‘I wish you’d go downstairs now, Daddy, so I can go to sleep! I’m very tired.”’

Walter Pidgeon interrupted just here. “You think you’re woman-ridden! You think only the guys in the top spots in Hollywood are bossed around. Listen! I had a good Chinese cook. Had him for years. One day he told me he had to quit. His wife wanted him to go into business for himself . . . restaurant business. I’ll skip the pleading I did and the offers I made him. It was his wife. She said: ‘Hollywood women tell men how to run business.’ He left.

“A month later he came to see me. ‘Please to take me back to cook!’ he urged. ‘The business in the restaurant is fine. But my wife say too much work for her. If you don’t take me back to cook for you right away she . . . she leave me!’”

Humphrey Bogart mumbled: “We let them think they run us . . . !!!!’” Pat O’Brien protested: “I went to look at a new car and all the salesman would say was: ‘This upholstery will be very becoming to Mrs. O’Brien’s coloring . . . and we have the cutest crystal accessories.’” Louis Hayward announced: “I’ve convinced Ida that I won’t play those guessing games at parties! She thinks I’m a trifle rude about it.”

Bruce Cabot complained: “Women consult each other carefully about guest lists for parties so that the women won’t be at odds. Then they invite a mixture of men which, well, which would be dyna-mite if they met anywhere else. They all want to poke each other. The women either don’t know about all this animosity or they just don’t care. So the men sit and seethe. Women are so sure that they are under control that they just let them seethe and think nothing of it. Some men are courageous guys who are going to let fly with his fists and then . . . ‘No! I guess he won’t!’” Bruce was very wistful.

I don’t know what conclusion you’ll draw from all this. My own is that women rule Hollywood pretty conclusively—and that the men like it. What do you think?

Neglected Hands often Look Older  
—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take Steps that Help Prevent This!

ANN’s pretty hands were getting unattractively harsher and coarser. Sun, weather and water tend to dry nature’s softening moisture out of your hand skin, you know.

But—wise girl, Anne! She began to care for her hands with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens supplements nature’s moisture. Quickly helps give back delicious softness, even to neglected hands.

Many doctors help roughened skin to lovely smoothness by using two ingredients Jergens Lotion gives you. Jergens actually helps prevent unromantic roughness when used faithfully. No stickiness. No wonder thousands of grateful women swear by Jergens! Start today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00, at beauty counters.
were funny but I didn’t know just how funny. It was after I’d gotten out in the world that I realized all people didn’t drip Groucho’s brand of humor or play the piano like Chico or clown like Harpo. I just thought the world was made up of delightful zanies and I’ve never quite gotten over the shock of finding out that it isn’t.

It was Zeppo who brought Jack over. Jack was playing at the Orpheum and Zeppo told him there were a couple of girls he wanted him to meet, and Jack came all expectant and hopeful, dressed up in a new tie and his best suit, only to discover the girls were my sister, Babe, who had reached the provocative age of fifteen and myself a skinny, gangling kid, of thirteen.

For once Jack didn’t appreciate Zeppo’s humor.

“Fine thing to do, bringing me here to meet a couple of kids,” he said.

I was furious. After all there’s no time in her life when she takes herself quite as seriously as when she’s just entered the teens. Me a Kid! I glared at him, hating him with all my soul. Why I’d even escaped my mother’s watchful eye long enough to put lipstick on. She had to keep her shoes under lock and key in those days. Babe and I were always sneaking her highest heeled pairs and risking our necks in trying to look as grown up as we possibly could.

Jack saw he had hurt me and was sorry. It wasn’t easy to hurt anyone consciously and certainly not a child, even if she were a brat like me.

“Do you like dolls?” he asked, trying to make conversation and I was more furious than ever. I just stalked out of the room without answering him.

The next afternoon I had my revenge. I gathered my gang around me, and a formidable gang it was, too, and announced I was taking them to the Orpheum with the money I’d been saving for the last five years. There was a row of telephones that offered though, a long one full of knots. They had to heckle a guy called Jack Benny.

We got there early and held the first two rows in the orchestra for an hour before the show began. We applauded every act enthusiastically. We laughed in all the right places and kept a respectful silence in the others until the cards appeared on either side of the stage announcing Jack Benny.

Then we sat there with faces as stony as our hearts, depanning his best gags. Jack told me, years later, he had never wanted to do anything as much in his life as he wanted to reach down into the orchestra, snatch Jock, and yank me up on the stage and turn me over his knees.

The next time I met Jack Benny was after my sister had married and moved to Chicago. She had married an actor who was a friend of Jack’s and the three of them moved to the States. Babe adored him but I felt she had turned traitor to those two kids of a few years ago. Imagine her liking that upstart so and so, Jack Benny.

I was engaged to a boy nobody but I seemed to like very much. I was always getting engaged to boys like that. My views of life were alternately rose color and drab gray in those days. If ever there was a romantic little minx it was me. Every time I met a new boy and he had in line that pleased on the world I’d be more or less rosy. Then, a few days later, they hardly ever lasted longer than that, I began to get fed up with romance and the world would look as if it never could stop rain ing again until I met a new lad I could rhapsodize about.

Much to my surprise I liked Jack when he came to see us. We had moved to Los Angeles and he was playing the Orpheum there. It’s always the Orpheum on Keith time you know. But I had a date right after dinner and I kept it without a twinge. And the next day when Jack appeared at the store where I was working as a buyer, and asked me to lunch, I didn’t turn a hair when I refused. He came to the store every day for a week after that and I went out with him twice, but it didn’t mean a thing. A week afterwards our telephone rang at three o’clock in the morning. The family was in a frenzy before my father got to it. What awful thing had happened? Could it be Babe? Could it be Grandma? None of us could think of anything but a major calamity that could make any telephone ring at three in the morning.

But the world hadn’t turned upside down after all. It was only Jack Benny calling from San Francisco as casually as you could be to say, “Hello Doll, I was just wondering how you are and what you’re doing?”

At that moment I was shivering in my nightie motioning appealingly to the family not to stand there glaring at me. For now that they were no longer scared they were furious. But I wasn’t mad. I was thrilled. It was my first long distance call and that meant something to a kid still in her teens. What if it wasn’t a month later, and we were engaged, full of pleasantry and endearments, it was still a long distance call.

I think even then I knew that call didn’t mean much to Jack. It was just an impulse that stage people get all the time to call long distance as casually as anyone else would call from a few blocks away. And three o’clock in the morning didn’t mean anything more to Jack than it did to any other young vaudevilleian having a bite to eat after the show. It was just the middle of the afternoon to him. But to me it was an event and I did my darndest to turn it into a throbbing moment. But it didn’t quite come off. How could I get romantic over a man kidding me in that casual, easy way Jack has of doing things.

Anyway I must have known that another BIG MOMENT was due. I told you I was a crazy kid, didn’t I? Well it did, a week or two afterwards. I had gone north to visit my grandmother and I met a boy. I thought I was mad about him and we became engaged. Only it was different this time. The wedding day was set for January and this was November.

Lucille Ball, RKO star, plays an extremely fast game of badminton. And not just for the exercise. She’s crazy about the game.

I was wearing his engagement ring too. That makes it seem pretty formidable this time. I was scared to death when my head wasn’t in the clouds, where it was most of the time.

I couldn’t wait to call my sister in Chicago and I was pretty crest fallen at the way she took the news. “But you don’t know what it’s all about,” she wailed. “You’re such a goofy kid. Don’t do anything in a hurry. Come out here to visit me and I’ll try to pound some sense into that head of yours.”

The first person I saw when I got off the train at Chicago was Jack. There he was standing beside my sister and brother-in-law grinning and he was the first of them to reach me. He took my hand and there wasn’t any wild thrill. Only that nice, warm glow. Suddenly I knew how frightened I had been. I knew it because the way I was feeling now was just sort of happy and secure and peaceful.

We went around a lot together in the next week or so. I’d had so much fun in my life. Funny, the way Jack and I clicked. We laughed at the same things without even realizing we were doing it. We were serious about the same things too. We’d sit together on the shore of Lake Michigan and sometimes we’d talk and sometimes we wouldn’t. When two people speak the same language they think the same language too. And though it was November and those Lake breezes blow pretty hard we didn’t even know it was cold.

We did the goofiest things together. We always just fell in with each other’s ideas. We never had to explain things. So when we got on a bus once and I saw
a couple of rather prim women stare disapprovingly at the length of my skirt, we were wearing them short that year too, remember, I decided I'd give them something to be really shocked at. So when Jack came along I pretended I didn't know him.

He came right into the game and started to play. He never put on a better act in his life, even in the old Palace on Broadway. He sat in the seat across from me laughing in the most awful way, raising his eyebrows in a way that would send any respectable girl post haste in search of a policeman.

But I wasn't pretending to be respectable. And I acted as badly as he did, tossing my head and giggling and using my eyes in a way eyes have never been used outside of a home for moronic girls. You could hear the gasps, not only from the two women but from the whole bus when he confidently took the seat beside me and I slipped my arm through his.

We got off at the next stop followed by the indignant "Well!" of those two women.

You know it's easy enough to find kindred souls for a serious moment or even for a sad one. But having fun together... that's different! Senses of humor vary so. Some are scholarly, some subtle, some broad. Some are pedantic and some are whimsical and some just aren't there at all. Having the same sense of the ridiculous is awfully important for two people. For if a man and a woman can laugh at the same time you can risk your last dollar on their being happy together.

We were all invited to Jack's father's house out in Lake Forest for a weekend, and on Friday night Jack and I sat up talking after the others had gone to bed. It was grand. We didn't realize how late it was. We always had so much to say to each other even if we had seen each other only an hour or so before.

Then, without any warning at all, Jack asked me to marry him and I said I would. I knew it was right. Don't ask me how I knew it, but I did. I'd never felt so happy before, so entirely without doubts or misgivings of any kind. We woke up the whole house and told them our news. And as long as I live I'll never forget Babe throwing her arms around me and crying, "You little ninny, I never knew you had sense before."

The next morning I felt myself smiling before I really was awake. I'd never awakened so completely contented before. Then I saw the engagement ring on my finger and I was petrified. I'd been so happy the night before I'd completely forgotten I was engaged to another man.

I threw on my clothes any which way and ran downstairs to find Jack. I threw myself in his arms and sobbed out my story. He took out his handkerchief and wiped away the tears streaming down my face. Then he held it out to me and said, "Here Doll, blow! Blow hard!" And I did and it sort of cleared all my tears and my tears away at the same time.

Then Jack said, and he was very serious now, the kind of nice, easy seriousness that I've gotten to know is one of the nicest things about him, "Listen, if we don't get married now, we never will. You know that and I know it. So get your hat and we'll be on our way."

Well, it's funny the way I took his orders, relying on his wisdom the way I've relied on it ever since. I went upstairs and got dressed all over again just as calmly as you please and even remembered to put powder in my compact and get myself a fresh handkerchief. And then without telling anyone what we were doing we got in the car and drove out to Waukegan.

We didn't do much talking on the way and when we did it was about the most casual things, and I didn't feel excited or up in the clouds at all. But when the ceremony was finished and Jack turned to kiss me he couldn't because I wasn't there at all. I was flat on the floor. Ninny that I was, I had fainted. So maybe I was excited a bit after all and didn't realize it.

I don't know just when it was I began getting up in the air about Jack. Only that I'm getting more that way every day that passes. I'll hear a song and somehow it seems as if that song had been written just for us, and I'll feel like crying as if I was a youngster who had met a man for the first time and was mad for him and didn't know yet if he returned the feeling or not. And if he's a few minutes late getting home I'll pace the floor like a crazy thing.

Only one thing was missing and for a long time. It seemed that Jack and I were never going to have what other husbands and wives have. We both wanted a baby so desperately. Then we discovered that a baby doesn't have to be your own to love it and want it above everything.

(Continued on page 17)
Most chances out of ten it's KURALASH, the device that curls back lashes to make eyes seem larger, more limpid and more lovely! Takes no skill—and less than a minute to perform! Helps lashes look darker and more luxurious, too. Especially if you combine KURALASH with the magic that's Kuralash! $1.00

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The Girl from the Five-and-Ten

[Continued from page 43]

Paramount publicity describes her next occupation as a "position." Miss Drew disagrees:

"Position! isn't the word for it. I was an elevator operator making $14 a week and listening to the same gag every day—"Was I having my ups and downs?"

"As a matter of fact I was, but the gag didn't help any. And so when the family asked me to come back to Englewood, I went in a flash and got a job with Grant's (really a five-and-ten), selling jewelry and baby clothes. This "position" brought mother and me $10 a week to live on. We had to make it do; my father had gone back to K.C."

The Englewood Kiwanis Club put on a beauty contest to raise money for charity. Then, just as she would now, Ellen Drew walked away with the honors.

Like friends of beauty contest winners the country over, but we were convinced that she was only once-removed from already being a screen favorite. So they persuaded her to leave for the film capital with a party driving there in two days.

"The studios just couldn't see me," she admitted openly, slipping on a hair net as she talked. A hair net would hold her hair in place yet remain invisible for the next shot in front of a fan. "So I got a job at Brown's candy store, making sales, at $11.50 a week, plus tips which amounted to about $8 more.

"One of my customers was William Demarest. You know who he is. He's a film comedian and also an agent. He was pretty sure he could help me get into the movies and I was on the point of saying to myself 'why not try again?' except..."

Except that a young, good looking fellow named Wallace, Fred Wallace, had fallen in love with her and she was in the throes of the same malady. This Wallace was a tough hombre. "Honey," he whispered, "either you choose me or Paramount. It's Zukor or Wallace!"

"It was Wallace and I've never regretted it," she said, reappearing in a light blue crepe de something. "We were very happy but not particularly rich. Then Fred Jr., came along and I found myself having the soda fountain that took me away from him. So, one night, Fred and I talked it over and he weakened. I got in touch with Mr. Demarest."

Demarest fixed up an introduction to someone who turned her over to Phyllis Laughton, a Paramount dramatic coach. Miss Laughton gave her a script to learn. Ellen memorized it thoroughly but when she appeared at the audition found she couldn't recall a line of it.

But, apparently, Miss Laughton could see what this girl was made of—even without benefit of screen test—for she saw to it that Ellen got a contract, even if it was one of those things.

Hers, unlike most of the others, contained no six month's $50 raise (if the option was taken up). It was simply a promise to pay Erin Drew $50 a week. She started out being "Terry Ray" but they decided that her own name sounded too much like that of a chorus girl, so they changed it to Erin Drew, then to Ellen Drew. She often wondered who she was.

Yet, surprisingly enough, it was this contract, perhaps, that was responsible for her long stay with the company. Because, when one of the fifty-dollar-six-month's-raise girls didn't seem to be coming through in required acting style, the company simply didn't take up the option and the young actress fell by the wayside.

But our Drew wasn't a terrific expense to the company. She posed for enough stills to justify her keep and she was easier to work and learn. Besides, she showed enough talent to make her worth holding, and there followed a row of small parts in some ten pictures. You won't remember her in any of them.

It was then that Arlie Jacobson (at that time assistant to Wesley Ruggles, now a talent scout) saw her, thought her third part in "Sing You Sinners," spoke to director Ruggles and the rest is her history.

From $10 to $100 (she'd gotten a raise) gives force to the Cinderella comparison. She makes much more than that today simply because she's worth it—Cinderellen Drew they call her.

Has she changed from the girl she was at $10 a week? Those who know best say no. Her studio press agents—nice, hardboiled expect-the-worst—people—wear her. Say she's the most natural girl they've met in a million movies. Say she tells the truth whether it's flattering to her or not. In fact, they're almost speechless over her!

And they boast that when they radioed the New Amsterdam asking her if she'd mind coming over to do publicity activities, she radioed right back: "ANYTHING YOU SAY REGARDS..."

So, on her arrival she got up at five in the morning. Answered a barrage of questions from a feature writer in the car on the way over to New York from Hoboken. Got to the hotel, unpacked, had a cup of coffee and was whisked to the hairdresser's for a session. Then two hours in the studio of a derrier c.r. magazine other than the one Miss Frissel was in, and it's not every movie star who makes the super-months of both of these smart ones. Then in and out of ten gowns under hot lights and lunch of a chopped ham sandwich, a dill pickle and a chocolate malted.

"A decent sandwich is one thing you can't get in England," she complained. "where, mind you, the Earl of Sandwich invented them. The English idea of a ham on rye is a microscopic bit that Americans would overlook in their search for it. And a chocolate malted is entirely out of the picture!"

But to get on with her vacation. A news photographer, who had missed her at the docks, and, fearful of losing his
job, began an almost tearful recital of his plight. He didn't need to finish it. She knows too much about jobs and what they mean to you and me. Then three hours with a group of syndicate writers who threw the book at her, in spite of the terrific heat New York was enjoying. Her replies to questions are direct and not without wit. And being interviewed is no snap—ask any reporter who's ever been grilled, himself.

At four she arrived at smart magazine No. 2, with Toni Frissell and this writer—and soon husband Fred Wallace joined us in the studio. They're a cute pair. All of a sudden Fred sang out, "It's five o'clock, dear!" She looked distressed and answered, "Oh, we'll have to hurry. I'm so sorry...."

He turned to me and whispered, "I have to save her. Once they get started taking her picture they'll keep her all night. We haven't got to go anywhere for hours but we want to spend some time with you."

Fred's not her manager. He's a first-rate make-up man—but he is her husband, and in that capacity he does a lot of protecting.

Now, at the hotel, she leaned back in a big chair and said, all in a rush: "I'm a little tired, I want a bath, where is the bike, Fred?" To translate. She had a right to be dead-tired. She deserved a bath and the bike was an English one brought back for Skipper, the young Wallace.

This young couple are so like the many young-marrieds who live right around you that if you could meet and talk to them you'd find yourself saying, involuntarily,

"Why, they're just like Eddie and Rose, next door!"

But, that's only one of the points to be made in this article. She's thrilled with her success but she isn't carried away with it. There's too much commonness in that beautiful head for any nonsense like that. She has sold too many diapers and mixed too many frosted nuts to know that she isn't the only pebble on the Hollywood beach.

To walk around with her you'd think that she was any young girl from out of town here for the Fair. She swears that the view from her thirty-fifth story hotel window is something akin to heaven. She is certain that there are no store windows like New York's. And she appreciates their contents because she had good enough taste to be trusted with the buying of the ordinary $10.98 dress she wore in "Sing You Sinners." Anyone can do well on Adrien's drawing board but it takes a sharp eye to pick a pretty number from a bargain counter.

"I'll admit that New York isn't exactly the place for a rest, but if you're bored with wherever you are—there's nothing like it," she said. "We're calling on some old friends tonight. Tomorrow we're going to the Fair if we can and then home—home to my baby!"

"Seems like ages since I've seen Skipper," continued Ellen, half-closing her eyes. "Way over there in England, living in a place Henry the Eighth built for Anne of Cleves, I'd think of our little place in Hollywood. Then I'd close my eyes and say, 'Hyah, Skip!'"

"But wait a minute, I'm going terribly sentimental on you. About our trip—Fred got up to Scotland, one week-end we both tried to get to Paris but no soap—too much picture work."

Fred broke in. "The English are a great race," he chuckled, "some of them are so steeped in tradition they've boiled down to a fine simmer!"

"Look out!" warned Ellen, leaving the room hurriedly, "he'll follow that up with 'in the good old summertime!'" She came back with a picture of the baby. He looks like both pa and ma but he hasn't pa's moustache.

"Fred was only kidding about the English," she said. "We were both very much taken with them and it's going to be much more fun when we go back next time—knowing someone. But there's one difference between my baby and some of the English kids we saw. They stood around like little sticks, dressed in Lord Fauntroy costumes that no boy could do anything in. Look at this little guy," pointing to Skipper's picture, "no ruffles on that play suit!"

They both went into a huddle over the picture and a few minutes passed before they remembered that they had company.

Keep an eye on this Drew girl. You're not going to hear a breath of scandal about her. But you are going to see her in some good movies. She has a curious idea that she's in Hollywood to work in the studio. Besides this she has a reputation as a cook and a good housekeeper that she's unusually proud of.

She's a sincere actress. She ain't the night-club type.

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What I Found Out About Hollywood
[Continued from page 45]

We made the second production on Queen Victoria, "Queen of Destiny," for instance, in thirty days for approximately $700,000. It could not be done here they say under three months and for less than a million. His Majesty, the King, graciously gave us permission to film at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and at Balmoral Castle in Scotland—which was wonderful. It would have been impossible to reproduce such scenes at no matter what cost at even our largest studio, Denham. That has only seven floors (stages they call them here) while one plant in Hollywood has as many as twenty-five. In one morning's walk across the KKO lot I have seen an entire block of a New York city street reproduced, a magnificent estate laid out even to the gardener's cottage, two night clubs, and a department store so real you wanted to buy things.

It was May Robson—bless her—who introduced me to the "nutberger" and hot dog. Driving along one afternoon she pointed out an old-lady-in-the-shoe sort of building set back from the road. "No, my dear," twinkled Miss Robson, "this is not a merry-go-round. It's a drive-in cafe where they serve 'foot-long' hot dogs and 'mile-high' cones. Let's go!"

Somehow, working with her in Cavell has given me such renewed courage. For life at seventy-five still holds so much for her. I find myself thinking, "This work that I love doesn't have to end. If I can only go on like she has." For she has given to the screen something so memorable and beautiful and warmly human...

When the silence bell rang for the first "take" on the picture I saw her, Edna May Oliver, and ZaSu Pitts (who turns from comedy to a dramatic role for this) chuckling together like three school girls. They beckoned me. "Don't worry," Wilcox always say, "Sl-h-h-it like that when a scene is to start?" queried ZaSu. "Doesn't he know the accepted Hollywood method is to have four assistants yell 'Quiet!' until the rafters ring?"

"We call 'em the 'Quiet' Specialists," amended May Robson. "Everybody is a Specialist here. We even have a hiccough Specialist!"

That being the case, particularly do I like Hollywood's wardrobe Specialists!

You see, in England this is what we have to do. We discuss costumes with the director—then go to London tailors and dressmakers for them. Dressmakers whose names are world famous, but often the clothes, while modish enough, won't photograph to tell the advantage. Because, naturally, the designers are not trained to think in terms of pictures. And this is the sort of thing that happens frequently: A sports outfit arrives for an outdoor scene. Very good ... but it's raining and we have to shoot the ballroom scene in it and there is no dry gown! Or a glorious combination of colors all photograph the same tone!

And what happens here? The studio designer has consulted with the cameraman as to color and lighting effects; the head wardrobe woman has everything ready down to the last stitch. And you have no worry at all ... It's funny to think of it now, but when I first came out here I pictured the stars somewhat as I had in my school days. I've always been a fervent film friend (a fan I think you call it here) and I imagined them as I'd seen them in movie magazines. You know—ropes of pearls, glittering satin, the grand manner—

But you can't imagine the friendliness and charm of these people. Of everybody. The technicians who send flowers to your dressing room in welcome, and the stars themselves. The first one I met here was Ginger Rogers. I saw this slim, lovely girl coming towards me, wearing slacks, and with little or no makeup. She held out her hand in the warmest of greetings. (If you've ever been a stranger in a new town you know what that means?)

A little later I saw a girl in a sailor suit riding a bicycle. It was Carole Lombard ... And sitting in the sun outside Stage 10A was a dark-haired young lady very busy knitting—Kay Francis.

If players were glamorized overseas as they are in Hollywood, I'd like to think they could retain the same sincerity and down-to-earthness of these delightful women.

But glamorization is strictly an American custom! Perhaps, because we have no Hollywood, film folk lead a much more private life over there. Without the fanfare, the trumpets blowing.

Ah, but there are echoes. ... At least ten American companies are making pictures in England this year, introducing Hollywood technique. And more than twenty stars are working here at the moment.

Definitely the British lion is acquiring a Hollywood roar!
Romance in Reverse

[Continued from page 73]

in the world except each other.

When we decided to adopt a baby we
gave a lot of thought to the type we
wanted. Just when we thought we wanted
a girl we'd think a boy would be nice
and when we decided on brown eyes we
thought of blue ones in the next breath.
Of course we were sure we were going to
select a pretty baby. Wouldn't it be just
too ridiculous to have the advantage of
our own selection and not pick the prettiest
one we could find.

But we didn't. Our little Joan was only
three months old when we found her
and she wasn't a pretty baby at all. But
it didn't make any difference. We felt
something, as soon as we looked at her,
that we hadn't felt for any of the other
babies. Maybe it's true, as scientists think,
that attraction is a matter of chemicals
and that you can't help being drawn to
some people more than to others. Maybe
it's just that it was destined little Joan
was coming to us. At any rate there was
a bond between that baby and us and we
felt it the first moment we saw her. No
mother and father looking at their baby
for the first time could have felt more
in awe of the thing that was happening
to them than Jack and I felt looking at
this, our first child.

Today that baby is the loveliest child
you've ever seen. And that's not just a
fond mother talking either. She has the
bluest eyes in the world and the yellowest
hair and her face is as lovely as a Botti-
celli cherub. But that isn't important.
That little girl, she's five now, is as
spiritually and mentally and physically
kin to us as if she had become ours by
birth as she now is through love.

Nothing in the world makes me as
furious as to have people say, "Isn't she
lucky that you adopted her."

Why, we're the lucky ones getting a
child like that. And we're not such egotis-
tical fools either that we don't realize
our own baby, had we had one, might
not have been as perfect. We didn't know
then how she would develop, any more
than other mothers and fathers know
how their children are going to develop.
That she has become the individual she
is, is only another one of the blessings
that have come to us.

For we've been awfully lucky, Jack
and I. We've laughed together and some-
times we've cried together—as what two
people who love each other and have been
together for a long time haven't? And
we've seen some of our friends part and
we've been unhappy about it. But we've
never been afraid for ourselves.

Because the thing we have isn't a thing
that was conjured up some spring eve-
ing out of a handful of stars and a mist
of moonlight. It's a thing we've built
together, slowly and securely out of the
days and the years of being together.
And you don't lose a thing like that!
So You're Going to the Movies?

[Continued from page 49]

Daily News, writes for the biggest newspaper audience in America, puts it this way: "My standards are those of the average picture patron. I want first to be entertained. Second, to have my interest in history revived by seeing historical events and personalities brought to the screen. Third, I want to be enlightened on current problems and events.

"I consider the story on which a film is based of paramount importance, and, when I say that I want to be entertained, I mean that the story is so compelling to people on the screen must amuse me, or move me to tears by some realistic touch of human drama, thrill me by exciting action, hold me in suspense by a threat of danger to the characters on the screen, mystify me by the secret moves of an unknown killer or interest me in the working out of a domestic problem. I don't expect to experience all of these emotions in one film, however."

"Acting and direction are next in importance. But, if the story isn't interesting, no amount of fine acting nor the subtlest of directorial touches can make up for the lack of suitable situations and lines. Other production values are then considered, such as the excellence of the photography, sets, scenery, etc.

"Out in the heart of movieland, Philip K. Scheuer, motion picture commentator for The Los Angeles Times, sees films from a different angle than most critics. They practically never come on his doorstep. So his words have unusual interest.

"I still measure a picture by its effect on my emotions," he says. "This implies satisfying the intelligence also, at least while I am experiencing the emotion. If later I realize that emotionally I have 'cheated myself,' as it were, I do not necessarily hold the fact against the picture. Movies, after all, are made to be enjoyed while we're seeing them. It is a rare one indeed to which we may return again and again, prepared by each visit."

"As for 'critics' standards,' they are those which have been developed during my thirty years of conscious picture-going. I happened to grow up with the film industry. I have known the silent picture at its best and worst, as well as the talkies so far as it has gone. This gives me a tape measure of sorts, but it is very elastic, and need not be applied in an arbitrary manner. Naturally, I have my personal likes and dislikes. I prefer the Marx Brothers to Joe E. Brown—"but I try to be fair to Brown, allowing for the response of his particular fans and at least trying to evaluate his latest offering in terms of his others."

"I'm still a great believer in motion for motion pictures," continues Scheuer. "Not necessarily advocating the cinematic flow of the whole. I think I look for this first. For this reason 'Stagecoach' seemed to me the best movie of the year so far. Its excellent elements of cinema—musical background, camera beauty, character development, and dialogue—which was at once succinct and revealing, all combined to make a kind of symphony, of which the dominant theme was the turning of the wheels, the onward roll of the stagecoach.

"To sum up, I think the ideal film is one that gratifies both your emotions and your mind. If it stirs you in spite of your better judgment, it may still be a good job of moviemaking. If it makes you think but leaves you cold, something is probably wrong with it. But give it a chance. Perhaps the motivation is just too new, the beginning of a different art form. Tomorrow it may be commonplace."

"Chester B. Bahn, editor of The Film Daily, one of the chief trade publications in the world of motion pictures, knows his screen. So his words have unusual weight.

"It seems to me that the film critic, regardless of his field of service, should strive to see the picture through the eyes of his reading public," he tells me. "That has been my habit for some twenty years, whether my reading public was that of national daily newspapers, periodical, or, finally, strictly trade."

"As a movie fan, I am insistently that a picture entertain. As essentials for screen entertainment, I should—and do—specify such qualities as action, freshness, approach and treatment, sympathetic casting, imaginative direction, and due attention to the niceties of present day technique."

"Welford Beaton, who edits and publishes his own magazine, The Hollywood Spectator, who is another of Hollywood's capitol, is another who marches in entertainment's first brigade."

"Before a picture fades in, I have a definite feeling it is going to be the best I ever saw," he comments. "My mood is receptive to its virtues. If it entertains me for its full length, it is a good picture, no matter how many holes you, sitting next to me, can pick in it. If it does not entertain me, then whatever critical faculty I possess goes on shift and tells me I am not being entertained. And that is what I tell my readers."

"The primary mission of any motion picture is to entertain. If it can break some of its own laws and still be entertaining, that is all right with me; but if it obeys all its laws and still is not entertaining, then it is a bad picture in spite of its constitutional virtues. And during a score of years of picture criticism, my honest endeavor has been to keep from creating the impression that I deem the virtues to be of greater importance than the subject criticized."

"John Hobart, of The San Francisco Chronicle, stands out for honesty, first and last."

"Considering the nature and purpose of motion pictures, it is wrong, I think, to be too arbitrary in judgment and to expect every movie to be a work of art," he believes. "But it is reasonable at the same time to demand a few qualities, and the most important of these, in my opinion, is honesty. A picture that honestly presents its theme, whether it is an historical epic or a simple comedy.
of family life, is pretty apt to be a good picture.

By honesty I mean a story that is not built together from a lot of worn-out clichés but one that makes a valid attempt to picture life as it is with actors who resemble human beings rather than automatons from a glamour factory. ‘Juarez’ and ‘A Man to Remember’ are examples of such pictures. In my judgment, ‘Suez’ and ‘The Hardys Ride High’ (the latter, with particular reference to Mickey Rooney’s distorted antics) were dishonest. If to honesty you can add eloquence, dramatic power and visual effectiveness you are apt to have more than a good picture, possibly a great one.

Suspect and logic are the important factors, in the mind of Katharine Hillyer of The Washington Daily News.

"Suspense is an important element," she says. "Yet there are many plots of pictures we know thoroughly and yet get just as big a kick out of them as if we didn’t. Am I making sense? But, anyway, I’ll pick ‘Pygmalion’ as my favorite picture this year and maybe get the key to your question by saying what I think about it. The directing had a twist to it, the dialogue was brilliant and the performances were just about perfect. It was logical and, darn it, I think logic is one of the most important things for a movie to have. If logic is tossed out the studio gate then a film must click on every other point. Such as the English film, ‘The Lady Vanishes.’ I didn’t care if there were minor flaws and if the whole business might have been called preposterous. It was a lulu of a mystery.

Standards keep shifting but, fundamentally, entertainment is the measure of a good picture, votes Marjory L. Adams, of The Boston Globe.

"Is a picture entertaining to the average audience or to a specialized audience?" Miss Adams asks herself in passing verdict on a film. "Has a picture introduced a new treatment, either of an old subject or a well-worn formula? Do the players really do or do they talk through their roles? Does the film stimulate your imagination or is it just another picture?

"Standards differ from year to year, just as public taste does. A whacky film by itself, when there are too many serious pictures, is a box-office sell-out. It is a dreadful bore when there are too many of the whacky comedies. The film you wrote about as an epic in 1929 develops amazing faults in 1939, when you see it over again."

Another critic with a simple standard of values—are you bored or are you entertained?—is James H. Briggs, drama and motion picture editor of The Rocky Mountain News of Denver, Colo.

"A film does not necessarily have to possess a brilliant cast or one single glamorous actress to please my taste. I can watch for a hidden small-name character actor or actress to deliver a swell performance.

"Do I believe a movie fan should judge a picture in the frame of mind it leaves him in when ‘The End’ is flashed across the screen. If it leaves him happy, it’s a swell show. If it leaves him in a humor to go out and kick dogs and steal pennies from a blind man, then the film should positively be jerked out of circulation."

Helen Potter, the motion picture editor of The Minneapolis Journal, states:

"I have found that my reactions to pictures are about the average. If I tried to analyze a picture, I would ask myself to what extent the picture approached perfection. Here are these four classifications: 1; story; 2; acting; 3; direction; 4; production. However, I think that if a critic starts taking a picture apart in this fashion, he warries his readers. What they want to know is: ‘Do I want to see the picture under consideration?’"

"So the reader should, in my opinion, be given an idea of what the story is about, whether it’s a drama, comedy, farce, melodrama, etc. Naturally, you apply different standards when considering the various types of entertainment. In a farce you will stand for anything, regardless of how wild or improbable it is, so long as it entertains. In a drama, you should have a story that doesn’t offend your intelligence; it should be logical, believable, etc. In melodrama, you allow for exaggeration, because that’s an inherent part of melodrama."

Elizabeth Copeland, of The Richmond, Va., News Leader, says something important when she remarks: ‘I think fans should learn to judge a picture that is phony and what is not. ’And she goes on, ‘By that I mean, they should train themselves to pick out the natural from the unnatural in acting, script, direction, historical background, etc. I think they should learn now how to judge a picture and it is a simple idea, because their favorite stars are in the cast. Often a very good performer can give a very bad performance."

"I look for all these things in a movie. I want it kept straight, simple, artistic, consistent and true to the original idea, historically accurate, mobile and genuine. I prefer good direction to good acting, a good script to elaborate set decoration. Good acting is something you feel rather than see and if I can’t see good acting and good speech together, I prefer the latter."

"Personally, I would rather have simple sets that suggest the mood of the story than the elaborate sets in which all the details are so perfect that they rather clutter up the stage. I would do away with all the melodrama and substitute a little beauty of gesture or a very good line."

"Suspense is a strong point with Elinor Hughes, the dramatic and motion picture editor of The Boston Herald and The Boston Traveler. ‘I judge a film first on its ability to create and maintain an intelligent amount of suspense; second, for the artistry—I don’t mean artiness—of its direction; third, for the quality of the script writing; fourth, for the acting,’ she says. ‘Criticizing films tends to destroy illusion and I no longer find myself developing palpitations at the sight of the glamour boys and girls. If they can act, all very well. If they can’t they leave me cold. I’ve seen so many pictures that muscles are unnecessary.’"

"To sum up, all you need is common sense and the courage to believe in your own opinions. Taking that for granted, you can now consider yourself a bonafide screen critic, so far as your own entertainment program is concerned."

See you at the movies tonight!
Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 57]

"That money is Jeff’s aunt!” Gronchi continues, his eyes alight. "Forward all my mail to Newport and don’t say a word till you hear from me."

Maybe it isn’t funny the way I write it. I’m like Gregory Ratoff: Don’t read it like I write it. Read it like I mean it! "Dick!" I hear a screech and looking around I find one of my favorite people—Florence Rice. She is down in white satin with a white satin plug hat. She’s a trick rider and she’s supposed to ride a white stallion.

"Do you really ride?" I question her. "Quiet," she orders, because Florence is deathly afraid of horses.

Then a photographer comes up. "Come on, Florence," he pleads. "I wanna get a still picture of you with some visitors."

"You want," Florence says. "Dick only comes out once a year and I’m going to make the most of this visit." With that she puts her arm around me. "You’re getting fat," she announces and my day is ruined. But I try to save my face by squirming away and changing the subject.

"You fool," she laughs, withdrawing her arm cautiously.

* * *

The last picture on this lot is the long-awaited "Babes in Arms" starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. It’s all about an old-time vaudeville team—Charles Winninger and Grace Hayes—whose son and daughter (Mickey and Betty Jaynes) were born in the theatre. They are headliners and are sitting on top of the world. But fifteen years pass and vaudeville has died. Seaport, once the gay, happy summer capital of successful vaudeville artists, has become a city of doubt and despair.

Unwilling to believe they are through, Charlie gathers the old-timers for an all-hdling revival. Mickey thinks it’s a swell idea until he learns that none of the children of the performers are going along.

"Why not?" he demands defiantly. "Well, son, because—it’s just the acts that go. No excess baggage," Winninger explains weakly.

"You call talent excess baggage?" Mickey yells angrily. He waves his arms indicating the kids that have gathered behind him. "There’s a lot of entertainment on this side of the room," he cries, and you folks are responsible for it. We’re your kids—chips of the old block—most of us born in theatres—grease paint in our veins—and you don’t want us to go on the stage. No!” he continues, putting on false airs, "you want us to be doctors or lawyers or a broker in Wall Street—and your girls to marry rich guys."

"I suppose that’s bad—bein’ a broker," Winninger argues. "Clark Gable ain’t on relief," Mickey shoots back. "But our acts are all routed—standard," Charlie protests, "I’ll say they are!" Mickey yelps. "Why, most of your acts are a standard when you forget them the audience can prompt you."

It ends by Mickey putting on his own show.

Confidentially, I’ll tell you that next to Carney and Spencer Tracy, Mickey comes pretty close to being my favorite actor. And if he’s inclined to be a trifle cocky and mug a little—well, what the heck. He’s young. And Miss Hayes, who plays his mother, should have been in pictures long ago. When the studios overlooked her she opened up her own night club out here and she and her talented son, Lind Hayes, put on a swell show every night. It’s called The Grace Hayes Lodge and if any of you ever get to Hollywood instead of looking me up and asking me to take you through the studios, just go out to Miss Hayes’ place and you’ll see most of the stars there.

From M-G-M I travel on to—

20th Century-Fox

THERE are a flock of pictures going out here. The biggest is "Hollywood Cavalcade" starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche. It is a melange of all the happenings in the old silent pictures that made Hollywood the most glamorous city in the world, and it gives you Hollywood and motion pictures as they really were and—alas—will never be again.

It’s a good story but a long, involved one. Suffice it to say that Don throws in his lot with pictures when they first appear on the market, makes a big star of Alice, loses her when he fails to return her love and she marries Allan Curtis. Then there’s an automobile accident and Allan is killed and Alice sent to the hospital. Don has been directing them in a picture, just about the time "The Jazz Singer" was released. He goes to see Alice at the hospital.

"Molly," he whispers, "I had to see you."

"Yes," she answers dully, "what about?" "About the picture," he blurs out. "They’re going to finish it without you—with a double—" "Yes, I know," she replies. "Dave (J. Edward Bromberg) phoned me."

"What did you say?" Don gasps. "I told him to go ahead."

"They’re going to ruin it—make hash of it," he laments.

"What if they do?" It’s his turn to
whisper. "It doesn't matter. I'm tired, Mike. It doesn't matter—really it doesn't. Please go."

"I know what it is to be tired—the way you're tired—when your whole world topples. It seems to lick you—if you let it. You've got to fight back and get well. Then things will look different, Molly. What happened wasn't your fault. What happened to me, I was to blame for. I was wrong—about you—about everything, I guess—bull-headed—blind. But through all those years only one thing mattered to me—you. When I was down at the bottom—on my way out—and you gave me the chance to come back—I didn't want to take it—didn't want to take anything from you—but I had to. I had to see you—be near you again. It was like water to a man dying of thirst. From that first day on the picture I started to live again. And what we did was great, Molly—every scene, every foot of it. If I treated you badly on the set it was because I didn't want you to know how I felt. I didn't want myself to know. But now I want you to know—everything."

Before the scene is finished Don has Molly all pepped up, and he goes out to steal the negative of the unfinished picture so they can't complete it without her.

It's a great scene and, although Don has all the talking to do, Alice's facial reactions make her just as important in it.

Mr. Curtis is taking a busman's holiday and visiting on the set when he isn't working. It's Allan's first good part since he made his hit with Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." I have never been able to understand why, instead of this constant frantic search by studios for "new faces," they don't try to do something with the faces they already have and for which the public had shown a liking.

* * *

H owever, that's none of my butt-in so I mosey along to the next set where Jane Withers with the help of the Ritz Brothers is working in "Tin Hats." It is Jane's most pretentious picture to date and she's making the most of it, believe me.

Orphaned by the death of her father in the world war, she is living with Adrienne d'Ambricourt who runs an inn. She is very friendly with a one-legged shoe-maker in the village (Fritz Lieber). But when she follows him after he leaves the village (to give him a basket of food he forgot) she finds him mortally wounded.

"I must get a doctor," Jane exclaims in alarm.

"No," he gasps. "There is not time. Listen carefully to what I say. I am not Pierre Ferrand, the cobbler," he continues with great effort. "I am Captain LaCosta—French Intelligence."

"You, a soldier?" she echoes, astounded.

He nods. "I am two Germans in French uniforms—discovered who I was—"

"Please, Pierre, let me go for a doctor," she pleads desperately. As she starts away she notices with amazement that his wooden leg is lying on the floor and that he isn't one-legged at all.

"No, my dear," he insists. "No one can help me now. But you can save the others. Get a message to Colonel Giraud..."
at once. He is at Belfort. Tell him Hugo Ludwig is to leave. He is in great danger. I could not tell you before—but now you know. Hugo Ludwig—attracted to German headquarters—in Muldhaim—is—Paul Du Bois—your father!

There is more to the scene but this is the gist of it. I look at Jane in wonder. She is growing up overnight and she plays this scene with a surety that many of our glamour girls might envy and there are a lot of them who could learn quite a lot just by watching Jane. "Look at Jane," Mrs. Withers whispers. "See how slim she is. And her waist is only 23 inches," she adds proudly. Mrs. Withers is right. You millions of Jane Withers' fans are due for a pleasant surprise when you see her in this picture. The chubby little figure you're used to is gone and you'll see a budding ingenue.

N
EXT, there's "Here I Am A Stranger" starring Dick and Richard Greene with Gladys George and Brenda Joyce prominently present, as well as Roland Young, Russell Gleason, Edward Norris and Henry Kolker. Dix plays a brilliant but hard-drinking reporter whose wife (Gladys George) is boxed in order to safeguard the future of her little son (Greene). The scene I witness is where Greene, now grown, first meets his father. "Hi, Dick," he hails me.

"Gee, it's nice to see you again, Dick," I return. "I was out to the hospital to see you while you were there but you know how it is. We never do the things we mean to."

"Well, that's pretty swell of you," he concludes.

"It isn't swell at all," I retort. "It would have been nice if I had done it."

"Well, it was nice of you to think about it," he insists.

That's one of the reasons everybody in Hollywood likes Dick. He appreciates it if you ever think about him. Which is saying a lot.

Warner Brothers

O
LY three pictures shooting here but they are among big ones. The first is "The Roaring 20's" starring James Cagney. It starts with the World War and takes up life during the prohibition period afterwards. But now it's just starting and we find Messrs. Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Jeffrey Lynn in a shell hole. C & B were there first and all of a sudden Mr. L was there, too.

"There're twenty thousand shell holes around here," Humphreys complains, "and everybody's gotta come 'in' this one."

"Sorry, fellows," Lynn apologizes. "I didn't know there was anybody in here."

"Maybe we ought to put up a sign: 'No hunting,' trespassing or fish."

Cagney begins a shell explosion and cuts his words short, throwing up dirt all around them. The sound of the exploding shell will be dubbed in later. The dirt it is supposed to follow up is really thrown down on the hapless lads by three men standing out of camera range with shovels.

"Gosh," Bogart says when the director, Raoul Walsh, calls "Cut," "It doesn't matter with Lynn because he isn't a meanie, but I hope these mudpacks don't make Cagney and me too pretty."

Outside it is about 110. Inside, they have thrown up an embankment of dirt about eight or ten feet high to represent a shell-hole. Some boys are crouched down in the centre with the lights blazing down on them. They are sweating so the dirt changes to mud as soon as it hits their faces. It must be at least 130 in there where they're sitting and they have on oil skin uniforms.

"Having fun, Jimmie?" I smirk from my place in front of a huge electric fan. "Get out of here, you rat," Jimmie yells merrily.

I git.

THE next picture is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." To my mind this is one of the best pictures Warner Brothers ever made. Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis had the leads in the original. This time it's John Garfield and Bette Davis. John's interpretation of the part will be different from Spence's but it should be equally as effective.

THE last picture is "On Your Toes" from the successful musical comedy. This features Zorina and Eddie Albert, but the real stars—to me, anyhow, are Queenie Smith and James Gleason. Queenie used to be a big shot in Broadway musicals. You will probably remember her in "Show Boat." Why she doesn't work more is one of those things only casting directors can tell you.

She and Jimmie are vaudeville headliners and Donald O'Connor (whom you saw with Bing Crosby in "Sing, You Sinners") is their son. They have just finished their act and are returning to their dressing room.

"Do you think it would be funnier if I used red droppers?" Donald inquires.

"Good idea. I'm embarrassed and I turn proudly to Queenie. "The kid sure is taking after me."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Queenie counters. "I see nothing developing in Junior except his lower nature. He's going to school."

"School?" Jim echoes, agast.

"School?" Donald sneers. "That's what you get, Pa, for marrying outside the business."

With that Jim and Queenie bang simultaneously over the door. "Junior," Jim reproves him, "Don't talk disrespectful in front of your Ma. Can she help it if her father was a broken-down music teacher?"

"You two better stop banging me around or the first thing you know you won't be in the act. I got an offer from Gus Edwards."

"That settles it," says Queenie firmly. "He's got to go to school."

"Now, wait a minute, Ma," Jim pleads. "Ain't we got the biggest acts in vaudeville? My dad, Phil Doland, the First, never went to school. Phil Doland, the Second, never went to school. And, equally firmly, "Phil Doland, the Third, ain't gonna go to no school."

"Course not, Ma," Junior seconds his father. " Ain't you got no family pride?"

"I'm getting sick and tired of this ham-and-greasemonkey act," Queenie announces. He's going to some education and be a musician if I have to teach him myself."

"Listen to that," Jim imports Junior. "The trouble with you, Lt., you shouldn't ever have married an actor?"

"Did she?" Junior pipes up and with that Jim lashes out with a solid clunk to Junior's ear.

I have always said I hate family squabbles so I leave them to settle their difficulties as best they—and the writer—can, and betake myself to—

Universal

O
LY the new Deanna Durbin picture—"First Love"—is shooting here. That's just starting and the set is closed so you'll have to wait until next month for this one.

Columbia

WALTER CONNOLLY in "Prison Surgeon" and "The Five Little Peppers" are shooting here but the latter is on location and the former is on process stage so we'll reluctantly have to skip them and travel on to—

Paramount

O
LY thing going here is "The Light That Failed" but that's just starting and the set is closed, so that, too, will have to wait. But there's—

R-K-O

I
MAGINE my consternation to find three big pictures going at this studio—"Allegheny Frontier" with Claire Trevor and John Wayne, "Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Charles Laughton and "Vigil in the Night" starring Carole Lombard—and every one of them on location. You'll just have to contain yourselves till next month. That leaves only—

Samuel Goldwin

WALTER WANGER has a big picture shooting here called "Eternally Yours" with Loretta Young, David Niven, Zsa Zsa Pitts, Raymond Walburn, Broderick Crawford, and Hugh Herbert. The first two were married once but Loretta couldn't stand the nomadic existence of David (a great magician) led, so she divorced him and married Brod. Now they've met in a night club and under the guise of entertaining Zsa Zsa and Raymond and their guests, David and Loretta are harboring each other with great gusto and verbal darts.

Lack of space prevents my going into detail about this scene but this is one picture you don't want to miss.

"Dick," Zsa Zsa calls as I leave, "tell that Liz Wilson I'm not speaking to her any more. She used to come by my house every Sunday when Claudette lived next door but now I never see her."

"If you'd given me your phone number instead of Liz," I retort, "you wouldn't have any complaints. But at any rate, Zsa Zsa, here is your message—right out in print—and we'll see if Liza reads anything in the magazine besides her own letters to the editor.

So long, folks.
Sally asks Irene Dunne

"I use cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has active lather that helps guard against cosmetic skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from choked pores. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and holds it. Make Hollywood's beauty care your beauty care, too!

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