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★ PHOToplay

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

JANUARY



CAROLE LOMBARD
By Paul Hesse

GINIA PEINE — GEORGE RAFT — NORMA SHEARER

Their Dramatic Story of Modern Love and Friendship

Told for the first time!

How Andy Hardy Reformed

MICKEY ROONEY!

Look at me now . . . Lily of the 5 & 10



IS IT really me? . . . here in a lovely house, with a car and servants . . . and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder . . .

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that . . . only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men . . ."

"They don't like me," I confessed.

"That's what *you* think . . . but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for . . ."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it . . . but I think I ought to . . ."

And then she told me . . . told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the oleander did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath).^{*} Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, *you've*

been, well . . . *careless*. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant . . . makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest.

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

^{*}Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Christmas Shopping

FOR YOU AND THE STARS

By FRANCES HUGHES, NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR

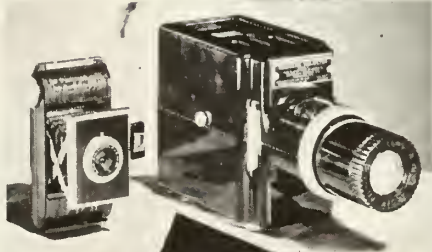
1. CAME "THE DAWN"

A new kind of desk light incorporates a Sengbush self-closing inkstand and pen. Pen is ever ready without tipping and well holds a year's supply of ink. In ivory matelassé, brass or bronze finish. \$19.50 each.



2. A PICTURE-ESQUE CHRISTMAS

For the camera addicts on your list, Eastman has a new little Bantam Kodak that takes shots in full color as well as black and white. Present the projector, too, to flash the shots, large size, on any screen or white wall in the house. \$14.00 for the camera; \$18.50 for the projector.



3. CHRISTMAS ON THE GOLD STANDARD

A sentimental Christmas, too, with Lisner's flower necklace of golden roses festooned around a glittering golden chain. A bracelet, too, for extra oomph. They call the rose a Victorian flower, but show us the modern minx who wouldn't dig for such golden treasure in her Christmas stocking! The rose-necklace, \$2.00; the bracelet, \$1.00. Absolutely!



4. FOUR I'S TO EYE-APPEAL

Orok has a baby blue box that's chock full of ayes for the eyes. I-Ease Lotion, I-Ease Pads, I-Grow Lashes, and I-Sparkle, used in about the order mentioned, will produce the prettiest pair of flashing orbs on any scene. \$3.00 for this complete eye-beauty regimen, for the girl with the big eyes on your list.



5. A MERRY CHRISTMAS

As Lady Esther figures it, a growing girl needs 4-Purpose Face Cream, a box of Superfine face powder and a lipstick to make herself pretty as a picture. So she joined the trio in a rose-color band-box tied up in ribbons and called it "Lady Esther's Gift Set." As much a present to you as the one you give it to, for—believe it or not—it's only 20c!



6. THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE YEAR!

Gulbrandsen's little white console piano. Ask musicians about it and they'll speak of "sparkling brilliance" and a "rich, abundant tone." Ask interior decorators and they'll say it belongs with the simple, beautiful, functional furniture of today. Even the tiniest home can make room for this Supertone piano gracefully, and enjoy its dulcet tones and the chic of its stark white Dupont Fabrikoid finish. Yours for \$350—and sure to make the wife and kiddies happy.



Last month we surprised you with twenty-four "bundling" Christmas presents for You and The Stars. But, said we, in case this doesn't take care of problem children like Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Tillie, we'll be back next month with twenty-four more. Well here we are with Christmas presents for the family, beginning—believe it or not—at 20c and ending with the impressive sum of \$350 for a piano or—if you prefer it—the smallest automobile made!

Drop us a postcard asking for the name of the store nearest you that carries this Christmas cheer, and please address Frances Hughes, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 East 42 Street, New York City. Yours for a merry, merry Christmas!

7. DOES SHE LOVE "SCOTTYS"?

Then she'll love these Scotty "Slipperettes," snug little woolen booties that look like a ball of fluff in the hand but stretch to fit the foot like second skin. College girls can't live without 'em; convalescents wear them in bed; ladies of iron constitutions wear them 'round the house for exercising the arch; and travelers take them along because they tuck into less room than a handkerchief! In baby pastels or determined darks, \$1.25. You ought to check at least six names on your list.



8. FOR HIM!

No guesswork either, for every man on your list will think of you and thank you every morning for his Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream, Rapid-Shave Cream, Talcum and soothing After Shave Lotion. Thank you, too, for choosing such a jolly Christmas box with a he-man snow man on the cover. Only \$1.00.



9. BEAUTY IN A BASKET

Necessity mothered a gay invention—this Early American Old Spice Tote Basket. Perfect dormitory carry-all for forgetful collegiennes. Shulton assembles for them, in a hand-woven Christmas Tote Basket lifted from a page of Early American history, bath soap, bath salts, toilet water and talcum in Old Spice's tangy odor. \$2.50 totes it to every college girl on your list.



10. HOLIDAY HANDOUT

You guessed it! Jergens' Lotion for the hands you love to touch. It makes them smooth as velvet, fragrant as flowers. Once a lotion-lover, always a Jergens' fan. For every outdoor girl on your list. \$1.00.



11. BAG O' TRICKS

Here's "functional design" for Christmas. Beauty in a bag, and yet the trimmings serve a very useful purpose. See how the golden wire twirls its way around the bag to wind up in a "Shur-Tite" lock that snaps securely over your treasures. The cut-out handle carries like a little satchel, and the suede comes in every important costume-color on the winter calendar. Just \$5.00.



12. "LADY, LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE!"

The law speaks and the lady trembles—unless she carries a "La Garde." In the gay morocco-grained young calf billfold goes her driver's license and car registration. Bills hide away in the zipper-compartment. The matching cigarette case has a zipper-bottom and a flap-up top. \$2.00 for the set (\$1.00 each), in Robin Hood red and green, Knockout blue, dahlia and ebony.



(For More Christmas Presents See page 51)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

Behold the beauty of exotic song-bird Ilona Massey as she hears throbbing love-lyrics from impassioned Nelson Eddy! (His greatest role since "Naughty Marietta".)

Balalaika

starring

NELSON EDDY
ILONA MASSEY

with

CHARLIE FRANK LIONEL
RUGGLES • MORGAN • ATWILL

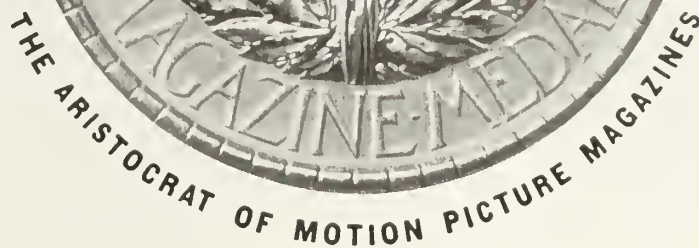
C. AUBREY JOYCE DALIES
SMITH • COMPTON • FRANTZ

Screen Play by Leon Gordon,
Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by Gearge Postford and
Bernard Grün

Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
AN M-G-M PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY



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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Carole Lombard, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Things to Come

It seems to me that never before have coming events on the production lists cast a more promising shadow.

In the course of the next few weeks you will be seeing four famous children's classics: Pinocchio, Gulliver, The Blue Bird, Swiss Family Robinson.

Several great English novels are being filmed: The Way of All Flesh, The Light That Failed, Pride and Prejudice, The Moon and Sixpence.

Look at the plays: The Enchanted Cottage, Major Barbara (further evidence that Shaw has succumbed to the cinema), Waterloo Bridge and Bill of Divorcement. And the modern dramatic successes: Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Our Town, No Time for Comedy, Susan and God, The Philadelphia Story.

Never before have the movies made such a concerted effort to bring us the biographies of famous people. We are to see the lives of Victor Herbert and Father Damien, of Doctor Ehrlich, Disraeli and Edgar Allan Poe.

The story of Doctor Morton, who discovered ether, will be recorded in the dramatization of Triumph over Pain.

Two pictures are being made on the life of Edison: One with Mickey Rooney as the Young Tom Edison, the other with Spencer Tracy as Edison the Man. Louis Bromfield's life of Brigham Young is an important addition to the biographical list.

Let us not forget current classics: The Grapes of Wrath, Rebecca, Of Mice and Men, and of course, Gone with the Wind.

Has there ever been such a line-up?

Ernest V. Heyn

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BRIEF REVIEWS



Bing Edwards (Oh, pardon, we mean Eddie Albert) chalks up a couple more successes with roles in "On Your Toes" and "Four Wives"

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson, who does a swell job. Gene Lockhart and Bobs Watson are good, too. (Dec.)

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

Dagwood takes the rap while Blondie takes a vacation, and it's all just as amusing as the other films in this comic-strip hit series. Larry Simms, as Baby Dumpling, keeps disappearing, but he's cute when on the screen. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake rattle along as the Bumsteeds. (Oct.)

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys and the Dead End Kids merge in this story of a telegraph official (Robert Armstrong) who thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs. The idea clicks. Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys. (Dec.)

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

Here's a strange story of gangsters who attack the U. S. Marines to steal a bomb. There's plenty of blasting and noise, but Helen Mack, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer all seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. (Dec.)

★ CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount

A thriller—and funny! Paulette Goddard is heir to the estate of an eccentric millionaire, but there's a second will in case she should die or become insane within a month. With a dangerous lunatic loose, uncanny noises and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you screeching. Paulette makes a convincingly frightened heiress and shares a hectic romance with Bob Hope. (Dec.)

★ CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films

The villain of this melodrama is a mountain; the hero, the breath-taking escapes from snow-slides in the Alps in the 1860's. The rivalry of an Italian and an Englishman (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas); the rivalry of three countries to be the first to scale the Matterhorn is the basis of the plot. It's intense drama. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

Routine Chan fare with philosophical Charlie uncovering the hocus-pocus of one Dr. Zodiac, mystic. An exposé of fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as Chan, does admirably. Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon help the plot. (Nov.) (Continued on page 83)

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

When Professor Moriarty decides to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, he doesn't figure on Sheer-Luck Holmes' uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play Holmes and Dr. Watson. Alin Marjinal and Ida Lupino are the lovers and George Zucco, the Professor. Lots of murders but little pace. (Nov.)

★ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

Easily the best of the series, Mickey Rooney faces disillusionment when he falls in love with his pretty teacher, new Helen Gilbert. There's a mild counterplot to keep the Judge, Lewis Stone, busy. But your throat will ache with wanting to bawl over Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him. (Oct.)

★ BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

They don't come any funnier. Mickey Rooney, as the son of ex-vaudeville artist Charles Winniger, tries to change the family fortune by organizing his own show. With the aid of Judy Garland, Betty Hutton, June Preisler, he puts on routines that will have you in the aisles. Guy Kibbee is the kindly judge who keeps the kid out of the state work school. Don't miss this. (Nov.)

BAD LANDS—RKO-Radio

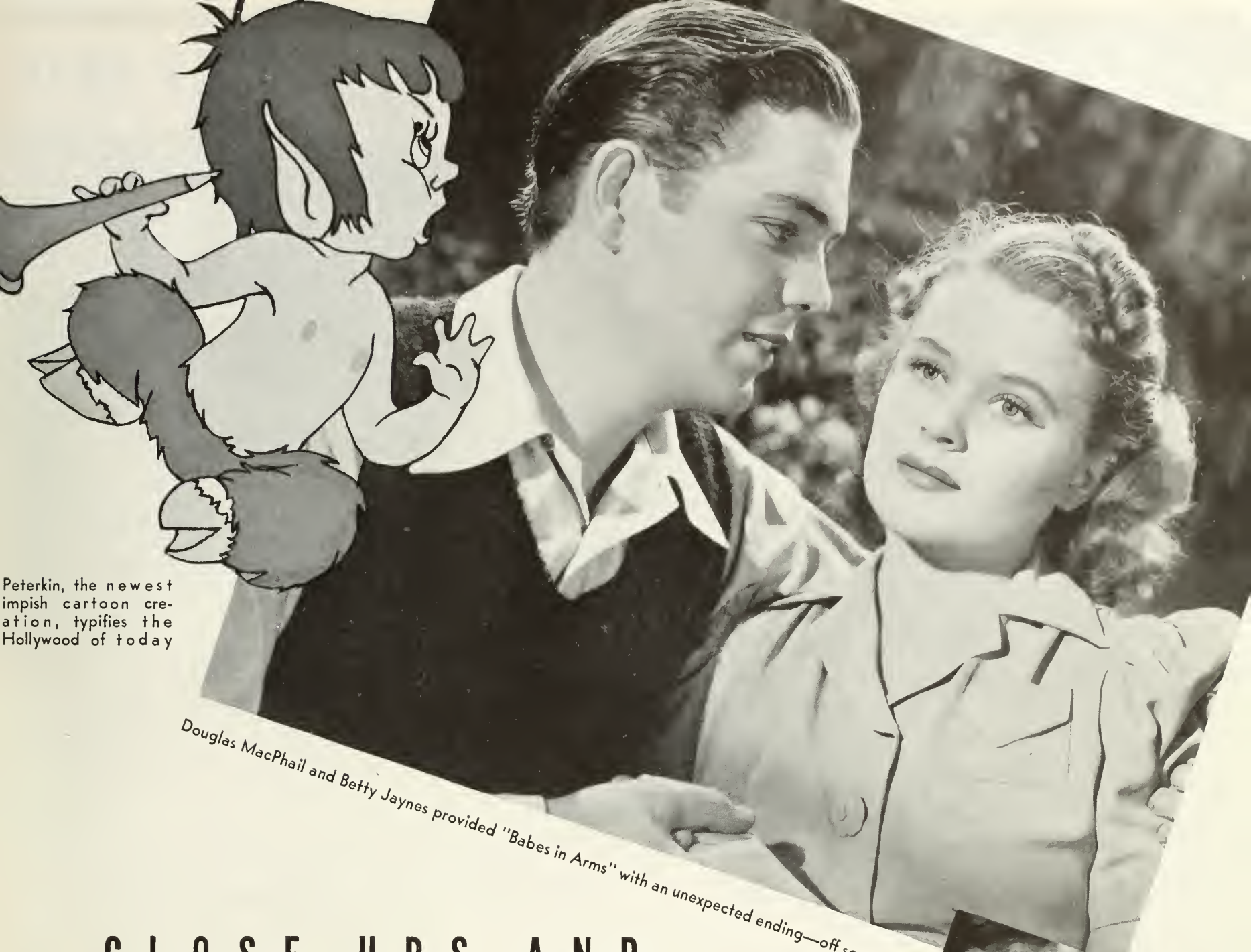
This is pretty bewildering. It's about nine men sitting around waiting to die. A horrid and a posse go out to search for a killer, and the killer traps the hunters. No females in the cast, either. Robert Barrat, Noah Berry, Jr., and others are unimpaired. (Oct.)

★ BEAU GESTE—Paramount

Remember Ronald Colman as Beau Geste? This time it's Gary Cooper who, with his loyal brother, Ray Milland and Robert Preston, rumbles off to the Sahara when accused of stealing the giant sapphire. It's a man's film, since romance is limited to a few yearning glances between Milland and Susan Hayward, and since blood and thunder comprise the remainder of the offering. Brian Donlevy is excellent. (Oct.)

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

A morbid but thrill-packed movie revolving around oil-well fire and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a



Peterkin, the newest impish cartoon creation, typifies the Hollywood of today

Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes provided "Babes in Arms" with an unexpected ending—off screen!

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY



Ruth Waterbury

IN the saddened world of today Hollywood keeps right on with its own blend of goofiness and greatness . . . that's why I continue to love the place . . . for with Europe gone mad who shall say but that the ability to keep on laughing may not prove to be the final sanity? . . . it's not my business to write of war and politics, I know . . . but happy nations do not go to war . . . and the ability to laugh is one characteristic that distinguishes man from the rest of the animal kingdom . . . beasts can think and feel and eat and bear young . . . only man can give expression to gaiety and the fact remains that when a nation is gay it is greatest . . . as was England in the days of Elizabeth . . . and art flourishes then and survives dictators and upheavals . . . as witness

the sculpture of Greece and the music of ancient Russia . . . and thus if Hollywood keeps right on with its dizzy, giddy, creative pace there may be hope for humanity in it. . . .

Take Peterkin, for example . . . that's Peterkin popping about at the top of this page . . . he's new and merely a short . . . but I think you'll want to see a lot of him once you've seen him at your local theater . . . for he is a thing of mischievousness and a joy forever . . . and he's typical of what goes on in Hollywood behind the scenes. . . .

There is a fantastic amount of unsung talent out here . . . the actors get all the fanfare . . . which is all right in a way for they are extraordinary people, what with their handsomeness, their charm and their power of creating illusion

. . . but some few are wise to themselves . . . like George Brent who says that he feels no actor should take an Academy Award for himself but should state publicly that it belongs more to the crew, the script writer and the director than it does to the performer . . . that is, George feels that the Award should not be given to the individual but to a unit . . . which is very accurate . . . it is the group spirit out here . . . similar to that of the Guilds of the Middle Ages . . . that puts things across . . . and makes Hollywood the wonderful place it is. . . .

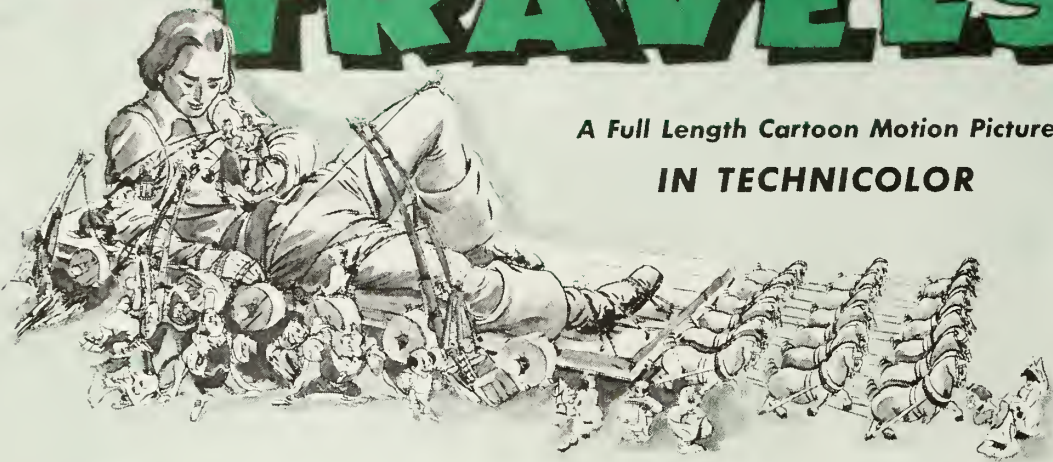
This month . . . discovering Peterkin . . . chatting with George Brent and Jimmy Cagney on the set of "The Fighting 69th" (with Cagney calling Brent "Puss" in exactly the same tone
(Continued on page 79)

PARAMOUNT WISHES YOU A MERRY XMAS

PARAMOUNT'S lyrical, laughable, lovable epic of Lilliput Land

"GULLIVER'S" TRAVELS"

A Full Length Cartoon Motion Picture
IN TECHNICOLOR



Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land...25,000 of them.

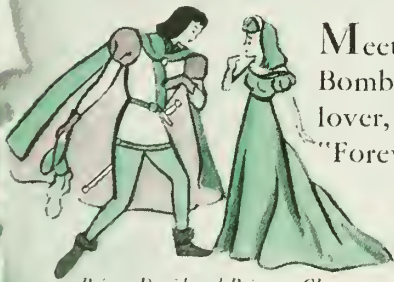


Gabby,
the town crier.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



Sneak, Snoop,
and Snitch.



Prince David and Princess Glory.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



King Little and King Bombo.



Twinkletoes.

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER

AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!



"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE" . . .

• **THE GREAT MARY** ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") **MARTIN** . . . as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway . . . Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary . . . The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

"A KISS IN THE DARK" . . .

"KISS ME AGAIN" . . . "THINE ALONE" . . .

"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE" . . .

"GYPSY LOVE SONG" . . .


"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"

A Paramount Picture with

Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly

Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by **ANDREW L. STONE**

Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

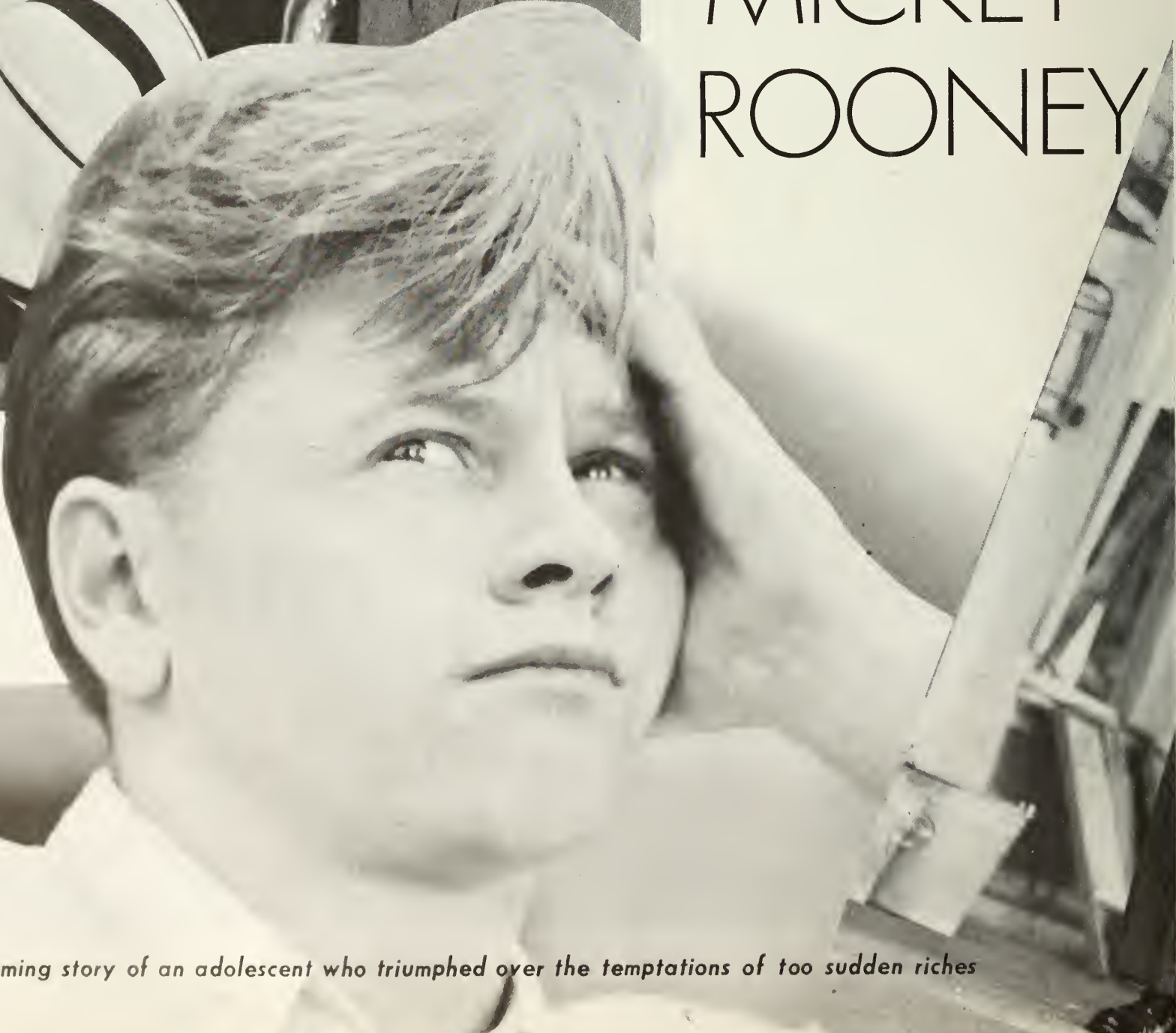


BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE greatest hit that the mighty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has had in years is the musical comedy, "Babes in Arms."

It stars Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Their two names are up there in equally large type, in equally brilliant electric lights. But regardless of Judy's good work, it's Mickey's picture virtually from the first shot to the final fade-out. He's funny. He's pathetic. He works in black face and does a soft shoe dance. He is Gable talking to Lionel Barrymore in one scene and Lionel talking to Clark in another. He is at once President Roosevelt and a goofy kid sick from smoking his first cigar. He runs such a gamut as would kill most stars and the result is that exhibitors are crying for him. The public is yelling for him. His contract, right now, is one of the most valuable in the whole movie world.

HOW
ANDY HARDY
REFORMED
MICKEY
ROONEY



Mickey adores his "Mom" that mother who dedicated herself to taking care of a little boy who could find work when she could not; that boy who was to become the amazing star of "Babes in Arms"

The heartwarming story of an adolescent who triumphed over the temptations of too sudden riches

Actually, there are three stars in "Babes." There are Mickey and Judy, of course. But have you guessed the third? He's *Andy Hardy*.

For while *Andy Hardy* belongs in a series and therein couldn't possibly have been the boy he is without Mickey, equally the Mickey Rooney of today couldn't have been what he now is without *Andy Hardy*.

In fact, without *Andy Hardy*, Mickey, instead of being currently triumphant, might very well be on the skids. For now that he has passed safely through a dangerous phase it can be told how Mickey Rooney nearly lost his head—and how *Andy Hardy* saved it for him. An amazing and heartwarming yarn this is, this story of a boy of very lively flesh and blood who was saved by a make-believe boy in a shooting script.

Andy Hardy not only made Mickey Rooney a star but gave him the education he never had

had a chance to get, taught him refinements he hadn't had time to learn, showed him a better way of living and thinking. Instead of allowing Mickey to go Hollywood, *Andy* made him go genuine, average American. Instead of letting him be a flash in the pan, *Andy* taught him how to be a permanent star.

To begin with you have to remember that Mickey Rooney, who was born Joe Yule, Jr., has had it tough all his life. He's taken off just six months—the first six. Ever since then he's been self-supporting; ever since he was five he's been taking care of his mother, too.

That mother is a swell person. She didn't want Mickey to work, any more than she wanted him growing up backstage in cheap burlesque houses or knocking around studio casting offices. But they had to eat, and the little boy could find work when she couldn't.

So, as the years passed, she dedicated herself to taking care of him, while he dedicated himself to being funny.

Week by week, season by season, they barely managed to get along, until the lucky day, nearly four years ago, when Mickey finally signed his M-G-M contract and they both realized they were reasonably secure for the first time in their precarious lives.

He went into "Hideout" and was very good. He went into "The Devil Is a Sissy" and was even better. He went into "Stablemates" and was great. Metro took away his first contract and gave him a better one, for more money and more years. The little boy who had had to dye his hair with shoe blacking (because his mother couldn't afford real dye and he had to be a brunet for his first movie work) was suddenly a star, a big shot, a hot potato. Boom went his hatband. Bang went his head. He got cocky as could be. It wasn't any wonder. It would have been a miracle if he hadn't. For he was just sixteen.

But Hollywood didn't stop to consider that. Hollywood said Rooney's success had gone to his head. That was true. It had. But the fact that similar success would have gone to almost any sixteen-year-old head—and to many a sixty-year-old head, for that matter—nobody stopped to consider. All Hollywood tried to do was to get Rooney out of its hair. But it couldn't.

The kid was everywhere. If you couldn't see him for a block off, you could hear him. He bought a big blue car. He bought a wardrobe of clothes that made a forest fire look pallid. He hired a valet (and was forever forgetting to call him when he wanted to dress). He organized a band. He jitterbugged on night-club dance floors. He tried to date every girl he met. He flashed a roll of bills. Quickly, new friends sprang up around him and he swaggered into places with this silly mob at his heels. The gang told him he was terrific; and, of course, he believed it. The things he did were essentially harmless to other people, but they were antagonizing—hence bad for him.

THEN, to Mickey's eternal good fortune, "A Family Affair," the first of the *Hardy* pictures, came along, and through the medium of his role he made his first real acquaintance with a true American boy; became, in the studio, the member of a typical American family; entered, through his sensitive imagination, the life of an American small town.

He who had never had a father to guide him (for while Joe Yule is now under contract to Metro, Mickey hadn't at that time seen him for years) suddenly got a guiding one via the screen. He who had never had a sister got a very interested one in the sweet person of Cecilia Parker. He who had never known anyone who wasn't somehow connected with acting, with all the exhibitionism and competition acting necessitates, learned through scripts a quieter and more ethical way of life. In other words, through the *Hardy* pictures, Mickey actually entered into society as it is lived in the world at large. It is to his eternal credit as an actor that he played it so convincingly.

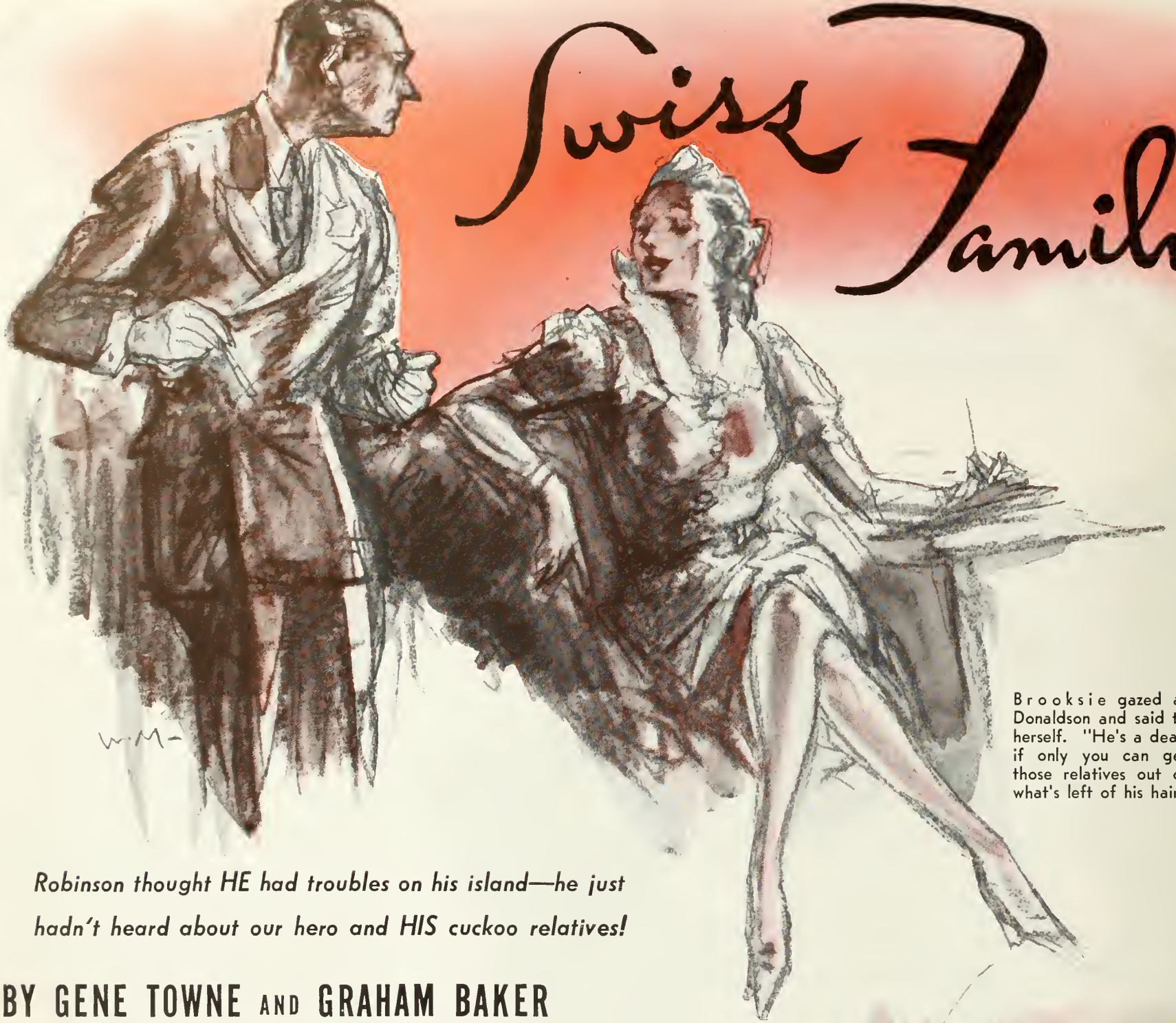
Nothing was expected of the first *Hardy* picture and less of *Andy Hardy* therein. "A Family Affair" was a Lionel Barrymore starrer; but, with the greatest respect to the distinguished Lionel, it must be said that it was Mickey's good fortune that Lewis Stone went into the role of *Judge Hardy* in the second *Hardy* production. For any Barrymore, is, after all, all stage and three yards grease paint and Lewis Stone, though an actor for years, is, off screen, very much the social gentleman. He's a soldier, a sailor, a philosopher and a very rich man. He mingles with all types of people, preferably not actors, and he began giving Mickey the

(Continued on page 80)



"Judge Hardy and Son"—that's the title of their latest picture, but in more ways than one Lewis Stone has been a real father to Mickey

Swiss Family



Brooksie gazed at Donaldson and said to herself. "He's a dear, if only you can get those relatives out of what's left of his hair"

Robinson thought HE had troubles on his island—he just hadn't heard about our hero and HIS cuckoo relatives!

BY GENE TOWNE AND GRAHAM BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

*"We can choose our own friends,
But God gives us our relatives."*

—Poet Anon.—From the Persian

HOWARD DONALDSON watched a fly buzzing industriously, if ineffectually, against the windowpane and wondered if a fly buzzing against a windowpane might not prove something symbolic in his next picture. There was a light rap on his office door and Brooksie came in, her arms loaded with papers.

Brooksie was Donaldson's private secretary and Donaldson was the most important producer for Atlas Pictures' gigantic Hollywood film factory. Brooksie was blonde, with large, innocent blue eyes that would fool you if you didn't know better. She had been with Donaldson for five years and, although her boss sometimes made a mistake, she never did. She knew Donaldson as Edgar Bergen knows Charlie McCarthy.

Brooksie deposited the papers on the desk prepared to start the day's routine. Ordinarily Donaldson pitched into this chore with the boundless enthusiasm of *Dagwood's* search for a midnight sandwich, but on this particular morning he had something on his mind even more momentous than the destinies of Atlas Pictures. The evening before, somewhere be-

tween his decision to change the title of a forthcoming picture and a mental resolve to get more exercise, it had come to him quite suddenly that he was desperately in love with Brooksie.

Being alone at the time, it seemed a grand and glorious vista. He had promptly begun to rehearse the perfect proposal of marriage. It would be a combination of a love scene from "Romeo and Juliet" (latest film version) and Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in a tropical setting. Yet it would be even more tender and convincing. He would take Brooksie in his arms and say: "My sweetheart, it was fate that brought us together—"

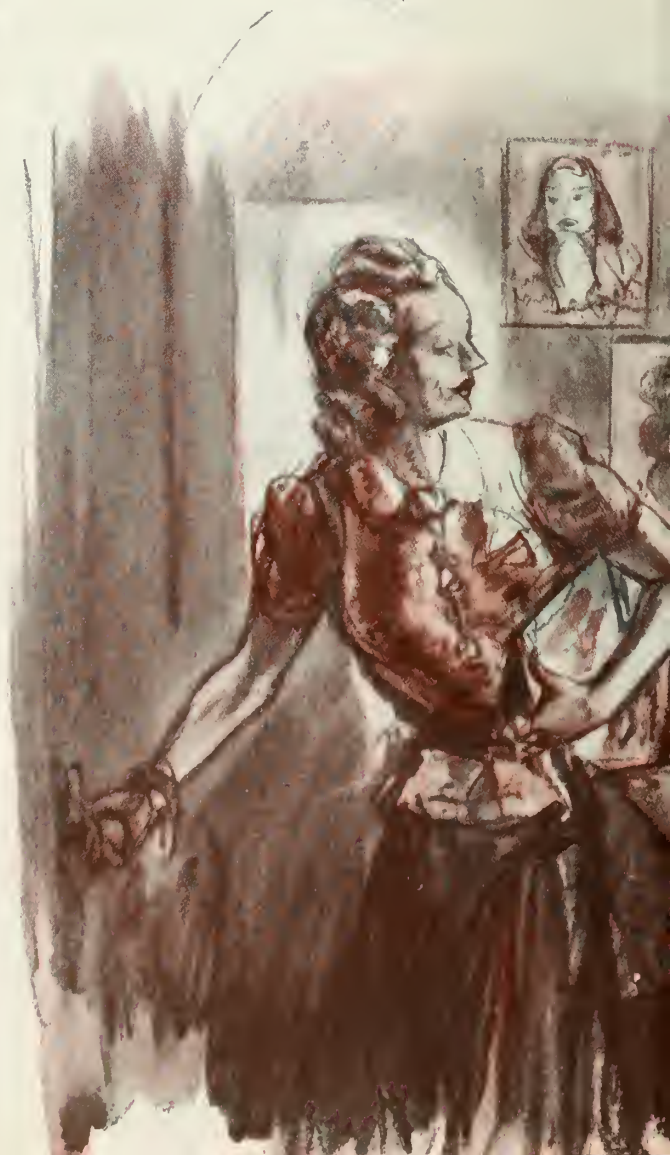
Brooksie's calmly efficient voice brought him back to the present. "How about Grace Darling's option?"

"What about it?"

"I'll write her that we're not taking it up."

"Yeah, go ahead," Donaldson replied vaguely, then determined to cross the Rubicon in one leap. His intentions were of the best, but his execution was way off the Romeo-Juliet-Taylor-Lamarr form. He sounded exactly like Howard Donaldson, the efficient producer, when he said:

"Miss Brooks, do you think marriage and a career can be one and the same thing?"



HOLLYWOOD

If Brooksie knew what her employer was trying to stumble into, she gave no outward sign. "If you are thinking of your own career, Mr. Donaldson, you had better take it up with your sister. She seems to manage that side of your affairs quite well." Donaldson winced and Brooksie continued, not trying very hard to keep cattiness out of her voice, "As a matter of fact, there's a letter from her this morning."

Donaldson realized his campaign to woo and win Brooksie had lacked any number of essential Romeo-Juliet ingredients at the beginning and this flank attack made it even more clear that he was in the position of a man who has sat up all night cramming his head full of facts on television to find the next day that his listener had invented it.

He sighed audibly as he fingered through his mail and came across the fat envelope addressed in the all-too-familiar angular scrawl of his sister, Christine, and then carefully placed it unopened on the far side of his desk. He always did this with his sister's letters. He felt sure that some day a letter from Christine would be brushed off into the wastebasket before he could read it.

For a brief instant a look of maternal compassion showed on Brooksie's face, but it was a fleeting one. She gave no quarter:

"I'd suggest you forget love in a cottage for

the time being and think about that new novel of Brownfield's. Are we going to buy it or not? We've only till tonight to decide. Paramount wants it too, you know."

With an almost superhuman effort, Donaldson managed to cast off his role of lover. "Then somebody at Paramount must see a picture in it. We better beat 'em to it."

"Paramount only wants it because they think you see a picture in it," Brooksie countered.

"The dopes," replied Donaldson, rather inconsistently. He pondered this grave question for a second before saying, almost petulantly, "Well, have Gardner, if he's still head of the story department, see me right after lunch." He seemed to have entirely forgotten about romance, and as he hurled himself into feverish, efficient activity, Brooksie felt a bit chagrined.

DURING the morning she was in and out of his office half a dozen times, each appearance less important and each stay a bit more lingering. But he missed the open hint completely. Unconsciously and unintentionally, Donaldson was doing a far better job of getting Brooksie to co-star with him forever and ever by using these tactics.

The highly efficient secretary had just finished another careful scrutiny into her vanity mirror, preparatory to a final foray, when Don-

EDITOR'S NOTE: Proudly we present the comedy-fiction scoop of the month—an hilarious, movie-wise novelette by Towne and Baker, Hollywood's best-known and certainly its most mad-cap team of writers. Adding another string to their bow, this energetic pair is now making a debut as producers. For their first RKO-Radio release, they have chosen the beloved "Swiss Family Robinson." Not to be confused with the present ultra-modern story beginning on these pages, "Swiss Family Robinson" is that same serious classic which has been translated into every language—including the Hindu—since it was written in 1812-13 by Johann David Wyss. For their film version, author-producers Towne and Baker have assembled one of the screen's best cast of characters, including, among others, Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt, Terry Kilburn and baby Bobby Quillan.—E.V.H.

aldson called her on the interoffice communication.

"Miss Brooks," said Donaldson.

"Yes," said Miss Brooks.

"Ahem (sound of throat being cleared), Ahem!"

"Yes," said Miss Brooks.

"Oh, yes, 'um, 'er, by the way. Could you arrange to have lunch with me today? It's kind of important."

Brooksie smiled to herself.

"Why, of course, Mr. Donaldson. Shall I bring my notebook? I mean, will you have some dictation?"

"Yes, that is no. I mean I have something important to say, but you won't need a notebook."

The Great Man swiveled his chair back, lighted his cigar carefully, swung his feet to his desk and resumed his mental self-rehearsal of sweeping the incomparable Brooksie off her well-shod feet into his expansive heart and even more expansive bank account.

Life was pretty good, he reflected with eyes
(Continued on page 71)

Donaldson tried to put heartiness in his voice. "Swell, Hughes, swell to see you." Hughes held out a hand that felt like a decomposed eel and grinned a bit foolishly



VIRGINIA PEINE— GEORGE RAFT— NORMA SHEARER—

THEIR DRAMATIC STORY OF

Modern Love and Friendship

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON



A romance is over; the odds were too great. Virginia's gone her way. George his

THE story of George Raft and Virginia Peine and their love could have been told any time during the past seven years. It is the change in their relationship that has come about in the last eight months, and the good fortune I had in securing an exclusive interview with Virginia Peine that makes this story one which can and should be told now.

The events of the last eight months include not only a dramatic and heartbreaking separation between George and Virginia but also the growth of a much-publicized friendship between George and Norma Shearer.

When Virginia and George met seven years ago they were both married. Virginia got her divorce almost immediately. George still isn't free. Technically, therefore, through all the years of their relationship Virginia was "the other woman." But only technically. For those who knew her saw her in an inspired role. Beautiful enough to be loved by almost any man and talented enough to have a bright career she stood unequivocally by George Raft even though the odds nearly always were against their chances of marriage.

It was one night last spring that all this

changed . . . and the stage then was set for Norma Shearer to come on and play her part in this modern story of love and friendship.

That night George and Virginia had dinner, as usual, in the serene, white-brick, Georgian house in which Virginia lived with her daughter, Joan. Together Virginia and George had bought the land and built this house. It was one of those times when they were confident George's divorce was assured and they soon could be married and share the house.

"I want to talk to you," Virginia said to George after dinner, as they made their way toward the living room.

George lighted a fire. It's chilly in Cold Water Canyon when the sun goes down. Through the windows, open behind the drawn curtains, came the clean smell of sage. In the kitchen the servants were clearing away the dinner. Joan was asleep upstairs. It was as it long had been. But soon it was to be different.

Virginia told me all about it when I saw her in New York five or six months later, by which time the break she proposed to George that night had been made. She had taken a furnished apartment until her things arrived from Cali-

fornia. After much careful inquiry she had entered Joan in school. And eager for work so she would have no time to think, she had signed with a prominent theatrical agent.

I'll long remember Virginia that day. There was something shining and splendid about her. Her chin had a brave tilt. It was only an occasional tone in her voice and a fleeting expression in her eyes that hinted what went on in her young heart.

Apropos of that spring night when she told George she wanted to talk with him, Virginia said to me: "For six months, since the last time



George is back in Hollywood making "Invisible Stripes"



George's divorce had failed to materialize, I had been priming my courage for that moment. For years George and I had lived in abeyance, waiting for something—like a mirage—that disappeared every time we drew near to it. Obviously we couldn't go on this way forever. So the healthy, constructive thing for us to do was make a break. And it seemed to me the sooner we made it the better—for both of us."

That was just about the way she said it to George, too, disregarding the fine speeches she had been composing and revising in her mind.

And George must have been proud of her for having come to a conclusion concerning the very things about which he was still in doubt.

It wasn't easy for either of them. Seven years they had loved each other better than all the world. . . .

IT began almost as soon as Virginia arrived in California. She was in her early twenties. Her marriage to a rich Chicago boy had failed and, a little bewildered, she hoped to stake out a new life in work. Joan was only an infant.

The men in California saw Virginia's bright hair and gentle eyes, and her social success was assured. They bought her pink champagne at the Trocadero. They piled chips high at her place at the Clover Club. They implored her, please, to borrow their cars.

"And," to let Virginia tell her own story, "when the evening was over and those men saw me to my door they always suggested, at least, that they come in for a nightcap.

"Then I met George. He was at the Clover Club with a large party, but he remained when the others went home. And I knew why! For all evening I had been excited and happy—the way I hadn't expected to be excited and happy again for a long time—because his eyes never had left me.

"'Like to meet George Raft?' offered a girl in my party who was sensitive to that consciousness of each other which George and I had. And I nodded—eagerly!"

"He was so sweet the first time he took me out. We went to the fights. On the way home we stopped at a roadside stand for Hamburgers. And when I took my key out at the front door he didn't even mention a nightcap. He just tipped his hat and asked if he could see me soon again."

It wasn't long after this that Virginia had to go to Chicago to get her divorce. When she came out of court George was waiting.

"You two planning on getting married?" asked the reporters.

"Right!" George said. "As fast as we can!"

He had been separated from his wife for years. It didn't occur to him there would be any difficulty on this score. But had he been a little less in love he might have known that it is not always easy to arrange a mutually satisfactory divorce.

It always was the same. George never could hide his love for Virginia or pretend it was any less than it was. Again and again his offers were refused and his hopes of freedom crashed. But not once did he haul down his proud colors.

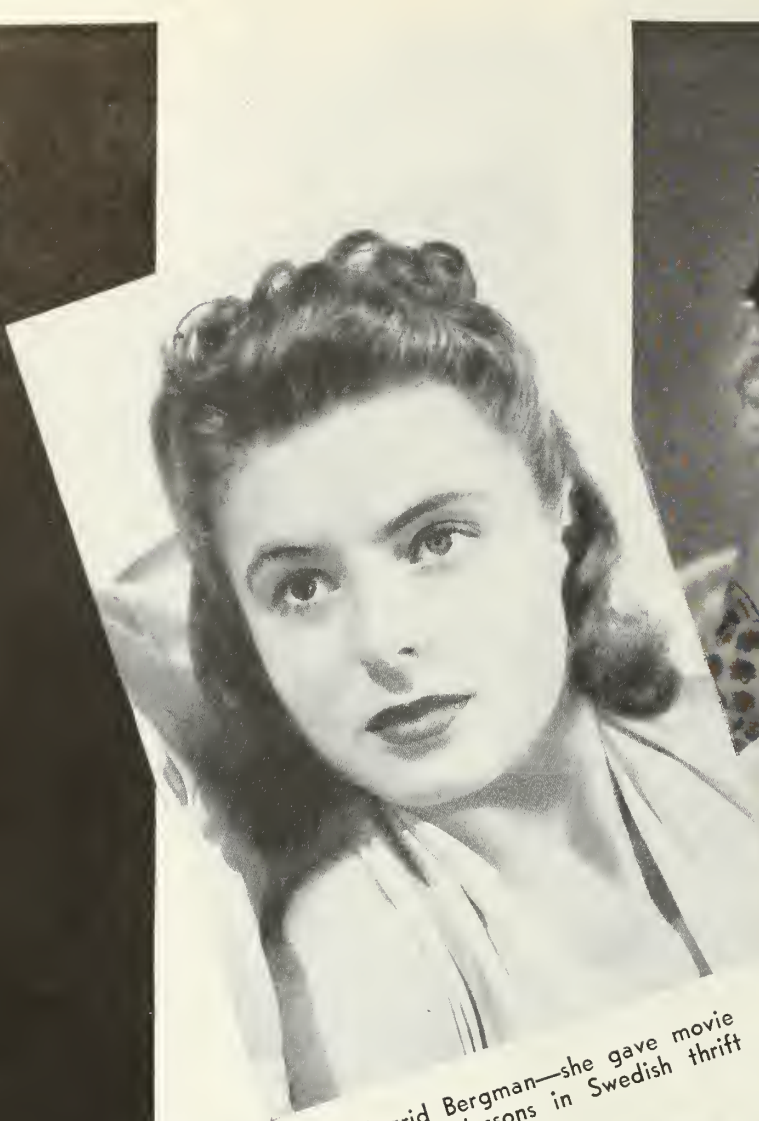
The years passed. The relationship between these two became the better part of a marriage. Every night they dined together. Neither ever raised eyes to another man or woman. Joan grew into a charming little girl and you saw the three of them together everywhere—everywhere a little girl should go. And most of the time, I think, George forgot Joan wasn't his child.

(Continued on page 77)

George took Virginia's advice and sailed for a European vacation. Aboard ship were several Hollywood people, among them—Norma Shearer



Mary Martin—Hollywood passed her up once, but her "Daddy" song and a strip tease made her famous



Ingrid Bergman—she gave movie moguls lessons in Swedish thrift



John Sutton — born in New Jersey, with an English accent

Round-up of

Photoplay brings you sparkling close-ups of ten promising newcomers who'll have you asking your movie companion, "Who's she?" and "What's his name?"

BY SARA HAMILTON

THAT Hollywood is a wench! Sly, clever, cunning as the dickens, wearing a face as blandly innocent as a round of rattrap cheese, she can be at the same time as tricky as a relaxed garter, letting loose with some new bit of chicanery just when one expects it least.

But this time we're ahead of her. We've found out her little scheme for confounding the public with a united mass of new and startling talent to be sprung almost to the exact minute as a sort of holiday surprise for us little kiddies. A surprise destined to leave all of us in the usual dither of sleeve pulling in the middle of a picture to ask our neighbor, "Who's she?" "What's his name again?" "How long has this baby been going on?" And getting nothing but shshsh's and "be quiet," and dirty looks for our interest.

So ahead of time we know the answers. Smug—my gosh, are we smug in our knowledge that includes the fact the new girl, Mary Martin in Paramount's Victor Herbert picture is the "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" girl, and Maureen O'Hara in "The Hunchback" nightmare is nuts for "the little people of Ireland." But nuts! Just



Laraine Day—sings off-key, is roller-skate crazy and can't get away from the redskins



Betty Field—her "Do not take my child" scared Boston natives

John Russell—deflater of adult ego and outsmarter of Shirley T.

NEW FACES

go on, ask us something, try to trip us up once. Ask us something like "Is it true that Ingrid Bergman has a dimple in her right cheek?" And we'll come back just like a flash, "Oh no, it's not a dimple, it's a mole and it's on Mary Martin's left leg."

But to get back to Miss Bergman—and to begin at the beginning of a brief but beautiful friendship—one year ago, in a small downtown theater in Los Angeles, we saw on the screen a girl who was as clear-cut as the fjords of Norway, as different as an unfaithful old geyser, and as alluring as a warm night in Bali. She was performing, and doing it beautifully, in a Swedish film called, "Intermezzo." The program said her name was Ingrid Bergman. We never forgot her. Couldn't, for only a year or so later, Ingrid was startling America playing her same role in the Hollywood version—which wasn't half as good, believe me.

Ingrid Bergman. The name reveals so little of the approachable warmth and kindness of her. Yet, how eloquently it speaks of things. Of her homeland—Sweden. Of Stockholm where she was born while the European war raged about her. But, of course, we have to admit there's little about the name that suggests she'd one day become Hollywood's champion corn-on-the-cob eater. The vegetable simply fascinated her. She ate tons of it. And never gained an ounce.

Her sense of humor enchants us. When we complimented her on her perfect English, she said, her eyes dancing, "You see I was a student for eleven years at the 'Stockholm Lyceum for Flicker.'"

"For Flicker?" we gasped, "you mean movies?"

It was then the laugh bubbled over. "I thought you would say that. No. It was nothing to do

with pictures. It is a public school where I learned English and German."

By the way, she speaks French, too, plays the piano exquisitely, as you will note in the film, and has an adorable baby. Her own. She couldn't wait to get back to it after the picture was over. Her husband is an engineer in Stockholm.

Gregory Ratoff, the director, furnished her with several moments of amusement.

"Quiet please," Gregory would shout on the set. "Quiet."

"Dot is quiet," Ingrid would say slyly, above the din, to Leslie Howard, "very quiet."

If you ask me, she kinda put the Hollywood boys in their place. But quietly, of course. For instance, they tacked up on her dressing room door, a sign reading, "Keep Out. This Room for Miss Bergman Only."

"It seems rude," she said, "please take it down."

The sign on her door then read, "Miss Bergman." That's all.

She killed them on the clothes thing, too. One elaborate gown was cast aside, in typical Hollywood fashion, because it didn't fit. Imagine everyone's face when Ingrid insisted upon taking the gown home to remodel herself. "Here we come a-sewing, a-sewing, a-sewing, so early in the morning!"

And the gloves! They came out to measure Miss Bergman's long, slim hands for pigskin gloves to be used in one scene. She was horrified. "I'll wear my own," she said, and did.

"That girl would save this town a lot of dough," a prop man shrugged. "A lot of dough."

Her father is a prominent photographer in Stockholm. He knew her clear beautiful skin, light well-brushed hair, clear hazel eyes beneath



Robert Stack—he's on the receiving end of Deanna's first screen kiss



Vincent Price—mention movies to him and he talks about his wife's big eyes

natural eyebrows were a dramatic dream. So when at fifteen she wrote and directed a school play that drew the attention of the director of the Royal Dramatic Theater School and they came to get her to enroll, he gave his permission. A talent scout for a film company (they have them in Sweden, too) saw her and in no time Ingrid was a star in Sweden. A star who spoke four languages, worked, dreamed, studied and did land in Hollywood.

She wore no screen make-up. Only lipstick. Taller than most film girls, five feet six, she weighs a healthy 120 pounds. Never diets. Her tastes are simple in clothes. White is her favorite color. Unlike her fellow countrywoman, Miss Garbo, Ingrid is always ready to laugh and yet, somehow she, too, stands alone in quiet simple dignity. Under contract to Selznick International, they expect her to return as soon as they find a suitable picture.

Put this down as the biggest *faux pas* of my life—I forgot to ask her, before she returned to Sweden—what she calls her baby.

He's Got Everything

Remember the movie where the rich young man, dashing, handsome, clever, loves the girl and actually gets her? Know who that boy was? He was Robert Stack—the Robert Stack who has come into movies for the first time as Deanna Durbin's leading man in "First Love." I can't make up my mind whether that distinction, or the fact Robert taught Carole Lombard how to shoot is the more important. And this while Carole resided in Lake Tahoe for the purpose of divorcing Bill Powell. And you thought Gable taught her, didn't you?

At the age of twenty, Robert is only one of the five best shots in the world—that's all. Gable and Fred MacMurray were his friends long before movies saw him. He plays polo like mad, or did, until he broke his arm three times and Mother said, "Dismount." It's hard to believe all this glamour was born in the person of one lad right here in Los Angeles. His father, now deceased, headed the advertising firm of Stack and Goebel. When very young, he went with his mother to Paris to live, and here's an amusing incident that followed. When Robert was about seven they decided, after four years, to return home. At the immigration office, however, it was discovered the boy, a blond, could speak no English. Only French. Instantly they accused the mother, a brunette, of bringing an alien into the country. It was terrible. Telephone wires buzzed to Los Angeles for the data on the boy's birth certificate, and after two days, the Stacks were admitted to their own country.



Maureen O'Hara—"Baby" to some, "The Menace" to those who play opposite her

Edmond O'Brien—an Irish seventh son of a seventh son

Robert went to Carl Curtis prep school in Los Angeles and then Los Angeles High School. He went to the University of Southern California two years just for the polo. But in his blood was music and drama, so he tried Henry Duffy's Little Theater school, and in a play, "Personal Appearance," was seen by a Universal scout and signed as Deanna's first screen lover. He had had several other offers but his guardian turned them down. His list of clubs would fill a blue book. His athletic accomplishments, skiing, swimming, motor boating, shooting, golfing, polo, are of national record. He's even been "sports interviewed" on the radio. But his mother always wanted to be an actress, and with Richard Bonelli for an uncle and his only brother married to Guy Bolton's daughter, Robert couldn't get away from the stage. But typical of all rich boys, he did work in a lumber camp one summer, and owns a coupe that has to be shoved to be started. I tell you, he's wonderful. How Durbin can resist him, we'll never know. His eyes smile and his blond hair is crisp and straight. "They want Deanna to go to the preview of 'First Love' with me," he said, "but I know she won't." He said it wistfully, I thought, in spite of the fact Miss Cobina Wright, Jr., is the girl friend. He loathes padded shoulders, and has a figure like a god. Here's how he Stacks up (pun intended): hat 7¼, shoes size 10, collars 15½, socks 11, clothes 40, shirts 15½.

He's the screen's next big moment or I'm Charles Laughton's carache.

Menace from Dublin

Speaking of Laughton—though not of his aches and pains!—there's Maureen O'Hara, his protégée, who gathered such critical kudos to herself when she appeared with Charles in England's "Jamaica Inn," and is expected to repeat when she appears with him in Hollywood's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The afore-men-

tioned "Jamaica Inn" was certainly a high-water mark in the life of this nineteen-year-old lass from Dublin. Not only did it mark her debut as a screen heroine, but it also marked her debut as a bride, for she married George Brown, a technician on the production, just before she left England for Hollywood.

Several amazing things, beside these all-important happenings, stand out about youthful Miss O'Hara, whose real name is Fitzsimon, spelled all in one word, please. She isn't afraid of a soul alive—including Laughton, who scares the pants off us—and she's far from being in a state of hysteria over Hollywood and its surrounding territory known as The United States. She takes it in her stride and she objects to England in spots. She has four sisters and two brothers and misses the big family. She's fresh, natural, argumentative, alive, lovely to look at, plump for Hollywood, and thinks Ireland originated Hollywood slang, because she knows words like "skedaddled" and "smithereens." Her mother accompanied her daughter west. Rather than admit to the expansive grandeur of the United States, Maureen complained the long trip merely made her bottom tired. She did love the sunset over the desert, however. Like a kid, she wears scars on her knees, low-heeled sandals because she's tallish, has a diploma in elocution, and misses the balls in Dublin—the hunts ball, the College of Surgeons' ball, and whatnot. Irish girls dress more simply, she thinks, and pay less attention to clothes.

"Mother saw to it that all us children had music and elocution lessons," she says. "At home we used to have our own shows. When it came time to try out for the Abbey group, I walked on the stage and was given a piece to read from Shakespeare (she can't remember what) and a playlet (ditto). I was not nervous and 'I was chosen.'" Now here comes the remarkable thing. She was even chosen for a lead in an

(Continued on page 68)



MEMO

TO: Claude Binyon

SUBJECT: Carole Lombard - Please tell us everything you know about her

FROM: The Office of the Editor

Subject: Lombard

BY CLAUDE BINYON

THE man asked me to write about Carole Lombard, star of RKO's "Vigil in the Night," and I said yes. He asked me if I knew her and I said yes. Then he went back to New York and left me in California with a bubble in my brain.

Sure, I know Carole Lombard. I know her like you know somebody you met at a summer resort and can't remember whether it was Michigan or Wisconsin, or whether you promised to send a post card or save up enough money to get married.

I wrote one picture for her and we went to

Lake Arrowhead on location. She started talking big about guns one afternoon, and right away I talked bigger, because a woman is a woman outside of Annie Oakley. Then she invited me to shoot clay targets with her in competition and I took her up.

I hit two of my first ten targets. She hit nine. "Binyon," she said, "you stink."

So we can put down that the lady is frank.

Fred MacMurray and I went duck hunting last fall in a spot where the wind blows alkali dust in your eyes and the sun beats down on your head with all the subtlety of a pile driver. We sat and sweated in fifty-gallon oil tanks which were sunk in the middle of a mucky pond of water, and we looked into the sun until our eyes burned red-hot, but there were no ducks. Then the sun sank and it was as cold

as a mother-in-law's kiss. The cabin where we would have dinner was two miles away, through mud and sand and mud and sand.

MacMurray stood up finally and stretched; his teeth chattered a message to pneumonia.

"Anybody," he said, "who'd pay money to sit in a tin can in the desert is nuts."

In two tanks fifty yards away sat Lombard and Gable.

So we can put down that the lady is nuts.

We were in Miss Lombard's home and I had never met her. She had asked that I be borrowed to write a script for her, so I was flattered and I had on my best suit.

We sat waiting, the director and I, and finally she came down the stairs in a white, satiny robe trimmed with fur like the girls wear

(Continued on page 77)

PINOCCHIO

Vs.



"Cri-cri-cri... I am the Talking-cricket!"

Pity Pinocchio when he falls into the hands of Stromboli, the unscrupulous puppet master

Woe to those boys who run away from home," Pinocchio's conscience, Jiminy Cricket, warns him



Villains—Giddy, J. Worthington "Honest John" Foulfellow and Coachman

Pinocchio, Figaro and Geppetto outwit Monstro, the whale



To some unknown genius in the dim past we are indebted for this story of "Pinocchio" which has charmed legions of children through many generations, for it was Italian folklore long before Carlo Lorenzini, using the pen name of C. Collodi, put it on paper in 1870. While this RKO film is pure fantasy, Jonathan Swift's classic, "Gulliver's Travels," the story of a man in a land of midgets, written in the early eighteenth century and now being filmed by Paramount, has the distinction of being a story for children and, at the same time, a bitter satire on mankind

GULLIVER

Following close on the heels of the path-blazing "Snow White," two more beloved childhood classics come to life through the genius of those masters of cartoon—Walt Disney and Max Fleischer



Gabby, the Town Crier of Lilliput, finds Gulliver



Toiling with ant-like precision, employing hundreds of miniature derricks, the tiny engineers bind the colossus



At first no one would believe the little crier's tale of the man-mountain he found on the beach



The king of the Lilliputians is flustered by the monster in his courtyard



Gulliver plays cupid to diminutive Princess Glory and her lover, Prince David, when he settles a quarrel between their warring fathers



MIRACLE MEN AT WORK

to make you Lovelier

*Don't be a diamond in the rough—
These Hollywood oracles pass on
their secrets for that indefinable
something that clicks at a glance*

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"**B**EAUTY is only skin deep." It is indeed! "Pretty is as pretty does." No argument there either! But there's another equally venerable adage that insists first impressions last longest. It certainly deserves consideration. And in Hollywood it certainly gets it. Leave it to the wise citizens of that town to realize others are as

strongly influenced by the first impression they offer as they are by the first impression others offer.

All the miracle men of the studios—the make-up experts, the hairdressers, the dress designers, and the health and charm experts—work together to invest the stars with that indefinable something which makes individuals personable at a first glance; personable in appearance and in attitude.

Movie stars are their own showcases. They cannot risk an inferior first impression. Neither can anyone else, of course. And neither need anyone else. For here the Hollywood miracle men not only list the details of attitude and appearance which create favorable first impressions, but they tell how these details may be taken care of simply and surely.

Since some experts appear here for the first time we again seize the opportunity to boast about our source of supply.

Max Factor, Junior, when he was a little lad, before his beard was grown, assisted his father with the make-up of headliners like Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, and the Gish girls. And when he was eighteen years old,

working with his father, he evolved the "color harmony" theory which gave women powder, rouge and lipstick that really were of a color and a tone to blend with their individual coloring. No wonder it's young Factor the movies seek as make-up supervisor for color films like "Northwest Passage" and "Wizard of Oz."

Jack Dawn, beauty consultant to Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, Judy Garland and other lovelies on the Metro lot, is intolerant of women who are unattractive. Today, he insists, no woman need be unattractive. Consequently, he contends that the unattractive woman is the lazy, indifferent woman.

Perc Westmore, Beauty Czar at Warner Brothers, talks to girls like Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan like a Dutch uncle. He doesn't pull his punches. And they love it. Because he shows them the way to greater attractiveness always.

Adrian needs no introduction. His name is forever flashing on the screen as the creator of clothes worn by Metro stars. And his effects are so simple usually, that you think: "Why couldn't I have thought of that?"



Are you more interested in repairs than in your escort's conversation?



Rolled-top stockings are as out of date as a roll-top desk

Adrian, however, owes his fame to the fact that nobody else ever does think of *that*.

Edith Head is a little bit of a thing, but, oh my, *oh my!* It isn't only when girls like Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett have Big Moments on the screen that they run to La Head. They also camp on the doorstep of her couturier department at Paramount when they look forward to a Big Moment off the screen. They know they can count upon her for chic and also for clothes with a restraint that will make them—of *all things*—soignée.

Orry-Kelly, responsible for the little numbers the girls wear in Warner pictures, is always taking something away from his stars. It may be a buckle or a pleat or a hunk of novelty jewelry. But after he does this everyone is always agreed the effect has been improved a hundredfold. And he tells how you can go and do likewise.

Malvina Dunn does very well indeed for herself through her ability to recognize a diamond in the rough. It is to her Warner Brothers entrust the young people who their talent scouts think have the making of stars. Among other very important things, she knows how to smooth quirks out of people who do perfectly dreadful things just because they're trying to conceal an inferiority complex.

Lillian Burns has a little bungalow on the Metro lot which is a Mecca not only for young players, but also for established stars. If you doubt she can perform miracles for human beings, ask those who have worked with her and come away with their personalities all brushed and shining.

(Continued on page 73)

Don't say, "Lovely little place you have here." You'll be forgiven self-consciousness, but never that





Bob Taylor dances now and then but (bitter truth) not too well

Mickey Rooney (with New York's Mayor LaGuardia) whose escapades in swing joints make him this writer's nominee for public pixie No. 1

Femme scribes go for Menjou—but what about the males?

HOW TO PUT A STAR

Bring him to Manhattan, turn him loose, then let this merciless gal columnist tell a few startling truths about his behavior

On the Spot

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

MANHATTAN is the place where Hollywood goes under the microscope. Beverly Hills athletes become Broadway night owls, glamour girls get out of their slacks and into their Schiaparellis, and the celluloid Dream Princes whose Sunset Boulevard routine is a chocolate soda at nine P.M. become midnight revelers in the Stork Club and dawn prowlers in the Swing Street dens.

Most of the stars love New York but not a few are frightened of it. It puts them on the spot, exhibits them to a strange new curious public, puts their casual doings on page one, photographs them from breakfast to bedtime, submits them to a large and persistent army of autograph hunters, and at times even exposes them to threats of extortion and kidnaping. In return, it gives them more fun and gaiety in a week than they can get in Hollywood in a year.

The train that brings a star into Grand Central Station transplants him from a small town where everybody knows him to a big town where nobody knows him but everyone is looking at him. How he stands the metropolitan spotlight depends on a great many things, but

chiefly on himself; in general, the stars who are nice in Hollywood are nicer in New York, because they are more relaxed, and those who are dull and disagreeable at Hollywood and Vine are infinitely more dull and disagreeable at Broadway and Forty-second Street.

But the town changes them; it may sharpen them, dress them up, urge too many cocktails into their hands, make them self-conscious, erase their inhibitions, inflate their egos, or search out their true dispositions—but it does something to them, something that is tangible and describable and amusing to watch.

Sonja Henie, who even in Hollywood could scarcely be typed as casual in her public appearances, becomes a great "entrance" girl when she hits New York. She swirls into the night spots looking every inch the Ice Queen, all white chiffon beaded with pearls and rhinestones, white fox from her ears to her knees, orchids on her shoulders, diamonds on her wrists, and on her lips an unalterable smile. She always wears orchids and usually she buys them for herself. Sometimes she buys them for her mother, too. She invariably puts on a show; whatever room she's in, she is the most vivacious gal in it. When she dances she looks like a supercharged little Scandinavian doll.

Even in the daytime, she wears more ermine, pastel fox and feather than the Queen of England or anybody else you can name. And in case you aren't sure it's Sonja Henie, you can tell by the little diamond miniature of Sonja Henie she always wears on her dress or her hat. She wins all awards for thrift—although

she is one of the wealthiest film stars in the industry, she has been known to call up Ted Deglin, press agent at Madison Square Garden, and ask for free tickets to sporting events.

Fred Astaire, the gay guy of the dancing films, is the gloomy gus of the night-club circuit. Thin of pate and of frame, impeccably dressed, he sits around the Monte Carlo and El Morocco on occasional evenings in Manhattan, looking pale and glum. His wife, who is somewhat livelier, is obviously the boss of the family; she engineers everything, even the taking of photographs, and usually can be heard asking Fred to put on his hat before the shutter clicks.

BINNIE BARNES, who, until Mike Frankovich—to whom her engagement has just been announced—swam into her life, frequently didn't have dates in Hollywood and used to tag along with her agent Ralph Blum and his wife, Carmel Myers, on gala Coast nights, is the belle of the ball in the Stork Club-La Conga circuit. Something happens to Binnie's sex appeal during that 3,000 mile trek from Sunset Boulevard to Broadway, and the gal who was more or less a wallflower type in Beverly Hills has the Manhattan playboys swooning in her perfumed wake, ringing her telephone bell at all hours, and yearning to buy sapphire bracelets to fit her wrists.

Probably the most unpopular actor with the Times Square midnighters is the taciturn Raymond Massey, who, along with his wife, the former Dorothy Whitney, hates to be photo-

(Continued on page 80)



Errol Flynn, at La Conga with his sister and socialite Randy Burke, migrates with democratic ease from golden arenas to Latin bistros



It's maddening—the discretion of Norma Shearer (above at the Stork Club with Mrs. Julien Chaqueneau) at psychological moments



Five A.M. finds George Raft (above with the Mark Hellingers) looking for a good spot to rhumba—even if he can't keep time to the music



She doesn't give a rap for glamour, but the Dawn Patrol has fun watching Miriam Hopkins, with Bennett Cerf at Colbert's, just talking



The "entrance" girl—Sonja Henie, who wears more ermines than England's Queen, at the Stork with the models' delight, Franchot Tone



Was she really Hollywood's "wallflower"—this Binnie Barnes (at the Stork Club with Dan Silverberg) who took Manhattan lads into camp?

PORTRAIT



WITH A RUSSIAN ACCENT

A striking silhouette of a fatalist who knocks on wood

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE likes to visit the San Diego Zoo and spend hours watching the gorillas.

He is a pushover to borrow money from, and hates the people who take advantage of his weakness.

He doesn't know how tall he is.

He has abhorred night clubs ever since he worked in one in Chicago.

His name is Akim Michaelovitch Tamiroff.

He is always at a loss what to do with himself when he is not working. He is a chain cigarette smoker, and deprecates the formula of American pictures.

He doesn't like birds in cages.

He hates eating alone.

He always puts his script under his pillow in the belief that it helps him remember his lines. He is only thirty-nine years old.

He thinks colored people, children and dogs are the finest actors, because they don't try to act.

He will knock on wood a dozen times during a conversation, and his frank, childlike ingenuousness is reminiscent of Albert Einstein, the scientist.

He believes that life lived well today takes care of tomorrow, that there's too much concentration on the future. His only lucky charm is an old black tie which he wears on the first day of every picture, because it was associated with his first American success, "The General Died at Dawn."

He was born in Baku, the Russian oil capital, of Russian-Armenian parents. He says he would be scared to death to milk a cow.

He was awarded a badge, a sticker for his car and five dollars in cash for his record in careful driving.

He never indulges in alcoholic beverages.

AKIM TAMIROFF labors violently at his telephonic conversations, feeling that he must do all the talking though he has nothing to say, thus giving his listeners no opportunity to express themselves. He dreads the blank of a conversational pause, fearful lest something has gone wrong.

He is very fond of pilav, which is Turkish rice, yet he has never tasted yoghurt, their famous curdled milk.

Akim Tamiroff, now playing in "Untamed," adores his wife, is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations . . . is self-conscious when introduced to strangers, can't be alone . . . reads music, sings badly

He likes the spicy odors of an Oriental bazaar. He likes to hear a concertina.

His hair is thinning rapidly and greying at the sides.

He has a genuine passion for his profession. His eyes are green.

He loves wearing uniforms.

He has never had an operation.

He is bad at guessing games.

He has never carried a walking stick, and his favorite book is "Brothers Karamazov."

HE never attends his own previews if, in his opinion, the picture is bad. He plays no indoor games, has never worn a tiepin, and wishes he could fly an airplane.

He is an unconscious and voluble wit. He is punctual only in his work, and never reads the funny papers.

He dislikes wearing a flower in his lapel.

He hates double-bills and B pictures.

He calls Spencer Tracy the greatest actor in pictures.

His eyebrows, when listening, converge at an angle in a quizzical, childlike manner. He came to America in 1923.

He is quick to criticize, always rides hunches, and feels he has had more from life than he ever expected.

He knows too well the pitfalls of Hollywood and so is careful with his money. He prefers, when at home, to lounge in his wife's workroom, adjoining her bedroom. He never dreams when asleep.

He sings badly, delights in argumentation and shaves once or twice a day.

Akim Tamiroff adores his wife to whom he has been married six years. His favorite cheese is Swiss.

He is embarrassed at his total ignorance of wines, and he is extremely self-conscious when introduced to strangers.

He has many suits of clothes, but he becomes attached to one which he uses until it wears out, (Continued on page 79)

THE

Camera

SPEAKS



ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
ITS PICTORIAL BEST.

Stop-press news for dance fans—Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire are teamed at last—in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody of 1940"



Three reasons why Hyman Fink had a cameraman's field day at the tennis matches—Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Claire Trevor

THOUGH WINTER COMES

It has no terrors for the tennis-minded stars
—by courtesy of that California climate!



Tennis champ Alice Marble with Clark Gable. You may see her in the movies soon if present tests work out!

More star-fans snapped by Fink at the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament—Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby





Lloyds of Hollywood: Harold (who'll bring us a movie soon, we hear—and hope) and Mildred

Tennis is only tennis, but a cigarette is a smoke to Jimmy Stewart and Dick Foran—though they were intent enough during actual play!



Quizzical quartette: Charlie ("The Dictator") Chaplin, Paulette Goddard and Doug and Sylvia Fairbanks

They also serve (what sizzling serves!) —Alice Marble and Virginia Wolfenden prepare to show the Los Angeles Tennis Club's cash customers a smashing game

A honey of a player himself, Errol Flynn takes wife Lili Damita along with him (he's doing that more often these days) to watch his own idea of fun



Nicest news from the juvenile front is that Jane Withers is growing up to be a beauty! Not that pixie Janie is going glamour girl, but she could easily be belle of the "High School" which titles her latest assignment





Typical American? Jimmy Stewart piles up votes with his campaign in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (which may make him Academy Award candidate) and the new "Destry Rides Again." Still—better look at that line-up on the next page before casting your ballot!

HE'S THE MAN



If you'd like the boy next door—Tim Holt



If you're a college girl majoring in Latin—Cesar Romero



If you go for Peck's Bad Boy in modern dress—David Niven



If you want to marry the boss—Edward Arnold



If you like to be kissed with an English accent—Basil Rathbone

FOR YOU—

*Playing make-believe (and forgetting existing marriages!),
Photoplay picks out just the right Romeo for your tastes—*

*If you like a smooth diamond
in the rough—George Raft*



*If you want a Boy Scout in
long pants—Richard Greene*



*If you don't mind his taking
life too seriously—Henry
Fonda*



*If you'd like your girl friend's
kid brother—Jackie Cooper*



*If you're a woman who likes a
man's man—Fred MacMurray*



Change

*New faces, new teams
—Music, Maestro,
the dance goes on!*



Once upon a time Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power were newcomers and rose to first popularity together. Now a big star, Sonja offers a helping hand to young Bob Cummings in "Everything Happens at Night"

New screen-beaus for old—Robert instead of Tyrone!

PARTNERS



And once upon a time there were stories of a Henie-Power romance. But now Ty's married to Annabella—and teamed with pretty Linda Darnell in "Daytime Wife"



No eyebrows so acrobatic as Mischa Auer's



The famous woo-woo hands—personal property of Hugh Herbert

TRADEMARKS

that Registered



Hands that won't be still—ZaSu Pitts'



Loving-cup ears—an asset to Gable



Long hair and sarong—Lamour's



Noses in the news—Myrna Loy's, Bill Fields'

*Characteristics so firmly engraved
on the hearts of their countrymen
that they don't need to be patented*



Mouth without cupid's bow—Bette Davis' Dick Greene's dimples



Easier to snap than her face—Garbo's feet




Legs that had Broadway writing lyrics—Zorina's



MUNI GOES ROMANTIC

Paul finds love at last! Forgetting historical characters devoted to the alleged Better Things in Life, he comes down to earth—to the "little" tragedies of "little" people in love—in "We Are Not Alone." This is Warners' film version of the James Hilton novel, with their surprising new dramatic star, Jane Bryan, as the other half of the title. But, looking at Paul's mustache, we'll bet he's working his way back from smooth-shaven "Juarez" to those bushily-bearded biographies!

Fryer



Mystery man of the hour—Franchot Tone. That Tone-Crawford divorce is supposed to become final in April. His contract with M-G-M expired with "Fast and Furious," and he's due for a new play on Broadway. But Hollywood's ready to bet on his triumphal return both to movies and to Joan—if you're still willing to gamble after a glance at them (inset) snapped at the Coconut Grove!

Bull

Divorce

TAKES A HOLIDAY





Fred MacMurray gets all the breaks in "Little Old New York." Not only can he loaf before the camera, while Alice Faye works, but he missed the ducking Alice and the rest of the cast got

Dust storms, shipwrecks, ski slides, jail!
 An inquiring reporter can't step on any lot
 this month without putting his foot in it!
BY JACK WADE

"CLOSED!" warns the sign on the "Grapes of Wrath" set at Twentieth Century-Fox. "ABSOLUTELY NO VISITORS!" But we are already inside and Director John Ford shrugs his shoulders.

"All right," he consents. "But you'll be sorry!"

Mystery, deep and dark, has swirled around "The Grapes of Wrath" ever since Zanuck bought it for \$72,000 and announced it for production. Then the mystery of the Hays Office censorship stretched to the limit to okay the fiery dialogue. There's still the mystery of the script kept under lock and key in Zanuck's office. And now that the mystery of the guarded set is exploded for us, what we see is equally baffling. On a vast, shiny sheet of tin, property

men are shoveling a pile of fine dirt. "What's that?" we ask John Ford.

"H-m-m-m-m," he replies mysteriously. Such creepy stuff gets us! We grab a few facts for support. This much we know for sure about "The Grapes of Wrath":

That John Steinbeck has personally okayed the script, the cast, the sets and the wardrobe. That a Twentieth Century-Fox camera caravan has already traveled the exact "Okie" trail of the *Joads*, from Oklahoma to California, shooting everything in sight. That a giant location camp is already built near Bakersfield, in the heart of the California migrant fruit-pickers country. That the final cast is: *Tom Joad*, Henry Fonda; *Ma*, Jane Darwell; *Casey*, the preacher, John Carradine; *Rosasharn*, Dorris Bowdon; *Grandpa*, Charlie Grapewin; *Muley*, John Qualen; and *Connie*, Eddie Quillan. And that you won't see the finished picture until 1940. As for the set and scene, there's nothing very secret about the dilapidated old farmhouse, although the empty windows and the caved-in porch make it look spooky enough.

Henry Fonda, in stiff, ill-fitting prison issue clothes, and John Carradine, in rags, stand outside the lonesome shack. Henry has just come home from the pen to find his family kicked

out by the bank, his old home filled with owls and bats.

When John Ford shouts, "Places!" Hank and John Carradine step upon the rickety porch. "Okay," continues Ford. "Wind! Storm! Action!"

Well, that's practically all we see, because right behind the dirt pile a wind machine starts with a whine and suddenly the set is blotted out in a stinging, brown fog of dust. The wind machine is shooting it right at us, over us, through us—and everybody else, of course. How the camera catches the actors' we'll never know. But some smart sound man will have to cut out our sneezes, chokes and gasps. We fight for the door, looking like the original chimney sweep. "What was that for?" we rasp at John Ford.

"That was a Dust Bowl dust storm," he grins. "How'd you like it? Glad you came?"

We refuse to commit ourselves.

WE could certainly use a good bath when we show up on the "Little Old New York" set, and before we leave we darned near get one, too. Everybody else does.

Marion Davies' famous old movie has been sponged, pressed and given a tuck here and



there to present Alice Faye with the most slam-bang part of her career. Alice plays a hell-raising water-front barmaid in 1807 New York, a lusty wench who bootlegs, battles and busses with equal polish and poise. The gentleman on the kissing end is Richard Greene, or *Robert Fulton*, for "Little Old New York" draws its major drama from Fulton's invention of the steamboat and his struggles to convince a world of doubting Thomases.

Alice is done up in a gingham dress, with a black laced bodice and an up-curved coiffure of the period. Dick Greene is elegant in skin-tight fawn trousers, tail coat, stock and a beaver top hat. Fred MacMurray, the other man, isn't around today, and lucky he is, too.

Because, in a minute every actor and extra on this set is in deep distress. There's a shipwreck.

Since we're out on the bleak back lot of Westwood Hills at the time, the whole thing seems a little silly. But a mammoth artificial ocean is lapping away at the wharves and on it seven or eight movie ships are floating peacefully at anchor. One, tied at the dock, is being loaded by extra stevedores while Dick Greene, Alice, and extra passengers trip up the gangplank, to sail for Europe. Director Henry King is trying

"Here's make-up in your eye!" Jimmy Cagney gets what he deserves for the mean kind of character he plays in "The Fighting 69th," while William Lundigan grins, at the right

for a long shot of the sailing. Pretty soon the loaded boat draws away. A minute later the ship starts to roll gently. Everybody screams. Another minute and Alice, Dick, everyone on board is floundering around in the water. Dick, looking like a wet rooster, helps Alice walk across to the shore. The "harbor" is only three feet deep with a very comfortable concrete bottom!

They discover a hole in the boat's flat wooden bottom as Alice and Dick sit on the shore to dry. "Torpedoed," says Dick.

Next, we find Nancy Kelly trying comedy
(Continued on page 76)

Meet Ann Sothorn and Bill Gargan, making Damon Runyon's "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President." Nobody's more surprised than Ann to find herself in the White House—except possibly Lewis Stone!





Lacy

Mr. and Mrs. "Brother Rat" return! The aforesaid Mrs. and Mr. being, of course, Jane Bryan and rubber-faced Eddie Albert. The new film makes them full-fledged parents of our latest Glamour Boy—the fourteen-months-old towhead with the bewitching cognomen of Peter B. Good. The 77th tested for a "Brother Rat and a Baby" title role, Peter won by a length of gaily-exposed baby teeth and a smile

-AND
A
BABY



PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY GWENN WALTERS

The "cover-up" trend distinguishes this heavy black crepe evening gown with long, tight sleeves and covered shoulders designed by Bernard Newman of Beverly Hills for Joan Bennett's personal wardrobe. Three bows of self material decorate the front — one finishes the banded neckline, two others tie the inset corselet girdle. The flowing skirt is released from tiny gathers at a low waistline. Joan discards jewelry and makes dramatic contrast with "vivid pink" ostrich plumes in her hair. "Green Hell," a Famous Production (Universal release), is Joan's next picture

Jones

by
Candlelight

Travis Banton's hostess pajamas of heavy pink satin were designed for Olivia de Havilland to wear in Goldwyn's "Raffles." Styled like an artist's smock, the jacket fullness is released from a deep yoke which closes in front with bow ties. The tailored trousers are set on a deep waistband. These original Banton pajamas are not available in the shops

Banton

Colburn



Edith Head designed this nightie and bed jacket inspired by the fashions of the Gay Nineties. Mary Martin wears them in "The Great Victor Herbert." The hooded bed jacket that is edged with ruffles is of quilted flowered silk. The quaint nightie of fluff crepe has a tucked yoke and Val lace trim. Both the nightie and the bed jacket are available in smart shops from coast to coast

Richee



PLAY CLOTHES

FOR

A simple sport frock is first requisite for sunny resort wear. Howard Shoup designed this one of natural Shantung with a gay rust, green and yellow striped silk belt for Rosemary Lane. Notice the overlay collar of white silk piqué and the skirt yoke which releases fullness at a low waistline. He also designed this sport frock of rust and beige sheer woolen (left) which Rosemary wears in Warners' "Four Wives." The rust colored all-around pleated skirt is topped by a beige jacket that is edged and trimmed with rust—a white silk piqué blouse peeks through the button closing. These studio designed frocks are not available in the shops




For the snow and ice plan clothes that are chic as well as warm. Joy Hodges (left), soon to be seen in Universal's "Little Accident," wears a loose box jacket of white baby lamb atop heavy white gabardine Downhill ski trousers. This useful jacket is styled with wee collar, silver buttons and red pocket edges which match the lining. Red and white crocheted mittens, and a red hand-knitted cap complete the costume. Irene Hervey (below), leading lady of Universal's "Missing Evidence," selects a dramatic cape of St. Mary's virgin white wool. The shoulder epaulets and the oak-leaf pattern arm-slit appliqué are of dark green broadcloth—cape is lined with green and white printed challis. The oak-leaf motif is repeated on the tiny cape that is tied and edged with green. Both of these costumes are from Lanz of California



RESORTS

Jones



amour

Ann Sheridan wears this stunning banana colored crepe gown designed by Howard Shoup in Warners' "City of Lost Men." The bodice and skirt fullness are released from a deep inset corselet girdle which is accented at the normal waistline by a belt of gold bead embroidery—the same glittering trim fashions twin shoulder clips. This studio designed gown is not available in the shops

Welbourne

AFTER DARK



Carole Lombard gives you a long shot of the evening gown she wears on Photoplay's cover. It is of striped brick and rust-red and gold brocade and was created for her personal wardrobe by Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. The bodice, cut out in front, swings free in back to effect a bolero. Carole's "Gold Pear" costume jewelry was created by Joseff of Hollywood. The pendant of the necklace may be worn separately as brooch or lapel ornament. Carole will soon appear in RKO-Radio's "Vigil in the Night"



Dorothy Lamour, appearing in Paramount's "The Road to Singapore," selects a Sully Brothers Samar suède costume designed by Voris for spectator sport and street wear. The tailored coat with buckle closing is of blue, matching the six-gore skirt which is topped by a rust blouse. The turban matches the coat and skirt, the bag and gloves repeat the blouse contrast color. This costume is available at Henri Bendel, Inc., New York and Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, California

Deanna Durbin

GOES FORMAL

Deanna Durbin's evening gown is champagne colored taffetarized slipper satin. A golden chain slips through the high back neckline of the button-trimmed basque bodice to fill in the square décolletage in place of jewelry. The luxurious evening coat of Howlett and Hockmeyer's red twill-back velveteen is styled with basque bodice and flowing skirt—the hood, favorite of the younger generation, is edged with fur. Deanna is currently appearing in Universal's "First Love." The Nona Modes wrap and the Fashion Set Junior gown are available at Franklin Simon, New York, and J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles



FORMULA

For Fun



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

"Hurrah for holidays," says Betty Field, soon to be seen in Paramount's "Seventeen," and in Hal Roach's "Of Mice and Men." Betty poses in a siren dinner dress that's a froth of net and brilliants (above left). Wear the all-over-studded bolero of rayon-and-cotton faille to dinner, shed it when dancing begins, cinch your swirl-skirt frock of rayon net with a rhinestone-studded corselet girdle. Pin a sequins rose to your hair. In black, all white, or in white with a Toreador red bolero. To be the belle of the ball, Betty prescribes a snow-white ballerina evening gown (above) with a molded bodice of brocaded silk-and-acetate lamé, and a ballet-dancer's billowing skirt of rayon net with a bustle-bow. In stark white, baby pink or blue—or devil red for drama! Wear lush roses clipped to a velvet headband slipped behind your ears. To look demure, wear an ingénue frock (left) with pink lace ruffles cascading to the high corset-laced waist of a merry-go-round rayon taffeta skirt. In pink white with black, or aqua with black. Perch a golden lace-edged butterfly among your curls

All Frocks by Jeanne Barrie
Flowers and Headdresses by Herman Plaut

Photography—Lazurnick

Christmas Shopping

(Continued from Page 1)

Remember — for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you crave, please write to:
Frances Hughes, Photoplay,
 122 East 42nd St., New York City
 And do it now!

13. HERE'S A HOT ONE

A serving oven that's elegant enough to come to the table with a cargo of hot rolls, hot biscuits, hot potatoes, hot anything that ought to come to the table hot. But that's not all. It doubles in the kitchen for crisping crackers or wilted cereals; freshens left-overs—even bakes potatoes and apples on top of the stove. In West Bend aluminum—easy to clean, easy on the eye, easy on the purse—at around \$2.00.



14. NEEDLEPOINT AND NAILS

The ladies of literature who did needlepoint always had flashing white hands and delicate, pink-tipped fingers. Remember? Perhaps that's why Cutex stowed this new manicure kit into a needlepoint bag—a gentle reminder to inspire nail-grooming in the busy ladies of the present. The innards, as you see, come out completely and sit up by themselves—a goodly supply of nail polish, polish remover, cuticle oil, nail file, a cotton caddy and five fine implements. The bag itself—in crepe with needlepoint medallion—is smart to carry in the afternoon. A lot for the little sum of \$5.00. isn't it?

15. DINNER AT 8:00

Your hostess says "Don't Dress," but show us the gal who won't dress anyhow, in something festive even though it isn't very formal! For instance, this Helen Harper dinner-sweater—a peekaboo black chenille basque with gold galleon glitter-border and golden balls and chains for extra flash. Team it with short skirts or with long. Around \$4.00.

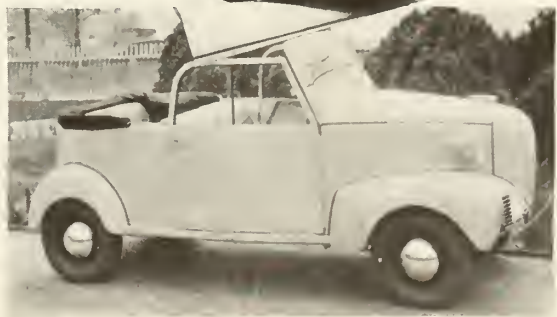


16. "VANITY FAIR"

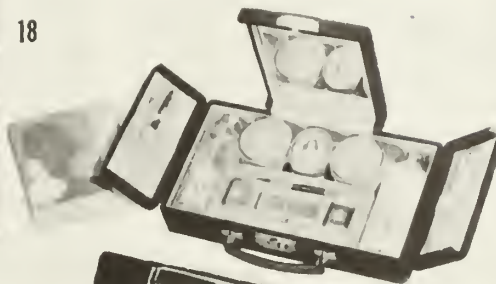
As businesslike a Hartmann wardrobe case as ever we saw, with a hanging system all its own that gets a girl places with blouses, jackets and tailored suits as fresh as she took them from her closet! If you've \$35.50 and want to do the really handsome thing, give her "The Brigadier," famous for its striped tweed covering, rawhide binding, streamlined clasps, velvet hangers, cellophane bags and striped Celanese rayon curtain and lining. Not to mention a well like a bottomless pit inside for the longer things that simply must have leg room.

17. A CROSLLEY FOR CHRISTMAS

And what a Christmas! A tiny car for the best-beloved lady on your list. Something to run her around in style at the tiny toll of a penny a mile. Santa can bring this bantam-weight car down the chimney on his back—in fact, he will for \$350, F.O.B. Richmond, Indiana.



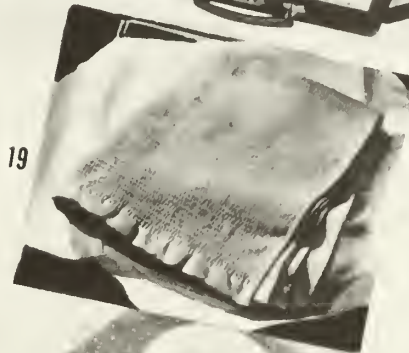
18



18. CARRYING ON THE DU BARRY TRADITION

The Du Barry beauty box will travel in the best society, filled with Hudnut's special Du Barry cleansing cream, tissue softener, skin freshener, foundation lotion, powder, rouge, eye-shadow, mascara, eye-brow pencil—yes, even manicure preparations and implements. \$15.00 in Morocco leather.

19



19. JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

Is there a convalescent or some nice old lady on your list? For them we prescribe this North Star woolen throw. Even the experts think it's hand-knit (though between you and us it really isn't). Everyone marvels at the luscious pastel colors—deep tones, too—and no one believes the tiny price of around \$4.00.

20



20. POND'S BEAUTY BOX

As full of beauty and value as they come! The famous cold cream that ladies of quality have used for years, plus Vanishing Cream, plus Danya, the famous cream lotion, plus face powder, PLUS a bundle of Pond's tissues. A lot of plusses that leaves you minus only 50c.

21



21. TIME ON YOUR HANDS

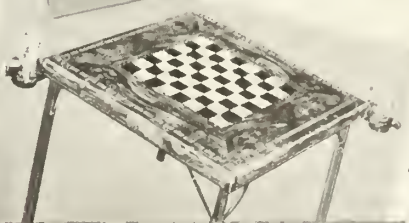
Perfect timing, too, from a swell little pink-faced 7-jewel Alvin watch, and the Alvin, you know, have been marking time since 1849! A dainty little Colonial square with a two-tone pink dial, a golden border and glistening copper links. Surprisingly inexpensive, too, at \$18.75.

22

22. A BONNY CHRISTMAS FROM BONNIE BELL

Bonnie Bell has assembled everything in a handy little leather zipper kit, that starts with Bonnie Bell's "Ten-O-Six," the wonder lotion, and winds up with creams galore for cleansing, softening and vanishing, eyeshadow, lipstick, powder, rouge. \$13.50.

23



23. FUN FOR THE FAMILY

They call this Shwayder card table "Samson" because you can stand on it. Note the top in "Cedar of Lebanon" finish with an inlaid walnut border-effect, the permanent checkerboard center, and the twin coaster-ash trays. \$3.00!

24



24. SKATER'S HEAVEN

Marinette's brushed mohair jacket—warm as toast, gay as a checkerboard! Note: red, black and white squares to dazzle your friends; patch pockets to keep your fingers cozy, and a pixie hood to blight all breezes. Underneath it all, an Earl-Glo lining to prevent even a soupçon of woolen-itch! Around \$8.00.



Mary Martin, star of Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert" and the stage play, "Nice Goin'!" wears the holiday dream-dress described below



A necklace and bracelet of make-believe golden leaves on golden cords change the mood of Mary's gown



Another "change of props"—velvet grapes in her hair and a matching drawstring pouch

Holiday BUILD-UP

By **FRANCES HUGHES**, *New York Fashion Editor*,
Assisting **GWENN WALTERS**, *Fashion Editor*

THAT cute little Mary Martin whose "heart belonged to Daddy" for a whole season in the highly entertaining musical "Leave It to Me," and who has since rung up new laurels for herself in the new musical, "Nice Goin'," will make her motion picture debut in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert" on New Year's Eve. It's down in big red letters on Mary's calendar, along with a number of holiday parties with which Mary will celebrate this big event.

So Mary's been thinking about clothes. Who

wouldn't! And she worked out a wonderful system of quick changes. "Changing props," she calls it, so that even if she wants to wear the same dress over and over again—you know how it is with your favorite dress—her mood and appearance are different as she shifts from flowers to fruits.

Mary hit on this dream-dress of copper-colored lamé and tulle—full of holiday glamour even though it's under \$40.00. Criss-crossing bodice-drapery makes the most of Mary's tiny

waist, emphasized again by the whooshing, whirling skirt.

Now we'll show you some of Mary's props and how she rings her clever changes. . . .

A necklace and bracelet of make-believe golden leaves on golden cords (above left)—soft as kid and just as easily twined into the size and shape you like best for the neckline of your gown. Wear it as a choker if you want to! The necklace \$2.95; the bracelet \$1.50.

You've heard of vine leaves in the hair! Well, Mary chose the fruit of the vine instead (above right), velvet grapes dripping in two lush clusters from a velvet band that clings to the back of her head. From her wrist she slings a pert little drawstring pouch of velvet grapes to match. The headband, \$4.95; the bag, \$5.95.

In addition to the props illustrated here, Mary has other favorites for wear with her basic dress—and you may well follow her suggestions. If you want to look like Velasquez' portrait of the Spanish Infanta, build out your headdress with sage green ostrich tassels clipped with tiny velvet bows to your curls. The twin tassels, \$2.95.

And here's a conversation piece—necklace and hair-bustle of dripping ermine tails (and we mean real ermine) and a bracelet, too, for good measure. The necklace, \$5.95; the hair-bustle, \$3.95; the bracelet, \$2.25.

Why don't you see what you can do with Mary's props? Ring these changes on your very simplest frocks, for there's holiday build-up in each and every one of them!

The dress and all props by Lord & Taylor, New York.

At the Philharmonic—Hedy Lamarr and Arthur Hornblow take back seats while their spouses, Gene Markey and Myrna Loy, sit in the row ahead with Rosalind Russell



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Our own Intelligence Service peeks into the private life of filmland, and we give you the latest reports!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Sphinx Story

JOAN CRAWFORD wins the gold-plated artichoke for the best Garbo story to come our way. Seems Joanie had often wondered just what she'd do if one day she should come face to face with Greta, the chatterbox. Only last week it happened. Coming out of a sound stage as Joan was about to enter, they met.

"Good morning," Joan chirped. Garbo said nothing. Garbo stalked on.

Next week it happened again.

"Good morning," said Joanie and again Greta silently strode on.

Well, pish-tush to her, thought Joan, so when the third meeting happened last week Joan

passed right by, saying nothing. Like a flash Garbo wheeled and catching Joan by the shoulders whirled her around,

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why do you not say 'good morning' to me?"

For once Crawford was as speechless as the Sphinx. She couldn't think of a thing to say! Could you have?

Pride Goeth . . .

JOEL MCCRERA tells this one on himself and Cesar Romero. Seems they got to talking about track one day when Cesar dropped in on the "He Married His Wife" set at Twentieth Cen-

tury-Fox, where Joel was working. One thing led to another and finally they found themselves discussing their own prowess as sprinters.

"I could do a hundred yards in ten, three," Cesar boasted.

"Hell, that's nothing," Joel told him. "I used to do it in ten, one!"

The upshot of the thing was that they decided to stage a race. Director Roy Del Ruth was to be the timekeeper, and to make the event a little more imposing, the two "sprinters" asked Roland Young to run with them. "Just for color," they explained.

Whereupon, with the entire company looking on, and placing bets, the Big Event came off. Roland won.



Music-lovers, sartorial experts, philanthropic souls, program-scanners: Adolphe and Verree Teasdale Menjou

Studying the program at the concert for Polish medical relief—Patricia Morison and brother



Still another smiling duet of program-scanners: Tim Durant and current screen belle Olivia de Havilland

In the absence of her new husband, Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon goes escortless to the Philharmonic

Sister Act

THAT friendly professional feud between sisters Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine goes merrily on to the amusement of Hollywood, with Joan the winner in their last skirmish. It happened when Olivia was called back to Selznick Studios for added scenes for "Gone with the Wind," and found herself seated before a rickety old make-up table with a cracker box to sit on.

"But why can't I have my usual dressing room?" Olivia cried.

"Oh, our star, Miss Fontaine, is using that for 'Rebecca,'" was the awed answer.

Olivia burned. She sputtered and stuttered. Of course, when Joan invited Olivia over to use her room, Olivia discovered she had been badly ribbed.

Fire Chiefs

AND now we have firemen Gable and Taylor, proud proprietors of their own fire-fighting apparatus, by cracky! While posing for pictures for publicity recently with the swanky M-G-M fire truck, Gable and Taylor were struck with the idea—and intrigued, too, so to speak—that a fire company of their own to protect their property in the Valley wouldn't be such a bad notion. So, upon the recommendation of the fire chief, they purchased a neat secondhand job in the way of a chemical truck and are now offering their services to all their friends and neighbors. And to make the thing official Greer Garson, who is now appearing with Robert Taylor in "Remember?," donated fire hats to the cause with ceremony and flourish.

News Flash

A LITTLE actress by the name of Miss Shirley Temple is once again facing motion-picture cameras after six long months vacation. Oh, you know her? Pardon me, but Cal must contradict. You see this is a new star, taller, slim-



Why editors get grey: Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson at Beverly-Wilshire's Florentine Room—13 hours later, they announced their separation!



Circus stars for the night, at the annual party given by the West Side Tennis Club—Jimmy Cagney, Mrs. Cagney, Bob Montgomery, Mrs. Montgomery

mer, wiser and more reserved than the roly-poly little bundle of delight we once knew as Shirley Temple. Without our realizing it, we bade adieu forever to that little cherub in "The Little Princess" and "Susannah of the Mounties." In her place has come a young lady with deep bronzed hair (no more goldilocks), and a deep contentment in her brown eyes.

I sat with her mother one very hot day on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox studios for outdoor scenes for "The Blue Bird."

"The decision to go on with her career as an actress rested entirely with Shirley," her mother told us. "It's the thing she wants to do more than anything else in the world. That's why I'm here on this set today."

The way Shirley glanced up at Director Walter Lang after her first take and said, "I was so afraid I'd forgotten how. But you see I haven't," showed how deeply she thought of her work while away.

Yes, it's a new Shirley Temple, we can promise you that. Not only in appearance with her two added inches in height and pounds lost to slimness, but in mind and soul. She's become a real little girl now, interested in angel food cake baking and the delight of whipping egg whites to foaming froth. Alone, she made the decision as to which way her life should go. She has chosen pictures and at eleven is courageously following her heart's desire. You'll note the physical change instantly, and I feel sure you'll note the change within when once again Shirley steps out on the screen in "The Blue Bird."

Seeing It Through

RUMMAGING through a stack of old film magazines the other day, we came upon a strange and rather frightening story: "She Lives in Shadows."

It was the story of a girl newly risen to stardom and the tragedy that stalked her. It told how she could scarcely see without her grotesque, thick-lensed spectacles. It prophesied only fleeting success in pictures because of her affliction.

"She will never," the writer insisted, "be able to overcome that obstacle characteristic of acute myopia (better known as near-sightedness) the tendency to squint. Klieg lights are vicious. She may have managed to face them for one or two pictures, but year in and year out—that is another story. Comparatively soon, she will either have to wear her spectacles all of the time or abandon herself to this disfiguring habit.

And which ever it may be, she's through in pictures."

Well, that story was published more than six years ago, and yet that girl is still one of our top stars. True, she wears her glasses whenever she is away from the camera. But when you see her on the screen, you'd never dream there is anything wrong with her eyes. She doesn't squint at all.

"I made myself stop. I knew I was through if I didn't," she told us when we asked her about this apparent miracle. She added, "You can do anything if you try hard enough."

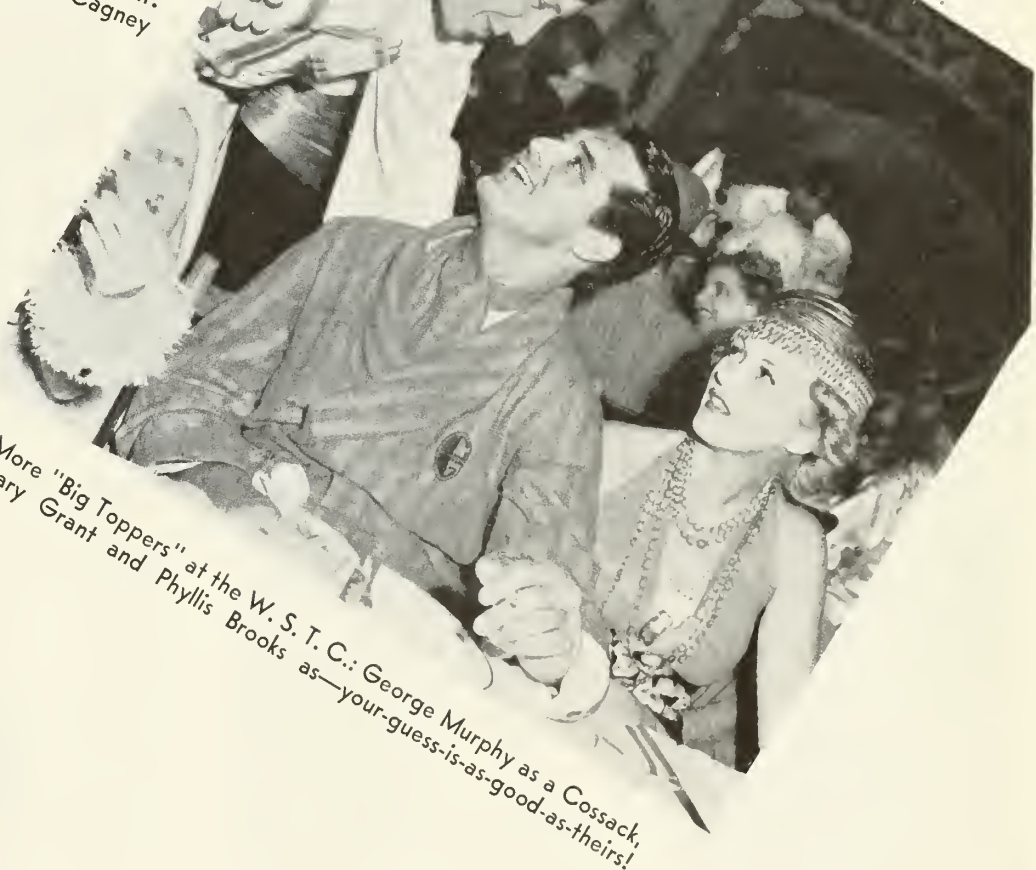
Her name? Oh, pardon us! Joan Bennett.

Things We Never Knew About Cartoons

WE'RE just fresh from a talk with Walter Lantz who makes animated cartoons for Universal—

you know, Oswald, the Rabbit; Speedy, the Mouse; "Li'l 8-Ball"; and the new brush and paint star, "Andy Panda." Seems there are a lot of tricks to the cartoonist trade which don't exactly meet the eye. Or rather, they do meet the eyes, but you don't realize it.

For instance: Animators draw only a thumb and three fingers on a hand; the fourth finger gets in the way. The same goes for toes. Characters seldom have freckles in cartoons; they are too hard to repeat. Characters are dressed in as few clothes as possible; it saves work for the animators. Buttons and buttonholes are practically taboo. Almost everybody in the profession shuns sea pictures due to the amount of work involved in animating the waves. Beards are allowed, only if solid; the work involved in the drawing of individual hairs is prohibitive. Dialogue is kept to an absolute minimum, since very few cartoons are translated for



More "Big Toppers" at the W. S. T. C.: George Murphy as a Cossack, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks as—your-guess-is-as-good-as-theirs!

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood (Continued)



Posies for the wife's hair, dark glasses for them both—the Gary Coopers are all set for the Beverly Hills Tennis Club

foreign consumption. In cartoons, as in flesh pictures, there are plenty of faces on the cutting room floor; approximately 50,000 drawings are made for one cartoon, while the number finally used is about 15,000. Cartoon factories rarely show characters wearing shoes with laces; again too much detail. Instead they wear slip-on gaiters. Hound dogs are favored; it would increase production cost \$300 to use a dog with long hair. However (and don't ask an animator why), it's easier to draw chickens with feathers than follow the anatomy lines. One suspender strap is the order when galluses are needed; the other strap gets in the way in animating and also runs up the cost. Animators keep away from tigers, leopards and zebras if possible; same reason as freckles—too many spots.

To those technical taboos, the Hays Office adds a few of its own, i.e., cows with large udders, nude babies, "Chic Sales," bank robberies.

Orange Blossoms

SO Andrea Leeds is in love at last and wedding bells have rung and maybe she isn't even going to continue her screen career. . . . All of which must mean that when Andrea said yes to Bob Howard, she had found something she had been looking for a long time. We are particularly sure that she must be simply head over heels in view of a conversation we had with her a year ago. She got to talking about why she hadn't married, and even though she was then terribly cut up about the death of Jack Dunn, whom she had been going around with, she was very definite about saying that, really and truly, she had never been in love.

"I am waiting for something the likes of which so far, I haven't even glimpsed," she told me. "I mean a romance like my father's and mother's. They're really in love, as much in love today as they were when they were married more than twenty-five years ago. And I shall never marry unless I have found the same thing. My marriage is going to be for keeps—like theirs."

She's a swell girl, Andrea. We hope this dream come true will last.

Jinx Day

HEDY LAMARR is afraid of Friday; considers it her unlucky day. This is why:

She signed up for "Ecstasy" on that day and it was also released on a Friday. Her father died on a Friday. The first time she ran away from her too-possessive husband, Fritz Mandl, the munitions baron, it was Friday—and she was caught. Her most serious illness began on a Friday. She went to work in "I Take This Woman," which was later shelved, on a Friday. During filming of "Lady of the Tropics," she barely escaped death from a falling beam—on a Friday.

Small wonder, then, that whenever she can, she spends Fridays in bed, to thwart the jinx.

Cal Breathes Easier

WE sat with our chair as far away as possible from the gruesome countenance of one Boris Karloff on the "Tower of London" set and watched

Basil Rathbone stride about, handsome in black tights. But one thing fascinated us beyond words, and that was why nobody paid the slightest attention to the largish round hole in the back of Basil's tights. Surely this choice bit of Rathbone wouldn't be preserved for posterity by way of the films, we thought. Surely not. At last we could bear it no longer and leaning over to the unit man, we drew his attention to it.

"Oh, that's all right," he shrugged, nonchalantly. "Nobody's ever been able to get Rathbone's back to the camera yet, so it will never be seen."

We breathed easier.

Small Fry Secrets:

BILLY HALOP and Bobby Jordan dressed in their best, went calling on Judy Garland the other evening. They'd no sooner arrived, than Judy had them pulling taffy. Billy got most of it on his new red necktie and Bobby is still trying to get it out of his hair. . . . Mickey Rooney danced every dance he could get with Lana Turner after the premiere of "Babes in Arms." But Mickey claims it's only because Lana's a swell stepper. That new streamlined Judy Garland has set Mickey's heart off on a double-quick pace. (And don't miss the Mickey Rooney story on page 8) . . . Helen Parrish is turning her lovely brown orbs on Robert Stack, that handsome new leading man of Deanna Durbin's who can't keep away from Deanna's set even when he's not working. But Vaughn Paul is still Deanna's true love if one can judge by the glances that pass between the two at luncheon.

Entertainment Chez Gable

THE funniest thing in all Hollywood, to Cal's notion, is that

loud speaker attached to the locked gates leading into Clark Gable's ranch home. Since his experience with an impudent intruder, Clark is taking no chances. The speaker in itself, which connects with a telephone inside the house isn't funny of course, but the conversations that can be heard for acres around are a panic.

Andy Devine's cracked-voiced pleas of, "Clark, it's me—open the gates," scare even the chickens out of their feathers.

"Here's your steak," comes the booming voice of the butcher through the speaker. But the pay-off came when a car salesman went through his whole sales speech over the loud speaker, with cows wandering up to the fence to see what it was all about. "And you should see the paint job, Mr. Gable," he yelled.

"Okay, sounds good. Think you've made a deal," came back Gable's booming voice and with that the salesman tripped head on into a passing load of hay. He was that excited.

Bennett and Son

TOO bad the world can't know Connie Bennett the mother as well as Connie the glittering sophisticate. Too bad, we thought as we watched Connie and her ten-year-old son, Peter Plant, at the airport the other day. Peter, resplendent in his school military uniform had come in from boarding school to bid his mother good-by. There was a look of longing in the boy's face so like his mother's.

"Now remember, dear," we heard her say, "it's not always the easiest things in life that are best for us. I expect you to go back to school and work hard. I want good report cards. And I want you to be a real soldier even without the uniform."

The boy's shoulders straightened as he waved good-by.

Incidentally, those blue ribbons won by Peter for his outstanding horsemanship are as great a source of pride to Connie as they are to Peter.

Children's horse show at Riviera Country Club—and Peter Bennett Plant leads out Mary Brown, Joe E.'s daughter. Cal has a fine story to tell you here about Peter and mama Constance Bennett—and uniforms



Dead Pan Kids

WHAT a relief it is for us to meet, in pictures, a couple of kids who aren't paragons of virtue. Meaning those ornery little brats who brought down the house in "The Under-Pup." When they were not playing the accordion and bass fiddle, which they did with remarkable virtuosity, they were being, merely for camera purposes, of course, as generally obnoxious as the Katzenjammer Kids, whom, indeed, they seemed to resemble in appearance as well as actions.

The obstreperous pair includes Billy Lenhart, aged 8, and Kenneth Brown, better known as Kennie, aged 7. The two got together one day in October, 1938, when both had been called to a studio for auditions. Billy had his "slap fiddle" with him, of course, and Kennie his accordion. First thing others present knew, they began playing duets, and proved so good their parents figured it would be a fine thing to team them.

Yes, both had had experience in vaudeville, charity benefits, children's orchestras and so on, but hadn't been able to make the grade in pictures . . . nor did they have any luck for a long time after they joined forces. They tried every studio in Hollywood and got nowhere. Incidentally, having employed them to perform at a party for Jane some time ago, Mrs. Withers went wild over them and tried her best to get Twentieth Century-Fox to sign them—without avail. Finally, however, Joe Pasternak, producer of "The Under-Pup," gave them an audition and was so excited over them he had "spots" written in the picture for their benefit. You who have seen "The Under-Pup," know how they went over. They now have a long-term contract with Universal.

Kenny was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and he began playing his accordion, his mother says, almost before he was big enough to hold it properly. In 1937 he won a scholarship at a Baltimore conservatory of music. Billy comes from a family of vaudevillians and his mastery of his "slap fiddle" also dates back practically to babyhood. Billy is the one who looks like a diminutive Ned Sparks and particularly is his "dead pan" brand of comedy like the sour-pussed Ned's.

Besides playing anything you ask for on their unusual instruments, the kids can dance a mean rhumba, and sing. That is, it is rumored they can sing. For some reason, they don't like to and only do it when they feel like it.

Reckless Romeo

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX officials don't know this, but their big, money-at-the-box-office star, Tyrone Power, is addicted to the reckless, sometimes fatal habit of taking chances. We refer to the flying Ty has been doing lately. Of course, Darryl Zanuck doesn't like this very well, but what can he do? This is a free country and other screen glamour boys such as Jimmy Stewart, Errol Flynn and Brian Aherne blithely pilot their own planes all over the country. It was even rumored recently that Errol was going to try something like Corrigan's "wrong-way stunt"—fly over to Ireland. . . .

But as we were saying . . . Seems that Ty is a very good flier; has a definite knack for it, and was at home at the controls practically the first time he took 'em over. But that recklessness keeps cropping up . . . Like the time his flying instructor, Marion McKeen, took Ty and Annabella to the Grand Canyon for the four-day honeymoon they had right after they were married. While they were there, Ty went flying in that very intriguing, to any flyer, but very dangerous airway between the canyon walls. Seems the down-draught there is terrible. One flyer was caught in it so completely, he couldn't gain altitude again; had to make a forced landing on a shelf near the bottom and have his plane hauled out, piecemeal, by mule. Others have been wrecked by these same currents.

But nevertheless Ty, then more of a novice than he is now, took over the controls and went sailing gaily down the canyon for miles . . . And then flew back again.

Wouldn't Mr. Zanuck's hair have turned grey if he had known that?

Professor Quiz I. Cal, If You Please

WHAT Hollywood biggee was so burned up over a recent marriage he almost threw a bomb into the proceedings? And would that bomb have shaken the landscape from here to China!

What star has become so high-society minded, all of a sudden, he's forgotten all his causes and isms and justice-for-all ideas?

What comedian has a very red face because Hollywood kindness and sympathy forced him into a bad situation he otherwise wouldn't have had to face?

What actor who recently came of age wishes he hadn't because of that determined young pursuer?

The studio of what he-man star lives in constant dread the hot-tempered lad's many pranks may one day lead to an investigation that will reveal he was not the knight so bold, as we've been told, but only a mild-mannered young typewriter salesman?

Summer Idyl

PERHAPS if we hadn't been at Margaret Lindsay's when the postman came, that afternoon, we shouldn't have heard the story back of the postcard she received from "somewhere in France." As it was, she read the card slowly, tears bright in her eyes, then quoted it to us—"*Quand l'avenir nous apparait sombre, c'est alors que nos pensées se tournent vers le passé.*"—"When the future is dark, thoughts turn back to yesterday. . . ."

It happened several years ago when Maggie, after studying for the stage in London, had traveled to glamorous Capri for a brief vacation before returning to America and laying siege to Hollywood. On the morning after she arrived, she had difficulties with the hotel clerk. Per the custom of every hostelry in Italy, he had taken over her passport upon her arrival that it might be recorded, and had failed to return it to her. As she found out later, nothing was amiss except the forgetfulness of island authorities, but she spoke no Italian and the clerk very little English. They had reached an impasse when a handsome young Frenchman came to her rescue. He spoke Italian fluently and since Margaret knew French, the passport matter was quickly straightened out.

Wasn't it natural, then, that the two of them—young, attractive, lonely—should remain in each other's company throughout that long and lovely day? Anyway, that is exactly what happened. Together they rode down the steep mountainside on the funicular for a swim in the blue Mediterranean. Together, they took a *carozza*,

one of those picturesque, pony-drawn carriages which abound in the land of *Italia*, and went jogging along that fabulous road around the side of the mountain to Munthe's *San Michele*. Together they ate wild strawberries drenched in *vino* at a tiny table on the *Piazza Vittorio Emanuel*, listening to music that never ceased, laughing because Capri is pronounced "Cah-prec," with the accent in the "cah," and not at all the way it must be sung in the American song, "Isle of Capri," which every Italian on the island knows by heart. Together they visited the incredible *Bluc Grotto*.

That night, on the eve of the young man's departure for France, as they stood by the piazza wall high above the sea, he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Marry me, and we shall go home to Paris together," he begged her.

But Margaret was very ambitious, then, and very young. She put him off. "Perhaps I shall return next summer," she told him and promised to write.

But, somehow, she never did, and he, sensing perhaps that this, for her, was only a summer idyl, never wrote to her . . . Until, a soldier of France facing war and its tragic exigencies, he sent her the postcard which made her cry.

Torch Carriers

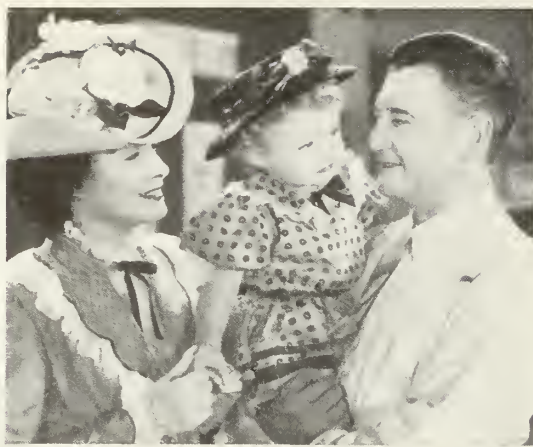
THEY say it's the women who pay and pay, but strangely enough it's the men of Hollywood who pay most in heartaches from broken marriages and romances . . . Anatole Litvak, who knew nothing of Miriam Hopkins' divorce until it was filed, is crushed over the affair . . . "Ham" Nelson makes no bones over the fact his love for Bette burns on despite the fact he divorced her . . . Wallace Beery shed tears over Rita's divorce, and Jackie Coogan has been depressed and moody since Betty Grable said good-by.



Cocoanut Grove-ing with "Prince Mike" Romanoff and Cesar Romero, Joan Crawford looks stunning in a crepe dinner costume created by Gladys Parker. Half aqua and half white, it features a high waistline, shirred bodice, bias skirt—and a draped turban!



ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount



RENO—RKO-Radio

IN Paramount's new picture with a college background, football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of three couples: Joseph Allen Jr. and Jean Cagney, John Arledge and Betty Moran, Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. None of the couples is financially secure, and when Miss Cagney, because of her delicate condition, loses her extracurricular job, and husband Joe has to give up his because of his studies, that couple's future looks particularly gloomy. When Joe has an opportunity to do further research work in Europe, Jean plans on going home to live with her stepmother—but that lady's a righteous old battle-ax who will allow Jean to come back only after a trip to Reno.

THAT square jaw of Richard Dix's is more outthrust than ever before. The film was undoubtedly intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a silver mining town, but somehow you can't get worked up about its past. Dix brings the piece up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. Then Gail Patrick, his wife, divorces him and later his daughter, Anita Louise, comes west to get a divorce, too. She runs up a debt at his gambling joint, proves the tables are crooked—all because she is unaware she is prosecuting her own pappy. The muddle ends on a somewhat happy note. Miss Louise has not much of a role; Miss Patrick does good work; Laura Hope Crews has one of her character sequences to do. The picture lacks pace.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox



REMEMBER?—M-G-M



★ FIRST LOVE—Universal

THE newness of this picture is in the magnificent use of color and in the approach, which is simple and clear cut—not in the story, which is not so much a story as a picaresque tale. Incidents of adventure and heroism are strung together on hyphens of peaceful romance. The descendants of hardy upstate New York pioneers will get a particular bang out of the gory defense their progenitors made of the old homestead—a fight that would make the plight of latter-day Poland look like a prayer meeting. Those Mohawk Indians were mean fellows.

Claudette Colbert plays the highly bred city girl who leaves her luxurious home for Henry Fonda's log cabin; naturally, at first, the crudeness of it all gets her and she simply has hysterics. One cannot blame her, with murderous Indians burning her house around her head. Homeless, she and Hank hire out to Edna May Oliver, a widow; and after three or four raids by Tories and Mohawks, met with great loss of life by the villagers and loss of blood by Fonda, near-loss of sanity by Claudette, comes the Revolution's end. Fonda and Miss Colbert are at their best, but then all the performances are electrifying, particularly those of Miss Oliver and Jesse Ralph. John Ford directed, with his characteristic good touch. The picture looks as if it cost a fortune, it's that grand. Most charming incident is that in which Parson Arthur Shield gives his prayer in the church, speaking with God as to a neighbor.

IT seems months now that people have been saying, "What Bob Taylor needs is a good picture." This was supposed to be it. Certain forms of audiences, and those fans of Bob's who are staunchly loyal, will believe what they see; certainly for an unsophisticated audience there should be some entertainment. Critically speaking, the film has many mistakes in it and would be better for a bit of shrewder writing. Taylor is cast as an advertising genius who steals Greer Garson away from her fiancé, Lew Ayres. Bob and Greer marry and later, because of his devotion to business, quarrel and get a divorce. Ayres is upset about the entire thing and doses both of them with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce and there are a lot of naughty allusions—which should get you into the theater out of curiosity. All three of the principals work away at their roles with everything they've got, although Miss Garson is somewhat incongruous in a comedy part after the dramatic debut in "Mr. Chips." However, she's a good sport and gives it as much as possible of that shining charm which first captivated American audiences. Billie Burke fares rather better in one of those fluttery roles which she handles so inimitably. The pity of it all is that Greer—who needed a good story for her first American-made film—and Bob—who needed a good story for a change—were handed such a silly plot. "Remember?" has its sparkling moments—but the trio of Taylor, Garson and Ayres deserves more than mere "moments."

IF one had not set such a standard for Deanna Durbin one would merely start raving about her new picture. It may be the change from child to charming young lady, a grown-up quality in that lovely voice of hers—some subtle difference of that sort which lets you down just a little. Then, too, there is no conflict or suspense in the story since it is frankly the Cinderella yarn. Now, with those mild criticisms out of the way we can tell you how superior otherwise the film is. It is gay. It has climactic moments of charm and pathos that will make you say "Aaaaah," quietly and wipe away a pleasurable tear. Deanna, of course, plays the very modern Cinderella who graduates from a swank school where she has been kept by a rich uncle; her Prince Charming is new and attractive Bob Stack, catch of the season; the servants in the uncle's house are the collective Fairy Godmother, who get Deanna to the ball despite the fact she has been ordered to stay at home by her aunt, screwy horoscope addict, and her cousin, glamour debutante. Universal has followed the famous tale even to the extent of having Deanna lose her slipper on the staircase just after midnight. Much of the piece is done with Producer Joe Pasternak's tongue in his cheek. Lively and exceptional performances are turned in by Leatrice Joy as the aunt (it's a comeback), Helen Parrish as the meany deb, Eugene Pallette as the uncle and Kathleen Howard—at her very best—in the role of the eccentric schoolmarm. Deanna sings a Viennese waltz and an aria and "Home Sweet Home."



★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

THAT incomparable father-and-son team gets better with each chapter of the *Hardy* saga, by golly. When a little old lady and gentleman are about to lose their home, they appeal to *Judge Hardy* for help. He's pretty sure they have a daughter, and *Andy* gets himself into difficulties trying to help find her. Being a little too cocksure about winning a prize for an essay, the kid goes in debt before he finds the cash prize is offered to girls only. His father has said that finding the above-mentioned daughter would be worth money to him, so Andy sets out forthwith in order to collect his father's reward in time to avert financial disaster. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is excellent, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone.



MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

RKO has converted the radio serial, "Dr. Christian," into celluloid drama. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals his patients with word as well as pill. This first offering concerns itself with Hersholt's efforts to establish a hospital in the town. Balancing the serious adult squabbling are several adolescent romantic intervals—and through the whole production runs a vein of uninvolved, unsophisticated humor. Marcia Mae Jones and young Jackie Moran both do very good jobs, and in the supporting cast are Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Paul Harvey and others. Of course the Hersholt bedside manner, that voice, and that kindly face are eminently adaptable to such a role as this lovable doctor allows him.



ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

FACED with the need for picturization of purely American backgrounds since the new war killed so many European markets—and remembering John Wayne's work in "Stagecoach," RKO offers you this. It is adequate for the first contingency, but Mr. Wayne is certainly wasted. You students of history may remember that fifteen years before the American Revolution a group of Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a minor rebellion in an attempt to keep industrialists from selling supplies—ammunition and such—to the Indians. Wayne plays *Jim Smith*, the leader of the protesting settlers. Claire Trevor is very pretty as Wayne's woman. Recommended with reservations to audiences who always go to see historical films, good or indifferent.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Drums Along the Mohawk

First Love

Another Thin Man

Balalaika

Judge Hardy and Son

Bad Little Angel

Indianapolis Speedway

The End of a Day

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Claudette Colbert in "Drums Along the Mohawk"
Edna May Oliver in "Drums Along the Mohawk"

Deanna Durbin in "First Love"
Helen Parrish in "First Love"
Kathleen Howard in "First Love"

William Powell in "Another Thin Man"
Myrna Loy in "Another Thin Man"

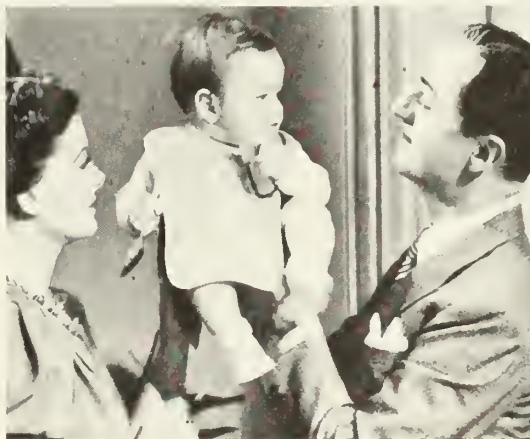
Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika"
Ilona Massey in "Balalaika"

Mickey Rooney in "Judge Hardy and Son"

Virginia Weidler in "Bad Little Angel"

Zorina in "On Your Toes"

Louis Jouvet in "The End of a Day"
Michel Simon in "The End of a Day"



★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

THIS title is synonym for another sparkling picture, of course. It is Bill Powell's first since his long illness, and he's swell, you'll be glad to know. The Myrna Loy-Powell family life is now blessed with a baby. C. Aubrey Smith is a bombastic old millionaire with a questionable past, a slew of enemies, and lovely Virginia Grey as his daughter. She proves to be no nicer than her daddy *was*—before the great bumping off, we mean. Which brings in Otto Kruger as police inspector, aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton, to solve the mystery of Smith's murder. Otto Kruger provides an excellent foil (although he doesn't look as if he enjoyed his role), for Powell's witticisms. Everyone's after a gentleman who has nightmares about how his victims are going to get killed.

As usual in "Thin Man" epics, the picture glitters with smart talk, cocktail glasses, well-dressed women; and additionally a Cuban Club atmosphere which surrounds villain Sheldon Leonard and his Cuban stooge, *Dum-Dum*. It is in the Cuban night club that Powell and Loy are at their funny best.

The murder-dreamer doesn't carry out his latest nightmare about Powell because somebody shoots him—thus adding to the confusion of the finale, wherein things are solved but not too clearly. The hows and whys of the mystery are impossibly involved, and you may be left in a fog, doubting that even William Powell could have unraveled the mystery without help from the director and scenario writers. But that's a trifle. The film's a honey.



★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

SINCE you're undoubtedly wondering what that unpronounceable title stands for, we may as well say at the beginning that it's a café. It's a café in Russia in 1914, and Ilona Massey's Pa, Lionel Atwill, owns it. Which brings us to Ilona, who is more fun to talk about anyway, being as she's so stunning and has such a swell voice. She's teamed with Nelson Eddy, who has to look and act like a Cossack prince. This he does quite well, besides singing. Of course, there are some leaders of a revolutionist plot, including Atwill and Dalies Frantz, the famous pianist. Now Nelson knows being a Cossack doesn't put him in too good a light with Ilona's family, so he disguises himself to get her an audition in the Imperial Opera; a street brawl happens, and Frantz is killed, and Ilona discovers all about Eddy, and there is just hell to pay. At this psychological moment, along comes the war, and forth to battle goes Nelson. Shift scene to Paris, 1923. Charlie Ruggles, who used to be the hero's valet, has a Café Balalaika of his very own there, and practically the whole cast is celebrating when there is a knock on the back door and guess who it is? Ilona Massey! She's been in prison and she thought Eddy was dead, and here he isn't a Cossack any more. . . So they all sing.

Nelson really does a fine job and you couldn't expect to find him in better voice. Miss Massey is a Discovery and a pretty important one. Frantz is exciting at the piano. You'll like this.

(Continued on page 82)



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

THAT DIET QUESTION AGAIN!

WANT to write an answer to Rayburn Davis of Lawrenceville, Illinois, regarding Bing Crosby's being somewhat on the fat side.

Evidently Bing has been on a diet, because in his latest picture, "The Star Maker," he looked so thin, especially his face, and he looked years older. He wasn't the old Bing; the charm seemed to be gone from his voice.

His face looked so tired and drawn, fairly shouting of melba toast and lamb chops, while you could tell his heart belonged to a thick steak.

Please, Bing, get pleasingly—and I mean pleasingly—plump again. Enjoy life and let the women of Hollywood do the dieting (some of them could really stand to lose a few pounds).

MILDRED COADY,
Tulsa, Okla.

HYMN OF HAPPINESS

I'M glad because—

Our Greta has come back to us.

Joan Crawford, in "The Women," has shown us she still can act.

William Powell is in good health again—maybe it was my prayers.

I can look on a face as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr's.

One of the reasons why Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert" should not be missed—Betty Bryson, featured ballerina, better known in private life as Mrs. LeRoy Prinz, wife of the studio's dance director

The movies have given us two new stars—Greer Garson, whose warm, vivid personality captivates us, and "Baby Sandy" Henville, one female star who isn't glamorous!

BERNICE MORTON,
Regina, Sask., Canada.

MIRACLE

PLEASE send me the casts of every picture reviewed in the October PHOTOPLAY. Your excuse for omitting this feature because of so-called unusual features is getting monotonous and wearing thin.

The "Casts of Current Pictures," "The Shadow Stage" and Cal York's "Gossip of Holly-

wood" are your three best features and there are three more you should add—(1) a foreign film department, (2) a "shooting schedule" for every month, and (3) a serial department in which you would give us every bit of serial news you could lay your hands on, besides titles and synopses of every chapter of every serial released, good or bad. You should carry these six features permanently.

Perhaps some day a miracle will occur and the letter which I sent to the editor will be printed in PHOTOPLAY. . . .

JOHN WASSO, JR.
Pen Argyl, Pa.

SISTER ACT

WE have always adored Deanna Durbin and dreaded the day when she grew up, but now it's all right because we have another edition of her in charming little Gloria Jean! She even walks like her!

Why not cast them in a sister picture? Wouldn't it be lovely to hear them sing together? Or why not produce "Elsie Dinsmore"—as some fans suggested—with Gloria Jean as *Elsie* at eight and Deanna as *Elsie* in her teens?

It would be a big drawing card. Nearly every girl, regardless of age, loves the "Elsie" books, whether she admits it or not. And those who don't will change their minds when they see Deanna and her miniature in the role!

THREE GRAMMAR SENIORS,
Elizabeth, N. J.

FLAG WAVING

RECENTLY, my father and I attended the showing of a Paramount picture entitled, "Our Leading Citizen," featuring Bob Burns. That was one of the finest productions I have seen for quite some time.

The next afternoon, I was glancing through PHOTOPLAY and noticed a review of this picture. The writer's comments about "flag waving" and the organization I believe to be the finest patriotic organization in the country—The American Legion—greatly surprised me. I refer to the "American Legion Rally" comment. If a few more people thought about and acted upon the principles for which the American Legion was organized, there would be little suffering due to war.

I feel especially deeply about this most vital subject because my father is a citizen of the United States by choice, migrating here in 1910 and going to war against his own brothers in 1918. He is a member of the American Legion, 40 et 8, and a Disabled American War Veteran, having been gassed, lost the use of one lung, and finally an entire eye.

May I suggest that, if you continue to use as a motto "The Aristocrat of Motion Picture Magazines," you discontinue criticism of any patriotic organization? If, however, the printing of that comment was an error, I would like to know of it so I can once again enjoy PHOTOPLAY as I have so many years in the past.

IRENE C. HENNINGTON,
Sioux City, Iowa.

[If PHOTOPLAY's reviewer sounded critical of any patriotic organization, sincere apologies.—Ed.]

HAYSTACK?

THE supreme test of an actress lies in her ability to make a series of characters, diverse in mind and body, become real in the minds of the be-

holders. Hence, this big Boo for Dorothy Lamour. She hasn't even the faintest conception of the job of creating characterizations. She is simply a gal with a deep and not very true voice, a svelte figure, and useless yards of long and not very pretty-textured hair, who wears either very few or very many clothes quite well. It's rather a pity, too, for it is evident she has the desire to act, and to act well. Two things only hamper her—lack of instruction in acting by a competent coach, and her continual consciousness of that haystack of hair. Her mind is on it all the time, no matter if it is up or down; if up, to balance her head; if down, to display it as though it were a personal triumph to have grown it, which it isn't, since Nature will do as much for any gal, however dumb, if left alone for two to four years. So, for Dorothy, here is the prescription: First, six months or so with the best acting coach to be had, and second, a thorough-going and radical short haircut. No compromise! No shoulder bob! No "basic fashion" medium bob! But a regular close clip which will, both literally and figuratively, "take her hair off her mind."

I wonder if Dorothy is brave enough to go the course. . . .

BETTE ROBINSON,
Aurora, Ill.

GIVE THE GIRL A CHANCE

I HAVE a big boo for people in general.

When I went to see "The Rains Came," I went in expecting to be thrilled up and down by Brenda Joyce. When I came out I was heartily disappointed in her acting. Sure, she is pretty, but that isn't what I like in an actress. I had read so many magazines on how wonderful she was, that I thought Brenda Joyce must be another Bette Davis. If that girl has any talent, why do you have to put her in a picture in which she doesn't get a chance to exhibit it? I am looking forward to seeing her in "Here I Am a Stranger," to see her do some acting. If she isn't any better, I am through with hope for pretty Brenda Joyce.

JULIA SMITH,
West Los Angeles, Calif.

THE GANGSTER'S LOT

IF modern times have some advantages over the days of old, modern crime has not. Contrast the screen's picturesque old outlaws with its present-day gangsters, and it becomes evident that Crime Does Not Pay—now.

Everything smiled on the outlaws of "Girl of the Golden West" and "Robin Hood." Gaily dressed and splendidly mounted, loved by beautiful ladies, for them roast meat and wine flowed perpetually, and mirth and music filled the air. Their weather was glorious, their scenery superb, their comrades loyal, and their coups successful.

Now regard the life of the slinking curs in "Winterset" or "Dead End," and it appears that the gangster has a pretty thin time. He

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



A holiday at home—that was Loretta Young's idea of fun after completing "Eternally Yours"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 81.

1. She made a big hit in her first picture, which was also her last:

<i>June Preisser</i>	<i>Carolyn Lee</i>
<i>Brenda Joyce</i>	<i>Gloria Jean</i>

2. This picture won 1938's Academy Award for the best picture of the year:

<i>Gunga Din</i>	<i>Sweethearts</i>
<i>You Can't Take It With You</i>	<i>Camille</i>

3. Joan Crawford has never worked for any other studio than:

<i>Universal</i>	<i>Paramount</i>
<i>M-G-M</i>	<i>Warner Brothers</i>

4. This actor receives more fan mail than any other star:

<i>Tyrone Power</i>	<i>Clark Gable</i>
<i>Gene Autry</i>	<i>Robert Taylor</i>

5. Two of these have returned to their own country to enter the war:

<i>David Niven</i>	<i>Basil Rathbone</i>
<i>Leslie Howard</i>	<i>Charles Boyer</i>

6. She first made a success in radio before she was brought to the screen:

<i>Alice Faye</i>	<i>Brenda Marshall</i>
<i>Lana Turner</i>	<i>Gale Page</i>

7. Her first success was on the screen, then she went on the radio:

<i>Claire Trevor</i>	<i>Kate Smith</i>
<i>Frances Langford</i>	<i>Gracie Allen</i>

8. He was a Phi Beta Kappa:

<i>Richard Carlson</i>	<i>Richard Greene</i>
<i>Errol Flynn</i>	<i>Melvyn Douglas</i>

9. Her sister married Brian Aherne:

<i>Loretta Young</i>	<i>Joan Blondell</i>
<i>Olivia de Havilland</i>	<i>Priscilla Lane</i>

10. Besides his screen and radio work, he runs his stable of horses:

<i>Don Ameche</i>	<i>Bob Crosby</i>
<i>Eddie Robinson</i>	<i>Bob Hope</i>

11. This favorite night spot uses the trade-mark "World Famous":

<i>Trocadero</i>	<i>Café Lamaze</i>
<i>Victor Hugo's</i>	<i>Cocoanut Grove</i>

12. Two of these stars live on ranches:

<i>Joel McCrea</i>	<i>Nelson Eddy</i>
<i>Rosalind Russell</i>	<i>Carole Lombard</i>

13. He's the father of the Jones Family:

<i>Lewis Stone</i>	<i>Jed Prouty</i>
<i>Charles Winninger</i>	<i>Walter Connolly</i>

14. This actor was also a director:

<i>Bruce Cabot</i>	<i>Ralph Bellamy</i>
<i>Lew Ayres</i>	<i>Cary Grant</i>

15. 20th Century-Fox is reviving:

<i>Ruth Roland serials</i>	<i>Bathing Beauty comedies</i>
<i>Ben Turpin comedies</i>	<i>Keystone Kops</i>

16. This famous director was once a strong man in a circus:

<i>Frank Capra</i>	<i>Gregory Ratoff</i>
<i>William Wyler</i>	<i>Michael Curtiz</i>

17. There are this number of Brown Derby restaurants in Hollywood:

<i>One</i>	<i>Two</i>
<i>Three</i>	<i>Four</i>

18. He played the Thin Man:

<i>John Carradine</i>	<i>Edward Ellis</i>
<i>William Powell</i>	<i>James Stewart</i>

19. This star is the composer of "Count Me Out of Your Dreams":

<i>Adolphe Menjou</i>	<i>John Howard</i>
<i>Richard Dix</i>	<i>John Payne</i>

20. The Sunset Strip is:

<i>A night club</i>	<i>A new dance</i>
<i>A theater</i>	<i>A shopping district</i>

sometimes sneers but never laughs—and, indeed, has nothing to laugh at, for it rains whenever he shows his face. He has no home, only some haunts—garish night clubs, shabby speakeasies, grimy billiard rooms—where he takes his sordid pleasures. He sometimes drinks whisky, but takes no interest in food, and a haggard moll acts as chief mourner at these funeral feasts. His clothes are no great shakes, and though he earns many a "grand" he gets very little out of it, but "fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in one stay." As for his comrades' loyalty, the less said about it the better. And, if his coups are sometimes successful, death is not far behind—and he knows it.

What puzzles me is: If the films are right, why weren't all our ancestors outlaws? And why is any-one a gangster?

ELIZABETH FLETCHER,
Blackpool, Lancs., England.

BLACKOUT!

ALTHOUGH this is neither a Boo nor a Bouquet, it might be of some interest to your readers.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday, September third, Britain declared war on Germany. Shortly after this momentous hour, several announcements were made over the wireless; included in these announcements was an order closing all cinemas, theaters and places of entertainment in the interests of public safety. And so, for nearly a whole week (one of the gloomiest I can ever remember), the population of Great Britain had to do without one of their favorite pastimes, the "pictures." Shortly after this, however, it was left to the local police authorities to open cinemas where it was considered safe. One opened—in Aberystwith, a town in Wales; for the first time since hostilities had broken out, the inhabitants of this town were the first people to have the opportunity of visiting a cinema.

This caused a great stir, as you can imagine, and many cinema-managers ridiculed the situation by posting outside their premises such signs as this—CLOSED, NEAREST CINEMA ABERYSTWITH — 350 MILES. In the local cinema here we had a poster which went as follows:

It's a long way to Aberystwith,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to the nearest cinema,
With the sweetest girl you know,
Goodbye, Mickey Rooney,
Farewell, Lewis Stone,
It's a long way to see a movie,
But we hope to open soon!

But now, thanks to permission from the Home Office, all cinemas are open once more and everything is back to usual, with the exception of two items—the performance must terminate at 10 p. m. and—everybody must carry his or her gas-mask!

HARRY SHAW,
Musselburgh, Scotland.



Playing with his son, Nick was quite satisfied with the world, but Nora was losing patience. "Stop clowning, Nick, and answer my questions!" she ordered

Another

THIN MAN

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FICTIONIZED BY
LYON MEARSON

Nick Charles Reporting

GOD knows I didn't want to get into the MacFay murder mess. I'd given up detective work, Nora and I had settled down in San Francisco determined to raise a family—and we'd made a fine start with Nick, Jr.—and I never wanted to hear about another crime. Then we went to New York, taking Nick, Jr., along, and trekked out to Long Island for a week end with Colonel MacFay, that crusty old gent who'd been the partner of Nora's father and who still managed Nora's estate. A former employe of the Colonel's, Sam Church, had just finished a prison sentence for financial juggling. Swearing that he'd taken the rap for the Colonel, he demanded money, and on the Colonel's refusal to come across, Church proceeded to terrorize the household, which consisted of Colonel MacFay; his adopted daughter, Lois; Dud-



"Keep off fire escapes when there isn't any fire!" said Nick



... said, "It came from your gambling house!" Vogel wilted



"I didn't say Dudley killed father," Lois protested. "But if you'd married him," insisted Van Slack, "your father would have disinherited you!"

ley Horn, the Colonel's right-hand man of business and, in spite of the Colonel's objection, Lois' fiance; Freddie Coleman, the Colonel's secretary, who was also in love with Lois; and Mrs. Bellam, the housekeeper.

I thought the Colonel was screwy when he said Church was trying to scare him to death. Church had dreamed twice that the Colonel was dead; a third dream would mean the Colonel was really dead—and the only way for the Colonel to avert that was to pay Church what he asked. Finally the Colonel wore me down and I promised to investigate. I went to the small cottage near by where Church was living with a Cuban servant named Dum-Dum and a blonde named Smitty. Church said if I didn't persuade the Colonel to come across he'd start dreaming about Nora and me and the baby. So I hung one on his eye. Then Smitty pulled a gun on me and Dum-Dum threw a knife at me. The knife missed and Asta—why Nora insists on dragging that dog with us everywhere we go I'll never know—thought it was a game and ran around with the knife in his mouth.

When I got back to the Colonel's, Nora and Lois and I sat around and talked. While we were talking we heard a shot, then all the lights went out. We ran to the Colonel's bedroom and found him dead—his throat was cut, just as Church had dreamed. It looked as though he'd put up a fight. His revolver was on the floor and there was a bullet hole in the wall. The cord of the bedside lamp was broken and a glass of water had spilled onto a crumpled newspaper. There was no sign of the knife that had killed him so the police began to search the grounds for it. I joined in when one of the cops saw our dog, Asta, with a knife in his mouth. I'd just cornered Asta and was trying to get the knife when I heard something in the shrubbery behind me. Then Lois crashed through the bushes from the other direction,

**Do Nick and Nora find the murderer
in the new Myrna Loy-Bill Powell
thriller? Just read Photoplay's gay,
exciting novelette based on the film**

yelling, "Look out!" (Now go on with the story.)

AT the moment her scream rang out in the night air Lois lunged at Nick, shoving him aside. Caught off balance, Nick fell. A pistol shot rent the darkness, the bullet nicking a bush right behind the place where Nick's head had been.

Nick came up instantly, but, with his assailant's second shot, the police were already riddling the bushes with their forty-fives. Lois cried out and sank to the ground as the figure in the shrubbery staggered, fired a last wild shot, fell—and was still.

Nick and the policemen bent over him. "Why, it's Dudley Horn!" exclaimed Van Slack, the district attorney.

"It was," Nick said, and turned to the unconscious Lois. "It's her arm," he said, relieved. "Here—get her inside. Your medical officer's still there, isn't he?"

"Yes." Van Slack was picking up the knife Asta had abandoned. "That's the knife that finished the Colonel, all right."

"It could also be the one that was thrown at me," Nick said.

Van Slack sighed. "Not much chance of fingerprints after that dog of yours has been playing with it."

"I'm apologizing," Nick said.

In the living room, Lois, her arm—not seriously injured—bandaged, tried to control her nerves while Van Slack questioned her. Next to Lois sat Nora, with the baby. Nick watched quietly, as did Mrs. Bellam and Freddie Coleman.

"I didn't say Dudley killed Father," Lois protested.

"But if you'd married him your father would have disinherited you!" insisted Van Slack.

Questioning Lois further, Van Slack learned that Dudley Horn had come to her immediately after the discovery of the Colonel's murder and told her to say—for her own protection—that they were together when it happened.

"Her protection, nothing," Van Slack said. "Horn was fixing up an alibi for himself. We know Horn and Church were enemies. Horn sees a chance to frame Church by using a knife belonging to Church's servant to murder the Colonel. See?"

"If he wanted to frame Church with the knife," said Nick, "why try to kill me when I find it?" Van Slack winced at Nick's exploding of his theory. "Now you know why I retired," Nick added. "Good luck!" He started for the door.

"You're not walking out on me, are you?" Van Slack protested.

"No. Running. Nice quiet week end. My family is threatened, I have a knife thrown at me, get shot at—and I'm not sure I'm not suspected of murder. I'm going back to New York to forget the whole thing."

Nick beckoned to Nora. "Come on, Mom," he said.

Surprisingly, Nora started for the door. "Come on, Lois," she said. Lois rose, followed

by Mrs. Bellam and Freddie. As they all filed past Nick, he realized that he might be walking out on the case, but the case wasn't walking out on him.

"Maybe I'm not going to forget it," he said.

Lois lay asleep in her bedroom of the Charles suite in the Normandie Hotel. Mrs. Bellam and Freddie had been installed in rooms down the hall. In the living room of the suite Nick was saying to Nora, "How about a show tonight—a murder mystery, for a change?"

"Not until I see that paper you just stuck into your pocket," Nora retorted, fishing into his pocket and reading the crude, hand-blocked message:

LOIS MACFAY BETTER PUT ON HER SHROUD. SHE WILL SOON BE WITH HER FATHER.

"Oh, Nick," Nora gasped. "Is Lois all right?" Nick nodded. "Freddie brought this in. Found it underneath his door."

Nora was mystified. "How'd it get there? The hallway's full of plain-clothes men."

"Exactly," said Nick.

There was a knock on the door and Van Slack hurried in. "I wish you'd reconsider and come back on this case," he blurted.

"What's up?" Nick asked over the highballs he was mixing.

"The New York police have located that woman, Smitty, who was with Church. I'm going up there now. Want to come?"

"Sure," said Nora. Nick eyed her suspiciously.

Van Slack was embarrassed. "It won't be any place for a woman."

"Any place that Nick is, is a place for a woman," Nora retorted. "The more women, the better, is Nick's idea."

"What about the man I saw watching Church's house last night?" asked Nick, hurriedly.

"We checked the car registration number you gave us. It belongs to a gambler racketeer named Vogel. I'm seeing him later."

The telephone rang and Nick answered it. A low, menacing voice said, "Lay off the MacFay case, if you don't want to go home in a box." Then Nick heard the click of a broken connection.

Nick spoke into the phone evenly. "Sorry. We have an encyclopedia." He hung up. He reached for his hat. Then he paused intently. "Listen! It's the baby—crying!"

Nora, instantly maternal, flew out of the room. Nick jammed his hat on his head. "Come on, Van Slack," he said.

Outside Smitty's apartment they picked up Lieutenant Guild of the Homicide Squad, who told them that Smitty was in the clear for the MacFay murder. "She telephoned me last night and asked me to hang around," Guild said. "We've had the place covered since midnight and your murder was at one."

Nick was amused. "She telephoned herself? Sounds as if she'd fixed up a nice alibi—with your help."

They got little help from Smitty. Church, she insisted, had said he was going to Cuba. She knew nothing of any murder.

Nick pointed to an overcoat hanging in a corner. "That's his, isn't it?"

Smitty nodded. "Sure. It's been here two, three weeks." Guild and Van Slack were going through the pockets, tossing out handkerchief and gloves, cigarettes and a book of matches.

The doorbell rang. Guild opened the door. "Hello, Vogel," he greeted the man who entered.

Paying no attention to the three men, Vogel addressed Smitty. "Told you you'd get into trouble, hanging around Church."

"What do you know about Church?" asked Van Slack.

"Nothing, except he was spending too much time with Smitty."

"Is that why you were watching her and Church last night?" asked Nick.

"Why, you big ape!" Smitty burst out at Vogel.

Vogel turned to the men. "Her husband's a pal of mine. He's in stir, so I promised to keep an eye on her."

Behind them the door opened quietly and a dark, evil face looked in. Nick recognized Church's servant, the man who had thrown the knife at him, and said, "If it isn't Dum-Dum."

Dum-Dum turned and retreated swiftly down the hall, followed by Van Slack and Guild.

Smitty didn't notice what was going on. Her attention was centered on Vogel. "What did you do to Sam Church?" she screamed furiously. She made a vicious swipe at him, knocking off his heavy glasses. Vogel groped blindly for the glasses and Nick, grinning with amusement, slyly kicked them into a corner, then picked up the book of paper matches that had come from Sam Church's overcoat. The West Indies Club, read the advertisement on the back. Losing in-

Next Month -

A feature of vital importance to all thinking Americans—by the First Lady of the Land:

"How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War"

by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

in FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY

terest in the Smitty-Vogel battle, Nick rushed from the apartment and hailed a taxi.

THE West Indies Club had a small crowded dance floor and a small noisy orchestra. Nick had no sooner sat down than he knew he was in luck, for he was joined by a small-time thug, one Cookie, who was full of information and very talkative. From Cookie, Nick learned that Smitty's predecessor in Church's affections was Linda Mills. Cookie told Nick where Linda Mills lived, commented at length on her appearance. With every word of Cookie's description of the girl, Nick's interest mounted. So did that of a man who was sitting at the next table, toying with a roulette chip, who from the first mention of Sam Church's name had listened in.

"Yeah, Linda's a looker," Cookie'd finished. "But she ain't got the class of that dame." He pointed to a table surrounded by a crowd of men. As Nick glanced up the men moved aside and the woman seated at the table arose to dance with one of them. The woman was Nora.

A man slipped into a chair beside Nick. It was Dum-Dum, Church's servant.

"Ah, my knife-throwing friend," said Nick. "Where's Church? Still in Cuba?"

Cookie laughed loudly. "Cuba! Why, I seen him about seven o'clock—"

Cookie didn't finish, for Dum-Dum landed one on his jaw that sent him sprawling over the neighboring table. In a moment the place was in a riot. The lights went off. Bodies fell, voices screamed, a police whistle shrilled and

over the din the orchestra played louder than ever. When the police had arrived and the lights were turned on, the room was deserted except for one couple, dancing serenely to the agitated music. One half the couple was Nora, the other half was Nick. Nick was saying, "Just fancy meeting you here, Mom."

At the checkroom Nora retrieved Asta. Nick said thoughtfully, "You know we have a baby. Did you check him, too?"

"He's home. Asleep."

"And why aren't you?"

Nora was nonchalant. "Home life is so dull. Right after you and Van Slack left someone telephoned that Dum-Dum hangs out here—so I came to meet him—and missed him. Well," brightly, "where are we going now?"

Nick shrugged in resignation. "To talk to Sam Church's ex-sweetie, Linda Mills."

BUT Linda Mills wasn't home, her landlady said, hadn't been there for some days, and her goings and comings were pretty irregular anyhow. The landlady let them look at Linda's room, however—a shabby little room which Nick examined thoroughly. He found a book of law cases fifty years old. A section of about ten pages had been cut from it. Next he went over the pictures on the wall, until Nora asked, "Thinking of renting the room?"

"Not a bad idea. It's well ventilated, anyhow," said Nick, pointing to a bullet hole which had been hidden by one of the pictures. The bullet hole slanted up from the floor. Nick followed the slant, walking backwards, until he reached a point on the rug beside the bed. He stooped down, saying, "This would be about where the gun was." There was a burned, discolored mark at the very spot where his hand rested.

"Well, Mom," he said, starting toward the door, "what about going home—if you don't think home life would be too dull—"

From behind them came the sound of a window being opened. Two men were crawling in through the fire escape. The one in the lead was the man who'd sat next to Nick at the West Indies Club, playing with a roulette chip. He was carrying a gun. He said, "Put them up. Now turn on the radio—loud—and think up some famous last words. You've got until the radio warms up."

"A little longer than that, I guess," Lieutenant Guild spoke from the doorway. "Well, get going," he ordered his men. "I'll keep 'em covered while you get 'em ready for the wagon."

"And let that teach you to keep off fire escapes when there isn't a fire," Nick warned them.

In his living room at the hotel Nick examined an old law book identical with the one found in Linda Mills' room except that no pages were missing.

"There's a man to see you," said Nora, coming into the room. "A big man with heavy glasses." "Must be Vogel."

Just then a man slipped out from behind the draperies at the window. His hand, in his coat pocket, obviously gripped a gun.

"Why, Church," Nick greeted him. "Thought you were in Cuba."

"Yes, I'm Church. I've been dreaming about you. I've dreamed about you twice, and each time you were messed up the way MacFay was. If you," Church turned to Nora, "don't want to be a widow, you'd better get him on a train right away, because I've got a feeling I'm going to have that third dream."

He backed toward the window, still covering them with his gun. "If you're smart, you won't blow any police whistles for at least five minutes." He turned toward the window, crawled out on the ledge leading to the next apartment.

"Get him, Nick," Nora urged.

"Why should I?" Nick shrugged. "It's all part of his plan. I never saw a man try so hard to get caught."

(Continued on page 75)

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF



1939

Here's your chance to vote for your favorite picture of 1939. It may win PHOTOPLAY'S famed Gold Medal—so don't delay! Vote now!

ONCE again it is time for PHOTOPLAY readers to cast their votes for the best picture of the year. It is an old PHOTOPLAY custom—this annual selection of the most outstanding film of the preceding year. Perhaps you were one of PHOTOPLAY'S readers who, way back in 1921, cast your vote for "Humoresque," the first picture to receive our Gold Medal Award; or perhaps you have never before cast your vote. But whether you are an old-timer or a new-timer, we cordially invite you, one and all, to vote this time—for your favorite picture of 1939. Tell your friends about the Award. Get your classmates, your office associates, your bridge club, to pick their favorite picture. And we don't want to start any family arguments, but why not suggest to Mother and Dad, to Sister Sue and Great-Aunt Kate that they cast their votes?

Each and every vote counts! Since this is the only award of its kind in which the public absolutely has the whole say, we urge you to take advantage of this opportunity to tell Hollywood what kind of pictures you like best. The final choice will serve as a measuring rod for the films of 1940.

Put on your thinking caps! What picture stood out above all the pictures you saw during the past year? Was it a romance, an adventure story, a screw-ball comedy, a gangster thriller, a costume drama? Was it gay and light or was it tragic and heavy? Did it bring a laugh to your throat or tears to your eyes? You will not all agree, of course, on what type of picture gave you the most all-around pleasure, but a majority of you are going to select one picture as tops. It is the producer of this picture who will be the proud recipient of PHOTOPLAY'S famed Gold Medal, reproduced above.

To aid you in jogging your memory, we are listing a number of 1939's outstanding films. This, we emphasize, is by no means a complete list. If your favorite is not included in our list, don't feel you cannot cast a vote for it. For your convenience, we have also printed a ballot. You may use this, or simply write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

DON'T DELAY! VOTE NOW—FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939.

WAS ONE OF THESE
YOUR FAVORITE
PICTURE OF 1939?

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF
WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"
1937
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"
1938
"SWEETHEARTS"

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Abe Lincoln in Illinois | Love Affair |
| Allegheny Uprising | Man About Town |
| Andy Hardy Gets Spring
Fever | Man in the Iron Mask |
| Another Thin Man | Man of Conquest |
| Babes in Arms | Mr. Smith Goes to
Washington |
| Bachelor Mother | Ninotchka |
| Balalaika | Nurse Edith Cavell |
| Beachcomber, The | Of Mice and Men |
| Beau Geste | Old Maid, The |
| Broadway Melody of 1940,
The | On Borrowed Time |
| Broadway Serenade | Only Angels Have Wings |
| Dancing Co-ed | Private Lives of Elizabeth
and Essex, The |
| Dark Victory | Pygmalion |
| Daughters Courageous | Rains Came, The |
| Destry Rides Again | Real Glory, The |
| Dodge City | Roaring Twenties, The |
| Drums Along the Mohawk | Rose of Washington
Square |
| Dust Be My Destiny | Rulers of the Sea |
| Each Dawn I Die | Stagecoach |
| East Side of Heaven | Stanley and Livingstone |
| First Love | Stolen Life |
| Five Came Back | Story of Alexander
Graham Bell, The |
| Four Feathers | Story of Vernon and
Irene Castle, The |
| Golden Boy | These Glamour Girls |
| Goodbye, Mr. Chips | They Shall Have Music |
| Good Girls Go to Paris | Three Smart Girls Grow
Up |
| Gunga Din | Under-Pup, The |
| His Girl Friday | Union Pacific |
| Hollywood Cavalcade | Vigil in the Night |
| Honeymoon in Bali | We Are Not Alone |
| Idiot's Delight | What a Life |
| In Name Only | Wizard of Oz |
| Intermezzo, a Love Story | Women, The |
| Jamaica Inn | Wuthering Heights |
| Jesse James | Young Mr. Lincoln |
| Juarez | |
| Lady of the Tropics | |
| Let Freedom Ring | |
| Little Princess, The | |

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK CITY

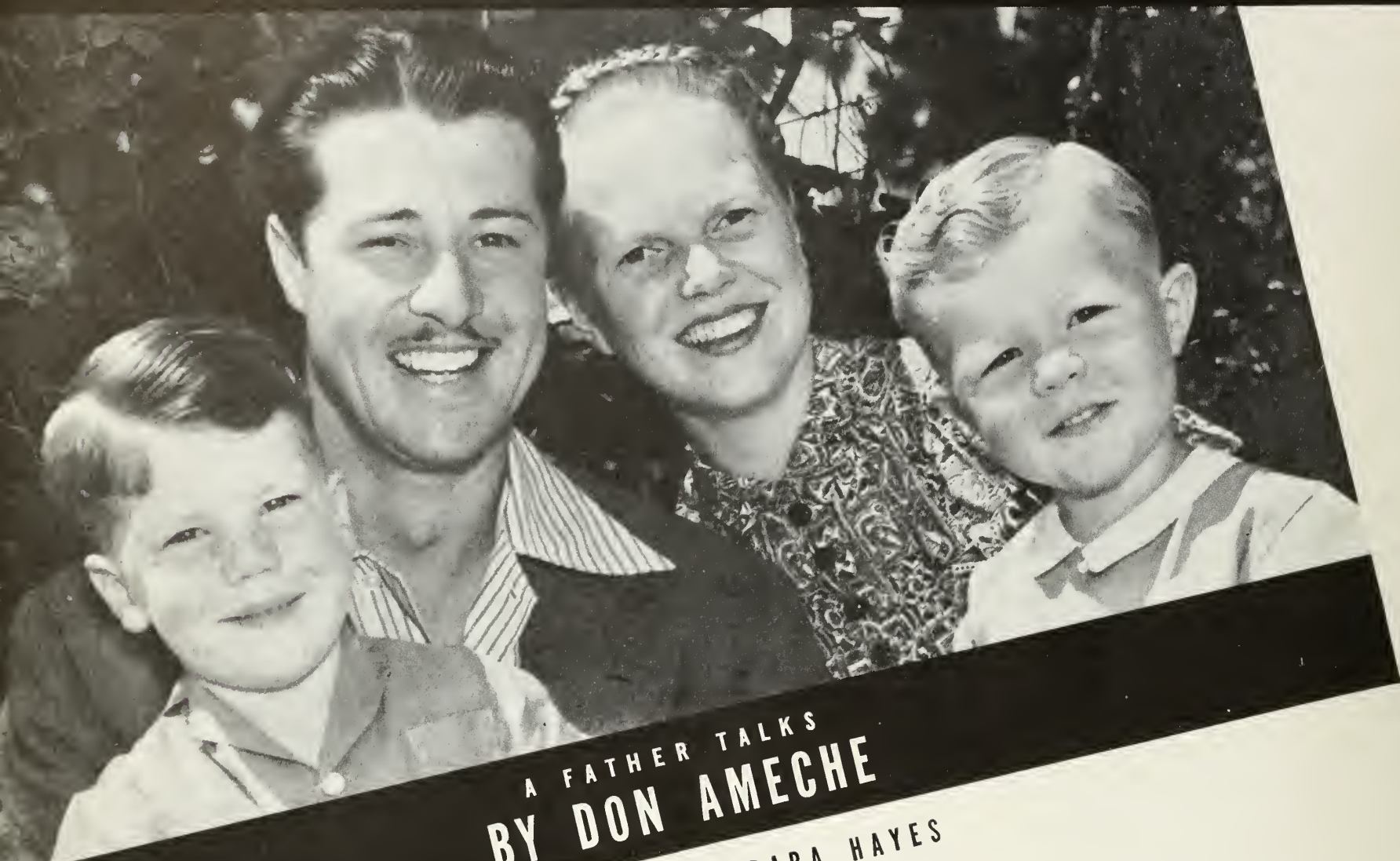
In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion-picture production released in 1939

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

"WHAT I PLAN FOR MY SON IN TODAY'S



A FATHER TALKS BY DON AMECHE AS TOLD TO BARBARA HAYES

Donnie—Don—Honey—and Ronnie
(who still resents the arrival of Tommy).
Big Don's currently in "Swanee River"

ON July the 20th I became a father for the third time. Like our other two, this baby was a boy. We named him Tommy. Immediately the story was published that Honey and I were disappointed, that we had wanted him to be girl. That is not true. We would have liked a girl very much indeed but this newest son is just as welcome as were Donnie and Ronnie. We were a bit surprised at his being in such a rush to get here that he arrived so much ahead of schedule that we had to leave him in an incubator at the hospital for awhile instead of bringing him straight home. But we most certainly were not disappointed in him. Honey and I think he's swell.

I have the advantage of charming Maureen across the page in that I now have six years' experience in parenthood. Still, I might as well confess that all those six years have taught me is that it isn't safe to generalize about how you are going to bring up your children. Each one is different.

For instance, Ronnie, who is four, is a bit disturbed these days over this new baby around the house. He was accustomed to being the baby. He can't quite get used to being just another boy now, out of the spotlight for the moment. So by way of getting himself back into the spotlight, he's been getting a bit out of line.

I believe in discipline for children. I was one of eight kids, four boys and four girls, and my father brought us up pretty severely. Growing up, I had times of resenting that but now I

appreciate it. Today I sincerely believe that self-denial is the greatest of benefits for the soul, that discipline is one of the greatest of all forces for human happiness. Thus I discipline my boys—that is, I do or Honey does—which ever one of us happens to be around when the offense takes place metes out the punishment. Neither one of us wants to become something frightening to our boys. There is none of that "wait until your father gets home, young man" with us. The discipline goes into effect the instant the infraction of rules has happened.

SO far it hasn't had to be much of a punishment. I've never done anything more violent than slapping Donnie's hands. I have spanked Ronnie, but only once. That hurt us both a lot and I doubt that it will have to be repeated. But right now, as I said, Ronnie is being difficult. Honey and I both see this but we are letting him alone, watching him until his hurt pride adjusts itself, until he comes to love this newest brother of his so much that he will get over being jealous of him. I'll miss my guess if that doesn't cure all—but I do admit it's only a guess.

For there lies the greatest joy of being a parent. Watching kids grow, trying to help them develop their own characters—not some character you want them to have for some selfish wish of your own—trying to give them a set of values that will make them happy adults, is the most wonderful thing in life. I believe if you will talk to most parents you will find

it is not they, but the people who don't have children, who worry about bringing kids up. People say that the world is in terrible shape today, that the end of civilization may be at hand.

Now I know I am a lucky guy. I have my work, the kind of work I love most. I make a lot of money at it. I'm healthy. A beautiful girl loved me enough to marry me and become the finest wife a man could have. I've been blessed with the greatest riches life can hold. A lot of fellows much more talented, much more intelligent than I don't have that kind of luck. Just the same, knowing I'm seeing life from a pretty soft spot, I still must say I do not believe civilization is about to end. In Europe, a ghastly war is raging, a war that seems to me to be unnecessary. There are many people out of work all over the world. But just the same I think the world is a better place today than it has ever been, and that it will be still better in my sons' time, and better yet in my grandsons' time. I say this because I believe in God and, watching His works, I see that all things which He creates evolve slowly but steadily toward His perfection.

I'll wager almost anything that the Egyptians thought everything was going to pot when they watched the rise of Greek civilization, and I know the Greeks were convinced the Romans would ruin the works. The Romans certainly shuddered over the mere thought of those barbarians, the Britons, ever getting ahead in the

(Continued on page 78)

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

say these Famous Screen Stars—



IF A GIRL ISN'T DAINTY
NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS.
A **LUX TOILET SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH IS THE
BEST WAY I KNOW TO
PROTECT DAINTINESS

**IRENE
DUNNE**



LOVELY Holly-
wood screen stars use their com-
plexion soap, gentle Lux Toilet
Soap, as a daily *bath* soap, too.
This fine white soap has ACTIVE
lather that leaves skin really
fresh—with a delicate, clinging
fragrance—makes you *sure* of
daintiness. A luxurious soap, but
inexpensive enough for *any* girl
to use!



WITH FRAGRANT
LUX TOILET SOAP IT'S
SO EASY TO BE **SURE!**
IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY
FRESH AND SWEET

**LORETTA
YOUNG**



MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE
SKIN IS SWEET. YOU'LL
LOVE THE DELICATE
CLINGING FRAGRANCE
LUX TOILET SOAP
LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN

**ANDREA
LEEDS**

SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR



SCREEN STARS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
BECAUSE IT HAS ACTIVE
LATHER. IT MAKES A
LUXURIOUS BATH SOAP

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

RKO-RADIO STAR



TRY THIS **BEAUTY BATH.**
IT'S A LUXURY ANY
GIRL CAN AFFORD.
YOU'LL LOVE IT!

**JOAN
BLONDELL**

COLUMBIA
PICTURE STAR

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

An Englishman from New Jersey

We've heard plenty of English accents, but never one to equal that of John Sutton, who was born in Orange, New Jersey. Isn't that remarkable? But reasonable, when you realize John was born during his family's visit to the New Jersey town, where they owned extensive property. John looks like a movie star. Black eyes and hair and mustache. He knows Davey Niven, too, having gone to Sandhurst with him, that West Point of England.

I guess you can call John a Bette Davis discovery. She noticed his fine work in a small part in the "Elizabeth" picture and praised him so highly Rowland Lee tested him for a part in Universal's "Tower of London" and, instead of a bit, gave him the lead. He's the doctor in "The Invisible Man," too.

He traveled extensively with his father, the late Edward Sutton, a British Army officer, between Africa and the Orient, and finally, after school, settled down on a ranch in Rhodesia, Africa. There was only one thing wrong, though. The ranch didn't belong to the man who sold it and neither did the cattle and John almost landed in the hoosegow as a result.

So he said, "Well, I'll plant tea in India." That didn't work, either. It's China they plant it in. So he took a boat and landed in San Pedro, California, without having heard of Hollywood, only in a vague sort of way.

Oh yes, of course, he has money of his own. Lived here quite a while, golfing and riding, before the movie bug bit him. He has it bad now, though. The day we saw him he had fallen over Boris Karloff's clubfoot and nearly broken his knee cap in "Tower of London," so the scene *would* be good. Then he tore off his tights (no, not before us) and dressed in modern clothes for the "Invisible Man," and was about to limp back to the tights and Karloff for another scene when we left.

And he was still smiling that handsome smile.

Married? Yes, doggone it.

Little Boy Blue—Blows His Horn

John Russell is six years old. Unfortunately, John was born with the capacity for deflating adult egos exactly as you would balloons—by sticking pins in them. John's pins are mental—guaranteed to take the smugness out of any human being over twenty-one who thinks he's pretty smart. Consequently his victims go about wearing that slightly silly grin that bespeaks the man outsmarted. Poor man. Poor John. Poor everybody.

At the moment, John is playing leading man to Shirley Temple in "The Blue Bird." He should go down in history as the one man who has so far outsmarted Shirley in a business deal.

It seems John and his stand-in, during those between scenes lulls, went into the greeting card business, making their own cards right on the sets. But before they went into the actual labor, they were smart enough to solicit and tie up all orders from east, crew, publicity men and all who so much as peeped round the corners. Said cards to cost one cent apiece. Naturally, when Shirley and her stand-in entered the field as competition, they were dumfounded to be told, "Sorry, but I just gave a large order to a rival company."

John, man-like, is gleeful over this coup de maitre.

His real name is Countryman. And he hears a lot of the George Washington salute that goes, "First in the hearts of his countryman." He was born in Brooklyn, and his daddy remains in

New York as art editor for the Associated Press. John, or Johnny, as they call him (heaven help us), misses his dad. So does John's mother who lives here with her boy.

His light brown hair is violently curly. It wasn't always. It had to be for pictures.

One could pour cream on his peachy complexion and eat him. His round face is interrupted by two very blue eyes and one cupid's bow mouth from which come such utterances as:

"We are all such a congenial group in 'The Blue Bird.'"

"Evidently Mr. Hitler is out to monopolize Europe. First Austria, then Czechoslovakia, then Poland. The Pope (John is a Catholic) is doing all he can toward peace."

"And how," we asked, "does his Holiness feel about Hitler, do you suppose?"

"Well," said John, "I'm sure he doesn't exactly warm up to him."

"What brought this on?" we asked, in an aside to his mother. "I mean, how do you account for having a child such as this? At six."

"First, because we wanted him so badly," she said. "Secondly, because we respected his intelligence, treated him as an adult and always answered all his questions to the best of our ability."

"Now tell me one thing more," we begged. "Doesn't this child wonder, frankly, wear you out?" (What do you suppose got into us?)

A little smile rose to her lips. "Johnny knows when to have poise and when not. You should see him at home sometimes."

We could have risen from the lunch table and given three cheers. The world seemed a wonderful regular cozy old world again. Johnny could be a mischief.

He was probably the best known boy's model in New York at four. His pictures adorned the covers of many magazines. It was Paul Hesse, the photographer, who suggested Hollywood and the movies, so, partly because they were so tired of cold weather, and partly to try their luck, John and his mother came west and right off, Johnny landed the child's role in "Always Goodbye."

"Barbara Stanwyck said I was *almost* her leading man," he told us.

He has a tooth right out of the middle of his angelic face and is in Second Grade A. He read and pronounced correctly the names of all the countries and cities that decorate Twentieth Century-Fox's commissary wall. But

he does redeem himself by very bad jokes.

"Do they have Fourth of July in England?" he asked.

"No," we answered, thinking to ourselves, well, we know one thing this prodigy doesn't.

"Really?" he came back. "Then what comes after the third?"

Nobody laughed, especially me.

"This morning," he said, "one of the boys came on the set all dressed up in a new blue suit and I said, 'At last we've found the blue bird.'"

Then he fought like the dickens to get a piece of chocolate cake his mother didn't want him to have. He got it because I agreed to eat half.

His days are spent in work. On the set. Having his hair curled at night, eating his dinner, studying his lines, going to sleep. Off days he plays at laying out maps of a new Europe as he imagines it. Dear little boy. In such a strange world.

"Definitely a great big NO to the New York climate," he said. "But it's been so long, since I've *thrown* a snowball."

We went away loving him.

Actress

Funny thing when you think about it, but among the newcomers that pour into Hollywood there are so very, very few who rate the single descriptive word—actress. Nine times out of ten they're labeled "finds," having been found, as it turns out, in drugstores over sodas, or in manicure parlors over some male nails or in high-school plays in tights or some such places. That's why among the group of feminine newcomers the only one that rates, through actual knowledge and years of experience, the title of actress, is Miss Betty Field. And like most sincere Thespians, Betty is the shyest, most retiring, least colorful, serious-minded, and hardest-working of the lot.

Actress! Yes, that's Betty. In three pictures she has revealed to Hollywood the meaning of the word. In "What a Life" she earned its attention. In "Seventeen" she became a seventeen-year-old (Betty's in her twenties) who brought forth all the nostalgic qualities of the "dreadful age." In "Of Mice and Men" Betty becomes a common, cheap, trashy girl. And Betty plays her to the hilt.

Actress! She always wanted to be one, too. As a wee girl in Boston, Massachusetts, where she was born February 8th, Betty became a real one-woman band, writing, directing, acting,

producing all her shows given on the public sidewalks to the startled and amazed passers-by. Many a pot of beans was dropped to the pavement by a scared native as Betty leaped forward, crying, "Do not take my child from me." It was in the play.

At eight she was trying out her capabilities. For example, she'd stroll along nonchalantly until suddenly she'd spy a stranger and dashing forward, she'd make a great fuss pretending she knew him or her of the blank bewildered face. If she finally convinced them they really knew her, Betty knew she'd be a good actress.

Her "boy" imitation wasn't so good, however. After putting on a long song and dance, dressed in boy's clothing, the stranger finally said, "Oh, run along, little girl."

That was a blow.

Betty's family moved to Morristown, New Jersey, in time for Betty to enter the local high school. But still the old bug was there, biting away, and every Saturday afternoon Betty would hie herself off to the Saturday afternoon matinee performance of the stock company in Newark. She'd haunt the stage door after performances peering at the performers. They really got to know Betty's very pretty face framed with light brown hair and glamorized by a pair of hazel eyes.

One of the actors was really kind enough to suggest if she wanted to act that badly, it might be a good idea to write to the director. She did. She wrote him not one but three letters, and joy of joys, he answered. Next week Betty peered behind a lattice screen as a Chinese girl on *that very Newark stage*, and the next week she was the girl who stumbled over the dead body, and the next she was at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York studying like mad.

Her first show flopped. In her second she found her fat part had gone on a diet and was only an anemic shadow of its former self.

But she finally clicked. George Abbott gave her the lead in "Three Men on a Horse," and from then on it was a gallop.

She comes up to measurements of this new kind of tallish girl movement that seems to have hit Hollywood. Betty is five feet five and weighs 110 pounds. They had a dickens of a time, those Paramount boys, coaxing her away from Broadway for pictures. Roach only borrowed Betty for "Mice and Men," and that after only *two* pictures.

She isn't aloofish so much as quiet. Between scenes she goes to her dressing room and reads. She doesn't talk of it herself—her ancestry goes right back to Priscilla, the Pilgrim maid, who had that wonderful line of dialogue that went, "Speak for yourself, John Alden." She's pretty Back-Bayish among the Boston elan, with the Atlantic cable lawyer, one Cyrus Field, a prominent member of her father's family.

She loved location in the country. The barley and cows and corn and horses she thought divine and she rode every morning and evening. In fact, there's something of a Vassar hockey team star about Betty with her low-heeled shoes, honest approach, refreshing manner. Her mother owns the famous Morris and Essex kennels in New Jersey and raises Irish Water Spaniels.

When the story of Betty and her wardrobe for "Of Mice and Men" made the rounds, Hollywood producers went mad for her. She persuaded Mr. Roach to let her go down to Main Street and buy her complete wardrobe.

He had three inward convulsions when she turned in the bill.

It came to a total of \$11.50.



Shirley Temple shares the Technicolor glory of "The Blue Bird" with a little brother—a role won by Johnny Russell

Swiss Family Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

half-closed. He had made good in the toughest racket to beat in the world—motion pictures. And he had done it alone. He had come up the hard way. First the manager of a struggling nickelodeon in a small middle-western town, then a film salesman for the old Biograph Company, then manager of a film exchange in Chicago and from there to Hollywood to manage the old Mack Sennett studios on Glendale Boulevard. His rise to his present position, while not spectacular, was consistent. Yes, life was pretty good. Once Brooksie fell into his arms, he wouldn't have a worry in the world.

THEN his phone rang and Brooksie's voice announced:

"There is a Mr. Hughes out here. He says he's your brother-in-law."

"Oh."
"And he says his two sons, who are your two nephews, are with him."
"Oh, oh, oh. Send them in," he sighed.

Ralph Hughes, Christine's husband, was a thin, swish little man, with the habitual furtive breathlessness of a fellow who has just gotten away from pursuing police. Donaldson quickly summed up his brother-in-law's rabbitlike qualities and wondered if they were the result of the marriage to Christine, or if he had always been that way. He tried to put heartiness in his voice.

"Swell, Hughes, swell to see you. This is 'um, 'er—quite a pleasant surprise."

Hughes held out a hand that felt like a decomposed eel and grinned foolishly.

"Glad to meet you finally, Donaldson. I feel as if I really should know you. My wife speaks about you all the time."

Donaldson winced inwardly. He hadn't seen Christine for more than twenty years, but he remembered she was always speaking about something.

The nephews, George and Ralph, Jr., hadn't been born when he left Central City. When he had thought of them at all (which was as seldom as humanly possible) he had thought of them as being just children. Now to acknowledge introduction to these full-grown youths was rather a shock.

George, the older by two years, had lasted only four months in Harvard, but he crunched his uncle's hand with the vigor of a four-year letter man in wrestling, crew and football.

Junior wore thick-lensed glasses, which gave him the air of a profound thinker. This to a certain extent was correct, except that all his profound thinking was about himself.

The nephews' impressions of their uncle weren't exactly flattering, either. Uncle Howard to them always had been a fabulous creature. To see him in the flesh was a disillusion. He looked almost fifty and he looked mild-mannered. A motion picture executive should, in their opinion at least, be a fire-eating ripsnorter.

THE ensuing half hour, despite Donaldson's conscientious efforts to put his kinfolk at ease, would go a long way to disprove the old adage that blood is thicker than water. He was decidedly uncomfortable himself, while his brother-in-law went on and on in a monotone about Christine's health, habits and activities back in Central City. He did his level best to concentrate (he was one of Hollywood's best listeners) but his mind kept reverting to the grim reality that, after all these years, flesh-and-blood relatives had descended upon

him. He recalled how only last week he had kidded the studio manager about having eleven relatives plucking weekly pay checks from the Atlas coffers and his conscience smote him.

You see, Donaldson was an oddity in Hollywood, in that he was the only steadily employed craftsman in history who had never had a relative underfoot. He was almost as proud of that record as he was of the "Oscar" given him by the Motion Picture Academy.

Donaldson's mind came back with abruptness. Hughes was saying:

"—so when you sent the check for us to take in the World's Fair, Christine decided it wouldn't be much out of our way to stop by and see you."

Donaldson engaged in a speedy mental tour of the United States, but try as he might, he couldn't figure how one got from Central City, Iowa, to New York City, via Hollywood, without getting much out of the way. Hughes noted his perplexed look.

"Didn't Christine write you we'd decided on the San Francisco Fair instead of New York's?"

The producer looked guiltily at his sister's letter and shook his head.

"Christine couldn't get away," Hughes continued. "She's staging a charity carnival in City Park for the benefit of Polish refugees next week."

Donaldson gave a silent prayer of thanks to the Polish refugees. They were on his side even if the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce was not.

Ralph, Jr., entered into the conversation for the first time.

"We've got to get up there by tomorrow afternoon. There's a guy up there who borrowed two bucks from me before hitchhiking out of Central City."

The hitchhiker immediately took equal billing with the Polish refugees in Donaldson's esteem. His unbounded relief showed in his voice and manner. "Say now, that's too bad," he said heartily. "It's a shame you can't stay over for a while. Lots of things to see and do in Hollywood."

At the time Donaldson was quite proud of that speech. It was one of the most convincing mouthfuls of deceit on record. But afterwards, he awakened many a night in a cold sweat and tried to figure out just what had lulled him into going off the deep end as he had.

JUNIOR, wandering idly about Uncle's office, came to a halt before a large framed photograph of Carole Lombard. He peered skeptically at the penned inscription which read: "To Howard—The Best Boss of Them All—Carole."

"Hey," he called over his shoulder, "did Carole really sign this?"

Donaldson looked his way, startled. "Why, why certainly. Who else would?"

"Did you see her do it?"
"Of course. She wrote it right here in this office. Why?"

"Movie stars never autograph their own photos," Junior stated decisively. "They hire some slave to sign 'em for ten bucks a week and then clean up by charging twenty-five cents a copy."

Donaldson waived argument on that point. It was too silly.

"Think what you want," he said, "but in this particular case, Carole Lombard did her own writing. She always does."

Junior moved on to the next autographed picture—one of Irene Dunne, and raised the same issue. George caught onto the game and started at the other end of the room with Shirley

Temple. Uncle Howard's categorical denials of forgery on each count made no apparent impression. He determined to have all future autographs notarized.

BROOKSIE accepted Donaldson's feeble excuses for canceling their luncheon date with exasperating sweetness.

"Of course, I understand," she said. "One must always think of one's relatives first, mustn't one?"

Donaldson clenched his fists. Brooksie continued:

"That matter you wanted to take up with me. Give me an idea what it is and maybe I can take care of it. You take care of your relatives and I'll do my best to take care of business."

"Dash it, Brooksie, I mean Miss Brooks. What I want to talk to you about isn't business—that is I mean it isn't studio business," he began desperately, only to be interrupted by George's loud demand of "Hurry up, Uncle Howard," from the other office.

"Some other time," said Brooksie, oh, so sweetly.

Hand on doorknob, Donaldson made one last attempt.

"Will you have dinner with me? I must talk to you."

"I'll be available, of course, Mr. Donaldson, but will you? Suppose you have to see your relatives?"

"Nothing will keep me," sputtered Donaldson vehemently. "You be ready."

Brooksie gazed at the closed door for a minute and then said into her vanity mirror: "He's a dear, Brooksie, if only you can get those relatives out of what's left of his hair."

The deference accorded their uncle in the studio restaurant made a more favorable impression on the nephews than anything he had said or done heretofore. Important stars, producers and writers, whose names were familiar to the Hughes family, made their way in a procession to Donaldson's table.

The celebrated Grace Darling joined them. She had just learned that her option was not being taken up and was out for revenge. She knew of Donaldson's antipathy to relatives of any sort, and saw a dandy chance to get a bit of fun.

"Going to be here long?" she asked George, politely. George swallowed a couple of times and managed to say they were only there for the day.

"That's too bad." She gave Donaldson a sly leer. "Really, Howard," she said, "you must persuade them to stay. There's so much for them to see here."

"What should we see in Hollywood, Miss Darling?" George asked.

"Oh, lots of things," she said. "The Planetarium, and the gas tank next to United Artists, and the way the writers eat at Republic and the Trocadero and Dietrich's legs on a clear day and..."

"Would you show them to us?" George asked.

"I'd love to," she said, and arose hastily. "Got to get back to the set now."

BY one-thirty, Donaldson had looked at his watch 267 times. The train didn't leave until six-thirty. He couldn't turn his relatives loose on a defenseless Hollywood, and yet he had work to do.

"Couldn't we visit a set and watch them make a movie?" asked Junior.

Donaldson tossed this idea around in his mind for a moment and made one of the worst decisions of his life.

"Jay Barnett is shooting some very interesting stuff on 'All for Yours,'" he said, and summoned an office boy to conduct the group to Stage Fourteen.

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He returned to his office under the impression that he could get some work done. He was wrong.

In the midst of a telephone conversation with the New York office, Brooksie broke in to inform him that his family had summarily dismissed the guide for rudeness when the boy had advised them that silence was particularly golden while a scene was being made.

It wasn't long after this that Jay Barnett, the director, arrived in person, the maddest white man west of the Mississippi—or east of it, for that matter.

"You know I'm not a temperamental director, Howard," pleaded Jay, "but what would you do if a couple of punk kids walked in on your set and held up shooting to ask your star if he actually autographed his own pictures?"

"What did you do?"

"I stopped shooting for the day, sent five hundred extras to get their checks, and am on my way to get mine," Barnett replied.

Donaldson mentally calculated the cost in dollars and cents that his nephews' visit had already cost Atlas, and began to feel ill.

"Jay," he said, "you've got to stand by me. Those visitors were—uh—uh—sort of relatives."

Jay stopped pacing the floor. Anger faded from his flushed features and was replaced by a look of compassion.

"You, too, Howard? I thought you were the one man in Hollywood to escape the pall." He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry I lost my temper, Howard. I didn't know." He crossed to Donaldson, patted him on the back. Then he tiptoed out of the office.

Brooksie came in and said in the manner of a six-year-old child reciting something by Edgar Guest:

"Graves of the miniature department phoned to say your visitors tried to walk over that papier mâché Ural Mountain range we were going to use in 'The Return of the Cossacks.' Says it will take at least two days to rebuild it."

Donaldson groaned feebly. "I'm leaving for the day," he said in a hoarse whisper and looked furtively at the door leading out to the studio stages. "I've gone to Palm Springs. No, make it Seattle. Tell those—tell my relatives I'm sorry—business calls."

"I'll tend to it," said Brooksie efficiently. Then maliciously, "And I'll tend to my own dinner, too."

Donaldson started perceptibly. He had actually forgotten about the dinner date.

"No, you won't," he exploded. "That still goes. Nothing will stop me."

He was about to say more, but halted abruptly as he heard footsteps.

The deft manner in which Donaldson glided through the outside door reminded Brooksie of how superb David Niven had been in "Raffles."

AT the Hollywood Athletic Club Donaldson relaxed under the more or less gentle influences of a steam bath, a salt rub and a Swedish massage. Then he wandered into the bar.

"Hi, Pal. Howsh tricks?"

Donaldson looked into the flushed face of Jay Barnett. Jay was in a mellow mood. He seldom drank, but the sentimental Irish had come out in him today after his run-in with the producer's relatives and he had quaffed more than lightly from the cup that allegedly cheers. He was in the mood to feel very deeply for Donaldson.

Donaldson finally impressed upon Barnett that the brother-in-law and nephews would soon be gone. Then, in an effort to break away, he resolved on a little white lie. He told Jay gently, but firmly, that he must go and see that his relatives got safely out of town.

The director mused on this for a moment, then sailed away from the bar. Donaldson watched him go with considerable relief, and gulped his drink hurriedly. If he could just escape now.

On his way to the street, Donaldson was told by a bellboy that he was needed urgently in the locker room. There, under the supervision of a very misguided and practical-joking director, two husky attendants locked the amazed Howard into a closet.

Jay informed him through the barred door that he was to stay there until he (Jay) was sure the leeching relatives were out of town. To Donaldson's cries of baffled rage, Jay replied he knew how soft-hearted Donaldson was and, if allowed his freedom, he would probably ask the relatives to stay for months.

The tipsy director did even more to make things just dandy for his friend. Back in the bar, he answered a phone call for Donaldson and told the incredulous Brooksie on the other end that Mr. Donaldson had consumed too much liquor and had passed out.

Brooksie didn't know whether to cry or get mad, so she did both, before taking herself to a drugstore dinner and a neighborhood movie. Both parts of the double bill were sentimental love stories, which didn't help Donaldson's future with Brooksie at all.

DONALDSON'S one hobby, obsession, or what have you, outside of his devotion to Atlas Pictures and, now, Brooksie, was his home. It had been built under his personal supervision ten years ago when the exclusive residential section, Bel-Air, had been more a realtor's dream than the beautiful spot it is today. The house was a large place for a bachelor but it suited his grandiose ideas perfectly. Secretly, he enjoyed the feeling of importance it gave him to be the master of a mansion of fifteen rooms, a swimming pool, badminton court, tennis court, miniature golf course and ten acres of landscaped hillside. He had selected his domestic staff with the same care used in erecting his home. There hadn't been a change in eight years. Each one, from Bing, the chauffeur, to Herman, his all-too-perfect valet-butler, co-ordinated with clockwork precision to make the Donaldson's home his castle. Donaldson loved it.

Donaldson's mind was seething with outraged injustice all the ten miles from the athletic club to the circular drive that led to his front door. Suddenly, he awakened as one awakes when a pail of ice water is dashed in his face. Every room in his mansion blazed with light. Donaldson blinked rapidly, pinched himself, looked again. The lights were still on.

"Burglars—an earthquake—a fire," ran through the producer's mind before he could move a limb. This was but momentary. He galvanized into action. His home, his pride and joy, was in danger. He pushed open the huge front door, ready to do or die for good old Donaldson Manor—then stared unbelievably. He thought he was seeing hundreds and hundreds of men and women. Men and women sitting on his grand piano singing lustily; men and women tearing his radio to pieces; men and women being both bartenders and customers around his built-in bar.

Donaldson stood rooted in his tracks, overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of it all. But not so the strangers. They immediately swarmed around and insisted he make himself at home. Seemingly, only to make the impossible scene even more fantastic, the guests were arrayed in outlandish costumes ranging, at a quick glance, from an Alpine mountain climber to the son of Frankenstein in a careless moment. The only thing that kept Donaldson from losing his

mind completely at this juncture was the realization that he had seen these same characters on the screen of his private projection room the night before. They were the extras being used in the filming of the Halloween costume ball sequence for Barnett's picture.

Nephew George somehow materialized out of the sea of faces and figures. He took his bewildered uncle by the arm and carefully steered him through this Tower of Babel, to the privacy of a guest bedroom and said:

"I can explain everything, Uncle."

Donaldson gave him as tolerant a look as he could manage and said:

"I'm all ears."

George's explanation was quite simple. "You're throwing a party."

"Why all these people?"

George smiled tolerantly:

"They worked for you, or at least they did. When that sorehead director on the 'All for Yours' set blew his top and sent everyone home, I felt kinda guilty."

"Guilty?"

"Just by family ties," continued George blithely. "I felt guilty as soon as I realized you had sent Dad and Junior and I out to that set just to get us out of your office. And you'd already issued orders that there were to be no visitors on that set. Well, that's what we did. Then we find out you're sending us in places that we could only get in because you're our uncle."

"It's Czaristic things like that that make people like these," a wave of his arms took in the entire party going on outside, "class-conscious. It tends to make them feel inferior."

"So?"

"So I followed the crowd over to the cashier's office and while they were being paid off, explained that you weren't the snob you appeared to be."

"Then?"

"Then I offered to prove to one and all that you were at heart as basic and down to earth as they are. That you were not class-conscious. That you would apologize personally to them for losing possible overtime checks, just because you made the mistake of thinking you and your relatives are better than they are. So I invited them to a party."

"I see," answered Donaldson. As a final try, he ventured sarcasm, "Find everything the way you wanted it?"

"Pretty much so," George replied.

"That gang of broken-down slaves you had running the place kept trying to clutter up things, so I gave them the night off. A couple of them tried to argue and I had them take their belongings with them. I told them to drop into your office if they had any pay coming."

Donaldson shook his head, sadly. He was a beaten man and knew it.

DONALDSON wanted pajamas and toothbrush, but not badly enough to run the gauntlet to his own room. He lay down on the bed, fully clothed, and tried to concentrate.

George popped out of the room, only to return a moment later. He tossed Donaldson's pajamas, bathrobe and slippers on a chair.

"You might just as well be comfortable, Uncle. It looks like a long siege."

"Why?" asked his uncle, weakly.

"No way for the gang to get home. We got out here in a couple of studio busses, but the night man at the studio won't send out the busses without a written order from the Superintendent of Transportation and the Superintendent of Transportation is among the missing. He and the Pater."

Donaldson sat up with a start.

"With your father?"

"Yeah," George replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "The Super came out here

about nine o'clock to send the bus drivers home, and he and the Pater got quite chummy over a bottle of your brandy. They decided they were kindred souls, both under the yoke of females who didn't understand them. Just before you got home, they left with a case of your champagne to celebrate their own Emancipation Proclamation."

With an effort, Donaldson determined to worry with one problem at a time and concentrated on Dilemma No. 1—his unwanted house guests.

"Do you think they'll go home if I can get transportation?" he asked.

"Most of them will," George told him, "after they've eaten. What's the plan?"

"Call Tanner's Limousine Service. Get as many cars as you need and charge it to my account."

"A good idea. I wonder why I didn't think of that myself." He turned to the door. "I'll see about the food, first."

FOR the next two hours, Donaldson paced the confines of the guest room alternately cringing against the wall, and trying to gather courage to charge out and put a stop to the shambles going on outside. Even in his agitated state, he realized that the sound effects Atlas Pictures had used in the war epic, "The Last Days of Madrid," had been entirely inadequate. He should have sent a sound truck to record the bedlam of a Hollywood party.

Gradually things began to calm down. When he hadn't heard a tray of dishes crash to the floor for ten whole minutes, he ventured warily into the drawing room. It was devoid of human casualties, but the physical proof of wassail and ruin left nothing to be asked for. Donaldson mentally calculated that one hundred men, working in eight hour relays, might restore the place to a semi-livable state in six months.

Then the telephone began to ring, and Donaldson, expecting anything, said: "Hello."

The voice at the other end of the line sounded like Dracula's grandfather.

"This is Tony Spangler at the Casino Club, on the Sunset Strip. Is this Howard Donaldson?"

Donaldson knew Spangler and his Casino Club by reputation. The toughest guy in Hollywood, running the toughest gambling house in California. Donaldson felt like an aviator who had just seen his left wing drop off, as he admitted his identity.

"You got a brother-in-law named Ralph Hughes?"

Donaldson said yes, hoping that it somehow sounded like no.

"Well," the voice continued, "he's quite a guy. He has been here for hours. He has just lost twenty-six hundred bucks at roulette. When I asked him to settle up, he asked me for a blank check, and when I asked what bank, he said, any bank. In addition to that, he has drunk seven bottles of my best champagne, broken a window, hit my kid brother in the nose and made a pass at my wife. If you value this guy, you'd better come and get him."

"I'll be right over," Donaldson said wearily, and got into his car. As he drove toward the Casino Club, he recalled that scene of the plague of locusts in the "Good Earth." And those people thought they were having trouble, he reflected.

He found a gloomy tableau at the Casino Club. Ralph, looking rather dejected, and with good cause. Spangler had batted Ralph around a little.

"I'll tell you what," Tony said to Donaldson. "I'll forget about the champagne, the window, the sock in the puss my brother got and the lad's conduct toward my wife. But about the twenty-six hundred skins. . ."

"I'll make it good," Donaldson said.

"Such as when?"

"Naturally, I haven't got that much on me, but I'll write a check."

"I don't like checks."

"My check is perfectly good."

"I don't doubt it, but it won't be when you stop payment on it in the morning. So, sonny boy, you'll just write that check and then you'll sit here until the bank opens."

Donaldson wrote the check and resigned himself to waiting.

Ralph had an idea.

"Any use of my staying?" he asked.

"You ain't any use," Spangler said, "whether you stay or not."

At the door, Ralph turned to Donaldson and said, "He can't get away with this. I'll fix everything."

"Ralph, please . . ." said Donaldson apprehensively. But Ralph was gone.

It was just getting daylight when Tony and Donaldson heard the sirens coming down Sunset Boulevard, and before they realized what the sirens meant, the place was full of policemen.

"We got a report you guys have had a lot of trouble over some gambling," said the head cop. "Come along."

Donaldson had never been in jail before. He didn't like it there, but then people seldom do. His incarceration was made less pleasant by the fact that Tony, unable to sleep, kept describing the revenge he was planning.

At seven o'clock in the morning, a policeman said he'd make a phone call for Donaldson so that bail could be arranged. By eight, Donaldson got up

sufficient courage to call Brooksie, and at nine the bail money was there.

Eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep, and with the vague feeling that even a shower and a change of clothes had not completely removed the jail odor from him, Donaldson walked into his office. Brooksie gave him a look which might have meant anything.

"I'll explain all this to you a little later," he said.

"You don't have to explain," she said, and handed him the first edition of the *Herald-Express*. Big black headlines screamed at him:

NOTED FILM PRODUCER
JAILED IN GAMBLING RAID

As he stared at the lurid account of the happenings of the last few hours, Donaldson thought that he was as miserable as he could possibly be. He was wrong, however. Brooksie presented him with a telegram. It read: "Have you lost your mind? What are you doing to my family Stop Am taking plane for Hollywood at once to straighten things out Stop Stop making a fool of yourself Stop Stop Stop Christine"

Howard shook his head slowly.

"The lunatics," he said, "have taken charge of the asylum."

But even Howard, who knows his sister of old, isn't prepared for the holocaust to come! Three relatives are bad enough—but, with four, how can he ever hope to win peace—let alone Brooksie? Read the hilarious wind-up in February PHOTOPLAY.

Miracle Men at Work—to make you Lovelier

(Continued from page 21)

Our Hollywood experts now have the floor. . . .

WHEN PEOPLE LOOK AT YOU WHAT DO THEY SEE?

A First Impression Quiz in Which Our Miracle Men and Women Ask Pertinent and Impertinent Questions. Can You Take It?

1. Does your face have more than one feature? Or are you a make-up monomaniac? Have you become so intrigued with your favorite feature that you've neglected all the rest? (Factor)
2. Your stockings? Rolled-top stockings are as dated as roll-top desks. They're never as attractively taut as stockings that are fastened with invisible supporters. And they do make ugly bulges—which too often show beneath a dress. (Factor)
3. And what about the length of your skirt? Who decides what length it should be? You? Or Paris? Or Hollywood? After all, you and only you know how good your legs are and how much of them it is advantageous to show. (Adrian)
4. Do people get spots before their eyes when they look at you? Have you gone berserk with colored accessories? Don't match too many accessories. If, for instance, you wear a beige wool dress, don't have a brown bag, brown hat, brown gloves, brown shoes and a brown belt. It's better to have everything beige but your shoes and bag. (Orry-Kelly)
5. Think about your hands for a minute. Do you fidget with them to proclaim you're ill at ease? Don't! Let them rest quietly at your sides, where they belong, and you never need be even a little self-conscious about them. (Burns)
6. Are you condescending? To cover

embarrassment do you say, "Lovely little place you have here" or something similar? It's a mistake! It's a great mistake! You'll be forgiven self-consciousness or shyness but you'll never be forgiven patronage. (Dunn)

7. Are you amusing—unconsciously? Because you resort to affectation? There's nothing that puts people off you faster. A false British accent, too broad A's, vulgar references to family servants, or any other indication of wealth are unforgivable. For not only do such affectations brand you as a snob, they also indicate you think others stupid enough to be fooled by such superficial things. (Dunn)
8. Are people embarrassed because you tell them more about your personal affairs than they are prepared to hear? (Dunn)
9. Do you enter homes or offices with a cigarette in your mouth? And what about your cigarette ashes? Are you careful they land in an ash tray, and not on the table or the chair or the floor? (Dunn)
10. When someone is talking to you, do you make faces in your hand mirror while you smooth freshly applied lipstick or brush your eyebrows or powder your nose—apparently far more interested in this repairing process than in what is being said? (Dunn)
11. Analyze your conversation occasionally—just to make sure it isn't a little top heavy with comments or anecdotes which give you the best of it. (Dunn)
12. And what about your handkerchief? Is it something fresh and fragrant which you flip from a well-ordered bag? Or is it an unsightly little ball? And do you sometimes make the unfastidious error of carrying said handkerchief tucked down

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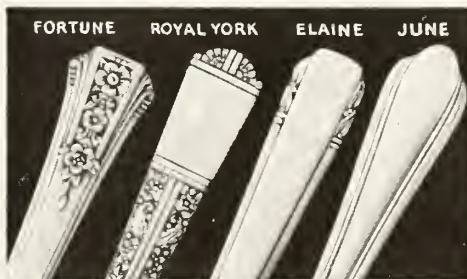
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your blouse, or in your sleeve, or in your belt? (Head)

Above everything else our experts unanimously declare it is important—and then some—to have:

THAT FRESHLY SCRUBBED LOOK*

* Incidentally—We Simply Mention This in Passing—This Look Goes Especially Far in Creating a Favorable Impression with Men. Even if They're Untidy Themselves!

1. Blackheads should be pressed out only after the skin has been prepared for this process with a cleansing cream—and only with a gentle pressure. And, to eliminate all chances of infection, the fingers also should be protected with cleansing cream. (Factor)
2. Unless you wear your hair in a fly-away manner deliberately, see that it is neat and tidy. It can be this without being stiff and prim. And, if it's supposed to be flyaway style, see to it that it's well-brushed and well-shampooed and healthy looking. You can't be the flyaway type or have that freshly scrubbed look with stringy dusty hair. (Westmore)
3. The really well-groomed woman removes her make-up once or twice a day, depending upon her activities. No amount of nose powdering can cover those spots where powder has caked and become slightly darker, or those spots where the lipstick has smeared or run over the line, just the least bit. A good cleansing cream and a skin freshener should be used before the new make-up is applied. (Dawn)
4. When you have white touches on your costume—*let them be as white as freshly fallen snow!* Discouraged white will detract from your freshness. Discard collars and cuffs that have gone over to the yellow side from many launderings. And throw away that jewelry that was immaculately white—*last year!* You can't afford to do anything else! (Adrian)
5. Spots on stockings, shoes that need to be polished, or to have their heels straightened, belts that curl a little . . . these things cannot be dismissed as trifles. They have a tremendous influence upon your appearance. (Head)

FIRST AIDS FOR THAT FRESHLY SCRUBBED LOOK

IF YOUR HAIR IS DRY

Don't reconcile yourself to a head that looks as if it were covered with old straw. Shampoo your hair weekly. Between times brush it with a cotton brush. Manipulate your scalp to circulate whatever oil there is there. And before every other shampoo treat your hair with olive oil. Do this the night before your shampoo and wrap your head in old linen to protect the bedding. Merely heat a little oil and, with small pledgets of cotton, apply it thoroughly to all parts of your scalp and all parts of your hair. (Westmore)

IF YOUR HAIR IS OILY

Don't let it remain that way—to lie dark and lank against your head. Shampoo it once a week. And as often as possible, preferably every blessed day, and certainly before your shampoo, give it a good brushing. (Westmore)

TO KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND SHINY AND ALIVE

Give it extra-special, semi-annual

cleanings just like those your dentist gives your teeth. For these extra-special cleanings you need ten cents worth of white iodine. Every other day, for one week, apply this iodine to your scalp. Use a cotton swab. At the end of seven days your scalp will appear heavily sunburned, and it will feel as if it were heavily sunburned. Then it will peel. The entire forestructure will open and the scalp will be well-cleaned.

If you're one of those people subject to iodine idiosyncrasies you naturally will side-step this treatment. But for the great majority of people it works wonders. (Westmore)

IF YOUR SKIN IS DRY

There is no need for you to mope around with your powder and your rouge looking as if it was about to flake off. Get busy! After you've washed your face with soap, dab it with cold water—not ice! Then, before you start to make up apply a powder foundation. This will keep your skin moist and flexible. (Westmore)

IF YOUR SKIN IS OILY

Don't, for one minute, believe that the oily secretion in your skin will act as a powder adherent. What it will do—and all it will do—is make your skin look downright dirty. Use a powder base, *by all means*. And if any of the oily secretion works through, don't try to cover it with more powder and more powder—or you'll look messy. Wipe off your skin with a handkerchief or a cleansing tissue or a cool, damp towel. Then repowder, but gently! (Westmore)

And to go on about this important business of being a million dollar baby. . .

1. Choose clothes of a color that will harmonize with your complexion. Never try to harmonize your complexion with any ill-advised color you have chosen. After all, your complexion was there first! (Factor)
2. Don't be too picturesque or quaint. Be very sure your costume wouldn't be more fitting for a masquerade

BE A MILLION DOLLAR BABY!

You Don't Need a Million Dollars! All You Need Is Good Taste

THERE can be no doubt about it—one of the first requisites of good taste is a make-up which suits your hair and skin and eyes. So we offer: "The Cosmetic Palette for You," as created by Max Factor, Junior.

Blondes—with hair that is lighter than average blonde, blue eyes, and a fair skin should use:

Rachel powder of that shade which comes closest to their skin tone, blonde-red rouge, orange-red lipstick, grey eyeshadow, brown mascara, and brown eyebrow pencil.

Medium Blondes—those with hair of that degree of lightness usually described as blonde, with grey or light blue eyes, and a medium skin require:

Rachel tinted powder, blonde-red rouge, light red lipstick, grey eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

Redheads—whose hair is Titian, whose eyes are grey and whose skin is fair are far and away the loveliest with:

A darker tint of rachel powder, vivid red lipstick, blonde-red cheek rouge, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

Dark Redheads—with dark red hair, olive skin, and brown eyes are best served by:

An olive tinted powder, blonde-red rouge, vivid red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

Medium Redheads—on the other hand, those whose skin is medium and whose eyes are blue, need:

Powder with an olive tint, rouge that is blondish red, a vivid red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

Brownettes (light)—the light brown hair, fair skin, and hazel-eyed variety should go for:

A rachel tinted powder, blonde-red rouge, vivid red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

Brownettes (medium)—the average brown hair, brown-eyed and olive skin variety require:

Powder of an olive shade, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil and black mascara.

Brownettes (dark)—the medium brown hair, brown-eyed and sallow skin variety do well for themselves with:

A natural tinted powder, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil, and black mascara.

Brunettes (light)—in other words those who have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and a softly creamy skin will find their way to glamour with:

Powder of a rachel tint, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil, and black mascara.

Brunettes (dark)—those who have black hair, dark brown eyes and an olive skin should always use:

A dark olive powder, raspberry-red rouge, natural red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil, and black mascara.

Grey Blondes or White Heads—(over fifty years of age) their make-up should be:

An olive face powder, a natural red lipstick, blonde-red rouge, grey eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

Blue or Grey Eyes call for:

Powder of a dark rachel shade, a vivid red lipstick, blonde-red rouge, grey eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

ball than for ordinary dress, irrespective of whether it's evening or daytime wear. (Head)

3. Before you start to dress give thought to what you are going to wear, beginning with your head and ending with your feet. Any old hat or any old gloves or any old necklace won't do with a new, fresh-looking gown. (Head)
4. Naked or décolleté dresses are suitable only for small parties or extremely formal occasions. A dinner dress is more suitable for the theater or the opera. If you are of limited means, buy a dinner gown rather than a formal gown. For you can wear the dinner gown to a formal affair but you can't possibly wear a formal gown to a public gathering. (Orry-Kelly)
5. Sweaters are sports attire and when they have the décolletage of an evening gown they're improper. The same rule holds for low necks with tailleurs and tweeds. (Adrian)
6. Learn to sit still and learn to stand still. This contributes to your physical poise. And physical poise is always important. (Burns)
7. When you fiddle with any object not only do you let the world know you're nervous and ill at ease but you make the world—that little part of it that happens to be near you—nervous and ill at ease, too. Moreover, nervous habits like this suggest you aren't interested in what goes on. (Burns)
8. Wait until others have completely finished talking before you talk. If what you have to say is worth saying it will serve just as well a few minutes later on. It's unkind, and it's selfish, and it's ill-bred to interrupt, and it gains you more resentment than respect—even if you have something to say that is brilliant. And how often have you? (Burns)
9. It is poor manners and it also is stupid to monopolize the conversation. Among other things it keeps you from discovering what others have to say and usually it obliges you to talk more than you can—with profit! (Burns)
10. Few people really want advice. They ask for advice and hope for flattery. So don't be simple—and objectionable. (Burns)
11. Never make personal remarks or jokes. It will get you exactly nowhere to be tactless enough to comment upon anyone being underweight or overweight, or bald, or minus a tooth, or anything of the kind. If people want to make such jokes about themselves, let them. But stop there, don't you be encouraged to follow suit. (Dunn)
12. Don't ask many questions. Once you show interest people will go into details *if they wish to*. And if they don't wish to, they'll resent you for prying. (Dunn)
13. If someone in the room is called to the telephone, continue to talk, in a considerably low voice, to others who are present. Or pick up a magazine. Don't sit there, all ears. (Dunn)
14. Eliminate trite greetings, such as "How're things?" and "What do you know?" and "What's new?", from your conversation. (Dunn)
15. Don't make it difficult for people to thank you. Don't pass off their appreciation with a brusque, "Oh, it was nothing!" or anything similar. For when you do this you rob people of their pleasure in whatever you have done for them. (Dunn)

That's all there is; there isn't any more! Go ahead! Be a glitterbug!

Another Thin Man

(Continued from page 64)

From outside came the sound of a shot; screams. Nick was at the window in a flash, looking down. Nora rushed forward, too, but Nick pulled her away before she could see the bullet torn body of Sam Church lying in the street below.

A tenseness hung over the group gathered in the living room. Lois, Mrs. Bellam, Nora, Freddie, Vogel, Dum-Dum and Smitty; Van Slack and Guild. Nick, in charge of the proceedings, had questioned Smitty and Dum-Dum, but both protested their love for Church and their innocence of his murder.

Nick turned then to Vogel. "We've eliminated you. We know you were just trying to keep Smitty from two-timing your friend. But why did your men follow me to Linda Mill's apartment and try to keep me out of the case?"

"They weren't my men," said Vogel. "One of them was carrying this roulette chip—and it came from your gambling house."

Vogel wilted. "All right—they're my men. I didn't want Church caught yet because he was trying to use me for an alibi. He was at my club when MacFay was murdered and if he'd got on the stand he would have implicated a lot of my best clients—and finished me."

"If you were trying a man for murder," Nick asked Van Slack, "and he produced and air-tight alibi, what would happen?"

"He'd go free."

"Suppose, after you'd freed him, you found he was guilty?"

"You couldn't do a thing," said Van Slack.

"Exactly," said Nick. "And that's what Church wanted—to be tried for MacFay's murder, spring an alibi, and get cleared." He slapped the book of old law cases he'd found in Linda Mills' apartment. "A similar stunt was described in this book. There's also a diagram of the device that shot off the gun

common with Linda Mills—even the same initials—L. M.—Lois MacFay."

Lois laughed. "You must be crazy." "Possibly," Nick conceded, "but let me show you that gun trick. . . ."

Nick sat on the floor, engrossed in playing with his son. Baby Nickie laughed politely at the sight of his teddy

folks had gone to sleep. It was as Linda Mills that she discovered the gun trick that killed MacFay. It took five minutes to work, which gave her time to reach our room for an alibi before it went off, after she'd killed MacFay.

"Dudley Horn was a complication. He was really in love with Lois, which would have been a barrier to her going away with Church, but he also knew she'd murdered MacFay and that if it were pinned on her he'd never get her or her money. So she engineered things so that Horn in trying to protect her would attempt to kill me—then gave the alarm so the police would kill him.

"A nice dame," murmured Nora. "But why did she kill Church—and how?"

"When Church crawled out the window onto the ledge that runs from our room to the one Lois had, she just poked her gun out her window and let him have it. As soon as he fell into the street she threw her gun after him. You see, Church had ditched her for Smitty—and that not only made Lois furious, it scared her. Because she knew that Church would blackmail her for life for the MacFay murder—after he himself had been safely acquitted for it. Does that satisfy you, Mom?"

"No," Nora said positively. "I won't be satisfied until I'm back in San Francisco. In case you don't know it, Nickie and I are leaving for the Coast."

Nick grabbed his son. "Without me the baby doesn't stir a step!"

Nora smiled slowly. "Well, you have to take the good with the bad, I suppose," she said. "Start packing."

The End.

THE CAST

Nick Charles	William Powell	Nick Charles, Jr.	William Poulsen
Nora Charles	Myrna Loy	Dudley Horn	Patric Knowles
Van Slack	Otto Kruger	Freddie Coleman	Tom Neal
Lois MacFay	Virginia Grey	Mrs. Bellam	Phyllis Gordon
Col. MacFay	C. Aubrey Smith	Sam Church	Sheldon Leonard
Dorothy Waters	Ruth Hussey	Dum-Dum	Abner Biberman
Asta	Himself	Vogel	Don Costello
Screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett		Lieut. Guild	Nat Pendleton
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II		Produced by Hunt Stromberg	
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture			

in MacFay's bedroom—shot it off after MacFay's throat had been cut—to give the murderer an alibi."

"What do you mean?" came in startled tones from Lois.

"I'm glad you asked that," Nick answered quietly, "because I came across this whole thing in Linda Mills' room—the book, the hole in the wall where Linda had tried the gun trick—and other data you might be familiar with."

"I don't understand you," said Lois. "You should. You have so much in

bear perched on Nick's head. Nick was satisfied with the world, but Nora was losing patience.

"Stop clowning, Nick, and answer my questions!" she ordered.

"You heard all you needed to know before they took her away," said Nick. "For the last time, Lois was in love with Church and planned the whole thing with him. As she said, she was tired of the restricted life with the Colonel. Her real life was the Linda Mills' life. She used to sneak off to New York after the

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BUY THE CARTON

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 39)

with Joel McCrea in "He Married His Wife," a divorce farce, then Sonja Henie, switching from skates to skis in "Everything Happens at Night."

She's wearing a cute blue ski suit and cap the day we find her on the golf course of Fox Hills. Ray Milland and Robert Cummings, on loan from Paramount and Universal, woo Sonja in this little mystery comedy. They're supposed to be rival reporters trying to solve the disappearance of a famous journalist. Sonja, really their quarry's daughter, poses as a nurse and kids them along romantically. The scene we see, shows her gliding down over the shaved ice snow and crashing into Ray and Bob—her introduction to the pair.

They have to film it fast. The sun is turning the synthetic snow into slop. Sonja shoots down, doing daring Christianas with the greatest of ease. She rockets right in between Bob and Ray, tripping them neatly. She does it over again and again. Pretty soon there's not enough "snow" left to give her a ride and Director Irving Cummings says he thinks he has an okay print. Sonja is fresh as a daisy. As for Bob and Ray, they're stretched out on the side lines, gasping. "Now I know how a tenpin feels," says Bob, "when a bowling ball comes along."

WARNER BROTHERS' movie males seem to be getting a little better break the day we look in on the Burbank bad men, although on the first set we visit, "Invisible Stripes," George Raft takes the count. George has clicked like a turnstile at Warners, since he parted from Paramount. "Invisible Stripes," a story of a paroled convict's fight to stay straight, is his first solo starrer. It's another Warden Lawes' Sing Sing case history, with Bill ("Golden Boy") Holden and Humphrey Bogart providing the tough-guy opposition, and Jane Bryan, the woman's touch.

On the set of "The Fighting 69th," we find Warners' other tough guy, James Cagney, in the doghouse, although strictly for dramatic purposes. For the first time in his long and stormy career, Jimmy plays a craven coward. What's more, he's liking it, and so are George Brent, Pat O'Brien, Jeffrey Lynn, Bill Lundigan, Frank McHugh, Alan Hale and a few thousand male extras. It's a man's picture—the World War saga of Father Duffy's famous New York regiment. And there's not a woman in it, except a few French girl extras. William Keighley directs the whole outfit.

Pat O'Brien is in his glory playing one of his real life heroes, Father Duffy. Two other actual characters come to life via George Brent and Jeffrey Lynn—Major "Guild Bill" Donovan, and Joyce Kilmer, the poet. The entire 69th regiment was Irish—yep, even the coward that Jimmy plays—but he gets brave at the end.

So, when Keighley lines up for a crowded extra shot of the entraining soldiers and is about to order a take, he suddenly cries, "Hold it!" and points to an extra in the front camera line. "Will you," Bill requests, "step around in back?" The extra obeys.

"I wonder what I did?" he wonders. The answer is—nothing. But we know why he was moved out of the front line. All the soldiers in the 69th, as we said, were Irish, and this extra is almost a double for Sammy Cohen, the Jewish comedian.

Meanwhile, "Brother Rat and a Baby" is keeping the younger generation at Warners out of mischief.

The studio we head for now is RKO-Radio where Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge are educating the natives in a loud way.

"That's Right, You're Wrong," titled after Kay's famous radio catch phrase, brings the good professor, Ish Kabibble, Ginny Simms, and all his gang before the camera for the first time, with Adolphe Menjou, Lucille Ball and Dennis O'Keefe showing them the movie ropes.

THE main idea is hilarity in Hollywood. Kay's a band leader who gets a break in Hollywood. But he's such a lousy actor he can't make a picture! The band conspires to fix all that.

The set we visit is in front of the magnificent mansion of Jay Paley, an RKO tycoon. Kay's supposed to have rented it, swimming pool and all. His scene is to trot down the front steps and address his band airily, thus: "How come everybody's not swimming in the itty bitty poo?" At least a dozen times he comes down the steps repeating the "itty bitty poo" line a dozen different ways with as many grimaces. He looks very silly. But not quite as silly as when Ish Kabibble, the dead pan, says "Thanks, Kay, for the pictures."

The maestro whirls. Ish Kabibble holds up his own little movie camera and pats it lovingly. He's caught every one of Kay's absurd practice emotings!

Two screwy Hollywood playwrights, called *Village* and *Cooke*, figure in the plot of the Kyser insanity, a take-off on Towne and Baker, RKO's vociferous Hollywood plot scribblers, whose first independent production, "The Swiss Family Robinson," is just starting with Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt and Terry Kilburn as the desert island family.

Carole Lombard's nurse movie, "Vigil in the Night," looks like a good bet, too, at RKO. It's the story of a nurse who loves nursing and her sister, Anne Shirley, who doesn't. When Anne gets in a messy accident, Carole takes the blame. The picture shows her fighting her way back again from disgrace and helping a disillusioned surgeon, Brian Aherne. As we enter the hospital set, Carole and director Stevens are trying to get a bunch of kids to act like suffering patients. All they do is giggle.

PARAMOUNT is practically on relief this month, with just one picture going. Dorothy Lamour is still seductive but not sarongy in another of those South Sea things, "The Road to Singapore." It's much ado about playboys Bob's and Bing's attempts to dodge matrimony in the South Seas, surrounded by beautiful cocoa-butter babes.

We are a steady Bing Crosby fan and Bob Hope pleases us, too. But if you've ever listened to Bing croaking through the lazy first singing of a new song, you're bound to be slightly disillusioned. He smokes a pipe at the same time which makes it worse. Dottie Lamour is out with Bob Preston today and—all in all—"The Road to Singapore" leads us right over to Columbia and Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant and Ralph Bellamy in "His Girl Friday."

We might as well tell you right now that this is the old newspaper play, "The Front Page," with sexes switched. If you remember "The Front Page," you'll know that *Hildy Johnson* was a departing ace reporter whose managing editor tricked him into one more exciting assignment. This time *Hildy's* a girl, an ace female newshawk, divorced from

Editor Cary Grant and about to marry dumb-bunny Ralph Bellamy. Roz, as *Hildy*, just drops up to tell Cary to leave her alone when the story breaks and from then on it's "The Front Page," woman's edition, with murder, politics and everything.

As we watch, the gang is razzing Roz Russell for her hat.

"Why don't you take that thing off," Cary suggests, "and plant a geranium in it?"

"This is a very nice hat," she retorts coolly. "It will do a lot for the picture."

"S-h-h-h-h-h!" shushes the sound man. "I'm trying to work this out." They ask him what and he says he is trying to work up a certain sound effect before they can shoot the next scene. Everyone moves over to watch his contraptions when suddenly he cries, "That's it! Who did that?"

"I'm sorry," apologizes Roz. "My hat hit the mike."

"Do it again," the sound man says. "Yep—that's just what I've been looking for."

Rosalind eyes Cary and gloats. "I told you that hat would do a lot for the picture!"

At Rosalind Russell's home studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her old playmate of "Night Must Fall," Robert Montgomery, has talked the studio into another try at tragedy, we find. Nobody but Bob himself knows how hard he has fought to get away from playboy comedy. "The Earl of Chicago" is a big step in the battle.

It's the story of a former Windy City gangster who, by a freak of fate, inherits an estate in England, a seat in the House of Lords.

Bob is on a prison set when we see him, fixing things up for a few of his screen gangster pals. "This is the very same set," Bob informs us, "where I got my start in Hollywood. We made 'The Big House' right here. I hope," he adds, "it isn't where I finish." He's joking, of course, but a picture and a part like this are always a gamble.

M-G-M swings into full stride soon with the next Joan Crawford picture, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" and the reunion of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "New Moon," based on that tuneful old Broadway hit. Ernst Lubitsch, having successfully brought Garbo back with a bang in "Ninotchka," will have the same job next with Margaret Sullavan in "The Shop Around the Corner."

Meanwhile, two possible new movie series are getting their start at Culver City—"Nick Carter, Master Detective," and the first screen adventure of Damon Runyon's average Americans, "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President."

M-G-M had to buy the rights to twelve hundred lurid Nick Carter dime novels, published over the past fifty years to launch the former. There wasn't a story in the lot they could use, so they've cooked up a modern mystery yarn involving super airplanes and international spies for Walter Pidgeon to make his detective debut. If the first one clicks, there'll be plenty more.

The same goes for *Ethel* and *Joe Turp*, or Ann Sothern and Bill Gargan, whom we see calling on the president, Lewis Stone, in a very elegant White House office set, which M-G-M has taken pains to make look as different as possible from President Roosevelt's. Unlike most Washington movies, too, there's no attempt to make Lewis Stone look like the real president.

Joe and *Ethel* are calling on the president, we learn, because Walter Brennan, a tender-hearted old postman, has just been fired for destroying a registered letter. They know he did it to spare the feelings of an old lady who thinks her son is a great success, when he's really a jailbird. So they're here to tell his boss.

Director Robert Sinclair orders "Places!" and Ann, dolled up within an inch of her life, plumps down in a White House office chair. Lewis Stone takes his place behind his desk. Bill Gargan stands by Ann.

"I used to imagine myself in a lot of places," Ann remarks, "but I never thought I'd be sitting on a chair in the president's office."

Lewis Stone smiles, "My dear," he replies, "you have nothing on me!"

Director Sinclair, who has been listening, says, "That's great! Say those lines again. We'll use them!"

Ann looks surprised, but Lewis Stone smiles.

"That's Hollywood for you," he says. "You can't even give birth to a thought, without getting it in pictures."

MOVING over to the Hollywood radio studios, we find the picture star parade swelling every week, though new faces are making hits and old favorites are falling by the wayside. Nelson Eddy is through with Chase and Sanborn for keeps after November. David Niven, the most popular male radio-screen star of the year, has gone to war. And Tony Martin has served notice to his sponsors that unless "Tuneup Time" stays permanently in Hollywood, he's ditching radio for pictures and home life with Alice Faye.

Of the new faces, Dennis Day, Mary Livingstone's Irish tenor discovery for the Jack Benny singing spot Kenny Baker deserted, leads the list. He's a solid hit on the air and the movies are after him. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce are laying off pictures until they make "Sherlock Holmes" a sure thing.

The Screen Guild-Gulf show is expanding Radio Row to include Earl Carroll's famous nitery, where programs draw the greatest galaxy of stars in Hollywood, complete with footprints in the sidewalks, à la Grauman's Chinese. There's a waiting list of stars for both performers and ushers, and a fortune is coming right out of the air to assure the Screen Guild sanitarium and home. \$220,000 came in last year. \$390,000 comes in this year, and half-million is all the Guild needs to get going.

Other gossip gags and Hollywood radio goings on: The whole aircast of "Tuneup Time"—Tony Martin, Kostelanetz and Kay Thompson—are set for a movie at Columbia, "Music in My Heart" . . . Career note—Kenny Baker's two thousand a week on the Texaco show isn't making him happy; he thinks only four minutes on the air is killing his career . . . Ginger Rogers is balking at reading commercials . . . Mary Livingstone won't be in Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again" . . .

Herbert Marshall serves tea to his Woodbury Playhouse guests. . . The Edgar Bergen-Kay St. Germaine romance is on again and hotter than ever . . . Robert Preston and Randy Scott take turns beaung Dottie Lamour to her Chase and Sanborn broadcasts. . . Jackie Cooper hangs around rehearsals for Judy Garland. . . Bob Hope's new adopted daughter, Linda, is making him hate evening rehearsals. . .

Virginia Peine—George Raft—Norma Shearer—

(Continued from page 13)

But for all this they missed the intimacy and contentment of marriage. They could not share a home. They could not have children. They could not travel together. And if a strain eventually came into their relationship, it isn't surprising. It would have been surprising had it been otherwise. For George always must have offered larger settlements than he would have offered if Virginia had not been in his life. And Virginia always must have been deeply concerned lest—because of her—George would agree to terms he would regret later on.

Virginia described their life very accurately when she said they lived in abeyance. That is exactly how they lived for seven years. For they never gave up hope.

But it was no use. All their waiting and all their hoping and all their trying brought them, finally, to that night last spring when they sat beside the bright hearth they had hoped to share, and planned separate lives.

"At that time," Virginia told me, "I suggested to George that he use the vacation he soon would be having to go to Europe . . . get away . . . have some fun. It seemed the ideal way for us to make the first break."

George took Virginia's advice. He sailed on the *Normandie*. Half a dozen Hollywood people were on board. Roland Young. Charles and Pat Boyer. And Norma Shearer.

They headed for Paris—Paris which has long been famous for helping men and women to forget their personal torment and be gay.

If George told Norma how things were with him she understood. If George didn't tell Norma how things were with him she understood.

After a week or two in Paris, Norma and the Boyers, with whom she was traveling, went south. George went too. And what could be more conducive to a new friendship than life as it is lived on the Riviera.

While George was in Europe, Virginia

went to work.

"I did a play, 'Unlucky Star,'" she told me, as she concluded the Peine-Raft love story. "We toured all the cities on the Pacific coast. We made overnight jumps. I ate many a dinner at a drug-store soda fountain. Between performances I studied and rehearsed. I worked. And it was good for me.

"When George got back to Hollywood I knew I must move on. Under the circumstances we couldn't stay in the same town. George has to be there, naturally. His work is there. So I decided New York was the place for me. And when I landed here and let it be known—as I have—that I wanted work in the theater or on the radio I knew I'd feel more confident—as I do—if I had an apprenticeship behind me."

George came home from Europe long before Norma did. And a week or two after his return when Virginia and Joanie left for New York he was at the station to tell them good-by.

"Go live in the house," Virginia says she told George. "The servants will take good care of you. It isn't good for you to eat in restaurants all the time when you're working."

George shook his head. "Don't you worry about me," he said. "Just take care of yourself and Joanie."

They were being very civilized and sane but even while they were parting the habit of thinking of each other first was strong within them.

In spite of all this the talk about George and Norma persisted.

So when Norma reached New York and I was seeing her on another story I asked her for a statement about the Raft rumors. That very morning the newspapers had been peppered with items and one columnist had insisted she and George had talked to each other at length over the cross-continental telephone every day since she had landed.

"I knew Mr. Raft before we crossed together on the *Normandie*," Norma said, flushing in that lovely quick way

she has. "I had met him casually in Hollywood.

"I know no one who has nicer manners. I admire Mr. Raft for his spirit of humility. Because of that spirit of humility, I'm sure he still has far to go."

Norma went out of her way to be cautious and reserved. Plainly! She didn't, however, say one word in denial of the rumors. And that might be construed as important.

Was the time George and Norma spent together in Europe significant, the beginning of things yet to be? Or did little Joanie Peine sum things up on the station platform the night George waited with her and her mother when she said, "I'm not going to say good-by, Uncle George. Because it isn't good-by. It's just So Long.?"

These are questions only the future can answer.

Virginia Peine . . . George Raft . . . Norma Shearer. For the present there's romance and drama enough in the linking of their three names. . . .

Virginia comes from an old conservative family. She was educated in the best schools. Always her social position has been respected and secure.

Norma long has been "First Lady of the Screen" and should a title be conferred upon her in private life it would carry no less esteem.

It's different with George. He was very poor. He danced in New York cabarets. He followed the horses. He numbered among his friends men who served time as underworld figures.

But that's only the half of it. In gesture and deed George is more truly a gentleman than many born to high places. And when he scorns "the falseness of society," it is not out of pique or social inferiority. For long and often he has sent his courteous regrets to top-flight parties.

It's more than romantic and dramatic, really, that Virginia Peine should love George Raft and that in his time of stress he should have Norma Shearer for his friend. It is fitting and proper.

Subject: Lombard

(Continued from page 17)

in your dreams when you rescue them from horses' hooves, after you eat too much pork at night.

She came downstairs in that robe, and if there ever was a million dollars cash she was it—with her right hand just enough out in front to make you wonder whether to kiss it or shake it.

Behind her was a Pekingese pup, snorting and croaking with asthma, and just as she came into the room the pup stepped on the back of her robe.

I turned the color of a healthy beet. The director smiled in appreciation, because he had spent six weeks in an art school. Miss Lombard took a sharp breath and then said "Haw!"

So we can put down that she has a good build.

The picture was starting, and I was to remain on the set working on a script I thought I had finished.

"It's noisy," I told the director. "Can't I work in my office?"

Lombard was listening. "I'll fix you up," she said.

I came back later and Lombard led me to a corner of the set where stood a small building with a crescent cut in

the doorway. On it was the identification: "Binyon's corner." So we'll have to admit the lady is a good judge of storks.

There are about twenty members in a duck club I mentioned before, and when the hunting season opens it's an excuse to let your beard grow and wear old clothes and camp in the dust and play poker and live in a world without women.

So Lombard showed up in a trailer, because there were sleeping quarters only for men. Her clothes were old, and could she grow a beard she'd have had one.

The first night the men at the poker table mumbled and grumbled about the dame in the trailer parked fifty feet away. The second night there was no poker game, and Lombard in her trailer had to send to town for drinks for her guests.

When the boys got home, one of them mentioned Lombard to his wife. She straightened. "I thought," she said icily, "that this was a club for men."

"That's right."

"Then why was she there?"

"Gable brought her."

The wife's eyebrows went up. "Gable?"

"Yeah. He slept in the cabin with us and she slept in her trailer."

The wife's eyes were dreamy. "How far," she asked, "was the trailer from the cabin?"

The man rubbed his head and wished he had hair. "Oh—fifty feet. Why?"

There was no answer from the wife. The husband pulled at a small, ineffectual ear. "If you think—" he began. "You should know her. Why, she's as—"

"Gable," said the wife softly.

So we can put down that Lombard really picked herself a husband.

We were looking at the day's rushes. Lombard watched herself on the screen and laughed.

"What do you think?" asked the director.

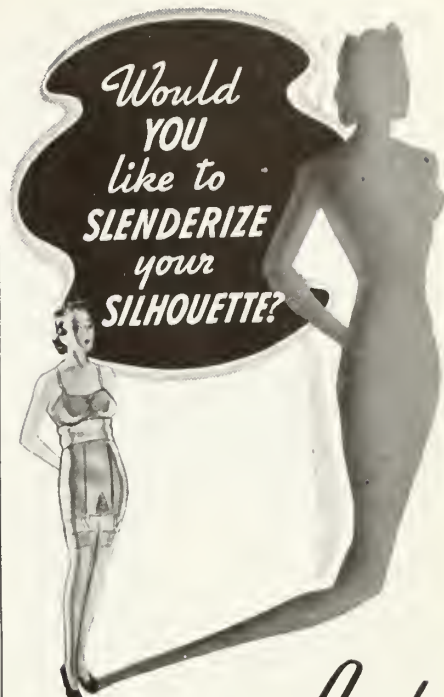
"She's a goof," said Lombard. "I could cut her throat."

"That's you," said the director.

"You're telling me," said Lombard.

So three days later she signed a new contract—for more money.

You're telling me.



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"What I Plan for My Son in Today's Troubled World"—A Father Talks

(Continued from page 66)

world, and what most of the British thought of the American colonists couldn't, at that time, bear printing. Yet steadily, century by century, and despite several bad setbacks, the standard of health and happiness of the average man has risen. What justification have we, then, in believing that time will turn backward? And I must add here that I think it is unfortunate that right now it is considered "smarter" to be an apostle of gloom than to believe in the inherent dignity and aspiration of man.

As for the chances that my boys won't have the advantages when they grow up that I had when I grew up, I must say I can't let that worry me. I shall probably have some money to leave them but I think the most precious endowment I am able to give them is our love—that, and the life in the sun they are getting right now. Honey and I have a ranch down in the San Fernando Valley—we are shopping for one with a large house at the moment, what with our having to have five bedrooms now that Tommy has come along—and those busters of mine play, practically naked, in the sunshine all day long. If that doesn't represent a step upward from my dad's day when a boy had to be swathed in clothes all day long, then it's the sky I walk on and the earth that's over my head. And suppose my boys

do grow up with a little bit of luxury and then, for some reason or other, I lose out and they don't have a cent? Well, George Washington, who was brought up in luxury in England, walked shoeless through the snows of Valley Forge to become a hero! If my boys have it tough for a while, okay. I had it tough for a while, too. So did my dad. But we got by and had a lot of fun, too.

I haven't the dimmest idea of what I want my boys to work at eventually. They will most certainly have their livings to earn, but I want them to earn them in the ways that seem most pleasant to them. If they want to be actors or musicians, I'll think that's keen. It's a grand life with a wonderful income and one that I sincerely believe does good in the world. On the other hand, if they want to become lawyers, doctors, salesmen or even peanut vendors that's all right with me and Honey, too. They have their own lives to live and we can't live them for them.

I'll send them to Catholic schools, not alone because of my faith, but because I know the Church schools will give them the proper discipline. Life without restraints doesn't guarantee happiness but rather just the opposite. The Church knows this and by its laws guards against it. I want my boys to have the benefits of its laws. I'll prob-

ably send them to Catholic colleges, too, unless there is some special course some one of them wants to study that can't be found there. If so, they'll go to whatever university is necessary for it.

One thing my sons will never have, and that's a lot of servants to wait on them and individual private cars to ride around in, too much money to spend, and all such character destroying indulgence. This business of waiting to have your children until you can give them material benefits is the most tragic of delusions. Material possessions blight more people than any other single factor. If you don't believe that, go over the lists of rich boys vs. poor boys that have accomplished something in this world. You won't find the ratio one to a thousand. Right now I'm on top, but next year I may be just another guy trying to get in to see the casting director. But even if I can keep up my present pace I'll see to it that my boys will not get accustomed to a style of existence that will kill every bit of natural initiative in them.

I wouldn't want my boys to be soldiers. I hate war and all that it stands for. Naturally if America should ever be attacked and they were needed to defend it, I know they would do their duty, but I pray that such a time never comes. And speaking of prayer, that is one of the things that Honey and I have

taught them from their earliest days. We have proved the power and solace of prayer many times in our lives and we want our boys to have that eternal comfort always. We are bringing them up, of course, in our faith.

As for love—well, they wouldn't be our children if they didn't find that! I hope they will fall in love and marry young, not only so that they can experience the sheer enchantment of young love but also that they may have this safeguard against ever becoming bitter or disillusioned. Besides, I'm selfish about it. I want to be able to see the expression on my father's face when I tell him he's a great grandfather. That will be something!

For you see the real thing Honey and I feel about raising our sons is that it isn't a job for a day but one that goes on over the years. Donnie was a visibly easier conscience when he is guided regularly, told exactly what to do. Ronnie hates orders and is stubborn as a cement wall. It's been a two-ring circus managing them, and now, with the entrance of Tommy, it's a three-ring. And if, in the future, it gets to be four or five—or even ten—we will rejoice. For how can a man be afraid of either the past or the future when through the very fact of his children's presence he knows that he is in tune with the infinite?

"What I Plan for My Son in Today's Troubled World"—A Mother Talks

(Continued from page 67)

took this forcing attitude with me and I have many reasons to thank them for it.

Parents should endeavor to cultivate in their children two or three separate interests, I believe, because in so doing the child has that many more opportunities. In these days it is possible to be set on one job and have it go completely up the chimney. The girl or boy who then has another direction in which to turn is fortunate. Such training should begin in the nursery by teaching a child to care for his own belongings and to be responsible for possessions and to have personal duties he must perform. As a child I was helpless, due to the attention of my parents and servants. This was meant as a kindness but it later proved a handicap since it took twice the courage to develop my sense of personal responsibility in later years. A child who has had strict nursery training doesn't find that so hard, so while I believe that children should be allowed to follow their natural tendencies, my child will also be disciplined.

I come of a military family. My father, brother and uncles were all in the army, to say nothing of my grandfathers. I am not, therefore, quite as frightened as many women by the threat of war. I want peace with my whole heart, as I believe almost all women do, yet even if my child had been a girl I would not have taught her to be an active pacifist. I know by experience that preparedness has nothing to do with wanting war, and I do not believe that peace is brought about through being controversial.

For that reason, which has nothing to do with militarism in its more horrible sense, I believe in a military training and would like my son to receive that

training while at school.

I plan to send my son to American schools for the first years of his life and after that abroad. For a boy I think enrollment in an English university means getting the edges knocked off. I will encourage him to travel, because in so doing his viewpoint will be broadened. Travel will force him into other than his immediate circle of acquaintances and thus increase his interests. But for the first years of his life, I plan to bring him up in California. In spite of what the outside world hears of Hollywood I think it is a wonderful place in which to bring up a child. The California climate is perfect, the schools good—and by this I mean public as well as private schools—and the people are so nice. Hollywood has given me much happiness and I hope it will do the same for my baby. I feel the same way about America. It has been very kind to me and I will try to see to it that my child will be true to the ideals of this great nation.

Perhaps I am being completely mother-like when I say that I can't quite face the thought of my boy's marrying. I hope that he will marry someday but I don't want it to be when he is too young. I want him to be well established first. I want him to have seen the world and to have no doubt in his own mind as to what marriage means and to know how true is his love. Marriage is a serious proposition and I do not want my son to take it lightly.

I shall give him a religious education. I believe it will teach him to run his life and I hope it will give him the peace that it has given me. I shall do all I can to encourage the widest variety of interests and talents in him. A peaceful and a sincere heart, a busy and

interested mind seem to be the best guarantees against any disaster the future may bring. I would rather my son become a writer than any other thing. It is not alone because his father is a writer, either. I feel a writer carries his own medium with him. That is not true of the other professions. All a writer needs beyond his own gift is a pencil and paper. His own brain encourages him to delve more deeply into himself. One has to have knowledge and live deeply to be a great writer, which is what I hope my son will do.

These are the dim, dreaming things I plan these days as I watch my son grow in today's world, but at no time do I worry. There is war in the world today, yes. There is unemployment. Yet there are so many blessings. Silver nitrate was dropped into my child's eyes the moment he opened them in this world so that he need never fear blindness. Never can a "Black Plague" steal over him, unaware and unrecognized. If disease attacks him, he will know it is not the punishment of an angry god, as his primitive ancestors believed. He will know what it is and how to conquer it.

These benefits my child today inherits through no credit of his or mine, but through the enlightenment of the modern age. My child sleeps in the sun and drinks quantities of orange juice daily so that his bones will grow long and strong. If he should seem to be growing too fast or too slowly, I can take him to doctors who will know how to cure that condition.

Suppose material things go badly with his father and me. Even at that the home in which my child will be raised will be finer than any palace those most luxurious kings ever knew, for it will be always comfortably warmed, always

clean, always sanitary, always light. Entertainment will be in my child's home through the mere effort of his turning an electric switch. Music, news, great drama will always be there for him. A hundred miles of distance will be as nothing to him with that cheap little car he'll drive, and perhaps a thousand won't either, since probably planes will be inexpensive by the time he grows up.

Or suppose the very worst does happen and this war does darken the world and destroy all the art and beauty and sensitive living which today we hold so dear. Nothing in me believes that this can happen, yet if it should, I shall always remember that even in the Dark Ages wise men here and there escaped and kept the lamp of knowledge burning in various hidden corners until intelligence came back to life again.

I cannot answer for other women, but I think it is my duty to try to bring better human beings into the world and not to question a future which I cannot foresee. For to me, you see, the important thing seems to be being alive, even though at times it may even mean being alive to pain or hunger or cold or poverty. For whether my child shall be rich or poor in his later life, he starts off with those great gifts we are all given, that ability to hear, and see, and smell and touch and taste. The sight of snow-capped mountains against a clear sky, or the sound of one person's voice on the telephone, or the flavor of hot food on a wintry day, the smell of lilies washed by rain or the comforting touch of a friend's hand—these things are living and vital. Surely the only selfishness a mother can know would be to deny her child the right of birth to experience them.

Portrait with a Russian Accent

(Continued from page 24)

has never worn a straw hat, and believes physical examination before marriage should be compulsory.

He is a bad horseman.

He recently acquired a taste for spinach.

He never takes sunbaths.

He has never had a nickname and he thinks he looks like a monkey in tails and topser.

He was flattered by autograph hounds until one night when they all deserted him at sight of Edward G. Robinson. He catches cold easily, and he plays the cello.

He cannot swim.

He enjoys music on the radio and wears a sixteen-and-a-half collar.

He believes fortune tellers can tell the past but not the future. He is very fond of jazz, believing it akin to the Oriental music of his youth.

He owns no beach house, mountain cabin or boat. His weight varies from 165 to 190.

His only gambling vice is chemin de fer. He owns two cocker spaniels, has never undertaken to cook and is very careless with his personal effects.

He thinks sincerity is an uncommon virtue.

He was seventeen when Constantin Stanislavsky, the great Russian stage director, selected him with three others from five hundred applicants for the Moscow Art Theater school.

His spelling is faulty, and his chief impression of Americans is their sporting attitude and sense of fairness.

He reads music, has never had the measles and likes hamburgers with onions.

Akim Tamiroff goes through a ritual when he sleeps, first lying on his right side, then turning to the left, and finally back to his starting position. He yearns someday to play Jannings' role in "The Last Command."

He has no children and dislikes writing letters.

HIS wife is Tamara Shayne whom he met on the stage in New York. He used to bite his nails.

He was very fat as a boy.

His favorite singers are Tibbett and Bing Crosby.

He doesn't understand baseball.

He takes advice readily from his wife whose intuitive wisdom sent him scampering to Hollywood in a rickety car. He went practically nuts for eleven months before her judgment was vindicated and he got his first part.

He takes direction very easily and quickly admits a mistake.

He doesn't know how to be alone and consequently always seeks company. He likes shrimps, and is incurably lazy in all things except his work.

He thinks a thing out before he acts, and he never wears a sweater.

He has a good memory and likes to rise about seven-thirty.

He has no hobbies, regards "Disputed Passage" his best picture and "Jungle Princess" his worst. He is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations.

He thinks men look like the devil in derbies.

He has no regrets, hates playing cards with women, and often finds himself getting blue for no reason at all.

He thinks the most beautiful building he has ever seen is the tower in Prague with the great clock and figures of saints in motion.

He does not rouse to anger easily.

He never smokes a pipe.

He recently adopted a fatalistic philosophy feeling that there were too many elements in life to upset one's plans. He does not like staying up late at nights.

He speaks French, Russian and English.

He used to be a very exceptional ten-

nis player, now plays only fairly. He thinks that the mean average of happiness in Hollywood is very low.

He misses seasonal climatic changes.

Akim Tamiroff lives in a small English cottage.

He never reads detective stories, doesn't like prize fights or wrestling, and his method of studying dialogue is to first memorize his lines, proceed to forget them, and then recall them.

He prefers the city to the country.

He is fond of opera, concerts, Turkish baths, and Paris.

He likes Persian melons for breakfast.

His early viewpoints and attitudes were strongly influenced by Tolstoy and Dostoiévsky. He sadly opines that war is inevitable.

He was an outstanding soccer and hockey player at school.

He likes pictures better than the stage because "thought can be photographed." He is one of four children and he regrets the trend toward making the common hot dog "a de luxe production."

He deprecates his wife's temper whenever he has done something wrong. He is a great admirer of President Roosevelt, believing that he has prevented "what happened in Russia and because he makes me pay an income tax to prevent more trouble. I consider it a privilege and I am grateful."

He was once taught by Maria Ouspenskaya. He is superstitious about Boris Khmara, his stand-in, who, he insists shall be with him on every picture. Akim insists on this because there was one picture Khmara was not in and that turned out to be a total flop.

His devotion to his wife is best exemplified by his answer when he was asked if he had to spend the rest of his life on a desert isle and could have only three people with him, whom would he choose. His reply was "All three would be my wife."

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AT ALL DRUG STORES



Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 5)

that Tracy calls Gable "Moose" and I'll wager for the very same reason—that amused admiration and annoyance of the character actor when he observes with what ease the plums of life come to the handsome leading man) . . . watching Alice Faye doing a gay, flirtatious scene five minutes after she had the shocking news that her five-day-old honeymoon house had burned down . . . discovering a beauty shop whose chief mission in life is to keep your long fingernails from cracking . . . well, it's just such a jumble as this that makes Hollywood so wonderful. . . .

To begin with Peterkin . . . he is a new cartoon character . . . he was originally thought up by Elaine Pogany as a character for a children's book . . . her husband, the famous Willy Pogany, one of the finest painters in this country, decided to draw him . . . Walter Lantz, an unsung pioneer of movies, saw the drawing and got Universal to let him create Peterkin in full color . . . Lantz and Pogany together created as backgrounds for their little creature, half fawn and half boy, the finest three-dimensional scenes ever recorded . . . nobody will make a fortune out of it all because shorts don't make fortunes . . . but everyone concerned is giving the very best of his and her creative ability

. . . you and I will laugh . . . that's the nice side of Hollywood. . . .

I love Hollywood when I read about Mrs. Norman McLeod putting a bar in her station wagon . . . particularly when Hollywood has no station to go to . . . and some of the loyal Templeites at Twentieth Century-Fox objecting to June Preisser's hilarious performance of a baby star in "Babes in Arms," and when you ask them why they think June is doing their baby grown up they retort you can tell because she carries a Pekingese . . . incidentally I think Preisser is the most promising new performer of the month and if I were a \$150,000 a picture star, what with all these new kids appearing with such fearsome regularity lately, I'd trade in my swimming pool for a down payment on a good stout tent . . . and I like it that while Cagney sits and worries about how to get more naturalness in acting, Joseph Schildkraut argues that acting in movies should be more flamboyant and exaggerated . . . and that both of them, acting such different roles, can be right. . . .

It's very pleasant to run across such a story as that of Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes, both of whom are in "Babes in Arms" (which, as you may have guessed by now, is my favor-

ite picture of the month) . . . and I do think that Mickey Rooney ought to get the Academy Award for his work in it . . . but I suppose the Academy Award will have to go to something solemn and dull . . . well, anyhow, Metro had been grooming both Doug and Betty, who are mere kids, for sometime now . . . this is their debut picture together . . . but meanwhile they fell in love and married. . . .

Not only did they fall in love, but even while the picture was being made, they knew that they were to become parents . . . and now . . . despite the fact that Betty is delightful in "Babes" and Metro wants her to go on singing, she's decided she doesn't want to . . . she's so in love . . . she says it is probably terrible of her, but she just isn't ambitious . . . all she wants is to be a perfect wife and an ideal mother . . . she wants to have a whole nursery full of babies. . . .

You know how you are always hearing that careers come first in Hollywood . . . they do generally . . . but Maureen O'Sullivan says the same thing that Betty Jaynes says . . . so you see it isn't always true . . . and it's just because you can't rely on anything always being true out here, that I love the place. . . .

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How to Put a Star on the Spot

(Continued from page 22)

graphed. So sure are they that they are not what Jerome Zerbe calls "photogenic" that they do everything except throw the sugar bowl at photographers to keep from being snapped. I watched them one night at the International Casino where a patient lens-hound was prowling past their table waiting to get a candid pose. The Masseys piled bottles and glasses in front of themselves on the table, and when this proved an inadequate barricade, they resorted to making ugly faces at the cameraman!

The feminine award in the unpopularity league goes to Danielle Darrieux, the French actress, who is far and away the most disagreeable star I've ever encountered. I know one girl reporter who refused to interview her, on an early morning when Danielle was being especially tart. The girl just called her city editor and said, "I'm sorry, but if you want to know what Mlle. Darrieux has to say, get another reporter. I won't be insulted—even in French!" The paper didn't get another reporter—it just neglected to print a story about Danielle.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, on the other hand, is extremely popular with New York reporters—even male reporters. So is Robert Taylor, who proved—the hard way—that he can take it. When he was in New York in his bachelor days he used to like to sit around the Tavern, listening to the scribes exchange yarns and occasionally chipping in with one of his own. He likes to go to fights and baseball games, but he can't enjoy sporting events here the way he can in Hollywood. I went to a baseball game at the Polo Grounds once with Bob, and he spent nine innings autographing programs.

He likes fun, and loves the rowdy atmosphere of the Club 18 where he gets ribbed unmercifully and is made to stooge for the floor show. He dances now and then, at the Stork or El Morocco, but he's not a particularly good dancer. However, I suppose a girl dancing with Robert Taylor is not likely to complain about the footwork.

Dorothy Lamour always gets a kick out of being in New York and besieged by fans because she can't forget that three years ago she was starving here and nobody would give her a second

glance. She stays now in a luxurious suite at the Sherry-Netherland, but she recalls when she lived in one room at the Wellington and had a hard time paying the rent. In those days, Rudy Vallee begged John Perona to let her sing at El Morocco, and even offered to pay her salary if Perona would just let her use the room, but the Duke of the zebra stripes couldn't see her.

Now Dorothy sweeps into El Morocco, a celebrated guest, and Zerbe trips over waiters in his haste to snap her picture. But New York and its audiences still awe her. She was so nervous her first day at the Paramount that she couldn't take off her evening gown overskirt and reveal her sarong—because the knees under the skirt were knocking!

The Manhattan escapades of Mickey Rooney are never recorded in the papers because the editors like to keep him in the *Andy Hardy* character, and nothing could be further from Mickey's actual routine than the suburban goings-on of M-G-M's profitable clan. Mickey is a swift man in the swing joints, quick to toss off a cocktail, ready to shag or truck or beat the drums, and always alert to snare a chorus girl's telephone number. He is fond of fast cars and the kind of show girls who look best in them; he is cocksure, impudent, extroverted and a conscious pixie, and the nightly table-sitters flee from him as the all-time brat of all time. (*But there's been a change in Mickey—see page 8—Editor.*)

NO flicker dream prince ever lured more audible sighs or more visible flutters from the deb ringsiders at the Stork Club than did Walter Pidgeon when he was making his Gotham rounds. As I recall, he strolled in a couple of times, casually attired in a blue suit with a chalk stripe, and never so much as lifted an eyebrow or a finger to attract attention—but on each occasion a score or more of tulle-clad, orchid-bearing fillies quietly bit the dust.

Franchois Tone is the models' delight. He went out with more pretty faces last winter than any other male in New York. He judged a few semispectacular contests, being one night an "uncle" to a Cinderella debutante, another night a beauty-guesser, but on the main he was a quiet figure in the night clubs,

preferring to dawdle solemnly over his highballs rather than execute terpsichorean didoes on the dance floor, and he was a great "21" sitter in the company of Orson Welles, Jaro Fabry and Burgess Meredith. When he was dating Beverly Barbisch, the model, he sent her white lilies every day.

Probably the most gracious of the stars is Norma Shearer, who is charming to interviewers, autograph hounds, elevator men, taxi drivers and photographers. I have never seen her lose her poise, her good temper, or her amiable radiant smile. She hasn't the world's best figure, but she is always chic; she never looks, as so many Hollywood sirens do, as if she wished she were back in Santa Monica wearing slacks. She is the only motion-picture actress I've ever seen who looked as if she'd just washed her face—actually washed it, I mean, with soap and water. And she is the most dignified and discreet person in the colony about her romances.

George Raft spends most of his time in New York in the office of the sepien Cotton Club, playing pinochle and answering the telephone, taking messages for the bus boys and making table reservations for the headwaiter. He is a democratic fellow who still hangs around with the boys he knew when he was a Tex Guinan hooper. He loves to dance, so a lot of the Manhattan midnights find him rhumbaing at La Conga, and occasionally he gives a solo exhibition on a night-club floor, but always and only to the tune of "Sweet Georgia Brown"—the sole song ever written to which George can keep time. He is a great night owl, and five A.M. finds him wandering through the late places looking for a friend to go strolling with him.

Gary Cooper, who was a hick cowboy in the films in his early days, and whose girls used to include the rowdier feminine members of the celluloid community, is now very social when he hits New York, and inclined to neglect the glided cafés for the elegant haunts of the exclusive Long Island set. He is well-tailored, an adequate conversationalist, and possessed of the narrowest hips of any dream prince extant.

The one girl who doesn't even bother about glamour is Miriam Hopkins. She is small, pugnacious-looking, and the

swiftest, most incessant conversationalist this side of the Mason-Dixon line. Observers at "21" have passed many an hour watching her talk to her escort, and making book on how soon the guy would get in a word of his own.

Errol Flynn, the *Captain Blood* of El Morocco, migrates socially from the Brown Derby set to the fringe of café society when he comes from Hollywood to New York. He circulates with great out-door-man energy from debutantes to young society matrons; he is not a good dancer, but he is a persistent one, and makes rapid rounds from the Rainbow Room to the parquet of La Conga and the ringside of the Havana-Madrid. In his less Blue Book moods, he enjoys chit-chat with the cigarette girls in the Latin bistros, and sometimes sees them to their doorsteps of an early A.M.

BUT no star that shines in Hollywood or any place else can quite "put it on" like Marlene Dietrich, who, from the gold dust in her hair to the emeralds on her long lacquered hands, is what they mean by Glamour. She could make a grande entrance into a telephone booth at Lindy's. The table-sitters around the more gilded arenas are of the opinion that she must feel undressed without at least three escorts, for she is seldom seen out formally without: (a) her husband; (b) one former very close friend; (c) one present very great friend. The gaudiest first night is made more glittering by her appearance in the aisles; she usually exits after a performance running a comb through her shoulder-length hair.

Even her petty indignations make headlines. I shall never forget the night when she came into the Monte Carlo attired in a white evening dress with a white hood, spied a young society matron similarly attired in a white evening dress with a ditto hood, turned on her heel, summoned her three male escorts, and steamed out in high dudgeon, crying to proprietor Féfé: "My whole evening has been ruined."

They come in and go out by train and plane for Hollywood, and each one gets a score on the Manhattan report card. The only star about whom the night-lifers have no high or libelous opinion is Shirley Temple, who as yet has not made her debut in the Stork Club.

How Andy Hardy Reformed Mickey Rooney

(Continued from page 9)

benefit of his well seasoned philosophy.

As for Cecilia Parker as Mickey's sister, she began giving him the benefit of the back of her hand when he got flip with her. He had never encountered such discipline before.

When he got, as a screen mother, Fay Holden, who could worry—and did—about how he ate and when he came home at night and the type of girl he was dating, he got a new feeling about what forces for good a family could be.

Then, one day, he went out to Santa Anita. Just as he was about to place a bet, he heard a woman say, "Oh, I didn't think *Andy Hardy* would gamble!" That cinched it. The woman was obviously a lady. If *Andy Hardy* and his manners won the heart of such folks, then henceforth *Andy Hardy's* manners were for him, Mickey Rooney.

He didn't change overnight, of course, but the very fact that his calf love portrayed in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" was so laughed at, made him realize that the calf flirtations in which he was indulging around Hollywood were ridiculous, too.

As his first *Andy Hardy* year emerged into the second, he observed many things.

The fact that Lewis Stone had saved his money and become independent made Mickey think about saving. He noted that while Gable's clothes were often style setters they were neither loud nor conspicuous. So he tried out a quiet coat or two himself. He realized Spence managed to dress without any valet and still win Academy Awards. So he got rid of the valet.

For his eighteenth birthday, Norma

Shearer presented Mickey with the portable dressing room that Irving Thalberg had originally given her. So, when the mighty Louis B. Mayer told him about the earnings on "Love Finds Andy Hardy," and that its success made him a real star, he was in enough of a glowing mood to take Mr. Mayer's admonitions about his night-club appearances with such humble grace that the big boss gave him a fine thoroughbred horse as a reward of merit. Mickey promptly reacted like a typical kid by buying a ranch to go round the horse.

His mother built a rumpus room for him in the ranch house so that he could have his gang around him. She put in a soda fountain rather than a bar, which the kids saw through, but they honestly preferred the sodas. Mickey traded in his big blue car for

a sedate station wagon. "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" emerged the greatest "Hardy" of them all—and Mickey was ready to be presented to the world as a full-fledged star in "Babes in Arms."

The success of "Babes" is very gratifying to the studio, naturally; but even that isn't so important as its success is to Mickey. For when he watched that flash of the little boy he used to be, that hungry, over-worked baby, he realized what he has become. He might have stayed just a tough kid who had to be tough to get along at all. But now he doesn't have to. With his new humility quietly gathered around him, he's seeing now how far he can go, thanks to his having learned his lessons and been graduated from his *Andy Hardy Junior College*, with honors.

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"ALLEGHENY UPRISING"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. Based on the factual story, "The First Rebel," by Neil H. Swanson. Directed by William A. Seiter. Cast: *Jamie, Claire Trevor; Jim Smith, John Wayne; Capt. Swanson, George Sanders; Callendar, Brian Donlevy; MacDougle, Wilfrid Lawson; Duncan, Robert Barrat; Professor, John F. Hamilton; Calhoon, Moroni Olsen; Anderson, Eddie Quillan; McCammon, Chill Wills; Poole, Ian Wolfe; McGlashan, Wallis Clark; Morris, Monte Montague; General Gage, Olaf Hytten.*

"ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston. Based on a story by Dale Eunson. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Cast: *John, Joseph Allen, Jr.; Kay, Jean Cagney; Jennifer, Virginia Dale; Slats, Peter Hayes; Joe, John Arledge; Peggy, Joyce Mathews; Susie, Betty Moran; Doc, George Meeker; Jill, Audrey Maynard; Jessie, Wanda McKay.*

"ANOTHER THIN MAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Nick Charles, William Powell; Nora Charles, Myrna Loy; Van Slack, Otto Kruger; Lois MacFay, Virginia Grey; Col. MacFay, C. Aubrey Smith; Dorothy Haders, Ruth Hussey; Asta, Himself; Nick Charles, Jr., William Poulosen; Dudley Horn, Patric Knowles; Freddie Coleman, Tom Neal; Mrs. Bellam, Phyllis Gordon; Sam Church, Sheldon Leonard; Dum Dum, Abner Biberman; Lieut. Guild, Nat Pendleton; Vogel, Don Costello.*

"BAD LITTLE ANGEL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Based on the book "Looking After Sandy," by Margaret Turnbull. Directed by William Thiele. Cast: *Patsy, Virginia Weidler; Tommy Wilks, Gene Reynolds; Luther Marvin, Guy Kibbee; Jim Creighton, Ian Hunter; Mrs. Perkins, Elizabeth Patterson; Edwards, Reginald Owen; "Red" Wilks, Henry Hull; Ellen Creighton, Lois Wilson.*

"BALALAIKA"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Leon Gordon, Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval. Based upon the play "Balalaika." Book and lyrics by Eric Maschwitz. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. Cast: *Peter, Nelson Eddy; Lydia, Ilona Massey; Nicki, Charlie Ruggles; Danchenoff, Frank Morgan; Marakov, Lionel Atwill; General Karagin, C. Aubrey Smith; Masha, Joyce Compton; Dimitri, Dalies Frantz; Sibirsky, Walter Woolf King; Lieutenant Smirnov, Phillip Terry; Ramensky, Frederic Worlock; Leo, Abner Biberman; Captain Pavloff, Arthur W. Cernitz; Lieutenant Nikitin, Roland Varno; Slaski, George Tobias; Anton, Paul Sutton; Captain Testoff, Willy Costello; Prince Morodin, Paul Irving; Jeanette Sibirsky, Mildred Shay; Mrs. Danchenoff, Alma Kruger.*

"BEWARE SPOOKS!"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy, Albert Duffy and Brian Marlow. Based upon a play by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Cast: *Roy Gifford, Joe E. Brown; Betty Lou Winters, Mary Carlisle; Commissioner Lewis, Clarence Kolb; Slick Eastman, Marc Lawrence; Nick Bruno, Don Beddoe; Danny Emmett, George J. Lewis.*

"BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY"—COLUMBIA.—Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Adapted by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Frank Strayer. Cast: *Blondie, Penny Singleton; Dagwood, Arthur Lake; Baby Dumpling, Larry Simms; Alvin, Danny Mummert; Daisy, Herself; Mr. Dithers, Jonathan Hale; Armstrong, Olin Howland; Salesman, Stanley Brown; Salesman, Dick Fiske; Salesman, Robert Sterling.*

"DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien. Based on the novel by Walter D. Edmonds. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Lana (Magdalena), Claudette Colbert; Gilbert Martin, Henry Fonda; Mrs. McKlennar, Edna May Oliver; Christian Reall, Eddie Collins; Caldwell, John Caradine; Mary Reall, Dorris Bowdon; Mrs. Weaver, Jessie Ralph; Reverend Rosenkrantz, Arthur Shields; John Weaver, Robert Lowery; Gen. Nicholas Herkimer, Roger Imhof; Joe Boleo, Francis Ford; Adam Helmer, Ward Bond; Mrs. Demouth, Kay Linaker; Dr. Prety, Russell Simpson; Landlord, Spencer Charters; Jacob Small, Si Jenks; Amos Hartman, J. Ronald Pennick; George Weaver, Arthur Aylesworth; Blue Back, Chief Big Tree; Dr. Robert Johnson, Charles Tannen; Capt. Mark Demouth, Paul McVey; Mrs. Reall, Elizabeth Jones; Daisy, Beulah Hall Jones; Paymaster, Clarence H. Wilson; General, Lionel Pape; Ken, Daniel Gros, Edwin Maxwell; Mr. Borst, Robert Greig; Mrs. Borst, Clara Blandick.*

"END OF A DAY, THE"—JUNO FILMS, INC.—Story by Julien Duvivier and Charles Spaak. Directed by Julien Duvivier. Cast: *Marny, Victor Francen; St. Clair, Louis Jouvet; Cabriassade, Michel Simon; Jeanette, Madeleine Ozeray; Mme. Chabert, Gabrielle Dorziat; Director, Arthur Devere; Mr. Lucien, Arquilliere; Mme. Tusini, Sylvie; Mr. Philemon, Joffre; Mme. Philemon, Mme. Lherbay; Delormel, Jean Coquelin; Mr. Laroche, Pierre Magnier; Deaubonne, Granval; Victor, Jean Ayme.*

"FIRST LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bruce Manning. Directed by Henry Koster. Cast: *Connie Harding, Deanna Durbin; Barbara Clinton, Helen Parrish; Ted Drake, Robert Stack; James Clinton, Eugene Pallette; Walter Clinton, Lewis Howard; Mrs. Clinton, Leatrice Joy; Wilma Van-Everette, June Storey; George, Charles Coleman; Mike, Frank Jenks.*

"FLYING DEUCES, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Original story and screen play by Ralph Spence, Alfred Schiller, Charles Rogers and Harry Langdon.

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Cast: *Stan, Stan Laurel; Ollie, Oliver Hardy; Georgette, Jean Parker; Francoise, Reginald Gardiner; Commandant, Charles Middleton; Sergeant, Jean Del Val; Corporal, Clem Wilenchick; Jailor, James Finlayson.*

"INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Sig Herzig and Wally Klein. Based on a story by Howard Hawks. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Joe Greer, Pat O'Brien; Frankie Merrick, Ann Sheridan; Eddie Greer, John Payne; Lee Mason, Gale Page; Spud Connors, Frank McHugh; Martha Connors, Grace Stafford; Mr. Greer, Granville Bates; Ted, John Ridgeley; Dick Wilbur, Regis Toomey; Red, John Harron; Duncan Martin, William Davidson; Tom Dugan, Ed McWade; Fred Haskill, Irving Bacon; Haskill's Son, Tommy Bupp; Edward Hart, Robert Middlemass; Mayor, Charles Halton.*

"JUDGE HARDY AND SON"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Carey Wilson. Based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney; Marian Hardy, Cecilia Parker; Mrs. Hardy, Fay Holden; Polly Benedict, Ann Rutherford; Aunt Millie, Sara Haden; Euphrasia Clark, June Preisser; Mrs. Volduzzi, Maria Ouspenskaya; Elvie Horton, Martha O'Driscoll; Clarabelle Lee, Margaret Early; Mrs. Horton, Leona Mariele; "Becky," George Breakstone; Mr. Volduzzi, Egon Brecher; Dr. Jones, Brandon Tynan; Nurse Trowbridge, Edna Holland; Augusta, Marie Blake.*

"LAW OF THE PAMPAS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Nate Watt. Cast: *Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; Lucky Jenkins, Russell Hayden; Chiquita, Steffi Dana; Fernando Ramirez, Sidney Toler; Ralph Merritt, Sidney Blackmer; Senor Jose Valdez, Pedro de Cordoba; Ernesto, JoJo La Sadio; Schultz, Glenn Strange; Naples, Eddie Dean; Dolores, Anna Demetrio.*

"LITTLE ACCIDENT"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Eve Greene. Suggested by a stage play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Sandy, Baby Sandy Henville; Herbert Pearson, Hugh Herbert; Alice Pearson, Florence Rice; Perry Allerton, Richard Carlson; Tabby Morgan, Ernest Truex; Joan Huston, Joy Hodges; Matisse, Fritz Feld; Mrs. Allerton, Kathleen Howard; Peggy, Peggy Moran; Ann, Ann Gwynne; Mr. Allerton, Howard Hickman.*

"MEET DR. CHRISTIAN"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Harvey Gates, Ring Lardner, Jr., and Ian Hunter. Original story by Harvey Gates from a radio idea by Jack Hasty. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: *Dr. Christian, Jean Hersholt; Mr. Hewitt, Paul Harvey; Judy Price, Dorothy Lovett; Roy Davis, Robert Baldwin; Don, Jackie Moran; Marilee, Marcie Mae Jones; Patsy, Patsy Lee Parsons; Anne Hewitt, Enid Bennett; Mrs. Hastings, Maude Eburne; Mrs. Minnows, Sarah Edwards.*

"MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Robert D. Andrews. From an original story by Martin Mooney. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: *Father Joe, Charles Bickford; Red, Barton MacLane; Warden, Pat Moriarty; Johnny, Dennis Moore; Captain Samson, William Royle; Pop Schultz, George Cleveland; Blitsy,*

Charlie Foy; Frankie, Russell Hopton; Milo, Jollery Sayre; Del, Eddie Foster; Evans, Jack Daley; Daniels, Dave O'Brien; Benson, Wheeler Oakman; Harris, Charles King; Mike, Nigel de Bruller; Doc, Merrill McCormick.

"ON YOUR TOES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley. Based on the musical comedy of the same name by Richard Rogers, Lorenz Hart and George Abbott. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *Ira, Zorina; Phil Dolan, Jr., Eddie Albert; Sergei Alexandrovitch, Alan Hale; Paddy Reilly, Frank McHugh; Phil Dolan, Sr., James Gleason; Ivan Boultonoff, Leonid Kinsky; Peggy Porterfield, Gloria Dickson; Mrs. Dolan, Queenie Smith; Konstantin Morrisine, Erik Rhodes; Donald Henderson, Berton Churchill; Phil, as a Boy, Donald O'Connor; Ira, as a Girl Sarita Wooten.*

"REMEMBER?"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Corey Ford and Norman Z. McLeod. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: *Jeff Holland, Robert Taylor; Linda Bronson, Greer Garson; Sky Ames, Lew Ayres; Mrs. Bronson, Billie Burke; Mr. Bronson, Reginald Owen; Mr. McIntyre, George Barbier; Judge Milliken, Henry Travers; Mr. Piper, Richard Carle; Mrs. Caruthers, Laura Hope Crews; Miss Hilson, Sara Haden; Dr. Schmidt, Sig Rumann; Butler, Halliwell Hobbes.*

"RENO"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. From an original story by Ellis St. Joseph. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: *Bill Shear, Richard Dix; Jessie Gibbs, Gail Patrick; Mrs. Ryder, Anita Louise; The Compass, Hobart Cavanaugh; Flora McKenzie, Astrid Allwyn; Mrs. Gardner, Laura Hope Crews; John Barton, Paul Cavanagh; Judge Howard, Louis Jean Heydt; Welch, Charles Halton; Hozy Briggs, Frank Faylen; Bonnie, Joyce Compton; George Fields, William Haade; Mrs. Humphrey, Carole Landis; Mrs. Borden, Billie Seward; Hank, Paul Burns; Clint Simpson, Dick Cramer; Judge, George Watts.*

"SCANDAL SHEET"—COLUMBIA.—Original screen play by Joseph Carole. Directed by Nick Grinde. Cast: *Jim Stevenson, Otto Kruger; Kitty Mulhane, Ona Munson; Peter Haynes, Edward Norris; Chris Durk, John Dillson; Chick Keller, Don Beddoe; Hal Lunny, Eddie Laughton; Marjorie Laue, Linda Winters; Seena Haynes, Nedda Hargigan; Douglas Haynes, Selmer Jackson; District Attorney, Frank M. Thomas; Bert Schroll, Edward Marr.*

"SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Harry Ruskin. Based on the story by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare, Lew Ayres; Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Paul Messenger, Lionel Atwill; Nancy Messenger, Helen Gilbert; Wayman, Nat Pendleton; Mary Lamont, Laraine Day; Nora, Sara Haden; Dr. Stephen Kildare, Samuel S. Hinds; Mrs. Martha Kildare, Emma Dunn; Dr. S. J. Carew, Walter Kingsford; John Archley, Grant Mitchell; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; Charles Herron, Robert Kent; Sally, Marie Blake; Mrs. Roberts, Martha O'Driscoll; "Nosey," Nell Craig; Conover, George Reed; Mike, Frank Orth.*

"SMASHING THE MONEY RING"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Anthony Coldevey and Raymond Schrock. From an idea by Jonathan Finn. Directed by Terry Morse. Cast: *Li. Brass Bancroft, Ronald Reagan; Peggy, Margot Stevenson; Gabby, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Dice Mathews, Joe Downing; Parker, Charles D. Brown; Danny, Elliott Sullivan; Saxby, Joe King; Kilbane, Charles Wilson; Warden Denby, William Davidson; Night Captain, John Hamilton; Pop, Sidney Bracy; Prison Runner, Jack Wise; Night Guard, Jack Mower; Joe, Don Turner.*

"SUED FOR LIBEL"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. Story by Wolfe Kaufman. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Steve, Kent Taylor; Maggie, Linda Hayes; Marjell Hebbster, Lillian Bond; Pomeroy, Morgan Conway; Smiley, Richard Lane; Corbin, Roger Pryor; Hastings, Thurston Hall; Walsh, Emory Parnell; Col. White, Roy Gordon; Chang Howe, Keye Luke; Judge, Edward Earle; Dr. Bailor, Jack Arnold; Mrs. Trent, Leona Roberts.*

"THAT THEY MAY LIVE"—ARTHUR MAYER AND JOSEPH BERTSTYN, INC.—Screen play by Abel Gance. English titles by Pierre van Paassen. Directed by Abel Gance. Cast: *Jean Diaz, Victor Francen; Henry Chimay, Jean Max; Flo, Marie Lou; Helene, Renée Devillers; Edith, Line Noro; Francoise Lorin, Delaitre; and Les Gueules Cassées (the Mutilated Veterans of the Last War).*

"THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Lewis Meltzer and Gladys Lehman. Based upon a story by William A. Ullman, Jr. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Doctor MacAuley, Walter Connolly; Doctor Norton, Onslow Stevens; Nightingale, Paul Fix; Redlands, Bernard Nedell; Mary MacAuley, Iris Meredith; Warden, Oscar O'Shea; Lindy, Nicholas Soussanin; Jockey, Don Beddoe.*

"20,000 MEN A YEAR"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and Owen Francis. Original story by Frank Wead. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Brad Reynolds, Randolph Scott; Jim Howell, Preston Foster; Ann Rogers, Margaret Lindsay; Tommy Howell, Robert Shaw; Joan Marshall, Mary Healy; Skip Rogers, George Ernest; Al Williams, Kane Richmond; Hall Dorgan, Maxie Rosenbloom; Crandall, Douglas Wood; Harold Chong, Sen Yung; Gerald Grant, Paul Stanton; Wally Richards, Tom Seidel; Dunk, Edward Gargan; Joe Hungerford, Harry Tyler; Irving Glassman, Sidney Miller; Chief Pilot Lawson, Edwin Stanley.*

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 61 with these correct ones:

1. Carolyn Lee
2. You Can't Take It with You
3. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
4. Gene Autry
5. David Niven, Charles Boyer
6. Gale Page
7. Claire Trevor
8. Richard Carlson
9. Olivia de Havilland (Joan Fontaine)
10. Bing Crosby
11. The Cocoanut Grove
12. Joel McCrea, Carole Lombard
13. Jed Prouty
14. Lew Ayres
15. Keystone Kops
16. Michael Curtiz
17. Three
18. Edward Ellis
19. John Payne
20. The de luxe shopping district between Beverly Hills and Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 59)

★ THE END OF A DAY—Juno Films

A POIGNANT and absorbing screen drama is this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living together in a home for retired actors. The skillful Julien Duvivier, co-author and director, has built up a sympathetic picture of an assorted group of people, pathetic in their memories of past triumphs and failures, noble in their fierce pride as members of a glorious profession.

With a fine cast, headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon, each character is clearly defined. Among them is *Marny*, classical actor of the old school; *St. Clair*, great lover and supreme egoist; *Cabrissade*, the eternal Pan.

Behind the subtle balance of comedy and tragedy and the attention to detail in the film, is the work of a true craftsman. Director Duvier has exercised restraint with a theme that could easily be maudlin, and displayed rare understanding of fundamental human emotions.

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

ALL right, it's another one about prisons. Still, in all fairness, it must be said this is one of the better in its class; it's based on the Canon City, Colorado, prison riot of 1929 and there's a priest (played by Charles Bickford) who sacrifices self for the unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. The story is brutally clear-cut and so is the direction.

ON YOUR TOES—Warners

HOW such a company as Warner Brothers could take the best musical New York offered last year and turn it into a weak movie is beyond our comprehension. The excitement of *Zorina* may help you survive what has happened to the gags, but, at best, one can say that "On Your Toes" has slipped to the heel-and-toe rating, with second degree fallen arches.

Sam Goldwyn tried to put *Zorina* over a couple of years ago, you may remember, but her vogue didn't catch up with her until this season. Eddie Albert, also snaffled from Broadway, plays the hooper who writes a great American Ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls hard for the première danseuse. Despite the general feeling of disappointment over the translation of this to the screen, it must be admitted *Zorina* is good; the ballets delightful.

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

WELL, if you like babies. . . . This may remind you of some of the Dionne Quintuplet pictures, in which story was merely dragged in for an excuse to show endless photographs of the infants. You are expected to be held in your seats, this time, by the charms of one kid alone, *Baby Sandy*. She's awfully cute, but not that cute.

Hugh Herbert is cast as the baby-columnist of a newspaper; *Sandy's* father leaves her in Hugh's office, thinking Mr. Herbert is a woman. All this leads up to a contest, in which *Sandy* is entered.

THE FLYING DEUCES—RKO-Radio

LAUREL and Hardy up to their old tricks again—this time as enlistees in an African Post of the Foreign Legion. They've joined up because Hardy has been spurned by a loved one. As in

all efforts of this pair, you will note some new, ingenious and inventive sequences, as well as many which are quite routine. It is all slapstick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner are also in the cast.

THE SECRET OF DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

LEW AYRES is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. She thinks she's got a brain tumor because she's going blind, but Ayres diagnoses the whole thing as psychological hysteria. Getting her fixed up is important because her father is a potential donor to the hospital. During the film Lionel Barrymore collapses, and his assistant (*Dr. Kildare*) has to pretend he's more interested in Miss Gilbert's millions than in medicine, so the old man will take a rest. And, of course, all the mucking around the boy does with Helen makes his real sweetheart, Laraine Day, get sore. There is simplicity in the direction and a down-to-earthness without frills in story treatment—if it doesn't give you a temporary case of hypochondria.

BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD loses his job and comes unhappily home to discover that *Baby Dumpling* has lost the dog, *Daisy*; furthermore, *Baby Dumpling* has gone wandering off to find her. Wherefore the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. *Baby Dumpling* finds *Daisy* in the home of a rich little cripple, whom he coaxes into walking for the first time; and out of this silly business come some events that have to do with the job *Dagwood* lost way up there in the beginning of the paragraph—remember? Penny Singleton, Larry Simms and Arthur Lake are still cast as the *Bumstead* family.

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

FOR those of you who like to sneak out to the Lyceum and whoop and holler with *Hopalong Cassidy*, here's another in the series. This time Bill Boyd Hops Along to South America on an assignment to deliver cattle, and uncovers two murders en route. He has great fun with them. The piece gives you romance in the person of Steffi Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot.

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

ACTION and melodrama are the excuses for this minor story—there's nothing new about it, but you may enjoy watching nice-looking Ronald Reagan as a G-Man. He pairs with Eddie Foy, who offers some comedy. It's welcome, too, considering the piece deals with prison and convicts. Warner Brothers always give you a jailbreak in these program productions and this particular one is very exciting. Margot Stevenson has the romantic assignment.

SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia

IT'S too bad, but there just isn't one thing to be said for this film. It's all about newspapermen, but they are newspapermen such as you never saw in your life, even in the movies. Otto Kruger is the publisher, with a secret son, played by Eddie Norris; a girl friend (Ona Munson, who also edits the woman's page); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth, and from there on the story goes wacky.

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

THROUGH association you may have some idea that this is about Sing Sing. Well, it's not. It's the story of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. That's all it is, though—a catalogue, a class in aviation. When it comes to story, you may just as well relax. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor at the CAA, rescues some lost flyers, and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. The rest of the cast, including Preston Foster, Mary Healy and Maxie Rosenbloom, doesn't show very often, or very much.

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

HERE'S a murder picture with a swell new twist. You see, Morgan Conway is acquitted of the murder of his brokerage partner but Linda Hayes, a she-reporter, pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues for libel; so Linda and Taylor start digging into Conway's past to stop the action. What they find is the answer to three killings, altogether—and will you be surprised!

THOSE HIGH GRAY WALLS—Columbia

THIS is a psychological study, an analysis of a fear trauma, and not too obscure for general consumption. Walter Connolly plays a small-town doctor who helps a wounded convict; and he himself is sent to prison. Instead of being allowed to help in the hospital, he is sent to the tailor shop because Onslow Stevens, prison physician, doesn't want competition. It's Stevens who has the fear complex, and Connolly diagnoses it. At least, what with the superabundance of films about jails this month, you will appreciate the originality of the idea. Connolly gives his usual fine performance.

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

IT'S a touchy subject, religion; but by careful production, good use of good story, and the activities of Virginia Weidler, it has been made touching and inspirational in this film. Virginia's an orphan with a deep and ingenuous faith in God. The effect (of this belief in Deity) on adults with whom she comes in contact forms the basis for the story. Gene Reynolds foils for Virginia, with a touch of very young romance thrown in; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull all contribute fine performances. It is, however, the little star's picture, from beginning to end.

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

JOE E. BROWN, the Great Mouth, stars in no A-classic this time, but his incomparable brand of comedy, so fascinating to his loyal fans, is intact. He's a rookie policeman, on the force because of his dead father's fine record, and the Captain assigns him to catch Marc Lawrence, a bank robber. Joe's just off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle and does a bad job so far as Lawrence is concerned; but at a resort he discovers some murders and there is climax in a spook-house. Very funny.

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstyn

WAR and censorship prevented the European release of this unusual film—a strong plea for peace as we've yet seen. A veteran of the World War, whose comrades were all killed in action, is convinced that they have not died in vain. Once again, however, comes the call to arms, and when he realizes no man can stem the tide, he turns to the War dead. They arise, thousands strong, mutilated and bloody, to accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace.

We warn you—this is a strong dose of propaganda, yet the film cannot be dismissed with a shrug. There is a splendid performance by Victor Francen as the war veteran; and Les Gueules Cassées (the Mutilated Veterans of the Last War), seen in the *March of the Dead*, give the picture a terrifying reality.

★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

THIS won't let you sit still in your seats a moment. The plot is built around the always touching design of two brothers and one girl. Pat O'Brien is cast as the elder brother, a cocky racing driver who wants to help the kid, John Payne, at the racing game. But Payne falls in love with Ann Sheridan and Pat gets sore, because he doesn't approve of Ann. You'll see an accidental killing when O'Brien gets drunk and some wonderful race shots. Altogether it's smashing entertainment.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1939.

State of New York)ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 E. 42d St., New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, Miami Beach, Florida.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) ERNEST V. HEYN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1939.

(SEAL)

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Commission Expires March 30, 1941

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

Originally scheduled for Will Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. She's swell, but the piece isn't quite right for Leo Carrillo, who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for chickens. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute their bit. (Nov.)

COAST GUARD—Columbia

Not a new plot, but entertaining. Randy Scott is a cocky pilot in the coast guard who wins Ralph Bellamy's sweetheart (Frances Dee) away from him, then gets himself into a situation from which Bellamy has to save him. Walter Connolly has a small role. (Dec.)

COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warners

Bert Wheeler's first solo without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a hick football player who gets into big time. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little. (Nov.)

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, finds he will need a new partner, publicity agent Roscoe Karns tosses a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hooper, turns college girl for the stunt; Richard Carlson, newshound for the school paper, starts an investigation. There's a surprise ending when Ann Rutherford enters the contest. Artie Shaw gets hot with his clarinet. (Nov.)

★ DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE—RKO-Radio

Good comedy, with Joe Penner at his best. He's a cab driver in love with Betty Grable. His pals send him to buy a horse and, of course he gets stuck. But when Betty discovers the old nag loves liquor—do they have fun! And so will you. (Dec.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount

A forceful melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor (John Howard) to choose between science and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician who ruins the romantic setup. When Dottie marches off to China and Howard follows, Tamiroff must decide whether to stick to his guns or—(Dec.)

★ DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners

A depressing, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again imprisoned unjustly. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. But, finally, out of tragedy comes redemption. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. (Nov.)

★ EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners

There's a quiet brutality, a believable horror about this film in which Jimmy Cagney portrays an innocent victim who is sent to prison by crooked politicians. His newspaper friends, particularly Jane Bryan, take up the fight. There's murder and a jail-break riot done in a superlative manner. George Raft, as a fellow convict, has never done a better job. Add George Bancroft, Maxie Rosenbloom and John Wray to the list who make this picture a must. (Oct.)

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

Full of thrills, and sufficiently timely to make your hair stand on end. Joel McCrea is the Nemesis of spies. He marries one (Brenda Marshall) and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post to help her run down the ringleader. George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. (Dec.)

★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wangers-U.A.

You'll like this story in which Loretta Young marries master magician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic act. However, David's femme fans are too fond of him, so Loretta does a disappearing act that is a dilly; divorces David and marries Broderick Crawford; but David won't give up. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts and Raymond Walburn rustle up a brace of laughs. (Nov.)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (Nov.)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

Little Irene Dare zips across ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing, but unimportant, film. Fourflusher Roscoe Karns takes his nieces Irene and Lynne Roberts to Florida where he lives in high style, hoping to marry off Lynne. Of course, he chooses another fourflusher. (Nov.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M

A murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, with bathing beauties, a lion-taming act and villains bumping people off. Ann Sothern plays Franchot Tone's gum-chewing wife. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey and sundry beauties co-operate. (Dec.)

★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers has another hit, and it's as cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife pretends romance with a pretty down-at-the-heels girl to make his wife jealous. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. (Nov.)

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick-Monogram

A medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons issued for the purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment. Its fragmentary record of

dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the cause of the First World War, up to the eve of the present conflict is well worth seeing. (Dec.)

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

Maybe you loved the *Peppers* when you were six, but this is a bit thick for adults. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb and Dorothy Peterson follow the script dutifully. All the *Little Peppers* are so virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a meanie when he is quarantined in their house. (Dec.)

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

You can guess from the title what this is about. Tombstone, Arizona, is the locale where silver is discovered. The bad element comes in and Marshal Randolph Scott sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes all help to make this good cinema. (Oct.)

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, in another "Informer" role, plays a criminal who thinks he is expiring, confesses a murder to priest Joseph Calleia, then recovers. It's Calleia's job to make him confess to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

An indifferent production, in which Movita is forced to leave Rio on the eve of her debut as a singer, in order to help her brother out of a jam. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meanie. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin contribute. (Nov.)

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

Clifford Odette's famous play introduces William Holden as the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring. He is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him to eventual downfall. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and others help the definite "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama. (Nov.)

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A happy little story, this. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner who loses his job when he organizes a band. He takes his musical lads to Hawaii and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes romance in the person of Constance Moore. Matty Malneck's orchestra is swell. (Nov.)

★ HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox

A story of disillusionment. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years to buy a ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property and collects troubles along the way, among them: hobo Nicholas Conte; Spanish refugee Jean Rogers; and tramp Raymond Walburn. It has movement. (Oct.)

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

Richard Greene and Richard Dix combine talents here and both are good. Greene, raised by his mother and stepfather, meets his real father. The piece is the emotional adjustment of the two. Gladys George plays the mother. (Dec.)

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

Football time is here. Charley Grapewin, ex-football star and now a night watchman, is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. He becomes a male "Apple Annie." Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, and lovely Anita Louise falls in love with him. (Dec.)

★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

A gay history of movieland, told in terms of drama and skapstick, rainbowed by Technicolor and gorgeously acted throughout. A would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but marries Alan Curtis. The tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hand such milestones as the Keystone Kops and Sennett Bathing Beauties. See it. (Dec.)

★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

This has color and glamour, and Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll on a South Sea Island. You see, Madeleine is a business woman content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes along. Then Sex, à la Tropics, intrudes. You'll like Helen Broderick and little Carolyn Lee, too. (Dec.)

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Shades of "Stage Door." You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a hostelry presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good, indeed. James Ellison is the romantic lead. (Oct.)

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U.A.

A rich boy who turns reporter accidentally uncovers a gangster murder. Joan Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and despite the fact she is a reformed gangland moll, she gets the hero. Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard try hard. (Dec.)

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer. He's quite engaging and Mantán Moreland, a colored fellow, turns in an interesting performance. (Nov.)

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

Swell melodrama, with George Raft (capably abetted by Claire Trevor) portraying a man who,

through circumstances beyond his control, is labeled a criminal and works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute to the emotional power of this film. (Oct.)

IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're a pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you'll like this. Kay Francis is the wife who won't give Cary a divorce to marry Carole, despite the fact that she has never loved him. But Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander is good, and Grant, magnificent. (Oct.)

★ INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY—Selznick International

This is art in the cinema. It's a love interlude in the lives of concert pianist Ingrid Bergman (new to our screen and strangely compelling) and violinist Leslie Howard. Edna Best plays the wife whom Leslie leaves for his romantic idyll with Ingrid. There's charm to the story. (Dec.)

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang who wreck ships for their cargoes in this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But neither the members of his gang, nor pretty Maureen O'Hara, know that he is the archvillain. Hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues will satisfy those who like action. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene. (Oct.)

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

There's little dramatic punch in this story which traces the devotion of *Czar Alexander II* (John Loder) for his mistress, the *Princess Katia* (Danielle Darrieux), who finally becomes his wife, but pictorially speaking, this French film is beautiful. Marie Helene Daste, as the ailing *Czarina*, dominates every scene she is in. (Dec.)

KID NIGHTINGALE—Warner

This singing John Payne really looks promising. Here he's a prize fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting. Walter Catlett, fight manager, takes him in hand and leads him at last to a chance at the championship. Jane Wyman furnishes the romantic interest. Action flies along at a fancy pace. (Dec.)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

Oriental Saigon provides the lush background for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in this story of a young American engineer who braves the dangers of far places; with Joseph Schildkraut as the smooth scoundrel who is killed by Hedy when she discovers his interest in her is business, not sentiment. Taylor and Schildkraut give performances to be proud of, while Hedy is her most beautiful self. (Oct.)

MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—Columbia

Boris Karloff, a mad scientist who can bring the dead back to life, is interrupted in the midst of an experiment; the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the judge, jury and district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all. (Nov.)

★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

The Marx Brothers team up with a whole managerie this time when they come to the rescue of Kenny Baker, who is about to lose his circus and pretty Florence Rice to the villainous Fritz Feld. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny solos. There are plenty of circus acts, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla. (Nov.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

A college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (Oct.)

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

The kids will love this since it's all about magicians. There's murder, too, and Robert Young, paired with pretty Florence Rice, to solve it. If you believe in ghosts, you'll be pretty annoyed at the exposé. (Oct.)

★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia

This is a kind of "Mr. Deeds," in which lanky Jimmy Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in dirty politics, but sticks to his ideals through the urgings of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There's a rousing climax in the Senate. Edward Arnold and Claude Rains are the political villains. The entire cast contribute fine performances, but it's Capra's direction that makes this. (Nov.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

Boo! It's Boris Karloff who makes a nice menacing Chinaman in whose home a Chinese princess is murdered. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out. There's a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. And there's comedy to keep you chuckling. (Oct.)

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

There's conflict in this when Editor Preston Foster's best friend turns out to be a criminal and an innocent man is awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister. Good pace throughout. (Oct.)

★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the role of a lieutenant in the Russian army who is sent to Paris to find out

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why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. The attractive Melvyn Douglas convinces her that love is more important than the benefit of the masses. The sophistication of Ina Claire is a perfect foil for the amusing performance Garbo turns in. (Nov.)

★ **NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio**

Remember the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety during the World War? As that nurse, Anna Neagle turns in a performance worthy of Academy Award attention. Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson contribute fine work, too. (Nov.)

★ **OLD MAID, THE—Warners**

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young girl who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child and turns herself into a sour old maid. The baby grows up (Jane Bryan), hating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching it. (Oct.)

\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

There's no sense to this, but it's funny. Martha Raye's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, discovers Joe E. Brown, descendant of a long line of actors, so she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team and puts claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins. (Dec.)

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. Susan Hayward supplies the romantic interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart and Charles Bickford do credible work. (Oct.)

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

Time: The last World War. Place: France. Plot: The Ritz Brothers, a vaudeville team, unable to get bookings because of their German name, join the army. In France they team up with Jane Withers, whose father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. There's bombing and blasting—but little entertainment value here. (Dec.)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners**

You may feel that this is lacking in the fire that Queen Elizabeth's lusty to-do with Lord Essex might have inspired, but Bette Davis, as the evil-tempered, enamored-of-power Queen delights in her role, and Errol Flynn, as Essex, is magnificent to look upon. The grandeur of that court, the vital color of a nation not yet effete called for Technicolor. Donald Crisp, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price, Henry Daniell and Alan Hale add to the high quality of the production. (Dec.)

★ **RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox**

Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India; the effect upon each when disaster, disease and death touch them, is transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity. Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent give the top performances of their careers; with Maria Ouspenskaya, H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut and Brenda Joyce following close on their heels. (Nov.)

★ **REAL GLORY, THE—Goldwyn-U.A.**

Another hood-and-thunder epic. Locale: Philippines. Year: 1906. When the Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, use the dreaded cholera as their lethal weapon, Gary Cooper does an excellent job as doctor, soldier, organizer, and still has time for some tender love scenes with Andrea Leeds. David Niven and Broderick Crawford are excellent. (Oct.)

RETURN OF DR. X, THE—Warners

Wow! What a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown in as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter, finds actress Lya Lys murdered. She turns up later to sue his paper. Another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound, and no evidence of blood. Then Humphrey, as *Dr. Xavier*, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Bool (Nov.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

Here's the Higgins bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. All the fuss is about *Pa's* job, because there's going to be a merger and *Ma* messes things up. Marie Wilson is her usual dumb-bunny character. (Oct.)

RIO—Universal

The story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict has Victor McLaglen as the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, and Robert Cummings the young American she falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. (Dec.)

ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners

Those mad, prosperous, Prohibition Twenties! The story starts when World War veteran Jimmy Cagney looks up a girl who has been writing to him and discovers she is Priscilla Lane. Circumstances draw him into the liquor racket, take him through the market crash, and into the depression when Priscilla finds happiness with his buddy, Jeffrey Lynn. Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart have supporting roles. (Dec.)

RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

A routing story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. playing the young mate who has faith in steam. Will Fyffe is superb as the Scots inventor of steam motors. George Bancroft plays a die-hard sailing skipper, and Margaret Lockwood is appealing. (Dec.)

SPELLBINDER, THE—RKO-Radio

A natural for Lee Tracy. He's a fast-gah lawyer verging on the shady side. Plot: Tracy defends murderer, freed rascal woad and weds Tracy's daughter, Barbara Read; Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles and Allan Lane struggle hard. (Oct.)

JUNE IN JANUARY

BY GWENN WALTERS



Polka dot and plain fabric combine in Catalina's satin lastex one-piece, front-skirted 1940 bathing suit



Perfect winter resort dresses — rayon and cotton seersucker, striped in red, white, royal blue and green (left). A sport coat-frock of blue and white striped synthetic linen (right). These dresses are described below

WHY all the to-do about bathing suits and shorts, cottons and gingham at this time of year?

Why? Because PHOTOPLAY is the first with fashion news and California is knee-deep in playtime. Yes, it's resort season, so here's news about play clothes you'll want to pack in your old kit bag for your travels toward the sun!

You can't go? Well, this news is just as important to you as it is to wanderers, for it will soon be time to start planning an early vacation wardrobe.

You've probably noticed that the clothes on this page are not posed on your favorites of the screen. Why? Our apologies to you and the stars, because we snapped these pictures on the models during the recent showing of California resort clothes which was held at Palm Spring's famous Racquet Club.

The charming frock on the left of the double photo (above right) is Agnes Barrett's rayon and cotton seersucker model that is belted with royal blue silk jersey to match the wooden buttons that march up the front. The stripes are red, white, royal blue and green.

Irene Bury's sport coat-frock of blue and white striped synthetic linen is shown on the right. The horizontal stripes of the front under slip contrast the bias styling of the fabric of the coat-frock which is closed at neck and waist with self-fabric ties. The crushed crown of the white-toyo hat is of blue grosgrain ribbon—the bag also combines these two fabrics.

Louella Ballerino made the white cotton pique play dress (right) and styled it in ballerina fashion with a circle skirt, wing shoulders and a ruffle edged corselet that laces up the front with navy blue cord to match the trim.

Polka dot and plain fabric combine in Catalina's satin lastex one-piece, front-skirted 1940 bathing suit (top). The body of the suit is wine red—the



A white cotton pique play dress, styled in ballerina fashion with circle skirt and wing shoulders

brassiere top and belt, powder blue with white dots.

A summary of resort and cruise fashion news places particular stress on color, not only the brilliant hues of last year, but also an abundance of pastels. White holds its supremacy as the leading fashion color. Red finds place on every other costume as trim or accent. In general, you'll see your favorites well represented—white and navy, white and brown, green, blue, yellow and pink.

★ **STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox**

Inspiring and dignified, this story of Henry M. Stanley's safari into darkest Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as *Livingstone*, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (Oct.)

STAR MAKER, THE—Paramount

Bing Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, darn it! It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. This introduces songstress Linda Ware; Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra; Bing sings; Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy. (Nov.)

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

"Marrying daughter off" is cleverly exploited here. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley, expends her energy to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean finds Bob Kellard, but Mama almost ruins the romance. (Nov.)

★ **THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M**

Youth scintillates against a college background. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debs, and you know Lew Ayres is a college senior without being told. A crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honky-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive houseparty. Marsha Hunt makes a fine college widow. (Oct.)

THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

It's the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. There isn't much to keep you fascinated. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton and Dick Hogan the offspring. (Dec.)

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

Captain Wally Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey, until a Boche sub puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge but his former rival, Chester Morris, is now his superior officer and Beery doesn't take kindly to discipline. So he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the subs. (Nov.)

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this romantic finale of the *Torchy Blane* series, when she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins. There's prison stuff, and a chase. Tom Kennedy and Bruce MacFarlane trot along with the story. (Nov.)

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melville Cooper, son and father, live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, who uses them to make a grab at oil lands owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. The boys do nice jobs. (Dec.)

UNDER-PUP, THE—Universal

Cinema history is made in this with the discovery of a new singing star—eleven-year-old Gloria Jean. The story is a simple one: A poor girl wins a contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings snoot Gloria—except little Virginia Weidler, but Gloria works out her problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance. See this. (Nov.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

Reminiscent of Shirley Temple's "Little Miss Broadway," this, with Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role of a child in danger of being put in an institution and vaudeville folk rallying round. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy. (Oct.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal—RKO-Radio

Bobby Breen's latest has better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana when Ralph Morgan, playing Bobby's father, is killed and Edwin Maxwell, the attorney, tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. (Oct.)

★ **WHAT A LIFE—Paramount**

An amusing picture in which Jackie Cooper, an adolescent trying to make adjustments peculiar to his particular age, walks away with a difficult assignment. Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart; James Corner, his rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart all deliver good performances. (Dec.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Tragedy and trouble stalk Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in this. It all starts when Charles, a famous pianist, drops into the restaurant where Irene is a waitress. It takes a hurricane to show them that they love one another, but love is not for them. Charles can't desert his irrational wife, Barbara O'Neil. You may like this, if you enjoy suffering in charming company. (Oct.)

WOMEN, THE—M-G-M

Clare Boothe's Broadway success is an uncompromising story of the eternal battle of women for males and money. Norma Shearer is excellent as the devoted mother and wife, and Joan Crawford is in there slugging as the hard-bitten clerk who uses every wile to catch Norma's husband. The fat part fell to Roz Russell and she made capital of it. Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine are grand. Both sexes will have fun at this. (Nov.)

★ **WIZARD OF OZ, THE—M-G-M**

This superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland is a "must" for children and adults alike. The cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as *Dorothy*; Bert Lahr, the *Cowardly Lion*; Ray Bolger, the *Scarecrow*; Jack Haley, the *Tin Woodman*; Billie Burke, the *Good Fairy*; and Margaret Hamilton, the *Wicked Witch*; might have been dreamed into being just for this picture. In Technicolor. (Oct.)

HELEN MACFADDEN NOW GIVES YOU NEW SECRETS OF

Radiant Loveliness

IN HER FIRST BOOK

HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY



CONTENTS

TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD TO BEAUTY
Broadway and Hollywood Beauty Marts • Does Figure or Face Count Most? • Improving Physical and Facial Traits

RING LOVELINESS TO YOUR SKIN
How to Banish Skin Defects • Facial Creams and the Face Mask • Some Complexion Facts

HERE'S BEAUTY IN YOUR BATH
Bathing—Its Whys and Wherefores • The Sun-bath and How to Use It • Help Your Skin to Breathe-In Beauty

WHOLESONENESS FROM YOUR FOOD
Control Your Figure by Your Diet • Food and Skin Coloring • Beauty-Builders for Your Food List

THE SECRET OF YOUTHFULNESS
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GLAMOROUS HAIR CAN BE YOURS
Your Hair Can Spell Charm • Added Beauty for Your Hair • Special Needs of Varied Types of Hair

KEEP THE EYES OF YOUTH
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ASTONISH BEAUTY FOR YOUR TEETH
How Foods Promote Tooth Health • The Tooth Brush and Tooth Beauty • Exercising Teeth and Gums

ENHANCE YOUR FACIAL BEAUTY
Accent Your Personality by Makeup • Ways to Wake Up Lazy Skin • Using Powder and Rouge Properly

TAKE THE BEST OF YOUR TYPE
Warnings for Blondes and Brunettes • How to Choose Colors Best for You • Improving Eyebrows and Eyelashes

LAMOUR CAN BE YOURS TOO
How Screen Stars Acquire Allure • Ways to Improve Facial Outlines • Personality Plus Can be Cultivated

DAILY STEPS IN BEAUTY-BUILDING
Practical Beauty Programs for Home and Office Girls • Routines to Beautify Your Form • Hobbies that Pay Beauty Dividends

YOU need no longer wish for beauty. You need no longer envy any girl. For alluring beauty and radiant loveliness can now be yours. Not by magic, but by adhering to the startling secrets revealed by Helen Macfadden in her exceptionally practical book *Help Yourself to Beauty*.

Here, without doubt, is one of the most remarkable books of our time. A book that tells you how to develop radiant health . . . how to add new loveliness and glamour . . . how to keep the glow of youth—at all ages.

Daughter of Bernarr Macfadden

The author of *Help Yourself to Beauty* is the daughter of Bernarr Macfadden—America's No. 1 health exponent. Helen Macfadden, no novice as a writer, has contributed dozens of outstanding beauty articles to Physical Culture and other leading magazines. But she has saved her most successful beauty secrets for this great new book *Help Yourself to Beauty*. Here you will discover for the very first time how through easy, simple methods you can reach out and acquire real beauty . . . lasting beauty.

Former Ziegfeld Follies Girl

Helen Macfadden was one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld's glamour girls. Many of the beauty secrets described in *Help Yourself to Beauty* were acquired from the great impresario him-

self. Others were taught her by her father, Bernarr Macfadden. Yet most of the startling new aids to beauty were gleaned by personally interviewing and studying some of the most lovely ladies in America. This is why *Help Yourself to Beauty* is so important . . . so essential to your future loveliness . . . so necessary to your future happiness.



HELEN MACFADDEN

Wake Up Your Latent Beauty

Few women realize that they themselves hold the key to their own beauty. Few women realize that they can accent their beauty to glamorous proportions by merely knowing how to camouflage their defects and feature their natural loveliness.

Yes, beauty is something that can be won and *Help Yourself to Beauty* is the book that will win it for you. For packed between its 180 exciting pages are many tricks to magnify your beauty and develop in yourself that delightful and exciting thing known as allure. That elusive quality which makes all the difference between an every day person and a romantic, thrilling personality.

ONLY \$1.00

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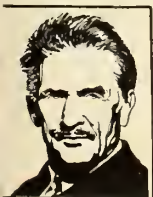
MACFADDEN BOOK CO. Dept. P-1
 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book *Help Yourself to Beauty* by Helen Macfadden. I enclose \$1.00.

NAME

ADDRESS


CITY STATE



Bernarr Macfadden says: "In any part of the world—even in this day of beauty-culture—you may find girls and women who appear less beautiful than they should be. Important as any external means to enhance beauty may be, I am convinced that the sources of beauty and allure are not merely superficial, but are deep seated. That

Help Yourself to Beauty reflects a feminine mind—as it happens my daughter is the author—seems to promise a more fitting touch than might attend treatment of the same subject on my part. And this promise, I believe, is fulfilled in this book.

"You should find it a safe and sure guide to charm and beauty."

A woman with dark hair styled in a bun, wearing a blue and red costume with white stars and gold patterns. She is smiling and holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes with both hands. The pack is white with gold and blue accents and features the Chesterfield logo and the word 'CIGARETTES'. Long, flowing ribbons in red, yellow, and blue are attached to her costume, swirling around her. The background is plain white.

Watch the change to Chesterfield
says **DONNA DAE**
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get
what you want...*real mildness and better taste.*
You can't buy a better cigarette.

PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

FEBRUARY



CLARE GABLE
By Nell Hesse

New! COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
Movie Book of the Month

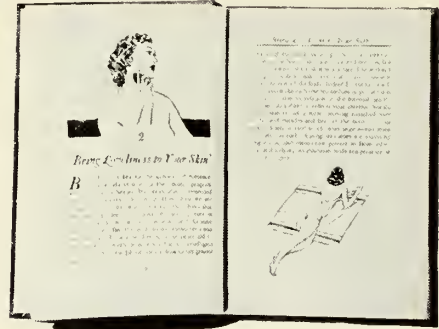
WE ARE NOT ALONE
BY JAMES HILTON

THE NOVEL
ON WHICH THE
PAUL MUNI FILM
IS BASED

A FORMER ZIEGFELD GLAMOUR GIRL GIVES YOU HER SECRETS FOR AN

Alluring Complexion

Satiny, youthful skin • Luxurious, lustrous hair
 Eyes that thrill • Facial beauty • And all
 those charms that add up to
RADIANT GLAMOUR



NOW, for the first time, you can discover how the famous beauties of the stage, screen and society maintain their alluring complexions. You can learn how to bring luscious, colorful results to the most commonplace face. How to lend sparkle to your eyes, glow to your cheeks, vividness to your lips. Yes, you can learn how to develop your beauty to glamorous proportions by merely following the simple, easy instructions contained in Helen Macfadden's new book, *Help Yourself to Beauty*.

Helen Macfadden, daughter of Bernarr Macfadden, was one of the late Florenz Ziegfeld glamour girls. She has packed her book, *Help Yourself to Beauty*, brim-full of practical, new beauty secrets—secrets that will enable you to acquire new loveliness . . . radiant beauty.

Beauty Is An Art

Today no girl need fade out of the picture because her face is not as fair as her ideals dictate. Smart girls realize that beauty is an art.



Romance comes to the girl with an alluring complexion

And beauty, like any other art, can be mastered only by following the advice of an authority. Copy the simple tricks Helen Macfadden explains in *Help Yourself to Beauty* and you can master the art of beauty.

Everyone who reads *Help Yourself to Beauty* has it within her power at this very moment to act rather than dream of what she would like to become in her physical appearance. Unless you're born with a stunning figure and a gorgeous face, the world is not going to come and seek you out. You've got to do

things to yourself and for yourself if you're going to be rated as an attractive girl or woman. It's easy to visualize one's self as a radiant, lovely being. But achieving that dream is built on cleverness plus a foundation of health! Beauty is something that can be won and *Help Yourself to Beauty* will win it for you.

This practical handbook of beauty contains chapters on the care of the hair, skin, teeth, eyes, and gives a series of daily steps in beauty-building, with special attention to routines for the beautification of the figure.

Get This 180-Page Book Today
Help Yourself to Beauty has an easy, flowing style and is written in simple, understandable language. It contains 180 pages and is beautifully bound in deep red cloth. The price of this splendid book is only \$1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of this amazing book TODAY.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., Dept. P-2
 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me, postage prepaid, the book, *Help Yourself to Beauty*, by Helen Macfadden. I enclose \$1.00.

NAME

ADDRESS

CRITICS RAVE OVER HELEN MACFADDEN'S BOOK

New York Mirror: A guide to health glamour via food and exercise • **New York Times:** Advice on charm • **New York Herald Tribune:** General and specific care of personal appearance • **New York World-Telegram:** Helen Macfadden gives a fine list of hints which should be helpful • **The Boston Globe:** Tells you how to be a glamour girl • **Philadelphia**

Daily News: A prerequisite to beauty • **Newark Sunday Call:** Miss Macfadden has injected plenty of common sense into her advice to beauty seekers • **Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer:** A practical new handbook of feminine loveliness • **Charleston Gazette:** The book has an easy, flowing style and is so written that it can be followed with a minimum of mental effort and little if any concentration • **West Palm Beach Post and**

Times: Contains suggestions on diet and exercise, and takes into consideration different needs for office girls and housewives. The book is a good one • **Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel:** *Help Yourself to Beauty* is the book that tells you how to keep your zest for life and with it that "school-girl complexion" • **Bridgeport, Conn., Times-Star:** A straightforward and eminently sensible plan for every woman.

Shopping

BY FRANCES HUGHES, NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR

FOR YOU AND THE STARS

1. YOUR OVERHEAD

"Your first spring hat must top your suit," says Gage, doing over our fall favorite, the postilion, into a slick straw braid for spring! Exotic violets . . . a chenille-dotted veil . . . we gals certainly cling to the frivolities that flatter. And we baffle our beaux by teaming this coachman's folly with our most severely tailored suits. We ourselves are just as baffled by the tiny price—\$5.00.

2. LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

We've often wondered, haven't you, why such nail polish experts as Revlon, knowing that smart women always match lips to fingertips, never took that one next step that would have made life so simple for us gals—made lipsticks to match their nail varnishes? And now, suddenly, they have. They've already matched their famous nail varnishes—"Bravo," "Red Dice," "Windsor," "Chilibean," "Shy" and "Sunrose" to lipsticks, complete in a harlequin pouch to carry in your purse wherever you go. \$1.60—and it's just what you've been waiting for.

3. FIFTY YEARS OF COOKING UP CREAMS

After 50 years of concocting a Perfect Cold Cream, Dagget & Ramsdell have just whipped up a brand new formula. The new baby is lighter and fluffier even than a whipped cream dessert! But for its wrappings, they went back to fifty years ago in celebration of their Golden Jubilee—fifty years of cooking up creams! You'll like the quaint Victorian lettering on the labels; the pearly jars and the pale pink covers. And you'll be specially glad to hear that they've kept the good old price of 10c for the tiniest jar, up to \$1.15 for the biggest.

4. SWEATER STORY

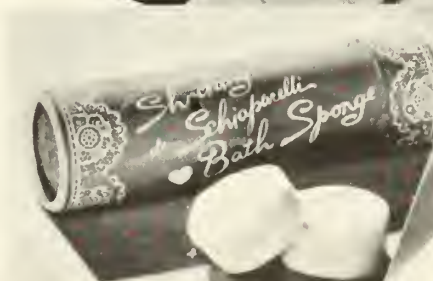
Leon brings back the "little girl" sweater in Tish-U-Knit, to team with pastel flannel skirts. Like any self-respecting baby sweater, it buttons down the back; the front is cut out into graceful flower petals. As for the new lacy stitch, you'll have to quote the tiny price of \$3.00 before even the experts will believe it's not handmade! Your pick of every pastel on the Florida palette.

5. TRICKS FOR THE TUB

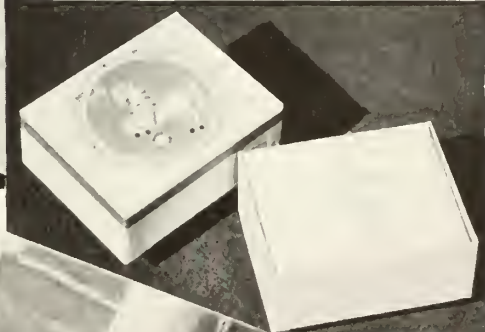
It's gadgets like these pink bath sponges of Schiaparelli's, reeking of Shocking perfume, that make the daily scrub in the tub a pleasure instead of a bore. Plop! and they dilate into full size washcloths, scrub you clean and make you smell sweet for hours after. Ten, tucked into this pretty cylinder, will cost you \$1.50 and add ten times the fun to every bath.

6. TO A BEAUTY

Sweets to the sweet, and to a beauty, this beautiful square gold compact and lipstick duet by Elizabeth Arden. Engine-turned, with neat little golden ribs for service stripes, and a plaque that simply sings out for a monogram. The one-arm lipstick simplifies life with an automatic pop-up top, while the jeweled slide makes extra elegance to look at. You can snare the set for \$4.50—and little enough for such superlative taste.



Going some place? Most everybody is this winter. You'd be surprised if you knew the vital statistics of vacations! One of the biggest department stores in the country told us that 40 per cent of their people are now taking *winter* instead of summer vacations every year! As for the leisure classes—well, you know how they follow the sun! So we simply put two and two together and decided to find you some going-away gadgets this month. Then somebody said, "But there are stay-at-homes too, in spite of the statistics." So we compromised. We looted the shops and emerged with something for everybody. Business girl or butterfly, gadabout or grind, there's something for you personally in these pages. Take your pick, then write to Frances Hughes, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 East 42 Street, New York City, for the name of the shop that sells it.



7. PUT IT IN WRITING

Don't go off without your note paper. How are people to know you're "having wonderful time"? Tell them about it on Eaton's "Louis XIV," which comes in such pleasant colors as shell pink, mist blue, or tawny white, with deckled edges, too, for extra swank. For fifty cents you get 24 notes and 24 envelopes in a spirited box with a circus pony prancing on the cover. Gadabouts will want to write to stay-at-homes and vice versa.

8. NICE FOOTWORK!

Look what's happened to Kedettes! The U. S. Rubber Company kept only the rubber soles, then started a revolution! Beautiful uppers of tweedy cotton plaid or snow-white linen . . . wedge soles for perfect arch support . . . peep toes for air-conditioning, and shirred elastic ankle straps for artful anchorage. The price tag—believe it or not—reads under \$3.00!

9. DOUBLE SUB-DEB OR NOTHING!

Try Coty's "Double Sub-Deb" lipstick and you'll settle for nothing less. The Double Sub-Deb makes a point of doubling up on everything. Double intensity in the Magnet Red for lips that must be doubly red this season; and double the usual quantity of lipstick in a handsome case that sells for less than half the usual price—\$1.00.

10. YOUR UNDERPINNINGS

Let's assume you're heading south—a lovely thought! You'll make your get-away in a suit, but underneath it all there ought to be a "Vassarette" if you're interested in a streamlined chassis. Hand-span figgers can do with the Junior pantie-girdle at \$3.50, but the lady of parts will want this \$15.00 Vassarette De Luxe, a persuasive ruler of "Lastex," rayon and lisle, with a tricot bra that melts into your skin and Inviz-A-Grip garters to banish all bulges.

11. HOW'S YOUR LUBRICATING SYSTEM?

Drying up this winter? Never mind! Charles of the Ritz has a dandy Sensitive Skin Cleanser that takes care of everything. Going on, it feels like rich table cream. Coming off, it seems to melt the grime off with it, and no need to stretch and pull and punish your face to get it clean. A very good thing for sensitive skins, too, for they require ingredients that soothe and lubricate while they dig in for dirt. Think, too, how elegant the cone-shaped bottle will look on your bathroom shelf or dressing table. \$1.25 to \$4.00, according to size.

(For More Shopping News, See Page 88)



Nineteen-forty brings

DAVID O SELZNICK'S production of MARGARET MITCHELL'S
Story of the Old South

GONE WITH THE WIND

in TECHNICOLOR *starring*

CLARK GABLE
as Rhett Butler

LESLIE HOWARD • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
and presenting

VIVIEN LEIGH
as Scarlett O'Hara

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

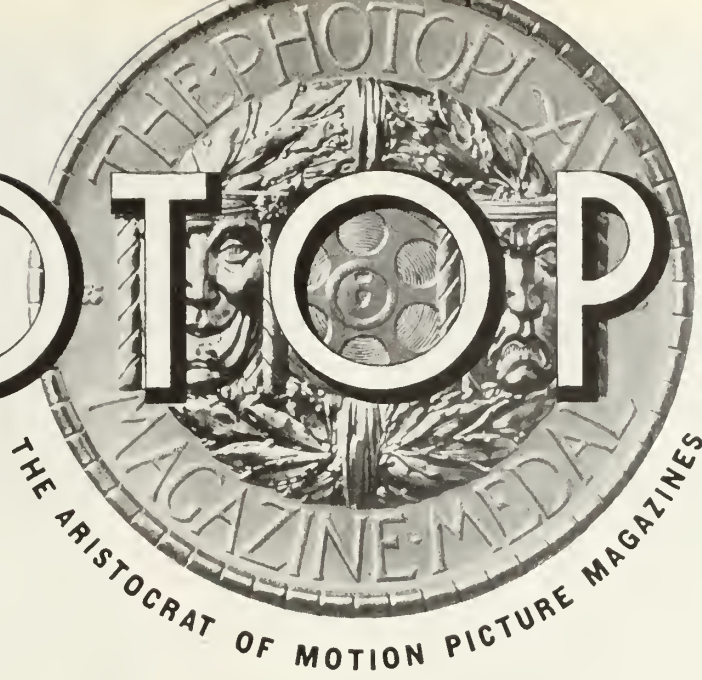
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

Screen Play by SIDNEY HOWARD • Music by Max Steiner

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release



PHOTOPLAY



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FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Clark Gable, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Innovation!

"JAMES HILTON does not write for the screen," said Frank S. Nugent in his glowing review of "We Are Not Alone" in the *New York Times*. "His novels have a quietude, a gentleness and charm which are, ostensibly, too fragile and too precious to withstand the hurly-burly trip into cinemaland. Yet . . . 'We Are Not Alone' emerges as a film of rare tenderness and beauty . . . Mr. Hilton, we repeat, does not write for the screen; but the screen has found in his writings a vast store of the one substance it so greatly needs: Humanity."

Mr. Nugent ends his report with the comment, "It must be counted one of the best films of the year."

And the book on which it is based, I submit, is one of the best novels of its year. That novel is published in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. For the price of this magazine you are offered this dividend—and will be offered a similar dividend in each issue of PHOTOPLAY from now on.

The Movie Book of the Month is an innovation that I hope you will like. Some of the greatest writers of America and England will be included in this library!

Ernest V. Heyn

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PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

A "ROARING" MISTAKE?

THIS is a big "boo" for Priscilla Lane; in fact, it is a blast of icy contempt, because she was too much of a cream puff to dress the part for "The Roaring Twenties." Everyone else in the cast was willing to wear the clothes and hairdress of the era the picture tried to recreate, but she wore a 1939 coiffure all through the play, in her part as a nightclub singer. What singer in those days failed to have a shingle or boyish bob? None. I suppose the cream puff was afraid to "sacrifice" six inches of her precious tresses for verisimilitude! Priscilla Lane is not the first (witness Ginger Rogers in "The Castles"), but she is the worst so far. If they won't cooperate, let them retire. There are dozens of competent actresses who would have their ears shingled, if necessary, for a part like this!

ROSEMARY ALLEN,
San Francisco, Calif.

Irish colleen in California: Maureen O'Hara—who plays the gypsy girl in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

COMPLETE WITH SOUND!

IN a recent broadcast, I heard a certain individual who had appeared in "The Great Train Robbery," and other early thrillers. Hearing this gentleman talk about the old days in pictures caused me to reminisce just a little.

Along in 1898 or 1899, at a street fair in Keokuk, Iowa, in a black tent, operated by Lester and Kent, I witnessed my first motion picture. Later, probably 1904, I was perhaps the first person in the country to introduce sound effects in motion pictures. This was done in connection with that epic of the screen, "The Great Train Robbery," at a firemen's tournament in Council Bluffs, Iowa. At this time, I worked for a gentleman by the name of Peterson, who, in a large storeroom, operated a penny arcade and ice-cream cone counter at the front end and a motion-picture show at the back.

After operating "The Great Train Robbery" a short time as a silent picture, I conceived the idea of making the shooting episodes a little more realistic. Accordingly, we moved the curtain out about three feet from the wall and, with five .22 revolvers, two .32's and one .38—sitting in a convenient window back of the curtain so that the guns could be pointed out the window in order not to fill the room with smoke—we let 'em have it. After we had the new sound effects, we certainly packed them in.

BOOS AND Bouquets

During the scene where the bandits blew up the safe in the middle of the express car, I would stand right behind the curtain with the .38 and, as the safe blew up, I would pull the trigger. The loud effect of the .38, coupled with the fact that the flash could be seen by the audience through the screen, went over big. One night, during this particular part, I stood a little bit too close to the screen, and the discharge of the gun set the curtain on fire, but it was put out without doing any material damage.

From that period up until now, one cannot help but marvel at the progress made in the industry, and from my early observation and slight connection with the industry during that period, this progress is of never-ending interest to the writer.

J. W. BECKWITH,
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

PHOTOPLAY TAKES A BOO

THE trite old adage, "There's always a first time for everything," must be true. At least, this is the first time I've ever written to a magazine, either in commendation or condemnation. Up until now, PHOTOPLAY has always managed to give a fairly accurate and unbiased criticism of the current pictures. Therefore, I felt—after reading the review of Mr. Bromfield's "The Rains Came"—that somehow everyone in your reviewing department missed reading the book.

Surely, if one had read it, one could never in his wildest imagination have thought that Myrna Loy gave the slightest semblance of an interpretation of *Lady Esketh's* character. Even in the picture, *Lady Esketh* was obviously not a nice person and apparently Miss Loy was in a tough spot—trying to be *Lady Esketh* and Myrna Loy at one and the same time, with the unfortunate result that she was neither one nor the other very convincingly.

George Brent did a swell job of carrying the entire picture with the very adequate help of Maria Ouspenskaya. They and they alone almost—I repeat, almost—saved what might have been one of the outstanding pictures of the year from being a complete bore. In short, "The Rains Came," if honestly analyzed, let a powerful book down with a horrible thud.

Do please continue with your honest opinions of pictures and do not let even the charming Miss Loy lead you astray, as we, the good old public, must have at least one reliable source of information.

DOROTHY S. PAGE,
Trenton, N. J.

GOOD TASTE

WHY, oh, why, when all our newspapers and radios are screaming of war, oppression and broken faith, have the movies chosen to drench themselves in
(Continued on page 70)

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again our readers are invited to select the winner. Vote now!



THE balloting for "The Best Picture of 1939" which began in the January issue is making PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Editor work overtime. Indicative of the widespread interest in our famous award are the hundreds upon hundreds of votes that are pouring into the office. Is your vote among them? If not, here is your chance to express your choice for the outstanding picture of the past year. Tell your friends about it, too. The balloting is open to everyone—old and young—and every vote counts! The winning film for 1938 was "Sweethearts." Which film will win for 1939?

The Gold Medal Award, which has been presented by PHOTOPLAY every year since 1921, is one of the great honors of the screen world. The winning picture is not the selection of a small group of movie "specialists." It represents a much larger vote than that. It is the chosen favorite of the Smiths from Main Street, the Joneses from Broadway; it is the voice of all America and other parts of the world (the votes come in from every corner of the globe) speaking out on its movie preference. Small wonder Hollywood carefully studies the results of this poll!

We have listed here many of the outstanding pictures of 1939 so that you may refresh your memory on those you saw last year. We wish to stress, however, that your selection is not limited to this list. You may vote for any film released in 1939. (Note: Due to the fact that their release dates have been changed to 1940, we have had to omit several films included in last month's list.)

You may use the ballot provided below, or just write your choice on a slip of paper and mail it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. It is as simple as all that!

DON'T FAIL TO CAST YOUR VOTE FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939! DO IT NOW!

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1939

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Allegheny Uprising | Juarez |
| Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever | Lady of the Tropics |
| Another Thin Man | Let Freedom Ring |
| Babes in Arms | Little Princess, The |
| Bachelor Mother | Love Affair |
| Balalaika | Maisie |
| Beachcomber, The | Man About Town |
| Beau Geste | Man of Conquest |
| Blackmail | Mr. Smith Goes to Washington |
| Broadway Serenade | Ninochka |
| Cat and the Canary, The | Nurse Edith Cavell |
| Child Is Born, A | Old Maid, The |
| Clouds Over Europe | On Borrowed Time |
| Dark Victory | Only Angels Have Wings |
| Daughters Courageous | Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, The |
| Destry Rides Again | Pygmalion |
| Dodge City | Rains Came, The |
| Drums Along the Mohawk | Real Glory, The |
| Dust Be My Destiny | Rebecca |
| Each Dawn I Die | Roaring Twenties, The |
| East Side of Heaven | Rose of Washington Square |
| Everything Happens at Night | Rulers of the Sea |
| First Love | Stagecoach |
| Five Came Back | Stanley and Livingstone |
| Four Feathers | Stolen Life |
| Golden Boy | Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The |
| Gone with the Wind | Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The |
| Goodbye, Mr. Chips | These Glamour Girls |
| Good Girls Go to Paris | They Shall Have Music |
| Great Victor Herbert, The | Three Smart Girls Grow Up |
| Green Hell | Tower of London, The |
| Gunga Din | Under-Pup, The |
| Harvest | Union Pacific |
| His Girl Friday | We Are Not Alone |
| Hollywood Cavalcade | What a Life |
| Honeymoon in Bali | Wizard of Oz |
| Hunchback of Notre Dame, The | Women, The |
| Idiot's Delight | Wuthering Heights |
| In Name Only | Young Mr. Lincoln |
| Intermezzo, a Love Story | |
| Jamaica Inn | |
| Jesse James | |

Lady Esther says

"You can't win New Luck with an Old Shade of Powder!"



Is the shade that flattered you once... spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you now!

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you checked up on your face powder? Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today*. For skin tones change with the seasons—and the right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—years older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering. And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find Your Lucky Shade! Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne

Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. I urge you to compare—compare—compare! Try all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for you.

Make the "Bite Test." When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Now, make the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Then, you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for 4 full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois (52)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1939

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



BRIEF REVIEWS

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

When *Professor Moriarty* decides to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, he doesn't figure on Sheer-Luck *Holmes'* uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play *Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers and George Zucco, the *Professor*. Lots of murders but little pace. (Nov.)

ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

Before the American Revolution the Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a rebellion to keep industrialists from selling ammunition to the Indians. John Wayne plays the leader of the protesting settlers and Claire Trevor adds the romance. Recommended with reservations. (Jan.)

ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount

A college picture in which football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of Joseph Allen, Jr., and Jean Cagney; John Arledge and Betty Moran; Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. (Jan.)

★ AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE—Columbia

Melvyn Douglas carries off his role of a slap-happy detective with much zest, but Joan Blondell, his sweetheart, can't be too happy when every date is broken because of a murder. Edward Brophy, a convicted criminal, Ruth Donnelly and others add to the fun. Full of laughs.

★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

Bill Powell's first since his illness—and it's amusing. As usual, the Myrna Loy-Powell family, now blessed with a baby, sparkles with smart talk. Bill, of course, gets mixed up in another murder mystery in which C. Aubrey Smith is the victim and his daughter, Virginia Grey, complicates the plot. Otto Kruger is the D. A., aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton. (Jan.)

★ BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

They don't come any funnier. Mickey Rooney, as the son of ex-vaudeville artist Charles Winninger, tries to change the family fortunes by organizing his own show. With the aid of Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, June Preisser, he puts on routines that will have you in the aisles. Guy Kibbee is the kindly judge who keeps the kids out of the state work school. Don't miss this. (Nov.)

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

It's a touchy subject, religion; but Virginia Weidler has made this an inspirational film. She's an orphan whose faith has its effect on adults. Gene Reynolds foils for her; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull contribute. (Jan.)

★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

The title is the name of a café in Russia in 1914 where Cossack Prince Nelson Eddy comes upon the stunning Ilona Masscy of the gorgeous voice. There's a revolutionist plot, the war, and Paris after the war. Eddy does a fine job and is in perfect voice. Ilona is a discovery and an important one. You'll like this. (Jan.)

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

Rookie cop Joe E. Brown is assigned to catch Marc Lawrence, bank robber, but Joe's off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle. At the resort, however, he runs up against some murders, and there's a climax in a spook house. Boo! (Jan.)

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

A morbid but thrill-packed movie revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

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TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio	84
WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners	62

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

"The Amazing Mr. Williams" has one weakness—curiosity. Melvyn Douglas, as the comedy-thriller hero, tries his detecting on Ruth Donnelly, as Joan Blondell and Ed Brophy look on

chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson, who does a swell job. Gene Lockhart and Bobs Watson are good, too. (Dec.)

BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

Dagwood Bumpstead loses his job; *Baby Dumpling* loses the dog *Daisy* and goes off to find her. Whereupon the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms remain the *Bumpsteads*. (Jan.)

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys and the Dead End Kids merge in this story of a telegraph official (Robert Armstrong) who thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs. The idea clicks. Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys. (Dec.)

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

Here's a strange story of gangsters who attack the U. S. Marines to steal a bomb. There's plenty of blasting and noise, but Helen Maeck, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer all seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. (Dec.)

★ CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount

A thriller—and funny! Paulette Goddard is heir to the estate of an eccentric millionaire, but there's a second will in case she should die or become insane within a month. With a dangerous lunatic loose, uncanny noises and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you screaming. Paulette makes a convincingly frightened heiress and shares a hectic romance with Bob Hope. (Dec.)

★ CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films

The villain of this melodrama is a mountain; the hero, the breath-taking escapes from snowslides in the Alps in the 1860's. The rivalry of an Italian and an Englishman (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas); the rivalry of three countries to be the first to scale the Matterhorn is the basis of the plot. It's intense drama. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

Routine *Chan* fare with philosophical *Charlie* uncovering the hocus-pocus of one *Dr. Zodiac*, mystic. An exposé of fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as *Chan*, does admirably. Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon help the plot. (Nov.)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

Originally scheduled for Will Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. She's swell, but the piece isn't quite right for Leo Carrillo, who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for chickens. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute their bit. (Nov.)

COAST GUARD—Columbia

Not a new plot, but entertaining. Randy Scott is a cocky pilot in the coast guard who wins Ralph Bellamy's sweetheart (Frances Dee) away from him, then gets himself into a situation from which Bellamy has to save him. Walter Connolly has a small role. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 85)

HERE COME THE BRIDES

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with **CLAUDE RAINS**
Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH
DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of
'Mickey Borden'
as He Appeared in
'Four Daughters,'
is Portrayed by
**JOHN
GARFIELD**

Produced by
**WARNER
BROS.**
And Now
Showing

SOMETHING OLD!

The lovable cast of "Four Daughters"!

SOMETHING NEW!

New laughs, new thrills, new joys!

SOMETHING BORROWED!

The same gay charm of their last hit!

SOMETHING BLUE!

A tear... even while you're laughing!



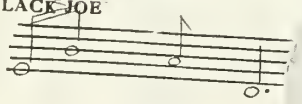
THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!



OH, SUSANNA



OLD BLACK JOE

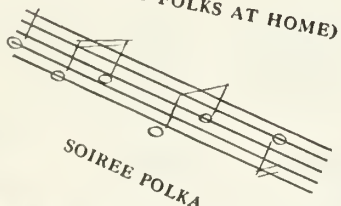


**IN
TECHNICOLOR**

SWANEE RIVER

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

SWANEE RIVER (OLD FOLKS AT HOME)



SOIREE POLKA

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

CAMPTOWN RACES



The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with

DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

and

**FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR**

Directed by **SIDNEY LANFIELD** • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

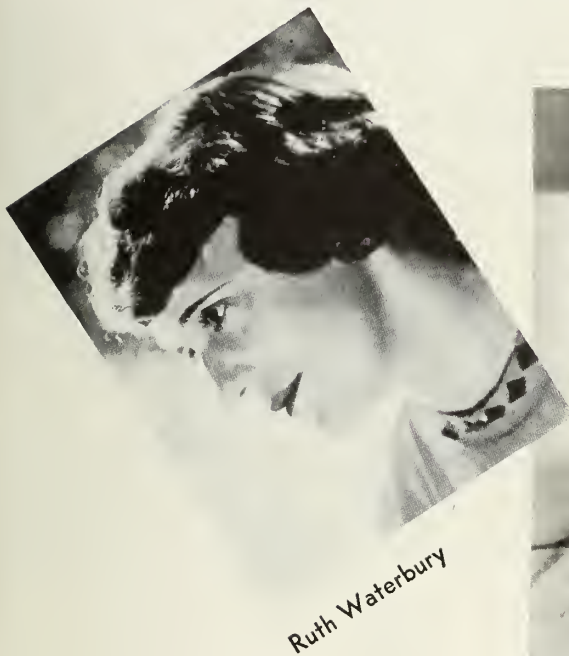
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER
RING, RING DE BANJO!

"Gentlemen, be seated!"

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Ruth Waterbury



Typifying the spirit of Hollywood today — Bob Young's reaction to "Northwest Passage" . . .



. . . and Henry Fonda's glow over a new development used in filming "The Grapes of Wrath"

BY RUTH WATERBURY

HAPPY NEW YEAR, readers, from PHOTOPLAY and Hollywood . . . PHOTOPLAY will most certainly try, in each one of its next twelve issues, to give a glorious one to you . . . and if it accurately reflects the mood around Hollywood right now it simply must bring you happiness . . . for Hollywood is in a strange new mood these days, but one which should mean wonderful things for us mere ticket-buyers. . . .

For Hollywood, like the rest of the world, all save pitiful Europe, is settling down from its war jitters . . . the hecklers outside the film colony always say that we inside it talk nothing but pictures . . . that's only half-true . . . movies are an absolutely international product and therefore what's going on in the rest of the world touches Hollywood in its sensitive, economic nerve . . . but even more important than that, the people who make pictures today come from every race and every locality . . . the transatlantic telephones were working constantly while Charles Boyer, Norma Shearer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, George Raft, and many others were over there . . . but behind these glittering people there are the scores of musicians, cameramen, technicians who are German or French or Italian or British-born and who have friends and relatives at the front to worry over. . . .

The economic worries sobered Hollywood . . . then its heart was wrung by the plight of innocent millions of human beings . . . then it got

concerned with its own labor troubles within the studios . . . but with the beginning of this new year the town that is supposed to be all nonsense has adjusted itself in a way that reflects the sober, shrewd brains that actually guide it . . . and suddenly, by its very ability to keep on being itself and producing its own products, you do realize that movies are truly creative and that Hollywood in its mood today is not unlike that of Fifteenth Century Florence that, when wars were raging all about it, kept on calling up the beautiful visions which Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo painted for posterity. . . .

Hollywood got its big stars, even Boyer, safely back . . . it has, temporarily, at least, settled its labor troubles . . . it is quietly learning how to make good pictures at a lesser cost . . . the best of the English producers have settled down here . . . Eric Pommer and Charles Laughton, Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, Alexander Korda and the beautiful Merle Oberon, the very American Ben Goetz, who produced in London for M-G-M . . . they are all in town, working vividly, and the freshness of their point of view is bound to reflect itself in the pictures that will be produced in the next year. . . .

PROWLING around Hollywood, I have never encountered more enthusiasm than I have in the last month . . . (and incidentally how one does prowl out here in wintertime . . . just as Hollywood does everything in reverse to the patterns

everywhere else, it takes most of its vacations in the winter rather than in summer and getting around takes a rambling reporter from the snows of Arrowhead to the heat and charm of the desert where the verbena is blooming early this year, spreading its deep purple carpet out miles and miles over the yellow-white sand until it is engulfed in the eternally blue sky). . . .

Henry Fonda simply bubbles over when he talks about the new flat lighting in "Grapes of Wrath" and John Ford's direction . . . Henry says it is all new and revolutionary . . . no individual in any of the scenes is focused upon, leaving all the rest of the cast in darkness . . . (like those scenes in "The Women" where Norma Shearer has so much light on her face and everyone else is so blacked out that around town they said the billing on the picture ought to be "Norma Shearer and her Ethiopians") . . . the lighting in "Grapes" makes everyone in all the scenes look exactly as they do in real life. . . .

You run into Robert Young, playing the role Bob Taylor turned down in "Northwest Passage" and he is glowing with excitement over that opus . . . Bob says the picture stops where many readers believe the book itself should have stopped . . . right here in America . . . but that he thinks it is going to be one of the finest things ever screened . . . "I hear you're terrific," I say . . . "Don't you believe it," says Bob, "I've seen myself . . . but wait till you see Tracy". . . .

Black-eyed Ann Rutherford, she of the *Hardy* family, comes hurdling by . . . with all this talk of Linda Darnell's beauty (all of which is justified) . . . I think it is high time somebody talked about the Rutherford beauty which is just as striking . . . Ann is in "Gone with the Wind," praise be, for she is too good an actress and too dynamic a personality to get lost, as she might otherwise, in a series, even as great a one as the *Hardys* . . . the kid is just back from her first trip to New York and she can neither sit still nor stop talking for an instant, she is so thrilled by it . . . she and Lana Turner fall on one another's necks, throwing "darlings" around the place and the strong men of Metro going by shake like jello at the vibrant contrast of red-head against brunette. . . .

You go down to Palm Springs in the fond delusion that you are going to rest and the first night, sitting in the Raquet Club bar, you are surrounded on all four sides by Gilbert Roland, Charlie Butterworth, Ralph Bellamy, Wesley Ruggles, Franchot Tone, Louise Stanley, George Brent . . . and Ralph tells you, with a mocking grin, that what he is playing in this new version of ("The Front Page") "His Girl Friday" at Columbia is really the girl's role . . . and Gilbert is aglow over the fact that the South American market is getting more important and that therefore he is being offered, at long last, some contracts worth considering . . . and Charlie Butterworth talks about the play he has been signed for on Broadway this winter . . . Wesley Ruggles talks about the curious mix-up whereby both he and Leo McCarey got, by sheerest accident, two stories with identical plots for their next productions . . . and meanwhile the mood rises and wanes again and nobody notices the passage of time because the conversation is so exciting and as always Brent's remarks assay as far and away the most intelligent . . . it is his argument, by the way, that "The Fighting 69th" is the greatest indictment against war that has ever been screened . . . "it shows the horrible, senseless futility of all war," George says. . . .

YOU come back to town to rest up from your Palm Springs rest and bump into Joel McCrea, who is delighted with his next picture, "He Married His Wife," and who says he is so busy that he barely has time to get back to his ranch nights and see Frances and his two sons . . . "It's always the same in Hollywood," grins Joel. "Either you don't work at all or you work yourself into a nervous breakdown" . . . you go to lunch at the Somerset House (which is quite the smartest place in town right now, what with Ann Lehr giving these luncheons for charity) and there is Irene Dunne, that most perfect lady, who confesses she quite adores working with Cary Grant on account of no matter what her mood (and being Irish she is naturally moody) Cary can always make her laugh . . . you go to the Victor Hugo because you want to hear how well Rudy Vallec is doing with a band that he just whipped up over night right here in town . . . and there is Sonja Henie of the dancing eyes who chatters like a magpie about the skating tour she is starting shortly . . . and then she throws you completely by inviting you to watch the rehearsal of her troupe and when you accept she calmly announces that rehearsals start at seven-thirty a.m. at a downtown skating rink . . . meaning you must get up at five-thirty to keep the date . . . but somehow you do. . . .

IT goes on and on like that . . . day after day, and particularly night after night . . . and you couldn't be human and not respond to the color and vitality of it . . . and then, one fine day, you go for tea with Maureen O'Sullivan, who did the daring and impossible feat, of leaving Ireland on a Tuesday evening and landing in Hollywood the following Thursday a.m. . . . and as always about Maureen, there is that air of



"He Married His Wife" accounts for the broad grin on Joel McCrea's face . . .

quietness and peace . . . the sunlight falls down warmly over her garden and there is no sound anywhere save one extravagant bird that is singing its heart out as it perches atop a white oleander bush . . . and Maureen, who was caught in London the day war broke out, and who even now is deeply concerned because her husband, John Farrow, may be called up any minute . . . Maureen says, "At first I resented it that nobody in Hollywood talked the war . . . that all we seemed concerned with was going on and making things funny or beautiful or poignant or whatever the script demanded . . . but now, as I think of my baby asleep, and as I think of all the other people who are in love and who want merely to be happy . . . I see the wisdom of it . . . and I begin to believe, perhaps quite irrationally, that, perhaps, by just ignoring this war, we may escape it . . . that's what I hope, anyway. . . ."

That's what I hope, also . . . and that's what Hollywood is trying to do . . . and there's its plan to give you and me our Happy New Year.



. . . but Ralph Bellamy seems to be questioning just what his fans will think of his role in "His Girl Friday"



. . . while Sonja Henie chatters about a skating tour she is starting shortly

BAD GIRL—



GOOD GUY— GREAT PICTURE!!!

*Only Mitchell
("Man About
Town") Leisen
could direct a
scene like this.*

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"



"Know why you've looked at me the way you have,
danced with me the way you have, kissed me the
way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."
"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

*Only Preston
("Strictly Dishon-
orable") Sturges
could write a
scene like this.*

*Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and
Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray
could bring you such a love story!*

Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali" . . . Explosive as "Midnight" . . . Romantic as "Love Affair"

with **BEULAH BONDI**

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges



**Of Course,
IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!**

"I doubted Vivien could really play Scarlett..."



"That reaction certainly shows I'm no casting director!"

VIVIEN LEIGH, RHETT BUTLER AND I

TO begin with I'd like to state that despite what a lot of papers said there was never any feud between Vivien Leigh and me during the filming of "Gone with the Wind" or at any time thereafter.

Hollywood goes just as much to extremes when it comes to male and female stars cast together as it does on any other subject. Get a man and a woman in a picture together and you are immediately reported as either fighting or romancing. The fact that in eighty per cent of your pictures you have no emotion about the beautiful creature opposite you, other than an interest in her acting ability, is never printed. Yet that's the truth more often than not.

As for any possibility of Vivien Leigh's falling in love with me I knew that was out from our first glance. For never have I seen any girl more completely in love than that one is—with Laurence Olivier. It's as visible as a Neon sign that she can't think or talk of or dream about anything or anyone else on earth—except when she's on the set. When she's on the set, she's what a good actress should be. She's all business.

As for my falling in love with her, I'm sure that could have been plenty pleasant except that, added to her lack of interest in me, I didn't have any heart to give away, either. Mine was staked out to that Lombard girl who is mighty beautiful and brainy. Carol and I weren't married when Vivien and I first met, but we did marry while I was working on the picture and there's a story about our wedding that has never been told and which I'll get to presently.

I'll be truthful about it, however; I'll confess that the first time I saw her I doubted that Vivien could really play *Scarlett*. That reaction certainly shows I'm no casting director. But, accustomed to the more abandoned and superficial personalities of Hollywood girls, Vivien seemed too demure to me, at that first meeting, for the vivid, relentless *Scarlett*.

David Selznick introduced us to each other at a dinner party at his home. Vivien was wearing a very plain, tailored dress. She's much tinier in real life than she appears on the screen, and since she uses little make-up she has

a very young, unsophisticated air. Besides, she had all the fires banked that evening and that Olivier guy was her escort.

Now I know I should have stopped to consider all that. But having seen Vivien only in "A Yank at Oxford," in which she didn't have a lot to do, I just looked at her that first evening at David's and wondered if that keen-minded producer had gone haywire when he signed her.

I knew he hadn't the first day Vivien and I got on a set together. (David doesn't go haywire, anyway, which is another thing I should have thought about—but as a profound thinker I'm a good duck-hunter.) The best alibi I can offer for my thickheadedness is that my mind was preoccupied with *Rhett Butler*. He had me plenty worried, so worried that I didn't want to play him.

Don't think that was because I didn't realize what a fat part he was. *Rhett* is one of the greatest male characters ever created. I knew that. I'd read the entire book through six times, trying to get his moods. I've still got a copy in my dressing room and I still read it



BY CLARK GABLE

AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

Everyone else has had his say about what went on behind the scenes of "Gone with the Wind." Now the hero himself, in a startlingly frank story, tells the truth about the year's most exciting cinematic event

once in a while, because I know I'll probably never get such a terrific role again. But what was worrying me, and still is, was that from the moment I was cast as *Rhett Butler* I started out with five million critics.

About all the handicap an actor ordinarily has is two or three professional critics to a city which adds up for the whole world to about one large theater's matinee business. Those birds may rap you and while you'd prefer their praise, still you can take those raps, if need be, hoping that the public which makes up all the millions of other movie-goers will like you regardless. But five million people have read "Gone with the Wind" and each must have his or her own idea of how *Rhett* should be played.

There was not only that, but I had an accent to think of, long hair to wear, and twenty-six costume changes—more than Carole has ever had in any one of her pictures (which brought me in for lots of ribbing from that one, too).

Photoplay, in publishing some two years ago, a sketch of me as *Rhett* had given me a guide on the make-up which was an enormous help, and I followed that. The hair was a mere matter of growth and getting used to going without a haircut. All those things were headaches enough, but I talked with Alicia Rhett, a Southern deb (she's from Charleston, where *Rhett* was supposed to have been born), before every scene and she was a marvelous accent coach. (Watch for her in one of the smaller roles. The girl's good and that "Rhett" stuff is her own name.) But *Scarlett*, being in every foot of the picture, needed plenty of watching.

WE started the picture early last March. I discovered *Rhett* had been pruned of most of his cuss words and much of his force, but apparently that had to be for the censors. Still, he had every scene he actually had in the book. I was signed for six months (and he it said here that it was a honey of a contract. Selznick had offered me a flat rate for the picture. M-G-M played very fair with me and let me make my own deal. I put it on a week-to-week basis. Six months at that rate was mighty sweet sugar and I ate it up, for I know I'll never get such a chance again, and the ranch needed a lot of landscape gardening.)

Actually in production, however, I discovered that *Rhett* was even harder to play than I had anticipated. With so much of *Scarlett* preceding his entrance, *Rhett's* scenes were all climaxes. There was a chance to build up to *Scarlett*, but *Rhett* represented drama and action every time he appeared. He didn't figure in any of the battle scenes, being a guy who hated war, and he wasn't in the toughest of the siege of Atlanta shots. What I was fighting for was to hold my own in the first half of the picture—which is all Vivien's—because I felt that after the scene with the baby, *Bonnie*, *Rhett* could control the end of the film. That scene where *Bonnie* dies, and the scene where I strike *Scarlett* and she accidentally tumbles down stairs, thus losing her unborn child, were the two that worried me most.

The problem of *Rhett*, to me, was that although he reads like a tough guy and by his actions is frequently not admirable, actually he is a man who is practically broken by love. His scenes away from *Scarlett* make him a heavy and his scenes with her make him almost a weakling. My problem was to make him, despite that, a man people would respect. In that scene where *Rhett* has knocked *Scarlett* down stairs and learns later that the baby is dead, while *Scarlett* hovers between life and death, *Rhett* has to show remorse and suffering.

The scenario, in fact, has him hanging to *Melanie's* skirts and crying. So there was Moose Gable, clutching the skirt of that dainty de Havilland and trying to sob.

I thought of the stuffed doves Carole had sent to my dressing room on the day "Gone with the



Our prophecy came true! For here is the Photoplay portrait Clark mentions which we ran in the October, 1937, issue with this caption: "Herewith we enter the great casting battle of 'Gone with the Wind,' because to our mind there is but one Rhett—Clark Gable. So sure were we of our choice that we had Vincentini paint this portrait of Clark as we see him in the role: Cool, impertinent, utterly charming. We like all the other handsome actors mentioned as Rhett—only we don't want them as Rhett. We want Gable and we're going to stick to that regardless"

Wind" started. They are an omen between us. The first night we ever really talked to each other, the night of the White Mayfair three years ago, we quarreled. Next morning when I waked up, a little the worse for wear, I heard the weirdest noise in my room. I was living in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel at the time but I kept thinking I heard birds in the room. I got up and right I was. I had heard birds in the room. They were a whole hamper of doves of peace that Carole had sent over. Ever since

then whenever we have an argument about anything one or the other of us sends a dove. Result is that we've got some ten original doves on the ranch today and about fifty of their progeny. Squab from squabbles one could say, though it might be wiser if one didn't.

Anyhow, I thought of the stuffed doves for luck and I blessed Vic Fleming, the director, who has guided me through some tough ones before this, and as for the rest, I honestly prayed the scene would be good. Vic was kind

and didn't keep the camera too much on my face. He let me try to do most of it on the sound track, act it with my voice, rather than with my expressions, I mean. I only hope you'll feel I've gotten away with it.

In the scenes with *Bonnie*, I tried to show a mature man's transfer of love away from a woman he knows doesn't love him to their child whom he adores. I've played only a few scenes with kids so these were a new experience to me, too. A new type of love scene. They were exciting but the scene in the whole picture that I enjoyed playing the most was the scene where I come in late at night, drunk, and *Scarlett* comes down and joins me, getting a little drunk herself. That's the scene where I knew what an actress Vivien is because while I intended nothing of the sort, she took the whole shot neatly away from me.

THE greatest day on the picture to me was March 31, 1939. That was two days after my wedding to Carole.

It has been written since then that Carole and I had that wedding day planned out for months in advance, but that's not true. It happened this way. On the afternoon of March 28, I was finished with my scenes about three in the afternoon. While I was taking off my make-up, the assistant director came over and said I didn't need to work the next day. I called Carole at once and with the aid of a close friend, we headed out that night to Kingman, Arizona. We took Otto along, not only to untangle any difficulties we might get into, but because he had a new car without license plates which meant we wouldn't be spotted.

We were married at three-thirty that afternoon and left at five-thirty, getting home the next morning at three. Carole's mother was there, all excited, which kept us up till five. Finally we got to sleep, only to be awakened at nine to discover forty cameramen, three newsreel men and twenty reporters waiting out in the front yard to interview us. Under the circumstances, David gave me another day off.

But the next morning when I reported at the studio, ready for the prison sequence, I discovered Vic had switched things on me and was prepared to do the wedding scene, only this day my bride was Vivien. David had engaged a full orchestra which was gurgling through the wedding march and while I knew it was all a rib on me, I blew up in the first take. The stage hands all groaned, Vivien asked solicitously what was the matter with me, and Vic said, "It's just that Clark has always been shy of girls."

Despite the kidding I got that day, however, we did precious little fooling on "Gone with the Wind." I, for one, was a stranger in a strange studio. Somehow, I'd never met Olivia de Havilland or Leslie Howard before. The crew, who are the ones who put over the gags in any studio, were all new to me. And Technicolor is too expensive to play tricks with. Besides David, having three million dollars invested, was down on that set all the time fixing us with his eagle eye. So we worked, day after day and hour after hour, for those six exciting months. It took all the stamina I've got, which is enough, but I can't imagine what it must have taken out of Vivien, who worked twice as much as I did. I only know that never once did I hear her complain.

As for me, when I finally was released, and they let me cut my hair again, the M-G-M gang sent me a turkey. They named it *Rhett Butler* and it was a male bird. The card said, "This is just to assure you that even if a turkey, *Rhett* can't lay an egg."

That leaves me nothing to do now but wait until after the picture is released, to read the critics and to see if I have to go out to the chicken house and tell that gobbler to move over.

Leslie (Ashley Wilkes) Howard

Ona (Belle Watling) Munson

Thomas (Gerald O'Hara) Mitchell

Olivia (Melanie Hamilton) de Havilland





HOW THE MOVIES CAN HELP KEEP US OUT OF WAR



BY **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT**



*Our First Lady courageously faces
the most vital problem of our time
—and offers a provocative solution*



OVER and over again the question is being asked of me: "What can we do to keep this nation out of war?"

Sometimes I think the question has behind it the purely selfish, but purely normal dread which comes to all of us when we think of the consequences of war in our own particular lives. Very frequently, however, this question comes as a result of thought, and the realization that some time there must be an end to this business of war, for war anywhere is a menace to peace everywhere. The more people who become involved in war, the fewer people there are left able to think logically and objectively about the very important plans for peace.

Why do nations go to war? Why do people let themselves be led into war? Are there some basic reasons which drive us into war, and which must be eliminated before we can hope for peace? People tell me that it is man's greed, man's desire to take something away from his fellow man which is usually responsible for war.

Very well then, if men were satisfied wherever they found themselves, there would be no need for war. Someone else will say: "But man is never satisfied!" The whole history of civilization is the history of dissatisfied man. We would never go forward if it were not for this trait which makes one man envious of his

brother who is getting a little ahead, or who is making a new discovery which adds to his comfort or his power. When this happens anywhere, someone is sure to come along who will want to take away the advantage gained and profit by it himself.

What is the answer to this problem? There seems to be only one, namely, a change in the whole make-up of man. Instead of a desire to acquire something for himself or his particular group, he must become a co-operative animal, one who is willing to share what he knows, or what he has, with other human beings throughout the world. This is rather a tall order which means a long period of education, and by education we do not mean alone what children will learn out of history books in school.

We have acquired in the course of the past few years, tools for mass education which we never had before. Among these tools are the moving-pictures, and so when I am asked by them what can be done to help keep us out of war, I can only answer that the best way to keep us out of war is to keep all nations out of war, and the best way to do that is to educate human beings to live together with good will in the world. I can hear you say, "How absurd!" Let's think about it, however.

For one thing, suppose we changed the way we measure success. If success means what we have been able to do for the benefit of all the people whom we could reach, and not what we have been able to do and keep for ourselves or a small circle about us, would our world begin to change?

A long while ago a standard was established in certain professions, notably that of medicine, which required any great, new discovery to be given to the world for the benefit of humanity and not to be held back for the use of a few.

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The MAN GARBO WOULD DIET FOR



The face that launched a thousand sips of mineral soups! Gaylord Hauser, the Hollywood doctor who has opened new doorways to both happiness and health for Greta. Below—Fink's famous snap of the two at a fashion show



When you find a man who can tell a woman what to eat, make her laugh and be happy, you've found a promising husband-to-be! How about Dr. Hauser?

BY HARMONY HAYNES

BENJAMIN GAYLORD HAUSER, uncommonly handsome and uncommonly successful, well over six feet tall, brown hair, brown eyes, tanned complexion and broad shoulders has personally introduced a regime of health to women of most of the world's civilized nations and become personally acquainted with the most glamorous women of those countries, from the Duchess of Windsor on down.

Now Dr. Gaylord Hauser has prescribed for Garbo and the world has seen his patient's response in a laugh heard by a million theatergoers, in new gaiety and new health. His prescription—of romance and food—has wrought a Hollywood miracle.

Dr. Hauser is the man Garbo would diet for.

Hollywood's most unpredictable woman, she who has confounded the press and her public so joyously with rapturous friendships with the opposite sex—from Maurice Stiller right through to that desert rendezvous with Mamoulian and the summer idyll in Italy with Stokowski—has found a man who makes her drink vegetable juice and go shopping in broad daylight, braving the hue and cry of autograph hounds.

A man worth reporting—if you can. He is not one to blossom under questioning. He is not, as a matter of fact, usually to be questioned at all. Even to meet Dr. Hauser we must follow a long, winding, seldom-traveled road that leads back away from the flat land of Hollywood, up through hills and canyons that are capped by a cliff on which rests a beautiful house, surrounded and protected by a great stone wall and a precipitous gully.

We enter and find a friendly, easy-to-meet, perfect host, whose charm is partly his frankness. He says, point-blank, "I'll talk on any subject except Garbo!" and then in the relaxed quiet of the library, offers a full explanation of the glamorous Swede and his relationship to her.

The solid quiet of this mansion presses against you. The staff of servants move about their work with noiseless precision. There are no gaudy colors to mar the atmosphere of rest, no radios to blare the news of the day or the latest swing.

"Music," Hauser explains, "was intended for the soul—not just the ears."

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TEARS INTO LAUGHTER



A famous writer who never pulls his punches tells of Barbara Stanwyck's escape from a fog of heartbreak into the sunshine of happiness



BY JIM TULLY

SHE has gone through the dismal valley of private woe to marry the King in the Land of Romance. If kind thoughts help to make a marriage happy, Barbara Stanwyck will continue to be among the happiest of women.

"It was long ago now," as Barbara's ancestors and my own would say, but Barbara's first interest in the man who is now her husband came about through a kind act. Frank Moran, the great pugilist of old time, told me the incident. There were many doing extra work in the film—the "location" was far away. Restaurants were farther. Each day a full warm meal came for each and all. No one knew the donor. It went on for ten days.

"Gee, I could marry a man with a heart like that," Barbara said when Frank told her the tale.

"Most any gal could," returned the great bruiser. "It was Robert Taylor."

Frank Moran continues, "Now she's married to the heartbeat of the nation, and no girl would

be jealous if she knew how regular Barbara is."

Cynics will dismiss it as "just another Hollywood marriage," wondering "how long will it last?" Barbara will do everything possible to keep her marriage successful. She proved it in her first marriage. She humbled herself to keep that going. With nothing left but her adopted child, Dion, she cringed under the barrage of publicity—no sacrifice was too great to keep the child in a wholesome environment and not shunted from pillar to post. She lavished her love and devotion on her adopted boy to dim the unhappy memory of her own life—a broken home due to the death of her mother, and the weakness of her father in letting his brood shift for themselves.

Unlike many of the glamour girls who sprang from such humble surroundings, but who act as if they were born and rolled in purple, she is not ashamed of her background.

She came to Hollywood in the reflected glory of a topnotcher in the theater. She had only a short career on the stage and was unknown. Her sun actually came through the fogs of disappointment and rebuffs. Her motion-picture

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Today the star of "Remember the Night" lavishes on adopted son Dion (top) and husband Bob Taylor (center) the love that the star of "Burlesque" (above) missed in her own childhood



From studio cellist right on up to feminine lead in "Florian" is the saga of Helen Gilbert

Great lady of the stage (royal command performances and all), Judith Anderson does a female meanie for "Rebecca"



He turned from law to acting—and rain brought him luck. Filmland's man-about-town of the moment, Lee Bowman, is currently in "Florian"



There's not much of the Hungarian peasant left in the beautiful star of "Balalaika"! But Ilona Massey herself will never, never forget

Round-Up of

BY SARA HAMILTON

Not that Hollywood's neglecting them! But we've been holding out to tell you all about them now—just when they're in the spot-news-light

HERE they come—that parade of talent that shines through the motion picture screens, giving us endless pleasure and leaving us wondering just what these talented people are like, what they think and why and where they came from. So, because PHOTOPLAY anticipates (we do it with mirrors) your questions in advance, we give you all the facts, fancies and foibles of Hollywood's talent parade.

First, ladies and gentlemen, we present:

An angel face in slacks. Sad eyes and dimples. A signet ring bearing the insignia of *peasantry*. Her Hungarian name—Ilone Hajmassy. Ilona Massey to Hollywood. Star to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Time to Ilona Massey is a funny thing. It passes in measured sunrises and sunsets and with its going somehow one is no longer a peasant child in Budapest. There are no more bitter cold mornings to awaken to in the dark

basement one-room apartment. It's California and Christmas time in the M-G-M commissary and one is eating turkey. Here it's warm and beautiful and comfortable and it's really Heaven for a little peasant girl from Hungary.

She says, "I was not only poor but a homely, ugly child." (Clark Gable pauses in the act of stowing away turkey to gaze at her loveliness.) "There was nothing attractive about me. I would look in the mirror and think to myself how stupid I looked. No expression. Nothing. So I decided something must be done and I would do it."

"What?" we demanded, thinking to ourselves, "I'll do it too, even if she says voodoo dancing. Gable's gotta' look that way at me. He's gotta'."

It turned out that Ilona's older sister, who occasionally saved enough from her small salary as a stenographer, took her to the movies. There she saw faces that were alive—that spoke with expression.

So she practiced, carrying the lesson she'd learned from the movies to her job in a tailoring establishment where she sewed for long weary hours. And then home to the dark one-room apartment to a father wrecked from a Siberian banishment during the World War and a mother who made straw dolls for the Hungarian festivals. Ilona never got to keep one of the dolls for her own. "But once or twice I heard bits of music," she says as if that compensated.

She discovered she walked pigeon-toed. She stopped it. "But I was gauche and stiff in my gestures. My hands are still big and not pretty," she says, holding them forth. "And my bones are too big."

The lessons penetrated to the peasant soul of her, filling her with new hope, lifting her up into the chorus of a small opera company. She earned twelve dollars a week and no one would listen to the singing voice she knew she had. Finally she went to Vienna and took bit parts in one of Vienna's smaller opera houses. When the leading lady suddenly fell ill, Ilona took the role. It led to a bigger opera house, a quick chance to sing the lead in a German opera. She couldn't sing German. She couldn't even speak it. She could cry, though—beautiful heart-breaking Hungarian tears that melted the maestro's heart and gave Ilona an extra week in which to learn German. And guess who sat out front that Night of Nights? Guess who sat there and watched this beautiful girl bow to her misty-eyed peasant parents in the box? Well, just Benny Thau of M-G-M, Culver City, California.

She was too hefty in "Rosalie," her first movie role. So she dieted into a slim loveliness that is beyond words. "I spoke so brokenly," she says, "that when I saw my first test on the lot I couldn't understand a word I said." So for five hours a day she studied English and then went from movie to movie to study and observe.

She slayed Hollywood with her attempts at English, but she could teach glamour girls a few things about clothes. She's a dream in four dollar turbans and a seventeen-fifty dress. A dream, that's all. Our food delights her. Only plum pudding turned out to be something she



The heavenly normalcy of Gale Page—so like the character she plays in "Four Wives"—accents the new note in a changing Hollywood tempo



His life's been as eventful as his film, "The Saint's Double Trouble"—George Sanders still takes them both in the same nonchalant stride



Too busy to turn around is Ann Rutherford of "Gone with the Wind" and the "Hardy" series—but never too busy to talk!

NEGLECTED PEOPLE



Thomas Mitchell is busiest of all, with "G.W.T.W.," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "Swiss Family Robinson"—to mention a few!

couldn't bring herself to eat so she exchanged it for "yellow pie." That meant pumpkin, of course. She eats salad with a spoon, too. And likes our raw product rather than Hungary's cooked salads.

Garbo is her star idol. "But I didn't met her yet, I don't think I ever will met her, either," she laughs.

To Ilona most Hollywood men are "fickle." "You're the fickle one," she'll say. But Gary Cooper. There's the tragedy in her life. She fell in love with him on the screen in Vienna. But she got here too late to claim him. He was already married.

Her eyes reflect the sorrow of her childhood. Her face reveals the broodiness of the Slavs. It's like their music. Gay at times—hauntingly sad at times.

She's kind. Loving. Of the earth. People stop to speak to her with genuine affection.

She is the pet of the M-G-M lot since "Balaika" with Nelson Eddy. She's even planning a concert tour before her next picture.

"And what does your mother think of all this?" we asked. "What does she say to your success?"

"When I showed her my contract that Mr. Benny Thau gave me in Vienna before I left, my mother looked at it and then said, 'Ilona, I always knew you were a fake. But never did I dream you were such a big faker as this.'"

Artiste:

When one so distinguished comes to our little movie village to do a piece of work—we pay tribute, every last single native of us. We lay garlands, then, at the feet of Miss Judith Ander-

son, star of the New York and London stages.

The first thing one notices about Miss Anderson who left off playing the mother of Jesus, in "Family Portrait" on the stage, to play a meanie in "Rebecca" on the screen, is that there is so little to notice. She's plain. So plain and small and slim in her grey slacks, pink sweater, blue snood and sandals, that it's startling and rather beautiful.

She's mad for California. The white house she lived in in Santa Monica with its gardens almost vibrates to that love. Her regret at having to leave it was almost a tangible thing. She looked at the roses blooming in December. "And the stocks I put in last week are simply shooting up," she said. "It's going to be awful to have to get into hats and gloves and dress-up dresses again. And the taxis that keep me late for appointments. I do wish I could stay here—just like this."

But the rehearsals for a revival of "Family Portrait," that goes on tour, awaited her in New York, and she had to go.

She's an Australian by birth. When she felt there was little progress to be made on the stage there, she and her mother came to America—Hollywood, to be exact. That was twenty-one years ago, and Hollywood was different then. D. W. Griffith was in the midst of a "Masterpiece" and DeMille was frantic over some biblical episode. She met Lillian Gish, but got nowhere in movies because, I suspect, Judith wasn't a golden-haired, dimpled and slightly plump beauty. Actresses, good ones, weren't too popular those days, so Judith and her mother traveled on to New York and stock. After three years work she was given a part with William Gillette in "Dear Brutus" and later

in "Cobra," her first starring vehicle. She was a sensation.

She's the only actress, as far as I can discover, who has given two command performances before Queen Elizabeth and King George. The first meeting took place in 1926 in Australia where Judith had returned with a repertoire of her New York successes. The King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of York, came to see her play and afterwards she met them.

The second meeting was a year or so ago in London. Miss Anderson was playing "Macbeth" with Laurence Olivier when the royal command was delivered. "We were summoned to the Queen's box after the banquet scene," the actress said, "and again I was thrilled at her beauty and the shining goodness that radiates through her. Her indescribably clear skin, her eyes, so alive, and tender, and little girl mouth that gives forth that disarmingly young smile. And all about her that sweet simplicity of hers."

Her Majesty inquired of Miss Anderson what she had been muttering during one scene.

"I was trying to keep the candle near while I washed the blood from my hands," the actress explained.

"I should never have let the candle out of my hands," the Queen smiled, and Miss Anderson says she suddenly had a vision of the Queen as a little girl, scurrying through the dark, forbidding halls of Glamis Castle.

Three dachshunds that sit squarely in every visitor's lap and refuse to budge, are Judith's prize possessions. She calls them "Goony," "Miklos" (from a Hungarian play she did) and "Tinkertoo." The last is named for a cat called "Tinker," that Miss Anderson owned. She had

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Categorically Sparkling

"If" is such a harmless word until it's used in Photoplay's sly way of describing stars—originated by Howard Sharpe (who'd be a fox "if" he were an animal)

If you've ever played the game of categories in which each player is asked to describe the others by comparing them to such familiar objects as animals, trees or automobiles, you'll know why we've had such a good time trying to picture Bill Powell for you in this new type of interview. Difficult, yes; but it's fun, too. For instance, if Bill were a house:

WHAT KIND OF HOUSE?

A modern, formal town house on San Francisco's Nob Hill. I don't mean a modernistic type of architecture, all chromium and endless glass—but a house of basically good design, remodeled to contemporary taste. There would be quiet rooms with great open fireplaces, dedicated to hours of conversation, and other rooms set aside just for the purpose of having fun . . . Of course, it's pretty tough to think of Bill in terms of any house without remembering that fabulous place he built, with its electrically controlled doors and automatic bathroom library, and the Ping-pong room without corners. You may recall that Bill's garage and house doors were controlled by his headlights; but since other motorists driving past kept setting off the system, those doors swung open and shut all night and kept Bill awake.

But it was a good experiment. I think the Nob Hill house would be in a constant state of flux, with playrooms being torn down to make way for workshops and bedrooms turning into swimming pools, with the owner never quite satisfied. Kitchens and cellar would be well stocked with divine food and liquor, of course. Guests would have a swell time, unless they didn't like talking. Then they'd be somewhat bored.

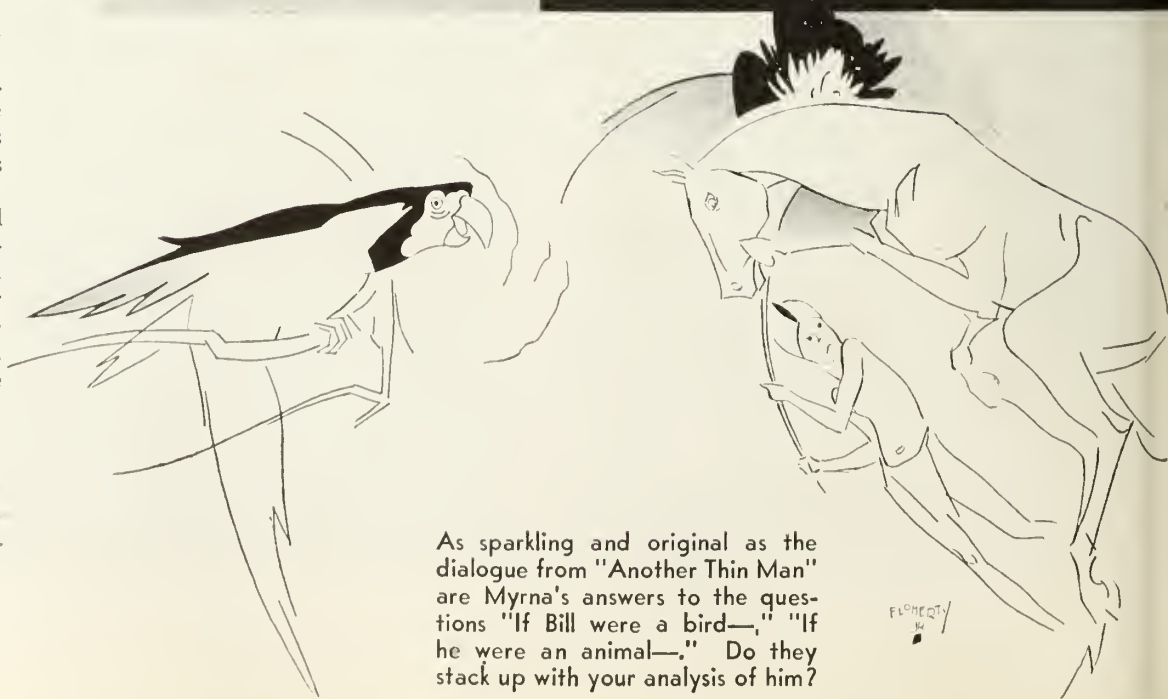
WHAT STREET?

If you could have taken Fifth Avenue during the 1890's and kept the same carriages, strollers and costumes, but somehow have lined it with the new build-

(Continued on page 86)



BILL
as Seen By MYRNA LOY



As sparkling and original as the dialogue from "Another Thin Man" are Myrna's answers to the questions "If Bill were a bird—" "If he were an animal—" Do they stack up with your analysis of him?



MYRNA

Seen By BILL POWELL



Myrna—a cat? It's Bill's description, but the old smoothie turns it into an appropriate compliment

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

YOU can't fit Myrna Loy into a category. You can't file a personality or a beauty such as hers away, and dust off your hands, and say, "There." Describing her in terms of categories is another thing. Myrna Loy if she were a street.

Well, she is an upper-class suburban road, lined with pleasant houses and elms. The purely American brand of normal life would go on in that district, and on, and on. A little of Wall Street is in the picture because Myrna is not to be caught napping or even in a pose of simulated napping. And of course somewhere in her past is the scent of a Chinatown alley, which turned out—upon investigation—to be a movie set all full of cardboard façades and pseudo-slinky atmosphere.

Music . . . Number One on the Hit Parade, any week; a Lombardo arrangement of a tunc such as "Past, Present and Future." Remember the lyrics? "This is my past, dear—a spark, then a flame—the moon was to blame; the world was all in tunc . . ." And some sort of Bavarian-cream about a groom and a bride and you by my side and whatnot. But more than that—

Myrna is a symphonic arrangement of the better popular melodies; a kind of song which, heard once, lingers by way of a bar or two in your memory and haunts you until you trace down the rest of it.

She is Stephen Foster music played by Glenn Miller, "Home Sweet Home" in swingtime.

And the whole arrangement emerges airily from a blonde-wood cabinet, electrically controlled.

Conjure Myrna into an automobile and I think you'd get an open phaeton, smart and sporty but with plenty of room for the entire family. The machine would be decorated with many horns and gadgets. It would have a conservative paint job. But it would go like the dickens when pressed on the accelerator, the while scrupulously observant of all and any traffic regulations. One would notice such a car if it were parked along a curb, and it would be fun to own; still it would be comfortable for long rides.

Myrna as food . . . Crepes Suzette with a glass of milk on the side, after a hearty farm dinner.

As a drink . . . Vermouth Cassis. You make it with a dash of clear dry Vermouth and a squirt of Cassis liqueur, and a lot of charged water and ice. There's a drink that cries for and must have a long glass. It's thoroughly refreshing but you can't get drunk on it. You can't even get tight. But you like the world more when you have finished one.

I suppose so far as magazines are concerned, Myrna would have to be the girl on the cover of a man's weekly periodical. That's a little obvious. Suppose we say she's a superior woman's magazine with surprises in it, so that the gentleman in the family would pick it up accidentally, be intrigued by the contents, and send in his personal subscription at once.

Indicated as it is, I must add that Myrna would be PHOTOPLAY.

She is a willow tree, graceful and pretty. This must be qualified . . . Under the branches a bunch of neighbor kids would have built some sort of shack and would be playing "Mr. and Mrs.," without fear of interruption. So coy, somehow, trying to describe Mrs. Hornblow in terms of domestic flora. If I say "willow" I imply the drooping, whimsical personality—which has no relationship to Loy as I know her. If I say an oleander you know only that I remember an oleander is lovely; and my imagination must be very tired. Let her be any healthy tree that doesn't demand attention all the time, that possesses trim lines and nice green leaves and an all-year-round stability of beauty.

Myrna Loy is characteristically anomalous.

She is a cookbook with Peter Arno illustrations; "Indian Love Lyrics" translated into a kind of vital, forceful slang; L. Alcott's "Little Women" changed so that the memorable maidens are recognizable 1940 jitterbugs come to Hollywood for various purposes.

If you think of her in the manner of paintings you face the difficulty of trying to imagine a portrait of Myrna herself done by a fine artist. That isn't fair. I think, essentially, she is "Pinkie" by Gainsborough, hanging on the South Wall in the Huntington Gallery at San Marino, with countless ladies from Iowa pausing before, murmuring whilst gaping, "Lovely . . . lovely! And real—"

Or she is a petit point pattern, with a modern sub-

(Continued on page 81)



Cash - AND CARY

Stardust and the glitter of Hollywood haven't changed Cary, unless you call "The Bed" an extravagance

BY ALMA ROBERTS

At last Cary has succumbed to a temptation that's been gnawing at him for years, but if beautiful Phyllis Brooks (with him at the Troc) was the incentive, Cary isn't telling

A WORRIED glint appeared in the brown eyes of the tall young man. "People won't think I've gone Hollywood?" he asked.

"Of course not. Why should they?"
"On account of my new car," he replied.
The friend howled.

"There's as much show to that safe-and-sane model of yours as there is to a Quaker's bonnet. Where's its custom-made body, its yellow and green paint job? Listen, you can still drive Sunset Boulevard without making one tourist blink an eye."

Cary Grant sighed with vast relief. When he had journeyed out to Hollywood with years of struggle and hardship in New York behind him, he'd traveled in a touring car that was a fugitive from a museum. No grand entrance into the film city for him. Months after his arrival, he clung stubbornly to the old jalopy. Even when the rainy season came and the water poured through the wide-open spaces of the roof, he refused to part with it.

Finally came the day when it literally fell apart like the one-horse shay and Cary was forced to buy a new one. And now that he had it—as conservative in line as a Republican's campaign pledges—he was afraid people would accuse him of going Hollywood.

Which is as good, if not better, a way as any to begin a story about cash and carry Grant, the man whose single extravagance since he gained a half nelson on stardom has been a bed that really fit him.

To underemphasize it, Cary has never been a money flinger—on his own needs. When it comes to the needs of friends down on their luck, that's something else. Even in those Broadway days when Cary was appearing in Arthur Hammerstein musical comedies and dragging down \$75.00 per, he established a record actors have been shooting at ever since. Not even once did he draw his salary in advance.

The glitter of Hollywood just didn't touch him. He has never bought a yacht or a string of polo ponies. And for years he has fought off the temptation to buy himself a home of his own. That he finally succumbed a few weeks ago can be blamed on the fact that he added up the amount of rent he'd been paying out for years.

(Continued on page 72)



"His Girl Friday" with Rosalind Russell at Columbia, and "My Favorite Wife" with Irene Dunne at RKO tell the story of Cary's box-office standing



PRESENTING *A Brilliant New Feature:*

**COMPLETE
IN THIS
ISSUE**

**WE
ARE
NOT
ALONE**
HILTON

PHOTOPLAY'S
Movie Book of the Month

WE ARE NOT ALONE
BY JAMES HILTON

A touching moment from the much-discussed Warner film starring Paul Muni and introducing Jane Bryan in her greatest role. It is based on the novel which in somewhat condensed form appears on the following pages

Two full hours of fascinating reading—the poignant story of a gentle, unworldly doctor's forbidden love for a little dancer

IN a small cathedral town where changes are few, there are always people who remember who used to live in a particular house, what happened to them there and afterwards, and so on. Thus, when a chain-store company bought a site at the corner of Shawgate and sent men to break up the old Georgian frontage, there were reminders all over the town—"That was where the little doctor lived." It was a long time ago. The house had never been occupied since, and for a reason that made passers-by stare curiously as the picks swung through the dust clouds. In due course the job reached a stage when the whole of an inside wall was exposed, and on it, still hanging, a smashed picture which a workman sold for half a crown to a bystander. It proved on examination to be a faded etching of angels grouped around an arch of flowers, but when viewed at more than arm's length the whole design took on the likeness of a human skull. Some forgotten Victorian artist must have thought this clever; he could hardly have imagined that it would ever be so appropriate.

For the little doctor, who had lived in that house for years, was finally charged with the murder of his wife. A young woman was charged with him.

The case attracted a good deal of attention at the time.

It was generally admitted afterwards that Sir Guy Lockhead made a cardinal mistake in putting Dr. Newcome in the witness box to face a Crown cross-examination. My own plan, had I been defending Newcome, would have been to stress the undoubted fact that all the evidence was circumstantial, and to urge that it was the duty of the prosecution to prove it to the hilt rather than expect my client to refute it.

The little doctor, as I saw him in the courtroom, was very quiet and still. But once, during some evidence of a particularly repetitive kind, there came into his quietude a sudden emptying of consciousness that could only mean one thing, and that an extremely shocking thing in a man on trial for his life. *He had dozed off!* His head nodded for a moment.

"The court would be obliged if the prisoner would pay attention."

"I beg your pardon," answered the little doctor, almost inaudibly.

IF you were born in Calderbury, David Newcome may well have ushered you into the world. He married the daughter of a rural dean; they had one child, a boy. Jessica mixed with the best Cathedral society and was always on the committee of this, that, and the other. David didn't share many of her interests; sometimes he went to Sunday service with her, but more often not, for a doctor has all the best excuses. Some of the Cathedral people called him "our doctor" because of his wife. Perhaps that was really why they also called him "little," since it was not he who was less than average in height, but Jessica who was more. She was five feet ten, which is tall enough in any woman.

His attitude towards Jessica had leveled into a passive acceptance of her status as his wife; no flicker of impulse disturbed something which was not quite serenity and not quite boredom either. This condition, which some people flatteringly call happiness, David did not call anything; he did not even think about it. He just did his job, year by year, and would have been tolerably content with the wrong sort of wife if only he could have had the right sort of child. It didn't seem, as the years went by, that Gerald was going to be that. There was a nervousness in the boy that was almost pathological, and none the less so because Jessica regarded it as mere naughtiness. Upon this point of interpretation David and Jessica had their rare quarrels; for the boy's tantrums stirred David to a degree of patience which to Jessica was an added irritation.

When Gerald developed one of his notorious crying fits it was David who would devote hours to pacifying him, fighting the enemy with fear-stilling hands; for David knew the terror a child can have when a shadow climbs a wall, or when a train screams through a station, or when, in some story book, a page is turned shudderingly upon a hated picture. And he knew how terror can sometimes fascinate till the dreaded thing is loved and the mind twists into lonely corridors; he knew, too, that nothing is terrible if it is not felt to be. For there was that picture of angels looking like a skull; by some chance the boy liked it, and was overjoyed when David produced a real skull—relic of student



A dramatic scene from the Warner film, "We Are Not Alone"—when Paul Muni introduces Leni (Jane Bryan) to Jessica (Flora Robson) and Susan (Una O'Connor)

WE ARE NOT ALONE

Copyright 1936, 1937. By James Hilton

Photoplay is proud to bring you the original novel upon which Warner Brothers' inspiring film is based. Once again the famous, author of "Lost Horizon" and "Good bye, Mr. Chips" pulls at your heartstrings in the enthralling story of a kindly doctor and a danseuse who are caught in a maelstrom of their own emotions

days—to give meaning to what had hitherto been a merely entertaining mystery. And David demonstrating thus, was inspired to do so by a desire to establish one thing at least of which the boy should never be afraid; and that was Death.

He was well liked in Calderbury. He did not waste much time in spoken sympathy, or even seem to worry much if his patients died, though he was sometimes inclined to boast if they didn't die—as when, for instance, in an epidemic that killed scores of other doctors' patients, all of his recovered.

CHAPTER I

ONE cold gusty night in December a boy rang the bell of the doctor's house in Shawgate, and when Susan came to the door left word that there had been an accident to a dancer at the local theatre and would the doctor please come at once. David had had a busy day and was tired, but when she reported the message he nodded vaguely and began putting things in his bag.

"At the theatre, Susan? A dancer?"

"So the boy said. I don't know why they should send for you, anyway—Dr. Cowell lives much nearer."

"I'd better go."

"It's probably nothing much. Shall I light your bicycle lamp for you?"

"Oh, I think I'll walk. It's only over the hill past the Cathedral."

"But it's a rough night."

"Do me good to get some fresh air. I can walk it in ten minutes."

He put on his overcoat, wrapped a muffler round his neck, pulled the brim of his hat well down, and set out.

A rough night, indeed. There were few strollers in such weather, and because he was tired and a little breathless from climbing against the gale, he halted a moment by a street lamp; and again because there was a playbill of the local theatre in a shop window near by, he crossed the pavement to give it a second's glance.

It advertised a show called *Les Nuit [sic] de Paris*, which it described as "A Riot of Mirth-Provoking Naughtiness, Direct from the Gay Capital, with a Galaxy of Continental Stars."

The Theatre Royal in Calderbury dated from the fifties and had been modernized at various times to conform with fashions that afterwards made it seem more outmoded than ever. Stucco had peeled off the outside walls, the words "Theatre Royal" were spelt in empty sockets for which nobody could afford lights, moth and fleas inhabited the plush-hung boxes that nobody ever entered. The very boards of the theater sagged with dry rot.

The third and last act was nearly over when David arrived. He found nobody on duty to admit or question him. Entering by the stage door, he made his way along a dimly lit corridor echoing with the sound of excessively nasal singing. Then he pushed through another door and found himself stumbling against a heap of bright-colored dresses. Here a stout man in shirt sleeves seemed to be manipulating scenery.

"I'm a doctor. Someone sent for me about an accident here."

The stout man turned a casual eye. "Accident?" Then, into space: "Hey, Jim! Know anything about an accident?"

"To one of your dancers," David added.

A voice answered: "We ain't got only one dancer. She slipped as she came off, if you call that an accident!"

The stout man jerked his hand. "Maybe it's her. You'll find her along there."

"Thank you."

David walked between cliffs of slowly swaying canvas till he came to a group of girls wiping grease paint from their faces. They took no notice of him.

He walked farther till a closed door stopped him; he tapped on the panel, but there was no answer; then he turned the handle and found the room empty. He went back to the girls.

"There's nobody in."

"No? Then she must have gone home."

"But—well, I'm a doctor—I was sent for to see this girl—or to see someone—about an accident."

"An accident?"

"Hasn't there been an accident? Didn't she slip and hurt herself?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. We weren't on during her turn."

Had they been less casual, had they been able to confirm or deny or explain anything, he would probably have concluded that since the girl had been well enough to go home she could not have been very badly hurt. And he would probably have gone home then himself, assuming his summons to have been a thing done hastily and afterwards regretted. But that air of casualness, so foreign to the routine of his own profession, stiffened his conscientiousness to the point of obstinacy; even if the whole thing were a hoax or a false alarm, he could not now be satisfied till he had definitely established it so. After some trouble he extracted the girl's temporary address from the stage door-keeper: Number 24, Harcourt Row.

At Number 24 an elderly woman answered his continued ringing; she had to unlock the door. He knew her by sight; she knew him in the same way; and only this prevented the voicing of her resentment at being dragged out of bed at such an hour. Even as it was, her manner was far from cordial. When David had stated his business she muttered truculently:

"You'd better come up and see her. I can't understand a word she says—she's foreign. She's hurt her arm, by the look of it."

"All right."

He followed upstairs, till the woman opened the door of a very small room, crowded with shabby furniture and lit by a single unshaded gas light. A bed occupied most of the space, and on this sat a girl. David saw her face first of all through a wall mirror that happened to be in line with it; stained with grease paint, it struck him disturbingly, so that he stared for a moment, hardly realizing that the eyes he met in the glass could really be seeing him also.

They were amber-brown, curiously matched with reddish-tinted hair; matched, too, in their pained, difficult eagerness, with the set of lips and mouth. David went to her. He saw at once that her left wrist, resting over her knee as she sat, hung limply. She did not speak, but pointed to it, and when he stooped and held it, feeling what was amiss, her lips parted and blood came rushing into the marks that her teeth had made.

"It is brokken?" she said.

"I'm afraid so," he answered simply, kneeling to open his bag on a chair. He noticed then that a piece of stocking stuck to her leg in a smear of blood and dirt; nothing much, but the kind of thing he was always careful about. After bandaging the wrist he set about to clean this cut and asked Mrs. Patterson for warm water.

"You're going to have to rest for a while," he said to the girl.

She nodded, but he was not sure that she knew what he meant.

"You dance, don't you?"

Again she nodded.

"Well, you'll have to rest. You can't dance with an arm in a sling, and that's what you'll have to have." He spoke plainly, but with compassion and increasing doubt as to whether she understood him. "You know some English?" he queried.

"*Ein wenig* . . . a little. . ."

He smiled more easily. "That's about how much I speak your language, too."

He was prepared then for the torrent of words that usually outpours if one confesses even a slight knowledge of a stranger's tongue; but to his surprise she was silent.

He tried to make conversation but soon came to the end of his scantily recollected German. And her own meagre English did nothing to help him out. But he did manage to ask why she hadn't waited for him at the theatre, since she had sent for him there.

"I didn't send for you," she answered, in German. "It was the boy who sells chocolates. He sent for you. He said you were always so very kind."

David was just as embarrassed as most men would be by such a remark.

She went on: "He called you 'the little doctor'—is that right? . . . '*Der kleine Doktor*'?"

Which completed his embarrassment, for he was one of those people who can live a whole lifetime without seeing or hearing the most obvious thing

about themselves. He had not really known that he was called "the little doctor" until that moment, and he did not quite know whether he liked it or not; and, anyhow, the disclosure left him shyly disconcerted. And beyond all that he was troubled, perhaps by the rescoring of ancient mind tracks that the translation effort had entailed. He kept smiling the more steadfastly because he had used up all his German, and into a silence, as he packed his bag to go, came a revelation of her own mute solitariness in suffering. This made him feel towards her as to all such sufferers—that nothing could ever ease the embrace of pain and its victim except a gentle blessing on that embrace; and such a blessing he gave, in secret, on her behalf.

"Good night," he said, adding that he would call and see her again on Monday morning.

On the way back to his house it occurred to him that he did not even know her name. He stopped again at the shop window and glanced down at the playbill till he came to "Leni Arkadrevna, Whirlwind Danseuse from St. Petersburg." Goodness, he thought; that must be the one!

On Monday, when he called, the girl had left. "She just went off yesterday morning, same as the theatricals always do of a Sunday."

"But she had a broken wrist! She couldn't be any use like that!"

"Well, maybe she had to go with the rest of 'em. Not that they seemed to have much to do with her, and you can't hardly blame them, with her not speaking the language."

THE CAST

David Newcome	Paul Muni
Leni	Jane Bryan
Jessica	Flora Robson
Gerald	Raymond Severn
Susan	Una O'Connor
Dawson	Henry Daniell
Major Millman	Montagu Love
Sir William Clintock	James Stephenson
Sir Guy Lockhead	Stanley Logan
Police Inspector	Holmes Herbert

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by Edmund Goulding

"But weren't there other foreigners in the company? Wasn't it a French play?"

"Bless you, they was all English except her. And the show's not really foreign—it's just what they call it. She acted a Russian dancer, so I suppose that's why they gave her the name."

"It wasn't her real name, then?"

"Shouldn't think so. They never have real names."

"Do you know where the company's moved on to?"

"That I couldn't say for sure, but I've an idea it might be Addington or Polesby or one of them places. They'd tell you at the theatre, I daresay."

But David didn't bother to ask at the theatre. His curiosity was soon exhausted, for the theatrical world had seemed so unfamiliar when he had entered it momentarily that he could now accept any strangeness in its behavior. Nor did he often think about the Russian-German-French girl (or whatever she really was) during the weeks that followed. He didn't even put her down in his book, because he had forgotten her stage name, and, anyhow, he wasn't going to send her a bill. And this was not wholly generosity, but partly mere trouble saving; for he had no secretary, and the extraction of small sums from patients who left the town was rarely worth the time and effort it would involve.

THE New Year came in, and life for the little doctor continued pretty much as it had through-out a number of old years; busily partitioned, and with its own private trouble (about Gerald) to fill the gaps between.

He did not have many free moments. Most of his day was occupied with hospital work or visiting, he took his meals with Jessica, and in the evening there was the surgery; after which he was often tired enough to go to bed and very promptly to sleep.

Once a week, varying the routine, he spent a whole day in Sandmouth. He had several patients in that rising watering place—Calderbury folk who, retired and rich, lengthened their lives by means of sea air, half-yearly dividends, and (he always hoped) the confidence they reposed in his own regular visits. He was inclined to smile at this confidence (since there were so many excellent doctors in Sandmouth); nevertheless, he enjoyed his day trips to the sea.

One summer morning he caught, as usual, the seven-five—an absurdly early train, but there was no other till afternoon, and in those days travelers were at the mercy of the railway schedule.

IN Sandmouth that Friday morning the June sun blazed in a manner almost justifying the railway posters, and Station Avenue, sloping down to the Pierhead, was brilliant with the litter of café advertisements and stalls piled with colored buckets and gift pottery. David turned the corner by the Pierhead and threaded his way along the Promenade. Here the main army of holiday-makers paraded. He liked to walk by the edge of the waves, noticing the faces of deck-chair loungers and stumbling over sand holes dug by frantic children.

It was during the afternoon that he made his visits; they were usually finished by five, so that he could comfortably catch the five-thirty. But the call at Mrs. Drawbell's lengthened because a niece staying with her had taken a chill, and the call at Major Sanderson's lengthened because the Major insisted on describing a new kind of indigestion he had acquired—to which David listened with sympathy combined with growing apprehension about the time. In the end he reconciled himself to losing the train, though actually, had he hurried, he could have caught it. He was like that—he would rather decide to miss something than have the uncertainty of chasing after it. There was no other train till the nine-seven, so he had three hours to spare. He strolled down Station Avenue to the Promenade where grey skies were breaking into one of those spectacular sea-horizon sunsets. David reached the Pierhead and, on sudden impulse, paid his two-pence and clicked on to the wooden planks.

He noticed that a concert party advertised themselves as "The Cheerybles"; presently, approaching a placard more closely than before, his eye caught a programme announcement. One of its items engaged something in his mind that made him pause. "Leni Arkadrevna," he reread, "Whirlwind Danseuse from St. Petersburg." Then he remembered, and on a second sudden impulse that evening he bought a shilling deck-chair seat facing the open-air stage. The show was just beginning.

He did not find it very entertaining, but a certain innocent curiosity about most things made it hard for him to feel bored; indeed, as he watched and listened to the rather feeble acting and singing, a slow dreamy contentment came over him, focused slightly by the anticipation of seeing his ex-patient.

A piquant prelude to the appearance of a whirlwind dancer from St. Petersburg who spoke German. But, to his surprise, she didn't appear, and her item on the programme was omitted without explanation; till suddenly, from the unison with which a particular chorus was sung, he realized that the show was over and the audience beginning to get up and move away. After a pause he rose with them and sauntered towards the exit, puzzled, but hardly troubling much. When, however, he passed a man in Pierrot costume who was about to enter the pay booth, he asked what had happened to the girl dancer. The question ignited something.

"Happened to her? You can well ask that!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

Just then another Pierrot rushed up and said something in the ear of the first one, whose response was to throw up his arms with a gesture of despair. "My God—she *would!* And now what do we do? A doctor—where the devil can we find a doctor?"

"I am a doctor," said David quietly.

"You?"

"Yes."

"No kidding?"

"My name is—"

"Oh, never mind—for heaven's sake go round and see what's up. Take him along, Jim."

Jim led the way through the rows of empty deck chairs, now awaiting their second audience, behind a wooden screen, and eventually to the back of the stage. It was part of David's experience to be guided by devious routes to strange places, there to take charge of emergencies that occasioned him no real surprise. Only the mildest curiosity inspired him to ask his question again—what had happened to the girl? Was she ill?

"It's only luck if she isn't dead."

"Oh?"

"Shut herself in and turned on the gas, mister. What d' you say to that?"

But all David could say to that was a rather surprised: "Gas on the end of a pier?"

"Yes, mister. Gas an' electric lights and water and telephone—all in them pipes."

Soon they came upon an excited group of concert artists and Pier officials. Someone was fanning a door backwards and forwards, and there was much eagerness to describe, rather confusingly, what had taken place. The girl, it seemed, had missed her cue for the whirlwind dance business, and nobody had had time to find out the reason for her absence until after the last curtain, when a locked door and a smell of gas were discovered and reported. The door was easily opened with the key of another door; then the girl was found, sprawled over a couch, unconscious and breathing heavily in the tainted atmosphere. The tap of the radiator had been full on.

David took in the scene professionally, noting the absence of skin discoloration and the comparative



The girl sprawled over a couch

steadiness of the pulse. But most of all he noticed that her injured wrist, the one he had attended in Calderbury six months before, was badly swollen.

There came over him at these times a sort of natural dignity, so that when he asked the crowd to disperse and leave him alone in the room, they did so without much demur.

"Nothing to be alarmed about," he said, reassuringly.

"You mean she'll pull through?" queried a thin man in evening clothes.

"Why, of course." And he added, almost as if he were speaking to himself: "These walls are only matchboarding—they're full of draughts. I don't think anybody could do such a thing here without stopping up the cracks . . . it's extraordinary, the way people don't think of these details. . . ."

"Well, there's one detail you can think of to save me the trouble, doctor."

"Yes?"

"As soon as she comes to you can tell her she's got the sack."

David looked up inquiringly.

"I'm the manager and I don't stand for this sort of thing. So you can tell her—see?"

David was still looking up.

"And tell her to clear out before we fetch the police! She could be locked up for this!"

"I wouldn't fetch the police if I were you," said David quietly. "It wouldn't do your show any good."

The manager banged the door, and David began—artificial respiration, a hypodermic, just the routine procedure. He went to work with his usual precision.

Presently she opened her eyes. They blinked to consciousness as she realized where she was, then focused to new astonishment at the sight of him; while her mouth, trying the German words before she spoke, twisted into a half-smile.

"You? I must be dreaming! How can it be *you*—*here*?"

And he answered, with the foolishness of sheer simplicity: "I come here every Friday."

"*Der kleine Doktor am jeden Freitag!*"

He sat beside her, rebandaging the wrist, trying to think of German words.

"You must take care. This is bad. . . . Am I hurting you now?"

"Only a little."

"You should have rested—I told you that. . . ."

"I couldn't."

"You mean you danced with your wrist in this condition?"

"Yes—until tonight."

"But it must have been terribly painful—the vibration—"

"It was driving me mad."

"But, my dear girl—why on earth—why—was that why—you tried to—"

She shook her head.

"Then why?"

"Just—that there was nothing else."

"*Nichts anders?*"

"Nothing except night after night—like this."

"Couldn't you go back to your own country?"

She shook her head again.

"You have no parents there—no relatives—no friends?"

"No one."

"Is that why you are unhappy?"

All at once tears began to roll down her cheeks, streaking the grease paint; she did not make a sound, and there was no movement but that of the tears. Neither did David move, but his stillness and silence had compassion.

After a pause she smiled. He asked the reason and took to his heart a schoolboy translation of her answer: "Because I am so glad you didn't tell me not to cry . . . and I knew you wouldn't. . . ."

A doctor is so familiar with most of the things that can happen to minds and bodies that little can startle him. He can leave the operating table or the bedside, switching off his attention, as it were, whenever he feels he has done all he can; and this judgment he can reach unfettered, since there are others to humanize it after he has gone.

Little of which applied to David's position in a girl's dressing room at the back of the pavilion on Sandmouth Pier. He did not know what more he could do, yet he did not feel he could say good-night and leave her. There was much he could have explained but for the language obstacle, at least an ease he could have given to the leave-taking. And while he was thus hesitating and wondering, a man arrived with an envelope which the girl opened; it contained a week's wages and notice of summary dismissal. She showed it, smiling wryly as she did so; then, with a shrug, she began to change out of her costume into ordinary clothes. She had no shyness.

"You see, I must go now. They will not have me any more."

"But *where* will you go?"

"Away from here. Somewhere. I don't know."

He could see she was anxious to leave before the second show ended, and he thought this was a good thing if she could manage to do it. He helped her to dress, therefore, and when she was ready they left together through a back door.

"The cold air will help you," David said, as they began to walk along the Pier. He had to take her arm because she staggered a little. He noted that it was half-past nine; he had missed the last train to Calderbury. That meant staying overnight and taking the first train in the morning.

He began to talk in a mixture of English and German. "You're not really tired of life. You're tired of pain and loneliness and hopelessness. You don't really want to die. The time to die is when you have something to die for—the time to be tired of life is when life is tired of you. . . ." And so he talked, stumbling over the words, yet with a deeper sureness that was like the breaking in of a new instrument by a virtuoso. She clung to him then with far more than her uninjured arm, till at last a physical drowsiness conquered and he knew that she was almost asleep as she walked.

They left the Pier and threaded through the crowds on the still frequented Promenade. He led her to her lodgings, an apartment house dingy even for a back street in a seaside town. He imagined that would be the end of their meeting, but at the house there was a surprise. By some lightning spread of gossip, the landlady had learned of happenings at the Pier Pavilion, with the result that she stood truculently in the front hall, hips firm and lips tightened. "I'll have no soocides in my house!" came her immediate greeting, as David helped the girl up the flight of steps to the porch. "No turning the gas on here and blowing us all up while we're in our beds! Here's your bag—you can take it and go! And if that's your gentleman friend I hope he knows all about you!"

DAVID didn't know what to do, and he was a little upset, as he always was by scenes outside the realm of pathology. He could think of nothing but to take the girl away immediately, which meant to walk to the cab stand at the corner and drive somewhere; but of course the cabman wanted an address, and the only one that occurred to him on the spur of the moment was the Victoria Hotel, where he intended to stay himself, and where he had occasionally stayed before. So they drove there, the girl by this time so desperately tired that she could hardly stand up in the hotel lobby. The clerk, recognizing David but not quite sure of his name, appraised his companion curiously, wondering if she had drunk too much and if she were his wife. It was all rather odd, but none of his business; but he thought it odder still when, on being presented with the register for signature, David had to question the girl before he wrote her name. Then he wrote "Leni Krafft." He asked for two single rooms, and the clerk allotted them on the same floor. Then the doctor asked for a trunk call to Calderbury and the clerk overheard him explaining why he couldn't return home that night. But (or so at any rate he said afterwards) the clerk suspected that the doctor might not be giving the right explanation.

David did not sleep well. He was puzzled and a little perturbed. He knew that in the morning he could not simply pay the two bills together, say good-bye, and never see the girl again. He knew she had hardly any money. He knew she had no friends. He knew she had no job, and could not get one till her wrist had mended, and that she spoke only a few words of English. It was hard to know what to do, but he well knew that to do nothing at all would be impossible for him.

In the morning they breakfasted together in a room that faced blue seas and a sunny sky. She looked much better, having slept off most of the ill-effects of the night before; but there was still in her face the set of some profoundly tragic experience. He talked during the meal as if no problems had to be encountered, but afterwards he told her that he would lend her money which she could repay when she got another theatre job. "Sandmouth's a good place to recuperate for a few weeks—by that time your wrist ought to be better. Find some quiet lodgings where you can take things easily, then next Friday I'll call and see how you're getting on. I come here, as I told you, every Friday."

"You are so kind. . . . If everyone were as kind as you . . ."

Something in the little crushed smile she gave him made him reply: "I believe you're still worrying. Tell me what it is. Perhaps I can help you."

"No . . . no more. . . ."

"All right. I'll see you again next Friday."
 "You are so kind," she repeated, evading the question he had hinted. But he was not really very curious.

After breakfast they found a comfortable boarding house, the sort that announced itself as a private hotel, in a street leading off the Promenade. She left her bag there and paid a week's rent in advance, for which she had money enough of her own. Then they shook hands, and she gave him the little crushed smile again, and he went off to the station to catch the morning train.

CHAPTER III

THE little doctor was modest, if one had to think of a single adjective for him; but his modesty was more accurately a lack of worldly ambition combined with a dislike of comparing himself with other people. He cared little about money or position and had long ceased to regret the brilliant career that had once been forecast for him and was now out of reach. Indeed to every might-have-been he offered the crowning indignity of forgetfulness, save when some specific reminder nudged him.

Such a reminder was the German primer which he took down from a dusty shelf on the Thursday after meeting Leni in Sandmouth. Since he had to see her the next day he thought he might as well look over a few words. The book brought memories of student days in London, when he had walked the wards at St. Thomas's Hospital and lodged near by in Battersea. He had studied German then with some idea of having a year's specializing in Vienna, but the plan was abandoned when his father died and left far less money than had been expected. Feeling that he must begin to earn something to support his mother, he had then used up a small inheritance to buy a general practice in a Manchester suburb, where for several years he was both overworked and under-rewarded. He fell ill, debts accumulated, his mother died, and eventually there was nothing left but to sell out at a loss and take a long holiday. After this he bought the Calderbury practice, then an inferior one, and settled down in the more congenial atmosphere of a small cathedral market town. But he still could not convert his skill and effort into anything that would pay rates and bills. He was one of those men who have no knack of extracting financial profit, and very soon he might have become that pathetic thing, a bankrupt doctor, had not Jessica taken his affairs in hand.

Jessica was a year or two older than he. Even in those days she had had a tough, leathery skin (the result of much gardening) and a rigid eye (the result of much chairmanship of small meetings). Indefatigable at the tea urn, both in drawing-rooms and in church halls, she might have made an admirable colonial bishop's wife—and, indeed, would have if a certain young vicar, since raised to the episcopacy, had not preferred someone far less suitable. After that she had taken pains to marry the little doctor.

It had been, by outward signs, a successful marriage. Jessica had reorganized all of David's life that was reorganizable; the house at the corner of Shawgate was bought with her money; and though David jibbed at complete supervision of his business affairs, her secret interferences were more frequent and more considerable than he ever suspected. She turned a loss into a profit and David gave her all the credit for doing it without any profound conviction that it was worth doing.

Friday morning came—only a few hours after he had closed the German primer at his bedside. The day promised to be fine, and as the train left Calderbury the twin towers of the Cathedral rose above a film of mist that covered the town. Serene and secure, this world, poised on an edge it could not glimpse. The train wheels caught a rhythm which, for some reason, translated into German words, words that he must have read in the textbook

the night before:—

*Noch erkannt und sehr gering
 Unser Herr auf der Erde ging. . . .*

At Sandmouth he walked immediately to the Promenade, turning into the side street where the clifflike boarding houses soared from area basement to attic, bourgeois castles, flaunting their cruets on bay-window dining tables with an air of buxom integrity. He was really rather nervous about this visit, and with some idea of getting it over he took it first on his list.

The landlady showed him to a room on the first floor overlooking the street. He had not, a week earlier, disclosed his own profession, lest admission might be refused to a sick person; and now he thought it simpler to keep up the assumption of some private friendship with the girl. He was startled a little, though he made no comment, when the woman said: "I don't think your young lady's very well. Maybe it's her arm. I'd take her to see a doctor if I were you."

A moment later he was investigating. The girl seemed less agitated in mind—that was something; she greeted him cheerfully. But her wrist was still inflamed and obviously painful—which was not surprising, after her previous neglect of it. He told her frankly that it was her own fault for not obeying the instructions he had given her at Calderbury; how could she possibly have danced with broken bones chafing each other at every sudden movement? And now, as a result, the mending would be more difficult; there might even be complications; at any rate, she would have to carry her arm in a sling for weeks.

She nodded when he had finished, accepting both the situation and the blame for it. That made him smile and ask, more gently: "Do you like it here?"

She nodded and smiled back.

Yes, she was more cheerful; that was a great deal—more important, really, than her wrist.

"I think you'd better stay another week—since it seems to be doing you good. You're not lonely?"

"No."

"Made any friends?"

"The landlady's little boy. I take him for walks sometimes."

"Good. Can you understand anything he says?"

"He doesn't talk a great deal. And I'm learning English from a book. I never had time before."

Up to then he had talked in German; now he said, in English: "I shall have to brush up my German, too, then we'll be quits. Do you like children?"

"Yes, indeed."

He had a sudden idea.

"I've got a little boy, you know. He's nine. It would be a change for him to come to Sandmouth, but I've never known quite what to do with him while I make my round of visits. I wonder if . . . if I were to bring him next week . . . I could leave him in your charge for a few hours?"

"Yes, please."

"But I'm afraid he's not quite an ordinary little boy."

"No?"

"He's rather nervous and excitable—and sometimes difficult—do you know what I mean?"

"I don't mind. Please bring him."

IT was just an idea, and one which, had he thought twice, he might never have put forward; for it was always possible that Jessica would object. Jessica, however, was glad enough to have Gerald out of the house for a day, and quite indifferent when David explained that he had a patient at Sandmouth, who had promised to act as nursemaid.

The arrangement, therefore, stood; but it entailed a good deal of trouble which Jessica herself would scarcely have thought worth while. David did not mind. He was careful to wait at the very front end of the stations at both Calderbury and Marsland Junction, so that the train did not rush by as it entered the station; that always terrified Gerald, and David understood as if it were the most natural thing in the world; which, indeed, he knew it was, in Gerald's world. And then there were the actual hours of travel, during which the boy was apt to get tired and fidgety, so that he sometimes made himself a nuisance to others in the compartment.

Nevertheless, they reached Sandmouth without trouble and called immediately at the boarding house. David was a little apprehensive, because Gerald was apt to take sudden dislikes to strangers; but the first encounter seemed to him to pass well enough, and he left on a tiptoe of hopefulness that did not quite amount to confidence. When he called back later in the afternoon he found the two of them eating pink ice cream out of huge cones.

"Ice cream is a thing you should never have unless you know where it comes from!" Jessica would have exclaimed, indignantly; but David, neither knowing nor caring where it came from, merely smiled: for the boy at that moment looked just like any other boy. It had been a dream that that should begin to happen some day.

"How did you manage?" he asked later.

"All right."

"He's really been good?"

"Yes."

"He can't help it, you know, even when he isn't. Wasn't he frightened at all—by anything?"

"He didn't like the big waves when we walked along the beach, but I made him laugh."

"You did?"

"I said things in German. I said, '*Hurtig mit Donnergewitter entrollte der tückische Marmor*'—and he began to laugh and then made me say it over and over again."

David smiled eagerly. "You know, that's just the way I do it too—anything to make him laugh, anything I can think of, when he gets into one of those panics. I believe that's the only way to tackle them until he can tackle them himself."

"Is it true that when he was younger he was run over by a train?"

"Good God, no! Did he say that? Oh, he's an awful little story-teller—you mustn't believe everything he says. He just imagines things, you know, and everything he imagines is more the truth to him than what really happens. That's why he has these panics—through imagining things. He doesn't really tell lies."

"I know."

"If you do know, you belong to a very small minority, I can tell you. And I think he must feel you do—that's why you get on so well with him."

THE following Friday he took Gerald to Sandmouth again. The repeated experiment was almost too successful, for the boy enjoyed himself so much that when the time came to return to Calderbury he burst into tears and refused to be comforted. That, clearly, was as big a danger as anything else; and David, promising that he should see Leni again, was privately aware that it had better not happen. It would be disastrous if Gerald should develop some deep attachment that could not continue; and how could it, since the girl would soon recover and be at work again? At least he assumed so, and she assumed so too; for her money was coming to an end, and even if she could not dance again for some time, there might be some other temporary job to tide over the interval; they had talked over that possibility together, and he had been quite optimistic about her getting a commercial post requiring knowledge of German.

They walked to the railway station, the three of them, with these thoughts and possibilities somewhat strangled by the need for pacifying Gerald. He made a scene on the platform, clinging to Leni's hand and refusing to budge. "Good-bye," said David, harassed by all this, as he leaned out of the window when the struggle was over. "Good-bye—and good luck about the job. . . ." Something in her eyes made him add, as the guard began whistling: "By the way, if it doesn't come off—the job, I mean. . . ." Then the train began to move. "Well, write and let me know," he added, lamely.

She didn't have to write and let him know. Jessica wrote. Jessica, in fact, handled the situation as she always handled situations—masterfully, with a fine eye for essentials and a bold seizure of opportunities. She was a shrewd woman, and after Gerald's successive Fridays at Sandmouth and his delighted chatter about them, it did not take her long to realize that whatever had happened there had been fortunate. In her remarkably efficient way she wished well to the boy, though the well-wishing hardly lessened her impatience of his tantrums. If someone else had both the knack and the inclination to deal with them, then by all means let it happen. "Who is this woman who looks after Gerald when you're in Sandmouth?" she asked David.

David had acquired a habit of reticence about his patients' private affairs, added to which there was the vagueness that existed in his own mind when he asked himself who Leni was. Come to think about it, he simply didn't know.

"She's just a patient of mine—she broke her wrist."

"Is she a lady?"

David wondered, not so much whether she was or not, as whether Jessica would think her one or not. At length he said: "Oh yes, I should say she is."

"Living by herself?"

"Yes."

"What sort of family?"
 "She hasn't any."
 "Of course not, silly, if she lives by herself. I meant what kind of family does she come from?"
 "I don't know—I really don't know much about her affairs."
 "Is she well off?"
 "Oh no, on the contrary—in fact—"
 "In fact, you've already decided not to send her a bill—I thought as much!"
 "No, no—I was going to say that she's quite poorly off—at the moment she's trying to find work."
 "She wants a job, then? I suppose she's presentable in appearance?"
 "Presentable?"
 "Oh, you wouldn't notice, would you? You never do notice the most obvious things about people. What I'm really wondering is if she'd come here to help with Gerald."
 "You mean to *live* here?"
 "Why not, if she wants something to do?"
 "Well . . ."
 "You don't think she'd come?"
 "I don't know. . . . I hadn't thought about it."
 "My dear David, you never think of anything. Give me her address and I'll write to her."
 "The address . . . ah, let me see now—I think I can remember it—it's the Salway Private Hotel, Beach Street."
 "Her name first, stupid—I can't write without knowing that, can I?"
 "Krafft—Leni Krafft."
 "Goodness—it sounds foreign."
 "She's German."
 "Well, that's all right. At any rate it might have been worse. The Murdochs always had German governesses. What made her leave Germany?"
 "I don't know."
 "Well, I shall write to her. I suppose she can understand a letter written in plain English?"
 "Oh yes."

So Leni got a letter written in plain English. It offered her the job of looking after Gerald at a salary of sixty pounds a year if she proved satisfactory after a trial.

Leni came to Calderbury to live. "You'd better meet the train," said Jessica, "since you're the one who knows her"; and David said all right, he would if he got through his visits in time. But it happened that he did finish in time, though it was dusk when he reached the station. And as he walked he began to think, really for the first time in his life, about Leni. She was coming to Calderbury. She was coming to live in his house. It was odd the way these things happened.

The train was in.
 Leni was already stepping out of the train, carrying a suitcase and a wicker basket.
 "Leni!"
 "Oh, *du kleine doktor!*"
 They didn't know what else to say to each other at first. There was the business of handing over the luggage, surrendering her ticket, passing the barrier with the small crowd from the train. People who knew David kept up a chorus of good-evenings. On the way down the steps to the street level he said: "Gerald's looking forward to your arrival."

Leni exclaimed in German: "I couldn't believe I was really coming!"
 "It was Jessie's idea—I don't know why I never thought of it myself."
 The porter, walking ahead, pricked up his ears. Afterwards he reported: "They didn't talk much, but when the doctor said something she answered in some foreign lingo and 'e seemed to understand it all right from the way he smiled at 'er. . . ."

CHAPTER IV

LENI settled down at the house in Shawgate and Gerald was happy. It was miraculous, the success she had in calming the boy's nervousness and brightening his moods whenever they darkened; she could do it as well as David, and, of course, the trouble had always been that David had so little time for doing it. Now, instead of Jessica's rigid discipline of scoldings and repetitions, Leni imposed her more elastic sway; and Jessica, freed from an irksome duty, seemed satisfied. David was satisfied too. After the first surprise of Leni's presence he regarded it with sudden simplicity. He wasn't bothered, for instance, by any mystery there might be about her name and past; it did not

seem to matter to him since he called her Leni and liked her. He called everyone by their first names.

Gradually her wrist became stronger and one afternoon, when Jessica was out, David heard her playing the piano. It was more from the surgical than the musical angle that he viewed this experiment; he wished to see how far the fracture had impaired her finger movements. To his considerable surprise she began to play rather well, and things he had never heard before; they weren't his kind of music, anyway. Then he put in front of her a Mozart Sonata, thinking he might give himself the pleasure of hearing it; but she shook her head. "I can't read it," she told him.

"What? You can't read music?"
 "Only very slowly."
 "Then how do you learn all these things?"
 "Mostly from ear."
 "You mean you've never been *taught* music?"
 She shook her head a third time.
 "Well, it's very remarkable. You certainly ought to have training."

"May I practise while I am here?"
 "Why, certainly. You'll find a lot of classical stuff in the cabinet—my own tastes."

"You play the piano?"
 "The violin—but not much. What time does a doctor have?"

And he went away to his daily duties, vaguely wondering whether he should introduce her to Jagers, the Cathedral organist, or to Yule, the choirmaster, and let them share his discovery.

After that, and mostly during the afternoons when Jessica was out, Leni played the piano in the drawing-room. He didn't realize what she was doing until one day, by accident, he came in and heard her playing the piano part of the Kreutzer Sonata. He stood outside the drawing-room door and listened till she had finished. Then he entered.

"But you learned that from music?"
 "It was very slow and difficult for me to pick out the notes, but when I had done that, then I knew it from memory. I've been practising a lot lately."
 "Fine. But I still think you ought to have some proper training."

Smilingly he walked away, again registering an intention of talking to Jagers or Yule about her. But at the back of his mind in such a matter there was always the thought of Jessica; she might not approve—one could never prophesy her attitude.

So he did not actually mention Leni to Jagers or Yule or, indeed, to anyone; but he went on thinking he ought to do, and *must* do, and perhaps would do so, one of those days.

But one of those days, a July day, David returned to Calderbury after his weekly visit to Sandmouth.

Suddenly, walking on towards Shawgate, he met Leni. "Why—" he began, as if he had not seen her for years. She stopped, smiling but silent. "Taking a walk?" he said.

"Just for a while."
 "Do you often take a turn round here, then?"
 "Take a turn? What is that?"

He put it into German for her, and then a curious line of her mouth, lit by the merging of twilight and lamplight, gave him an impression of mishap that made him add: "Is anything the matter?"

She answered, in German also: "Mrs. Newcome has told me I must go."

"What?"
 "Yes."
 "Must go? But where?"
 "Away."
 "But why—why on earth—should she say that?"
 "She said she can't afford to have me."
 "But that's absurd. We can afford it."
 "She said not."

A silence fell on them both, and into it, making an interruption, came the voice of a passer-by: "G'night, doctor."

"Good night," answered David, not knowing, never knowing indeed, who the other was. Then he turned to Leni. "I really don't understand it. I must see what Jessica has to say."

He must talk to Jessica as soon as he had the chance, though he realized, even in making that decision, how little he cared to ask Jessica anything. It wasn't that he was really afraid of her, or that there was truth in Calderbury's popular notion that she ruled him with a rod of iron. He wasn't; she couldn't. It was rather that his own will to do what he liked in his own house had been worn into a shrug of the shoulders that yielded, by nonchalance, all that could never have been claimed by force. Furthermore, Jessica was so efficient that it was easy to let her encroach to the very rampart of self-preservation; and that rampart, for David, was the door of the surgery.

Jessica was writing invitations when he found her later in the drawing-room. The engraved cards, filled in with handwritten names, lay spread out on the writing desk beside her—"Dr. and Mrs. Newcome request the pleasure of . . ."

"Jessie," he began, breathlessly and without preamble. "What's all this about getting rid of Leni?"
 Jessica faced him with her thin, well-chiseled face, faced him also with her no-nonsense personality at full strength.

"Yes, it's true. I told her she couldn't stay."
 "But why?"

"I had my reasons, I assure you."
 "But it's absurd to say we can't afford her wage! She's well worth it—Gerald likes her enormously—"

"That was only the reason I gave *her*. It wasn't the *real* reason."

"What was that?"
 "Do you really need me to tell you?" Her voice sharpened to the pitch in which, at meetings of this or that, she usually called some errant speaker to order. "Has it ever occurred to you that people aren't always what they seem? I was far too trusting to take that girl without the usual inquiries, but I was relying—foolishly, no doubt—on your own assurance. I might have guessed how little you really knew of her. And I must say, too, that I didn't *take* to her, even from the first."

JESSICA was like that. She had a way of finding that she didn't like people and then of saying that she never had liked them—thus imputing clairvoyance to herself and vaguely sinister attributes to her victims.

"I don't quite know what you're driving at."
 "Oh, you don't? I'm glad you admit it. You don't know, I suppose, that this girl was on the stage a few months back, doing a dance turn in fifth-rate shows? And you don't know that she was dismissed because she tried to commit suicide!"

"Oh yes," said David, simply, "I knew all that."
 Quite unconscious of having spoiled Jessica's moment, his only thought was a reassuring one—that if *that* was all the trouble, what could the fuss be about?

Jessica's voice keyed up another half-tone. "So you *knew*? And you never told me?"

"I never like to gossip about a patient's private affairs."

"How very considerate to your patients! But hardly to your family! Did you *really* think a suicidal stage dancer—and a foreigner, at that—was the kind of person to have in a respectable household and look after a nervous child?"

David blinked a little, thinking of Leni and of how silly it was to try to pin down the truth about people in words, because the words could all be true and yet have no truth in them. "She's all right, my dear," he said quietly.

"You call her all right? . . . I've no patience with you, David. Apart from the risk of heaven knows what, don't you think there's enough scandal all over the town now that this story's got about? Do you know she once appeared on the stage at the theatre here?"

"Yes, that was where she broke her wrist last December. I attended her."

"Well, *really!* You knew all that and didn't say a thing!"

David was silent, and Jessica too. After a long pause she commented: "A queer business. Right

from the first moment I was certain there was something queer about it."

"But there isn't."

"There must be, if she's the sort that tries to commit suicide."

"Oh, no, Jessie. It isn't queer people who do that—it's people just like everyone else—like you or me—if ever we were driven to it."

"Well, I don't want to argue. She's got to go, that's all."

"But Gerald—"

"He must learn to manage without her. I'm sure she's doing him no real good."

Then David, planting himself firmly on a small fragment of endangered territory, took a stand which was all the more obstinate for being minute. He was not really a good fighter. He hated squabbles and it was never easy for him to grasp such issues as could be involved in them. "She can't go before the end of the month," he said, as if pronouncing a moral dictum or an immutable law.

"She can if I pay her."

"It isn't a matter of paying. You can't act suddenly like this and make her find new work and new lodgings at a moment's notice."

"I don't see that her future plans have anything to do with us."

"Maybe not, but I think we ought to treat her as a human being. We can't just give her a few shillings and put her out in the street."

"You say we can't?"

"I say we mustn't."

"Very well, if that's your attitude she shall stay till her month is finished—which means another fortnight of her company. But don't expect me to leave Gerald with her. You can look after the girl's interest; I prefer to look after my own child's. . . . And now tell me about these invitations to the musical party—do you want the Cowens to come this year or not?"

David shook his head bewilderedly and walked to the door. When he got there he said "Ask them if you like," and passed into the corridor. He moved absently for a few paces, then his feet led him down the three familiar steps and through the green-baize-covered double doors into the surgery. There, entrenched in his own domain, he felt a little but not greatly eased. Of course it was quite true that in a cathedral town there was a lot of gossip, and Jessica was probably surer in reckoning its importance. And also, of course, so long as Leni could get another job as good or better, it didn't really matter to her. He would write her a testimonial if she wasn't fit for a theatre job, and perhaps, with her knowledge of German, she might find work as a teacher or in some firm. And though he would personally miss her, and he knew Gerald would too, her absence could only put back everything as it had been before, even for the boy.

WHEN he saw Leni in the morning as he left for his round of visits he behaved as if nothing particular had happened. He was aware of a directly personal relationship between them, aware of it as never before; it touched something in him which was as solitary as itself. When he returned about noon Leni told him that Jessica had taken Gerald away and that the boy had made a scene.

"When he said good-bye to you?"

"He wasn't allowed to say good-bye to me."

"Do you know where Jessie took him?"

"To Mr. Simpson."

"Oh yes, my wife's brother. He's Vicar of St. Peter's. He's looked after Gerald before."

"Do you think he'll be happy?"

"Gerald? I don't know." He leaned against the edge of the desk and began tapping it with his fingernail. "I'm sorry it's all happened like this. I really am. But what can I do about it? I'm not one of those people who like to make trouble. Sometimes—sometimes I wish I were."

"Don't worry," she said. He knew her sympathy, yet felt it as a spell he must break at all costs.

"Has Jessie come back?" he asked.

"No, not yet. She said she'd be out for lunch."

"Then . . . I won't have any lunch. Just a cup of coffee and a sandwich here. Will you tell Susan?"

"I told Susan. I knew you always had that when Mrs. Newcome's away."

"See that you get something yourself."

"I'm not hungry either."

Over the murmur of Calderbury activities there came the twang of the street piano that always moved along Shawgate on Thursday market days, pushed by an old wooden-legged character named Joe Moore. Presently Susan entered with a plate of sandwiches and coffee. "You must have some," David said to Leni, thinking she might as well eat and drink in the surgery as anywhere else. He smiled and then had to add: "I talked to Jessie, by the way, last night—and I'm sorry—personally I'm very sorry indeed—"

"You mean I have to go?"

"Not for a fortnight."

"But now that Gerald's gone—"

"I know, but I made Jessie agree to the fortnight."

The fortnight was offered between them as a symbol of the extent to which he had argued with Jessica and opposed her; as a gesture indicating action which, had he been inclined for any, he would have taken; as, finally, a gift which could not be refused.

"Because, you see, during that fortnight we'll have time to find you another job."

She nodded.

"Or else, if we can't, then I'll pay your fare back to Germany."

Something in her change of expression served then as a reminder, so that he went on, hastily: "Oh, but I forgot—you said you didn't want to go back."

"I can't go back."

He accepted the statement as if it were only just beginning to occur to him how little he knew about her, as well as how remarkably little he had ever bothered to know.

". . . Because I ran away," she added suddenly.

"From home?"

"No—from school. . . . It was very strict and I hated it. The Russian frontier was quite close, so I ran away one night and went to St. Petersburg, to the dance school there, but the police found out about me, so I had to run away again. I hid myself on a ship in the docks and came to London. So you see I must stay in England now—I cannot go back to Germany. They would arrest me there—because of the forgery."

"Forgery? Why, what was that?"

"On the passport when I went to Russia. You have to have a passport. I altered all the writing on the certificate—about my name and age. I just made up a name."

He began to smile. "But it wasn't done with any criminal intent. I don't suppose you'd find the authorities very hard on you. They wouldn't send you to prison."

"Not to the prison, maybe, but back to the school."

He laughed. "Oh really, no—they couldn't do that. At your age you've a perfect right—"

"No, no, that's just it—because on the passport I said I was twenty-five."

"And aren't you?"

"I'm nineteen."

David looked at her. He had never really wondered about her age, but now he realized that he was astonished. Nineteen! It didn't, of course, make any difference to the way he would treat her. He never condescended to youth. There was a sense in which he treated grown-ups as if they were children; but in the same sense he also treated children as if they were grown-ups. And there was this same childlike gravity in the readiness with which he believed people, because he knew he knew so little about the nature of truth, except that it could be very strange indeed.

"You won't tell anyone, will you? Not even the police—if they come to ask about me?"

He touched her reddish hair, thinking it now a child's. "I wouldn't worry at all if I were you."

"No, I do not worry now. Because you do not worry, either. You never ask me about anything and that was why I have told you everything."

In the lives of most Calderbury citizens there was little that one might count the days to, either in fear or in anticipation. Only the schoolboy crossing off dates to the end of term, or the old-age pensioner in fear of next winter's chills, could taste the cruel beauty that time offers to those who are bound to count its fragments.

Something of that cruel beauty entered the doctor's house in Shawgate, touching him every morning as he rose and every evening when he had said

good-night to his last surgery caller and there was nothing left but to smoke and go to bed. He preferred those final moments of the day alone, for he was, beyond outward fellowship and impersonal altruism, a solitary, aware of communion with life itself rather than with individual lives.

But now, meeting Leni from time to time during the diminishing fortnight, a little of that calmness was dislodged. He saw her sometimes during the afternoons, when she played the piano in the drawing-room; once he got out his violin and began a sonata with her, but in the middle of it he heard Jessica entering the house and talking to Susan, so he made an excuse to discontinue the performance. He knew Jessica disliked music, and he had never found it possible to enjoy playing when she was at home. He said, putting his violin back in the case: "We must finish that sometime. And I must see about lessons for you—you really ought to have them, you know." He kept saying that, but he never did anything about it.

He knew, though she did not tell him, how little she wished to leave, yet how hard it was to stay, even those few more days. For Jessica, by pricks of word and action, was always indicating the obvious—that there was nothing to stay for, no work to do, no reason why she should not take her money and quit. The days passed slowly, braked by a curious brooding uncomfortableness; David, busy



David called to see Gerald every day

with his work, saw neither Jessica nor Leni for any length of time; yet whenever he entered the house he felt their presence in distant separate rooms. Perhaps it had been a mistake to insist on that fortnight; he thought so when, taking meals with Jessica, he measured her cold, controlled civility against the thoughts that might lie behind it. But when, at other times he met Leni in the hall, or in the corridor outside the surgery, her smile made him feel that the fortnight was beautiful, with a beauty sharpened by all that made it unwise.

He fretted, too, about Gerald and how he was faring, and once, after his day's work, the news in the evening paper gave him a vision of human mischief larger, but no more wanton, than that which had invaded his own affairs. Seeking escape from an intolerable perception, he went out, took the path by the river, and climbed the Knoll.

He walked on, as far as the little wooden hut on the hill, and during a pause to light his pipe someone (he could not see who at first) came up to him and said something.

"Leni!" he exclaimed, and then found himself speechless with surprise.

"Yes, I often come here in the evenings. Have you any news of Gerald?"

David flinched at the question. "Yes, I call and see him every day."

"How is he?"

"Not very happy, I'm afraid."

"It is so silly that I cannot still look after him."

They walked on silently, and in a little gap of moonlight between the trees he began to study the outline of her face, the long slender nose, the forehead straight and ample. All at once he knew that he had her in memory forever, could trace that profile with closed eyes, every curve and line in

precious ease to his imagination.

"What are you thinking about?"

"You and what is to happen to you."

"I shall get a job."

"Yes, and next time you oughtn't to go in for these second-rate things—Pierrots at the seaside and the kind of show you were in when you first came here. I think you ought to try some really good theatre—in London."

She smiled, knowing the absurdity of it all. Their worlds were different, their ages were different, their lives and languages were different; yet all those differences became themselves absurd when measured against the flash of recognition that sprang between them at every nearness. She said, touching his arm as she walked: "Ah . . . *du kleiner Doktor* . . . I am not so good as that. . . . You have never seen me dance, have you?"

He shook his head. "What sort of dancing do you do?"

"Some day I would like to show you. But I am not very good. Maybe if I could have stayed in Petersburg and worked hard for years at the school there—"

He said, quite seriously: "Yes, I'm afraid we haven't any good dancing school in Calderbury. It's a pity your career had to be interrupted."

"But I have been so happy here," she answered.

CHAPTER V

IT had been David's habit for many years to give a party during the latter half of July, a sort of garden party with music, to which all the notables of Calderbury society were invited.

David had, indeed, a quiet liking for music that led him to join the Calderbury Philharmonic Society and play the violin in string quartets.

It was during the second week of Leni's last fortnight that the party was to take place.

About fifty people gathered in the drawing-room and garden—the Dean and the Archdeacon, the Precentor, Jagers the organist, Yule the choirmaster, various vicars of parishes, doctors, a solicitor, a retired admiral, the headmaster of the local grammar school, the editor of the *Calderbury Gazette*.

Greetings, gossip, a piano solo by the choirmaster, who did not play very well, and for whom the doctor's piano would not have been good enough if he had; then a Grieg violin solo by the wife of the grammar-school head. In the midst of this, Susan entered with a message which made David tiptoe from the room, followed by glances of vague commiseration. "It's always like that for a doctor, isn't it?" people said to Jessica afterwards, and she admitted that it was. Actually she didn't feel that David's absence mattered very much, since he was no help in running any but a children's party.

He cycled to a cottage in Colohan Street, off Briargate; a workman, his wife, and six children lived there in four small rooms. One of the six lay gasping and coughing in bed. "Bronchial, doctor," the father kept saying, with the pathetic trustfulness of the man who knows a word. David soon found that it was double pneumonia. There was little chance for the boy; it was a case that should have been under skilled treatment days before. David did what he could, and promised to call again about midnight.

By the time he returned to the house the party had had the refreshment interval and were on with music again. He let himself in by the surgery entrance. Passing through the waiting room, he caught the sound of strings; then, as he opened the surgery door, the sound swelled into sudden harmony, and also, at the same moment, he saw Leni in the leather armchair.

She looked so still and calm, so much a part of all that he sought beyond the fret of existence, that he caught his breath at both the sight and the sound; and all at once he realized something that he had long been experiencing without notice—an unclenching of every nerve whenever he came into her presence, a secret renewal of strength.

"Was it anything serious, David?"

"Not only serious but hopeless, I'm sorry to say."

(A way they often had, and a way that no one else had ever had with him, to begin talking without preliminaries, as if speech were suddenly switched on to a conversation that had been taking place for a long time, but silently.)

"I am sorry too."

He put down his hat and bag and sat in the swivel desk chair and was soon absorbed. Some-

thing in music rarely failed to lure him with a promise. The patience and patterning of a string quartet offered him the strongest hint of destiny in man. He was really happier by himself in the surgery, and "by himself" did not conflict with the presence of Leni. So why join the crowd just yet?

"I ought to have been playing in that quartet," he said, when it was over. "But listen—" Fred Garton was beginning to sing. He had a good voice and a musicianly intelligence. "I don't think I ever heard that song before."

"It is a song by Schubert called 'Die Krähe.' From the *Winterreise*."

"Krähe? What's that?"

"I don't know what you call it. A bird—black—disastrous—I can't think of the word."

"Never mind. . . . Leni, I'm sorry you're going."

"Six . . . more . . . days. . . ."

"And four of them I'm away at a conference. It's too bad. I shall miss you."

"I shall miss you too. . . . Oh, that word—'Die Krähe'—I can remember now—it means a bird that Poe wrote a poem about."

"The raven?"

They looked up and saw Jessica standing outside the door, opening it slowly.

Fred Garton's song drew an encore, and it was during this that Jessica returned to the drawing-room with David. It was noticed that he looked pale and weary, from which observers were ready to deduce an arduous errand.

But Jessica gave him no peace. It was not that she was deliberately uncivil, or that any actual thing she said could have been objected to, but rather that she put him in positions where he was constantly at a disadvantage.

Presently the guests departed; all grew quiet in the doctor's house. At midnight he bicycled to the cottage where the boy lay dying of pneumonia but still alive. David stayed till four; then, with eyes hardly open, bicycled back through the dawn-lit streets. He did not go to bed, but slumped into the surgery chair and awakened at half-past seven, made himself a cup of tea, and cycled to the local infirmary. It was a small institution on the edge of the town, fairly well equipped, and efficiently managed. David as a rule looked forward to his visits there, preferring the orderliness of the wards to the cramped sickrooms of private houses; but that morning as he half dozed along the roads he could only think of the extraordinary fret and muddle that had encompassed him—he did not see what he could do about it, it all seemed so preposterous. He left the bicycle in the shed and walked in through the main doors of the hospital so slowly that a couple of nurses, watching from a window, commented upon his air of preoccupation. In the anteroom where he put on his surgeon's uniform he was still oppressed with the revelation of a wantonly misbehaving world. Trevor, his young assistant, and Jones, the anæsthetist, had already arrived.

THE patient lay outstretched, with pain-sharpened eyes swerving restlessly amidst his new environment. He was an old man, grey-haired and thin-featured, the thinness accentuated by disease.

"Nothing to worry about, Charlie," David said, smiling as he touched the pulse for a moment. He always called his patients by their names when they were on the table, because he believed it primed a man with some personal dignity when he lay pinioned and anxious under the glare.

David nodded to Jones and the stream of stupefying gas began to pour into nostrils and lungs. The little doctor stood by, like an actor waiting for his cue.

Jones signaled and David began, calmly confident, at home with the familiar feel of the knife ploughing through skin and flesh, so swiftly that the first reddening crept into the slope of the cavity almost like a blush. Deeper . . . then the click of the clamps as the nurses handed them. . . . "There . . . another one . . . lay them outside the gauze . . . now a retractor. . . ." Precision hypnotized the room; the minutes passed as in a dream which

only the hands of the clock could certify.

David had begun the operation on Charlie at eight o'clock in the morning; the final stage was not complete until after ten. It had been an awkward case, largely inoperable, and complicated by a weak heart. Twice the man had almost died on the table. But at last, still breathing faintly, and with bandages like a great white bundle tied in front of him, he was wheeled away to hours of lingering unconsciousness, days of pain, a few months of half-life, pain again, and death.

David pulled off the stained gloves and washed his hands and face in the lavatory adjoining the theatre. He had given himself, and was now utterly spent. Rallying himself a little, he visited a few of his patients in the wards; then he rode away for his usual round of house calls. One of them was the pneumonia he had been called to the night before; to his gratification the boy was better.

He was late home for lunch and was neither startled nor disconcerted when Susan greeted him with: "Mrs. Newcome wouldn't wait, sir."

"Oh, I don't mind—all I want is some coffee."

"She asked if you would go in and see her."

"Eh? Where? Why? What does she want?"

"I don't know, sir. She's in the dining room."

"Oh, all right, I'll go."

Because he was used to obeying in these small outward things, he went. Jessica had finished lunch and was toying with biscuits and cheese.

"Really, David, I couldn't wait for you—I really do think you might try to be punctual for at least one occasion of the day—"

"It's all right. I'm glad you didn't wait."

"I suppose you've got the usual excuse of having had an exceptionally busy morning."

"Well yes, I have been rather busy."

"I'm sorry you preferred to stay in the surgery rather than join your guests last night."

He said nothing.

"Did you *invite* that girl into the surgery?"

He said nothing.

"What business had she in there?"

He said nothing.

"A good job she's leaving in a few days."

He said nothing.

"Are you too tired to answer me?"

Suddenly his nerves chafed to a raw edge he could barely endure. He said: "Yes, I'm rather tired. I'm sorry for the boy's sake, that's all."

"What are you talking about?"

"I just don't see any point in sending her away or in sending him away."

"I don't understand you."

"I'm talking about Leni."

"Oh, you are? I understand *that*, of course. It's quite obvious why *you* want her to stay here."

"What on earth are you driving at?"

Then, with even his indignation tired, he shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room. It was true; they did not know what either of them meant; they had no points of contact, not even enough for an intelligible quarrel.

He drank his coffee in the surgery, and afterwards, as he went out for a few afternoon visits, the cloud of doubt and desperation suddenly lifted when he passed Leni in the hall. In her smile he saw something that made him exclaim, eagerly: "Leni, the boy I told you about last night—that case I said was hopeless—do you remember?"

"Yes?"

"Well, it isn't—quite."

"Nothing's hopeless, is it?"

He thought seriously for a moment: was it really true that nothing was hopeless? Then he offered the result of his self-questioning. "A few things, probably, but we don't know what they are."

David had earned the reputation of being absent-minded—something in his glance, perhaps, in the casual way he would begin and end a chance conversation in the street, in the way he walked and dressed. This business of helping Leni to find a job was in just such territory. His promises had been sincere enough, but he had had no idea of the practical difficulties. The uncomfortable thing (to

him) was that she had to leave at all; not till the second week of the fortnight did he suddenly realize that within a few days she might find herself with nowhere else to go. Her arm was still unfit for the strain of regular stage dancing; and he had innocently imagined that in the last resort a knowledge of German would easily secure her a post in some school. He was surprised to find that so many other qualifications were required.

When, however, he returned to the house at midday on the morning after the musical party, Leni had news. A private school near Manchester was actually advertising for a part-time teacher of German—"no diplomas necessary, only a guaranteed ability to speak and teach the language." David, perceiving no freakishness in this, but simply common sense, was delighted. He even exclaimed: "Why, I go to Manchester now and again—I shall be able to look you up!"

ALL afternoon a warm feeling enveloped him which was really a childish dream that this business of Leni, himself, and Jessica might be settled with good will all round and to everyone's satisfaction.

Leni wrote an application for the job, and David composed a testimonial for her to enclose with it. Then he went out to visit two or three cases. It was a hot day, glooming over with an approaching storm, and when he returned about four o'clock he went into the drawing-room because he saw it was cool with drawn blinds and also empty. Jessica's recent presence showed in a pile of letters on the bureau, addressed in her writing and waiting for the post. He might not have noticed them had not his sleeve, in passing, swept them over. Picking them up, he saw that one was addressed to the school near Manchester. Then Jessica entered, followed by Susan with the tea things, and he had the swift feeling that Jessica knew all about his having seen the address on that letter. He felt uneasy—partly, no doubt, his usual physical reaction to a storm. All day the heat wave had been lifting to a climax; the sky had grown opaque, like soiled muslin through which sunlight could barely strain. Then blackness began in a little patch and spread over half the sky. The storm broke while Jessica was pouring tea, and she said immediately: "David, please put the window up—we shall have all the curtains drenched."

He knew, or thought he knew, that she had asked him to do this because he disliked going near the window. It was not that he had any bodily fear; it was from the look of doom in the sky and from the sound of doom in the thunder-claps that he shrank as from the symbols of discord. He braced himself for an eruption that seemed due at any moment. It did not come but the tension held him miserably.

"I think you ought to know, David, I've just been writing a letter . . ."

He swung around. "You have? To that school?" "You evidently have it on your mind. . . . More tea?"

"N—no. . . . But why on earth should you have written?"

"Well, you wrote, didn't you?"

"Only a testimonial."

"Don't you realize what that means?"

"Well, surely—"

"Do you realize that if Leni's put in a position of trust and betrays it you might be held responsible for concealing the truth?"

"What truth? I only vouched for her character and knowledge of German."

"Character? Did you state that you met her first a few months ago, and that you didn't know a thing about her past life except that she'd been on the stage and had tried to kill herself?"

"But—why—surely—"

"Well, I put it all in my letter in case you'd forgotten."

"But—she may not get the job if you've said all that."

"Isn't that her business? Why not try minding

ours for a change?"

"Yes! Why not? That's just it! Can't you leave the girl alone?"

"Can't you?"

Suddenly he realized that the letter was still there, unposted on the bureau. Striding over, he sought it hastily amidst the pile and tore it across. He was aware that the act was melodramatic, but all his nerves were craving for action.

"That just gives me the trouble of writing another. Really, David, you do the most childish things."

The room lit up with the tremendous flashing and roaring outburst that he had been expecting, yet was not and never could be prepared for. He saw Jessica's eyes gleaming at him.

"And one more thing, David. I believe she sometimes comes in here to play the piano?"

"Yes, I said she could. After all, what harm does it do? She's really quite good at it—she ought to take it up seriously—"

"I don't wish her to play in the future."

"But there isn't any future! Good God, don't you realize that? In five days—"

"David, I think you'd better calm yourself."

"Yes, yes, I know—it's the storm, I think—"

He rushed from the room and down the three steps, through the double doors into the surgery. All he craved was the personal citadel where he could rest and be alone; and to be alone with Leni was still, in this deep sense, to be alone. There she was, arranging his papers, her upward glance a warm and welcoming thing.

"Please . . . is anything the matter?"

"I hate storms, Leni, that's all."

"It is nearly over now."

"Yes, I hope so. . . . I'm sorry to have to tell you . . . about that job . . ."

He told her all that had happened, ending with: "I tore it up, but I daresay she's written it again and posted it by now."

Suddenly it occurred to him that they were acting like children, with the same terrible intentness upon the hostile behavior of a grown-up.

"It means I won't get the job?"

"Probably not. But don't worry. I'll look in at the Burrowsford Library to-morrow—there may be some advertisements in scholastic papers."

An idea came to him, an offshoot of an already favorite idea. "There's one thing you really ought to do, especially if you can't get a job."

"What's that?"

"Take up the piano seriously. There must be a school somewhere you could join. Yes, I'll look it up to-morrow in Burrowsford. There's a conference there—I've got to attend. Of course I could lend you the money for the fees and you could pay me back when you get a job again. . . . Yes, that certainly is an idea. I'll find out all the details for you to-morrow."

"But I'm not really a pianist, you know. I'm a dancer."

"Ah yes, of course. I was forgetting. Well, perhaps you could do that as well."

"Would you like me to dance for you?"

He answered, with a touch of shyness: "Well, that would be very nice. I should certainly like it. But I don't quite see how—"

"Yet sometime, perhaps?"

"Yes, of course. Meanwhile I'll look up those advertisements for you. I still feel that it would be worth your while to take up the piano seriously—" And his mind ran easily on, as pleasantly unimpeded by practical knowledge as it usually was outside his own immediate world. And the following morning he went to the Burrowsford conference. During his first day he found time to visit the library and spend an hour searching in a desultory way through year books and almanacs. He was one of those people who dislike asking expert advice, and, of course, as a professional dispenser of such advice, he was wholly inconsistent in this. After much random searching he was fortunate enough to hit on the information he wanted; then he sat at one of the library desks and wrote as follows:—

DEAR LENI: I have looked into the matter we talked about. Of course I will give you full information when I return, but this is just to say that the idea of your taking up music at a college seems quite possible, and you can count on me for any help that is needed. Not a word to Jessie, though, or she might try to interfere—we must be careful not to make the same mistake as last time. . . .

When he had written as far as that, it occurred

to him, in one of those spasms of caution that sometimes come to people who are not naturally cautious, that Jessica might even intercept the letter and read it; and to such a peril the only safeguard seemed to be transcription into deliberately vague terms. So he rewrote as follows:

DEAR LENI: I have looked into the matter we were discussing yesterday, and I think the solution we thought of is the best, in the circumstances. Of course I will help you in it. All information and details when I return. Not a word to J.—we must be careful not to make the same mistake as last time—you know what I mean? So destroy this as soon as you have read it. . . .

When he had sealed and posted the letter he felt a sort of childish glee in having done something clever—he almost hoped that Jessica would intercept his message, since precious little she would learn from it, and that, in a way, would serve her right.

Leni did not destroy the letter. It was the first she had ever received from him—the first time she had ever seen the words "Dear Leni" in his handwriting; and she kept it.

Three days later David reached Calderbury during the afternoon and walked from the station. And suddenly, as he walked past the Cathedral, the thought invaded him, as never before, of Leni. She would be there when he reached the house in Shawgate, but after that day and the next she would never be there again. He did not, because he could not somehow, think of the future without her, but all the sad urgency of the moment flowed back into the past, forcing him to remember the times they had met and talked, and how many more there could have been. "I have grown fond of that girl," he admitted to himself; and then, with a flash of self-blame, "Good heavens, four days at that confounded conference and now there's only one other day before she goes. . . ."

WHEN he reached the house the interior seemed dark after the bright sunshine. It was Susan's half day off; Leni met him and said that Jessica was out also. "Would you like some tea?"

"That's just what I should like more than anything, Leni."

"Will you have it in the surgery?"

"That would be nice, too."

"All right. You look pale. Have you been very busy?"

"No, not busy—just bored. What have you been up to?"

"Up to? What does that mean?"

"What have you been doing?"

"Packing."

"Oh yes, of course."

And there, facing him again, was the imminence of her departure. He pondered on it as he listened to the clatter of cups in the kitchen. Presently she reëntered, carrying a loaded tray.

"Seen the papers these last few days?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Looks bad, but I don't think it'll come to anything over here."

"Come to anything?"

"Anything bad, I mean. But it's bad enough for those who are in it. Good thing you're not in your own country, perhaps. By the way, did you get my letter?"

"Yes, it was so good of you to write."

"Well, I thought you'd be relieved to know. About the music, I mean. It's a good idea . . . which reminds me, we can try over something this afternoon if you like—there's no one in—"

"But Mrs. Newcome said—"

"She'll never know."

"The people in the street will hear."

"Then we'll close all the windows!" He added, boyishly: "Are you afraid?"

"Only for you, David."

"For me? Why, God bless my soul, what harm can come to me?"

She answered, in German: "You have to stay here after I have gone."

"I know. I'm trying to realize it. It's curious—I can't quite grasp the fact that you really are going and that this is your last day here. . . ."

So after the tea they went in the drawing-room and David stood on the window seat to close the windows. But one of them was stiff and as he reached upwards to push, he lost balance and had to clutch a picture to save himself from falling. The picture came down on his head, showering him with dust; and of course he began to laugh,



because he had a very simple and artless sense of humor. Then she went to the piano and he took out his violin and they began to play Mozart. The music streamed into the room, enclosing a world in which they were free as air, shutting out hatreds and jealousies and despondencies, giving their eyes a look of union with something rare and distant. David did not play very well—indeed, a good deal of the Mozart was much too difficult for him; but there was a simplicity that gave calmness to his effort, absorbing rather than interpreting the music. And he thought, as he played, that it was a strange thing, at forty-six, to know the sweetness and terror of existence as if one had never known them before, to look back mystically on the incredible chance of human contact, to feel some finger of destiny marking the streets of Calderbury where he had walked and talked with a girl.

When the last chord had been struck he began mumbling something about her playing being full of promise, and that she really ought to join some academy or *conservatoire*.

"You are so kind," she said.

"Kind? Why do you always say that?"

"Because you always say things like that, and you just say them because you are kind, that is all." "But I mean them."

"I know. But you don't mean them to mean anything."

"Now you've puzzled me!" He smiled.

"Dear, I know why it is. You can't help it. And I love you—I can't help that."

But he was already bustling about saying, "Now I must put up that picture before anybody comes."

"You didn't hear me?"

"I'm sorry . . . what was it?"

She said, smiling: "I know. There is just one thing more. I will dance for you."

"Dance for me? Here? Now?"

"Yes. You know the prelude of Chopin that goes like this—" she hummed a few bars of it.

"You play that on your violin—I will dance to it."

"But—"

"Yes? You are afraid if anybody comes? You are afraid if anyone sees through the window? Pull over the curtains. Take up the rugs. . . ."

She ran out of the room and was away a few minutes. During this interval David waited indecisively at first, then, with a sudden clinching of intention, did as she had asked. First the curtains, then the rugs. The room filled with a warm twilight; he did not switch on any lights because the sunshine out of doors came through the fabric of the curtains in a luminous glow. Then he took his violin and tried over, very softly, the prelude she had mentioned.

Presently she came into the room, dressed in a ballet costume that bore, if he had noticed it, the creases of repeated packings and unpackings. But in the twilight he saw nothing but a strange vision of the mind, something he had never expected to see in this life, an embodiment of light and air, on tiptoe with a dream. He took up his violin and began to play. She was magic to him. There was something between them pouring always in invisible streams, the awareness of beauty in peril.

SO on an August afternoon, behind drawn curtains in a Calderbury drawing-room, a girl danced for the little doctor. The room filled with the emptiness of all the world except themselves, and this emptiness soared in their hearts until, just on the edge of flight, the spell was broken by the telephone.

David put down his violin. Leni stopped still. "A call for me probably," he said, beginning to walk away. Leni more slowly followed. A moment later he was finding his bag and hat in the surgery.

"That boy, you know—the pneumonia case—I have to go at once."

"And I must change and finish packing. I'll tidy the room up too."

"Thanks. . . . Maybe I'll be back soon." And he added, gently: "It was very beautiful."

Ten minutes later he was in the familiar strangeness of rooms and stairs. There could be no doubt about the case this time.

He sat by the bedside, taking a small hand in his own, and the boy, half conscious as he fought for breath, looked up and smiled. Suddenly—almost immediately—death came. Weeks afterwards the boy's father, in the fourale bar of the "Greyhound," described the incident. "He killed our Johnny, too. Pneumonia, Johnny had, double pneumonia, and Newcome had bin to see him several times but never done the boy no good. And it was that night—that night, mind you. Maybe he was thinkin'

about it all the time he was with our Johnny. Because what d'you think he did when he got to the boy? Why, nothing. Just sat there and let the poor kid die without so much as raising a finger! The dirty swine!"

We do not know what to-night, much less to-night's newspaper, will bring. Some secret intersection of seconds and inches may mean an end to us, our age, the world. In Calderbury on that evening of August fourth, the train brought in later editions from Marsland, catching the sunset on its windows so that a flash of crimson streaked the water meadows. In the streets of the town the newspapers were scrambled for, and one of them by the little doctor, who stood reading it as he held his bicycle at the curb.

"Looks bad, doctor," someone said.

"Yes, indeed. Good God, I never thought they'd actually come to it!"

"Soon over, you bet. Wait till the Navy—"

Half listening, he read paragraphs about mobilizations, troops rushed to frontiers, bombardments opened on fortifications, refugees streaming from ravaged lands, the plight of travelers and aliens. Abruptly then he moved off along Briargate, pedaling faster than usual, till he was hot and breathless. He entered the house through the surgery, leaving the bicycle against the wall in the outside alley. Mechanically he unlocked a cupboard to replace some drugs he had carried with him in his bag. He could feel his heart pounding with excitement as he climbed the stairs to the attic room where he guessed Leni would be waiting. He was that strange creature, a quiet man resolved upon an act. The trouble was that life with Jessica had given him this curious reluctance, outside his own world, to make decisions; she had made so many for him, and her intolerance of most that he dared to contemplate himself had blanketed him with at least a vagueness and at most an obstinacy.

He was in a tremendous hurry. He must act. He must even oppose Jessica, if need be—must use decision, cunning, a host of qualities strange to him. "Leni, my dear—you can't wait till to-morrow—you've got to get away now—to-night!"

She was kneeling on the floor of the attic room, packing clothes into a bag.

"But—why?"

"It's in the paper. England and Germany may be at war by midnight. That means you must get away. You *must* go back—to Germany—at once—before anything can happen—"

"But I can't—I—"

"I tell you you must get out of England—somewhere—anywhere. Don't you realize what it'll be like if you stay? Already they're arresting and imprisoning people. Hurry now and finish packing—we have to leave at once."

"We?"

"Of course. I'm going to help you. We've missed the last train, but there's one from Marsland that goes at ten to twelve—we can get there somehow—"

"We?"

"Yes, yes—I'm going to take you to a seaport and arrange for you to get away in time—so hurry, please hurry. . . ." And so he talked on. She didn't want to go and finally she was hysterical. He calmed her and after about an hour they went downstairs and through the surgery into the narrow path flanked by the white sea shells. There the sight of his bicycle leaning against the wall gave him confidence and a new caution. "You mustn't be seen leaving the town, especially with me, so this is what we must do. . . . Now let me think—it's almost dusk—you take the path to the Knoll and wait for me by the wooden hut—you remember it? We'll meet there and go on—I'll take the long way round by the lane—"

She hesitated a moment, then nodded. As soon as she had gone, the path between the high walls seemed an empty canyon, and in his own heart an equal emptiness gave answer. He must help her out of the country. He must act.

Through the quiet streets off Briargate and into Lissington Lane the little doctor hastened, full of

the strange sensation of having decided to do something at last. He thought he was clever to have arranged to meet Leni at the wooden hut, because it was dark there, and no one would see their faces. And it was clever of him also, he thought, to have arranged separate journeys to the rendezvous, for while no one would think much of seeing either of them alone, the pair of them might be (indeed, in the past, had been) gossiped about.

Even in Calderbury streets he hoped that no one would notice him, and he pulled his hat well down over his eyes with some vague idea of disguising himself. But after almost colliding with another cyclist he gave this up as impracticable; besides, a few people saw him, anyway, calling to him out of windows and doorways as he went by: "Good night, doctor. . . . Heard the news, I suppose?"

Soon, through the trees, he saw the shape of the wooden hut, and beside it, waiting for him, Leni. He could not see her clearly, but as he approached she came to him, and they stood for a moment, searching each other's eyes.

"Have you been waiting long?"

"About ten minutes. I didn't mind."

"We must move on. Did anyone see you?"

"I don't think so."

"It doesn't really matter, I suppose, once we've got away."

They descended the Knoll by a path that led them to the other side of it, whence, at the foot, the water meadows stretched to the Marsland Road. There was no sound but secret voices under the mist and the hum of the bicycle as David pushed it. He was hoisting it over the last stile when the Cathedral chimed the three quarters. "Now we're all right," he said, stooping to light the lamp when they reached the highway. "Have you ever ridden on the back of a bicycle? You'll find it quite easy. Put your left foot on the axle step and your right knee on the mudguard—you'll manage."

SO they began the journey from Calderbury, with the lamplight flickering and swerving as David pedaled along. The road lay slightly uphill, and it was hard work; but there was no traffic—only an old man plodding home, who called "Good night" without knowing, without even trying to see, who passed him. And presently the moon rose and the twin towers of the Cathedral stiffened against the blue-black sky, calling eleven as David topped the hill and prepared to freewheel down. The hill heaped behind, with the dark shape of the Knoll farther still behind, the gradient spinning them into shadows of cold air under trees, and then into the bright glassy moonlight of the level. And after miles of this, keeping a good rate, David began to whistle in pure enjoyment. He went on whistling till the beginning of Croombury Hill made him save his breath, and a few yards higher forced him off his machine altogether.

"This is a steep one," he said, affectionately, to the earth and sky, and then paused in the middle of the road, feeling in his pocket for pipe and tobacco and matches. "But we're doing fine—we'll easily catch the ten to twelve. Are you tired?"

"No, but it hurts my knee a little."

"It's not far now—just through Lissington village and over the next hill. I know all the country round here. Every village and lane. I've been round about here for fifteen years. You must have been a baby when I first put up my plate. Hundreds of miles away in some German village I've never heard of, and you grew up—all unknown to me, all those years—to fall over one night and break your wrist in Calderbury. If you hadn't come here and done that I'd never have known you at all. That's a funny thing. And it's funnier still to think that I shouldn't have missed knowing you. . . . Some German village, wasn't it?"

"It was a city, really—Königsberg. My parents both died when I was young and I was sent to a school—the school I ran away from."

"We're at the top of the hill now. Better jump on again. We can go on talking."

He kept his cherry-wood pipe in his mouth and

the smoke and sometimes the flakes of hot tobacco flew back in her face as they gathered speed. "Plenty of time," he muttered, wobbling dangerously as he pointed to the horizon. "There are the Junction lights—see them?"

But at the foot of the hill there was a bad patch in the road and with the added weight the back tire suddenly deflated. "Oh dear, that's really a nuisance," he said, contemplatively, coming to a standstill and viewing the rear wheel. "We'll just have to push on and walk. Plenty of time if we hurry a bit." He wheeled the machine for a little way, then it occurred to him that they would gain time by leaving it. He took it through a gate into a field and partly hid it in a hedgerow.

They went on again, but Leni was limping from her right knee; she could not walk very fast, and the Junction lights seemed far away. He put his arm round her so that she might lean some of her weight on him. A little wood came slowly towards them on the left, snuffing out the roadway and changing the sound of their footsteps. From the distance came the clank of wagons in the shunting yard, and an owl mournfully replied from the little wood near by. They both laughed at that. But when they entered the moonlight again the horizon glow looked no nearer. "Just a matter of stepping out," he said, but they could not easily increase their pace. And when, still a long way off, they heard the train they had aimed for puffing out of the station, it was almost a relief to slacken, to sit on a stile while David smoked a pipe, to talk intermittently and catch the tiny friendly sounds of a twig snapping or a dog barking distinctly.

An early morning train left Marsland at six-five, and David thought it would probably connect with other trains so that they could reach the coast by afternoon. They had six hours to wait—no big hardship on a summer night. Half a mile farther on he knew that the side of the road heaped into a dry bed of bracken; sometimes, cycling around, he had paused there for a few minutes' rest. It was a place called Potts Corner, though why and who Potts was nobody knew.

So when they were tired of talking they walked to the Corner and lay down on the turf and bracken. There are some moments that are hung in memory like a lamp; they shine and swing gently and one can look back on them when all else has faded into distance and darkness. Often afterwards David remembered that roadside corner and the hours he spent there; and sometimes he thought of things he would like to have said and done while there was yet a chance; but actually he said and did very little, because he was tired, and with tiredness had come an old familiar inability to make up his mind. Presently, with his arms round her, she fell asleep. The air grew chilly as the night advanced. He began to wish he had brought an overcoat. For that matter he wished he had brought food, and far more money than was in his pockets; and then he reflected how bad he really was at planning these things, and how much more efficient Jessica would have been. And also he remembered Leni's own carelessness of detail when she had tried to take her life at Sandmouth; strange that he should be showing such similar lack of forethought in his efforts to save it. And then he began to feel sleepy himself.

Dawn came—the dawn of that first day of war. He got up, leaving her still sleeping, and walked a few yards to a signpost. "Stamford Magna, 2 miles." To peace, how many days, months, years? He lit a pipe and watched the dawn turn to sunrise. The spire of Lissington Church pricked over the lightening horizon; day came rolling over the little hills, filling the sunken roadways, glistening on the wheat fields, wakening the birds. A harness jingled in some far stable. In a little while it would be time to walk to the Junction, where he had remembered there were chocolate slot machines. Then later, when they reached some bigger place, they could have a real breakfast.

He aroused her and they passed on together, facing the early morning sunlight. Soon the road

entered the long level stretch at the end of which could be seen the station buildings. It was ten to six when they approached the entrance to the ticket office and David had another of those precautionary ideas that only occur to people who are not really good at precautions—it suddenly occurred to him that at the station everybody knew him well and that it would be safer to slip on to the platform through the shunting yard and board the train without taking tickets. This he did, easily enough, for the train was already drawn up at the platform and there was ample choice of unoccupied compartments.

Feeling rather pleased with this excellent strategy, he smoked contentedly while Leni settled into the cushions and went to sleep again. He was still thinking how cleverly he had escaped being recognized when the door of the compartment opened and a man, middle-aged, and breathless, jumped in and flung himself down in the corner seat opposite David. "Why," he began, "if it isn't Dr. Newcome—well—well? . . . Remember the last time we traveled on this line, doc? Too warm for gloves this weather, eh?" He began to laugh and chuckle, and David smiled ruefully and couldn't help saying, as he might have done in the surgery: "You shouldn't run for trains, Barney, at your age. It's the worst heart strain you can think of, because it's excitement as well as physical effort—"

Later, some time later, months later in fact, Barney Tinsley confessed that he had not at first realized that the girl in the other corner was traveling with the doctor. She had been asleep, and he was surprised when she suddenly woke up and said something in a foreign language.



A man sprang forward and gripped them

The gloves allusion was explained to a different audience as follows. "Did I ever tell you, gents, about that time I was in the train with him going to Sandmouth? Y'know, it's funny, the way you remember things. . . . Well, I was sort of dozing off, when suddenly the doc stumbles over my feet, waking me up sudden, and I see him deliberately throw one of his gloves out of the window. 'Goodness, is the fellow crazy?' I sez to myself, for it was a good glove, by the look of it, real kid. Course I asked him what the idea was, and I'll take a bet none of you fellers can't guess the answer. . . . 'Barney,' he sez, — he always called me Barney,—I just dropped a glove accidental on the line as I was opening the window, and I thought I might as well throw the other one after it, so as maybe the same person would find 'em both. After all, an odd glove's not much use to anybody, is it?' Must 'ave had a queer mind to think of things as quick as that. . . ."

"Queer is the word," somebody responded.

They arrived at Charlham at nine-thirty and had breakfast in the Railway Arms. The morning papers had just come, and everyone in the coffee room was talking and prophesying. The bacon was cold and the toast burnt. David found an express to London at eleven; the station was just across the road, so there was plenty of time.

Most of the way to London Leni slept again, but this time the train was crowded and she leaned her head against his shoulder while he talked with the other people in the compartment. That always happened wherever he went; people always began talking to him, because he had a way of listen-

ing gently. But this time, as he talked and listened, he sometimes stole a glance at the head so limp against his arm; it had been a long way to the Junction for her—poor child, let her sleep. But once she half-wakened, roused by the crash of the train into a tunnel, and in the sudden soft glow of the electric light her eyes melted to his glance. "Du kleiner Doktor . . ." she murmured, dreamily. "Where are we going to? Where are you taking me?" Then she remembered something he had told her—that she must not speak during the journey in case anyone should hear her foreign accent.

They reached London in the middle of the afternoon, and as they walked with the crowd on the platform by the side of the train a man sprang forward and gripped them.

CHAPTER VI

THE little doctor watched the sunlight move over the floor, and when the last yellow bar disappeared he knew it was late afternoon and that another day was nearly over. Presently he heard the Cathedral chiming five, and a warder entered with tea and bread and butter for himself and for the other two warders who had to stay all the time. According to prison rules he was never left alone, day or night; but the warders were kindly fellows and tried to efface themselves as much as possible. They would not let him wear bootlaces, or braces, or anything he might possibly hang himself with; because they intended to hang him themselves.

But in other ways he was treated with consideration; indeed, as he told the Governor whenever the latter visited him, "I'm quite comfortable, thank you." He could smoke, read books and newspapers, and have any kind of food he fancied. And as Calderbury Prison was mostly disused, the part he occupied was not in the original cell block at all, but consisted of a couple of ordinary rooms with nothing unusual about them except steel locks on the doors and bars to the windows. Everyone in Calderbury Prison was sorry for the little doctor and rather embarrassed because in three weeks' time he was to die. After the dismissal of the appeal the Governor was almost apologetic when he brought the news. "Fraid I've nothing good to tell you, Newcome—still, I know you hadn't been counting on it. . . . And remember, anything I can do now . . . you mustn't mind telling me."

"There's only one thing—you remember I asked you before."

"Oh, that? Well . . . I can only say again I wish I could, but it's against all regulations. Just the one thing I can't do for you. I'm sorry."

The request that David had made, more than once, was to see Leni. She was lodged in the jail at Midchester, twenty miles away, where there was more up-to-date provision for women prisoners. He had not seen her since the trial a month before, and when he tried to remember that last glance he had he could only see the courtroom, dark at the close of an autumn afternoon, grey figures moving restlessly and meaninglessly as reeds in a stream, and somewhere, lost amongst them, her strange eager face seeking his in a bewildered stare. What had it all been about? And he didn't know—the whole proceedings of arrest, police questioning, grand jury, prison, trial . . . all were shadows of a shapeless fate. They let him read newspaper reports of the trial, and to these he now gave a half-incredulous scrutiny. He could not really understand. Then he turned to the current papers and read news that was dark with huger fantasy—Mons, the Marne, the Aisne. . . .

He found it tolerable at first to watch the days crawl by. He was not afraid of death. Even to look ahead and know that a month hence he would lie in a prison grave was no worse than to diagnose, as many a doctor must, the first budding in his own flesh that will bring death as its flower. And the routine of prison helped to a certain tranquillity; in the mornings when he took exercise in the graveled yard he smiled at the sky and let the wind blow lovingly through his hair. It had gone grey during recent months, but they had not made him clip it short.

In the afternoons he read or rested or played a game of cards with the two men on guard over him, and soon after tea, because there was nothing else to do, he went to bed. It was nighttime that was the worst. He could not sleep well between midnight and dawn; and then, in those guardless

hours (for the warders, against rules, usually dozed off themselves), he thought of Leni. Love is a strange thing; we may not notice the moment it comes, yet there is a moment when we know it is there—sudden wakefulness, as to pleasure or pain after sleep, a sudden color, as of a painting after an etching. So it had been for the little doctor; he remembered a moment in the courtroom, during the judge's summing up; he had been tired after a long day in that stuffy atmosphere, and the judge's words had droned on more and more slowly, as if they were being pushed into sound by means of an ever greater effort. A little way off in the prisoner's dock Leni was sitting, and she too looked tired, had lapsed into a remoteness that seemed, by its very detachment from environment, an almost physical absence. The judge was going over the points of the case, one by one; and presently he said:—

"... With evidence of motive, gentlemen, we are not primarily concerned when there is so much suggestive evidence as to fact... but... you will probably conjecture the purpose for which he brought her from Sandmouth to Calderbury, and you will form your own opinion as to the validity of the pretext of engaging her as his young son's governess.

"It may well be that you will feel that no more unsuitable person could have been chosen to look after a nine-year-old child—and a very nervous and highly strung child, we have been told—than a young woman whose temperament was such that she had only recently attempted suicide, who had had no kind of previous experience as a child's governess, and who, in addition, could barely make herself understood in the child's language... You will have to ask yourselves, plainly and straightforwardly, what lay behind this extraordinary incident—doubtless it can be made to look attractive if you think of it in terms of rescue and benevolence, but if you will bear in mind the culmination to which it led, and which is the sole cause of our being here to-day to pass judgment, then you will form your own opinion why the prisoner chose to install this young woman in the very centre of his household, where he could see her every day and as often and for as long periods as he liked, and where, under the same roof as his wife and son... Gentlemen, it is, of course, for you to decide and interpret these matters so far as you feel justified in doing so—I only desire to caution you against the pseudo or false romanticism of which plays and novels are such frequent exponents—the kind, I mean, that deal with what I believe is called the 'eternal triangle.' Such fair words are, in a measure, hypocritical; they may lull us for an evening's entertainment, but in a court of law it is our duty to remember—and it is my duty to point out—the plainer and less agreeable facts... lust... infatuation... the lowest and basest physicality, uncontrolled, dominating... all of which, gentlemen, is apt, in our modern world, as you know, to be loosely summed up under the word 'love.' You may call it 'love' if you like, provided you realize..."

And at that the whole mumbling greyness seemed to be lit by a stabbing trumpeting light; and the little doctor said in his heart, almost as if he were taking advantage of permission just given him: "Yes, I call it love..." It was so wrong, absurd, preposterous, all that the judge had said; and yet, just round the corner from the nonsense, there was this imperishable pearl of truth. "I call it love. Oh, God, yes. I call it love."

Chimes of the Cathedral marked the quarters, marked the slow tragedy of that lateness, while the little doctor dreamed, remembering the millions crouched in their trenches... hate, murder, agony... the lowest and basest, uncontrolled, dominating... all of which, gentlemen, is apt, in our modern world, to be loosely summed up under the word "love."

You may call it love if you like, provided you realize... and then he fell asleep for a few troubled moments, waking again, and half-sleeping again, until the dawn outlined the bars across the window. They call it love, I call it love, but we do not mean the same thing.

TO his dying day (which was, in fact, the day after) the little doctor never knew why it was that the prison authorities allowed him to see Leni. The reason is disclosed in a book published only a few years ago by Major Sir George Millman under the somewhat catchpenny title *My Forty Years in Jail*. There is a paragraph of interesting reminiscence about the Calderbury case:—

Newcome was under my charge both before and after sentence; he was a quiet fellow on the whole, and gave very little trouble. The only request he persistently made was to see his co-prisoner, Fräulein Leni Kraft, who had shared his conviction and sentence and was imprisoned a few miles away. Of course, as I told him, this was altogether contrary to regulations, but I happened to mention his request to Sir William Clintock, who was in charge of the wartime secret service, and he took it up from another angle. It seemed that very little was known about the German girl, apart from the Calderbury case; but a forged passport was discovered amongst her possessions after her arrest, and the espionage department suspected that she was a German spy. Of course all this was kept out of the court evidence, and it did not affect the question of her guilt in the Calderbury charge. Sir William, however, believed that a last-minute interview with Newcome might reveal some hint as to her real identity. So after consultation with the Home Office permission was duly given and the two condemned prisoners talked for half an hour in a room in Calderbury Jail which they had been encouraged to think was private. Actually several persons, including one who knew German perfectly, were taking notes all the time, through holes that had been made secretly in the paneling of the room. The idea was undoubtedly worth trying out, but in point of fact the two prisoners exchanged no remarks that were of any help to the department.

When David heard on Thursday morning that his one request had been granted and that Leni was to be brought to see him that same afternoon, his heart overflowed with anticipation and he pressed the Governor's hand with more emotion than he had yet shown since his arrival at the jail.

"How long can we talk for?"

"Oh well... no exact time limit, y'know... pretty well as long as you like within reason. Say half an hour. Plenty of time for anything you want to say to each other. We shan't bother you."

"You mean there'll be nobody listening?"

"Maybe we'll stretch a point and call the warders off... I daresay you'd like it better in private. Oh, and by the way..."

"Yes?"

"You remember at the trial—right at the end—you told the judge that the girl was really only nineteen—"

"Yes. But he wouldn't listen to me."

"I know. I'm interested, all the same, in what you said. Did you only just say it to try to get her off?"

"No, it was true."

"But how did you know it was true? What reason had you for thinking her so young?"

"She told me."

"Oh, I see... You hadn't any evidence except just that?"

"I believed her."

"Yes, of course... Ah well, you'll see her."

And a few minutes later, recovering from his embarrassment, Millman telephoned to the Governor of Midchester Prison. "Yes, I told him it would be private. Did you tell her the same? Good... rather an awkward business, really... Oh Lord, no, he was so damn pleased about it—thought I'd fixed it as a special favor, y'know. Rather pathetic, in a way... made me feel a bit of a... oh yes, I asked him about the girl's age, but he knew nothing definite—only that she'd told him she was only nineteen. Seems to have believed everything she told him... Yes—three o'clock. We've fixed the room and the men will be ready..."

At five to three the little doctor was taken to a room he had never seen before, a small match-boarded room in which were a table and two chairs. He sat down on one of the chairs and a warder took the other. Then at a few minutes after the

WE ARE NOT ALONE

hour another warder made some signal from the door, at which the first warder got up and left. For a few seconds David was alone; then the door opened, and Leni, also alone, entered.

They had let her come in ordinary clothes, the same that she had worn whilst balancing on the back of David's bicycle along the Marsland Road. But her face was different from then; she had the little crushed smile that he had seen first of all when he had bandaged her wrist after the accident at the Theatre Royal. She came forward, stumbling a little, leaning at last into his arms as he stood. "Du kleiner Doktor... Oh, du kleiner Doktor..." She began to cry, and all at once it seemed to him that the whole world was crying.

Her first words were: "David, whatever you did, I love you, David. I told you that once before, but you took no notice."

"When did you tell me?"

"That day I danced for you."

"Yes, I remember that. I try to remember everything—I try and I try—but I can't think what really happened. Perhaps nobody knows what happened." And then suddenly he said: "Leni—did you—you didn't—do anything—did you?"

She looked at him gravely for a moment and then answered: "No. Did you?"

"I didn't either. Did you think I did?"

"I wondered."

"I wondered too." Then he smiled. "Forgive me. How could such a suspicion—"

"But if it's really true that neither of us—"

"Yes?"

"Then who?"

"Yes, that's the trouble. That's why they won't believe us. They have to find some answer. They have to blame somebody."

She put up her hand and touched his face as a blind person memorizes. "They are going to kill us, David, though we haven't done any wrong at all."

"I know." And he added, seeing beyond her, hundreds of miles beyond her: "We are not alone."

"What do you mean?"

"These things are always happening. Don't be afraid of death. It isn't the worst we have to face—only the last."

"But that is why it is the worst."

"No, no, we should fear birth far more if we could look ahead to it." And then, half-impishly, he began to improvise on the theme, to play with the idea for her comfort and his own. "Oh, much more, I assure you. I've often thought that. Suppose, just for argument, that everything *did* happen the other way round. Suppose people gathered in a churchyard and hauled you from a hole in the ground in a wooden box and took you back to a house, and after a day or so the box was opened and you were laid on a bed, and a few days later people gathered at the bedside and all at once the breath of life came into you, bringing agony first, then less and less till you could actually creep about, walking with a stick perhaps and being for a time a bit deaf and blind and crazy..."

"Horrible!"

"But not nearly as horrible as when you come to the other end. For think of the day you'd leave school and begin to stay at home in the nursery. Think of people patting you on the head as you grew younger every day. That last stumbling walk across the hearthrug before you settled down to pram life! How unutterably tragic—far more so than growing old and dying!"

"But—never—never—to see you again!"

"Maybe you will. If there's a next world I'll try to find you in it as I found you in this. There will be other worlds, surely... worlds in which the things we have won't be wasted like this... I'll find you... do you remember that first night I *did* find you? Very windy—later on it rained. First of all I went to the theatre, and you'd gone. But I found you in the end."

"—I saw you through the mirror as you came into the room, and I knew you must be the little doctor because you looked so... Oh, David—David!... Why does it have to happen like this?"

Afterwards, the listeners in the next room compared notes. It was generally admitted that the interview had been a failure.

"Of course it was pretty obvious he smelt a rat. Didn't you hear him whisper 'We're not alone'? That was a hint to her to be careful what she said. . . . It's my belief Millman gave the game away talking to him beforehand."

TWILIGHT ushered in the evening, and David watched the slow glooming of the sky with full awareness that it was for the last time. He was not unhappy. He was not afraid. He was quite calm when the Governor and the Chaplain paid the formal visits that were part of enjoined routine.

The Chaplain came first, a jolly-looking red-faced parson chosen for the job of ministering to the spiritual needs of prisoners because it was supposed that he knew how to deal with men, could meet them on their own level, and so on. His sermons were always full of pat-you-on-the-back optimism, and he said "damn" just to prove his good fellowship. He had known Jessica, through her connection with the Cathedral clergy, and she had always regarded him as "just the kind of parson the modern world needs." All of which might have made him embarrassed to meet David, had he not been the kind of man who is rarely embarrassed. He sat on the edge of the bed and beamed with man-to-mannishness. "Comfortable, eh, Newcome? Having all you want?"

"Yes, thank you," said David, who always filled in gaps of emotional response by being polite.

"Thought you might care for a little chat, y'know. How're you feeling? All right? Pretty cheerful? Read the papers, I suppose? Damned awful thing if the boys aren't home by Christmas, eh?"

Suddenly David realized who this man was. "Why, you knew Jessie, didn't you?" he interrupted.

Even the Chaplain's nerve was somewhat unprepared for the shock of such a reference. "You mean—you mean—Mrs.—the late Mrs. Newcome? Why, yes, I did know her—yes, of course I did." (As he said to Millman afterwards: "You could have knocked me down with a feather when he mentioned her—so damn casual. . . .")

Then David began to talk quite normally—that is to say, from the Chaplain's point of view, quite abnormally. "I'm glad to speak to someone who knew her because you'll understand about Gerald—that's my boy. Jessie had sent him away to her brother-in-law—Simpson, you know, he's the Vicar of St. Peter's. I'm sure he's being looked after all right, but I do hope they haven't told him—very much—you see he's so nervous—"

"My dear Newcome, you needn't worry on that score. I happen to know that your boy's been told *nothing*—absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact he's at present away at the seaside—much the best idea, don't you think? I suppose some day . . . but for the present—well, he just thinks his mother and father have gone away somewhere for a time. . . . Of course if you'd put in an application I've no doubt they'd have allowed you to see him—"

"Oh, I never thought of it—oh, dear no. I wouldn't like him to come here at all—he'd be frightened—he was always scared of policemen. I think that was because Jessie always used to say, 'I'll fetch a policeman to you,' whenever he misbehaved—a mistake to say things like that to a nervous child. And that's what I want to talk to you about. . . . You know Jessie meant well, but she didn't really understand the boy. She and I had different ways with him, and I think—I really *do* think—mine was better. I wish you'd tell the Simpsons that if you get the chance. Tell them not to worry the boy, just let him grow up and conquer things for himself . . . and then some day, maybe, he can know the truth—about—to-morrow. . . ."

"Well, Newcome, I must say I think that's very sensible of you. You can rest assured I'll do my damndest for the youngster. Keep an eye on him myself, I give you my word. As 'matter of fact, if I had my way I'd tell him a complete lie about you—I'd say you'd joined up and made the—er—"

the supreme sacrifice—give the little chap something to be proud of. . . . Why not—eh, why not?"

And then the Governor, Major Millman, entered the room and smiled nervously. The Chaplain included him in the conversation by a jovial nod. "Well, here we are, Millman—discussing the War and what not—I'd just been struck with an idea—"

Millman sat on the edge of the table and fidgeted. He was always apt to be upset by this last interview with a condemned prisoner, for he knew how unpleasantly it could sometimes turn out. He felt almost grateful to Newcome for not being the kind of person who would make a hysterical scene. "Don't go," he muttered to the Chaplain.

The latter turned to David. "Well, don't you think it's what we ought to tell the youngster?"

David made a mild gesture of protest with his hands. "Oh no—don't tell him that—never tell him anything like that—please don't—"

"But why not? Isn't it something that might have happened but for—"

"Oh no, no—"

"But why not, man?"

David said quietly: "You see, I don't think I could ever kill anybody."

"But I'm talking about the War."

"I know. That's what I mean. War is killing." Suddenly the little doctor's voice rose slightly. "How could I spend so many years fighting for life and then fight *against* it? Why do you expect me to undo everything I have ever done? How can you live and sleep while this is all happening? How can you? Governor—preacher—we've put such a lot of trust in you two—why have you let things come to this? Why can't you save us from these crazy miseries? Why should we put up with you if you can't? People only ask to live in peace and do their work! We don't ask miracles. But in God's name, haven't you learned *anything* in two thousand years? We're not afraid of death, but we'll need to be afraid of life itself unless you fix things better in the future!"

David sank down in the chair with his head in his hands. He was exhausted. He so rarely talked to people like that—it was an effort that left him entirely spent. When he looked up he saw that both the Governor and the Chaplain had gone, and that a familiar face was across the table top. "Hello, George," he said, smiling.

"Good afternoon, sir. Duty again."

"You sound hoarse—or is it my ears?"

"Not your ears, sir—my throat. I've a cold."

"Well . . . it won't matter much if I catch it from you, will it?"

"Ha, ha . . . that's a good one . . . glad you're feeling cheerful. When I first come in, sir, and saw you sittin' with your head down, I thought you was takin' on."

"Taking on?"

"Worritin', sir. They do, you know, most of 'em, when it gets as near as this. But as I've said to all my mates, sir, I do believe the little doctor won't bat an eyelid."

"Do they call me the little doctor?"

"Yes, sir—some of 'em bein' Calderbury men for years, same as yourself. They like you, sir."

"Do they? Well, I like them, too. I love them."

"Well, sir, no harm in that, I'm sure. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Thanks, George. . . . Oh—and George—about to-morrow morning—it's all over pretty quickly, I imagine?"

"Oh, bless you, yes, sir—nothing to worry about. Won't take more than a minute from the time you step out of here. No waitin'."

Crossing the graveled yard, the Governor and the Chaplain paced with many undertones.

"Quite startled me, the way he suddenly launched out. What had he got against us, anyway?"

"Damned if I know, Millman. I suppose it's as I've said all along—the fellow's pretty well off his head."

"Well, well, I'll be glad when it's over—I hate these affairs. . . ."

In the morning a light drizzle was falling, and David, after a night no more troubled than many previous nights, rose before dawn and watched a simple greyness invade the sky. Through the barred window he could soon see the prison wall, a long horizon of granite, with but two interruptions, the towers of the Cathedral, ghostly through the rain. Over the roofs there came the steady chimes, by long association more a part than a breaking of the silence; the first real sound began at seven, when the early morning train arrived from Marsland with the newspapers. David heard it steaming and clanking into the station. Only a whisper from afar; but

it was the voice of Calderbury each morning, and David heard it as a friend's.

We live in a town for years and all its voices come to us so casually and with such small effort that we hardly know them till we are about to leave, and then, into our regret comes some little thing, the rattle of a cart over cobblestones, an old cracked bell in a church tower, the shout of a boy selling newspapers; and we can answer with nothing but our love. David was leaving Calderbury that morning. He knew it, and his heart was full of love for the little town and for its people. And he remembered, as often happens on the last, the first day he had seen it—Jessie pointing across the water meadows from the train window—"There you are, David—that's Calderbury. See the Cathedral? No, no, not *there*, stupid—that's the electricity works. *There!*" And he remembered, smiling to himself, that habit Jessie had always had—of seeing something herself and expecting other people to see it instantly. That was one of the things he had had to put up with; but he had always respected her, and people didn't realize how shocked, as well as puzzled, he had been when . . . But it was all such a long time ago now, nearly three months. Questions—answers—"Now, doctor, would you mind telling us. . . . I put it to you, Dr. Newcome. . . . But surely, doctor. . . . Come now, doctor, you really must explain. . . . *Don't lie to us, Newcome. . . .*"

"I don't lie, my friends, I can't help it if the truth doesn't sound true. They say my boy Gerald never tells the truth—but he does, sometimes, often, only people don't believe him. Truth is what is believed—a lie is what is disbelieved—how's that for a pair of definitions? I don't much care for them, but the world does. Let me tell the truth just once before I die. I call it love. . . ."

The two warders got up (they had not undressed) when they saw him standing by the window, and George bade him good-morning.

"Good morning, George. Don't bother. It's still very early. I'm all right."

"What would you like, sir? Coffee? Tea?"

"It matters so much, doesn't it? Let's say tea."

So the tea was made, and David drank two cups. He did not eat anything, but he smoked his pipe for a while. He felt—well, not exactly nervous, but a little excited, as when, during student days, he had made his first knife cut into living flesh.

Presently a stranger entered the room and pinioned his arms with a leather strap; he submitted to this without word or murmur. Then he saw the Governor and the Chaplain standing by. "Good morning," he said, and smiled at them.

Across the graveled yard there was a small building whose use he had not realized before, but it was not far to walk to it, through the rain and in the chilly morning air. Then, obeying the gestures of the stranger, he stood on a little platform with his head under a wooden beam. A white hood was put over his head. Just at that moment he heard George cough, and then (they were his last words) he said, in a voice that came muffled: "That cold of yours isn't any better, George." The noose slipped over his head and he suddenly remembered Leni, and her little crushed smile, and that she too, at the same moment in Midchester. . . . Come with me, go with me, I don't know where, but there are a few of us, we make a good company already, we carry love in our hearts, we are not alone. . . .

The lever moved, and the little doctor's body fell into the pit, from which, later in the day, it was retrieved for burial inside the prison precincts.

EPILOGUE

I WAS in Calderbury a few weeks ago and as I passed the corner of Shawgate I noticed that workmen were pulling down the old house. One of the inside walls was exposed, and on it hung what seemed, at a distance, to be a picture that no one had bothered about. Even while I watched, it was taken down, and later I saw it handed over to someone in the little crowd which, in days of unemployment, and especially in a place like Calderbury, always collects round any scene of activity.

He was a young man of perhaps thirty, slim and not at all robust-looking, attractive in an ascetic way, and rather shy in manner as he took the picture, wrapped it in a newspaper he carried, and tried to slip away. But the crowd turned their curious eyes on him and someone called out: "Let's have a look, mister." At that he almost bolted, crossing the road at a tangent, and

colliding with me on the opposite curb. The picture fell with a tinkle, and I made some apologetic remark, though it was really his own fault. He answered: "Oh, it doesn't matter—the glass was smashed already."

With a tidy gesture which I liked in him he began to kick the glass fragments into the gutter. I joined him in this usefulness, and while we were both busy I said: "I don't know what sort of treasure you've got, but I suppose you know who used to live in that house they're pulling down."

"Oh, yes," he answered. "The little doctor. Did you know him?"

"Fairly well. I liked him. He cured me of asthma."

He laughed. "Well, that's certainly a good reason for liking him. I wonder if mine is as good. He brought me into the world."

We walked along some way in silence, wondering perhaps whether each was inclined for the other's company. Presently he said: "I suppose you remember the case?"

"You mean the—Calderbury case?"

"Is that what you call it? I didn't realize it was quite so famous. I've been abroad a long time."

"But you're a native of Calderbury?"

"I left when I was nine. America—journalism—various things. I write poems—occasionally."

He spoke in a nervous, rather truculent way.

"It's a pleasant diversion," I replied, "apart from any value in the poems."

He laughed enough for me to realize that I had said the right thing. "Come into my hotel and have a drink," he invited.

We went in and stood by the counter in the cool bar of the "Greyhound." There was no one about except Brierley, the landlord. He served our drinks and disappeared. "Now that's the fellow," I said, "who really could tell you something about the Calderbury case. He was foreman of the jury."

"Don't ask him, please. I've read all the newspaper reports—I'm not especially interested in the police-court angle. I suppose it was a fair trial as trials go."

"Maybe," I answered. "There was a lot of circumstantial evidence, and I daresay many men have been hanged on less. And then, of course, there was a certain amount of political feeling about the girl,—German, you remember,—and it was the first autumn of the War. We all believed she was a spy. That didn't come up at the trial,—naturally,—but people like Brierley couldn't help but be affected by it. The judge, I thought, was a shade too severe in his summing up—maybe he was affected too. War fever is an insidious disease."

"You take an interest in the case?"

"I suppose I do—though only in a non-technical way. I gather that you're interested too?"

He smiled. "Didn't I tell you he brought me into the world?"

"He did that to a good many young people you can see around the streets of Calderbury."

"Yes, of course. But I didn't mean it in quite that sense. You see . . . I'm his son."

I LOOKED at him then, incredulous for the moment, then in sudden silence as I remembered Gerald. The little boy who cried and screamed and told lies and had nervous fits and whom nobody could control. He seemed embarrassed at having had to explain his identity and went on:—

"I suppose you feel now you can't discuss the case any more with me?"

"Oh, I don't mind. It's more a question whether you'll want to discuss it with me when you know who I am." I told him then my name, adding: "I think we met—years ago. At children's parties."

He nodded. "Yes, I remember. And after that you were the star witness for the prosecution."

"Don't hold that against me. I was too young to know what it was all about."

"Do you mean you no longer believe he was guilty?"

He shot the question at me so abruptly that its awkwardness came as a challenge.

"Will you take my word if I answer that I really don't know?"

He smiled. "Why, surely. . . . What about another drink?"

"I think it's my turn," I said, calling Brierley.

When we were left alone again I went on: "The evidence I gave was true enough, as far as it went."

"Yes, of course. I never doubted it. You saw my mother going into the house at a certain time, and you saw the other two leaving the house at a certain time. Ample opportunity. And a surgery full of poison. Logic. What more could you ask?"

Especially after the letter he'd written to the girl."

"Yes, it all pointed one way."

"And it all pointed wrong."

"Really?" (What else could one say? Well, there was one thing I could repeat.) "I must admit that if I'd known what use was going to be made of my evidence I'd have kept it to myself."

"But why?"

"Because I always liked the little doctor."

"Yet you don't feel certain that he wasn't guilty?"

"I don't feel certain of anything. Something mysterious and terrible happened over twenty years ago when I was a boy—why expect me to fix blame? Maybe the court was right, maybe not. The thing looked possible—more than that—even probable. After all, we do know that murder is something that men will commit for love."

"So you think he was infatuated?"

"Call it that if you like the word."

"I don't, particularly. 'Love' is better."

"That's the word I used."

"Maybe they mean the same."

"Maybe."

"Do you think you understood my father?"

"Well, hardly—how could I? I was only a boy."

"There was something boyish in him. Childlike, almost. I once wrote a poem about him—perhaps I can remember it." He paused a moment and then repeated, rather well:

"Both youth and age were his
With no more change of scene
Than from the blue of mountains
Down to the level green.

"And in that blue-green land
Where English sons were bred,
He knew the dead were living
And saw the living dead."

I said: "I rather like that. And I think I understand what you're driving at."

"The thing I'm driving at is that he wasn't guilty."

"Maybe not."

"She wasn't either."

"You think not?"

"My God, I'm not telling you what I think—I'm giving you facts."

It seemed to me that I couldn't go on arguing with him. I said nothing, leaving him, if he chose, to continue. After an interval he said: "You see . . . I was in the house myself that night."

"Really?" (Again, what else could one say?)

"How was that?"

"Simple enough. I'd been quartered with an aunt and uncle who lived at the other end of the town. I was miserable with them—or rather, I should say, I was miserable without my father. Just a prisoner in an enormous shabby vicarage. That evening—you remember it was the evening war was declared—everyone was so excited by the news that I had my first chance to escape. I took it. I ran across the town, aiming for home. I climbed over the garden wall from the side footpath. Nobody saw me or would have cared much if they had. I thought the house was empty. I went to the surgery. It was always fun there, but that night more than usual, because—well, because a eupboard usually kept locked was half open."

"Ah, yes, I remember the evidence about that."

"So I had a game with some bottles, taking the corks out and sniffing. Lucky I didn't poison myself—or perhaps damned unlucky, when you come to think about it. Suddenly I heard footsteps in the hall. I was scared. I shut the eupboard as quick as I could and pushed away the bottles on a shelf where there were other bottles. I didn't want her to know I'd been touching anything."

"You knew who it was?"

"Oh, yes, her walk was quite unmistakable. . . . Presently she came in and found me. She was very hot—it was a very hot day and she'd been out in the sun. 'You here?' she began, but she didn't grumble as much as I'd expected. I think she was tired. 'Where's your father?' she asked. I said I didn't know. 'He's never here when he's wanted,' she said. Then she went to the shelf and took some pills out of a bottle. 'I've got a bad head,' she said, 'and I want to lie down. Fetch a glass of water to my bedroom.' So I did, and that was how it happened. . . . All quite by accident, you see."

"Yes, I see."

"Don't you believe me?"

"May I say again—I don't really know. . . . At any rate, why didn't you tell all this to the court?"

"I never had a chance. I was only too glad to get away. . . . I'd always been blamed for everything and I thought I should be again. . . . So I ran back to my uncle's house. They thought I was ill—one of my 'attacks,' they called them—I used to have bad nerves when I was a child."

"And you didn't tell anybody?"

"Well, they didn't tell me anything, either?"

"What do you mean?"

"They never told me anything was wrong. It was weeks afterwards they said my parents had both gone away and I couldn't see them. Years later I found out what had really happened. It came—" he hesitated for the understatement—"as a considerable shock to me."

THERE was another long pause, during which I recollected as much as I could of Gerald's reputation as a child. In the little town there had gathered quite a sizable legend of his precocious unreliability. He "romanced," or, if you cared to use the less flattering word, he told the most astounding lies. He would (in the days when I had met him once or twice at children's parties) assure people that he had seen an elephant in Shawgate, or a collision between two steam rollers going at full speed, or a man with three noses. And once, I remember, he told a few of us very solemnly that his father had bought a deathbed. How he had picked up the word we could only guess, but it was clear that in his mind a deathbed was a particular kind of bed that one went to a furniture shop to buy; so that was what he told us, as calmly as you please. We thought it amusing that his own childish ignorance should so completely prove him a liar.

Thinking of all this, I said: "It's a pity you didn't tell when it might have done some good."

"Yes, but I shouldn't have been believed. At least, I very much doubt it. Nobody ever believed me. Why, you don't even believe me now. Do you?"

"May I say—for the third time—I simply don't know what to believe."

"I don't blame you. We none of us know much about what really happens. Or has happened. The real truth is often hidden—perhaps because it's a dark truth. . . . It seems to me that we're all children of the dead—the dead who shouldn't have died—the dead who were put to death. . . . And they wait with us all the time, hoping we'll understand and learn something, but we don't, and we can't do anything about it. . . . Is all that too mystical?"

"I don't quite know what you mean."

He laughed as he answered: "Why should you? To hell with you, anyway. That's how you make me feel."

I smiled, liking him a little. After a short silence I said: "I'm interested in the girl—the German girl."

"Why?"

"I liked the look of her. I think I saw her once—before I saw her in the court. There used to be a motor bus that made journeys between the foot of Shawgate and Lissington Hill—the seats faced each other and one day I sat opposite someone I couldn't help staring at. Afterwards, when I described her to others, they said she must have been 'the foreign girl who works at the little doctor's.' So maybe she was. She wore a brown coat and a black fur hat like a fez. . . . But you knew her well, of course. Tell me what she was like."

His face lit with the beginnings of excitement. "She was . . . oh, I can't tell you. It's the nearest thing to heaven in my mind,—the only meaning heaven has,—that memory I have of her and of him. The little doctor—my little father. I used to watch them smile at each other. I used to go to sleep after they had touched me. They were real—and that's what's so hard to believe—that they were ever real. . . . Do you mind if we take a walk?"

"Good idea."

We went out into the streets of Calderbury, where it was growing dusk and lights were blinking from shops and houses; and far ahead, at the top of Shawgate, the towers of the Cathedral lifted insubstantially into the darkening east. Calderbury had survived, though how narrowly none could say. We passed the house where the little doctor had lived, and then, along Briargate, we passed the jail where the little doctor had died. That was being pulled down also—it was far too big and the site had grown valuable. I was still a little bothered by not knowing how much to believe of all that Gerald had told me, but I felt there must be a sort of truth in it, somewhere. "Well," I said, "you're probably right and there isn't a lot of us can do."

"But there ought to be," he answered, so desperately that I was startled. "And, oh God, if only there were . . ."



THE

Camera

SPEAKS

Something new in movie magic—a "spectral kiss." John Garfield appears only momentarily with Priscilla Lane in "Four Wives"—as a ghostly memory of their tragic love in "Four Daughters"

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLA
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD A

ITS PICTORIAL BEST



She started out with the laudable desire to design clothes for other feminine figures. Now Lana Turner herself figures so smartly on the screen that she's an M-G-M star, though not yet old enough to vote, and is set for top spots in two pictures: "Twenty Little Working Girls" and "Ziegfeld Girl"

Willinger



Casting of the month: Manhattan-born, Broadway-bred Alice Faye as the lusty barmaid of "Little Old New York." It's full steam ahead for Alice, watching the triumph of steamboat inventor Robert Fulton (as portrayed by Richard Greene)

OLD STARS WEAR BEST



BETTY COMPSON just twenty years ago was the sensation of "The Miracle Man," which created many stars (Joseph Dowling and Thomas Meighan are pictured, Lon Chaney was another). She was the belle of the succeeding decade, became one of the few silent queens to score in early talkies. Then—bit parts; the transition from the young roles with which the public associates them is always harder for feminine stars, since the demand for mature male leads has always been greater. But, when Betty finishes her work in Columbia's "Cafe Hostess," she returns to her rightful heritage as second lead in the new Gable-Crawford picture, "Strange Cargo"



LOIS WILSON experienced a comfortable success in other films before "The Covered Wagon" (with J. Warren Kerrigan) proved to be such a perfect vehicle for her that it nearly carried her to oblivion! It established her firmly with the movie-goers of 1923 as the perfect American "home girl" and led to innumerable awards and titles in that field for years thereafter. But it also typed her in the eyes of both producers and public and led to a series of glorified Westerns from which she finally rebelled, never completely recovered. Smaller and smaller grew her assignments; she played her last "bit" three years ago—until she came back to win the public's heart again, in a sympathetic role in "Bad Little Angel"



LEWIS STONE is Hollywood's most brilliant example of the way early matinee idols have been able to make a lifetime, unbroken career of motion pictures. "The Havoc," in which he's shown with Bryant Washburn, dates from 1916. Stone was a popular movie hero even then and has made considerably more than one hundred pictures since, in all of which he played leading roles. Most of them were romantic leads, until in recent years he's reached the peak of popularity as that wise and understanding father, "Judge Hardy"—a series which he has only temporarily deserted to play the last-named title role in "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President"

Newcomers are a dime a dozen, but these "discoveries" of yesterday still hold an honored place today

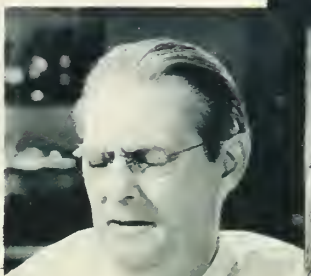
WALLACE BEERY never really qualified as a matinee idol—just look how mean he's being to Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Love Burglar"! That was in 1919, and he's played many brutal, villainous roles since that time, only to become strongly entrenched in the public heart as their favorite soft-hearted bully! Remember "The Champ"? Remember the immortal rollicking team of Beery and Marie Dressler, which probably remains, for all veteran cinemalovers, the outstanding team of all time—bar none of the more sultry passion-players? We've lost Marie, but Wally carries on in the old tradition, his most recent assignment being "Arouse and Beware"



ALAN HALE rates a twenty-one-gun salute as a beloved actor who has been an important figure on the screen for more than twenty years. "The Price She Paid" ("she" being Clara Kimball Young), which, according to a contemporary critic, "consumed seven reels"—and small wonder, judging from these goings-on!—was one of the first films in a career covering more than 110 pictures to date. Typical of his long screen life is the fact that he was "Little John" in both the 1922 and 1938 versions of "Robin Hood"—sixteen years apart! Latest of his many historical movies was "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," but at the moment he's playing a more modern private (army—not life) in "The Fighting 69th"



LIONEL BARRYMORE is the real dean of the screen's honored Old Guard. He made his film debut more than thirty years ago in "The New York Hat," which also made a star of Mary Pickford. This waterfront scene in "Dorian's Divorce" is a half-dozen years more recent, but is typical of the meticulous realism of those infant film days. Despite the leer and the presence of Demon Rum, Lionel was playing a very noble hero indeed, continued to play them for many years after. Today, valiant despite illness and trouble, he's as beloved as ever, particularly as the benign doctor of the series in which the latest is "The Secret of Dr. Kildare"



THEIR FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHS



GENE KORNMAN has "developer" in his blood! Father was a San Francisco photographic authority — daughter Mary (from one of three marriages) was "Our Gang's" first leading "lady." A 20th Century-Fox artist, he did this study of Madeleine Carroll before she went to Paramount—and the current "Safari"

CLARENCE BULL was spellbound when a ladder vanished—via retouching—from a snapshot of the Montana ranch where he was born. He sold magazines—not to get through college (the U. of Michigan)—but to buy a camera. Fifteen years at M-G-M, where he posed Greer Garson, star of "Susan and God"

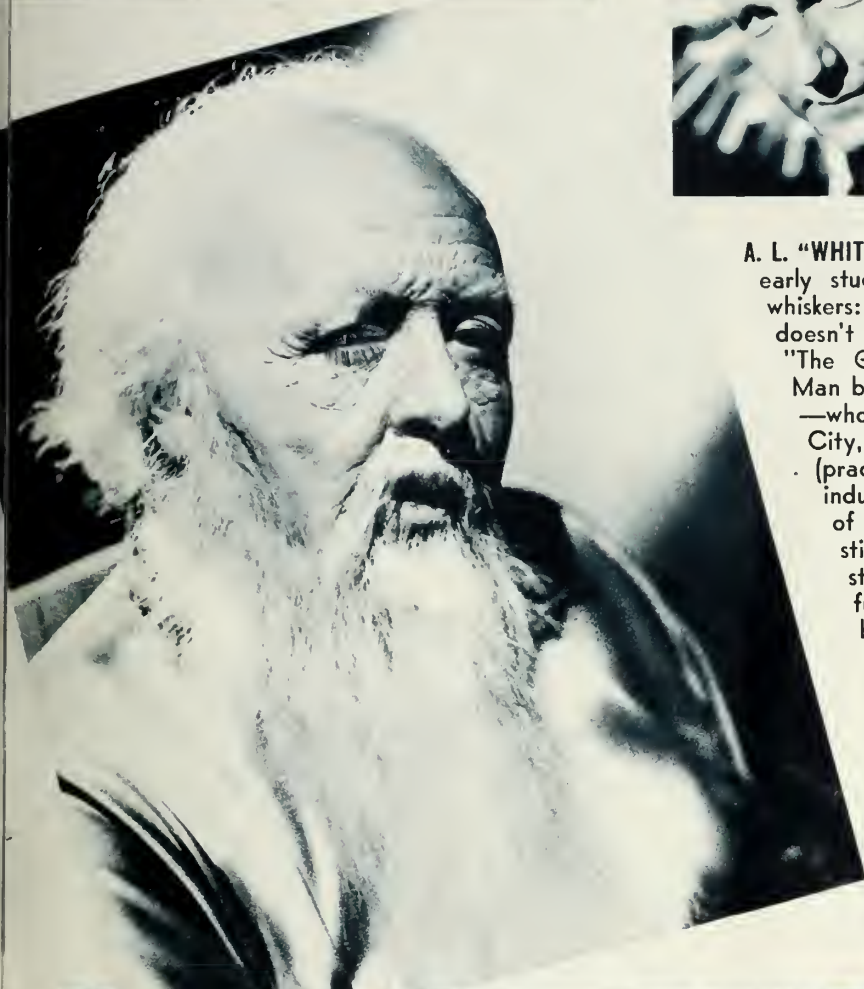


CLIFTON MAUPIN calls this canine pair "Chalk and Charcoal." Like Bull, a Westerner (from Boulder, Colorado), he got a camera with the first dollar he earned and was an amateur lensman at nine. Turned motion picture cameraman in 1918, now specializes in stills and color work for 20th Century-Fox

ROMAN FREULICH, a Deanna Durbin specialist, chooses this fashion pose of the star of "It's a Date." Born in Russia, schooled in New York, he joined the Canadian army, took to photography while in Egypt with Allenby—climaxing his world-wide career, appropriately enough, with Universal assignments!



Studies in "still" life that reveal more of the real Hollywood than a cinema encyclopedia!



A. L. "WHITEY" SCHAFFER likes this early study. Man behind the whiskers: Walter Connolly—who doesn't look like this today as "The Great Victor Herbert"! Man behind the lens: Whitey—who was born in Salt Lake City, grew up in California (practically with the movie industry), and is now head of Columbia's portrait and still staff. He'll tell you still work's not as peaceful as it sounds—since a blast of movie dynamite nearly ended his career!



ED ESTABROOK has done everyone from real kings to baby film queens. He did the former for the news photo syndicate he joined after starting his career at fifteen in hometown Worcester, Mass. He does the latter (superbly—proven by his very informal portrait of Sandra Henville, star of "Little Accident") as part of his present big job at Universal



JOHN MIEHLE cherishes this action portrait of a bygone team — Fred Astaire (now starred by M.G.-M in "Broadway Melody of 1940") and Ginger Rogers (still an RKO star in "Primrose Path"). Native Californian of old Spanish lineage, he has been Ginger's photographer since her second film and is now married to her hairdresser, Louise, another Rogers "veteran"



The Meeting: It was at Monte Carlo, where I (Joan Fontaine), acting as companion to the wealthy Mrs. Van Hopper (Florence Bates), first met Max de Winter (Laurence Olivier). His glamorous wife, Rebecca, had been drowned and gossip had it that he couldn't get over her death



The Wedding: Our romance developed when Mrs. Van Hopper was taken ill. It was during these weeks of companionship that Max said he found in me a peace he had thought was gone forever. He asked me to come with him to Manderley as his wife!



Manderley's Ball: At Mrs. Danvers' suggestion, I copied my costume from a family portrait. It was only when I descended the steps the night of the ball, saw Max's horror and the startled faces of Beatrice (Gladys Cooper) and Frank (Reginald Denny) that I realized I had been led into a trap. I had chosen the costume Rebecca herself had worn at the ball a year ago!

REBECCA

*For alert movie-goers, Photoplay
sneak previews the year's most ex-
citing best seller—the Selznick
International production starring
Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine*



Inquest: Naturally, there was another investigation—how it would culminate, none of us knew. The formal inquiry had gone well but it was while we were lunching with the police chief, Col. Julyan (C. Aubrey Smith), that Favell tried to blackmail Max and produced an incriminating letter which Rebecca had written the day she died



Homecoming: I felt a very hard figure as I stood before your Mrs. Danvers (Judith Anderson), whom I was to fear greatly, and the servants



Rebecca's Ghost: Seated at the desk in the morning room, I picked up an address book and dropped it, shocked. On the book were the initials "R de W." The Guest Book and Menu Book—everything was Rebecca's and I felt like an intruder in my own home



Unwelcome Visitor: Favell (George Sanders), paying a call on Mrs. Danvers, forced an introduction to me, Max's bride. I resented his slurs on Max, and his familiarity with Mrs. Danvers, but an unknown fear made me promise him not to tell Max of his visit



Recriminations: Back in my own room, Mrs. Danvers twitted me with the fact that even in the same dress I couldn't compare with Rebecca; that I could never take Rebecca's place. She drove me almost to the point of suicide, but suddenly, in the midst of her taunts, an explosion shattered the air—a ship had gone aground. At dawn Frank brought word that Rebecca's boat had been found!



Understanding: I found Max in Rebecca's cottage by the sea. He buried his head in my shoulder and told me that we had lost our chance for happiness—that Rebecca's body had been found in the boat; that the one he had identified so many months ago had not been hers at all. The heartbreaking story that followed made me realize at last that he loved me



The Doctor: Incensed by Favell's attitude, and in desire of her former mistress, Mrs. Danvers gave us a check which took us to a doctor Rebecca had visited on that fatal day. No one was prepared for the information the doctor revealed, least of all Max



Revenge: On leaving the doctor's office, Favell telephoned Mrs. Danvers the diagnosis Rebecca had withheld even from her. Her mind unbalanced, she rushed to Rebecca's room, determined that no one would ever occupy it again



Happiness at Last: Our days are fraught with a tranquillity we had not known before. The past is dead; the ghost of Rebecca laid. Thus, Max and I have found happiness away from great unhappiness



Thomas Mitchell and Freddie Bartholomew, as part of the "Swiss Family Robinson," get away from it all on a desert island—and run into enough excitement for ten families.



Mickey Rooney's so proud of his "character make-up" (!) in "Young Tom Edison," with Eily Malyon, Virginia Weidler, George Bancroft



Miriam Hopkins flirts with Errol Flynn, but she's really in love with Randolph Scott—according to the scenario of "Virginia City"

With a threatened strike against it, studio production reaches a new low—but the quality's high, as you can see

BY JACK WADE

THE biggest experiment of the month is "Young Tom Edison" down at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; and therefore, all pure reporter, we saddle our white steed and gallop over there for the first look-see this trip as we cover the studios.

"Young Tom Edison" is the first time the story of a real man has been filmed as two separate movies. Mickey Rooney will be Edison as a boy, and later Spencer Tracy will be Edison as a man. Remember when Freddie Bartholomew played young *David Copperfield* in the first half of that film so well that when Frank Lawton replaced him as an adult the movie fell apart?

It's going to be some contest between Rooney and Tracy; and Spence, despite his being, as Gable says, "hell-fire at the box office," is the

THE STUDIOS



Strangest thing about "Strange Cargo" is what it's done to "glamorous" Joan Crawford (with Ian Hunter)



Lady on "Safari" (Madeleine Carroll) gets a studio-made shower

Edward G. Robinson as bearded "Dr. Ehrlich"

one in the tough spot. For Mickey's picture is getting out first.

We walk on the set in the scene where Mickey, as young Tom, has just come back from a stolen train ride. He's hopped on the train to sell some maple-sugar cakes he has in his pocket and he's so enthralled by his quick profits that he is literally carried away. When he gets back there's his father to face. It's his father he's facing as we appear.

The father, Samuel Edison, is being played by George Bancroft, and Tom's mother, Mrs. Edison, is Fay Bainter. Virginia Weidler is his sister, so you can see that the Rooney is neatly surrounded by experienced scene stealers—but that doesn't disturb Mickey any.

"Notice anything different about my looks?" he chirps as we draw near. We don't. "Can't notice my character make-up?" he persists. We still don't. "Parted my hair from left to right," he grins. "Genius, really. Conscientious about my roles. Muni stuff." He takes a rumba step to get back into camera range, then sobers completely as Norman Taurog calls for action. He goes through the scene flawlessly.

As Tom, he knows he's in the doghouse and he's hoping to wiggle his way out of it. He gives Bancroft a sickly grin. "I think people like to buy things on trains, don't you, Father?" he asks.

"Don't think you can talk yourself out of a licking," says Bancroft sternly. Bancroft's voice stumbles on the word "licking."

"Cut," says Director Taurog.

They do the scene again and Bancroft blows once more. They do the scene a third time and still Bancroft doesn't get it. The veteran actor is fussed. Taurog is very patient. He calls for a fourth take. This time Mickey blows it. "And take number five," says Mickey before Taurog can speak.

A look flashes around the set but everybody remains quiet. Everybody knows Mickey has deliberately fumbled. The fifth take is long,

with Fay Bainter and Virginia getting in lines, too. It's perfect, though, so we creep out, while they are setting up the lights on a new scene, and go visit the "New Moon."

THIS is the "reunion picture" for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald after their unfortunate productions on their own. The "New Moon" is one of those romance-and-thunder operettas that Jeanette and Nelson create so persuasively. It's full of old sailing ships, Louisiana plantations of the time of 1783, pirates, a nobleman sold into slavery (that's Nelson) and the capricious, arrogant girl who buys him. (You know darned well that's Jeanette.)

We walk in on the scene where Nelson, who is really the *Duke de Villiers*, but who is merely ordered around as *Charles* by Jeanette, is plotting his escape. Nelson is as handsome a sight as even Hedy Lamarr could wish to see, done out in a sky-blue coat and tight white trousers. He is going into whispered consultation with Dick Purcell. Those two are as pat in their lines as even Woody (One Take) Van Dyke can desire. What's stumping Woody is that he's got two little colored kids on the set and that he's having to stop and teach them—they're young Los Angeles inkspots—a Southern accent. The kids will say "New Orleans" even as you and I would. Van Dyke takes them in hand. "It's New Oily Ans" he repeats over and over to them. "Remember, kids, the town is oily in the middle." That kills the kids. Even MacDonald, walking on the stage, and looking super-gorgeous in a pink hoop-skirted evening gown, gets a giggle out of it. Van is so pleased he breaks into song, mocking Nelson. It's to the tune of "Boots and Saddles" but we can't print the words and send PHOTOPLAY through the mails so we beat it for the "Strange Cargo" troupe, which is not only Gable and Crawford, but also Paul Lukas, Ian Hunter, J. Edward Bromberg, Peter Lorre, Albert Dekker, Eduardo Ciannelli, and John Arledge.

They are all on the set as we mosey in and a worse looking crew you never lamped. They are escaping from the jungle. They have one small boat and Crawford between them. The idea is that the men are escaping convicts. Crawford is a babe from the streets whom Gable has picked up and dragged along, and love is beginning to gnaw them. You practically can't see What-a-Man Gable behind the three days' growth of beard he's sporting. His clothes, like all the men's, are in tatters. So are Joan's, which lets us see quite a lot of Joan, and very nice, too. Crawford is really giving this role the business. She's doing it without make-up and with bedraggled hair. It will be interesting to see what that means for her. The big thought behind the plot is that the whole lot of them get religion, but Gable gets Crawford, too, the lucky stiff.

We watch just one scene. Albert Dekker and Gable are fighting over a knife Gable has. When the scene is finished, Gable strolls by. "I may get the knife but Dekker will get the picture," says Clark. "That's one honey of an actor, my friend."

Such competition being too tough for us, we take a prowl over on "The Shop Around the Corner." This is a Lubitsch production starring Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart. I walk in on a Christmas Eve scene. Jimmy is just being fired from his job because Margaret Sullavan's come in and swiped it. Like all Lubitsch pictures, this has a foreign setting—Hungarian, this time—and Jimmy and Maggie have one of those love stories wherein the girl and boy quarrel all the time until they find out they are meant for each other despite the fireworks.

Stewart and Sullavan are such good actors that they go through the firing scene without a hitch. Jimmy has all the lines, with Maggie merely looking on with those big eyes of hers. But knowing how she hates the press, I beat it

(Continued on page 77)

Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair

One of the loveliest songs of all time is "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," composed by Stephen Foster and dedicated to his wife, Jane, who inspired it. In "Swanee River," the life story of Foster which was recently released by 20th Century-Fox, Don Ameche portrays the role of the composer with brown-haired Andrea Leeds as his wife

Larry Clinton, famed orchestra leader and composer, wrote this modern arrangement of Stephen Foster's beautiful love song—sung in 20th Century-Fox's "Swanee River"—for our readers to play and sing at home. Be sure to tune in when it is played on the Sensation Cigarette radio program on Monday night, January 15, on the NBC-Red network

Arr. by
LARRY CLINTON

Song by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Borne like a

vis - ion on the sum-mer air, I see her trip-ping where the bright streams

play, Hap-py as the dai-sies that dance on her way. Man-y were the

wild notes her mer-ry voice would pour, Man-y were the blithe birds that war - bled them

o'er. I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair, Float-ing like a

vis - ion on the soft sum - mer air.

These fashion pages were designed for those who plan to play in the sun this winter—however, if you must "stay-at-home" you, too, will find the clothes exciting, for in them you will see advance trends of your 1940 sunshine clothes to come. A white suit is a must in every sunshine wardrobe. Madeleine Carroll wears this one designed by Edith Head in Paramount's "Safari." Tailored along dressmaker lines, it is of heavy non-crush linen with a flared skirt and a one-button jacket that has a nipped-in waistline. The shirt is of navy Irish linen embroidered in stripes of white—the hat is a casual white panama with fringed grosgrain trim—the long slip-on gloves are of softest doeskin

Richee

PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY GWENN WALTERS

Dawn Delights

FOR SPORTS

THAT WHET THE APPETITE

AND START THE DAY RIGHT



Richee



Yesterday's girl (above) went 'bicycling in togs like this! Mary Martin wears an authentic period costume designed by Edith Head in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert." The 1900 divided skirt is of navy spun rayon and wool*—the shirt-waist with leg o'mutton sleeves of navy and white striped rayon taffeta*. This quaint 'cycling costume has been adapted into a three-piece 1940 model and is featured in sharkskin*. Approximately \$11.00 at Bloomingdale's, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago

Mary also poses in a hooded bicycling rayon sharkskin* culotte (right) especially designed for her personal wardrobe by Edith Head. The stark white of the skirt and jacket is contrasted by the blouse and trim, which are of red and white stripes in spun rayon*

*Crown Tested

This regulation safari costume of jungle brown gabardine designed by Edith Head for Madeleine Carroll to wear in Paramount's "Safari" has straight, tailored slacks, a single-breasted jacket (note the four "bellows" pockets), and a kerchief scarf of scarlet and ivory tie silk. The safari hat of brown felt has a double brim. This outfit is news for early morning walks, and beyond compare for several rounds at the gallery





Sunshine

SUCCESSSES

"Side-Car" is the name of Jean's two-piece halter-neck play dress* made of turquoise krinkle sailcloth and black, red, yellow and green striped seersucker. The bolero and visor are of sailcloth to match the skirt. Jean wears "Bow Knot" coolees of turquoise and white. Play dress: \$5.95. Hat: \$1.50. Coolees: \$3.95



Jean Parker dresses at twilight for dinner guests in a white waffle piqué apron evening gown that is exquisitely hand-embroidered in multi-colored yarns—jeweled centers highlight the floral pattern. The gown, priced at \$22.95, was created by Patricia Perkins. Jean, who is currently filming "And So Goodbye" for RKO-Radio, will soon be seen in Paramount's "Knights of the Range"

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your vicinity that carries the fashions shown on these pages write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

McAlpin



For that coolish day Jean selects a Scully three-piece suede costume of dusty pink and slate blue. The tailored shirt and gored skirt are pink, the broad-shouldered box jacket, that buttons up the front to a collarless neckline, of blue. Blouse: \$10.95. Skirt: \$16.95. Jacket: \$14.95



For a brisk morning hike Jean wears a "Cape Cod" short-slack suit.* The hooded jacket of beige denim is lined with red and navy plaid gingham to match the slacks and short-sleeved tailored blouse. The "Cox-Comb" capers with hour-glass wedge soles are of red cape leather with navy trim and plaid lining. Suit: \$10.95. "Cox-Comb" capers: \$5.95



Jean dabbles her feet in the water while chatting with Fred Shiller, author of the original story and screen play of RKO's "Flying Deuces," in which Jean appeared. Jean wears white pleated sharkskin gabardine jumper shorts* over a gayly striped seersucker blouse. The "Mexi-Cooler" shoes beside her are of white elk. Blouse: \$2.95. Shorts: \$4.95. Mexi-Coolers: \$5.50

"Check Mate," Jean's three-piece chic-check cotton play dress* is of red and white with red contrast trim on the pockets of the blouse and skirt, and red buttons. The red and white color theme is repeated in the Moccasin capers that are smartly named "Cricket." Play dress: \$12.95. Moccasin capers: \$5.95



*Sandez Play Clothes
All Jean's play shoes created by Joyce

YESTERDAY'S

Charm

is enchanting in this adaptation of Scarlett O'Hara's "Barbeque Dress" made by Samuel Chapman. Of white-ground, flower-spigged seersucker, its flattering decolletage is outlined by a deep white Hamburg ruffle beaded in black velvet baby ribbon. Ann Rutherford, who models it so charmingly, will next be seen in Selznick International's "Gone with the Wind." The May Company, Los Angeles, California

Willinger



For added interest, Ann sometimes wears this black velvet corselet girdle with her "Barbeque Dress"

TOMORROW'S

Subtlety

is expressed in this grey net Kalmour formal, with its soft bodice, tiny cap sleeves and flowing skirt all appliquéd with giant silvery cellophane circles. Anita Louise, its beautiful wearer, will next be seen in RKO-Radio's "Reno." \$45.00 at Best & Co., New York and Neiman Marcus, Dallas

Bachrach



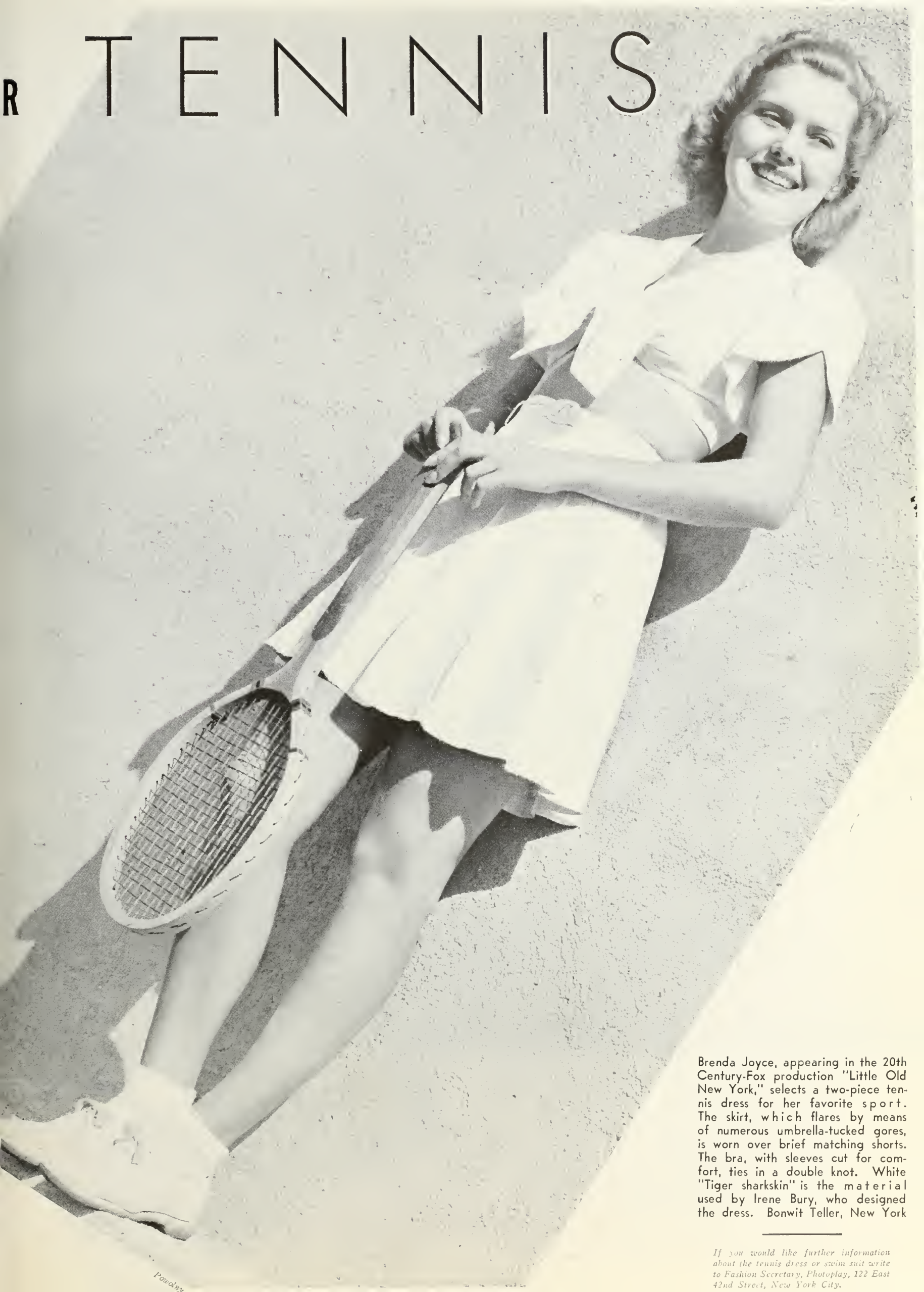
SWIM

Sonja Henie, starring in "Everything Happens at Night" for 20th Century-Fox, dresses for her second favorite sport in a blue quarter-skirted Velva-Lure two-way stretch swim suit trickily named "Mademoiselle." The square neckline is softly shirred and the waistline nipped-in. A velvety rayon surface individualizes the fabric. Sonja selected her suit from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

Photography




R T E N N I S



Brenda Joyce, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production "Little Old New York," selects a two-piece tennis dress for her favorite sport. The skirt, which flares by means of numerous umbrella-tucked gores, is worn over brief matching shorts. The bra, with sleeves cut for comfort, ties in a double knot. White "Tiger sharkskin" is the material used by Irene Bury, who designed the dress. Bonwit Teller, New York


If you would like further information about the tennis dress or swim suit write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.



Parasols, like sunbonnets are 1940 fashion darlings. Ellen's, of blue and white chambray, matches the peasant skirt of her Duchess of Windsor frock that is topped with a tailored crepe blouse from McMullen, the dress around \$17.00; the parasol under \$5.00, both at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

KING

Cotton



This so-washable, so-lovable fabric is leader in resort play clothes. Ellen Drew, appearing in Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again," poses in models destined for winter resort and summer fashion leadership. Ellen's blue chambray pinafore dress from McMullen (center) has a blue and white striped pinafore of the same fabric, around \$20.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills. A piquant sunbonnet (right) matches Ellen's romper and pinafore playsuit of red and white striped cotton Russian cord from Florence Gainor. The playsuit around \$12.95; the sunbonnet around \$3.00, at Macy's, New York; Florence Tarrson, Chicago; I. Magnin, Los Angeles



Tuller K.

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



Opening notes of this month's chorus of chatter—a laughing quartet by Ty Power, Claudette Colbert, Annabella, and Gary Cooper at the Beverly-Wilshire

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK

Put your earphones to our underground wire service and listen to the stories the stars are telling!

That Lady Known as Luck

NOT so long ago, big festivities at 20th Century-Fox celebrated completion of Producer Sol Wurtzel's twenty-fifth year with the company, a truly fabulous record in the annals of the picture industry where "here today, gone tomorrow" has been all too woefully true throughout the business.

When we asked Sol the secret of his success, he grinned and said it was due, more than anything else, to a little word, beginning with "l"—*luck*. Then he illustrated his point with a story.

Seems that back in the very early part of 1917, when he'd been with the old Fox company less than three years, he was assigned to produce a war picture. It was his big chance. He was

to have a free hand—with only one qualification. Said picture was to be strictly neutral.

"Don't make it either pro-Ally, or pro-German. Steer a middle course," he was told.

Well, Sol, like most other Americans, was extremely pro-Ally in his sympathies, and so, he says, he just couldn't seem to help putting German uniforms on the double-dyed villains in the piece, British and French uniforms on the heroes, and also inserting certain other touches which made the picture when finished resemble a product of the British propaganda department.

Result: When the big boss saw it, he was furious. He ordered the film shelved and was about to fire Sol when Something Happened! United States declared war on Germany . . . Which, of course, made everything all right.

Last Laugh

ALTHOUGH accustomed to seeing audiences laugh at his comic roles on the screen, Edgar Kennedy is a "straight" man in private life. Therefore, as he drove his car along Hollywood Boulevard the other day, he was somewhat puzzled, to say nothing of embarrassed, to see people point to his car and laugh. When he arrived

home, he gave the car the once-over—and had a laugh himself. For attached to the rear was a sign that said, "BLONDE WANTED!"

His young son, Larry, had put it there.

Discovery

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S latest discovery is a likable, quiet young chap named Dana Andrews. He's been under contract to Goldwyn for about six months now, and while he hasn't appeared in a picture he's been getting some fundamental training in Little Theater plays. Now when Sam signs anyone to a contract he thinks of everything. That's why there is a clause in Dana's that requires Goldwyn's consent to his marriage—and thereby hangs this tale. It appears that Dana had been engaged for some time and that the young lady had finally set the day. All preparations were going merrily forward for a formal wedding—and so it was up to Dana to corner his boss and get the needed permission. But, as it turned out, that wasn't so easy. Goldwyn was busy preparing for "The Westerner," Gary Cooper's latest. There were tests to see and scripts to okay and Dana just couldn't seem to catch the boss at a free time, to speak his carefully rehearsed speech. Then



Talked-about twosome . . . smiling sphinx in a gay bonnet . . . Norma Shearer with Geo. Raft at the Beverly-Wilshire



Chaperoned by her brother, Sonja Henie dines at the Victor Hugo with Alan Curtis (whose marital mix-up has been making headlines lately)

came the projection room fire when the whole lot turned out to see the blaze, Mr. Goldwyn included. Seeing the Boss, Dana elbowed his way through the crowd and got within shouting distance.

"You wanted to see me, Dana," Goldwyn shouted as he saw the lad coming towards him, "what for?"

"I wanted to ask you something," Dana shouted back hoping for privacy.

"Well, ask me now," boomed Sam. And so, throwing his speech to the winds, Dana shouted back:

"I want to get married!"

"Oh," grinned Sam as he called back, "That's O.K.—go ahead!" And Dana went beaming on his way. But, he beamed too soon, for shortly thereafter Goldwyn decided to have Dana start

his picture career with Gary and orders went out for him to stop shaving. He was to grow a beard for the part!

"And there I was," moaned Dana to us, "with a week's growth of beard and a formal wedding at hand—there was only one thing left to do—we made the ceremony informal. I just couldn't show up looking like that."

The honeymoon? Well, it may have to be a location trip to Arizona.

Villain Unmasked

THE colored servant of a Westwood household, up for rent, reported to his mistress who had been away for the day, that two people had been there to see about renting the house.

"I know," said the mistress. "It was a Miss Vivien Leigh who wants a house for a few months. And what do you think of *Scarlett O'Hara*?"

"Oh, she wasn't so bad," was the reply. "I guess she'll look all right on the screen."

"And her friend, Mr. Olivier, who was with her? What did you think of him?"

"Never saw that little man before," was the reply.

"Why," said the mistress, "I thought you saw 'Wuthering Heights.'"

The colored boy emitted a howl. "Him. That little man *Heathcliff*. Oh no, that couldn't be *Heathcliff*. Why, I declare he didn't even scare me for a minute while he was here. And what's more I never seen such baggy pants on a man. Him *Heathcliff*!"

One last Brown Derby picture of the late, beloved Douglas Fairbanks, Senior—left to right, Reginald Gardiner; Mr. Blecke; Charlie Chaplin; Mrs. Blecke (Sylvia's sister); Paulette Goddard; Sylvia Fairbanks; Doug; Alexander Korda, and Merle Oberon, director and co-star of "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1935), Doug's last motion picture in a never-to-be-forgotten career





First time Fink ever snapped Gene Autry in a tux! At a Biltmore Bowl charity affair, with his wife



With Jimmy Stewart, Marlene Dietrich gives us a sneak preview of her ensemble—which makes fashion news next issue



Hard-boiled director? Gregory Ratoff nearly swoons, dancing with Hedy Lamarr, in person

Safety First

IT was an off day for the "Strange Cargo" cast on location at Pismo Beach, a small seacoast town above Santa Barbara, California, and loathing inactivity like a snail hates pace, Gable gathered together members of the crew and challenged the girls' softball team from a nearby high school for a match.

Well, it was a bit of something as you can imagine with Di Maggio Gable holding down first base and Joan Crawford rooting for the girls from the side lines.

It became pretty obvious that the girls didn't make much effort to get past first base, but finally one cute blonde struck the ball a wallop and slid for first base. Gable caught the ball from the pitcher a second after the blonde hit the base.

"You're safe," the umpire cried.

From the side lines came the moan of a cute onlooker.

"Yeah, that's us all right. Safe even with Gable around."

To Love and Cherish

WHEN the town recovered from the surprise of Wally Beery adopting an eight-months-old baby girl instead of a child Carol Ann's age, it remembered that Wally had already proven himself one of the best mothers in the village.

When Carol Ann came to the Beery home she was just a baby herself and Beery stepped right into the mother role as easily as a duck takes to water.

Everywhere Beery went, Carol Ann went. It was a familiar sight in the studio with Carol Ann on one arm and a basket of diapers on the other.

"Why, I went all over Europe with Carol Ann in a basket on my arm. And I took care of her myself," he says proudly.

He did too and well, spending his evenings in the nursery cutting out lace curtain dresses for dolls and later supervising Carol Ann's school work and helping her select her clothes. In fact, Wally was called the best mother in town, and now the two, lonely since his wife's divorce, have taken on another baby to love and cherish.

"Carol Ann felt she'd belong to us more if we brought her up from babyhood ourselves," Wally explains.

Canine Credit

BARBARA O'NEILL'S Scotty, Snooker, has the distinction of being the only dog known to pos-

sess a charge account! This is the way it works. When Barbara is in Hollywood, she lives in a big apartment house not far from Hollywood Boulevard. Naturally, she is very busy when she is making a picture, and Snooker has to watch out for himself, pretty much. When he gets hungry and Barbara isn't there to give him his meals, he knows exactly what to do. He hies himself to a certain near-by delicatessen, and—"Sniff! Sniff!"—tells the delicatessen man he wants his dinner! He gets it pronto and the delicatessen man mails Barbara the bill!

(Continued on page 81)

Scene: Coconut Grove. Cast: Richard Greene and Virginia Field. Plot: Early wedding plans being made?





★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount

KIDS and adults for over two hundred years have jumped up and down over the adventures of *Lemuel Gulliver in the Kingdom of Lilliput*—and now here it all is, as wonderful as ever, in the animated color cartoons of Max Fleischer. Nothing of Jonathan Swift's subtle satire has been lost in the transition, and you should have a fine time watching *Gabby, King Little, King Bombo, Prince David and Princess Glory*. Naturally their lives are somewhat complicated by the presence of a man so much bigger than they are. Especially entrancing are the detailed mechanics of the tiny *Lilliputians* when they set to work to lift the unconscious giant. The music must have special mention, too, with sweet tunes lingering in your ears as you leave the theater.



★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

JAMES HILTON'S novel has been made into a picture without any compromise to the public taste; it depends on your frame of mind whether or not it entertains you. It has fine production, direction and acting. The story is about a doctor in a small English town; he has a little boy and a domineering wife. A young Austrian girl, a patient, enters the household as a governess and on the night the doctor tries to smuggle her out of the country, to prevent her being held as an enemy alien, his wife takes the wrong medicine and dies. Whereupon the girl and the man are caught and tried for murder. Paul Muni is the doctor, Flora Robson his wife, Raymond Severn the son, and Jane Bryan the girl. Miss Bryan is amazingly good.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

THE picture you've talked about and cast and fought over since 1937 is here ready for your inspection. These are the important things about GWTW: First, it is epic entertainment; second, it is as if the characters of Margaret Mitchell's book had come to life speaking the dialogue Miss Mitchell wrote. Certainly no one can complain of infidelity to the original story. *Scarlett*, played, of course, by Vivien Leigh, is the same vital, stupid, selfish, pathetic girl whose valiant fight to survive the death of the Old South you followed so breathlessly in the book. She gives a truly magnificent performance. Clark Gable has only to be himself, so perfectly cast he is as *Rhett Butler*. These two carry the burden of essential emotion from the time of their meeting at Twelve Oaks, through the fall of the Confederacy, to the denouement after the cruel Reconstruction. Olivia de Havilland has done the finest job of her career, as the sweet, gentle *Melanie*. Leslie Howard as *Ashley* fulfills expectations. To be honest, this is far too much picture to review adequately in less than several pages, with the brilliant cast itself too large to discuss in this space. Suffice it that you may expect to find your favorite novel brought to colorful, indeed overwhelming life in some of the finest Technicolor ever to tint the screen. Every spectacle, every emotional climax is faithfully reproduced. The characters come and go, leaving you somewhat fatigued by the most fabulous cinema pageant Hollywood has produced in its time. It was a titanic effort and in our opinion a successful one.



★ THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT—Paramount

THERE probably isn't anyone in America who doesn't like Victor Herbert's sweet, lyric music—and for those who have a real crush on him, this pretty picture represents a fine Christmas present. The title may make you believe the piece is a biography, but it isn't; Herbert, played by Walter Connolly, is just a background character and there is no attempt to tell the authentic story of his life. His songs are sufficient, sung as they are by new star Mary Martin, Allan Jones and young Susanna Foster, who also debuts here. Miss Martin is a natural. She looks somewhat like Claudette Colbert, with a touch of Ruby Keeler thrown in, and in addition, Miss Martin has a gorgeous voice. She plays a small-town girl, engaged to Doctor Lee Bowman and she comes to New York to sing. The great Victor will not see her but she meets Allan Jones, Herbert's egotistic star, who gets her a break. He goes further than that; he marries the girl. Mary becomes a star, outshining Allan, who goes to pieces because of it. So Mary retires in order to give him a chance to come back—a chance he muffs. It is, in the end, their young daughter, Susanna, who saves everything in a surprise climax. The child is attractive and has a really good voice, which will be better for more extensive training. Connolly does an excellent job, Jones has never been in better voice or acting fettle, and Jerome Cowan supports well as an agent. The whole film is chock-full of the Herbert music, easily worked into the running sequence of action.



★ OF MICE AND MEN—Hal Roach-U. A.

THE morbid, infinitely pathetic story of big, half-witted *Lennie* and his little mouse comes to the screen somewhat sissified as to dialogue but nonetheless gripping for the censorship. Goodness knows, it could not have been an easy task to take John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar and get it on celluloid in a form palatable to the average theatergoer. Hal Roach, director of comedies, has somehow managed it. He cast Burgess Meredith as *George*, and Lon Chaney, Jr. as *Lennie*, his pal—For those of you who missed the book: *Lennie* and *George* are a pair of wandering workers who hire out on ranches in the west. *Lennie* isn't bright but he has fantastic strength and a heart like May Robson's. He gets a sensual pleasure from touching soft things, and if frightened at all, simply grabs hold and can't let go. Now then, *Lennie* and *George* have planned to save up and buy a little rabbit ranch, and they are just in sight of their goal when *Lennie* decides he wants to feel the soft red dress of Betty Field, who's married to the son of the ranch owner. Well, she deserves what she gets, anyhow, making up to the poor half-wit the way she does and then frightening him by screaming when he strokes her. . . You see *Lennie* can't even keep a pet mouse because he forgets and breaks them in two every once in awhile. The entire piece is done with feeling and sympathy; and in addition to the fine star performances, Charles Bickford and Bob Steele do excellent work. It will wear you out emotionally, but it's worth it.



GERONIMO!—Paramount

GERONIMO, you may remember from your American history classes, was an Apache Indian Chief who raised particular hell quite some time ago and had to be sat on by the U. S. Army. There isn't much personal story but you'll see a riot of action. The Indian fights are bang-up. Bill Henry plays a young West Pointer who goes West to serve under his father, a general. That's Ralph Morgan, and it's a mean character. Preston Foster is the cynical captain who helps the frightened young man survive. Chief Thundercloud is Geronimo, a brilliant piece of casting; and Gene Lockhart has one of his traitor-and-renegade parts, at which he excels. Ellen Drew, Marjorie Gateson and Kitty Kelly have bits. The film boasts a feeling of authenticity.



FOUR WIVES—Warners

THOSE four girls—Priscilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane, and Gale Page—are back on film again, but still buried under emotional crises. This is a sweet picture, but it isn't as good as "Four Daughters." They are all married now, although Priscilla is John Garfield's widow; and she is carrying his baby. Discovery of her condition makes her as neurotic as anything and poor Jeffrey Lynn, to whom she's engaged, has an awful time. Eddie Albert is cast as the doctor Rosemary wants for her very own. The outstanding impression you will get from the piece will have to do with maternity. All the original cast is present, even the ghost of Garfield. May Robson plays *Grandma*; Claude Rains is *papa* again; Frank McHugh and Dick Foran, husbands.



★ **GREEN HELL—Universal**

THE Matta Grosse district of South America is the dangerous background for this dramatic adventure story. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. leads an expedition to hunt for ancient Inca treasure and one of the men, Vincent Price, is shot with a poisoned Indian arrow. By the time his wife, Joan Bennett, is sent for and arrives Price is dead; whereupon the entire camp is upset. Friends become enemies, beards are scraped off and strong men spend their time picking orchids. Of course the romantic denouement brings Joan and young Doug together, but only after the most hazardous time you can possibly imagine. The pace is rapid and George Bancroft, Alan Hale, John Howard and George Sanders are the superb acting names you'll also enjoy. Bring smelling salts.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- Gulliver's Travels
- We Are Not Alone
- Gone with the Wind
- The Great Victor Herbert
- Of Mice and Men
- Green Hell
- The Light That Failed
- His Girl Friday
- Destry Rides Again
- Two Thoroughbreds
- Day-Time Wife
- Harvest



★ **THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount**



★ **HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Max Fleischer for "Gulliver's Travels"
- Jane Bryan in "We Are Not Alone"
- Paul Muni in "We Are Not Alone"
- Vivien Leigh in "Gone with the Wind"
- Clark Gable in "Gone with the Wind"
- Olivia de Havilland in "Gone with the Wind"
- Mary Martin in "The Great Victor Herbert"
- Allan Jones in "The Great Victor Herbert"
- Susanna Foster in "The Great Victor Herbert"
- Burgess Meredith in "Of Mice and Men"
- Lon Chaney, Jr., in "Of Mice and Men"
- Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Green Hell"
- Joan Bennett in "Green Hell"
- Ronald Colman in "The Light That Failed"
- Walter Huston in "The Light That Failed"
- Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday"
- Rosalind Russell in "His Girl Friday"
- Marlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again"
- James Stewart in "Destry Rides Again"
- Charles Winninger in "Destry Rides Again"
- Jimmy Lydon in "Two Thoroughbreds"
- Jackie Cooper in "The Big Guy"

THE venerable but still-so-handsome Mr. Ronald Colman returns now with a few inspirational heartaches to cheer a warring world. As you might well expect, with Colman and Walter Huston and Producer-Director William Wellman working together, the picture is a standout and a probable hit. It's just as teary as can be, rating our official rating as a four-handkerchief film. Colman, as a boy, plights his troth with a little girl and goes off around the world. As he grows up he learns to paint and gets quite successful at it; then, during a battle in the Sudan, he gets wounded in the head while saving his good friend, Huston. Walter goes back to London and eventually so does Colman, a success now; there he meets again the little girl, only she is a woman now, played by Muriel Angelus. She is wedded to her art, which happens to be painting too, and likes Ronald because he's so good with his brush. He paints his masterpiece before he goes blind from that head wound and Ida Lupino, his model, destroys it. Nobody will take care of him and Huston goes back to war and Miss Lupino is mad at him and he certainly isn't going to be a burden on Muriel now—so everything is just terrible, and back to the Sudan gropes disillusioned Mr. Colman. Sets and photography are marvelous and Colman's performance has that polished distinction for which he is famous. Huston would have stolen the picture from anyone less masterful. Miss Lupino has worked herself easily into her role. On the whole, the film is done in good taste and is less sentimental than the book.

THERE is always one great difficulty connected with doing re-makes of very famous pictures. The new version always seems hackneyed. "His Girl Friday" is the 1939-40 version of "The Front Page," which set the newspaper film cartwheel rolling, but it is successful because of Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell and the production of Howard Hawks.

You may remember that the hero of "The Front Page" was called *Hildy Johnson*; this character has become *Hildegarde Johnson*, played with exuberance by Miss Russell. She is the former wife of the paper's editor, Cary Grant. He doesn't want her to run off and marry Ralph Bellamy, that insurance agent, so in order to keep her hanging around, Cary fixes up a mess of complications, out of which is created the plot. There's a murderer and what not. You may find the tone of this on the mild side when you think back to the language they used in the other ripsnorting version but Cary and Roz work so well together, he with his sly, suave manner full of interesting implications and she with her tremendous vitality, that you will find the excitement there, if in a subtler form. John Qualen is very good as the neurotic criminal, Helen Mack is as pretty as ever in her role as the only loyal friend Qualen has, and the mood of the city room has authenticity. Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards and Porter Hall are reporters. No matter what fault you might find with the picture itself, you know you'll be entertained by a cast like that.

(Continued on page 84)

Swiss Family

HOLLYWOOD

Pity the poor producer in this hilarious tale! All his troubles were relative—four relatives, to be exact

BY GENE TOWNE AND GRAHAM BAKER

HOWARD DONALDSON was sitting on top of the world. His position as production head of Atlas Pictures gave him wealth and power. Since he had earned them by hard work and ability they hadn't gone to his head, so he was rated a swell guy by men and a lamb by the female population, a goodly percentage of which had attempted from time to time to annex his name and his bankroll. These attempts Howard had side-stepped neatly, only to fall in love with Brooksie, his Carole Lombard-ish secretary. He hadn't got around to proposing to Brooksie, but both of them knew he was working up to it and Brooksie, at least, knew that he would be accepted.

In addition, and this was what made him unique, Howard was free of relatives. Every other man in Hollywood, from presidents and stars down to doormen and extras, had a full quota of family hangers-on who lived on his salary, criticized his methods of making it and complained because it wasn't larger. But not Howard. His only relatives were a sister, a brother-in-law and two nephews whom he hadn't seen for twenty years and whom he kept out of his mind by the simple expedient of omitting to open Sister Christine's letters until whatever she was writing about was too outdated to need comment. In short, Howard's life, present and future, was rosy.

Then his brother-in-law and nephews descended upon him and changed all that. They invaded sets, threw casts and technicians into a frenzy, wrecked equipment. They staged a party at his home and turned the place into a shambles. Ralph, Howard's brother-in-law, was taken for \$2600 by gam-

bler Tony Spangler and Howard not only had to cover the loss but had to sit in Tony's office until the check was safely cashed. He was still sitting there when police raided the joint and in spite of his protests of innocence he was carted off to jail. Brooksie bailed him out, and the glint in her eye told Howard that his matrimonial plans had suffered a setback.

He thought he had reached the depth of human misery when the raid and his arrest made headlines from coast to coast, but the worst was

yet to come. His sister Christine wired him ten dollars worth of vituperation for leading her husband and sons astray and concluded with the crushing news that she was catching the next Hollywood-bound plane.

BY all rules of war and sport, Howard Donaldson was entitled to a certain interval of peace and quiet before the arrival of his terrifying sister, Christine.

Football elevens, prize fighters, Davis Cup

Her only miscue was when she tangled with the butler. Herman wouldn't take it—and he didn't have to!



EDITOR'S NOTE: Proudly we present the comedy-fiction scoop of the month—an hilarious, movie-wise novelette by Towne and Baker, Hollywood's best-known and certainly its most madcap team of writers. Adding another string to their bow, they are now making their debut as producers. For their first RKO-Radio release, "Swiss Family Robinson," they have assembled one of the screen's best cast of characters, including, among others, Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt, Terry Kilburn and baby Bobby Quillan.—E.V.H.

players, are shielded from disturbing elements on the eve of conflict. Even soldiers about to go over the top are granted relative calm for a brief period before the zero hour.

Such respite was denied Howard Donaldson.

Waiting at the Burbank Airport for the arrival of Christine's plane, his cars were still ringing from the denunciation with which Brooksie had regaled him.

He had the feeling of a man who has just slugged out a losing battle with Henry Armstrong and now sees Joe Louis crawling into the ring.

Brooksie's charges against Donaldson, as he recalled all too vividly, were: (a) cancellation of a luncheon date, (b) deliberate runout on a dinner date, (c) arousing her from sound slumber to bail him out of jail, (d) being in jail at all, (e) being arrested in a gambling joint, (f) being intoxicated, (g) not having exterminated his relatives years ago, (h) trying to alibi himself with a story that a child of six wouldn't have believed, (i to z, inclusive) being a pain in the neck.

As oratory, Donaldson grudgingly conceded, it made Mark Antony's funeral address sound like something out of the Congressional Record.

Christine's plane appeared on the horizon, grew larger, began to sink down upon the airport. Donaldson's heart sank much faster.

He tried to shrink into the crowd, realizing as he did so that this was futile. Christine was the first passenger to alight, as he knew she would be. She ferreted him out immediately, bounded at him like an angry leopard, swept

Donaldson put both hands on Wood's desk and said: "John, I've told the truth—"



him into a bone-crushing embrace, then held him off at arm's length. Sisterly love having thus been indicated, she went to work on him.

"What have you to say for yourself?" she demanded, in a tone which defied him to say anything for himself.

"Hullo, Christine," he mumbled.

"You must be proud of yourself," she said.

"Not especially," he admitted.

"Not especially!" she howled, so loudly that a mechanic in a hangar three hundred yards away dropped a wrench and prepared for flight. "Not especially! A man of your age, Howard Donaldson—and in your position! Gambling! Arrested like a common thief! Corrupting my husband! Your name in the headlines!"

Donaldson looked apprehensively at the avidly interested audience they were entertaining. There must be a hundred persons within earshot, he calculated, all looking and listening.

"My car is right over there," he said. "Couldn't we hold this reunion a little less publicly?"

She paid no attention, but lifted her nose and sniffed like a blue-ribbon beagle as some foreign odor smote her nostrils. She did everything but bay, as she eyed her wretched brother and said:

"Howard Donaldson—you've been drinking!"

A spectator snickered too audibly. Christine wheeled and shot him a look which would have frightened a cobra. The spectator gulped back a second snicker, and stepped out of range. He realized he had overmatched himself. Howard, fearing that Christine was actually contemplating violence, hurled himself into the breach. He had, to tell the truth, consumed a single glass of beer, but this, he felt, was neither the time nor the place to defend himself on that score.

"Christine," he said, firmly, "the car is waiting. Let's get out of here."

Christine, startled by the sudden and unexpected firmness in the voice of her usually pliable brother, let herself be led away before she realized what was happening. She hated to leave the arena without having drawn blood, but consoled herself with the thought that there

was still plenty of time to say everything she wanted to say.

It took only thirty minutes to drive from the airport to Donaldson's home, but to the unhappy producer, that half hour stretched out into months, years, decades, eternities. His sister, with a tongue like a dull band saw, and a torrent of invectives which would make one of Hitler's comments on Chamberlain sound like a valedictory, was not silent for one of the ten thousand hours in that thirty minute drive.

Occasionally, Donaldson tried to inject his own—and true—version of recent events. Christine did not listen. As a matter of fact, that would have been an impossibility, because Christine had never learned to listen.

BING and Herman and the cook, having been induced to come back to work (at double salary) had managed to clean up most of the wreckage at Donaldson's house from the previous night's party.

The living room was almost presentable, except for the presence of Christine's husband and sons—who could have turned Westminster Abbey into a slum simply by sitting quietly in a corner of it.

Their attitudes were various. Ralph, Sr., in the grip of a really spectacular hangover, greeted his wife with detachment, and awaited resignedly to hear her foul opinion of him.

George was bored. These family conclaves were old stuff to him. Hollywood was new. All he wanted was an opportunity to sneak out.

Ralph, Jr. was eager for the debate to follow, waiting for the moment when he could join in his mother's diatribe with a few carefully worded insults concerning his uncle.

His chance came twenty minutes later, when Christine had finished the preamble of her denunciation and began to narrow her tirade down to specific accusations.

"What got into you, anyway?" she demanded, glaring at her brother.

Her brother shook his head hopelessly. He was so confused he couldn't think of an answer.

"He's in love with his blonde secretary," said Ralph, Jr., who had been waiting for a chance to make this crack.

"A secretary!" Christine shrieked, and was silenced for a moment.

She was utterly appalled that a Donaldson should be in love with a secretary—a typist. She had momentarily forgotten the fact that the best job her husband had ever occupied was setting up pins in a bowling alley.



Recovering a bit, her next thought—and the only really logical one—was that this secretary was a designing hussy who was making a dupe of her brother. She demanded details, and got them in highly colored droves from Ralph, Jr.

Donaldson not only couldn't get in a word, he didn't even try. He hadn't been permitted to finish a sentence for so long he had forgotten there were periods in the language.

Herman, the butler, interrupted—after a good deal of trouble—to announce that the studio had telephoned to state that Mr. Donaldson was wanted immediately. It was the only good news Donaldson had received up to this point.

By superhuman effort he managed to prevent Christine from coming with him, promising to be back in two hours.

Although you could not have convinced him of it, things were not as bad—at least not quite as bad—as Donaldson imagined.

Brooksie, it is true, had treated him, verbally, as a fire treats a barbecued steer. Actually she had meant very little of it. She was in love with the man, but reasoned that something had to be done—and drastically—about his attitude toward his repulsive relatives.

She loved him. True, she regarded him as nothing more than a simple-minded goof, but women are prone to adopt that feeling toward the men they love. Consequently, she felt sorry that she had talked to him in so rough a manner, and made up for it by being as disagreeable as possible to Donaldson's subordinates.

The climax to this typically feminine brain storm came when John Wood, president of Atlas Pictures, called on the phone and asked for Mr. Donaldson, in the friendliest of all possible tones.

"Mr. Donaldson," said Brooksie, crisply, "is not here. He is a busy man."

"I'm quite sure that he is," Mr. Wood purred. "But I'm sure you had better find him. As of now."

Even Brooksie could not deny that the president of Atlas Pictures had a right to talk to his top producer. Thus the call to Donaldson's home. . . .

LOOKING like a composite photograph of 10,000 European refugees, Donaldson walked into Wood's office. He had no idea that more grief was in store for him. He reasoned that there could not possibly be any more. He was wrong.

"Howard," Wood began, unconsciously imitating the tone of a diabolic intoning of the Black Mass, "you can't get away with things like this. You occupy an important position, and you cannot put the entire motion-picture industry in such a bad light."

Donaldson put both hands on Wood's desk—as though to prove that he carried no weapons—and said:

"John, I've told you the truth, about what happened. Are you going to disbelieve me after our friendship of twenty years?"

Wood had been on a spot already. Donaldson's statement put him on a second, and a man who is on two spots simultaneously is in a very disagreeable position. He looked—or pretended to look—over a cost sheet, then said:

"I'll do what I can, Howard, but don't expect too much, because I'm trying to keep out of the grease. The Board of Directors takes these things pretty seriously. The Chairman—Frank Swain—wants to know if there is a morality clause in your contract. . . ."

"Of course, there is," Donaldson said. "I put it in all the contracts."

"Well," Wood said. "We live and learn, don't we?"

"We live," Donaldson answered. "I'm not so sure about the other part of it."

Wood's secretary was listening to this conversation as a matter of course. She cared nothing about what happened to Donaldson, but she did care what happened to Brooksie, as long as it was bad. The reason? Brooksie had once worn the same style of hat to a preview as Wood's secretary. An Albanian blood feud wouldn't produce more hatred.

Consequently she called Brooksie and said: "Your boy friend is out. Sorry?"

"What boy friend?"

"Donaldson."

Brooksie paused a moment to think it over before she replied:

"He's not my boy friend. I don't think he's out. If he is, he'll get a better job. In the meantime, what is your interest in it, and why do you call me up and tell me about it and how do you know except you've been listening in to private conversations?"

With that, Brooksie banged the telephone receiver.

Once she had broken the connection, Brooksie knew this was serious.

At heart she knew that Donaldson had never been wrong. She had only put him on a grid-

Next Month-

PLAY TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

with RONALD COLMAN

Suave is his middle name—and he proves that he's anything but shy, in his witty {and honest} answers

in MARCH PHOTOPLAY

dle to make him come to life and assert himself.

Consequently, after some thought, she came to a decision, and acted upon it immediately. Grabbing her hat and coat, she left the studio, walked to the corner, and boarded a bus which read: "Sunset Boulevard."

A SCANT few moments after Brooksie's departure, Donaldson returned to his office. He had promised Wood to meet Swain at his—Wood's—home that evening, but he wanted to talk first to the one person in whom he had any confidence at all—Brooksie. She was gone.

Donaldson sat down behind his desk and buried his head in his hands.

"The rats," he mumbled, "are leaving the sinking ship. Only Brooksie is no rat. Maybe the sinking ship is leaving the rats. Maybe the sinking ship and the rats are leaving the sea. Maybe the sea is leaving the. . ."

He stopped himself with an effort.

"This way," he told himself, "either lies madness, or I'm one of the Marx Brothers. . . ."

While Donaldson sat in his office considering the painless ways of taking one's life, his sister was completing the task of wrecking what had once been a pleasant, well-ordered home.

Bored with denouncing her husband—who no longer gave a satisfactory response—Christine started in on the servants, and went through the house like a plague of locusts.

She didn't like the way the maid ran the vacuum cleaner. The maid quit.

She didn't approve of the menu for dinner. The cook resigned.

She found Bing, the chauffeur, asleep in his room over the garage. Inasmuch as he had been on call for the preceding forty-eight hours his slumber was understandable to everyone but Christine, who aroused him in a manner reminiscent of *Bill Sykes* awakening his dog. Bing responded with a leprous curse upon Christine and went back to his job with the cab company.

Her only miscue in this domestic steeplechase was when she tangled with Herman, the butler. When she picked upon this gentlemen's gentleman, she really fouled a hurdle, because Herman not only wouldn't take it, but didn't have to. Half the bachelors in Beverly Hills had already offered him jobs.

Therefore, when Christine abused him for having answered the telephone, he told her that he was so tired of being hired and fired every time his master got in front of the eight ball that he wasn't going to play that way any more.

When she asked what he meant by that statement, he replied:

"You can't fire me, and I won't quit, and even money I can get to the phone faster than you can. Wanta play?"

The telephone rang, and the race of the century was on. Christine had the instrument in her hands before Herman had finished the first lap.

An annoyed voice shrilled at her:

"This is Bill Alden, of the Colossal Broadcasting System, and I must find Howard Donaldson immediately."

"Why?" asked Christine.

"Why! He's due on the air here tonight! He's supposed to be the guest star on our program, to make a speech about the future of the motion picture industry! Where is he?"

"He's at the studio," Christine replied.

"If he is, he's under one of the stages," Alden snapped back.

"Mr. Alden," said Christine, with great dignity, "if Mr. Donaldson said he would be at your broadcasting studio, he will be there."

Banging up the receiver, she shouted to Junior:

"Get out the limousine! I know where to find Howard!"

Inasmuch as Bing had carried off the car keys, Junior's assignment proved to be difficult. When he reported this, Christine howled:

"Well, then, call a taxicab. Can't anyone think of anything but me?"

HOWARD DONALDSON, during all this, was still collapsed in his office at the studio, wondering where Brooksie was, and trying to get a grip on his sanity. He had left instructions that he would talk to no one on the telephone but Brooksie. And Brooksie was possibly the only person in greater Los Angeles who wasn't trying to reach him.

At that moment, Brooksie was taking matters into her own hands, in an attempt to straighten out this tangled mess. Descending from the bus she walked straight to Tony Spangler's Casino Club and confronted the doorman menacingly.

"I want to see Tony Spangler," she said.

"He ain't up," the lookout replied.

"That's not what we're talking about," she said, "I said I wanted to see him."

"You ain't got a chance, sis," the lookout answered.

Brooksie gave him a sneer.

"Buddy," she snarled, "don't believe everything you read in the papers. Bonnie Parker isn't dead, because I'm Bonnie Parker. Open that door or I'll make you eat it."

Dear Brooksie! She means well, but her hero has simply jumped out of the frying pan right into the soup—which promptly comes to a boil as the climax of all climaxes is reached in March PHOTOPLAY.



Claudette's vivid memories of a city park made this dream come true—"a whole acre in grass so I could walk on it as much as I pleased"



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

PRAISES THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES AS SHE TELLS—

Why I Like Hollywood

I remember only too well the five flights down, and the long hard blocks from the apartment to Central Park, just for a glimpse of green grass all covered with "Keep Off" signs. No matter how city-bred you are, you never quite lose that longing for grass and flowers and things growing green. As soon as I could afford it, after coming to Hollywood, I planted a whole acre in grass so I could walk on it as much as I pleased. It takes a gardener all day to take care of that big lawn, but it's worth it.

My people in France always had a garden, and I suspect all French folk are happiest when growing flowers and a patch of vegetables. That's why my garden gives me so much genuine pleasure. I'm afraid, though, I'm too impatient for results to enjoy the philosophy of our gardener, Henry. He is a short, calm-faced Oriental fatalist. When I asked him to buy two nice trees for me, he planted seedlings a foot high.

"Bye'n bye they grow big," he assured me when I protested that I wanted *trees*. For two years I patiently trained purple Lantana to grow over the entire wall of my tennis court, and was I proud of my work! One day I came home and they were all gone.

"Henry!" I cried in my most stricken voice, "what happened?"

"They look dirty . . . I cut off," Henry said placidly. "Oh, you like? They grow back bye'n bye." But even Henry can't ruin my pleasure in gardening.

Yes, I like this wide, sprawling country with snow-capped mountains and oranges to pick at the foot of them. I like to play tennis, or go golfing without driving two hours through traf-

fic to a golf course. I miss New York and the theater, but this has its compensations.

When I first came here I was sure I wouldn't like it. I knew I would be lonely for Broadway and the crowds and the people I knew. But there is plenty of mental stimulation in Hollywood. I've seen groups containing many brilliant people, musicians, writers, actors, members of various professions—groups that anywhere else in the world would be regarded as tremendously exciting.

As for the criticism that we are too prone to talk shop, isn't that true everywhere? On my trip to Europe, I found each group talking its own brand of shop. In the Tyrol, all the conversation was about skiing, yet changes of vast significance were taking place in their country. Over here, a certain set may talk golf until you're sick of the subject, or tennis, or bridge. It's human nature to talk shop and our own particular shop is the picture business. It's fun, it's always new, and generally exciting.

I like to work in movies. Once in a while, of course, we all draw a lemon, and you can tell it even before the picture is under way, but there's a tingle of excitement in starting any picture, good or bad. And there's always the thrill of conferences and tests and finally the start before the cameras, with that onrush of determination to make good and give it all you have. It's the most stimulating work in the world.

Yet, of all the things I like about Hollywood, I like best its width and breadth and hospitable outdoors. There aren't many "Keep Off" signs here, on the grass, or elsewhere.

There's something of the spirit of the old West that has gotten into Hollywood, and I like it.

AS TOLD TO JACK SMALLEY

DON'T think for a minute that I'm kidding when I say I like Hollywood best for its wide-open spaces. There's breadth to this country, and I think it's grand.

Out here there's so much space you measure distance Indian fashion, by time. You know—"seventeen minutes from our house to the studio!"

I like this outdoor life. That's the part I enjoy most in Hollywood . . . Bob Taylor in a ten-gallon hat, Carole and Clark Gable critically inspecting cow ponies at a horse show, station wagons with cattle brands on the door to represent some happy family's half-acre "ranch." Hollywood!

PHOTOPLAY'S

OWN

Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



Errol Flynn—posture is important to him



Jeffrey Lynn—his hate is truly masculine



SEE YOURSELF THROUGH THE EYES OF A MAN—You've got yourself made up to the teeth—a brand new coiffure, a luscious shade of lipstick, delicate eyeshadow—you've given yourself the works, and what happens? In spite of it all, you failed to make an impression upon the one man you wanted to impress. And you wonder why. Perhaps it's because you've overlooked the one thing in your appearance that's most important to him, the thing that he notices first of all about a woman. And the difficulty is that this factor varies with all men, so the thing to do is to find out what your particular man likes or dislikes most of all in a girl's appearance.

The great truth about how one jarring note in your ensemble can spoil the glamorous effect of a perfect make-up and coiffure was borne upon me the other day at luncheon with Errol Flynn, James Cagney, and George Raft (and a nice assortment, that). A very attractive girl passed by the table. Raft dismissed her loveliness with, "The seams of her stockings are crooked. Her face isn't as important as a well-groomed effect."

So we began to talk about what they noticed first about women.

"The thing that impresses me is the way they walk," said Errol. "A woman should hold herself proudly, carry herself erect, and if she hasn't a graceful walk, she should practice in some way until she does."

"Women's voices are the most important thing to me," said Cagney. "What's the use of a girl's being beautiful if she talks like a parrot? A harsh or loud voice in a woman irritates me. I want to get away from her as quickly as possible. Why don't they think about things like that instead of worrying about what shade of lipstick to wear?"

George Raft said, "Whether a woman is neat and tidy is what I notice first of all. She must look fresh and well-groomed. If she's wearing a dress with a white collar, for example, that collar should be scrupulously clean and fresh. Wrinkles in clothes, shoulder straps showing, ruin the appearance of the most beautiful girl."



John Payne—artificiality gets him down



Richard Greene—he's allergic to untidy hair

It's Open-Forum for the Hollywood lads this month, with the Distaff Side coming in for a lot of hints on how to make an impression with the one man she likes best. And Anne Shirley (above), the smart little minx, passes muster on all counts

Fine thing, I thought. But this conversation made me wonder just what other Hollywood men think important in a woman's appearance.

So I plunged right in and asked a whole row of popular, attractive actors what they noticed first about women, what they disliked most about a woman's appearance and what single thing they considered the most important. Here's the results of my one-woman survey. Perhaps the reason you didn't get a second date from your man is in one of these actor's replies.

Maybe it's your hair. If it's stringy and not perfectly set, you'd never get a second look from Richard Greene. He doesn't like untidy hair and it's the thing he notices first about a woman.


Are you sure the part in your hair is always straight? If you need a new permanent, don't put it off any longer—maybe your beau is allergic to straight hair. Be sure that there are no loose ends spoiling the symmetry of your hairdress.

Your hair should be shampooed frequently and brushed daily to keep it smooth and shining. Hot oil shampoos will do wonders for it if your hair is dry or the ends are splitting. Have your hair cut at least once every two weeks to keep it even and at the proper length for your coiffure.

Unless you have your hair set every few days, don't go in for elaborate coiffures. Wear your

(Continued on page 73)

Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days



THE **ACTIVE** LATHER OF **LUX SOAP** GIVES **THOROUGH CARE**. PAT IT GENTLY INTO YOUR SKIN

NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL. **ACTIVE LATHER** LEAVES SKIN **REALLY CLEAN**

THEN DRY THE FACE BY **PATting** LIGHTLY. REMEMBER MEN ADORE A LOVELY COMPLEXION!

BARBARA STANWYCK

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars' lead—are enthusiastic about ACTIVE-lather complexion care. Hollywood's Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing. Lovely Barbara Stanwyck shows you how to give your skin this gentle, *thorough* care. Try ACTIVE-lather facials for 30 days—any time during the day before you renew make-up, **ALWAYS** at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for *your* skin.

Use cosmetics all you like, but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

It's foolish to risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing—protection it needs for beauty. Use Hollywood's beauty care, the gentle white soap with ACTIVE lather, regularly!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



LUX
TOILET SOAP

THE NEW LIPSTICK



THAT STAYS ON

Swim, eat, smoke, kiss — Don Juan Lipstick stays on! It's the beauty find of the year. Thousands of women everywhere are changing to it because . . . while it stays and stays on your lips, it does not dry them . . . it's made of only the purest ingredients . . . its consistency is firm—not greasy . . . its colors are constant, remaining the same when applied to the lips. And the colors are the most delightful hues you've ever seen in a lipstick! Most smart stores in the United States and Canada now carry Don Juan. In a striking black and white plastic cameo container at \$1.00. Refills, 60c. Trial size 10c. Rouge to match \$1.00.



Don Juan

THE LIPSTICK THAT STAYS ON
VALDOR NEW YORK

MOVIES in Your Home

BY JACK SHER

Tips and advice—hot from Hollywood's own experts—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

DO you know some ambitious young lady who aspires to a screen career? If so, don't be surprised if she asks you to drag out your 8 mm or 16 mm camera and make a screen test of her. Hollywood casting directors are beginning to watch the narrow gauge field for future acting talent—and she merely wants you to help her "crash" the studios.

To assist home cameramen in meeting this situation, Edward H. Griffith, who recently directed Madeleine Carroll's latest Paramount picture, "Honeymoon in Bali" offers some excellent professional advice.

The toughest problem for the amateur screen-test director to overcome, says Griffith, is that of getting the camera subject a "make-

up" comparable to that provided by a studio. Proper make-up is essential to show the casting director how the subject will look in front of the 35 mm cameras. The subject should be made up by someone experienced in stage or screen make-up technique.

The second problem is sound recording. In these days, a screen test without sound means very little. Hence, those who do not have sound-on-film will need to use auxiliary sound recording equipment. Such equipment can usually be rented at reasonable cost.

The next step is to obtain a script from some motion picture or play, preferably one which is playing currently and can be studied. From this script, select a sequence containing only one character. This role should have a fairly strong emotional pitch and should preferably allow the subject to move around, stand up, sit down, and show herself at all angles. In shooting the scene, remember that the studio is not interested in the script, or in the photography and lighting effects, but only in the acting ability and photographic quality of the subject being tested.

After this sequence, the test should show any specialties the subject can do—dancing, singing, acrobatics, etc. The casting director will not be particularly interested in the dance routine used, nor in the song itself, but will be looking for that particular "oomph" with which a good actress can put over any song or any situation.

If such a screen test is properly made, says Director Griffith, there is no reason why the studios should not give it the same amount of attention that they would give their own studio tests.

CASTLE has three new Terry Tunes, the best of which is a cute little film called "Romeo and Juliet," which will tickle the kids. Dad and the son will want to look at the new Castle short, "Gridiron Classics of the Year."

NEW EQUIPMENT: For 8 mm Filmo cameras, Bell & Howell announces a new wide-angle lens attachment doubling the angle of the regular lens . . . R. C. Mercer, Hollywood manufacturer, offers a 16 mm film rule for cutting titles, dissolves and special effects to exact lengths. . . .

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

hate and terrorism? Prisons, chain gangs, killers, revolutions, third degrees and tortures are just a few of the cheery little things that make up the bolt from which too many of the new pictures are cut. There are some grim scenes in "Dust Be My Destiny," "The Real Glory" and "Blackmail" that make the old horror movies like "Dracula" and "Frankenstein" seem like fairy tales. Harrowing as the newsreels are these days, they make one's spine creep less than the feature films.

Now, if ever, we need the relief of pleasant pictures. Here's a vote for movies that leave the fan with a good taste in his mouth!

MARIAN E. SMITH,
New York City, N. Y.

MATCHMAKING MOVIE—

I'M so very happy and I've just got to let everyone know about it, as it was brought about by the movie, "The Women."

My boy friend (whom I love dearly) and I had had a misunderstanding and we had been separated for nearly two and a half months.

I went one night to see "The Women," and heard Norma Shearer's wonderful quotation that "Pride is a luxury that a woman in love can't afford." It stayed in my mind for about three days, when I swallowed my pride and sent my boy friend a little note.

Hardly had he received the note and read it, when he was down at my house. We are together again and so very happy—in fact, we are making plans to be married in February. I sincerely feel that if I hadn't attended "The Women" that night, we would still be parted.

So—long live the movies and may Norma Shearer have all the happiness

in the world for uttering that wonderful sentence, for she certainly has made me the happiest girl in the world.

J. O. B.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

—AND MATCH-SAVING MOVIES

BROTHER, these past few months have been a nightmare to me. Despite the fracas in Europe, it seems as though prosperity has skidded around the corner in this good old U. S. A. . . . production orders piling up in the shop . . . striving to meet impossible schedules . . . bosses tearing around like lunatics. . . .

Guess that's why the wife and I drifted into a rut that almost broke up our home. Arriving home in a fierce temper, after a hectic day at work, we got into the habit of packing off to a chosen café. Every night spent in a costly round of joviality, trying to forget the day's ordeal . . . a worse tomorrow . . . only to arise feeling worse, next morning.

Fifty times we started for the movies, only to decide that another night of carousing would be more beneficial.

Then, it happened! How, I don't know. We finally went to the movies. I can't describe the feeling that stole over me as, sitting there, totally engrossed in the picture, I felt my wife's hand steal over and gently press my own. It was an old, familiar gesture and the answering squeeze assured me we had found ourselves!

We've hardly missed a night since. It's a tonic, brother, sitting in the land of make-believe, holding hands with your favorite "star," while Myrna Loy helps to make you oblivious of the day's ordeal. Now, we take some refreshments home after the show . . . sit side by side and discuss the picture we've just seen . . . boy! we're in love again . . . she's my Myrna—I'm her Tyrone.

Next day? Hell with the boss; let 'im rave. I'm doing my job faster than ever, so's I can get home early—and out again—to the MOVIES, God bless 'em.

JACK LESLIE,
Westmont, N. J.

QUEEN WITHOUT A CROWN

AGAIN it's about time to present the Academy Award to the year's most capable actress—or perhaps by the time you receive this letter it will already be given away. And again I am gnashing my teeth because the one and only really great actress of the screen is not given even a chance at it, and never has been. The actress is, of course, the great Garbo, queen of the drama.

Greta Garbo's pictures always are released at the wrong time for consideration. And I, like everyone else, would like to know why. I don't wish to sound hard and ungracious, but when a really glorious actress, one who can make even a small, unimportant scene heart-stirring and immortal, is refused the Award, it is hard for me to understand the judges' decision. I realize that their choices are always wonderful actresses, but the great Garbo so far surpasses them that there is no comparison.

BARBARA STIVERS,
Belle Plaine, Kans.

THANKS—WE'LL SEE!

AS Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are as far above the average run of movie stars as PHOTOPLAY is above the average movie magazine, how about a joint interview with them? No two stars have ever had more false rumors spread about them—and we think this should be cleared up.

BETTY JO KIRCHMAN,
Peekskill, N. Y.

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.



Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.



Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary



Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.



Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick hopping trip to New York.

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"



QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT
Pond's, Dept. 15CV-B, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

DO YOU

WANT YOUR MAKE-UP TO STAY ON FOR HOURS AND HOURS?

WANT SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP KEEP A BLEMISH OUT OF SIGHT?

WANT A CREAM THAT WILL HELP TO PROTECT YOUR SKIN?



ELIZABETH ARDEN'S
WONDERFUL NEW

*All-Day
Foundation Cream*
is the answer

It keeps your make-up on beautifully all day long... and through festive evenings. It helps to keep a blemish or freckles out of sight... It gives your face a lovely, luminous look. It helps to protect your skin... To use it most effectively, you use it very lightly. In five wonderful shades—Natural, Rachel, Dark Rachel, Rose Rachel, Rosetta Bronze... \$1

*Elizabeth
Arden*

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
PLAZA 3-5846

Cash—and Cary

(Continued from page 22)

An added incentive would seem to be a slim, delicate blonde, Miss Phyllis Brooks, to whom Cary has been paying rather arduous court for so long. At this point they say he is breaking up with her, that they'll be married before Christmas, that they're already married, that they're feuding terrifically, or that—

Well, whatever the reason for this unusual expenditure on the part of the budget-minded Cary—whether it be in anticipation of the day he carries his bride across the threshold, or whether it be that he is just plain weary of doling out rent—the fact remains that the purchase of the Talmadge house remains, to date, Cary's sole Hollywood "extravagance," with one delightful exception—the bed.

And there was an excellent reason for that, too. You see, Cary is no midget. He's one of those unhappy men who has to go through life curled up like a corkscrew in beds and Pullman berths. At first, in Hollywood, Cary accepted his usual fate as to beds with his usual philosophy. Then, one morning, he awoke with a stiff neck, stretched vainly to get the kinks out of his six feet, one inch frame, and announced vehemently, "I'm going to get a bed that fits me."

He did.

He drew a plan. He went down to a local lumber yard. He selected, with infinite care, some blond bird's-eye maple. The result was the most amazing, the most colossal of downy couches this side of Grand Rapids. So huge was the bed that four people could easily be lost in it. In size, it had a startling resemblance to a football field. In features, an affinity with a general store. It contained a built-in radio, shelves and drawers in copper and cork, a carafe for water, a nook for cigarettes, a section for magazines and books, a compartment for penny candies—the kind children like to buy in old-fashioned candy stores—licorice whips, candy marbles, chews in wax paper. Once Cary took to his bed, he never had to budge.

HOLLYWOOD laughed for weeks about Cary's bed—but this young man has done more to Hollywood than merely give it something to laugh at over its cocktails. He has commanded that self-centered town's deepest admiration and respect by his gestures of sincere kindness and generosity. It isn't as though Cary has broadcast his helping-hand tactics. Just the opposite. About his good deeds, he's as mum as Harpo Marx. But word of them has a way of slipping out. There are the people whom Cary has helped. They want the world to know what a grand guy he is. Take Grace, for instance. Her story is one of many:

Grace's mother had been desperately ill and money was needed for several expensive operations. Hearing of her difficulties, Cary went straight to Grace.

"Look here," he said. "I know your mother's very ill, that your expenses have been piling up. Won't you let me give you a loan? What are friends for, if not to crash through with help when you need it? It'll be a secret between us. No one need ever know."

Cary has kept people who had worked with him in New York shows as guests at his home for months at a time, because he suspected they were down to their last penny.

Once when a man whom he had trusted implicitly, cheated Cary out of

\$6000, a friend asked him, "What are you going to do about it, Cary?"

Cary shrugged his shoulders.

"Nothing," he replied. "Poor guy, he hasn't anything. Besides, he must have needed the money terribly to have done what he did."

His generosity to others isn't purely financial, either. Always kind himself, he never forgets the kindness anyone else has shown him.

At one point Cary was slipping badly at the box office, and everyone in Hollywood assumed he was on his way out. But, as a last minute reprieve, Cary was given the role of the cockney thief in "Sylvia Scarlett." The great Katharine Hepburn had the lead—she was RKO's fair-haired child at the time, Cary was just another featured player. If Katie had wished, she could have made every scene her own special property, and gently but firmly kept Cary in the background. Instead, she deliberately threw all possible bits of business to Cary, and whenever he had a spot in which there was a chance for him to make an impression, she played with her back to the camera.

Later, when La Hepburn wasn't doing so nobly at the box office and Hollywood's "fair-weather" gang was knocking her, Cary didn't forget her kindness—and remained her very staunchest booster. He is crowing now with pride over her Broadway hit "The Philadelphia Story," which so definitely refutes the "Hepburn's washed up!" theme.

IT is because Cary has been so sincerely openhanded, so bighearted all along the way, that he was left a bewildered and terribly hurt man when his marriage with moving-picture actress Virginia Cherrill went on the rocks in 1935. Her charge in the divorce action, that he had been lacking in generosity, hurt Cary more than anything. It was so false, so untrue. It marked the end of an idealistic period in his life. He had dreamed of long peaceful years ahead when he gave up his carefree bachelor days to marry the attractive Virginia. He had visualized a Joan and Darby marriage—cozy quiet evenings at home, children. But this wasn't reality. No person whose eyes were not blinded by love could expect a girl as beautiful, as sought-after as Virginia, to be content with the dream existence Cary believed in. Yet the shattering of Cary's dream did not cut so cruelly as the cold harshness of that divorce charge. The bitterness is still with him, which is why some people doubt that pretty Phyllis Brooks will ever share the new home with him, although they have been one of Hollywood's most devoted couples.

A person with Cary's Boy Scout, Do-A-Good-Turn-Daily qualities could go through life being a fearful stuffed shirt without an ounce of humor to his name. But not Cary. He can take it. Witness *l'affaire pelican*:

It had its beginning when two of Cary's neighbors with Peck's Bad Boy tendencies caught a pelican and decided Cary's bathroom was the place for it. So they tied a piece of twine around its beak to keep him from biting (the pelican, I mean) and left him fastened securely in the middle of the room. A half hour later, Cary awoke from peaceful slumber and went to take his shower. He had been gadding the night before and his head still felt a trifle fuzzy. So when he came face to face with the strange looking, awkward ani-

mal with the long bill going clack, clack, clack, Cary mentally took the pledge and looked around for pink elephants on the wall. Then he let out a mighty roar of laughter, and went after his two friends.

CARY is notoriously absent-minded. There was the time he invited three friends to Sunday morning breakfast. When they put in an appearance on the appointed day and hour, the Filipino house boy who answered the door impassively remarked, "Mr. Grant, he still asleep."

"But he invited us to breakfast."

"Mr. Grant no tell me."

For a half hour the friends waited for Cary to waken. Finally, in hungry desperation, they stampeded into his bedroom. Cary looked sleepily surprised at the intrusion. Then, yawning widely, he said, "Well, after all, just because I invited you to breakfast, doesn't mean I have to be there, does it?"

Cary is meticulously neat about his clothes. There must be a place for everything—ties here, socks there, collar buttons yonder; yet, paradoxically, he can never put his hands on what he wants when he wants it. He is forever mislaying his car keys. He is forever bellowing around the set: "Where is my script?" "Has anyone seen my fountain pen?" "Who took my scarf?"

Cary is easily annoyed by trifles. He becomes impatient at having to autograph pictures and bored with having to perform other duty jobs. He will procrastinate as long as possible, but, in all fairness, we will say for him that, eventually, he will tackle whatever he is supposed to do.

Cary is not a fatalist. He is a man with a single-track mind, who will stick like grim death to any subject or idea that interests him. During one of Hollywood's worst earthquakes, he carried on a prolonged telephone conversation about a subject close to his heart, blissfully unmindful of the tremors that were rocking his dressing room back and forth.

Cary is consistently modest about his own achievements and abilities to the point of having an inferiority complex. The morning after the preview of his first picture, "This Is the Night," he called up a friend in the studio's publicity department.

"Good-by," he said. "I'm leaving town."

"What!" the friend gasped.

"Yes, I'm checking out fast. I saw the preview last night. I've never seen anything so stinkeroo in my life, and I was worse."

"Hold on, Cary, what are you talking about? Everyone's raving about the picture."

And it took the publicity department an hour and a half of solid arguing to convince Cary he still might have a movie future.

More recently, after another preview, he phoned a close friend to get her opinion of his performance.

"Didn't your agent tell you?" she asked.

"Sure he did," he said. "But no matter how terrible I was, he'd be sure to tell me I was stupendous, colossal. I knew you'd tell me the honest-to-God truth, with no punches pulled."

—And this from the tall, dark, young man who goes around with a furrowed brow and an anxious look saying, "Look here, do you think I've gone Hollywood?"

(Continued from page 68)

hair softly and simply, and above all, keep it smooth and shining.

"I notice a girl's mouth first," said Jeffrey Lynn. "Her teeth. If they're strong and white and clean looking. Then the way she makes it up. If she's got lipstick all over her teeth or if the edges are blurred, I don't like it. And I don't like too much lipstick either. A heavy smear of red paint certainly doesn't appeal to a man."

There's no excuse for having your lipstick on unevenly when a little time and practice will perfect your method of applying it. A lipstick brush will give a smooth outline to your mouth and cleansing tissues will remove the surplus, so your lips have a smooth mat finish. And do watch out for lipstick on your teeth.

John Payne is another who dislikes too much lipstick. As a matter of fact, he dislikes artificiality of any kind. "Those thin eyebrows," he groaned. "They take all character away from a girl's face. And too much make-up always makes me want to wash her face and see what she looks like underneath all the paint. I like a girl to look wholesome and natural and unaffected."

John's wife, Anne Shirley, illustrates perfectly what he means. Anne is one of the most natural girls in Hollywood. Her eyebrows are unplucked, and their strong curve gives character and warmth to her face. She uses very little make-up and that very unobtrusively, and her clear healthy skin and bright eyes need no embellishing.

Cesar Romero's pet peeve against women is that they make up in public. "I can take anything but that," he says. "When they start powdering their faces or putting on lipstick across a dinner table, I'm disillusioned. I know they're all made up, and I like it, but I don't want to see the process going on. It detracts from their glamour."

Perhaps your escort winces inwardly, too, when you take out your compact mirror to repair damages. Try preserving the illusion you worked so hard to obtain, and make up your face in private.

"I don't like women who aren't feminine," said George Brent firmly. "They don't have to be clinging vines, and they must be intelligent to be interesting, but they should have an air of delicacy and charm about them. They should make the most of their femininity—be delicately made up, have soft voices, and all the feminine qualities that men have idealized for so long."

"They should be neat, too," he said, warming up to his subject. "Women are more disorderly than men, and more careless in their habits, I think. I hate to see a woman get lipstick on a napkin, for example, or leave a red smear around a glass. And the inside of their handbags! Always a clutter of things. Old ticket stubs and bits of paper with addresses on them. It's so messy. Men notice things like that."

"It's a very feminine habit, and you said you liked feminine women," I pointed out weakly, trying to hide my own handbag someplace where he couldn't see it bulging.

"You're evading the issue," he grinned. "You know what I mean. Feminine, but not careless or untidy or disorderly."

Kent Taylor notices a woman's complexion first. If it isn't clear and smooth and healthy, he doesn't bother to notice anything else about her. "Unless she has on one of those funny hats," he added. "In that case, I can't see any-

thing else but the hat, and I keep wondering what she thinks she looks like in it. Those really ridiculous hats some of them are wearing keep me from finding out whether I'm going to like her or not."

Is your new hat overshadowing your personality? Take a good look at it. It may be smart to other women, but if it's ridiculous to the man in your life, it's not serving its purpose.

"Her eyes," said Jimmy Ellison. "I look at them first. They don't have to be large, and I have no preferences as to color, but they must be clear and sparkling and alive. If a woman's eyes are dull, then she's probably pretty dull herself. I don't like too much mascara, either, or too much eye shadow."

A good eye lotion or one of those herb packs that you place over your lids will brighten your eyes and clear them so they don't have the dull appearance that Jimmy dreads.

If you're properly made up, no one will notice whether or not you're wearing mascara and eye shadow. The shadow should give just an illusion of color, so apply it sparingly and blend it carefully. If you apply your mascara with an almost dry brush, and then separate the lashes with another clean little brush, you'll get the glamorous effect of mascara without that beaded, made-up look.

"Deliver me from those long, blood-red fingernails," said Ronald Reagan. "I think they're awful. They look like gory claws."

Fortunately for Ronald, bright-red nail polish is no longer as smart as it was last season. The softer, more delicate colors are coming back into favor.

Your hands should be soft and white and well kept to meet with men's favor, too. Always smooth hand lotion into them after your hands have been in water. And when you dry your hands, make a point of smoothing back the cuticle to keep your nails looking well-groomed. There's nothing that ruins the appearance of your hands so much as a broken nail. When that happens to you (and it always does, sooner or later) either have a false one put on or file the others down so that your nails are symmetrical.

There are so many other things that women are apt to be careless about and that men notice and dislike. One of them is powder that comes off on their coats. That really is unnecessary, since a good powder base will keep your powder firmly attached to your face. And a powder brush to brush off all the surplus powder is double insurance against this mishap.

Rough elbows are another detail that we're so apt to overlook. Smooth cream into them before going to bed at night or try patting a little hand lotion into your elbows each time you put some on your hands. If you have a very advanced case of rough and red elbows, soaking them in warm oil will do much to improve them.

Very few of the men objected to bleached hair, but they were unanimous in their disapproval of that dark part where the natural color hair grows in. If you're going to be a blonde, be a consistent blonde, and keep your hair always the same color, they said.

So check up on yourselves. Try to look at yourself with a man's eyes to see if you're overlooking anything that's particularly important to him, that he notices first of all. And I hope that this survey of what the Hollywood men notice first about women will help you to get the man in your life.

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Tears Into Laughter

(Continued from page 17)

career was almost ruined by cheap films. A fine trouper, she fought until she got the proper roles, and then made good.

Robert Taylor's background and early life were different from hers. He had the advantages an only child can obtain from parents in comfortable circumstances. She fought for everything. That he will prove an understanding person by lavishing on her the tenderness and affection she lacked in her childhood, and which she gives so unstintingly, is conceded by those who know.

THIS article concerns Barbara—and those who are fond of her are happy to include her husband. Neither has ever made friendship a crutch upon which to lean in Hollywood. Both have been sturdy and real. Thrown on the lap of fortune, they would make room for all.

An orphan girl, Barbara adopted her boy, "to bring to another child the advantages I was denied."

I first met Barbara a dozen years ago. I was not known as a gentle interviewer. She came alone to meet me.

"Miss Stanwyck," I said, "I'm really not so hard-boiled. I'm merely so at affectation. I'm not ashamed of my own background—my father was a ditch-digger who divided his life between a shovel and a bottle."

"Oh then," and her smile was lovely to see—"I'm a notch above you—my daddy was a bricklayer who liked a bottle, too—a full one, I mean."

She was then married to Frank Fay and at the beginning of her fame.

What happened between them is not for this space. Frank knows quite well—that one does not find a Barbara Stanwyck every day.

If read as fiction, her life would seem unreal.

It is, however, heroic and true.

She early knew the tragedy she portrays so well upon the screen.

Her mother, about to bring another child into the world, was pushed from a moving streetcar by a drunken stranger and killed. The stranger was never found.

Barbara was under four at the time. Her father, a bricklayer, worked whenever possible. Under the strain of trying to keep his four motherless children together, he drank too much, and, in desperation, went to the Panama Canal Zone. His children were scattered.

The little girl, with face finely chiseled, long auburn hair, and large life-hurt eyes, was taken in by a family in Brooklyn, her native city.

The family had a demented son. He cut Barbara with a knife.

She carries the scar today.

With such vivid experiences she reached her twelfth year.

Her two sisters were older, her brother younger than herself. A vaudeville dancer became interested in Barbara's two sisters, and taught them the rudiments of dancing. They would meet Barbara whenever possible and pass what they had learned on to her.

AFTER six years in the Panama Canal Zone, Barbara's father sent the children word that he was returning home.

He sent money for a down payment on furniture. The four youngsters eagerly anticipated the arrival of the boat in their pathetic Sunday best. They were to have a home at last.

The great boat came into the harbor.

When it anchored, the captain approached the expectant children and told them that their father had died and was buried at sea.

The children stared through wet eyes. They then went their orphaned ways again.

The furniture was returned—at a discount.

At thirteen, Barbara left behind all her childish joys, if any, and went to work at ten dollars a week for a telephone company.

She not only supported and clothed herself on this amount, but helped her younger brother.

It was one for all and all for one in her clan.

When fourteen, a foreman spoke harshly to her. Being Irish she told him to go to hell. As he was already working for a daily wage, he did not go. Instead, he promoted her. She remained with the company until she was about fifteen. She then became obsessed with an ambition to become a missionary in China.

Upon learning how far it was to the Orient, she decided to prolong her departure.

At this time she selected the name she was later to make famous.

Glancing at an ancient English theater program, she read the name of James Stanwyck. She called herself Barbara Stanwyck, and was Ruby Stevens no longer.

She now studied dancing in earnest. To keep herself alive, she did whatever work possible, from being an office girl to selling patterns for a woman's magazine.

A RIFT came in the sky after many months when she read that girls were wanted by the Remick Music Company—the salary, twenty-five dollars a week. She was the first to call next morning.

Expecting work as a typist, she was amazed when the man asked her if she could dance. It was the turn in the road that changed the course of her life, though she did not know it.

She promptly answered "Yes."
"Where did you ever dance?" was the next question.

Her sisters had danced at the Mari-gold Gardens in Chicago.

Barbara told a white lie. May it never be charged against her.

"The Marigold Gardens, Chicago," was her answer.

The company was putting on a show. Barbara was given a job in the chorus. She hurried to her sisters with the news.

Together they looked up the dancing teacher who had been in vaudeville. She went through every step the three could devise, and then took her place in the line-up.

At the end of the first performance, she was given the curt approval, "You'll do."

It was enough. She lived her work every waking hour.

AFTER several weeks Barbara attracted the attention of a producer, and when "The Noose" was opened, she was given a small role. She put so much fire into her few speaking lines, that when the highly successful play "Burlesque" opened on Broadway, she was given one of the leading roles.

She then met Frank Fay, who was a headliner at the Palace Theater. After marriage, they formed the team of Fay and Stanwyck and appeared at a leading New York night club. Attracting the attention of a motion-picture scout, they were soon offered contracts to come to Hollywood.

A quick wit, an Irish brogue, a winning personality had made Frank Fay nationally known as a monologue artist. Barbara was unknown.

Fay became successful in Hollywood. Barbara appeared in "The Locked Door" with Rod LaRoque.

It nearly locked the door of her future.

So bad was the impression that it was some time before she was given another screen test. When it finally came at Warner Brothers Studio, she was told that she had no screen possibilities.

"A lot of low weeks passed." Nearly everything was gone but courage.

When asked to make another test she said, "I'm through with the damned tests."

Frank Fay, without his wife's knowledge, went to Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Films.

Barbara's record was not one to make Cohn interested. He finally gave her a small chance. One discouragement after another came, until finally Frank Capra, ace director at Columbia, cast her in "Ladies of Leisure." Barbara went on from there. Her work in "Criminal Code" stood out as the finest of the year.

She had taken emotion and drive and great understanding from the Brooklyn streets. America at last had an actress from a background of sorrow. I was alone in my prediction that she was potentially a very great actress, that she would emerge as had her great sisters, Bernhardt, Duse, and that other girl, born of Gypsy-Jew parents in a wagon on a road in Europe—Rachel. She had tremendous sincerity as had they.

In "Golden Boy" she was splendid. In "Remember the Night" she is so real that the filmy structure shakes in which she appears.

She is still going to far higher places than she has ever been. She has just begun to climb.

May her shadow be long in the hills!

Every Month

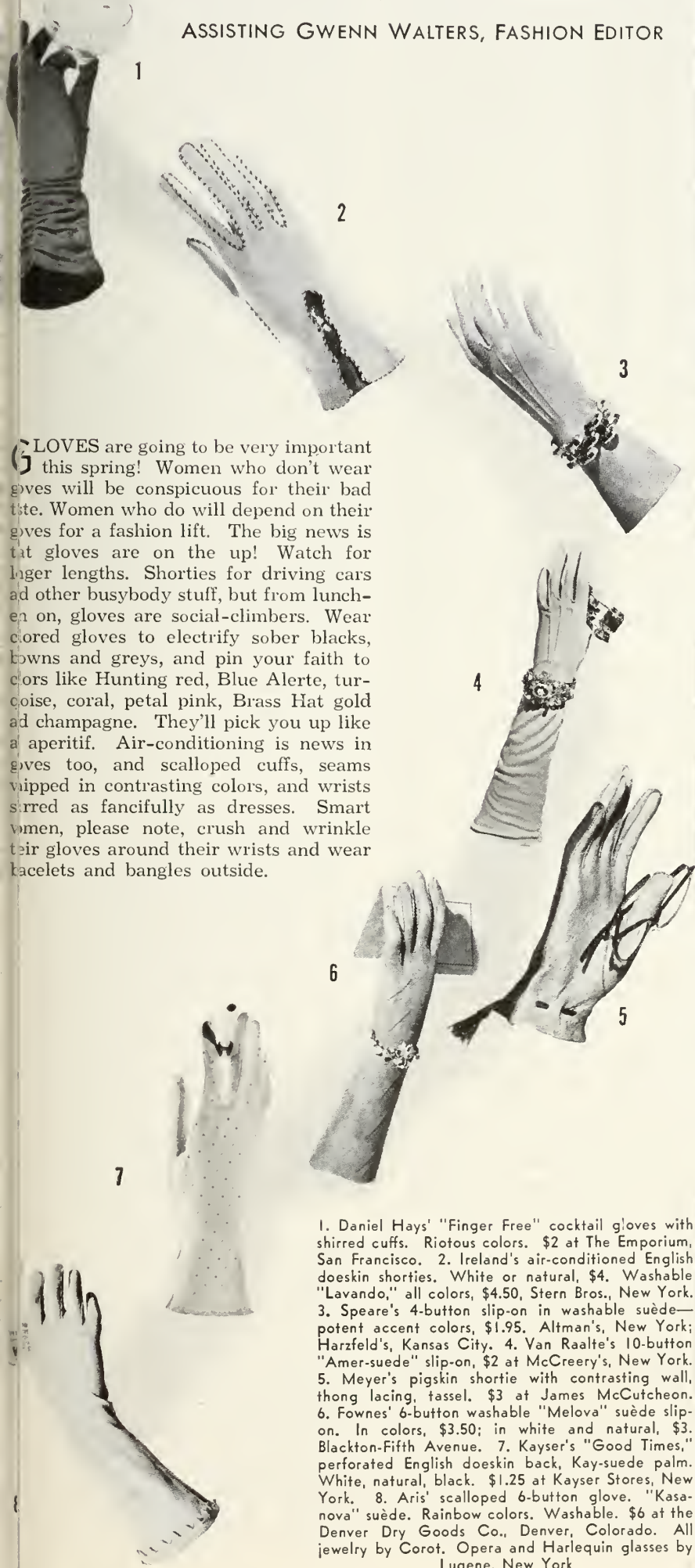
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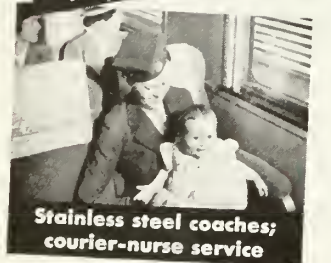
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How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War

(Continued from page 15)

That is the pattern on which we must build.

There are all kinds of movies and every kind has its value from the educational point of view. The newsreel can tell the inhabitants of any country what is going on within its boundaries, and in other countries of the world. One need never go outside of one's own community, and yet one can see and understand conditions all over the world. Through the newsreel young and old can know what war is really like, what it means not to soldiers alone, but to civilian populations. They can know what are the actual methods used in war today, what are the results to victims and to attackers alike. The movies can show us what are the economic conditions in our own country, and in other parts of the world; can show us working conditions of people in far countries, their wages and standards of living, why their habits and customs are our concern.

Religions have been a controlling force in the daily lives of millions of people, and there is drama in the stories of these religions, and there is much connected with them which might point the way not only to peace for this country, but to peace for the world at large.

I realize that movies covering many of these points have been made. For instance, "The Story of Louis Pasteur" points the way to a new standard of success—selfless service to man rather than the acquisition of material possessions. Documentary films such as "The River" and "The City" give us new conceptions of our own country,

while such diversified fictional stories as "The Good Earth," "Man of Aran," and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," as well as the many excellent travel films, bring us to closer understanding with people in other lands. War itself, with all its suffering for both combatants and civilians, all its futility, has been brought home to us in such pictures as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Grand Illusion;" and "Boys Town" showed us what strength and solace we can find in religious faith in today's stormy world.

But this is only the beginning. The movies, by showing us through these pictures what they can do, must now exert themselves further along educational lines to the end that not only may we keep out of this war, but that all men everywhere may keep out of all war.

Here and now, however, it seems to me there are some concrete things which the movies can do to serve this particular time and to direct, through all the methods at their disposal, the people's attention to the fact that sometime soon we must be at peace again in the world.

Whether one side wins in Europe or the other, or whether there is a stalemate, the rest of the world is faced with the need for rehabilitating populations which have given themselves up to destruction for a given number of months or years. I should like to think that we might be moved by pure charity and kindness toward our unfortunate neighbors. That may not be, however. Perhaps we will be moved instead by the realization that either we help to rehabilitate and return great numbers of

people to a standard of living whereby they again become a good market for our wares, and not too dangerous as competitors, or we face the fact that a goodly portion of the globe has ceased to be a market and because of a very much lowered standard of living, will produce things at a price which will force us down in our effort to compete.

This interdependence, this necessity for co-operation has got to be brought home to us in one way or another, because we either go up together or we go down together. This fact used to hold good in smaller areas only, but as communication and transportation has improved, it now holds good for an ever-increasing area.

These are perhaps serious suggestions to deal with in connection with the business of providing recreation. The movies are primarily for recreation, but through recreation perhaps the most serious lessons may be learned. As everything about us today seems to be a challenge, in one way or another, to new paths and new efforts, perhaps this is the challenge to the movies. Our greatest recreational industry may have an obligation to do a definite educational work, to teach the most unpalatable lessons in a way which will make people enjoy them.

What can the movies do, you ask, to keep this country out of war? I have tried to sketch for you a few of the things which occur to me. It puts the movies at once into the world picture, just as our nation must of necessity be in this picture, no matter how hard we try to keep our eyes turned inward on ourselves alone.

The Man Garbo Would Diet For

(Continued from page 16)

It is all part of Dr. Hauser's formula for living—a sermon he preaches and practices himself. Relaxation and diet are his keys of success and happiness.

This is the sermon he delivers to thousands of women, the sermon which made him famous before he placed on Garbo's finger the sparkling diamond that so blinded reporters they failed to tell his true story.

He will not say that he loves Garbo, but he states without reserve, "She is the most glamorous woman in the world." He will not admit he is engaged, but does not deny the ring or its significance.

The fascinating story reporters failed to tell runs something like this:

In 1925, a young Swiss, who spoke English with a charming accent, came to America for the first time. He was an attractive lad, well-educated, unusually intelligent. He had a profession of sorts. He had studied in Vienna, confining his medical research to the dietary field. But his progress had been hampered by ill health. At sixteen he had been exiled for a time to the tuberculosis colony at Davos, Switzerland, and now he had crossed the Atlantic to try an operation at the hands of a well-known American surgeon. Instead of finding his health, however, by means of a surgeon's scalpel, he found it by means of a diet which he himself had formulated—thereby also finding his fortune! He remained in America to improve his diet, and gradually built up a reputation among women's groups

and health fadists. A clever press campaign broadcast news of his "Chemical Man," an amazing gadget, half the size of a man, composed of a glass head, glass stomach and glass organs, with which the doctor demonstrated his dietetic theories. Soon stout women, scrawny women, beautiful women, homely women, were beating a path to his door, and Dr. Benjamin Gaylord Hauser's success was assured.

When his career path lead to Hollywood, and the name of Miss Garbo appeared on his star-studded patients' list, it was well within the prescribed method of his practice that he should learn to know Greta very well. In Garbo's case, it was, perhaps, that "to know her, was to love her," for it wasn't long before the doctor was also playing the role of her protector and companion.

He had learned that Garbo's constant dodging the press was not based, as many believe, on temperament or affectation. Her run-for-cover actions have been caused by a sort of psychological crowd-panic. He sympathized with her in this, having had frequent experiences with crowds himself. Yet he felt that everyone in public life should learn to face its public. That was why he arranged for Garbo to attend the fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire.

"She was as delighted as a child who has been promised a glimpse of Santa Claus Lane," he recounts. "She cried, 'Gaylord, you are wonderful! Who but you could have arranged this for me?'"

Everything was going along fine until Hymie Fink showed up."

The doctor had hoped that no cameraman would be present at Garbo's first voluntary public appearance, for he was afraid it would "spoil everything." It is true that as soon as Garbo sensed a cameraman in the offing, she made a dash for the exit, with Hauser leading the way—not, however, before Hymie, PHOTOPLAY's lensman, got his scoop of the year), but since that episode, she has appeared at many public gatherings, apparently enjoying herself hugely.

If the two should happen to be, as Dr. Hauser says, "just wonderful friends," that friendship has a firm foundation of common likes and dislikes beneath it, on which a happy marriage could also be based. They are both foreign-born, they are both athletic, they both like to relax away from the howling mob, they are both famous in their respective professions and both wealthy in their own right. And through association with the Doctor, Garbo has shown healthy signs of emerging from her chrysalis, and blossoming into a woman who can mingle with other people, who can laugh and enjoy life. She can be eternally grateful to him for this, and could easily love him for it.

Dr. Hauser denies they are engaged, yes, but he does not refute a rumor that he flew from Portland, Oregon, to place a diamond on her finger.

Why shouldn't the man Garbo would diet for be the man she'd follow to an altar?

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 47)

out of there before she spots me, and head for Warners'.

There are only two pictures shooting in the big valley studio, "Virginia City" and "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich." There is, as a matter of fact, very little going on anywhere with a threatened strike. (Though now, happily, a temporary truce has been called.) But no productions make light work, we say, as we push our way past Director Dieterle and get a gander at "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich."

THE star of this one is Edward G. Robinson and the story is another exciting one of medical research, similar to, but more dramatic than, "The Life of Louis Pasteur." We notice a very good-looking man standing in the center of the scene, waiting for the lights to come up. We give a double-take at the good-looking gent and suddenly realize it's Robinson with his "Little Caesar" expression bearded out of recognition. We never have gone for whiskers before but this time we do, for they actually make Robinson handsome.

Ehrlich was the doctor who, after 605 disappointing experiments, found the cure for syphilis with the famous 606 solution. That's really the whole story of the film.

The scene we witness shows a committee of the German government calling upon Ehrlich to ask for a report on his work. They are tersely rebuked by the little doctor. Donald Crisp is among those present in the scene. Robinson, supposed to tell the government committee whom to see, catches Crisp's eye, gets muddled and solemnly says, "You can go see Donald Crisp who is director of the Bank of America." Which fact is true, but it has nothing to do with "Dr. Ehrlich."

That's good for a general laugh, of course, but when that's over we decide a set full of men is no thrill for us, so we wander to "Virginia City," in which we hope to get a glimpse of Miriam Hopkins.

We don't have any luck, though. All we hit is a scene in a small tunnel where Errol Flynn, Big Boy Williams and Alan Hale are digging their way out of prison. The tunnel seems a very practical one and it is just big enough for them to lie in, scooting along on their stomachs. The boys are all complaining about their beards, the studio having found out that artificial ones photograph better than the ones nature provides. Errol's is bright red, which may photograph dandy, but which looked something fierce to our prejudiced eye.

This little number is a Civil War drama in which Miriam Hopkins is an entertainer in a saloon with definite Southern sympathies. Miriam, we mean, not the saloon. She is in love with Randy Scott, a high scion of the old South, who is trying to smuggle a mere five million in gold out of Virginia City and back to the Confederacy. Errol, a Union prisoner, learns of the plan and, with Hale and Big Boy, gets out of prison and foils the plot.

Humphrey Bogart, Warners' Bad Man Number One, mixes in this by means of holding up the gold train and conveniently kills Randy, thereby getting him out of the story and Miriam's clutches.

Not that we see any of this. All we see is that the candle Errol is holding in the tunnel scene isn't lighted. We think it is part of the action, but after

they have taken the shot, the script girl notices the omission and everybody starts scurrying around for matches. As it has taken one solid hour to set the lights for the scene originally we fear another hour lost, lost for glamour, we mean, so in search of a little girlhood to feast our eyes upon, we trek to Paramount where both Dorothy Lamour and Madeleine Carroll are working.

Lamour is not in—or should we say out of—her sarong in "The Road to Singapore." She is, however, done up in a very nifty native dress of red, white and blue print, and she is looking at Bing Crosby, as we totter in, in a way that would make us unable to keep our mind on our work. It doesn't upset the Groaner any, however. He's standing on what's supposed to be a wharf in the island of Kargoon—the script is careful not to be too definite as to where that is—and he is giving out with a tune that we'll wager you'll be swinging to shortly, "When the Sweet Potato Piper Plays." As Bing is boo-boo-booing, Bob Hope, standing alongside him, is playing on an ocarina. Bing is the wealthy son of a shipping magnate who has run away from it all back in the States (that "it" includes the girl daddy wants him to marry). Hope is a beachcomber, definitely not the Charles Laughton type, and Dottie is just what the boys in the back room would like to have on their desert islands but so seldom do.

As they finish the scene, Director Victor Schertzinger calls for a playback.

"What?" howls Professor Crosby. "Have a playback when instead we could be listening in on the football games?" So forthwith, he turns on the portable radio he's got on the set (it being a Saturday) to find out what is happening to Tulane's team. It's only the end of the first quarter, however, and we keep thinking of Madeleine Carroll on that other set.

She's there, our (and ten million other men's) dream woman. They tell us that what she has on is the ultra thing for safari wear. That's the name of the picture, too, "Safari." Subtle, these press agents. Strangely enough there's been a triangle worked into this one, too. Tullio Carminati (where on earth has he been?), Madeleine, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. are the angles on it.

Madeleine is trying to get Tullio to propose, but he resists. (The man must be mad.) When he proposes, not marriage, but a cruise to Africa and a safari (which is just a fancy word for hunting trip) into the jungle she decides to go along. They meet up with a white hunter, Doug, Jr., and Madeleine decides to flirt with him, just to make Tullio jealous. But, heck, with Carroll in the picture you don't demand an original plot, too, do you?

What do our wondering eyes behold, however, but the script girl, the star, the hairdresser, the make-up girl all sitting around the set knitting scarfs. When we ask why, they reply in chorus that they are knitting scarfs with wool Madeleine has provided. These scarfs are for her French orphans.

Maybe they will keep the orphans warm, but they chill us, so we steal out into California sunshine again.

THE most ambitious of RKO's productions is "Swiss Family Robinson," from the classic adventure story. Just in case you don't remember the plot, it's about an English family who shipped to a tropical island in order to get away from

city living. They're hunting for quiet but they get into more excitement than you can shake a scenario at.

The action concentrates on the kids, of whom the most important are Freddie Bartholomew and Terry Kilburn, the latter the little boy who kept repeating over the generations in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." The gossip on the set as we meander in is that Freddie is plenty worried over the scene-swiping Terry is doing but Terry in turn is worried over Bobbie Quillan, age three and making his screen debut. As we stand watching one scene we understand why.

Terry and Bobbie, exploring a cave on the desert island, meet a spider. The spider is really a lulu, as big as a press agent's lie, with a body of beaver fur and with great waving legs made of silk-covered wire. He's supposed to frighten the kids out of their wits. Terry is correctly overcome but there's no scaring Bobbie. "Ooh, a spider," Bobbie is supposed to cry with horror. Instead he croons at it. Director Edward Ludwig has to make a dozen takes but Bobbie still beams. Finally Ludwig decides to give up and merely have Terry be frightened. Terry goes into the scene. He knocks the spider out of its web, beats it with a stick, finally kills it and turns to walk out of the scene. It is then that Bobbie comes through, showing that the blood of a long line of comedians flows in his veins. He's been watching Terry all this time. Without a word from Ludwig and purely on his own initiative he turns back into the scene, goes over to the spider and jumps up and down on it. The adults around the set manage to restrain themselves until the scene is recorded, but the moment Ludwig cries "Cut" they shake with delight. It's the best bit of business in the whole picture.

A phone call finds nothing working at Universal or Columbia, so we gallop over to Radio Row.

At NBC we run into a mess of adoption news. The Phil HARRises have adopted a young son, a redheaded Irish lad named Tookie. Bob Hope and his wife have adopted a baby girl named Linda and the Basil Rathbones have also adopted a girl, as yet untitled. Best story about any of them, however, is told about Tookie Harris. His new father took him to meet the Jack Bennys who were coming back from a vacation. Little Joanie Benny was present, of course, and Phil brought a big bouquet along for Tookie to give to Joan.

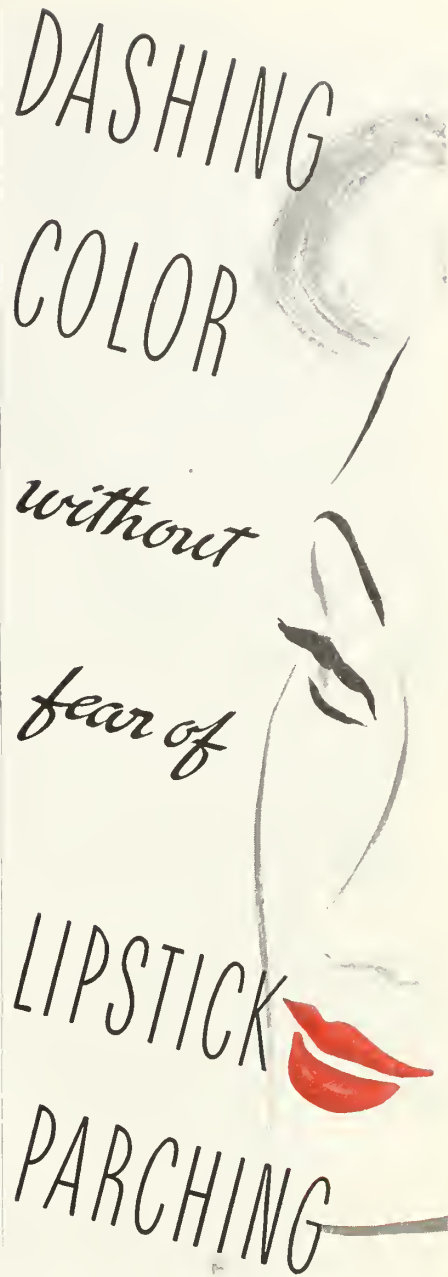
Tookie did the honors, holding out the bouquet as the photographers flashed the scene. The minute they stopped, Tookie snatched back the flowers.

"That was just for the pictures," he said.

Keeping our ear close to the ground we hear that M-G-M wasn't any too pleased with the ribbing Clark Gable took lately from Charlie McCarthy. The only other big news at NBC seems to be Jim Ameche replacing Herbert Marshall who replaced Charles Boyer on the Woodbury Playhouse, but with Boyer back from France, there's no telling how this will work out.

All being peace at NBC we ventured into CBS and got war: The probable war between Jimmie Fidler and Hedda Hopper when they get running into competition on their Hollywood news broadcasts. They're tough fighters, those two, but being the shy sunflower type ourselves, we refuse to commit our thoughts as to who will be the probable winner.

S'long, folks.



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COTY

Round-Up of Neglected People

(Continued from page 19)

thought at first she'd call her "Tinker-as-well," but decided on "Tinkertoo."

She's unmarried and lives alone in New York. Her mother, now seventy-two, is in Brighton, England, and Miss Anderson is greatly concerned over her. The war abroad has struck deeply at her heart.

"Why," she asks, "when so many things have been discovered by so many great scientists—radium, telephone, motion pictures—can't we find the secret of living together peacefully and happily?"

She's a great actress, a splendid woman, a name not to be forgotten in theatrical history.

And all she wants of life now are the birds and sunshine and open spaces of California and work.

Keep Raining All the Time!

It rained that day. Poured, to be exact. And that's why Lee Bowman is an actor in Hollywood. No, he didn't come sliding in on a rainbow or a cloud but if it hadn't rained and Lee, peering from his windows at a drenched New York City, hadn't decided not to go back to bed but get out and hunt a job, he might never have landed his first role, and in a Broadway play at that. Lee reasoned that a lot of job hunting actors would be tempted to roll back into bed and forget it all for the day. That's why he got out.

Lee was born in Cincinnati. He has that city and a terribly fetching mustache, in common with Tyrone Power.

As a boy, a little bittie one, he was always in love. He met her at dancing school he thinks, and her name was Patricia. Looking back on it, he wonders if maybe it wasn't the name that sent his temperature rising. He loved the name of Patricia. Anyway, he was sad about the whole thing and heart-broken when, at fourteen, he discovered he was being shelved for another. She's one of his best friends now, so, of course, it turned out for the best.

"I think I was pretty much of a louse as a kid, anyway," he says.

Company at the Bowman manse may not have thought him a louse, but, boy, I'll wager they thought him a bore. For when two or more people were gathered together, there was Lee in the midst of them, making speeches. Having descended from a long line of lawyers, judges and ministers, his parents merely believed this was an offshoot of his judicial inheritance and bore it as best they could. Little did they dream it would lead to acting and Hollywood. He speechified all through Franklin Grade School and Walnut Hills High and even up to the doors of the University of Cincinnati. Lee was a law student there when he decided to become an actor. So he gave up the law and enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He was on his way.

Following that first rainy-morning role, Broadway gave him a chance in the Carnegie Players productions of "Berkeley Square" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." In 1936, Paramount grabbed him for "Internes Can't Take Money" and "I Met Him in Paris."

He was being goshawful handsome in a Viennese uniform over on the "Florian" set at M-G-M the day we saw him. He was crazy about a new radio gadget he had in his car.

Matrimonially speaking, he couldn't be more eligible. He lives with his

mother and brother in Hollywood. Eats like a horse, smokes too much, courts all the lovely girls in town, carries his athletic training from school days over to leisure days in Hollywood, playing a lot of tennis and golf or a fast game of badminton.

His eyes are brown and he's terribly allergic to opera. Will lie like a trouper to get out of going. Hates to start a picture on a Saturday night around six o'clock.

Likes a whooper dooper good time on Saturday nights. He thinks chic and a pleasant speaking voice and behavior in public most important things about women.

He learned very early in his career that Hollywood is a slightly peculiar town.

He brought with him from New York several beautifully tailored suits to wear in his first picture. But no, they looked the suits over and said, "Not right—get all new ones made."

He went in debt to do it but he did. The best tailors in town sewed like mad on Lee's suits. And then after the picture he met a director. "Liked you very much in that role," the director said, "and by the way, having your clothes a little too big that way was a grand comedy touch. Nothing so funny as clothes that don't fit."

As his mother wrote him last summer while on a vacation to Cincinnati, "The town is all excited over the World Series baseball. I do hope Cincinnati wins the blue ribbon this season."

Hollywood wins it every season, Lee reasons.

Gabby, Gabby, Little Star!

An extrovert Olivia de Havilland. Just as beautiful and twice as lively. Brown eyes that grow *beeg* when she talks—which is constantly. Such is Ann Rutherford—or *Polly Benedict* to the "Hardy Family" fans.

At two minutes past one of a sunny winter's day in Hollywood, Ann began talking. At one minute past two she had never ceased for one second and we'd been revived twice with hot cups of tea and once by fanning.

What in heaven's name do they do to Ann on the screen, we wondered? She's so much more beautiful off. Ann had just come back from being Queen of the Carolina Cotton Carnival and now we know once and for all what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. We know he said, "Move over, brother, and let me sit next to Annie."

And those "pet mayors" and "cute governors"—as Ann calls them, down in Dixie, were too sweet. "I had motorcycle escorts everywhere, even from one state to another," she says. "Why, I just kept going through red light signals at home all the time when I first got back. I was so used to escorts." I know—governors, mayors, college boys, Sigma Nus, motorcycle cops, and senators—"Oh, those lambie senators"—who gave her a dinner in the Supreme Court of the Senate building. "And those adorable judges." That's when I weakly called for strong, hot tea.

"At the banquets I made up all my speeches," she says, "and sometimes I talked for twelve minutes." Then her agent heard one of her speeches and signed her for personal appearances and she made up her own speeches and changed them everywhere she went.

She ended up in New York—"Oh,

those wonderful New Yorkers"—and got a hurried call to report to the studio and here she'd bought all those new clothes and had no luggage so the hotel people—"those marvelous porters"—hurried up with crates and boxes and she snatched up the birthday cake—still in a box—that Mickey Rooney had sent her with the Music Box inside that played "Happy birthday to you," and rushed for the train, and the boxes kept getting scattered and every time she moved the cake played "Happy Birthday to You" out loud and—we called for more hot tea.

She was born up in Toronto, Canada, but her parents moved to San Francisco when Ann was just a baby. Her father had sung in the Metropolitan Opera company, so the theater was in her blood. She played parts with a stock company in San Francisco when she was a little girl. When they moved to Los Angeles, Ann, who was fourteen, marched into a radio station, unbeknownst to her mother, and demanded to know why they didn't realize she was a wonderful actress.

A week later the radio station called her. She had a job with an evening serial. She did everything imaginable on the radio for two years and then went on to Republic Studios to make pictures with Gene Autry and John Wayne.

"I owe everything to Lew Ayres," she told me. "Everything. He was out at the studio at that time, studying directing. He'd given up acting. And, oh, how he helped me."

But twelve pictures in twelve months were too much, even for Ann. "I even had eye circles *under* my circles," she says. So mother made her give up and rest.

She slept for three months. And then M-G-M signed her for the Hardy pictures. She's recently made, "Those Glamour Girls," and "Dancing Co-Ed" as well, and she's *Scarlett's* sister, *Careen*, in "Gone with the Wind."

She reads everything, has a mind quicker than a trigger, is smarter than two whips, owns and runs her own sailboat all alone, lives with her mother and a sister who divides her time between here and San Francisco for radio work.

You never see Ann at night clubs or such. Her mother accompanies her everywhere. She has family, background, brains and charm. Her boy friends are the junior writers on the lot or sons of stars, like Eddie Arnold, Jr. She's talented and has just made a statuette of a horse in a *calico* sunbonnet. The straw hats some horses affect, prompted the bonnet idea.

Snoods with short hair are unbecoming, so "I just pin on a lot of crêpe hair under my own and wear a long snood. It's much more becoming."

Her hair is softly beautiful. But her mother doesn't like the way they dress it for the screen. "You look like a hammerhead," she says.

"She got that from the 'Oz' books," Ann laughs.

She's religious in a modern applicable way to every day life. She always attended Sunday school and still goes to church.

But the last we saw of her she was on her way to Mr. Mayer's office to see about making another personal appearance.

"The contact is so wonderful," Ann says.

The blessed saints help the cute may-



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ors and governors along the way, is all we have to say.

The Luck of the Irish

If you were to ask us who we think is the luckiest guy in Hollywood to date, we'd say Thomas Mitchell and never bat an eyelash. With five hits in a row coming up, among them, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the father of "Scarlett O'Hara" in "Gone with the Wind" and the father in "Swiss Family Robinson," we'd say there was a record you couldn't beat. Only we'd take back the luck part of it for, to our notion, Mitchell is just about the finest character actor in the business, and you name a better one if you can think of one. Or think of one with a cuter Irish face and we'll give you Lamarr's telephone number.

His smile is wide and deep and beguiling, begorra. It reveals a bit of an imp in the man but a devilish appealing imp, if you know what we mean. He has a bit of a forelock that keeps wandering down over his forehead into his eyes (the way it did in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington") that gives him that little boy look. Only he isn't a little boy. He's fortyish, spry, tense, eager, and thrilled to death to be going the places he should go in Hollywood.

It wasn't always so. After he made "The Hurricane" for Sam Goldwyn, he thought he was set. Only for ten months no one wanted him. Goldwyn let him go at Tommy's request and then came "Stagecoach" with Mitchell turning in a performance that rocked Goldwyn back on his heels. Since then he's had more pictures to do than he can find time for.

He thinks acting is more of a craft than an art but that's probably because he was a newspaper man before he was an actor. He began the business with his brother who was managing editor of "The Newark Journal." His father had been a journalist, too. From Newark Tommy wandered to Baltimore and Pittsburgh papers where he lasted about twenty minutes. He even tried Youngstown, Ohio, but it was no go. He sold a vaudeville skit and himself with it and went on the stage.

Mitchell has a theory that things happen to people obliquely rather than head on. He melted, you see, from writing for papers to writing for the stage, and then to acting, finally melting into directing stage plays because he happened to be around when someone said how do you think we should play this scene. So Tommy said how.

He has a trailer dressing room that, like Mary's lamb, goes where he goes from studio to studio. And because he insists on freelancing, the trailer travels considerably. It rocks too when you move and people—well we did, anyway—get violently seasick for the moment.

"What have they done to you?" we demanded between scenes for "Swiss Family Robinson."

He looked at us sheepishly. "They curled my hair," he said. We dropped the subject.

There are rumors he's difficult on sets. It's a great big—it's false. He's only so lost in his role, so afraid the director will be influenced by his, Mitchell's, own impatience with himself and shoot the scene before it's perfect, he nearly dies. He hasn't relaxed since the sinking of the Maine. He never will.

He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey on July eleventh. He got his best stage training with the Ben Greet Players traveling about doing Shakespearean plays. He directed plays on Broadway for five years. But it was when he was writing, directing and acting he found he had no one to argue with but himself. "And when an Irishman starts talking to himself, it's bad," he says. So

he came to Hollywood and made "Lost Horizon" for Capra.

When a little boy he remembers playing down at the wharves with the rest of the Elizabeth kids. But he was pretty studious on the whole.

Thomas Mitchell is a warm human sort of person who likes people. He's interested in what they're doing and thinking—even the scrub woman. Nothing is more intriguing to Mitchell than his fellow man. He likes to gather his friends around him nights when he isn't working and just talk, talk into the morning. He's a home lover and lives quite alone since his daughter's marriage. He hunted for days before he found the house that suited him. It's grey stone, a liveable, lovable house in the Riviera section. He loves to read but worries because he has so little time for it. He can't drive a car either. The whole business of it annoys him. He's absent-minded but kind; Irish and tense; an actor to the depth of his soul. His best friend married his ex-wife after their divorce and all three as friends, lived happily ever after.

Page Miss Page, Please

We have a horribly strong suspicion that everything and everybody in this blooming town has gone normal. Plain cozy normal. Take Gale Page, for instance. You'd travel far and you'd travel wide before you'd meet anyone with the everyday outlook on life that belongs to Pagey. She looks normal. Not Hollywood at all. Just nice, with her face shining in the morning (we had coffee with her), and her hair straight like a poker, pulled back from her unglamorous face, with two combs. Her household is like everybody else's. The vacuum cleaner going and no one able to locate the right tablecloth and her little boy, just eight, coming home from school and saying darned if he wanted to go to the old football game anyway. Just like one of the "Four Daughters" that Gale plays on the screen.

She is another of those tallish girls in vogue these days. She's five feet five, and wears glasses over her brown eyes. She came to movies from radio where she'd created quite a place for herself in Chicago as a singer. She used to get up and sing over the air at seven-thirty every morning. But she got better and better spots and finally movies tested her and Warners brought her on to Hollywood for "Crime School."

"Something that wasn't a part of me happened to me during that first picture," she said. "I couldn't be friendly somehow. If people were nice and said, 'Hello, honey,' I thought to myself, they don't mean it. This is Hollywood—no one is sincere. If they ignored me, I was crushed. But I got over that in a hurry and I think Hollywood is a grand place to live in."

She lives with her mother, son and two nieces who have come here for a visit. Gale is no longer married.

She was born Sally Rutter in Spokane, Washington, and is continually running into people who say, "You aren't the Rutters on Fourteenth Street?"

They are. She took a maternal name when she went on the air up in Spokane. She went to Chicago and its ether after marriage.

Her philosophy of life is sweet, good and simple. She studies her religious lessons daily along with four hours of piano practice. With everyone in the house taking piano lessons at the same time, it sounds like a conservatory gone wild.

She can get raring mad every so often and then think she's wonderful because she apologizes prettily and easily. Crooked pictures on the wall, anybody's



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(20th Century-Fox Star)

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Number One Fan at Rudy Vallee's Victor Hugo opening—Alice Faye, who got her start with his band

If you believe the rumor that Bob Taylor and Spencer Tracy are feuding, with Bob jealous over Tracy's roles. There exists between them as fine and loyal a friendship as you'd find anywhere. . . .

And if you dare think, as a result, writers out here don't grow white overnight and wish they were miles away—well as far as Vine Street anyway—you're crazy.

Cal's Sight of the Month:

GARBO, seated at the counter of a Beverly Hills' health food store, drinking garlic juice like mad with Gaylord Hauser's diamond ring flashing on her left hand.

Return of a Soldier

THE setting is Perino's restaurant atop Sak's Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills. Charles Boyer, slimmer, more serious and thoughtful than when we last saw him, enters with his wife. "We shall wait for our guests," we hear him say to the waiter, and thirty minutes later the Boyers are still waiting. One can't help but think of the grief and horror this man has left behind all those thousands of miles away, in the front line trenches of France.

Forty-five minutes later the Boyers are still waiting. Then when one feels even he can't bear it any longer, they arrive—the Boyers' guests. It's George Raft and Norma Shearer.

"Sorry," says Norma, "but we had to come all the way from the beach, you know."

Somehow, behind the polite and gentle smile of Charles Boyer we think we catch a look that speaks of some deep and intangible thing—something that might be translated into the words, "From the beach? But I've come all the way from death."

But Boyer, of course, doesn't say it. He only smiles gently.

Hollywood Says:

NO two people in all Hollywood tried to work out their marital troubles more

earnestly than Chester Morris and his wife Sue. After several reconciliations it ended, at last, in divorce. Mrs. Morris maintains custody of the daughter Cynthia, and Chester, of the son, John Brooks, the second. . . .

Certain stars look at the completely happy marriage of Jon Hall and Frances Langford with mingled sighs of regret and pleasure. Now the pair are adding to their joy by adopting a baby. . . .

There will come a day when the romance of George Raft and Norma Shearer will cool and George will go back to the one woman he really loves—Virginia Peine.

On the Record

AN increasing number of U. S. citizens are getting a lot of fun out of those round black discs known as phonograph records. If you like the new filmusic, there's no better way of taking it home with you for keeps than on one of the recent recordings.

For proof, get a copy of Decca's "Wizard of Oz" album. Between two nice bright covers you'll find eight Oz tunes sung by Judy Garland in that pleasant manner which brought thousands to the box office. "Over the Rainbow," "We're Off to See the Wizard," and all the rest sound as if they came off the glorified sound track of M-G-M's super fairy tale. (Decca Album 74)

Paramount's "Victor Herbert" promises to be one of the season's top musicals. Which means, of course, that you'll be hearing a lot of Herbert's tunes. Best recording effort in that direction so far is a "Victor Herbert Album." Ten of his best songs are dressed up by a star-studded musical group—Bing Crosby, Frances Langford, Florence George and Victor Young's orchestra. High lights are Bing's "When You're Away" and Frances' "A Kiss in the Dark." (Decca Album 72)

The soothsayers of Tin Pan Alley report that the songs from "Gulliver's Travels" will make the winter brighter. Glenn Miller, now pushing his way into the front rank of baton-wavers, uncovers the reason why with a record of "Faithful Forever" and "Bluebirds in

the Moonlight." (Bluebird B-10465) With a band not so good, Romantic Pianist Eddy Duchin tries the other half of the score: "I Hear a Dream" and "It's a Hap, Hap, Happy Day." (Columbia 35259)

There's nothing like a new discovery to add to the joy of platter-turning. This time it's a gal from Dixie, Dinah Shore by name, who should end up behind a sound track. She makes "Who Told You I Cared," from Warners' "Kid Nightingale," big time. Its companion is "I Like to Recognize the Tune," which you probably do already. (Bluebird B-10454)

It looks as if "Gulliver" will have to fight it out with "Pinocchio." Disney's "Jiminy Cricket" and "Monstro the Whale" are now song titles, with Ted Weems & Co. putting them on wax for posterity. (Decca 2793)

Then there's the Yes Dance Professor—Kay Kyser, a recent proud alumnus of RKO, where he made "That's Right, You're Wrong." Kay and the boys on the bandstand have recorded "The Answer Is Love" and "Happy Birthday to Love," the picture's two hit songs. (Columbia 35238)

With a well-timed holiday spirit, vigorous crooner Dick Powell has collaborated with the Foursome to produce a New Year's special. The first side has "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." To back that, Dick, thinking of Hollywood's snow-banked streets, no doubt, performs "Jingle Bells." (Decca 2760)

House Pet

Just before he went to New York, Fred Astaire received a bull mastiff puppy, a present from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Three weeks later, Fred returned to Hollywood again. When he opened his front door, he was greeted by a young horse who knocked Fred flatter than the proverbial pancake. When he had recovered his composure, Fred took another look at his pet. He just couldn't believe that a dog could grow so fast in such a short time. Fred rushed to the phone, called Doug and told him of the experience. "That dog gets bigger every time I wink my eyes," Fred exclaimed.

"Well, you might as well get used to it," warned Doug. "He still has ten months of growing to do."

"I asked for a house pet," cracked Fred resignedly. "But I didn't think I'd have to keep him in a hangar!"

Sister Story

A COROLLARY to the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine marriage of which the public isn't aware is a rather pitiful little story about Joan and her lovely older sister, Olivia de Havilland.

Olivia, as you know, became famous first. Then Joan, appearing in a Henry Duffy play, was "discovered" and given a contract at RKO. Joan, too, is beautiful and talented and she wanted to succeed on her own. She wanted this so much she insisted that none of her publicity mention her relationship to Olivia. "She hated the idea of being, merely, "Olivia de Havilland's sister."

As a result, the two, very nearly the same age and, before Joan's discovery, inseparable chums, stayed apart as much as it was humanly possible to do. True, they lived in the same house, but seldom during the three years after Joan came into the limelight did they appear in public together, even for informal and personal "double dates" such as sisters usually enjoy. That is, they didn't until just recently. Then Joan decided that it wasn't worth it—to deny this precious relationship for the sake of ambition. She decided to

abandon the secrecy; to go about with Olivia whenever the opportunity arose. She hoped it would be often, to make up for the good times she had denied them.

And then Brian Aherne came along and swept Joan into matrimony. Theirs was a beautiful romance, the kind you read about in books. Joan is wonderfully happy. But still, there is one tiny fly in the ointment—the thought of the gay companionship she and Olivia missed during those three years—the thought that it can never be replaced, now that Joan is a Mrs. and embarking on a new life.

Change of Mind

MAYBE we shouldn't tell this one on Bob Taylor, but it seems much too good to keep. As everyone knows, he and Barbara Stanwyck had to change their honeymoon plans and go to Mexico instead of to Europe, what with the war going on. Well, came time to start home. Bob, having neglected to arrange for tickets until the last minute—they were having such a swell time—found that all through passage by plane from Mexico City was booked solidly for weeks, so they took a more roundabout route through Texas. But Bob had learned his lesson, and immediately, upon arriving in Dallas, he made tracks for the ticket offices of the airport, where he was elated to find just two seats left on the big American Airliner leaving next morning for the West Coast. So he certainly was not expecting to be roused from sleep in the wee small hours by an apologetic passenger agent and be told that they couldn't take the morning plane after all—their seats had been sold by mistake to a couple who boarded the plane at Nashville. To say that Bob was irked is putting it mildly. He'd do something about it himself, he told the agent. Only give him the name of the couple who had purchased the seats and he'd come down to the plane and explain things. To which the passenger agent is said to have answered with a chuckle: "Okay, but I don't think it will do you much good. The name of the couple who bought your seats happens to be Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer!" (In case you don't know, Mr. Mayer just happens to be Bob's boss!) P. S. They took the later plane.

Long-term Idol

NO wonder M-G-M is doing all in its power to bring Joan Crawford back to the top of the ladder again. Joan has proven over and over she's the idol and inspiration of hundreds of girls seeking to climb to the top through disappointments and obstacles.

When Joan appeared on the Screen Guild Air show given at Earl Carroll's night spot, every dancer and chorus girl in the place (one who had over ten thousand still pictures of Joan) gathered to meet and greet their idol.

You can imagine their delight when Joan graciously accepted their invitation to pose with them.

The Joke's on Taylor

THE "new" Nelson Eddy is certainly in rare form these days. The first day of shooting on his current picture, Nelson was given one of those swanky portable dressing rooms. While everyone on the set waited, Nelson went to make his first change. Suddenly the great voice of Eddy boomed out, laughing as no one had ever heard him laugh before. The door of the portable swung open and he stood there, holding something behind his back.

"Who was the last person to have this dressing room?" he gaily inquired.

"It was Robert Taylor," a prop man volunteered.

"Oh yeah?" cracked the unpredictable Eddy. "Well, he forgot to take this!" From behind his back, Nelson held up a dainty brassiere!

Lonesome Lady

WHAT has happened to Ginger Rogers? That is the question everyone in Hollywood is asking everyone in Hollywood. Months go by and Ginger is never seen at a night spot. She never gives parties herself and on rare occasions when she attends one she sits like a little mouse in the corner. When Jack Oakie gave a surprise birthday party for his Venita, much to his surprise Ginger accepted the invitation. Jack, who has known Ginger since they were struggling youngsters together, dragged out one of his earlier scrap books to show Ginger their early-day pictures. Ginger seemed to enjoy seeing them. Fifteen minutes later she announced that she had to go home. And off she went alone, driving her own car and looking as forlorn as a lost orphan.

Family Affair

IN every nook and corner there is an untold story in Hollywood. It isn't news that Mickey Rooney is the hottest thing on the M-G-M lot. And it was announced recently that Mickey's father, a former burlesque comedian named Joe Yule has also been put under contract. But the topper to the story is this. In the upstairs accounting office of M-G-M is an employee who answers to the name of Mr. Panky. He is married to Nell Panky, who just happens to be Mickey's own mother. The department where Panky works is the one that hands out the weekly check—collected by Joe Yule! And they say drama is dead in Hollywood.

Spencer Edison

HOLLYWOOD is watching with sympathetic interest Spencer Tracy's eagerness over his newest assignment to play Thomas A. Edison.

"He'll play him to the hilt," a writer remarked, "for Spence will love him."

And Hollywood understands, for Tracy's own child was born deaf and this same handicap of the great inventor will strike deep into Spencer's soul.



Scrambled trio at the Biltmore Bowl: Anthony Quinn, Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston; Dottie's been making separate films with each of them

Farewell

ALL Hollywood was shocked by the sudden death of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Although he had made few pictures of late years, his interest in the industry was as keen as it was in the days when he was thrilling audiences with his performances in such films as "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood" and "The Mark of Zorro," and his death is a personal loss to his hosts of friends in the film colony. To Mrs. Fairbanks and to Doug, Jr., Cal extends condolences on behalf of PHOTOPLAY.

Historical Note

EVER since that "March of Time" release called "The Movies March On," we've been getting inquiries about the film library which furnished not only the setting for the short but the fascinating "clips" of old-time movies which it featured. So—we set New York operative number 999 on the job, and here's his report:

Behind the story of the library, which is a feature of the new Museum of Modern Art, is the story of Iris Barry and John Abbott. The former is a comely lady who left England in 1927, on twelve hours' notice, to write about Hollywood for the London *Daily Mail*. She knew her movies pretty well—back home, she'd had long discussions about them with a funny little girl called Elsa Lanchester and a bashful young actor named Charles Laughton. So well did she like America—and a certain young Wall Street man named John Abbott—that she returned in 1930 to settle down here permanently as Mrs. Abbott. Together, they drew up plans for developing a film library as part of the Museum and got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. By 1935, Iris was appointed Curator and Abbott, Director.

Today, Iris is in charge of some 6,000,000 feet of film, all important relics of the cinematic past. She's been known to spend weeks looking for a single film to add to the collections. Then she inspects her newest finds, arranges them into programs showing the successive stages of movie history, and writes program notes as a guide for students of motion picture art and technique.

And what do the Abbotts do in their spare time? Oh, they go to the movies. "You see," Iris explains, "I'm just a good movie fan gone wrong!"

a Shampoo isn't enough



For Dull, Drab, Lifeless Looking Hair



Any shampoo will remove dirt and dandruff, *but that's not half enough*. Dull, drab looking hair needs more than a shampoo. *It needs lustre* and a little bit of color (*like rouge to pale cheeks*) to hide that lifeless condition — then it will be full of *sparkling colored highlights*.

The New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse will give your hair this intriguing effect, leaving it amazingly clean — free from dulling, sticky, un-rinsable shampoo scum (*same as bath tub scum*) left in the hair after most shampoos — *making it shine like glowing satin*. Then it adds a tiny color tint, hiding drab, mousey looking hair by replacing those appalling, soft, glowing colored highlights that are *so adorable in a child's hair*.



Like rouge to pale cheeks the New Golden Glint shampoo and Rinse gives the hair a healthy, peppy look, but it won't rub off. *It's really thrilling* to have hair as appealing as a baby's curls.

And it is just as safe to use as makeup because the color effect isn't permanent. The New Golden Glint washes out completely.

In two minutes and for only a few cents the hidden lights in your hair will appear to have been reborn — glowing again with soft, colored, dancing highlights. *Have cleaner, brighter, more radiant hair*. Get the New and Improved Golden Glint Shampoo and Rinse at any drug, department or 10c store. *Beautiful hair* is the charm of irresistible women. Shampoo and tint with Golden Glint.

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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

★ HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol

HERE is a picture which attains power and majesty from its pure simplicity. It tells of a farmer (Gabriel Gabrio) who will not desert his land when the other villagers have felt the lure of the town and richer ground. He becomes a hermit, until comes a woman (Orane Demazis) who feels with him the tug of the land. Together they bring back the farm to its former abundance, and in doing so regain their self respect and happiness. Typical aspects of French peasant life have their place here—the village fair, the friendly talks over a bottle of wine, the sweat of honest labor, the rich provincial humor. It is a rare treat to find such depth of spirit and soundness of characterization as this film offers.

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

THIS studio has a habit of taking simple, unpretentious stories and turning them into little pictures that you will remember long after epics are forgotten. This time a boy named Jimmy Lydon gathers honors to himself as an orphan who finds a foal and later has to choose between his love for the horse and his honor—because he finds out people who have befriended him are the rightful owners. There is fine writing and beautiful acting here. Joan Brodel and J. M. Kerrigan are in support.

THE BIG GUY—Universal

THIS has both power and keen emotional appeal, which save it from being just another prison picture. Jackie Cooper works in a garage and invents a new design for a motor. Convicts, through Jonathan Hale, arrange to have Jackie drive them after an escape and they use Victor McLaglen, the warden, as a shield. Young Cooper gets into all sorts of serious trouble as the result of this, as you can imagine. He and McLaglen work very well together.

THE CISCO KID AND THE LADY—20th Century-Fox

JUST at first you may be disconcerted by the fact that the Cisco Kid is no longer Warner Baxter, but Cesar Romero. Cesar steps into Baxter's boots with grace and humor, however, doing an excellent spot of acting. It's too bad the picture itself isn't anything to talk about; the Kid and his band save a mine for an orphan child. Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child and Virginia Field is terrific as the dance-hall girl.

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

THEY brought Kay Kyser and his band out to do a picture, and everyone said it was bound to be a weak number. When it was finished the studio thought they had one of the big hits of the year. It might just possibly be. Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge is featured, his personality is very screenable, and the story holds together. It deals with the problem of a band leader brought to Hollywood for the movies; his group goes grand on him and so he goes grand on them. Adolphe Menjou plays the producer, May Robson is fine as Kay's grandmother and you'll especially like Ginny Simms, who sings.

★ DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

MARLENE DIETRICH comes back to Hollywood and pictures with a bang. Joe Pasternak has produced a Western thriller, not to end all Westerns but to

give them something to aim at, for it's a honey. Much of the action takes place in the town saloon, where Brian Donlevy and his gang of murderers hold out, aided by the honky-tonk queen. When Brian shoots the sheriff the mayor appoints the town drunk, Charles Winninger, to take office; Winninger sends for Tom Destry, Jr., famous son of a famous father, played by Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy refuses to tote guns, thus becoming a laughing stock until he sets out to clean up the town by different methods. Marlene, dressed and looking something like a slim Mae West, has a classic fight with Una Merkel and falls in love with Jimmy. Others in the cast are Irene Hervey and Mischa Auer.

THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS—Paramount

HERE'S Pagliacci in a kind of drawn-out Laugh-Clown-Laugh story, with Pat O'Brien playing the lugubrious funnyman. He slips up on his responsibilities and as a result his wife, a bareback rider, dies. To the gutter goes Pat, until twenty years later he meets his daughter, Olympe Bradna. The film has good pathos until it goes too far, which may be said of the last half. Roland Young and Reginald Gardiner help.

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

THIS rather sordid little story concerns Ann Dvorak, a café "B"-girl who is far too nice for her job of dancing with out-of-town-businessmen and lifting their wallets. Preston Foster, a sailor who's been around some, you bet, catches her when she tries her sweet little tricks on him. There's a lot of action, a fine brawl, and Wynne Gibson in addition.

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

BRRRR—those 15th Century Englishmen! It's amazing that Britain survives today. Imagine Basil Rathbone as the unscrupulous prince who's busy killing off everyone who stands between him and the throne; then think of what fun he'd have with all the torture devices of the old prison tower—and you'll have some idea of how gruesome this thing really is. It's first-rate mellerdrummer, though, and it's got Ian Hunter, Barbara O'Neil, Vincent Price and scores of others in the cast. All do good work.

THE HONEYMOON'S OVER—20th Century-Fox

NICE to see Stu Erwin sorta back in the movies again. He's teamed with Marjorie Weaver in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two of them, newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set. The various tribulations set forth may be recognizable to some of you. Patric Knowles, June Gale, E. E. Clive and others work away for dear life in supporting roles.

THE COVERED TRAILER—Republic

THE Higgins family decide to take a trip to South America on Pa's insurance money. Then Ma tells the agent Pa is only forty-four, instead of forty-five, and so he can't get his dough for another year. To save face with the neighbors, the family go with Grandpa in his trailer for a fishing trip. The boat they'd intended to take burns, with all lives lost, and Pa's bank assistant, thinking Pa did it. That's the setup, and out of it the Higgins family make the best of the series so far. The Gleasons and the usual cast carry on.

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio

YOU know, these George O'Brien pictures, although they never seem to get around to the big city theaters, have an enormous following. This one is a honey, full of pace and excitement. There's the usual business about a lawless town and a horde of vigilantes and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale in this case) and George fixing everything up in short order. Herbert Hayward, Hugh Southern and others help.

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M

HERE'S the first of another series. If you read Damon Runyon's column you'll recognize Joe Turp and his wife Ethel. The idea is that Joe and Ethel are pretty mad because their mailman, beloved on that beat for years, has been fired—so they go directly to the President to protest. Mr. Big is in a mood to listen, and he does; and that's the picture. Be warned that after the unique idea has had a chance to soak in, you'll yawn a little. Ann Sothorn is Ethel, William Gargan, Joe, and Lewis Stone is the President. He's always so good. Annie Sothorn is swell, too.

CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

WE are going to have a form review of the Chan series printed, they pop up so often. Then we could just fill in the blanks with "Good" or "Fair" and what city the piece has as its locale. This one happens in Paris during the blackouts, is only fair, and shows Chan dealing with a spy ring. Sidney Toler as Chan, Lynn Bari and the rest are as usual.

★ DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox

THIS is nothing to make you stay awake nights after seeing it, but Tyrone Power is at his youthful best in light comedies and it's all very refreshing after "Suez" and "The Rains Came," and all. Spirited Linda Darnell has the plum part of Ty's wife; in the picture, though, it's not all plush and profile on account of Ty not having very good morals and on account of Wendy Barrie, his secretary. Of course, it's just the old secretary-wife-husband triangle, with Binnie Barnes the wise older woman who sets Linda on the right path. This leads to Warren William and complications. Gregory Ratoff directed and you'll have a pleasant evening at it.

NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, The Case of the Missing Rocket-Ship Blueprints. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer makes no effort to disguise the fact that this is a dime novel, brought to the screen. Rita Johnson is cast as the heroine who gets the all-important plane into the air after a gun battle in the desert, and Walter Pidgeon is the intrepid Nick, who finds those blueprints X-rayed on a spy's back. Henry Hull, Addison Richards, Donald Meek and lots of others busily make obstacles for Nick to surmount.

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

EVEN Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. It's the familiar tale of the young District Attorney and wayward girl. When he exposes her to a good old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi, and spinster aunt, Elizabeth Patterson, the to-be-expected reform takes place. Plenty of sweetness and light, but you're not likely to remember the night you saw this.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warners

Bert Wheeler's first solo without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a hick football player who gets into big time. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little. (Nov.)

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, finds he will need a new partner, publicity agent Roscoe Karns tosses a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hooper, turns college girl for the stunt; Richard Carlson, newshound for the school paper, starts an investigation. There's a surprise ending when Ann Rutherford enters the contest. Artie Shaw gets hot with his clarinet. (Nov.)

★ DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE—RKO-Radio

Good comedy, with Joe Penner at his best. He's a cab driver in love with Betty Grable. His pals send him to buy a horse and, of course he gets stuck. But when Betty discovers the old nag loves liquor—do they have fun! And so will you. (Dec.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount

A forceful melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor (John Howard) to choose between science and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician who ruins the romantic setup. When Dottie marches off to China and Howard follows, Tamiroff must decide whether to stick to his guns or—(Dec.)

★ DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners

A depressing, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again imprisoned unjustly. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. But, finally, out of tragedy comes redemption. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. (Nov.)

★ DRUMS 'ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are at their best in this saga of the heroism of up-state New York pioneers in their fights against the Indians. Edna May Oliver is superb in the role of the widow who takes Hank and his bride in when the Mohawks burn their home. Well worth seeing. (Jan.)

★ END OF A DAY—Juno Films

Poignant drama, this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living in the memories of past triumphs and failures. The fine cast is headed by Victor Franzen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon. (Jan.)

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

Full of thrills, and sufficiently timely to make your hair stand on end. Joel McCrea is the Nemesis of spies. He marries one (Brenda Marshall) and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post to help her run down the ringleader. George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. (Dec.)

★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wangers-U.A.

You'll like this story in which Loretta Young marries master magician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic act. However, David's femme fans are too fond of him, so Loretta does a disappearing act that is a dilly; divorces David and marries Broderick Crawford; but David won't give up. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts and Raymond Walburn rustle up a brace of laughs. (Nov.)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (Nov.)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

Little Irene Dare zips across ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing, but unimportant, film. Fourflusher Roscoe Karns takes his nieces Irene and Lynne Roberts to Florida where he lives in high style, hoping to marry off Lynne. Of course, he chooses another fourflusher. (Nov.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M

A murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, with bathing beauties, a lion-taming act and villains bumping people off. Ann Southern plays Franchot Tone's gum-chewing wife. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey and sundry beauties co-operate. (Dec.)

★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers has another hit, and it's as cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife pretends romance with a pretty down-at-the-heels girl to make his wife jealous. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. (Nov.)

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick-Monogram

A medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons issued for the purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment. Its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the cause of the First World War, up to the eve of the present conflict is well worth seeing. (Dec.)

★ FIRST LOVE—Universal

What this lacks in suspense, it makes up in gaiety and charm. Deanna Durban plays a modern

Cinderella; her Prince Charming is new Bob Stack; the servants, her collective Fairy Godmother, Leatrice Joy, as her screwy aunt; Helen Parrish, as the meany cousin; Eugene Palette, as the uncle (and good), and Kathleen Howard, as the eccentric schoolmarm add to the film's liveliness. (Jan.)

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

Maybe you loved the Peppers when you were six, but this is a bit thick for adults. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb and Dorothy Peterson follow the script dutifully. All the Little Peppers are so virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a meanie when he is quarantined in their house. (Dec.)

FLYING DEUCES, THE—RKO-Radio

Laurel and Hardy are up to their old tricks—this time as enlistees of the Foreign Legion. It's all slapstick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner add to the cast. (Jan.)

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, in another "Informer" role, plays a criminal who thinks he is expiring, confesses a murder to priest Joseph Calleia, then recovers. It's Calleia's job to make him confess to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

An indifferent production, in which Movita is forced to leave Rio on the eve of her debut as a singer, in order to help her brother out of a jam. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meanie, Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin contribute. (Nov.)

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

Clifford Odett's famous play introduces William Holden as the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring. He is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him to eventual downfall. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and others help the definite "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama. (Nov.)

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A happy little story, this. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner who loses his job when he organizes a band. He takes his musical lads to Hawaii and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes romance in the person of Constance Moore. Matty Malneck's orchestra is swell. (Nov.)

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

Richard Greene and Richard Dix combine talents here and both are good. Greene, raised by his mother and stepfather, meets his real father. The piece is the emotional adjustment of the two. Gladys George plays the mother. (Dec.)

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

Football time is here. Charley Grapewin, ex-football star and now a night watchman, is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. He becomes a male "Apple Annie." Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, and lovely Anita Louise falls in love with him. (Dec.)

★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

A gay history of movieland, told in terms of drama and slapstick, rained by Technicolor and gorgeously acted throughout. A would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but marries Alan Curtis. The tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hand such milestones as the Keystone Kops and Sennett Bathing Beauties. See it. (Dec.)

★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

This has color and glamour, and Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll on a South Sea Island. You see, Madeleine is a business woman content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes along. Then Sex, à la Tropics, intrudes. You'll like Helen Broderick and little Carolyn Lee, too. (Dec.)

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U.A.

A rich boy who turns reporter accidentally uncovers a gangster murder. Joan Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and despite the fact she is a reformed gangland moll, she gets the hero. Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard try hard. (Dec.)

★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

Smash-bang entertainment in which Pat O'Brien is cast as a cocky racing driver who wants to help his kid brother, John Payne, at the racing game, but gets mad at him when he falls for Ann Sheridan. There's an accidental killing when Pat gets drunk, and some wonderful racing shots. (Jan.)

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer. He's quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turns in an interesting performance. (Nov.)

★ INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY—Selznick International

This is art in the cinema. It's a love interlude in the lives of concert pianist Ingrid Bergman (new to our screen and strangely compelling) and violinist Leslie Howard. Edna Best plays the wife whom Leslie leaves for his romantic idyl with Ingrid. There's charm to the story. (Dec.)

★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

This series gets better with each new chapter. Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties when he is too cocksure of winning a cash prize for an essay. But financial disaster is averted when he finds the missing daughter of his father's client. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is good, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone. (Jan.)

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

There's little dramatic punch in this story which traces the devotion of *Czar Alexander II* (John Loder) for his mistress, the Princess Katia (Danielle Darrieux), who finally becomes his wife; however pictorially speaking, this French film is beautiful. Marie Helene Daste, as the ailing *Czarina*, dominates every scene she is in. (Dec.)

KID NIGHTINGALE—Warner

This singing John Payne really looks promising. Here he's a prize fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting. Walter Catlett, fight manager, takes him in hand and leads him at last to a chance at the championship. Jane Wyman furnishes the romantic interest. Action flies along at a fancy pace. (Dec.)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

Another *Hopalong Cassidy*, in which Bill Boyd is assigned to deliver cattle in South America, and uncovers two murders en route. There's romance in the person of Stef Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot. (Jan.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

Baby Sandy's awfully cute, but not cute enough to carry this. Hugh Herbert is cast as a baby-columnist of a newspaper and finds Sandy abandoned in his office. This leads to a contest, in which Sandy is entered. (Jan.)

MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—Columbia

Boris Karloff, a mad scientist who can bring the dead back to life, is interrupted in the midst of an experiment; the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the judge, jury and district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all. (Nov.)

★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

The Marx Brothers team up with a whole managerie this time when they come to the rescue of Kenny Baker, who is about to lose his circus and pretty Florence Rice to the villainous Fritz Feld. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny solos. There are plenty of circus acts, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla. (Nov.)

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

If you like a homey film, this is your dish. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals with word as well as pill. In the first of this series, he's trying to establish a hospital in the town. Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin and Paul Harvey support. (Jan.)

★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia

This is a kind of "Mr. Deeds," in which lanky Jimmy Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in dirty politics, but sticks to his ideals through the urgings of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There's a rousing climax in the Senate. Edward Arnold and Claude Rains are the political villains. The entire cast contribute fine performances, but it's Capra's direction that makes this. (Nov.)

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

Based on a Colorado prison riot of 1929, Charles Bickford plays a priest who sacrifices self for unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. (Jan.)

★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the role of a lieutenant in the Russian army who is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. The attractive Melvyn Douglas convinces her that love is more important than the benefit of the masses. The sophistication of Ina Claire is a perfect foil for the amusing performance Garbo turns in. (Nov.)

★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

Remember the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety during the World War? As that nurse, Anna Neagle turns in a performance worthy of Academy Award attention. Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson contribute fine work, too. (Nov.)

\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

There's no sense to this, but it's funny. Martha Raye's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, discovers Joe E. Brown, descendant of a long line of actors, so she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team and puts claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins. (Dec.)

ON YOUR TOES—Warners

Broadway's musical suffers as filmfare. Eddie Albert plays the hooper who writes a great American Ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls for the première danseuse, Zorina. The ballets are delightful. (Jan.)

OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CARTERS—Paramount

More small-town melodrama, with Mr. Average Citizen having his troubles keeping a family to-

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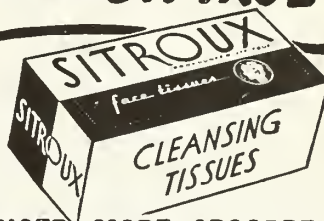
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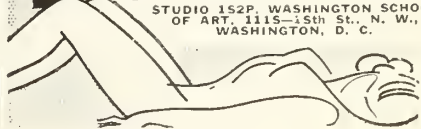
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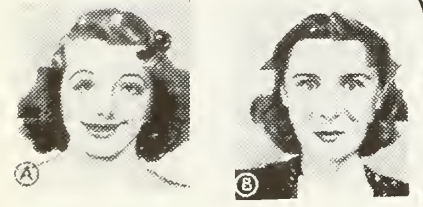
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gether. Frank Craven and Fay Bainter carry the burden of the story. Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin and others carry on.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

Time: The last World War. Place: France. Plot: The Ritz Brothers, a vaudeville team, unable to get bookings because of their German name, join the army. In France they team up with Jane Withers, whose father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. There's bombing and blasting—but little entertainment value here. (Dec.)

PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS—Warners

This is the story of a blind horse, but added to the pathos there's laughter and warm sentimentality. Edith Fellows, James McCallion and Granville Bates are the trouper.

★ PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners

You may feel that this is lacking in the fire that Queen Elizabeth's lusty to-do with Lord Essex might have inspired, but Bette Davis, as the evil-tempered, enamored-of-power Queen delights in her role, and Errol Flynn, as Essex, is magnificent to look upon. The grandeur of that court, the vital color of a nation not yet effete called for Technicolor. Donald Crisp, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price, Henry Daniell and Alan Hale add to the high quality of the production. (Dec.)

★ RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox

Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India; the effect upon each when disaster, disease and death touch them, is transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity. Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent give the top performances of their careers; with Maria Ouspenskaya, H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut and Brenda Joyce following close on their heels. (Nov.)

REMEMBER?—M-G-M

This has sparkling moments—but the trio, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Lew Ayres, deserves more. Bob is an advertising genius who steals Greer away from her fiance, Lew. They marry, fight, divorce, but Lew doses them up with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce. (Jan.)

RENO—RKO-Radio

Intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a silver mining town, Richard Dix brings this up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. His wife, Gail Patrick, takes advantage of it, as does his daughter, Anita Louise. Picture lacks pace. (Jan.)

RETURN OF DR. X, THE—Warners

Wow! what a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown in as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter, finds actress Lya Lys murdered. She turns up later to sue his paper. Another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound, and no evidence of blood. Then Humphrey, as *Dr. Xavier*, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo! (Nov.)

RIO—Universal

The story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict has Victor McLaglen as the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, and Robert Cummings the young American she falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. (Dec.)

ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners

Those mad, prosperous, Prohibition Twenties! The story starts when World War veteran Jimmy Cagney looks up a girl who has been writing to him and discovers she is Priscilla Lane. Circumstances draw him into the liquor racket, take him through the market crash, and into the depression when Priscilla finds happiness with his buddy, Jeffrey Lynn. Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart have supporting roles. (Dec.)

RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

A rousing story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. playing the young mate who has faith in steam. Will Fyffe is superb as the Scotch inventor of steam motors. George Bancroft plays a die-hard sailing skipper, and Margaret Lockwood is appealing. (Dec.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia

This is completely wacky. Otto Kruger is a newspaper publisher with a secret son (Eddie Norris); a girl friend (Ona Munson); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth. (Jan.)

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. When Lionel Barrymore collapses (for the sake of the plot) Lew pretends he's more interested in the heiress' millions than in his work, so his chief will take a rest. Laraine Day is still the young doctor's sweetheart. (Jan.)

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

A piece about prison and convicts—and a particularly exciting jail break. Ronald Reagan plays G-Man; Eddie Foy offers comedy, and Margot Stevenson furnishes romance. (Jan.)

STAR MAKER, THE—Paramount

Bing Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, darn it! It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. This introduces songstress Linda Ware; Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra; Bing sings; Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy. (Nov.)

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

"Marrying daughter off" is cleverly exploited here. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley, expends her energy to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean finds Bob Kellard, but Mama almost ruins the romance. (Nov.)

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

A murder picture with a new twist. Morgan Conway is acquitted of murder, Reporter Linda Hayes pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues. Linda and Kent dig into his past and find he's plenty guilty. (Jan.)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstein

A strong dose of propaganda—a World War veteran is convinced that his comrades have not died in vain. When the call to arms comes again, he turns to the War dead. They arise, mutilated and bloody and accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace. Victor Francen is splendid. (Jan.)

THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS—Columbia

This is a psychological study of a fear trauma. Walter Connolly is sent to prison for doctoring a wounded convict. And it's the prison physician, Onslow Stevens, who has the fear complex. Connolly gives his usual fine performance. (Jan.)

THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

It's the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. There isn't much to keep you fascinated. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton and Dick Hogan the offspring. (Dec.)

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

Captain Wally Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey, until a Boche sub puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge but his former rival, Chester Morris, is now his superior officer and Beery doesn't take kindly to discipline. So he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the subs. (Nov.)

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this romantic finale of the *Torchy Blane* series, when she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins. There's prison stuff, and a chase. Tom Kennedy and Bruce MacFarlane trot along with the story. (Nov.)

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

Not a story of Sing Sing, but of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor, rescues some lost flyers and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. (Jan.)

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melville Cooper, son and father, live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, who uses them to make a grab at oil lands owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. The boys do nice jobs. (Dec.)

UNDER-PUP, THE—Universal

Cinema history is made in this with the discovery of a new singing star—eleven-year-old Gloria Jean. The story is a simple one: A poor girl wins a contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings snoot Gloria—except little Virginia Weidler, but Gloria works out her problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance. See this. (Nov.)

★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

An amusing picture in which Jackie Cooper, an adolescent trying to make adjustments peculiar to his particular age, walks away with a difficult assignment. Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart; James Corner, his rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart all deliver good performances. (Dec.)

WOMEN, THE—M-G-M

Clare Boothe's Broadway success is an uncompromising story of the eternal battle of women for males and money. Norma Shearer is excellent as the devoted mother and wife, and Joan Crawford is in there slugging as the hard-bitten clerk who uses every wile to catch Norma's husband. The fat part fell to Roz Russell and she made capital of it. Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine are grand. Both sexes will have fun. (Nov.)

Categorically Speaking
Bill as Seen by Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 20)

ings that are there today—that might be Bill. Sometimes he is like a winding street lined with old book shops and art galleries, but with a chrome pavement.

WHAT DRINK?
A potent looking cocktail in a tall, narrow glass of fine crystal. The stuff would be just as potent as you thought it would be, too.

TREE?
Trimmed cypress, extremely decorative; because of its position in the garden or for some other reason, it would serve a practical purpose. I think it would unexpectedly poke its roots up in the middle of the lawn, furthermore.

BIRD?
A shiny black parrot with something to say, possessing a fund of very funny and not always conservative anecdotes. He'd be a very wise bird, and he'd have one drooping eyelid and bright, cynical eyes. He'd be so amusing he'd earn his seeds, but even so he'd worry a lot about the coming winter, possibly even going so far as to store up a lot of crackers against the improbable day when no

one would feed him any longer. And he'd have a platinum cage, in which he would lead a fastidious life, observing what went on around him and making spectacular comments.

LITERATURE?
"Conversation Piece," by Noel Coward; much of Saki, some of Oscar Wilde's epigrams; lately, the Book of Job, it would seem; a work on economics, some Schopenhauer, and a history of acting.

SPORT OR GAME?
Something performed indoors, certainly, since Bill loathes exercise. Contract bridge played lying down, with automatic thingummies to shuffle and deal; table tennis with a proxy for Bill.

MAGAZINE?
He's the annual issue of Bond Street fashion plates, or a copy of next week's *New Yorker* with an etching for a cover and the financial news on the frontispiece, in bold face type. There'd be a great many smoking-room stories, remarkable for their humor; an essay on patience; the script of a good play and the recipes for ten new cocktails.

JEWEL?
A dark opal, maybe, with a mystic star or symbol inexplicably planted in it. Possibly scientists would work years trying to decipher the meaning of the symbol, only to discover that it was ancient Tibetan for "I got rhythm."

SHOES?
Handmade velvet house slippers, lined with fur—but the soles and heels would be serviceable.

FLOWER?
A carnation for the buttonhole, in deep red, chemically treated so as not to wilt.

ANIMAL?
If you can possibly imagine a race horse sitting in the attitude of "The Thinker," with a Nubian slave fanning him. . . .

Two of the most important things about Bill Powell are his ability as an actor, and his sense of humor, which is unfailing, often biting, always objective. With all the outward manifestations of a lazy, luxurious person, he is essentially a vital, superbly intelligent man.

Casts of Current Pictures

"BIG GUY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Lester Cole. Original story by Wallace Sullivan and Richard K. Polimar. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Bill Whitlock, Victor McLaglen; Jimmy Hutchins, Jackie Cooper; Mary Whitlock, Ona Munson; Joan Larson, Peggy Moran; Dippy, Ed Brophy; Jack Lang, Jonathan Hale; Lawson, Russell Hicks; District Attorney, Wallace Clark.

"CAFE HOSTESS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Harold Shumate. From a story by Tay Garnett. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: Dan Walters, Preston Foster; Jo, Ann Dvorak; Eddie Morgan, Douglas Fowley; Annie, Wynne Gibson; Steve Mason, Arthur Loft; Budge, Bruce Bennett; Scotty Eddie Acuti; M, Bradley Page; Tricks, Linda Winters; Daisy, Beatrice Blinn; Willie, Dick Wessel; Nellie, Peggy Shannon.

"CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland. Original story by Stanley Raulh. Suggested by the character "The Cisco Kid" created by O. Henry. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: Cisco Kid, Cesar Romero; Julie Lawson, Marjorie Weaver; Gordito, Chris-Pin Martin; Tommy Bates, George Montgomery; Jim Harbison, Robert Barrat; Billie Graham, Virginia Field; Teasdale, Harry Green; Baby, Gloria Ann White; Stevens, John Beacht; Walton, Ward Bond; Drake, J. Anthony Hughes; Pop, Saunders, James Burke; Sheriff, Harry Hayden; Sergeant, James Flavin; Ma Saunders, Ruth Warren.

"CITY IN DARKNESS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on a play by Gina Kaus and Ladislaus Fodor. Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler; Marie Dubon, Lynn Bari; Tony Madero, Richard Clarke; Marcel, Harold Huber; Antoine, Pedro de Cordoba; Charlotte Rommel, Dorothy Tree; Prefect of Police, C. Henry Gordon; Petroff, Douglas Dumbrille; Belescu, Noel Madison; Louis Santelle, Leo Carroll; Pierre, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Max, Louis Mercier; Alex, George Davis; Lola, Barbara Leonard; Landlady, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; Captain, Fredrik Vogeding.

"COVERED TRAILER, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Jack Townley. From the original story by Jack Townley and M. Coates Webster. Directed by Gus Meins. Cast: Joe Higgins, James Gleason; Lil Higgins, Lucile Gleason; Sidney Higgins, Russell Gleason; Grandpa, Harry Davenport; Betty Higgins, Mary Beth Hughes; Tommy Higgins, Tommy Ryan; Bill, Maurice Murphy; Widow Jones, Maude Eburne; Sheriff, Spencer Charters; Otto, Tom Kennedy; Beamish, Hobart Cavanaugh; Cartwright, Pierre Watkin; Police Chief, Frank Dae; Doctor, Richard Tucker; Baltimore, Willie Best; Wells, Walter Fenner.

"DAY-TIME WIFE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. From the story by Rex Taylor. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: Ken Norton, Tyrone Power; Jane, Linda Darnell; Bernard Dexter, Warren William; Blanche, Binnie Barnes; Kitty, Wendy Barrie; Miss Applegate, Joan Davis; Mrs. Dexter, Joan Valerie; Coco, Leonid Kinskey; Melbourne, Mildred Gover; Miss Briggs, Renie Riano.

"DESTINY RIDES AGAIN"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Felix Jackson, Gertrude Purcell and Henry Myers. From the novel by Max Brand. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: Frenchy, Marlene Dietrich; Thomas J. Destry, Jr., James Stewart; Wash Dimsdale, Charles Winninger; Boris Callahan, Mischa Auer; Kent, Brian Donlevy; Janice Tyndall, Irene Hervey; Lily Bell Callahan, Una Merkel; Gyp Watson, Allen Jenkins; Bugs Watson, Warren Hymer; Lounger, Billy Gilbert; Hiram J. Slade, Samuel S. Hinds; Lem Claggett, Tom Fadden; Jack Tyndall, Jack Carson; Clara, Lillian Yarboe; Eli Whitney Claggett, Dickie Jones; "Sister" Claggett, Ann Todd.

"FOUR WIVES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From the original story by Maurice Hanline. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Adam Lemp, Claude Rains; Ann Lemp Borden, Priscilla Lane; Kay Lemp, Rosemary Lane; Thea Lemp Crowley, Lola Lane; Emma Lemp Talbot, Gale Page; Felix Dietz, Jeffrey Lynn; Aunt Etta, May Robson; Ben Crowley, Frank McHugh; Ernest Talbot, Dick Foran; Dr. Clinton Forrest, Jr., Eddie Albert; Dr. Clinton Forrest, Sr., Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Ridgefield, Vera Lewis; Frank, John Qualen.

"GERONIMO!"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Paul H. Sloane. Directed by Paul Sloane. Cast: Capt. Sturteet, Preston Foster; Alice Hamilton, Ellen Drew; Sneezer, Andy Devine; Rufus Gillespie, Gene Lockhart; Lt. John Steele, Jr., William Henry; General Steele, Ralph Morgan; Mrs. Steele, Marjorie Gateson; Daisy Devine, Kitty Kelly; Geronimo, Chief Thundercloud.

"GONE WITH THE WIND"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Sidney Howard. Based on the novel by Margaret Mitchell. Directed by Victor Fleming. Cast: Brent Tarleton, George Reeves; Stuart Tarleton, Fred Crane; Scarlett O'Hara, Vivien Leigh; Mammy, Hattie McDaniel; Big Sam, Everett Brown; Elijah, Zack Williams; Gerald O'Hara, Thomas Mitchell; Pork, Oscar Polk; Ellen O'Hara, Barbara O'Neil; Evelyn Wilkerson, Victor Jory; Suellen O'Hara, Evelyn Keyes; Carreen O'Hara, Ann Rutherford; Prissy, Butterfly McQueen; John Wilkes, Howard Hickman; India Wilkes, Alicia Rhett; Ashley Wilkes, Leslie Howard; Melanie Hamilton, Olivia de Havilland; Charles Hamilton, Rand Brooks; Frank Kennedy, Carroll Nye; Cathleen Calvert, Marcella Martin; Rhett Butler, Clark Gable; Aunt "Pitty" Hamilton, Laura Hope Crews; Doctor Meade, Harry Davenport; Mrs. Meade, Leona Roberts; Mrs. Meriwether, Jane Darwell; René Picard, Albert Morini; Maybelle

Meriwether, Mary Anderson; Fanny Felsing, Terry Sheron; Old Levi, William McChin; Uncle Peter, Eddie Anderson; Phil Meade, Jackie Moran; Reminiscent Soldier, Cliff Edwards; Belle Watling, Ona Munson; Sergeant, Ed Chandler; Wounded Soldier, George Hackathorne; Convalescent Soldier, Roscoe Ates; Dying Soldier, John Arledge; Amputation Case, Eric Linden; Commanding Officer, Tom Tyler; Mounted Officer, William Bakewell; Bartender, Lee Phelps; Yankee Deserter, Paul Hurst; Carpet-bagger's Friend, Ernest Whitman; Returning Veteran, William Sterling; Hungry Soldier, Louis Jean Heydt; Jimmy Slattery, Isabel Jewell; Yankee Major, Robert Elliott; Poker-playing Captains, George Meeker and Wallis Clark; Corporal, Irving Bacon; Carpet-bagger Orator, Adrian Morris; Johnny Gallagher, J. M. Kerrigan; Carpet-bagger Business Man, Olin Howland; Two Renegades, Yakima Canutt and Blue Washington; Tom, A Yankee Captain, Ward Bond; Bonnie Blue Butler, Cammie King; Beau Wilkes, Mickey Kuhn; Bonnie's Nurse, Lillian Kemble Cooper.

"GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively. Based on a story by Andrew L. Stone and Robert Lively. Directed by Andrew Stone. Cast: John Ramsey, Allan Jones; Louise Hull, Mary Martin; Victor Herbert, Walter Connolly; Dr. Richard Moore, Lee Bowman; Peggy, Susanna Foster; Marie, Judith Barrett; Barney Harris, Jerome Cowan; Warner Bryant, John Garrick.

"GREEN HELL"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story and screen play by Frances Marion. Added dialogue by Harry Hervey. Directed by James Whale. Cast: Keith Brandon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Stephanie Richardson, Joan Bennett; Scot, John Howard; Dr. Emil Loren, Alan Hale; Jim "Tex" Morgan, George Bancroft; David Richardson, Vincent Price; Forester, George Sanders; Graham, Gene Garrick; Gracco, Francis McDonald; Mala, Ray Mala; Santos, Peter Bronte.

"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the classic by Jonathan Swift. Produced by Max Fleischer. Directed by Dave Fleischer. Singing voice of the Prince by Lanny Ross; Singing voice of the Princess by Jessica Dragonette; Voice of Gulliver by Sam Parker; Speaking voice of the Princess by Lovey Warren; Speaking voice of the Prince by Cal Howard; Voice of Gabby by Pinto Colvig.

"HARVEST"—A MARCEL PAGNOL PRODUCTION.—Released in the United States by The French Cinema Center, Inc. Screen play by Jean Giono. From the novel "The Song of the World" by the same author. Directed by Marcel Pagnol. Cast: Panturle, Gabriel Gabrio; Gauher, Edouard Delmont; Gedeumus, Fernandel; Arsde, Orane Demazis; The Sergeant, Le Vigan; The Gendarme, Rollan; L'Amoureux, Henri Poupin; Alphonstine, Odette Roger; M. Astruc, Paul Dullac.

"HIS GIRL FRIDAY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Charles Lederer. From the play "The Front Page" by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Howard Hawks. Cast: Walter Burns, Cary Grant; Hildy Johnson, Rosalind Russell; Bruce Baldwin, Ralph Bellamy; Sheriff Hartwell, Gene Lockhart; Murphy, Porter Hall; Bonger, Ernest Truett; Fudicott, Cliff Edwards; Mayor, Clarence Kolb; Al Cure, Roscoe Karns; Wilson, Frank Jenks; Sanders, Regis Toomey; Louie, Abner Biberman; Duffy, Frank Orth; Earl Williams, John Qualen; Mollie Malloy, Helen Mack; Mrs. Baldwin, Alma Kruger; Silas F. Pinkus, Billy Gilbert.

"HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Hamilton MacFadden, Clay Adams and Leonard Hoffman. Based on the play "Six Cylinder Love" by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: Donald, Stuart Erwin; Betty, Marjorie Weaver; Pat, Patric Knowles; Walker, Russell Hicks; Downey, Jack Carson; Butterfield, Hobart Cavanaugh; Peggy, June Gale; Colonel Shelby, E. E. Clive; Annie, Renie Riano; Winslow, Harrison Greene; Mrs. Winslow Lelah Tyler; Burton, Harry Hayden; Thin Man, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Higginsby, Chester Clute; Kellogg, Robert Greig; Crane, William Davidson.

IN DESPERATION

"I got out of the car, walked to the rear, examined the pistol to see if it was loaded. . . ." In desperation he faced eternity. . . what had led him to this ghastly situation? . . . False standards! False standards which have led many—perhaps you among them—to cheat themselves out of the finest things of life. There is something worth thinking about in this arresting story, **GOD KEPT ME FROM SUICIDE**, by Joel Rand in the January issue of the nonsectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH

At Your Newsdealer's

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

"JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Melville Baker. Based on a story by Damon Runyon. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: Ethel Turp, Ann Sothern; President, Lewis Stone; Joe Turp, William Gargan; Jim, Walter Brennan; Kitty Crasper, Marsha Hunt; Johnny Crasper, Tom Neal; Henry Crasper, James Bush; Fred Crasper, Don Costello; Francine La Vaughn, Muriel Hutchison; Parker, Jack Norton; Mike O'Brien, Aldrich Bowker.

"LEGION OF THE LAWLESS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Doris Schroeder. From an original story by Berne Cicer. Directed by David Howard. Cast: Jeff Toland, George O'Brien; Ellen Ives, Virginia Vale; Les Harper, Norman Willis; Doctor Denton, Herbert Hayward; Lufe Barton, Eddie Waller; Edwin, Billy Benedict; Holmes, Bud Osborne; Borden, Monte Montague; Henry Ives, Hugh Southern; Little Lufe, Delmar Watson; Ben Leighton, Slim Whitaker; Mrs. Barton, Mary Field; Watts Lane, Jack Payne; Mexican, Martin Garralaga; Hastings, Wilfred Lucas; Bartender, Dick Cramer.

"LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Robert Carson. Based on a novel by Rudyard Kipling. Directed by William A. Wellman. Cast: Dick Hedlar, Ronald Colman; Toppenhore, Walter Huston; Maisie, Muriel Angelus; Bessie, Ida Lupino; The Nilghai, Dudley Digges; Beaton, Ernest Cossart; Madame Binet, Ferike Boros.

"NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Based on the story by Bertram Millhauser and Hal Buckley. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Cast: Nick Carter, Walter Chalmers; Walter Pidgeon; Lou Farnaby, Rita Johnson; John A. Keller, Henry Hull; Dr. Frankton, Stanley C. Ridges; Bartholomew, Donald Meek; Hiram Streeter, Addison Richards; J. Lester Hammit, Henry Victor; Dave Krebs, Milburn Stone; Otto King, Martin Kosleck; Pete, Frank Fawlen; Bee catcher, Sterling Holloway; Cliff Parsons, Wally Mayer; Benny, Edger Deering.

"NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: Dan O'Farrell, Pat O'Brien; Alyce O'Farrell, Olympe Bradna; Barry Trimble, Roland Young; Michael Fordkin, Reginald Gardiner; Sammy Kayn, George E. Stone; Taxi Driver, Frank Sully; Doorman, Russ Powell; Actor, D'Arcy Corrigan.

"OF MICE AND MEN"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Eugene Solow. From the novel by John Steinbeck. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: George, Burgess Meredith; Lennie, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Mac, Betty Field; Slim, Charles Bickford; Candy, Roman Bohnen; Curley, Bob Steele; Whit, Noah Beery, Jr.; Jackson, Oscar O'Shea; Carlson, Granville Bates; Crooks, Leigh Whipper.

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: Leander, Barbara Stanwyck; Jack Sargent, Fred MacMurray; Mrs. Sargent, Beulah Bondi; Aunt Emma, Elizabeth Patterson; Francis A. O'Leary, Willard Robertson; Willie, Sterling Holloway; Rufus, "Snowflake"; "Fat" Mike, Tom Kennedy.

"THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by William Conselman and James V. Kern. From the story by David Butler and William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. Cast: Kay, Kay Kyser; Stacey Delmore, Adolphe Menjou; Grandma, May Robson; Sandra Sand, Lucille Ball; Chuck Deems, Dennis O'Keefe; Tom Village, Edward Everett Horton; Mal Stamp, Roscoe Karns; J. D. Forbes, Moroni Olsen; Dwight Cook, Hobart Cavanaugh; Ginny, Ginny Simms; Harry, Harry Babbitt; Ish, Ish Kabibble; Miss Cosgrave, Dorothy Lovett; Miss Brighton, Lillian West; Thomas, Denis Tankard.

"TOWER OF LONDON"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Robert N. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Cast: Richard III, Basil Rathbone; Mord, Boris Karloff; Elyzabeth, Barbara O'Neil; Edward I, Ian Hunter; Lady Alice Barton, Nan Grey; Duke of Clarence, Vincent Price; John Wyatt, John Sutton; Hastings, Leo G. Carroll; Henry VI, Miles Mander; Beacon, Lionel Belmore; Anne Neville, Rose Hobart; Isabel, Frances Robinson; Henry Tudor, Ralph Forbes; Edward, Prince of Wales, G. P. Huntley; Tom Clink, Ernest Cossart; Prince Edward, Ronald Sinclair; Prince Richard, John Herbert-Bond.

"TWO THOROUGHBREDS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Joseph A. Fields and Arthur Caesar. Based on the original story "Sunset" by Joseph A. Fields. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: David Carey, Jimmie Lydon; Wendy Conway, Joan Brodel; Jack Lenihan, J. M. Kerrigan; Thad Carey, Arthur Hohl; Hildy Carey, Marjorie Main; Bill Conway, Selmer Jackson; Doc Purdy, Spencer Charters; Mr. Reeves, Frank M. Thomas; Mr. Peale, Frank Darien; Finke, Paul Fix; Rancher, Ed Neff; Ranch Foreman, Al Ferguson; Cowboy, Jack Perry; Truck Drivers, Larry Blake and Bob Perry.

"WE ARE NOT ALONE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by James Hilton and Milton Krims. From the novel by James Hilton. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: Dr. David Newcome, Paul Muni; Leni, Jane Bryan; Jessica, Flora Robson; Gerald, Raymond Severy; Susan, Una O'Connor; Dawson, Henry Daniell; Major Millman, Montagu Love; Sir William Clyntock, James Stephenson; Sir Guy Lockhead, Stanley Logan; Judge, Cecil Kellaway; Archdeacon, Alan Napier; Archdeacon's Wife, Ely Malyon; Tommy Baker, Douglas Scott; Dr. Slacey, Crawford Kent; Mrs. Patterson, May Beatty; Mr. Jones, Billy Bevan; Police Inspector, Holmes Herbert; Charley, John Powers; George, Colin Kenny; Mrs. Raymond, Ethel Griffies.

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SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 1)

Remember — for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you crave, please write to:

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12. BATHING BEAUTY

All you need to be a bathing beauty is to let Hollywood Bath-O-Bubbles churn you up a foaming, sparkling, bubbling bath that will make a new woman of you in a twink. In you go a tired hag, and out you come rested, relaxed, and smelling like a rose. A ten-cent package will whisk up enough foam for one completely invigorating bath; or you can make it 3 for 25c or 8 for 50c. Some buy a handsome box of 20 for \$1.00 and then use the box for trinkets later on. What's yours?

13. THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN

The "gents" were first to sport Gruen's Veri-Thin wrist watches. But soon the girls began to assert their rights and Gruen began to fool around with wheel-trains, for that's what they had to rearrange completely, before they could Veri-Thin their ladies' watches. They did it, however, and added pink faces too. Victorian ovals in copper-colored frames,—and that's the well-timed history of "The Mannequin"—15-jewels at \$33.75, and no excuse for missing your train!

14. SONG OF INDIA

The Hindu sari done for the south by Echo (Edgar C. Hyman) into a filmy chiffon scarf embossed with gold. In black, it brings out the slinky siren in you. In pink or white, you'll have a sweet and simple season. You can switch from Maharanee to nun or simple peasant maid and make it double for an evening wrap besides, on sultry southern nights. Around \$6.00!

15. "BABUSHKA"

"Babushka," you know, is Russian for "your little grandmother." But if this bit of fluff looks anything like an old lady's hat to you, we'll eat our Babushka, and yours too! The younger generation skates in Babushkas, slides in them, skis in them, hikes in them. What about you? They come in corduroy rimmed with mouton; in red velvet dripping with mink tails; or in black velvet with snowy bunny, all at around \$2.00 each. How many please?

16. ROAMING WITH "ROVER"

Taking a train? A boat? A plane? No matter! Wherever you go, take Mendel-Drucker's "Rover" with you. It'll take six dresses on hangers, shoes galore in a special shoe-section; and there's a tremendous Talon-fastened pocket besides, for all the little things that rattle around. "Rover" is yours for a grand get-away, in natty Bermuda brown striped tweed, elegantly lined in brown moiré, for \$20.00!

17. THREE SILENT MESSENGERS

For "Silent Messengers," these three Lenthalic bouquets (Tweed, Miracle, A Bientot or Shanghai), pack a powerful message of sweetness. You can scent yourself with one; your bureau drawers with another; and your bed linens and closets with the third. Lenthalic calls this the "Bal Masque Presentation," and does it up proud in a brand new bandbox of turquoise and gold—a pretty pick-up for any dressing table. Under \$2.00.



18. THE WORLD GOES WITH YOU

Why leave the world you know and love behind you when you travel? Zenith's Long Distance Portable will pluck it for you out of the air with the new Wavemagnet that works like magic when all else fails—in planes—in boats—in motor cars. Such a self-sufficient little radio, too, that works on batteries when you travel, or plugs into A.C. or D.C. current at home. No aerials needed; no ground wires either. All you do need, in fact, is around \$30.00 and the world goes with you on your travels, neatly condensed into a striped tweed case.

19. LADY INTO TIGRESS

How would you like a passionate perfume that leaves them panting in the aisles? It's Faberge's new "Tigress," a siren-scent if ever there was one, sister to the naughty "Aphrodisiac" that in the language of the boys themselves just "burns them up!" Even the streamlined flacons have tawny, tiger-striped velvet tops. This is the perfume that gets—and holds—your man, at \$2.00 for the purse-size flacon, or \$33.00 for four ounces of liquid fire! Eau de Cologne from \$1.50 up.

20. FLOWERS OR FRIENDS?

"Have you tried flowers for your dinner table, only to have your husband scream, 'Take those d— things off. How do you expect anyone to see over them!'" To keep the family peace, Norton designed a centerpiece that will silence husbands forever—a low glass log with a tube of water running through it, and six little niches for short-stemmed flowers. The initial investment is \$7.50, but the upkeep is practically nothing. A few pennies worth of flowers hand-somely decorate your table without in the least obscuring your friends.

21. WANT A NEW FACE?

Hampden's Powd'r-Base will give it to you in a handy stick that you rub over the features you want to play up or down and—presto!—you've brought out a cheek bone, reduced a jowl or minimized a biggish nose. It's as easy as that because darker foundations conceal features by making them less noticeable; while lighter shades highlight and emphasize what you've got. You've never known a better base for powder, either, or a more satisfactory rouge in just as handy a little stick. 25c, 50c or \$1.00 each, depending on size.

22. MASON-DIXON DUET

Criterion makes belts and Ritter makes bags, and between them they hatched an intriguing bag-and-belt duet to spice your southern wardrobe. The plot involves seven lucky colors—Chip red, Click coral, Chance blue, Charm turquoise, Casino rose, Clover green and Coin gold suede, whipped into a zipper pouch with soft, sash-handle, and a matching belt with deftly draped bow. The bag's a winner at \$3.00; the belt comes in at half the price, \$1.50.

23. BUILD-UP FROM BOWS

Here's a handsome hide-away for bows—a Bali bra that whittles your middle down to a new low, and raises and rounds what you've got above it into a new high. The bow serves to separate—a frivolous insert of net that's as decorative as it is devoted to its duty. A lot of uplift for very little cash—\$1.00 in broadcloth; \$1.50 in satin or lace.

24. WHO'LL BUY THESE VIOLETS?

Who wouldn't, to take down south and wear with low-cut evening gowns! A bib, a bracelet and earrings, dripping with lovely, lush violets and snow-white berries draped from an acetate chain. The bib, \$3.00; the bracelet, \$2.00; the earrings, \$2.00!

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At left: ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH. James Callis, North Carolina farmer, shows Miss Agnes Williams — from a near-by farm — a tobacco plant in flower, from the fine crop he has raised by U. S. Government methods.

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“UNCLE SAM’S

new ideas helped make tobacco better than ever

*...and Luckies bought the top-notch grades!”
says Luther Herring, 12 years a tobacco buyer!*

Q. “You say Uncle Sam helped tobacco farmers?”

MR. HERRING: “Yes. Even though crops vary with weather, U. S. Government methods have made tobacco better than ever during the past few years.”

Q. “And Luckies get this better tobacco?”

MR. H: “Luckies buy the finer grades, and always did.”

Q. “That’s a strong statement.”

MR. H: “Well, I see first hand that they buy the prettier lots of tobacco on the warehouse floor. In fact, that’s why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite with independent tobacco men. And that’s why I’ve smoked them myself for 21 years.”

Try Luckies for a week. You’ll find they’re easy on your throat—because the “Toasting” process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. You’ll also find out why—

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COLD OR SORE THROAT

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This is the experience of countless people and it is backed up by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and relief.

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Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

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major invasion of the delicate membrane is often halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*



**NOTE HOW LISTERINE
REDUCED GERMS!**

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

**"IT TAKES A LOT TO
MAKE ME LOVE A MAN
In The Face Of All
I Know About Them!"**

The world's most famous doctor rips the veil from hidden lives of those bitter women who know men too well — yet must somehow find love in the midst of terror, toil and disillusionment. Revealed in this deeply moving story of two sisters and a doctor who defied an age-old code to find the love their spartan calling would deny them!



THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CITADEL'
Writes His Greatest Drama of the
World's Most Dramatic Profession!
Only a doctor could tell this startling, "off-duty" story of the cloistered, repressed world of nurses . . . Only the author of "The Citadel" could tell it so vividly, absorbingly that three great stars reach new dramatic heights in its portrayal.

**CAROLE
Lombard**

**BRIAN
Aherne**

**ANNE
Shirley**

In

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"

From the Brilliant New Novel by
A. J. CRONIN

With **JULIEN MITCHELL · ROBERT COOTE · BRENDA FORBES · PETER CUSHING**
Produced and Directed by **GEORGE STEVENS**
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production... **RKO RADIO PICTURE**
Screen Play by Fred Guiol . . . P. J. Wolfson . . . Rowland Leigh



FRED ASTAIRE ELEANOR POWELL

IN
"BROADWAY
MELODY
OF 1940"

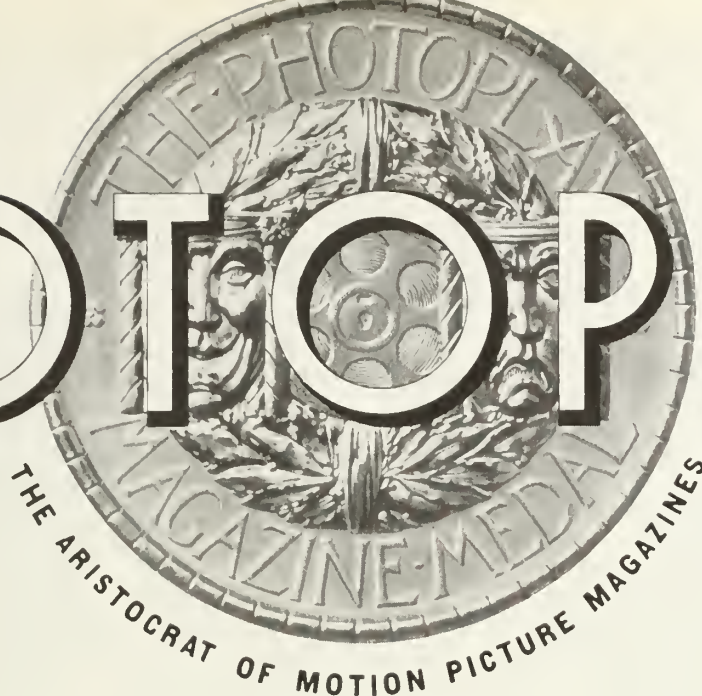
THE WORLD'S GREATEST DANCERS IN THE
WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL SHOW!

with
GEORGE MURPHY · FRANK MORGAN
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LYNNE CARVER

Screen Play by Leon Gordon and George
Oppenheimer · Lyrics and Music by Cole Porter
Directed by **NORMAN TAUROG**
Produced by **JACK CUMMINGS**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Olivia de Havilland, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Behind the Scenes

MANY a great film becomes a vital force in the lives of the people who see it—but more impressively so in the lives of the people who make it.

"Gone with the Wind" has changed the life and deeply influenced the personality of the lovely girl on our cover, Olivia de Havilland. She has told me about it. Her interpretation of Melanie surprised even those of us who admired her handling of the many anemic roles that preceded this difficult assignment. In the quiet of your study, Melanie is a believable saint; but how easily, in the harsh perspective of the silver sheet, could she have become too good to be true! The danger was amazingly avoided; Melanie as she was portrayed was never cloying; in fact, she was strangely inspiring. "Doing Melanie has changed my whole viewpoint," Olivia de Havilland told me. "I face so many issues in my life with the same question I had to ask myself on the set: 'How would Melanie act in a situation like this?'" Faith and great kindness escape us in our hurried life; somehow they did not escape Melanie!

A career is changed by such a vital force (and let's hope that this unexpectedly promising one will be fostered by Warner Brothers), perhaps a vista is changed—and then again, as in the case of Margaret Mitchell, sometimes a whole life is changed!

Last May Miss Mitchell wrote me these startling lines: "It has been almost three years since 'Gone with the Wind' was published and, with the exception of letters, I have not written a line since then. I sometimes wonder if I will ever have the opportunity to do any more writing." When she dropped into my New York office one typically hot June afternoon, I had the rare opportunity of hearing, from this charmingly soft-spoken woman the story of the change which her success had brought to her and her husband, John Marsh. Although they hadn't moved from their modest home, there was even then that prodigious mail, those constantly mounting details of fourteen foreign language editions, the tremendous demands made by visitors from all over the world. "Often I was glad," she told me, "to get four hours sleep a night. Well, when the picture is finally shown we should get some rest."

When you look behind the scenes of a great movie, you find human beings struggling for personal happiness, each according to his lights, but whether for money or for soul-satisfaction, always for some semblance of peace.

Ernest V. Heyn

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HOW THE TELEPHONES ARE RINGING
-to tell of Tampax!



**NO BELTS
 NO PINS
 NO PADS
 NO ODOR**

NO WONDER Tampax is traveling fast and Tampax users growing. In addition to the new converts to Tampax, many part-time users have now become whole-time users, in view of the new Super Tampax size, 50% more absorbent than Regular Tampax.

Perfected by a physician, Tampax is worn internally for monthly sanitary protection. The wearer is not conscious of it, but can keep up her regular activities without fear of any chafing, wrinkling or showing of a "line." No odor can form; no disposal problems.

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Three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters: Introductory size 20¢; but large economy package saves up to 25%.

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 Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:
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 Address _____
 City _____ State _____



BOOS AND BOUQUETS

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"Hand me down my broomstick—I'll go into an act what is an act!" says Alice Faye, whose witchery highlights "Little Old New York"

GOING TO WASHINGTON

SO "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"! Probably a number of Mr. Smiths have gone to Washington, along with many others from various parts of the country. But among them there has never been one who was so totally ignorant of what it was all about. No young man who has been a leader of boys in his community, and consequently possessed of at least average intelligence, could possibly be so ignorant about governmental affairs. Neither would it be necessary for him to have secretarial coaching from the gallery. Sure, we understand that this was supposed to be comedy. It turned out to be more ridiculous than comical, and also more or less distasteful to anyone who has some respect for the average American citizen.

The doings of the Senate, the operations of political machines and political

bosses, and the ethics of newspaper men also come in for their share of overdrawn comedy. No one questions the existence of political machines and bosses. There are far too many of them for the good of the country. Yet one is reluctant to believe that the whole thing is so ridiculously rotten as depicted. Not that we expect our pictures to be true to fact, but at a time like this there is little to be gained by holding the whole body up for ridicule. If we need reform, let each of us start in his own community and be a little more concerned about who goes to Washington.

HARL ZIMMERMAN,
 Salina, Kans.

DREAM GIRL

WE have a son who, I believe, can claim the record of being the most enthusiastic fan of Sandra Henville. He is two

years of age. We have the November Photoplay which has the picture of Sandy on page forty-eight. We keep this edition in among our other magazines, but every time David wants a book he gets the November issue and turns to Sandy's picture. He kisses it, talks to it, and will sometimes just sit and look at it. He very seldom touches the other books—he is interested in Sandy, a great actress.

FRANK DI VITO,
 Pitcairn, Pa.

A BOO FOR BESS

CHALK me up as saying that the worst performance of the year should be credited to Bette Davis for her role in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." To say that she acted to the point of insanity is putting it mildly. Never before have I heard such uncomplimentary

remarks made by one film audience. Since when was Queen Bess so afflicted that she had no control over her head and hands? Those mannerisms Davis thrust upon us in the picture were so unbearable as to almost drive the audience into hysterics.

I am a forty-nine-year-old woman, as was Queen Bess, and I defy anybody to say that a person of that age could be such a decrepit old fossil as the screen presented!

So Bette Davis is an "Oscar" winner, is she? Well, how about reversing the idea this year and giving a little "Oscar" to everyone who had the sheer courage to sit and witness such a nightmare of a queen?

MRS. ANN BRYSON,
Des Moines, Ia.

AWARD "PREVIEW"

AS an ardent movie patron, I suggest the following films, in order, as "The Ten Best Pictures of 1939" (all of them having been generally released between November 1, 1938, and October 31, 1939):

1. "Dark Victory," because of its intense suspense, sustained interest, and Bette Davis' brilliant acting.

2. "Five Came Back," for its excellent characterizations in all major roles and its dramatic originality.

3. "Only Angels Have Wings," for its inherent interest and Thomas Mitchell's realistic performance.

4. "Stagecoach," for its superb direction of every character and scene involved and its mounting suspense.

5. "Blind Alley," because of its dramatic situation, originality of plot, and Chester Morris' fine portrayal.

6. "The Dawn Patrol," for its realistic suspense and fine direction.

7. "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," for James Stewart's Academy Award acting, its direction, and its Americanism.

8. "Pygmalion," because of its human interest and Leslie Howard's sterling characterization.

9. "The Old Maid," for Bette Davis' fine performance and its sustained interest.

10. "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," because of its aliveness.

RICHARD STOLL,
Marion, O.

HOW WAS OUR FEBRUARY COVER?

I AM writing to tell you how much we, in far-away England, appreciate PHOTOPLAY.

It might interest you and your American readers to know that, since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe, we have—apart from trade papers—only two movie magazines in this country! They are meagre weeklies, all our other screen books having been either amalgamated or discontinued "for the duration," and whenever one of your grand PHOTOPLAYS appears there is a general rush to obtain copies!

PHOTOPLAY has long been my favorite magazine, and I consider it to be the best twenty-five cents' worth of intelligent movie news in the world. It will be a wonderful consolation to all British movie fans, in these troubled times, to know that this magazine will continue to uphold its high traditions for years to come.

In conclusion, I have a request: Could you please print another colored photo of Clark Gable on your front cover again soon? I still treasure your last one dearly!

JOYCE B. CLEGG,
Rochdale, Lancs., England

OPEN LETTER

Dear Miss Holcombe:
Your letter, dear Dorothy, has all the

earmarks of having been written by a tall, big-boned brunette. How you black heads envy the dainty blonde!

If Kay Francis were as good an actress as Carole Lombard, she would be playing leads instead of second leads. The public knows fine acting and appreciates it, showing their appreciation by making a star—their disapproval, by breaking one.

You say Miss Lombard lacked chic in dress in "In Name Only." Would it ever occur to you that a designer was engaged by the studio to dress the two women according to their separate roles? Therefore, Miss Francis wore slinky, seductive clothes. She portrayed one of the filthy rich with nothing on her mind but how to make herself attractive to men. Miss Lombard was kept very busy earning a living for her small daughter and herself.

Miss Lombard is not only a very good actress, but she has an unusual beauty which comes from within, as well as physical charm and attractiveness.

Miss Francis *should* be an experienced actress—she's had plenty of experience.

BARBARA KNOX,
Slingerlands, N. Y.

GOLDEN WESTERNER

MOTION picture producers spend thousands on imported matinee idols with handsome faces and brawny physiques. That's all right, but there is one good actor who is handsomely rugged (with the best physique of all) and has the personality that is demanded of a great star, yet he has been galloping through horse operas for years. He is well-known only to children and neighborhood theaters, and his pictures are not classified as A productions.

The person I am referring to is George O'Brien. Come on, some wise producer! Get busy and find a suitable story for this talented player and, in due time, he will become the sensation of the nation!

DON KAISER,
Leesburg, Ind.

ANY DAY NOW

MAY a faithful reader of your magazine enter a plea for his favorite actor—Tom Neal?

I have watched for pictures of Mr. Neal in your magazine, but in vain. Mr. Neal is rapidly forging to the front out at Metro, and I would enjoy an interview with him and a picture or two of him in your magazine.

BILL MOORE,
Oak Grove, La.

YOUNG BEERY'S THE BERRIES

HE'S a chip off the old block—and I do mean Noah Beery, Jr. Yessiree, he's been the one bright spot in many a weary Western and insignificant B production (that is, if B pictures can be called productions!). It was not until his expert handling of a supporting role in "Only Angels Have Wings" that he graduated with appropriate flying colors from the protective eye of the neighborhoods to BIG TIME!

A swell guy, this young Beery. He accomplishes the highly intricate feat of reminding movie-goers of both his father and his uncle. There's much of both Noah, Sr. and Wally reflected in the screen personality of Noah, Jr. He takes to the screen like a duck to water, and the fans take to him just as naturally.

Confidentially, if you hear any whispering in the side lines, it's just the elder Beery's urging Noah, Jr. not to crowd . . . to take it easy. After all, son, there must be plenty of room at the top for three Beerys!

HELEN E. NIGRA,
San Francisco, Calif.

Lady Esther asks "Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"



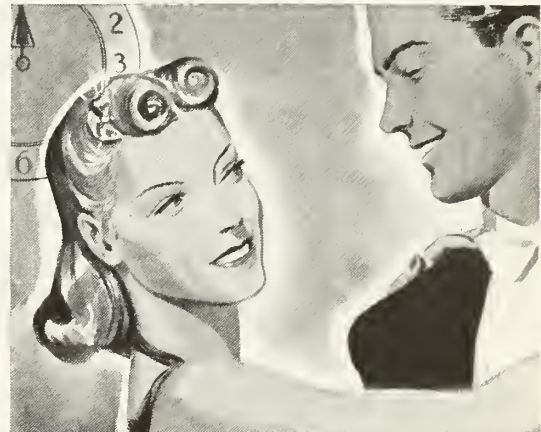
Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" because it contains grit! Why not find out about your powder?



Right in your own teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But . . .



What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder . . . not a trace of coarseness or grit! That's why it gives your skin a luminous, satiny look—a new loveliness!



Smooth on Lady Esther Powder after dinner, say at 8 o'clock, and at midnight—4 long hours later—your skin will still look exquisite. Send today for all ten shades of my powder, at my expense. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains no grit. Find your lucky shade, too!

Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite Test"!

THERE'S a very simple way for you to find out if your face powder is robbing you of your loveliness . . . if it contains grit. Just compare it—no matter how expensive it may be—with Lady Esther Face Powder by making my famous "Bite Test"!

Place a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains no trace of coarseness or grit! You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "powdery" look . . . but makes your skin look satin-smooth . . . flattens you . . . gives you new loveliness.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for your skin—luckiest for you!

★ 10 shades FREE! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, (53)
7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
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.

BRIEF *Reviews*



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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

Before the American Revolution the Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a rebellion to keep industrialists from selling ammunition to the Indians. John Wayne plays the leader of the protesting settlers and Claire Trevor adds the romance. Recommended with reservations. (Jan.)

ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount

A college picture in which football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of Joseph Allen, Jr., and Jean Cagney; John Arledge and Betty Moran; Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. (Jan.)

★ AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE—Columbia

Melvyn Douglas carries off his role of a slap-happy detective with much zest, but Joan Blondell, his sweetheart, can't be too happy when every date is broken because of a murder. Edward Brophy, a convicted criminal, Ruth Donnelly and others add to the fun. Full of laughs.

★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

Bill Powell's first since his illness—and it's amusing. As usual, the Myrna Loy-Powell family, now blessed with a baby, sparkles with smart talk. Bill, of course, gets mixed up in another murder mystery in which C. Aubrey Smith is the victim and his daughter, Virginia Grey, complicates the plot. Otto Kruger is the D. A., aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton. (Jan.)

★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

It's a touchy subject, religion; but Virginia Weidler has made this an inspirational film. She's an orphan whose faith has its effect on adults. Gene Reynolds foils for her; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull contribute. (Jan.)

★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

The title is the name of a café in Russia in 1914 where Cossack Prince Nelson Eddy comes upon the stunning Ilona Massey of the gorgeous voice. There's a revolutionist plot, the war, and Paris after the war. Eddy does a fine job and is in perfect voice. Ilona is a discovery and an important one. You'll like this. (Jan.)

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

Rookie cop Joe E. Brown is assigned to catch Marc Lawrence, bank robber, but Joe's off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle. At the resort, however, he runs up against some murders, and there's a climax in a spook house. Cool (Jan.)

BIG GUY, THE—Universal

Jackie Cooper, working on his inventions in a garage, manages to stay out of trouble until he gets involved in a jail break which uses warden Victor McLaglen as a shield. Power, emotional appeal and the Cooper-McLaglen teamwork raise this above the average prison picture. (Feb.)

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

A morbid but thrill-packed movie revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson, who does a swell job. Gene Lockhart and Bobs Watson are good, too. (Dec.)

BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

Dagwood Bumpstead loses his job; Baby Dumpling loses the dog Daisy and goes off to find her. Whereupon the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms remain the Bumpsteads. (Jan.)

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

There's a lot of action (including a fine brawl) in this rather sordid story, which presents Ann Dvorak as "hostess" who picks the pockets of her partners—until sailor Preston Foster catches her at it. Then the fun begins. (Feb.)

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys and the Dead End Kids merge in this story of a telegraph official (Robert Armstrong) who thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs. It clicks. Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support. (Dec.)

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

Here's a strange story of gangsters who attack the U. S. Marines to steal a bomb. There's plenty of blasting and noise, but Helen Mack, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer all seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. (Dec.)

★ CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount

A thriller—and funny! Paulette Goddard is heir to the estate of an eccentric millionaire, but there's a second will in case she should die or become insane within a month. With a dangerous lunatic loose, uncanny noises and clutched hands, there's plenty to keep you screaming. Paulette makes a convincingly frightened heiress and shares a hectic romance with Bob Hope. (Dec.)

Team that took Atlanta by storm—Rhett and Scarlett in "Gone with the Wind"—Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in person

★ CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films

The villain of this melodrama is a mountain; the hero, the breath-taking escapes from snowslides in the Alps in the 1860's. The rivalry of an Italian and an Englishman (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas); the rivalry of three countries to be the first to scale the Matterhorn is the basis of the plot. It's intense drama. (Dec.)

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero fills Warner Baxter's boots as the Cisco Kid with grace and humor, Virginia Field is fine as a dance-hall girl, and Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child. But they didn't have much to work with in this story of how the Kid and his band save a mine for a little orphan. (Feb.)

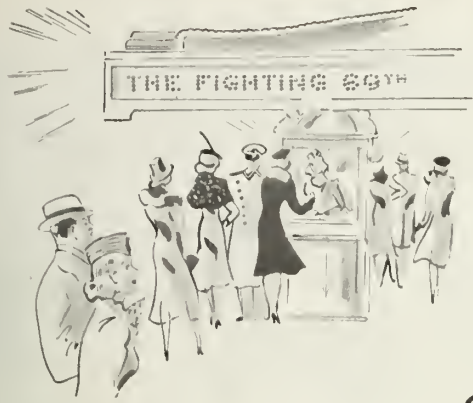
CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

Just another Charlie Chan picture, with Sidney Toler solving mysteries in Paris during the blackouts. Lynn Bari is in it, too, but the result is only fairish. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 90)

One Day Soon

they'll all be saying



“LET'S GO SEE



'THE FIGHTING 69TH'”



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'! Because if ever a movie *moved* this is the one! There've been exciting films before—but not *this* kind of excitement! You've laughed loudly and long in the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time. And there will be a teardrop too... but the kind of tears that bring cheers when it's over!

Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' and see grand screen stars like **JIMMY** ☆ **CAGNEY** and **PAT** ☆ **O'BRIEN** and **GEORGE** ☆ **BRENT** give to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they've portrayed, of these they'll be proudest ever!



Let's see 'THE FIGHTING 69TH' because 'The Fighting 69th' brings you history's heroes—the story of their glory, which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

JAMES CAGNEY • PAT O'BRIEN
GEORGE BRENT

in 'THE FIGHTING 69TH'

with
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
HENRY O'NEILL • JOHN LITEL

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Original Screen Play by Narman Reilly Raine, Fred Nibla, Jr.,
and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

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Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

A spirited belle of the brawling waterfront, headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!

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and
BRENDA JOYCE
ANDY DEVINE
HENRY STEPHENSON
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Directed by **HENRY KING**
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Story by John Balderston
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young

Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago",
"Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!

BY
RUTH WATERBURY



Garbo's "Ninotchka" proved again what the stars need to stem the rising tide. . . .



Three newcomers ride the crest of that tidal wave of star material sweeping into 1940 . . . one of them is Mary Martin

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

IN 1929 . . . just before sound got going in a big way . . . there was, considering the general prosperity of those days . . . quite a slump at the movie box office . . . not until sound got really going did the box-office receipts recover and mount to dizzying heights . . . creating a prosperity that was due not alone to the exciting novelty of hearing lines spoken from the screen . . . that was wonderful, of course, but it was almost as thrilling and refreshing to see a completely new set of faces . . . to experience the charm of utterly fresh personalities . . . to get acquainted through the mere purchase of a movie ticket with an entirely different generation of actors. . . .

TODAY, eleven years after . . . we are going through a similar box-office slump . . . really fine pictures are not earning what they should . . . here at the beginning of 1940 there seems to be no invention about to spring forth to jolt attendance figures back to where they should be . . . (don't count on television to be around in a commercially acceptable form for another five years at the earliest) . . . nonetheless the signs of a new vitality for Hollywood are here . . . signs spelled out by way of hitherto unknown names . . . personalities still sufficiently unfamiliar to be mysterious and provocative to us . . . it may be hard on the veterans . . . but the truth is that the new generation of players is here . . . trained, willing and able to take over. . . .

Hedy Lamarr, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Oli-



Ruth Waterbury

vier, Brenda Joyce, Richard Greene, Robert Cummings, Brenda Marshall, Priscilla Lane, Lana Turner, Linda Darnell, Ann Rutherford . . . these you already know and you've probably discovered their charm for yourself . . . with the exception of Laurence Olivier most of them are in their twenties and a few of them are in their teens . . . now, just as the year 1939 closed, three more names were added to this group of conquering young troupers . . . the three most promising names, perhaps, in the whole lot of them . . . three girls as different from one another as satin is different from silver fox . . . or silver fox from rain . . . girls of startling originality . . . yet each of them alike in that they are unmistakably fashioned from those sensitive, dynamic qualities of which stars

are made . . . I speak of Mary Martin, Ilona Massey and Jane Bryan. . . .

It has always seemed to me that an actor's or an actress' fame is too much like the algebraic axiom about the whole being the sum of its parts . . . an actor's enduring fame must forever depend upon the sum of the parts he has played . . . and that too often leads to tragedy . . . he may be the greatest performer ever born, but consistently miscast him and he will lose, not only all popular appeal, but also that bright luster within himself by which he is inspired. . . .

THINK of Gary Cooper . . . handsome, distinctive, intelligent Gary, the current example of the blight a fine actor can suffer . . . Gary will most certainly come back *when he gets the right role* . . . but such a role he hasn't had since he signed with Samuel Goldwyn some three years ago . . . Gary had every reason to assume that the Goldwyn contract would be perfect for him and undoubtedly Sam Goldwyn intended it to be, too . . . it is often impossible among the multitudinous details that go into making a picture to fix the blame for its turning out to be not an intended success but a dull failure . . . but while the producer suffers in his pocketbook for such errors, the star suffers in every way . . . Gary proves how little control even the wisest actor has over his final, artistic destiny. . . .

EVEN absolute independence of action isn't any guarantee of security . . . this past year for the



Most unusual of the star dust triplets . . . and most typical of her sponsoring studio . . . Jane Bryan

first time under his contract terms with Warners, Paul Muni, an actor who has always striven with the utmost sincerity toward the very best things . . . this year Muni has had absolute authority to choose stories, dictate casts and guide almost every detail that has had any influence on his productions . . . thus while it was Warners, in co-operation with Muni, who chose "Zola," it was Muni alone who selected the dreary "Juarez" . . . in other words, he got the role that he wanted . . . but that didn't necessarily make it a good one for him to have played. . . .

ON the other hand when you get the right collaboration, what a blessed result for everyone all the way from the producer to those of us who pay our way into the theaters . . . consider "Ninotchka" . . . a perfect script for Garbo to play in . . . a flawless M-G-M production . . . the perfect director, Ernst Lubitsch, to get the full flavor from such a script . . . well, there was Garbo being discussed in

Hollywood, up until the time of the release of this film, as one of the great war casualties . . . the gossip ran that since Garbo had lost a great volume of her American public, the loss of the European market would finish her. . . .

So along comes "Ninotchka" and proceeds to make so much money in this country alone that if it never shows in Europe the studio book-keeping department can still keep right on writing its earnings down in black ink . . . thus because an organization had the good sense to let Garbo laugh, instead of keeping on crying, even though she cried magnificently, she is back on the heights of popularity again . . . she has always been there artistically . . . but until this picture she had become pretty remote to us as a human being. . . .

(Right here I want to ask again: Dear Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences: How about an Academy Award for Garbo this year? I'll concede, if you insist, that perhaps, fine as it is, "Ninotchka" isn't necessarily Garbo's greatest performance . . . but then, neither was Bette

Davis' "Dangerous," for which you gave her her first Academy Award, representative of that brilliant girl's greatest work . . . Bette got that award, really, on the strength of her unforgettable *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" the year previously . . . so in memory of "Camille" and "As You Desire Me" and even silent pictures like her love stories with John Gilbert, you had better dust off an Oscar and give it to the greatest Greta, before it is too late and you have to bow your heads eternally in shame for your oversight). . . .

BUT getting back to the new Big Three . . . Martin and Massey and Bryan . . . it is both intriguing and amusing to realize how each of these girls represents in her presentation to us exactly the most outstanding characteristic of each of the studios involved. . . .

Paramount, for instance, has always had a way with musicals . . . therefore Paramount became most quickly aware of the possibilities of pretty Mary Martin when she did a strip tease on Broadway and slyly told audiences that her heart belonged to Daddy . . . to cover her up from chin to toe as they did in her debut film "The Great Victor Herbert" doesn't seem to have been the most imaginative thing to do . . . but then it probably did little harm . . . for Mary's clear voice . . . her warm, sweet personality and her laughing eyes registered so enchantingly that there will be a bigger crowd at the box office next time, waiting to see more of her. . . .

Contrariwise, M-G-M, with the exception of "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Babes in Arms," usually flops on its light musicals . . . but given an operetta where finer voices are needed . . . where the seductive Metro opulence in staging, costuming and casting can get fuller play . . . the results are supreme . . . thus for two years M-G-M has been grooming the golden-haired, golden-voiced Ilona Massey . . . you will read her amazing story on page 12 of this issue . . . so I will only add here that she is quite the most glamorous figure to be discovered since Hedy Lamarr . . . a girl in whom success brings out only greater generosity, more charm, more graciousness . . . besides her gift of beauty, she has the ability to both sing and act . . . she is still very young . . . if she continues to get the right roles . . . (there I go again) . . . I am willing to prophesy that she will be one of the greatest of all stars before another year rolls around. . . .

And then Jane Bryan of Warners . . . not glamorous in the usual sense . . . not beautiful in the usual sense . . . but with a force to her . . . with a vitality . . . with a searching after the hidden meanings in roles such as no other young player on the screen today represents . . . Jane is so like Warners . . . it is so typical of them to have discovered her . . . and it is also typical of them that, as I write this, they are having a quarrel with her . . . or she with them . . . over Jane's not taking the lead in "Saturday's Children." . . .

Warners, above all other studios, have a sense of "today-ness" . . . their pictures are like dramatized newspaper headlines . . . quickly conceived, to be quickly experienced, and yet hidden beneath all their swiftness touching the inner forces that make such headlines possible and necessary. . . .

Warners always seem to have to go through a preliminary squabble with their players, and right in the middle of this battle, Janie has up and married Justin W. Dart, a drugstore tycoon . . . she has even announced she intends to give up her career . . . perhaps Jane really believes that now . . . but I doubt if she can stick to retirement . . . she is naturally too fine a trouper to be able casually to give it all up . . . so personally I hope she and the Warners will make peace and that Jane will return . . . for if she does, watch the rise of the next truly great dramatic young actress. . . .

Only RUDYARD KIPLING could write such a romance...

Only RONALD COLMAN could play such a role!



"Laugh, you little fool, laugh...for I'm giving you something you've never had before... A soul...on canvas!"

To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun...but more than that...the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman's Scottie, Mr. Binkie, a severe critic, a loyal friend.

Ronald Colman

in RUDYARD KIPLING'S

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with

WALTER HUSTON

Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Screen Play by Robert Carson

Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling

See "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"... Coming soon to your favorite theatre!

"Come on...let's show those desert devils how to fight!"



From the routine of a dressmaking shop in post-war Budapest to stardom and sunshine—that's the journey blonde Ilona Massey has made in only a few short years



Only a baby, grave and sweet—yet, almost from first consciousness, always in love!



Her amazing heritage of simplicity and noblesse comes directly from her Hungarian parents, so unlike in background

THIS WOMAN HAS LOVED!

*Beginning the biography of a girl
whose heart knew no rest and whose
fate was inevitable—Ilona Massey*

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



In her, the lust for life burns flamelike and true

"GET out and live!" That's what the old maestros in the opera houses and the theaters used to tell those they were grooming for fame. "And if your heart gets broken, be glad! It'll make a better actress of you!"

Ilona Massey is like that. She's been completely absorbed by living ever since she was a little girl . . . ever since she bound the shine of her hair under a funny cap so she could play with boys on an equal footing and know better what it would be like to be one of them . . . ever since she fell in love with a friend of her father's—a man sixty years old, almost half a century her senior—and flushed with happiness every time he patted her cheek.

Ilona's father is a printer, a simple man and good. Her mother's family was wealthy, with a name made proud by the "von" that preceded it. And her mother, in her youth, was a woman known for her beauty even in Budapest, a city of beautiful women.

Ilona remembers little of the war fought in Europe when she was a child. It didn't penetrate very far into her young consciousness. She remembers only that her father didn't return to their little flat at supper time as he had before . . . that her mother went off every morning to teach in the school . . . and that when she asked why her mother wept in the night she was told it was because her father was at some vague place called "The Front." While Mrs. Hajmassey (Ilona has dropped the first syllable of her name) taught school Ilona's sister, Dodo, ten years older, took care of her. This had decided drawbacks. Dodo had ideas. She was very strict about Ilona's manners and the kind of children she played with.

Important in Ilona's life soon after this was Albogen Arpad. The strain that came down to him from ancestors of the Far East allowed him to look on the world with eyes as romantic as

Ilona's. Albogen appeared faithfully every afternoon. He and Ilona would go down into the courtyard and sing "Tosca," Ilona carrying a towel to wave in the dramatic scenes. They planned to marry when they grew up and to sing together in the opera house.

DURING the dark period of the Reconstruction which followed the war the Hajmasseys were very poor. Ilona's father came home injured. Because of his injury—which was in his lungs—he could not work as long or as hard as he had before. And before there had been only enough—no more. Sometimes Ilona's grandmother, who had a little farm, managed to send some manner of food into the city to them. But most of the time their bread was black and meat on the table was an event—something looked forward to beforehand and talked about afterwards.

One day Ilona's teacher explained that many rich families in Holland had invited Hungarian children to come there to live for a season. The children who wished to go and would ask their parents' consent were told to raise their hands. Ilona's hand rose swift as a white bird startled into flight.

The boys and girls who were to have refuge in Holland traveled on the same train. Tickets fastened to their coats gave the name and address of the people with whom they were to stay. The tag on Ilona's coat read "Jacob Boss—Ottoland—Holland."

"I was just twelve," she says, with a trace of accent and that occasional misplaced word which colors her speech. "I was frightened and I cried very much but I also found a lot of fun on that train and they gave me a banana which I never had seen before. . . ."

Jacob Boss had a big farm. His children had grown up and married, and he and his wife were glad to have Ilona with them. Again and again she must count the cows stabled in their barn.

Sixty of them! Surely, then, they were very rich and had so much milk they would not miss what her seven cats drank!

They loved to watch her. She was so adaptable, so quick. Readily she came to speak their language. She skirted their family differences so intuitively that it was hard to believe she hadn't lived with them always and had heard the loud words from which those differences were born. They found it unusual that anyone as lively as the little Hungarian should be so conscientious about coming in the back door. She never forgot to remove her shoes so they wouldn't smudge the tile floors.

When the six months which Ilona had been invited to stay with Jacob Boss were up he asked her to remain. She was glad. She liked living in another land and another house. All her childhood had been lived in the same flat, a flat of three little rooms and kitchen and bath where she and her sister slept in the salon. Now, in Holland, she looked forward to skating on the little rivers where she had fished during the summer. Besides, she was not yet ready to leave John. John, who was eighteen, never had spoken to her. But every day she waited at the window for him to pass. He was a thin boy and very serious, the son of a teacher at the school.

"He was," she says, "very ugly. But for me he was very beautiful!"

She stayed in Holland long enough for all the seasons to repeat themselves. By then the golden sands of romance had run through the glass and she saw that John was as all other young men, and that he even was ugly. By then also her desire to see her people had grown so strong that she could not sit back properly in her seat as the train carried her across the borders of Holland, Germany, and Czechoslovakia and brought her at last to Hungary.

Jacob Boss and his wife wept when she left
(Continued on page 68)

MATINEE



ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

I forgot my English accent. "You butt out of this," I stormed. "Mr. Olivier has been a perfect gentleman"

Galbraith
Like the Boy Scouts, our Jane was prepared for anything—except what happened with Laurence on Broadway

NANCY & I fight all the time on acct of our sharing the same bathroom. Also I maintain that one cannot borrow perfume . . . one takes it or leaves it. But when it comes to an international crisis like her first *grande passion* all barriers are flung to the winds and I only remember that we are sisters under the skin (which is where she gets).

It was hard for me to realize that little Nancy had blossomed into adolescence. It seemed only yesterday that she had been running around in pigtails and a pinafore. (I speak figuratively as her hair is bobbed and I'm not quite sure what a pinafore is.)

Nancy and I are diabolically opposite types,

she being simple and wholesome while I'm sophisticated and urbane (from Lat., city). She loves the great Outdoors which I think is a bore unless a couple of interesting people are scattered on it. I adore swing while she goes in for classical, like Friml. She is very unsympathetic toward my life work (collecting autographs) and to her all stars are alike except Johnny Weissmuller.

So it was to be expected that her Puppy G.P. would be a Boy Scout. Donald is only 4 ft. 9 in his thickest socks and he talks like a ventriloquist on acct of his voice hasn't made up its mind. His greatest asset is that he can make a fire without matches. But *chacun à son goût* as the French say at weddings. Nancy thinks they will get married and live happy ever after and I wouldn't disillusion her for the world.

Things began last spring, when I first saw "Wuthering Heights." I was just sitting looking at the screen and not thinking of anything in particular when all of a sudden HE smiled, and I realized my search was over. I had been waiting all my life for I didn't know what and there it was. So I sat through the whole show again on acct of it would have cost 55c to come back. I made up my mind then and there that I would meet him in person if it was the last thing I did on this earth.

The first thing I did when I got home was to start a special Laurence Olivier Serap Book, because no other star was worthy of being pasted between the same covers, not even Bette.

Then I got six photos from United Artists and sent them to the Coast for his autograph. Did intensive research in all newspapers and fan mags. Got information as follows:

He is a true gourmet (not gourmand) and loves nothing better than to cook his favorite recipes for a few intimate friends. (Have photo in apron.) He is a connoisseur of wine and only has to taste it to know if he likes it. He has a wonderful sense of humor and is always kidding but can be serious too. Sometimes he is the life of the party but at other times is a Lone Wolf and likes to take long walks on the Moors with his dog. He has a talent for drawing and knows all about art and music and literature. His hobbies are playing the violin and painting. He is a carnivorous reader, is athletic and adores Nature. He is very democratic always saying a cheery word (Cheerio) to the electricians, etc. on the lot. His passion is The Drama. He thinks the Cinema has a great Future.

Certain events happened last summer which might have changed the course of history, if they had had a chance, so I want to get them down in long hand from my journal which I call "My Day," before I forget how to read the notes. I'll just transcribe them and put in the style later.

Transcription of Notes from
My Day, of last spring.
As follows:

MADNESS

BY LILLIAN DAY

HOT POMME DE TERRE.

HE is coming to New York IN PERSON.

He is going to act in a play called "No Time for Comedy." K. Cornell has been awarded role opposite him. Shall go to opening if I have to mortgage my album.

There has been a slump in my allowance ever since *mon père* (my father) discovered about roses sent to Brian Aherne. Pops is mid-Victorian about who should send flowers to whom.

Calling all members of GUIDING STARS, INC. to a special session tomorrow to discuss means and ways of my meeting HIM. It won't be easy as he's down on the official list of the Federation of Fan Clubs as a D.T.L. (Difficult to Land.)

Nancy disapproves of my going to actors' dressing rooms. She says Donald says: "How do I know they are gentlemen?" I told her to tell him if he wants to get into our family he'd better

start minding his business right now. So we had a fight.

Went out with Henry last night. He's oke to step with as he is beginning to look 18. But as far as my emotional life, he is not even a faint heart-beat. He said he didn't want to see "Wuthering Heights" again. I told him it was up to the lady to decide what picture to see. When it comes to certain things I'm quite mid-Victorian. Donald took Nancy window shopping on acct of

A SCOUT IS THRIFTY

Held meeting of GUIDING STARS, INC. *chez-moi*, (at the house of me).

Pres. (ye scribe) opened meeting.

Sec'y read minutes.

Sent telegrams as follows:

Judy Garland—Birthday No. 2

Errol Flynn—Speedy Recovery No. 1

Elaine Barry—Condolence No. 7

Pres. raised question of How to meet HIM.

Dot suggested I hire Western Union outfit and bring him a telegram; Muriel said I should faint at stage door; Adele thought I ought to bribe someone; Mary suggested I get cards printed. *Representative of New York Times*.

I rejected all these routine methods. I don't want to be kicked right out, although even that would be a precious memory. Will simply have to think up something original. Might write a scenario and ask him to read it.

Meeting adjourned to dining room.

Donald came to supper.

HIS play opened last night without me. Sent him red carnations and 2 telegrams. Pops simply won't let me out week nights during exams, for some reason.

Cut Lat. and Hist. this a.m. to read the reviews which were wonderful. Can't wait until Sat. matinee.

My little sister has joined the Girl Scouts. She is now making friends with the Trees and the Brooks and the Little People of the Woods. She and her inamorato (Lat., love) send messages to each other in Indian Sign language.

After he left last night I kidded N. Said I'd give her twin sleeping bags for a wedding present. I said it was nice having interests in common, like making a tourniquet. (I can be very sarcastic when I'm in the mood.)

"What's wrong with making a tourniquet?" she said. Nancy has no s. of h. "It's a lot more use in the world than collecting silly autographs."

"You leave my autographs out of it," I cried furiously, because that's one subject I'm sensitive about.

So we had a fight.

SCHOOL closed.

Flunked French.

Now I can devote myself to my collections and writing the scenario and meeting the trains.

Pops and I had a conference about my homework interfering with my other activities. I explained to him that school isn't the only place to get education, there's Life itself. He didn't say anything for a long time. Guess I started him thinking.

Went to Fair with Henry Saturday. After standing in line before General Motors for 2 hrs. thought I saw Marlene's legs going by in a wheel chair. So I dashed down and it wasn't her at all, so we had to get on the tail of the

line again & Hy was furious. He's quite unreasonable at times.

N's swain invited her out for the day yesterday. They went to Central Park and he bought a bag of peanuts for the squirrels. She took the sandwiches and he got a bottle of pop and 2 straws on acct of

A SCOUT IS SANITARY

It's all too bucolic (from Greek, sheepish). Then he came to the house for dinner on acct of a scout is always hungry. They conversed about feathered creatures and fur-bearers. After dinner he took her up to the roof to show her Polaris and he's so dumb he probably did.

Yesterday was THE DAY, LE JOUR, DER TAG, IL GIORNO. (Have no Spanish dictionary.)

I saw him HIMSELF. It was the thrill of my life (so far). Wore my yellow dress and brown hat. Dot says she never saw me look older. We were in tenth row balcony so he couldn't see me. After final curtain we rushed around to the alley and naturally it was jammed. Some of them were Cornell fans. We told the Sour Puss at the stage door that we were The Press, but he didn't believe us. We hung around an hour and then had to go.

Am going again and sit in the first row orchestra if I have to break a bank (Nancy's).

Pasted program in Scrap Book.

HOLY HERRING! HOT POMME DE TERRE! JUMPING BEAN!

I have solved the problem. Luck is with me. Read in the paper that he lives in Whistler's

(Continued on page 84)

We had a fight because Nancy disapproves of my going to actors' dressing rooms



Play Truth and Consequences



This month—with Ronnie Colman. Remember we said we would make talk those hard-to-interview stars. We've lived up to our bargain in most cases. Now we're doing a bit of bragging. At last, we've broken down one Mr. Ronald Colman—in the most humorous, most revealing article yet done on him

1. (Q) When have you ever deliberately tried to steal a scene in a picture?
(A) During scenes with animals and babies. It's a fair fight, with the odds against you.
2. (Q) How would you classify yourself as an actor?
(A) Lucky.
3. (Q) What is your honest opinion of Hollywood women?
(A) Most beautiful in the world . . . but usually overtired and nervous, (if you mean the popular players). They're more natural though than stage players.
4. (Q) Who is the most beautiful girl you have ever seen?
(A) The girl who used to live across the street—but that was before your time.
5. (Q) Who makes the decisions in your family, you or Benita?
(A) Nice weather we've been having lately.
6. (Q) Would you object to your wife's having a career of her own?
(A) Not if there were sufficient reasons for it—a definite urge, a grand opportunity, or real necessity.
7. (Q) If you were forced to seek some other vocation, what would be your choice?
(A) Writing.
8. (Q) Do you believe the public has any claim on the private life of a star?
(A) What private life?
9. (Q) What characteristic, not generally

Nostalgia? Or is it just a hangover of a youth's tendency to magnify any predicament he is in? Anyway, Mr. C. refuses to tell what youthful mistake caused him the most embarrassment—so, as a forfeit on question No. 11, he does his favorite card trick



Refusal on question No. 18 is a true indictment of Ronald Colman's character—we are rewarded with this picture of Benita Hume, which he took, developed and printed himself

Always the diplomat—we knew that, but we asked question No. 32 anyway. As a penalty, a picture of Ronnie in stage days

"What memento from your past means most to you, and why?" we asked as question No. 44—but Mr. Colman (do you suppose he was being a sentimentalist) decided it was none of our business—but we give you a most informal snapshot of a very formal gentleman



Game Conductor: KATHARINE HARTLEY

Tut, tut, Mr. Colman. We didn't know that this poised gentleman ever lost his temper (unless it was with too inquisitive interviewers). But we couldn't let him get away with a refusal on question No. 48. So we demanded (and got, what's more) a picture of him all dressed-up, riding in his best bicycle form



- known, gives a cue to your private personality?
- (A) I'm afraid I chase fire engines.
10. (Q) What is your description of "umph"?
- (A) Something not to write home about.
11. (Q) What youthful mistake, when recalled, causes you the most embarrassment?
- (A) Too embarrassing to repeat even at this late date. (Mr. Colman took the consequences.—Do your favorite card trick.)
12. (Q) What do you do when autograph fiends spot you?
- (A) If caught, I sign—but keep on the move.
13. (Q) What kind of a child were you?
- (A) Very irritating.
14. (Q) What bores you most about your daily work?
- (A) Stills; portraits; and answering questionnaires.
15. (Q) In keeping with your position, how many suits of clothes must you have, for a complete wardrobe?
- (A) Besides evening clothes, my "position" necessitates only a couple of suits; but my professional wardrobe is considerable—and provides the moths with no end of fun.
16. (Q) As a top star of both eras, would you say that today's pictures are better than those of the silent days?
- (A) On the whole, yes—a few of the old ones, however, have never been beaten.
17. (Q) What is your opinion of ladies' hats?
- (A) They'll never replace the old horse and buggy.
18. (Q) In what type of investments are you most interested?
- (A) Refuse to answer on the ground that I might be passing on my mistakes to others. (Take a photograph of Benita Hume. Develop and print it yourself.)
19. (Q) Do you enjoy attending previews and premières?
- (A) No. (Continued on page 79)

"Consequences, please" is what Ronald literally begged for on question No. 51. But, we're the lucky ones—with this torrid love scene from an old picture with the lovely Vilma Banky. His latest film is "The Light That Failed"





He's forty-seven, famous and twice wed. She's twenty-one, her career only started. Yet that first glimpse of Diana on the edge of his swimming pool helped bring Bill out of the shadows into the sunlight



THE THIRD MRS. WILLIAM POWELL

Elopement with Diana Lewis was the last thing Hollywood expected, but then very few knew the romantic truth behind it!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

It was, of course, sheer fate that sent young, beautiful, tiny Diana Lewis to William Powell's swimming pool to make publicity pictures. She might just as well have been taken to any one of a dozen other Metro star's pools, and Bill might just as well not have been at home. In fact, the studio thought that he was away. But he wasn't. And thus it happened that one late winter afternoon he looked out into his garden and saw the vivid, unsophisticated girl standing there, laughing in the sun.

Less than a month later, he was married to the girl, by way of a surprise elopement to Las Vegas, Nevada, and a quick wedding performed by a justice of the peace before a hastily improvised altar under a spreading desert tree.

The announcement that twenty-one-year-old Diana Lewis was the third Mrs. William Powell knocked Hollywood silly. The "wise crowd"

was offended because it had all been on the wrong Powell trail. You could, until January 5th, take your choice of Powell romantic rumors. There was (1) Bill's supposed rekindling of the flirtation he had started, several years ago, with Ginger Rogers; (2) his supposed current infatuation with Loretta Young; (3) his inability ever to fall in love again because of his memory of Jean Harlow.

Hollywood, hating nothing quite so much as being caught with its rumors down, wailed several assorted moans to high heaven; (1) that Bill, with an added twenty-six years, was impossibly older than his newest bride; (2) that he simply couldn't have fallen in love so fast; (3) that he really should have chosen a woman more "suitable" to him.

But Bill's friends (and they are an army strong) saw this wedding as one of those tender

miracles that make life marvelous for those who possess both courage and imagination.

For if Bill didn't possess both courage and imagination, he wouldn't be alive right now. Being alive right now—well, that's the story.

When you say that anyone "nearly died," it seems very simple, unless you were the person who nearly did it. "Nearly died," you say, and dismiss the thought, because after all you do see the person's body recovering. There's no visible gauge as to the effect on the mind. There is little outward sign of the fever for life that swiftly rules the convalescent. But it's there, make no mistake. It is so keenly there that the simplest things in existence take on a new beauty.

The sick realize, more certainly than the well ever do, what an exciting, laughing, exquisite

(Continued on page 75)

HOLLYWOOD'S
RED
MENACE

They harrowed him with tales of misery . . . bled him of a percentage of his weekly pay check

A CHASTENED Hollywood today is recovering from a nightmare which provided the most bitter disillusionment in its history.

For nearly three years numbers of its inhabitants have been systematically plundered. Blackmailed. Made the cats-paw and the tool of Communists in a conspiracy so callous that its full ramifications may never be entirely revealed.

Police and other investigators, some of them volunteers attached to patriotic organizations, have been canvassing the situation for some time. The trail of the Communists was an incredibly devious one. It led from studio to studio, into the very homes of the stars, into their political meetings, their luncheon parties, wherever a Communist could gain a foothold and wherever there was a film notable sympathetic enough to listen.

The investigation wasn't just a political gesture. The investigators weren't out to sling mud, create a sensational story, or persecute decent, hard-working artists whose only crime was

their desire to help America and give their time and money to relieve the suffering of their fellow humans.

There was, for instance, the group of fifteen outstanding male stars who gathered in the home of one of their number about two years ago to hear a talk by Ernest Hemingway. The celebrated author, fresh from a stay in war-torn Spain, implored financial aid for the Spanish wounded. Most of the stars who heard his quiet, dramatic recital of war horrors could barely wait until he had finished before they had whipped out checkbooks and begun writing heavy donations. The money was to buy ambulances. They didn't care which side's wounded the ambulances carried. They wanted to buy ambulances. A wounded man to the sympathetic group was a wounded man, no matter what his political sympathies might have been before he was maimed. In that spirit they sent Hemingway away with fifteen thousand dollars. Questionless, Hemingway turned the money over to some group which handled donations of that sort. I wonder how much of it

With hearts and checkbooks the stars responded to the call of humanity—but an insidious plot lay hidden behind the campaign!

BY MORTON THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ever found its way to Spain in the way of ambulances? The State Department said recently that little more than ten per cent of American donations to Loyalist Spain ever reached the people for whom they were intended.

THAT'S one side of the picture. Here's another side. This is the case history of a well-known Hollywood actor who contributed money in a drastically different manner. Late in 1937 he was approached by three men. Two were fellow actors. One was a bit player with known Red sympathies.

"We want to talk to you," they said. "We want you to join us."

He laughed. He said he was too old to go around waving a Red flag, and he thought the whole Red business then intriguing Hollywood was just a fad, like badminton or pogo sticks. He said he hadn't much use for parlor pinks.

They started in to work on him. They showed him documents proving that American unemployment was becoming serious. They harrowed him with tales of misery, of oppression, did their best to rock the boat of his patriotic convictions. They pictured to him his country in the grip of munitions makers and war profiteers. They "proved" to him that the menace of Fascism was very real, that his country was being threatened more gravely each succeeding day by Europe's Hitler and Mussolini, that his duty as an American citizen was to join the growing movement combating these menaces by affiliating himself with any of a number of pro-Communist organizations.

He was shaken—weren't the two fellow actors his friends?—but still unconvinced. They began to talk union to him, and open-mindedness, and how labor was settling its problems, and

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Once she was Sarah Jane Folks of the home Folks in Missouri. Now she's Jane Wyman of the films, in "Gambling on the High Seas"



Hollywood's a roller coaster to Burgess Meredith—star of "Of Mice and Men"



Raymond Massey of Canada is "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—and rightfully so!

Round

BY SARA HAMILTON AND WILBUR MORSE, JR.



Gingham girl roles have been the fate of Dorris Bowdon even in the gripping "Grapes of Wrath"

HERE they come, those familiar faces of the screen, those steadfast people who are slowly rising to new heights and new places. We've watched them rise from tiniest bits to meatier roles and on and on up the road to fame. And because we've appreciated them and become interested in them, as we know you have, we give you their stories.

Baby Babbitt of Hollywood

You've read and re-read of those glamorous couples of Hollywood, of their homes and lives and doings. But did you ever stop to wonder about those young couples in Hollywood who plan and work and struggle just like you and your Joe? No? I thought not. That's why I want to tell you about Bill Henry. Now Bill isn't a star or a glamour boy or a night-club devotee. Bill's a hard-working, sincere young fellow who could work in a garage or an office and be the same Bill Henry.

He's been married to Grace Durkin for three years, and the way Bill speaks of that marriage



Few scenarios are as exciting as the life of John Carroll, hero of "Congo Maisie"

Dennis Morgan was a casting office castaway. Now he's in demand—for "The Fighting 69th," among others

"The Light That Failed" DIDN'T for Ida Lupino—she gets a chance to prove her theatrical heritage!

Home town boy who's making good—Bill Henry, for whom "Geronimo!" is only his current success

Up

OF FAMILIAR FACES

The "breaks" in Hollywood come in two styles—good and bad. The best of troupers get plenty of the second style before getting the first!

would bring a lump to your throat. Grace and Bill buy presents twice every month, on their engagement and wedding anniversary, for each other, and have for three years. They prepare their own meals, have their own group of friends in their own circumstances of life (no living above one's means), and they're going to have a baby any minute now.

When Grace first told Bill about the baby the first thing he did was telephone his foster brother in Honolulu, Duke Kahanamoku, the champion Hawaiian swimmer. "If it's a boy we're naming it after you, Duke," he shouted.

The way Duke came into the Henry family is interesting. Bill's father, who was president of

the Amateur Athletic Union, sponsored Duke's first appearance on the mainland and as a protective measure for the young Hawaiian, Mr. Henry took out adoption papers. Later, when Duke's mother died, the papers were legally signed. It was a good move for Bill. The swimmer spent hours with the lad, teaching him to swim and surfboard from the beach at Waikiki. In fact, Bill spent six years of his young life on the islands, and attended several schools there.

He just kind of gradually worked into the acting business. It seems logical he should, for Bill was born right here in Los Angeles. When Duke went into a picture, "Lord Jim," in 1925, Bill went in, too, in a small role. All through his Los Angeles and Hollywood High School days he played with the Burnham Players, a group of amateurs that gave plays at clubs and social gatherings. He met Grace when several of the young Hollywoodites were giving a play at the Pasadena Community Theater.

Bill's the best cook in all their crowd, wives included. His roast leg of lamb is a regular Saturday night treat when his wife's sister, Gertrude Durkin, and her husband, actor James Ellison, come over for dinner.

After dinner the four of them play penny ante like fury or talk about their babies to come. The Ellisons are having one, too. Sometimes Bill and Grace go to movies. The ones she wants to see. Their new house is being fur-

nished piece by piece as they have the money and see something they want.

Together they talk over Bill's hopes and failures. He didn't go so far over at 20th Century-Fox or at M-G-M where he was under contract. But with this new Paramount contract and such pictures as, "I'm from Missouri," and "Geronimo!" behind him, and "The Way of All Flesh," in the making, he's all set now.

"Anyway," Bill says, "Grace and I realize there will be big things, big troubles to think about in our life together, so we don't let the little ones seem too big."

He's shy, painfully shy. In a land of brassy forwardness, it's hardly believable. But as Bill says, if Grace likes him that way, and she does, it's all he cares about. And young as he is, for he's still in his twenties, he's realized one of his greatest ambitions—it was to have a wife like Grace.—S.H.

He's a Bad Boy!

To begin with, his name isn't Carroll. It's Julian Lafaye (pronounced Lafah), and he was born of French descent down in New Orleans. To sum it all up, he's mad as a hatter, has had more hell and adventure packed into his twenty-seven years than any ten screen heroes added up together, and what John hasn't done

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MY FRIEND FRED!

BY GEORGE (MURPH) MURPHY—AS TOLD TO JERRY ASHER

It isn't easy to get a perspective on Astaire but this old friend got one (along with a kick in the pants)

ONE morning not so long ago, I was called to the M-G-M front office. Knowing how unpredictable this business is, I automatically expected the worst.

"Well, George," said the executive who sent for me, "something happened this morning that is pretty rare in Hollywood. We've been trying to sign Fred Astaire for the new 'Broadway Melody of 1940.' We finally received his answer. He will do the picture if we promise that it won't in any way hurt your position on this lot. I thought you'd like to know this. Also,

that you are going to be teamed in the picture with Fred."

That night I had a phone call from Fred. He didn't know the studio had already broken the wonderful news and he put it to me this way:

"Murph—guess what? After all these years, we're going to work together. I'm going to make a picture *with you!*"

My friendship with Fred started back in 1928. We met backstage when Fred and Adele were appearing in "Funny Face." Julie (my wife) and I were just starting out as a dance team. The Astaires came to see us at the Central Park Casino. When they took "Funny Face" to London, we went over and danced in "Good News."

It was at the Grosvenor House, where we all lived, that I first became conscious of the vital force that is a relentless part of Fred's nature.

Everyone in show business admires Fred Astaire; the number of people who really know him is limited. Instinctively, he is a shy person. Starting 'way back as an adolescent vaudevillian,

he was driven by an all-consuming desire to improve himself—to be the best. He has never had the time to devote himself to wholesale camaraderie, to get beyond a nice, casual acquaintance with the majority of those who come in contact with him.

That's why I consider it a privilege to tell this story—to be able to share with you my friendship with Fred Astaire. I like him. He likes me. We both know it. It's as simple as that.

Don't get the impression that Fred takes it all too seriously! He is a great worrier, but he has a topnotch sense of humor. Let me tell you about a different and, if possible, better Fred Astaire. In his pictures, Fred is always the nice young man—quiet, well-mannered, modest—which he is in real life. Out of this same mold comes another Astaire—a happy, relaxed clown. You have to know him well to get this side of him. Sometimes it comes out during a dance rehearsal. Fred breaks into a machine gun rhythm. "This is the way Cagney would do it," he volunteers. Then he changes into slithering snakehips movements. "Now I'm George Raft," he says.

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Even eighteen "takes" of this too-realistic (to Murph!) scene in "Broadway Melody of 1940" couldn't break up a friendship that has lasted a dozen years!

PRESENTING PHOTOPLAY'S

Movie Book of the Month

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE




A charming scene from the Warner Brothers' production starring Ann Sheridan and Jeffrey Lynn. On the following pages is a condensed version of the famous author's original novel on which the film is based

TWO HOURS OF DELIGHTFUL READING ABOUT A VIBRANT GIRL WHO LEARNS THAT TO MAKE ANOTHER'S DREAM COME TRUE YOU MUST TAKE CHANCES WITH YOUR OWN

IT ALL CAME TRUE

By LOUIS BROMFIELD



Maggie (Una O'Connor) was dubious about the future of her daughter (Ann Sheridan), but Tommy's mother (Jessie Busley), an incurable romantic, had woven a story that would make everything come out all right

About midnight Mrs. Lefferty brought up a cold snack and then they all went to bed.

Mrs. Lefferty was an incurable romantic. Her imaginings had very little to do with what was known as "Life"; there was, even in the blackest moments of her "stories," no evil or bitterness but only the rather mechanical plottings of the "villain"; there was never any misery, nor any irony nor any real malice.

That was the way she felt about people in real life—they were never really bad. She was certain that some day luck would turn for Miss Flint and that once again Mr. Boldini would be "the sensation of three continents," that Mr. Salmon would be a famous writer, and that Maggie's daughter Sarah Jane would settle down and "get a break" and cease to be a burden and a worry. Mr. Van Diver was much too old to have any ending but the inevitable one, and Mrs. Lefferty, taking care of him, was planning as happy an ending as possible.

Only in the case of her son Tommy did she ever have any doubts, and those only came to her at times in the middle of the night when she lay awake, unable to sleep.

To ease her heartache she told herself that it was really not Tom's fault that he had neglected and forgotten her, but because poor Miss Minnie had paid for his music lessons and sent him to college.

And it was American ideas and those dancing lessons that poor Miss Minnie had given Sarah Jane that had sent her off into the chorus with ideas about becoming a famous actress, instead of being content with being a good typist and coming home regularly with her money. Sarah Jane was always coming and going, returning to live with her mother and Mrs. Lefferty when she was out of a job and dead broke.

MISS MINNIE had been dead for ten years, but she still lived so far as Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie were concerned. They had both gone to the funeral in Long Island, wrapped in yards of hired crepe, and seen her with their own eyes, laid away in the earth of the old cemetery. And when Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty came back to the empty house they wept and keened not only because poor Miss Minnie was gone but because, without her, the world itself seemed to have come to an end.

Poor Miss Minnie had been their mistress, their charge, the figure about which their whole world revolved since they had come from Ireland long ago.

Not only had they lost poor Miss Minnie but there would no longer be a house with fine walnut furniture and the remnants of beautiful china, and a beautiful linen closet, but Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie would have to find new places and perhaps be separated and Sarah Jane and Tom could no longer live at home.

And then the day after the funeral Miss Minnie's lawyer, old Mr. Prendergast, came to the house and called Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie into the long tunnel of a drawing room and told them that Miss Minerva had left the house to the two of them with everything in it and all the money she had left from the great fortune founded by her grandfather which, if everything went well, would be about enough to pay the taxes and insurance. Mr. Prendergast advised them to sell the house and its contents and invest the money, but neither Mrs. Lefferty nor Maggie would bring herself to do such a thing. Sell all that furniture they had always lived with? It would be like being evicted. Anyway neither of them wanted to retire.

Ten years afterward Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie still spoke of Miss Minerva as if she were still alive, calling her "poor Miss Minnie."

When Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty were left the house, there seemed only one thing to do in order to keep it going and that was to open a boardinghouse. It was all there, ready and waiting, furniture and all, in a good location, save that it was a little too near the elevated. And they knew, because they had known poor Miss Minnie for so long, that the plan would have pleased her. They talked it all out in terms of what poor Miss Minnie would have thought and said and done. It was Maggie's

IT ALL CAME TRUE

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

CHAPTER I

BECAUSE they rarely had boarders who had to be in an office at eight-thirty or nine o'clock, Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie did not rise until nearly eight. Then by eight-thirty or a quarter to nine the boarders began to appear in the dining room—old Mr. Van Diver, Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon who were always with them, and occasionally a transient or two.

The four star boarders—Miss Flint, Mr. Van Diver, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon had been there for so long that their lives seemed to have become entangled, grown together, and beyond separation. Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie were both affectionate, easygoing and creatures of habit, all of which was a handicap in keepers of boardinghouses. The transients nearly always seemed to them violent creatures blown in by the wind from the strange hard outside world to be blown out again after a week or two, always mysterious and remote and cantankerous, never fitting the leisurely old-fashioned tempo of the establishment. None of that inner circle of boarders at Mrs. Lefferty's ever seemed to be in a hurry like the people one met outside the house, rushing for the bus or the subway or the elevated, dashing about in taxis and motors. In the middle of Manhattan Island Mrs. Lefferty's boardinghouse was an island where time seemed to have stood still. Mrs. Lefferty would never have taken transients save that the income from them gave her and Maggie a tiny margin that permitted them to keep the place going for Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and the rest.

Together they got ready the evening meal and after supper Mrs. Lefferty left Miss Flint to serve the coffee in the parlor while she descended to the kitchen to have her own coffee off a shelf while she helped Maggie with the dishes. This she did in or-

Take a beautiful, hot-tempered girl, a sensitive young composer and a hard-boiled gangster; turn them loose in a boardinghouse full of living antiques. The hilarious result is just what you would expect, coming from the facile pen of an author whose every book is a delight. Photoplay is happy to bring you his most charming story

der to gain time so that she might get upstairs to the rummy game a little earlier. When the dishes were finished she put out the cat and Maggie turned out the lights and they went upstairs to find Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon already gathered impatiently about the card table with old Mr. Van Diver dozing or reading a movie magazine in poor Miss Minnie's plush armchair by the fire.

There were no stakes in the rummy game because none of them could afford to play for money, but they kept a running score of the games, month after month, year after year and played with passion. Mrs. Lefferty, who was full of tricks and played every night, had eighteen hundred and thirty-four games, Miss Flint, who was less successful because there were times when she seemed foggy, had fourteen hundred and three. Mr. Boldini, who was handicapped by having to be absent when he had a professional engagement, had twelve hundred and forty-five, and Mr. Salmon, who was frequently called away by his muse, had eleven hundred and sixty-three. Because Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon were unable to play every night, they were each allowed the value of one and a half games for every game they won. As Mr. Salmon grew older, his muse called him less frequently and he had been able to catch up a little on the general score.

opinion that poor Miss Minnie had left them the house, hoping that they would go on living there.

So Mrs. Lefferty, because of her appearance and because she had been a housemaid all her life, was obviously the choice as nominal proprietress. She was plump and pleasant with humorous eyes and a kindly manner.

Sometimes, as in the case of Miss Flint, the seamstress, and the Great Boldini, weeks passed without any payment being made, but Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie knew that when they had money they would pay, and besides they were almost members of the family. Old Mr. Van Diver had only thirty dollars a month when he first came to them and when stocks began to go bad, this was cut to twenty dollars. He paid Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty everything he received, simply turning over to them the endorsed checks. The sum he paid them scarcely covered the cost of his food, but they could not turn him out. For forty years he had been devoted to poor Miss Minnie. For thirty years he had called three times a week and come to supper every Sunday evening. For thirty years he and poor Miss Minnie had waited for "the old gentleman" to die or give his permission for them to marry, and when at last he died it was too late and the habit of courtship had become fixed and agreeable. Not only were they too old, they were too poor to marry. And so one day, about five years after Miss Minnie died, old Mr. Van Diver came to the door and asked Mrs. Lefferty to take him as a lodger.

So they took in Mr. Van Diver and his few belongings—some books, a few worn suits of clothes, a gold headed stick and a photograph of Miss Minnie taken during her twenties in which she wore a dress with a bustle in a gentle storm of artificial snow. From the beginning the old gentleman was happy. He never went out save after nightfall, because his clothes were shabby and he lived in gentle terror of a world which moved too rapidly and too noisily for him. He was very gentle and retiring and, as Mrs. Lefferty said, "He gave class to the house."

AND so slowly they had come to be a shelter and a refuge for those who in the march of time had lagged behind.

That was why Miss Flint had come to them and why, after nine years, was still with them. All her life she had been a "sewing woman" who went out by the day to make the dresses of whole families in the days when the rows of brownstone houses lay monotonous and respectful in a gigantic gridiron across the whole of Manhattan north of Thirty-fourth Street. But slowly everything had changed for Miss Flint. People no longer had in "the sewing woman" spring and fall to stay day after day.

Miss Flint dyed her hair now in order to make herself look more "youthful," not discreetly, but a strange, flaming red, which resembled the color of no hair on land or sea.

There were times when the sight of poor respectable Miss Flint coming down the steps of the boardinghouse on her way to the Women's Exchange with a crocheted bag, was almost too much to be borne by Maggie, who said, "Sure and she gets herself up like a madame."

Lately she had returned home from the Women's Exchange again and again with the story that she had been "followed," twice the man dared to come almost to the door itself. When she recounted these stories, Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie listened sympathetically, pretending that they believed them.

And there was Mr. Boldini, whom Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie sometimes called with a kind of pride, "The Great Boldini." He was not much better pay than Miss Flint or Mr. Van Diver, but they were attached to him because long ago he had been their first boarder.

He was a tall man of about sixty, who looked rather like a bloodhound with large hypnotic eyes, a sallow skin and hair which he wore very long and, like Miss Flint, dyed, to give himself a youthful appearance.

His clothes, like those of Mr. Van Diver, showed signs of once having cost a great deal of money. It was the Great Boldini who, as the Original Boarder, occupied what had once been poor Miss Minnie's sitting room at the front of the house.

The shelves on which Miss Minnie's hats once stood were burdened with turbans, berets, Roman helmets and headdresses with plumes, carefully put away against the day when Mr. Boldini would stage his great "comeback" and be able to pay all he owed Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie. Luckily the house was old-fashioned and the closets were enormous, for Mr. Boldini had stowed away in them not only

his own costumes, but also those of a whole troupe.

Whenever he was embarrassingly far behind with his rent he got out the books and read aloud to Mrs. Lefferty the clippings about his invitation performances before the Kaiser and the King of Bavaria, and Mrs. Lefferty was impressed, never noticing that royalty had fallen to an estate very nearly as low as that of the Great Boldini. Nowadays his agent, hounded by Mr. Boldini, occasionally produced an engagement in some picture house in the "sticks," but the bulk of his income came from pulling rabbits out of top hats at children's parties.

In one corner of the room there was a large and shabby basket with a cushion in it. Here slept Fanto, Mr. Boldini's poodle. He was no longer a young dog, but despite his rheumatism, he was as clever as he had ever been and none of his tricks had been forgotten. Sometimes he performed with Mr. Boldini at children's parties where he always experienced a greater success than his master. On the occasions when the children, delighted by Fanto, shouted for more and more tricks from him, Mr. Boldini was always a little hurt and outdid himself to regain prestige and Fanto, aware of his success, barked and turned somersaults and heartlessly thrust his master into the background.

In the beginning Mrs. Lefferty had been dubious about allowing dogs in the house. But once Fanto was allowed inside the door he made forever secure not only his own place but that of his master as well.

Mr. René Salmon, né Joseph Solomon, was, financially speaking, the rod and staff of the establishment. Luckily, for he was a poet, he received three hundred dollars a month quite regularly from his father, who owned the extremely prosperous Boston Store in Great Falls, Indiana.

Mr. Salmon, like the others at Mrs. Lefferty's, was a relic, although of a vintage much later than Miss Flint and old Mr. Van Diver. He had begun his career a little before the turn of the century when Mouquin's was Mouquin's and poets were creatures full of light who dressed in such a way that there could be no doubt of their calling.

Despite his paunch and the bags under his eyes, René Salmon, nearing sixty, still had a life that was carefree. He still wore his hair long and "touched it up" but he was a little bald in front and, despite the flowing black tie and the large black felt hat which both screamed "Poet!" at every passerby, he no longer looked like a gazelle-eyed boy poet but a prosperous business man who needed a haircut. For a year or more he had written almost no verse but was engaged upon his memoirs.

INTO the quiet of this small lost world, Maggie's daughter came and went, sometimes appearing quietly, sometimes returning noisily in a burst of drama, for she was one of those personalities which appears to project excitement, to create disasters, calamity and farce.

Sarah Jane had a "career," spotty, checkered and full of ups and downs, a "career" which, somehow, no matter what the opportunities, never seemed to arrive anywhere. Luckily for the career she resembled the squat flat-footed Maggie scarcely at all. She had Maggie's quick temper, and her sense of

the ridiculous, but physically nature had been kind to her, permitting her to resemble her father, the big, florid, wild, handsome Mr. Ryan, the coachman, to whose charm even poor Miss Minnie had succumbed despite his drinking and his habit of overturning the victoria by running it into trees. She was tall, and even the most severe dieting, upon which she embarked spasmodically, could not make her beauty anything but one of curves.

At home she was known as Sarah Jane, a name suggested long ago by poor Miss Minnie, but when she crossed Sixth Avenue into the world of theaters and night clubs, she was known simply as "Sal" and sometimes as "Big Sal." Because she was at once bold and beautiful, hot-tempered, honest, provocative and virtuous, she was always in trouble and rarely able to hold a job.

At times she used language which would have startled a longshoreman, and there was nothing she did not know, but technically she remained "a good girl." Only the more experienced and hard-boiled denizens of Broadway believed this and they believed it only because they "knew," for Sarah Jane's appearance was scarcely that of a well-behaved young woman. Along Broadway some of the more flippant called her "Virgie" when they were well out of her reach, and flashy lady-killers had been known to make large wagers on the score of her assailability, but all of them had lost their money and some of them had lost teeth as well. There were even times when old Maggie, bewildered by Sarah Jane's clothes and behavior, did not believe she was a "good girl," and then between the two of them would break out a row which shook the whole boardinghouse. But it was true, because Maggie had put the fear of God into Sarah Jane as a child and because being Irish, and Roman Catholic, she had a wholesome terror of Hell, and finally because after she found out about the wagers, she made up her mind to "show them."

Her presence at the boardinghouse during those periods when, like Mr. Boldini, she was "at liberty," always brought troubles and disturbances of the somnolent peace which otherwise enveloped the place. She had a way of upsetting the "relics," of filling their heads with new ideas, of making them think, even old Mr. Van Diver, that they were young again. She never brought home any money because she never had any, and sometimes Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty loaned her a few dollars out of the slender store which kept them out of ruin.

ONE evening about eleven o'clock, while the rummy game was in progress in poor Miss Minnie's parlor, Sarah Jane had one of her dramatic homecomings. It was preceded by the sound of rushing footsteps on the steps of the brownstone stoop and of someone trying frantically to open the door. Then came Sarah Jane's voice crying, "Let me in! Let me in!" and the sound of a violent smack followed by a flow of sulphurous language. Fanto, barking wildly, sprang from his chair and ran to the door.

Mrs. Lefferty followed him and when she opened the door she discovered Sarah Jane and a small, dark, ugly little man seated on the floor with his back in the corner, shielding his face with raised hands. Sarah Jane held a revolver in one hand and was kicking him, saying, "You rat! I'll teach you to pull a gun on me."

At the sight of Mrs. Lefferty she rushed into the house and closed the door. Mrs. Lefferty double-bolted it and Sarah Jane threw the revolver down on poor Miss Minnie's table of teakwood inlaid with mother-of-pearl and said, "The rat! The White Slaver! He had the nerve to pull a gat on me," and without another word ran up to Maggie's room.

Mrs. Lefferty went to the parlor window and watched Sarah Jane's unfortunate admirer limp down the stairs, climb into a taxicab and drive away.

Then she turned and said, as if nothing had happened, "It's Miss Flint's deal."

But this was an attitude possible to carry out only so long as Sarah Jane herself remained in the background; once she came into the room handsome, reckless, glowing with the excitement of her violent homecoming, it was impossible to pretend that she did not exist or had never happened at all. While they went on with the game, Sarah Jane remained closeted abovestairs with Maggie. She remained, so to speak, in the background or at least out of sight, but to their ears she was violently present for fragments of the quarrel going on on the fourth floor kept penetrating the parlor . . . shouts from Maggie of "Sure, and I ought to shut you up with the sisters for a time. Your poor

THE CAST

Sarah Jane	Ann Sheridan
Tommy	Jeffrey Lynn
Grasselli	Humphrey Bogart
Miss Flint	ZaSu Pitts
Maggie	Una O'Connor
Bridget	Jessie Busley
René Salmon	Grant Mitchell
Victor Leontopopulos	Billy Gilbert
Boldini	Felix Bressart
Mr. Van Diver	Brandon Tynan
Doorman	Max Hoffman, Jr.
Police Captain	Jack Mower
Taxi Driver	John Ridgely
Mr. Prendergast	DeWolf Hopper

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by Lewis Seiler

father must be rollin' in his grave" and "You're a bad girl! Don't tell me you aren't!" With Sarah Jane shouting back, "I'll do as I please and you can't stop me. No man has ever laid hands on me without bein' slapped for it."

When she came into the room something happened to everyone in it except Mrs. Lefferty, who had known her for too long and spanked her out of too many tantrums to be impressed by her now. Mr. Boldini became very Italian and full of old-world courtesy, quips and elegant speeches. Mr. Salmon smirked, deftly ruffled his hair and disarranged his flowing tie to give himself a more Bohemian appearance, and experienced a sudden return of youth which made him remember the ladies of his earlier days, none of whom was ever as young or as handsome as Sarah Jane. As for Miss Flint, instead of glowing and relaxing, she grew as rigid as the wife of Lot after she had satisfied her curiosity about the friends she had left behind in Sodom. Old Mr. Van Diver, who never joined in the games because he could never remember the cards that had been played, put down his moving-picture magazine, smoothed his hair and began to chuckle.

NOW Sarah Jane sat down in the midst of them, crossed her legs, lighted a cigarette and said, "Can you imagine? He was gonna make me into a torch singer. He took me to his studio to give me a lesson and after about five minutes, I said, 'Yeah, well I never heard that called a singing lesson before.' The dirty little White Slaver! And when I beat it, he followed me right to the door in a taxicab. Can you imagine? With a gat too . . . as if I didn't know enough to manage a guy with a gat?"

Breathlessly she went on with the whole story, about how Mr. Myers had "discovered her" and was going to open a night club and give her all sorts of "breaks." She threw away one cigarette and lighted another. "Breaks!" she said, "I know all about breaks! They always mean the same thing. All men are beasts!"

"You never said a truer word," said Miss Flint.

Then unbending a little, she told about her experiences, beginning with her earliest disillusionment and finishing with the story of being followed home from the Women's Exchange by a "young Italian-looking man about thirty" only yesterday.

Mrs. Lefferty, watching her, knew that Miss Flint had reached the second stage. First the presence of Sarah Jane made her bristle and then it made her feel fast and Bohemian. "The minute Sarah Jane comes home," Mrs. Lefferty thought, "everybody goes cockeyed." And in disgust scarcely able to stand the spectacle of Mr. Salmon's smirks and Miss Flint's bridlings and Mr. Boldini's fatuous compliments, she went off downstairs for sandwiches.

The party lasted until one o'clock and before going up to her room, Sarah Jane announced to Mrs. Lefferty's dismay that she thought that now she was home she might as well stay and have a rest.

And as she carried the remnants of the supper to the kitchen and put out the lights, there were tears in her eyes, tears of jealousy of Maggie at having Sarah Jane back in the house, sleeping in the room next to her where she could see her and talk to her and wait on her. Five years was such a long time. There were moments now when she thought that perhaps Tommy was dead and maybe buried some place outside consecrated ground with no one to care for his grave. Tommy, who loved her, wouldn't have stayed away so long without a sign, if he was still alive.

She felt so badly that she took a little drink of Irish whisky, "medicinally" like Miss Flint, and that warmed her, and by the time she had taken off her woollens and was in bed she was her old optimistic self again and knew that somewhere, out in the great world of which she knew nothing, Tommy was all right and would one day come back to her.

Sarah Jane would get her "break" and Tommy would come home in a big comfortable automobile with a cut-glass light in the top, rich and successful, to take her away to live in a fine palace. Once started on a story like this, she lay for a long time sleepless, building it up. It was a beautiful story. Tommy had gone away to South America and discovered a big mine full of gold and hadn't told her anything about it because he wanted to surprise her by driving up in front of the house in a big car. He would buy her a big house and she and Maggie would take all poor Miss Minnie's lovely furniture with them and then Sarah Jane would be discovered and become a great movie star and she and Tommy would get married. She was just at the end, with Sarah Jane and Tommy at the altar when, through

the half-waking dream, came the sound of the door-bell ringing violently, and she thought, "There he is now! He's come home at three o'clock in the morning to make the surprise better."

WHILE she put on a wrapper and twisted her thin hair into a screw on the top of her head, she knew that when she opened the door Tommy would be there. It couldn't be anybody else, ringing the bell at this hour of the night. The bell kept up its wild clamor, ringing the way it rang when Sarah Jane was on the stoop pursued by an admirer. As she went down the stairs, there was something in the desperate sound of the bell which frightened her. Suddenly she felt old and afraid and, with a feeling of sickness, she knew all at once that the whole dream had been made-up and foolish and that probably Tommy was dead and she would never see him again.



When Tommy (Jeffrey Lynn) came home he was so changed that his mother scarcely recognized him

But when she opened the door, cautiously on the chain, and called out, "Who's there? What is it?" Tommy's voice answered her, a voice she would have known anywhere in the world, a voice which she knew better than her own. It said, "It's Tommy. Let me in!" And suddenly Mrs. Lefferty was sure that when she opened the door she would find a beautiful automobile with a cut-glass light in the top, waiting at the curb.

But when she opened the door, she caught only a glimpse of a taxicab driving away. It was Tommy all right, but a Tommy so changed that for a moment she doubted the truth. And there was a man with him, a big man who was cross-eyed and wore his hat pulled far down over one eye.

They came in and Mrs. Lefferty threw her arms about Tommy, crying out, "Tommy! Tommy!" over and over again and then she stood back a little and looked at him, frightened a little because he was so pale and thin and looked so sallow and shabby. He was still a good-looking boy with big dark blue eyes (like Mr. Lefferty's) and a big generous mouth, but his body seemed to have shrunk and shriveled inside his clothes.

And then somehow they were in poor Miss Minnie's parlor, with Tommy looking around at the furniture he had known all his life, and the big man said, "I guess it's a long time since you seen Tommy."

"Five years!" said Mrs. Lefferty, tearfully. "More than five years."

The big man was about forty with a red face and big shoulders. He stood now with his hat in his hand, a cigarette hanging from his lips.

Tommy was still shy and embarrassed. He didn't say anything but she knew from the way he looked at her that he was glad to be back. He asked, "Have you got anything to eat, Ma?"

"Sure, and what would you both like to drink?"

Tommy wanted beer and Mr. Grasselli, which was the name of the big man with the cockeye, wanted whisky.

"You set right down here, both of you and I'll go and fetch it. You're going to stay a while, ain't you, Tommy?"

"Yeah, Ma, I'm going to stay a while."

She kept staring at him, still not sure whether she was dreaming or not. He hadn't come back with a big automobile but it didn't matter now. The only

thing that mattered was that here he was back in poor Miss Minnie's parlor as if he had never gone away.

"My friend, Mr. Grasselli, wants a room for a time. Have you got one, Ma?"

"Yes. On the second floor at the back."

"Mebbe I could have the little room next to him."

"Sure, Tommy, anything you want."

"He doesn't like to be alone."

She thought it was funny that a big man like Mr. Grasselli didn't like to be alone. You'd have thought he wasn't afraid of anything.

"Well, I'll get some cheese and cold ham and some drinks."

"Sure," said Mr. Grasselli, "that would be fine."

She went downstairs thinking that she did not like Mr. Grasselli's face and wishing he wasn't there so she could talk to Tommy and hear about why he had never written to her. He was alive! He wasn't dead! She and Maggie would feed him up. In a little while he'd look like he used to as a little boy.

When she had gone, Mr. Grasselli went over and pulled aside the curtains to look out of the window.

"Sure," he said, "This is all right. It's great. Where did they find all this stuff?"

"It belonged to an old lady called Miss Randolph. She left it all to my mother." And for a second it occurred even to Tommy that it was odd to see his "friend," Mr. Grasselli, standing there in poor Miss Minnie's parlor among all her things.

"Well," said Mr. Grasselli, "it otta be worth a lot of money some day to a museum. They otta pay a big price for it."

And a moment later Mrs. Lefferty appeared with a tray burdened with cold ham and chicken and sandwiches, beer and whisky and glasses and a large pot of coffee.

In silence Tommy and Mr. Grasselli ate everything on the tray. At last they had enough and Mr. Grasselli thought it would be a good idea if they all went to bed, "Because," he said, "this is a kind of rest cure I'm taking. I'm gonna stay in bed a good part of the time. I'm not goin' out much."

Secretly Mrs. Lefferty regretted the news because it would mean a new interruption of the non-stop rummy tournament.

"Mr. Grasselli," said Tommy, "didn't bring any baggage. I'm going out in the morning to buy him some things and get my own stuff."

WHEN she had made up the beds and everything was ready and she had shown Mr. Grasselli to his room, she lingered for a moment in Tommy's room, watching him with a beaming face, thinking how much more refined he was than his friend, Mr. Grasselli, and how nice he talked. She wanted to stay and talk to Tommy, to find out where he had been and what had happened to him and why he'd never written to her, but when she saw how grey and tired he seemed, she had not the heart to keep him awake any longer.

She said, "You're goin' to stay awhile, ain't you?"

"Yes, Ma."

"And you'll never run off like that again?"

He looked away from her at the floor and at last said, "No, Ma."

"Why didn't you ever write and tell me where you was?"

"Because I didn't want to come home till I was successful. I wouldn't have come home now only . . ." He did not finish the sentence, save by a weary gesture.

"I know, Tommy."

She bent down and kissed him and he put his arm about her waist and leaned his head against her plump body. It was a tiny gesture, but it made Mrs. Lefferty feel warm and triumphant.

"Never mind," she said. "Everything's goin' to be fine. You're goin' to be a big success. What line have you been tryin'?"

"Writing songs . . . lately. I've tried a lot of things . . . too many things I guess."

She knew now, with his head resting against her side, that she was glad he hadn't come home in a big automobile with a cut-glass light in the roof. Now she could feed him up and see that he got plenty of sleep so that he'd get good and strong to start all over again. No, this was a lot better story than she had imagined.

As she said good night, she added, "Sarah Jane is home again."

Without interest, he said, "Is she?"

"She's out of a job."

"Too bad," said Tommy. "But it isn't news."

"She's had a bad time lately. She never gets a break. She had to sell that beautiful silver fox."

"I guess some of her bad luck is her own fault."

"She's a good girl."

"Yeah," said Tommy, "that's her trouble. She's made an issue of it. Even I can . . ." He didn't finish the sentence, so Mrs. Lefferty never knew what it was he meant to say.

She asked him, "What were you going to say?" But he only answered, "I don't know. I've forgotten."

Then she left him, wondering that he showed so little interest in Sarah Jane who was like a sister to him.

It was nearly four o'clock when Mrs. Lefferty finally fell asleep, but she was up again at eight, helping Maggie and seeing that everyone got enough to eat at breakfast and that old Mr. Van Diver didn't forget to take the medicine for his heart. She had just finished clearing away the table and was on her way to do the rooms when Maggie appeared carrying a letter from old Mr. Prendergast, poor Miss Minnie's lawyer. Maggie always let her read all the letters because she wasn't very good at reading herself, and it was the day when a check from Mr. Prendergast was due, so she wasn't alarmed until she tore open the letter and found there wasn't any check in it. Instead there was a note from old Mr. Prendergast saying that there weren't any dividends from the stock poor Miss Minnie had left them and he did not know when there would be any. And he said there wasn't much use in trying to sell the stocks now as they weren't worth anything.

For a moment Mrs. Lefferty could think of nothing to say. At last she said, "Something will turn up. It'll be all right. It always is." But her voice was a little weak this time, because it was the first time she had ever had any doubts.

CHAPTER II

It was after two o'clock in the afternoon when Sarah Jane wakened at last, rose lazily, dressed and went down to the kitchen. It was too late to have lunch with the boarders but, that, she thought, was all the better for her figure. Now she wouldn't be tempted. She'd just have a cup of coffee with Maggie in the kitchen.

She found her mother dealing with the remains of lunch just sent down on the dumb-waiter by Mrs. Lefferty.

"You'll have to get up for your meals if you're goin' to get anything around this house," said Maggie.

"I don't want any meals. All I want is a cup of coffee."

But as she drank the coffee, the fragrance of hamburger steak was wafted to her nostrils and she traced the scent to the pan on the stove where Maggie was keeping warm what was left. "I guess I'll just have a bit of steak," she said.

"Sure," said Maggie, "I don't believe in this dietin'. How about some potatoes with the steak?"

"If there's any gravy I'll have just a bit," said Sarah Jane.

And then as she picked up the *Daily Mirror* she had another cup of coffee.

While she was eating, Maggie said, "Tommy's come home."

"Has he?"

"Yes. Sure. You take it as if he'd only gone away yesterday."

"It doesn't seem so long."

She wasn't listening very closely to what her mother said because she had gotten interested in a story in the *Mirror* about Monk Maguire, the Beer Baron, who was being sought by Federal Officials on an income tax charge. She had known Monk, off and on, mostly in the days when he was the head of a bootlegging ring, when he owned a couple of speakeasies and the Villa Paradise night club.

"Five years," said Maggie, seating herself before a large lunch she had constructed out of the remnants from abovestairs. "Five years it is . . . He ain't so well, Bridget says."

Sarah Jane, still lost in reading about Monk Maguire, said, "What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know. I guess he's just run down."

To this Sarah Jane made no response whatever.

"He brought a friend back with him. He's gonna stay as a boarder."

"Yeah?" said Sarah Jane.

"His name is Mr. Grasselli."

"Never heard of him."

Then slowly Maggie began to show signs of becoming irritated by Sarah Jane's lack of interest.

"I should think you'd be interested . . . with

Tommy brought up alongside of you like a twin."

"WELL, can you beat it!" exclaimed Sarah Jane.

"That's what I call fast work."

"What?" asked Maggie.

"About me and Mr. Myers and the vestibule. *Imagine*, already. And it ain't three o'clock yet!"

"I hope it ain't one of them scandals again."

"Listen," said Sarah Jane, reading from the *Mirror*. "It says, 'Early this morning Abe Myers was trying to explain away a black eye and a missing front tooth. Said he fell downstairs. Wiseacres say . . .'" (Here Sarah Jane stumbled for a moment) "'*Cherchez la femme . . .* a femme known around Broadway hot spots as Sal. Well, Abe's in good company. A lot of other fellows have lost bets on Sal, along with their front teeth.'" Sarah Jane threw down the paper. "If I'd known he was bettin' I'd have given him more than he got."



"If that ain't a scandal I don't know what you'd call it," Maggie told Sarah Jane

"Bettin' on what?" said Maggie.

"That he could make me. Why, the little rat!"

"Well," said Maggie, growing still redder. "If it ain't a scandal I don't know what you'd call it."

"It's only a coupla lines," said Sarah Jane. "Why the last time. . ."

"Your poor father ain't allowed to rest in his grave and poor Miss Minnie's. . ."

"Poor Miss Minnie is right. She never had any fun. . ."

And then Maggie exploded. Reaching across the table she gave Sarah Jane a slap that was heard by the boarders having coffee upstairs in the parlor. "I'll teach you to be disrespectful about the dead. I'll teach you to speak like that of poor Miss Minnie. . ."

Tears of pain came into Sarah Jane's eyes, but she took the slap. Maggie was the only person in the world who could slap her and not be knocked down.

ABOVESTAIRS in the parlor an air of dullness and futility hung over the boarders.

On the second floor, Tommy and his friend still slept. Three times Mrs. Lefferty went to their doors but each time she discovered only the unmistakable sounds of slumber. Mr. Grasselli, she discovered, had even locked his door, which she thought odd and even faintly insulting. Nobody in the house ever locked his door.

It was nearly five o'clock when at last Tommy did wake and have a bath and dress himself. When she heard him moving about, she went in to tell him that when he was ready, she would be in the kitchen with something for him to eat. He said that he didn't want much and that he was going out right away to buy a razor and a toothbrush for Mr. Grasselli and bring his own clothes.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that Mr. Grasselli would like to have his meals in his own room."

"Why can't he come down to the table like everybody else?"

For a moment Tommy hesitated and then said, "You see he's having a kind of nervous breakdown and he can't see people without getting upset."

"It'll make a lot of extra work."

"He'll pay extra for it."

Mrs. Lefferty was silent for a moment, considering.

"All right," she said, "I guess I can manage."

"And he doesn't want to see anybody," said Tommy. "Will it bother you if he stays in his room while you make it up?"

"Yes, it'll bother me. I can't bear to have somebody sitting around in the room I'm working in. I always make all the others get out."

"I guess he'd pay extra for that too," said Tommy.

"He must have a lot of money to throw around . . . paying extra just to sit in his own room to watch his bed being made up. Maybe we can work that out too, but I should think he'd be better off in a hospital."

"No," said Tommy. "He can't stand hospitals. They make him worse."

"All right, being he's a friend of yours."

As she was leaving the room, Tommy asked, "Has Sarah Jane gone out?"

"Yes. She's gone to fetch her clothes."

"When will she be back?"

"I don't know. She's just gone."

Tommy went on arranging his tie. "Okay," he said without looking at her.

But Mrs. Lefferty was suspicious. She said, "What's the matter with you and Sarah Jane?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you want to see her?"

"I didn't say I didn't want to see her. I just asked if she'd gone out."

But that didn't fool Mrs. Lefferty. She went downstairs to the kitchen, but she wasn't deceived. She knew there was some kind of a mystery.

AT the kitchen table something happened to Tommy. Perhaps it was the sight of the familiar kitchen itself, unchanged after so many years, with the same old-fashioned chairs, with Maggie's worn raincoat and battered hat with a feather hanging against the wall, with the same plates and tea cups which he had noticed for the first time when he was spanked for breaking one of them as a little boy of four in the kitchen of poor Miss Minnie's house . . . Perhaps it was that in all the suffering he had known during the five missing years, he had become more human and honest and much nearer to reality and truth, sloughing off all the pride and falsity and vanity which had corrupted him . . . Whatever the reason Tommy underwent a sudden change. He had become another person, a person who seemed, after those five hard years, almost a stranger, even to himself.

Mrs. Lefferty with a leap of the heart, saw it almost at once. He had come back to her, not only the Tommy who had gone away five years ago, but the Tommy he had been before poor Miss Minnie sent him away to be educated.

And presently, quite easily, he was telling her what had happened to him since he went away, how he had planned to be rich and successful and some day have enough money to buy a place in the country for her and Maggie. He told her about the fine job he had got in the mills belonging to the father of one of the boys he had known in college, and how quickly all that dream had vanished at the first sign of bad business; how, one by one, he had tried other college friends, how some had put him off with smooth words and others had simply told him to get out, and how he had wandered from job to job, trying to gain a foothold anywhere, even on the lowest rung of the ladder of success, and finally how he had been content to do anything at all simply to get a place to sleep and enough food to keep him alive, and how sometimes he went without anything to eat at all for days at a time, and how at last Mr. Grasselli had befriended him and given him a job as a secretary and manager of his personal affairs.

He did not tell her that he had disappeared because he was ashamed of herself and Maggie and the noisy Sarah Jane. He did not tell her that while he was in college he had pretended to be an orphan and the nephew of poor Miss Minnie. He did not tell her of his wild ambition to become rich overnight. And he did not tell her all the low things he had done from time to time simply in order to be able to go on living. And he did not tell her what Mr. Grasselli's business was.

Lately, he said, he had gone back to playing the piano and that he was more thankful now than he had ever been to poor Miss Minnie for the lessons she had paid for long ago. He told her that he was writing songs but that he hadn't had much success as yet because it was so hard to get a "break." And he asked her if they could have poor Miss Minnie's piano tuned so that he could work at home.

When he had finished, Mrs. Lefferty held her peace and did not tell him her own troubles and the letter from old Mr. Prendergast and the menace of taxes and insurance which hung over her and Maggie's head. Poor Tommy, she thought, he had enough to bear.

For nearly a year Sarah Jane had known that Tommy was alive; for most of that time she knew where he was and for a part of the time she suspected, at least, what he was doing. But Tommy had made her promise not to tell. It was a promise Sarah Jane would have broken if she had seen fit to do so; she kept it because she had no more desire than Tommy to tell Mrs. Lefferty and because, oddly enough, Tommy was the only person in the world, save Maggie, who could ever exert even the faintest control over Sarah Jane.

In the Fifties, not far from Eighth Avenue, there was a kind of all-night lunch with a false front. To the uninitiated it displayed a shabby, sordid façade with the legend THE EXCELSIOR CAFE AND LUNCH ROOM stenciled in chipped and fading paint on the dusty windows. If you didn't know the place the best you could expect was a bad snack cooked and served by a Greek known as "Pete." You could eat and go away again without suspecting anything.

Those who knew the place, entered, exchanged a word or two with Pete and then walked directly through a door which was marked "Lavatory." To a stranger this would have appeared a fabulous place, capable of swallowing up whole armies of people who entered and never came out. The secret was simple. There was a lavatory behind the door, but there was also a long hallway which led into a back room. This, unofficially, was known as The Excelsior Club.

Sarah Jane came and went, to and from the Excelsior Club, miraculously escaping any trouble more serious than an occasional scandal like that of Mr. Myers and the vestibule.

And then one night when she came in there was a new man playing the piano. She did not notice him at first. It was only when he began playing Irish tunes like "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Mother Machree" that she noticed something different about the music, some quality which, together with the music itself, made her cry without quite knowing why. It made her think first of the good old days in poor Miss Minnie's house with herself and Maggie and Mr. and Mrs. Lefferty all sitting about listening to the miraculous Tommy playing tunes which brought tears to all their eyes. And then slowly, as she listened, it seemed to her that it must be Tommy himself or Tommy's ghost who was playing the piano because she had never heard anyone play "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" like that with little trills all through it.

RISING halfway out of her seat, she peered through the smoke at the back of the pianist's head. It was . . . no, it couldn't be . . . exactly like the back of Tommy's head. She knew the way the curly black hair grew close and vigorous. But it couldn't be Tommy . . . not the Tommy who had a college education and wanted to be a swell.

She pushed the table violently away from her, rose and went all the way across the room to make certain. Before she reached the piano she knew that the player was Tommy, a Tommy who looked tired and thin and played the piano dully, without enthusiasm, a cigarette hanging from his lips . . . a Tommy who she knew at once was crushed. The old gay, funny look wasn't there. He looked much older and his whole body seemed to droop.

She took a chair and placed it beside him and sat down and even then he seemed completely unaware of her presence. He went on playing absent-mindedly, as if his spirit had left his body there functioning mechanically and gone away.

She said, "Hello, smart guy!"

He turned and looked at her, not seeing her at first, as if he had to wait for his spirit to rejoin his mechanically functioning body. Then he said, as if he'd never gone away before, "What are you doing here?"

He went right on playing because that was his job and because he could do it without effort or concentration.

"Where have you been?" asked Sarah Jane.

Tommy raised one hand from the piano to chuck his smoked-out cigarette. Then he went right on again. "Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Panama . . . a lot of places."

"Never sending a word to your poor old mother."

"Leave my poor old mother out of it."

"She's been nearly crazy sometimes."

"Yeah? You don't need to tell me about that."

He looked away from her and went into another tune.

"Will you come home with me tonight and surprise her?"

"No," said Tommy.

"Why not?"

"I've got plans," he said. "You keep out of it. I don't suppose you can, but anyway I'm warning you."

"I'm gonna tell her," said Sarah Jane.

"If you tell her, I'll go away again and never come back."

She wanted to say something to reach him but she did not know what to say or how to say it. He turned away from her. She saw cords at the back of his neck stand out and his jaw suddenly grow hard and then she knew there wasn't anything to be done, not right now anyway.

"Where'll I find you," she asked. "Here?"

"Yeah . . . off and on."

So week after week, month after month, they saw each other infrequently and nearly every time the encounters ended in smart cracks and insults. And then suddenly Tommy inexplicably came home, bringing with him the mysterious Mr. Grasselli, and the moment Sarah Jane heard of it, she grew suspicious. She knew her way about. She didn't like the smell of Mr. Grasselli and she determined to find out who he was and why he had chosen to become a pensioner of Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty.

BUT finding out who Mr. Grasselli was, was no easy matter.

None of the boarders ever saw him, not even Miss Flint, who found excuses to go up and down the stairs several times a day and even managed to linger on Mr. Grasselli's landing for an hour or two at a time in the pretense of mending the curtains. No one, not even Maggie, saw him but Tommy and Mrs. Lefferty.



Neither Sarah Jane nor Miss Flint (ZaSu Pitts) ever saw the mysterious new boarder

Tommy brought in newspapers for Mr. Grasselli, a good many of which Mrs. Lefferty had never seen before—*Variety*, *The Daily Mirror*, *The Daily News*, *The Racing Form* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. Tommy said he read them not so much for the international and political news as to keep in touch with his friends. Now and then, about once a week, Tommy went out and returned with a visitor for Mr. Grasselli, a short, rather plump Jewish gentleman with thick glasses, dressed very quietly and respectfully, and always carrying a leather dispatch case with a gold lock on it. He would remain in Mr. Grasselli's room for a couple of hours and then go away again. Tommy told Mrs. Lefferty that his name was "Mr. Hirsh," but "you'd be surprised if you knew who he really was." That was the nearest Tommy ever came to giving away a hint of Mr. Grasselli's true identity.

Slowly the thing became an obsession with Sarah Jane. When she was not in bed eating chocolates and reading the *Daily Mirror* and the picture magazines and putting on weight, she spent all her time in trying to discover who Mr. Grasselli was. From Tommy she could gain not the slightest hint. They did not see each other very often even though they lived now in the same house, for Tommy, at the moment, was just a little afraid of Sarah Jane and Sarah Jane shrewdly divined that the time for breaking down Tommy would never arrive so long as Mr. Grasselli was there in the house troubling Tommy's conscience. For she knew almost at once that there was something shady about Mr. Grasselli and that Tommy was worried.

Now and then she encountered Tommy working over his songs at poor Miss Minnie's piano. She did not hesitate to attack him on the subject of Mr. Grasselli. One day she said, "If you want to get yourself into trouble, it's okay by me, but you haven't any right to drag your mother and Ma into it."

"Who's dragging them into anything?"

"What's he hidin' from?"

"He's not hiding from anything. Go on away and let me work."

"You might give me an idea of one of your songs."

"Sure," said Tommy. "I didn't know you were interested."

So Sarah Jane sat down and lighted a cigarette and listened while he played. At first she lay back in poor Miss Minnie's armchair, relaxed and not very sanguine in her expectations. Then slowly, as Tommy played, she sat up a little in the chair, and by the time he had finished, she was sitting on the edge.

"Jeez . . ." she said. "That's good! Where'd you learn to do that?"

"Haven't you ever heard about genius?" asked Tommy.

He handed her the manuscript and she looked over it. When she handed it back to him she said, "Well, what d'you know about that? It looks like the real thing . . . all written out and everything. I didn't know you were so smart. Where'd you learn to write out music?"

"Well, that's one of the things I learned wandering about."

The shoe was suddenly on the other foot and both of them were aware of it. Sarah Jane was not treating him now as if he were a naughty half-witted child who had to be taken care of. She was impressed, and in her simplicity she collapsed at once. The fact that she was impressed changed her, and Tommy saw that too right away. He swelled a little with pride. He lost the defensive air of indifference and defeat. His eyes became brighter and the color came into his pale face. It was as if the old Tommy had suddenly returned. Sarah Jane noticed it at once and thought, "Maybe that's done it. Maybe if I keep on telling him he's God himself, I can get through to him." The emotion wasn't false, either. The song, she thought was swell.

"Got any others?"

He played three others, singing the words in the husky tenor voice which she loved. When he had finished, she said, "You're wonderful. Maybe you'd let me take a crack at singing one of 'em?"

"Since when do you sing?"

"I've always sung."

"Yeah, I remember," said Tommy. "You and poor Miss Minnie's cats."

Miraculously Sarah Jane kept her temper. "Well, I do sing," she said. "I've sung in public even . . . twice . . . not very good places, but I got away with it."

"Okay," said Tommy without enthusiasm. "If you want to try."

"Sure I do."

So they chose a comedy song. "What Am I Gonna Do Now?" There was a great deal of difficulty over the key, but at last they found it and Sarah Jane sang from the manuscript leaning against poor Miss Minnie's piano, and when she finished, Tommy looked up at her.

"Not bad," he said, patronizingly. "Not bad at all."

"Thanks," said Sarah Jane. "Jeez . . . we ought to make a team. We'd be good."

"Yeah," said Tommy. "But not so good at starving to death."

"We could get a break someplace."

"Where?"

"Well, I don't know. We could get somebody to take us on. Of course I can sing it better than I did. I'd never seen it before. I've got ideas about how to build it up."

"When did you take lessons?" asked Tommy.

"I never took any lessons. You don't need any lessons to sing a song like that."

"Thanks," said Tommy.

"I didn't mean it that way. You know what I meant. If a girl's got any talent, she ought to work a song like that out her own way. She ought to trust her instinct."

"I suppose you would take a few suggestions."

"Sure," said Sarah Jane, "from the composer. Give me a chance to work it up."

"Okay. Maybe that'll keep you from annoying Mr. Grasselli."

"Sure," said Sarah Jane.

She had never lost her temper once. Although a score of smart cracks came into her head, she had managed to suppress every one of them. When she went up to her room again, she couldn't quite believe what had happened, but she was glad, because for a minute or two she had recovered the old Tommy, quick, humorous, lovable. "Jeez . . ." she thought. "Mebbe love makes you keep your temper. Mebbe I'm in love. Mebbe that's the way it feels." And then suddenly a great revelation came to her. Maybe that was what had been her trouble all along. Maybe that was why she never seemed able to get along with men. Maybe you had to keep telling them that they were God himself.

BUT she didn't leave Mr. Grasselli in peace. She knew perfectly well that he wasn't having any nervous breakdown and that he was in the house for no good reason.

At first she began on Mrs. Lefferty, questioning her, but she didn't find out anything because Mrs. Lefferty really didn't know anything, except that one day when she had gone into the deep closet where he kept his clothes and picked up one of his suitcases to move it out of her way, it fell open and revealed three revolvers and a big complicated piece of machinery which must have been a gun. She couldn't say because she'd never seen anything like it before. When it happened, she said Mr. Grasselli got very mad and followed her into the closet and asked her what she was poking around in there for. Then she lost her temper and told him she wasn't poking around but only doing her work and if he didn't like it he could leave.

That was exactly what Sarah Jane had expected. And then she had an inspiration. Now and then Mr. Grasselli did have to go to the bathroom. These visits she discovered were made either late at night or early in the morning when there was no one about.

At the end of the bathroom there was a sort of shallow curtained alcove where Mrs. Lefferty kept towels and soap, and here one night, after pretending to everyone, including Tommy, that she had gone to bed, Sarah Jane concealed herself and waited. When Mr. Grasselli came into the room she would emerge from the alcove and pretend that she had come for a towel or a cake of soap.

A little after midnight she hid herself. She must have been there for more than an hour when she heard his door opening and his step in the hallway. Peeking out from between the curtains she saw the door of the bathroom open a few inches and one eye peer round the corner to make certain the coast was clear. When the eye discovered the room was empty the door opened and the rest of Mr. Grasselli came into the room, and she knew at once who Mr. Grasselli was.

Pushing the curtains back, she came out and as she emerged, Mr. Grasselli's hand went swiftly into the pocket of his dressing gown. And when he saw that it was only Big Sal, he took it out again.

Sarah Jane said, "So you're Mr. Grasselli!" "Yeah, and you've got a nerve spying on me. I otta gone away," he said, "when I discovered you was livin' here."

"I'm not gonna bite you." Then she didn't pretend any more. "I only wanted to know what Tommy had got himself mixed up with."

"Well, don't worry. I'll beat it now. Anyway nobody would have got into any trouble. They only want me on account of Income Tax."

"Yeah, I read that in the papers. It was kinda dumb of me not to guess you and Mr. Grasselli was the same. Nice of you to get us all in trouble. I suppose we'll all get pinched now."

"No. None of you'll get pinched. I'm gonna give myself up when the time comes. Only the case ain't ready yet. We're just preparing it. When it's ready I'll beat it and nobody'll ever know I was staying here. They can't ship me up the river. They haven't got anything on me. Only we got to make everything tight before we take a chance."

"How was Tommy mixed up with you?"

"He wasn't mixed up with me. I liked the way he played a hot piano and I told him I'd help to get his music published, and then I asked him if he knew about a good hideaway. It had to be a place in New York where I could see my lawyer. I didn't even want any of the boys to know where I was. They're all kind of nervy just now and one of 'em might squeal to get himself off. And he said he knew a boardinghouse that would be the last place in the world anybody would think of looking for Monk Maguire. He was right, all right. Nobody would ever think of looking for me here. Only he didn't

tell me before I came that you was here in the same house."

"He didn't know it then," said Sarah Jane. "Did he tell you after?"

"No, I heard your voice. I'd know that voice any place. Well, what are you gonna do about it?"

"You must get awful sick of that one room."

"I am beginning to feel a little nuts from being shut up so much."

"Why don't you come down for meals, that would be a change?"

"I'm not so hot about being seen just now."

Sarah Jane laughed. "None of them would ever know. You oughta see the rest of 'em. Why, they ain't even alive. At least they don't live in New York. They're a lot of fossils." And she proceeded to give him a description of old Mr. Van Diver and Miss Flint, Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon. "You're safe as a church with them around. Sure, they'd make you laugh. . . ."

"Well, mebbe I'll think about it."

Sarah Jane opened the door and went out.

And then the worst happened. As she passed Tommy's door, it opened and Tommy's head was thrust out.

"Now you've done it," he said. "Spoiled everything with your spying."

"I haven't spoiled anything. I've just kind of cleared up the situation."

"Yeah?" He began to swear at her.

"Calm down! Calm down! He's not gonna beat it. He's staying right here and he's even coming down to meals. Leave him to me. I know him better than you do."

"He was going to give me a break," said Tommy. "He could have helped both of us."

"He mighta talked about it before," said Sarah Jane. "Now he's gonna do it. Believe me, he's gonna. Go on back to bed. I've been waitin' for years for a break like this."

THE next evening Mr. Grasselli came out of his retirement and appeared at dinner all dressed up in a dinner coat and a black tie, his sandy hair all oiled and shiny, and his appearance was the greatest moment in the history of Mrs. Lefferty's boardinghouse. Mrs. Lefferty put on her best dress and Miss Flint, making a supreme effort, hastily ran up a concoction made of the bottom of one dress and the top of another. She it was who appeared the most deeply affected by his presence. She giggled and bridled, shaking her earrings and whenever she talked, she was completely incoherent.

For two weeks, ever since the arrival of Mr. Grasselli, the idea of him had obsessed her. In the solitude of her own room she invented the wildest fancies about Mr. Grasselli—how after all these years he had come to her—the man for whom she had been waiting for all her life. So when Mr. Grasselli came down the stairs and entered poor Miss Minnie's parlor she had thought, "Here He comes."

He was not exactly what she had thought he would be. He was not handsome and she had not exactly expected him to be a little walleyed, but he had other qualities. Perhaps it was the hardness of his jaw and the cruel twist of the lips, the coldness in the shallow blue eyes, in which she found compensation. In any case he was a success, perhaps because his appearance was a surprise.

Mr. Boldini and Mr. Salmon bristled a little at the appearance of another male boarder, and Mr. Salmon became aware at once that Mr. Grasselli did not speak like a gentleman. At his corner of the table old Mr. Van Diver chortled and chuckled to himself, pleased and faintly aware through the haze of immense age that there was excitement about and that everyone was happy.

Oddly enough the only one at the table who felt uncomfortable was the newcomer. Never before had he seen such courtly old-fashioned manners as those of old Mr. Van Diver and Mr. Boldini, Mr. Salmon and Miss Flint and Mrs. Lefferty herself. And afterwards in the "drawing room" (which was a word Mr. Grasselli had never even heard) while Mrs. Lefferty sat pouring out coffee as poor Miss Minnie had done evening after evening for nearly sixty years, his fear and awkwardness increased. He became, also for the first time in his life, conscious of his own language, and aware that very often he expressed himself in words and expressions which the other boarders seemed to find quite as new as he found the name of the room in which they were sitting.

After dinner Mrs. Lefferty and the boarders were aching to return to the nonstop rummy game

but none of them was impolite enough to propose it until Sarah Jane, feeling that the atmosphere was becoming more and more arid and strained, asked Mr. Grasselli if he played rummy. He didn't, he said, but he played all kinds of cards and liked playing. He said that he guessed he could learn.

"They don't play for money," said Sarah Jane.

"Okay," said Mr. Grasselli.

So Mrs. Lefferty fetched "the old gentleman's" gaming table and they all sat down to play. The game relieved the atmosphere enormously and after a little while Mr. Grasselli, with the worn playing cards in his fat ugly hands, began to feel more at home. He picked up the game very quickly, and after the second hand, no longer needed the solicitous help and advice of Miss Flint. And when the second game went to him, Mrs. Lefferty took out the copy book in which she kept the running score and wrote "Mr. Grasselli," and under it the figure one.

"Now," she said to him, "you're one of us."

Mr. Boldini won the next game and while Mrs. Lefferty put away the cards and the score, he excused himself, and took Fanto for his nightly airing.

"That's a funny looking dog," Mr. Grasselli observed. "I've never seen one like that except on the stage."

"Fanto's been on the stage," said Miss Flint eagerly, "and he knows the most wonderful tricks. You'd never believe what he can do, Mr. Grasselli."

"Sure," said Mrs. Lefferty. "And Mr. Boldini is a magician . . . a wonderful magician."

"They ought to give a performance for Mr. Grasselli. About twice a year Mr. Boldini gives a performance just for us."

And then Mr. Boldini returned with Fanto who made his entrance walking on his hind legs, and Mrs. Lefferty suggested the performance.

"Of course," said Mr. Boldini. "What about the end of the week? We've got some new tricks we've been practicing. We'd like to try them out. How about it, Fanto?" And the poodle went into a outburst of happy barking.

"And Mr. Salmon could read his poems," said Miss Flint.

"Oh . . . no . . . not really . . . I couldn't," said Mr. Salmon.

"If you'll read your poems, Mr. Salmon, Tommy and I will play and sing for you all," said Sarah Jane.

This was not entirely an innocent remark. In the first place she thought Mr. Salmon's poems were the funniest things she'd ever heard, funnier than anything she ever found in the theater, funnier even than Mr. Boldini when he was giving a performance. And in the second place it would give her and Tommy a good chance to show Monk what they could do. By Friday they'd have four or five songs all worked up and ready.

AFTER that Mr. Grasselli came down every evening to dinner, and every evening there was a rummy game, and every evening he won more often than anyone else. After the second night they let him do all the dealing because it went so much faster, and so he became a kind of *croupier* in the gambling hell of poor Miss Minnie's drawing room. Sometimes Tommy stayed in and played the piano and once he went out with Sarah Jane to the pictures. Then on Thursday, the day before Mr. Boldini's performance, two things happened.

In the morning Sarah Jane came upon Mrs. Lefferty sitting on a chair in Mr. Boldini's room with a letter in her hand, weeping. When she questioned her, Mrs. Lefferty simply handed her the letter. It was brief. It said that the interest was overdue and that something would have to be done about it. The bank, said the letter, had been lenient and put up with delays in the past, but under present conditions, it could no longer continue such a policy.

"So that's it!" said Sarah Jane. She knew now that all along she had been aware that there was something wrong, but she hadn't imagined that it was as bad as this.

It struck her for the first time that Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty weren't so young any more. They couldn't go on working, looking after people forever. She didn't know exactly what she was going to do, but she meant to do something. The idea did not come to her until late that same evening when she was watching the rummy game.

Somehow the spirit had been going out of the game, slowly, bit by bit, night by night. In four nights Miss Flint hadn't won a game nor had Mr. Salmon. Mr. Boldini had won a single game and Mrs. Lefferty had won two. All the others had gone to Mr. Grasselli. And then Sarah Jane, watching,

discovered the reason. Mr. Grasselli was stacking the cards. Once she was suspicious, twice she was very nearly sure and on the third occasion there was no doubt.

For a second she very nearly lost her temper and made a big scene. Mr. Grasselli won the game, and after that everybody went to bed. While Mrs. Lefferty was putting away the cards, Sarah Jane said to Mr. Grasselli, in a low voice, "Wait a minute, Monk. I want to tell you something."

"Okay," he answered. "But lay off that name."

"All right, Mr. Grasselli." Then she said to Tommy and Mrs. Lefferty, "I'll be up in a minute. I want to talk to Mr. Grasselli about something confidential. I'll put out the lights."

Tommy looked at her curiously, and Sarah Jane's heart gave a sudden leap. This time it wasn't a look of anger, because she might be stirring up trouble for Mr. Grasselli. It was a look of jealousy. There was no mistake about it.

But Tommy and his mother went upstairs and when they were well out of hearing, she said to Mr. Grasselli. "Well, of all the cheap, lousy crooks!"

"What's the matter now?"

"Palming the cards in a game with a lot of old women."

"Who was palming any cards?"

"Listen, I wasn't born yesterday. I saw you do it not once but twenty times."

"So what?"

"It would be bad enough if you were taking their money . . . but you're taking their fun from 'em . . . about the only fun they have."

"I never thought of that. My God, I've got to have a little fun myself. I guess it's a kind of habit. I guess I'm goin' nuts here anyway, bein' shut up all the time."

"You oughta be ashamed of yourself."

"I am ashamed of myself. I won't do it again, only I've got to have a little fun now and then." He was ashamed. She had never hoped for that—a Monk Maguire who was ashamed.

"Sure. Well, I can tell you how to have some fun. I can tell you how you can square yourself."

Mr. Grasselli looked at her with his one good eye. "What?" he asked.

"Sit down."

Mr. Grasselli sat down.

"The old girls are broke," said Sarah Jane. "They're gonna lose the house if something isn't done."

"What, for instance?"

"Some money."

"How much?"

"They got to have it right away. About two thousand."

"Oh," said Mr. Grasselli. "Two grand! I thought you was talking about real money. Sure, they can have it . . . tomorrow, as soon as Tommy can get it from my lawyer. What are they gonna do after that?"

The words of Mrs. Lefferty came to Sarah Jane's lips. "Something'll turn up." She didn't doubt it now.

Mr. Grasselli went upstairs, and when she had turned out the lights, she followed him. Just as she expected, Tommy's head appeared in the doorway of his room.

"What were you doing downstairs?" he asked.

"Business," said Sarah Jane.

"Don't pull that stuff on me."

"I'm not pulling anything on you."

"Well, take it from me. Don't get mixed up with that guy. I'll beat you up first. If Maggie isn't strong enough, I am."

In disgust she walked off and left him. It was only after she had gone that he remembered he still had not found out what her business with Mr. Grasselli had been.

She told him in the morning when Mr. Grasselli sent him with a note to "Mr. Hirsh," instructing him to pay over two thousand dollars. Mr. Grasselli hadn't any money or securities in the bank. They were all in the keeping of "Mr. Hirsh" where the government couldn't find out about them.

CHAPTER III

AT last the night of the performance arrived. Mrs. Lefferty arranged to have supper a little early so that she and Maggie could both be up in the drawing room by nine o'clock. Everybody was excited, even Mr. Grasselli, to whom the performance offered at least a change from the inevitable routine of rummy.

While Sarah Jane and Mrs. Lefferty arranged the room, Tommy, with a cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, played the piano in order to build up the mood. At the opposite end the audience seated itself. Mr. Van Diver, chuckling with an excitement which he understood only vaguely, Mr. Boldini a little nervous and Mr. Salmon with his tie and hair carefully ruffled, already getting into the mood. In the center of the audience in a large chair Mr. Grasselli had been given the seat of honor and next to him in a smaller chair drawn very close to his, sat Miss Flint like the Queen Consort. For the occasion she had tied a bit of black velvet about her throat and wore a butterfly of rhinestones given her long ago by one of her employers, pinned in her flaming hair. She clutched her handkerchief in her hand, and kept saying, "Oh, I've never been so excited." She kept smoking incessantly. The smoke of her cigarette drifted upward and mingled with that from the expensive cigar made especially for Mr. Grasselli in Havana.

Presently Mr. Salmon retired and everything was ready and Sarah Jane stood up and announced that the program was about to begin. Mr. Salmon, she said, would open his program by reading two or three of his poems. After that would appear the Great Boldini and Fanto, the wonder dog, and it would close with an act by Tommy Lefferty and Sarah Jane Ryan, "Ryan and Lefferty," she said, "in a few songs."

Then Tommy left the piano and came to sit in the audience, and Sarah Jane went upstairs to summon Mr. Salmon, and suddenly, as if they were in a real theater, the audience lowered their voices and conversed in whispers. "Oh, I'm so excited," said Miss Flint.

MR. SALMON chose two poems out of his "Village" period. One was called, "In Praise of Venus," and the other "The Tea Shop Under the El."

Long ago as a handsome ox-eyed boy with an open throat reading before the literary ladies of the days before the war, he had acquired a special and impressive technique, in which there remained traces of the Oscar Wilde influence.

For a moment he seemed to go into a trance, waiting for the audience to grow calm. Then clearing his throat, he began.

"Oh, Venus, born of hot and languorous seas,
Creature of breasts and buttocks and dimpled
thighs."

At the second line Mr. Grasselli began to feel nervous. Something about Mr. Salmon's poem, recited in the genteel surroundings of poor Miss Minnie's drawing room, seemed to him indecent. By the middle of the poem he began stealing glances to right and to left to see how the ladies were taking it. The faces of Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty were perfectly blank and filled with that look of awe which they both felt at any demonstration of literacy. On the angular, sagging face of Miss Flint there was a look of rapture as if Mr. Salmon's ode was written to herself instead of Venus Anadyomene. It made Mr. Grasselli suddenly suspect the authenticity of that atmosphere of gentility which made him feel so ill at ease.

There was a faint patter of applause to which the shocked Mr. Grasselli contributed nothing as a way of showing his disapproval. Then Mr. Salmon, after a bow, cleared his throat again and announced. "The next verse was written a great many years ago when I lived in Eighth Street. Some of you never knew Greenwich Village when it was the American Parnassus. Some of you are not old enough to have known it. I hope my few lines will give you an impression of what it was like during those Golden Days. The poem was called, 'The Little Tea Room Under the El.' It is written in free verse."

He began:

"Beneath the El obscured by the grim shadow of a
prison,
Nymphs and fauns disported by the light of ancient
candles on tables of ebony and lacquer red
Venus, enshrined, gave blessing to the revels unseen,
reclining on her bed of clouds. . . ."

As he read, recognition slowly dawned on Mr. Grasselli. The second poem, like the first, was filled with references to the more unmentionable parts of female anatomy, still designated by those refined words which Mr. Grasselli found so offensive; but this time Mr. Grasselli was less shocked than translated to the realm of wonder.

At the close of the poem Sarah Jane seemed suddenly to be overcome by an attack made up of equal parts of coughing and sneezing and ran from the room. Maggie looked after her severely.

Mrs. Lefferty leaned forward and said. "Isn't he wonderful?" and Miss Flint echoed, "Wonderful!" and Mr. Salmon came toward them and sat down, beaming. After all nothing had changed in forty years since he first read as a boy of twenty in Mrs. Van Rensselaer's drawing room on Sixteenth Street.

Then Mr. Boldini excused himself to go and fetch Fanto, and Tommy seated himself at the piano and began to play. Sarah Jane, who seemed to have recovered her coughing fit, returned, and took her place in the audience, but traces of the attack still remained, for every time she looked at Mr. Salmon it began all over again.

The appearance of Mr. Boldini was heralded by the wild barking of Fanto.

The entrance came as something of a surprise to everyone, for even Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty, as often as they have seen him go through his repertoire of old-fashioned tricks, had never seen him in costume before. He had chosen to appear as a Roman and was dressed in a suit of mail made of *papier-mâché* and painted bronze. Here and there the *papier-mâché* had given way beneath some ancient strain and cracked, leaving the bronze paint chipped and missing in spots. On his head he wore a helmet of pseudo-Roman design with a plume of black horse hair which fell to his shoulders and became confused with his own long black, dyed hair. Beneath the coat of mail he wore a sort of kilt which left his bony knees exposed, and fastened about his throat, and hanging down the back he wore a long cloak of faded purple pierced by a great many moth holes. One thing about the costume he had either failed to notice or been blind to; the armor had been made, in the classic Roman fashion, upon the mold of a heroic warrior with all the muscles of massive trunk moulded in high relief. Looking at it, one expected it to be accompanied by limbs of massive herculean proportions; instead, there emerged from the openings in the armor only Mr. Boldini's own skinny withered legs covered with black, coarse hair. The effect was that of a spider with a large body rearing into the air.

The sight, after the strain of Mr. Salmon's embarrassing words, was too much for Mr. Grasselli. He grew red in the face and choked and then snorted and went into a coughing fit like Sarah Jane. While he coughed and stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth, the Great Boldini waited with an expression of resignation on his face. Beside him Fanto wriggled and wagged his tail in impatience to show off before an audience. When Mr. Grasselli had recovered himself, Mr. Boldini, in his spectral tragedian's voice enriched by a heavy Trieste accent, said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: This evening I am going to exhibit to you a few tricks which I hope will hold your attention. One or two of them have defied the efforts of whole committees to understand. I regret that I have not my troupe with me and the stage is too small to employ all the apparatus which would be necessary to give you such an entertainment as I should feel worthy of the Great Boldini. However, we shall do our best. And now I take pleasure in introducing to you Fanto, The World's Wonder Dog."

At the sound of his name Fanto stood on his hind legs and made a bow. He heard the faint discreet murmur of Miss Flint saying, "Oh, the darling! Isn't he cute?" and gave a faint wag of his short tail in answer to the flattery.

THE Great Boldini went on with his tricks. There wasn't anything extraordinary about them. He contented himself with the tricks he passed off at the children's parties, simple ones in which he produced odd subjects out of the plumed Roman helmet and from beneath the flowing moth-eaten cloak, and slowly as he worked, he became aware that a terrible thing was happening, the same terrible thing which happened nearly always nowadays when he and Fanto appeared together at children's parties. Fanto, his "stooge," was stealing the show. His audience was more interested in Fanto than in the Great Boldini; and worst of all, as Mr. Boldini noticed from the corner of his eye, Fanto knew it and was showing off. He was insufferable, wagging his tail and whimpering and looking to the audience for approbation. Pangs of jealousy attacked the Great Boldini. And slowly the jealousy transformed itself into fury and Mr. Boldini came to a decision. He knew what he would do. He would punish Fanto. The new and wonderful tricks he had been rehears-

ing depended more upon Fanto than upon himself, and Fanto, whimpering and impatient, was longing for the moment when he might show off. Desperately Mr. Boldini kept trying to annex to himself the success Fanto was having behind his back. Inwardly furious, he would turn suddenly and pat Fanto's head and murmur, loud enough for his audience to hear, "Good old fellow" and "Clever dog." He would give the poodle a patronizing glance over his shoulder and then chuckle, with bitter artificiality as much as to say, "Haven't I trained him well? Isn't he a clever dog?" And all the time he was longing to pinch the incorrigible Fanto's ear or give him a good smack to put him in his place.

Behind the frozen smile he turned on the poodle, he came to a decision. He thought, "Very well, young man, I'll fix you! We won't do the new tricks at all!" And so instead of withdrawing for a moment to put Fanto into a travesty of his own Roman costume for the new tricks, he went suddenly into the goldfish trick, the breath-taker with which he always finished his act.

Fanto knew the goldfish trick! He knew it was the end of the act. Vaguely he suspected that he had been betrayed. He did not move a muscle while Mr. Boldini returned to the stage, faced his audience and impressively paused for a moment before producing a bowl of live goldfish out of the air itself. Then he acted. With a swift jerk of his teeth he snatched the Great Boldini's moth-eaten Roman cloak and from beneath it fell the bowl of goldfish, water and all, on poor Miss Minnie's Axminster carpet. The score was even!

For a moment there was a dreadful silence while the startled goldfish attempted to get their bearings and swim away over poor Miss Minnie's faded carpet; then came the explosion. The sight of the goldfish was one too much for Mr. Grasselli. He began to laugh softly at first and then louder and louder, and at the first chuckle Tommy and Sarah Jane were with him. There on the front of the stage beside a Great Boldini who was shattered, stood Fanto on his hind legs barking joyously and taking his bow.

Nothing could check the laughter. Mr. Grasselli shook in a terrifying way, clapping his hands together at the same time to create an applause which was worse than if he had kept silent because each clap was patronizing. Sarah Jane began to grow red in the face and choke again. Tommy howled. Maggie and Miss Flint glared at the offenders but nothing could stop the awful mirth.

Mr. Boldini dashed suddenly from the stage but Fanto lingered for a moment longer to savor to the full his triumph and success.

"That's great," said Mr. Grasselli, gasping for breath, "that's one of the best acts I ever seen."

"It wasn't meant to be like that. It's a wonderful trick," said Miss Flint with a frozen dignity. "Fanto is naughty. I can't imagine what got into him."

WHEN the wreckage had been cleared and the panting goldfish rescued they waited for Mr. Boldini before beginning "A Few Songs by Ryan and Lefferty." They waited for five minutes and then ten and then fifteen and then Mr. Grasselli had some brandy and at last Mrs. Lefferty rose and said, "Maybe I'd better see what is the matter," and left to go up to Mr. Boldini's room.

Upstairs she knocked once and then twice but there was no response and alarmed, thinking that Mr. Boldini in his humiliation might have done something terrible, she pushed open the door. She saw that Mr. Boldini, still in his *papier-mâché* armor was lying on the bed. Mr. Boldini did not even turn his head when she entered and for a moment she thought he might be dead, but when she touched his shoulder he turned his mournful bloodhound face toward her and she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Sure," she said, patting his shoulder, "it was nothing at all. It was a great success. Mr. Grasselli said he never seen such a funny act."

At this Mr. Boldini gave a great sigh and a groan and turned his face to the wall.

"They're waiting for you . . . Tommy and Sarah Jane . . . to begin their act."

At this Mr. Boldini gave a great snort of anger. Mr. Grasselli and Tommy and Sarah Jane had laughed. He could still hear the awful sound of their laughing.

"No," he said, "I couldn't go down. I couldn't face them."

"Sure, and you'll spoil all the fun."

"No. Never again . . . never again." Tears began to come out of the large bilious eyes.

"You're taking it too hard. Maybe some brandy would make you feel better."

Mr. Boldini made no response, "Sure, I'll bring you some brandy and they can begin the act and then you can come down."

She fetched a fresh bottle of brandy and a glass and left them on the table by his side and then returned to the drawing room.

"I guess we'd better go on with the program," she said, "he's all broken up. Maybe he'll come down later."

So Tommy went to the piano and Sarah Jane retired to the dining room to make ready.

It wasn't easy. Both of them were aware of that. Sarah Jane signaled that she was ready and Tommy began to play. Turning to the audience he said, "This one is called 'Tit for Tat.'"

NOBODY had ever heard one of Tommy's songs through to the end and nobody had ever heard Sarah Jane sing one of them. Now for the first time they presented the whole, and astonishingly, it was good. Even the 1890 faction admitted it grudgingly.

Sarah Jane had put on a black evening dress, cut very simply and very low and she wore about her throat, tied carelessly, an immense scarf of plain white silk. For the first time Mr. Grasselli thought, "The girl's got a face. She ain't just all body. She ain't just simply a show girl."

And when she began to sing, Mr. Grasselli discovered that Sarah Jane not only had a face, but also she had a voice. It wasn't exactly a voice for grand opera, although the volume would have filled any vast auditorium, but it was a voice that did something to you. Mr. Grasselli, at least, was aware that it did something to him. And it was good music too. It was the first time that Mr. Grasselli had ever really listened to Tommy's music, the first time he had really seen that there was something in it. "Tit for Tat" was a swell song. The rhythm of it not only penetrated the critical consciousness of Mr. Grasselli, who might have been expected to understand such things, but Maggie felt it, grudgingly for she was still out of temper with Sarah Jane, and Mrs. Lefferty and even old Mr. Van Diver who at the second chorus began to hum softly off the key to himself.

As for Miss Flint, she appeared to be enchanted by the song and began to sway a little in sympathy, to tap the tip of her slipper on the floor and set her oriental earrings to jangling.

When Sarah Jane reached the end, there was a burst of applause and she noticed that Mr. Grasselli was applauding loudly and was quite red in the face, although it was impossible to tell whether this had been caused by enthusiasm or by brandy.

Then they sang another called "Here We Are in Love" and put a great deal of feeling into it and Mr. Grasselli sat still farther forward in his chair and about the middle of the song it occurred to him that he didn't know Sarah Jane at all. She wasn't just "Big Sal" that he'd known about Broadway for five or six years, a big good-looking show girl who was always getting into some kind of scrape. She wasn't dumb; she couldn't be dumb and sing like that. He did not understand that for the first time in her life, Sarah Jane was in love, richly, deeply, violently in love and when she fell in love she did it in a big violent way as she did everything else. She wasn't only doing her best for herself; she was working to put over Tommy's songs as well. In her heart, although she wanted a "break," she didn't really care about herself. She was straining every nerve for Tommy's sake.

Then after the second song she retired to the dining room and there was another wait of five minutes and then suddenly she appeared between the dining-room curtains, a Sarah Jane none of them but Tommy and Maggie had ever seen before because she was made up as a siren, the way she had been the day she came downstairs and frightened Tommy into an idea.

The sight of her made the room very still until she again leaned against the end of the old square piano, and Tommy said, "This one is called, 'I'm Nada McSweeney, the Glamour Girl.'" And then the silence was broken by a laugh, a loud belly laugh from Mr. Grasselli who had seen the point.

The song itself was funny. Tommy had hit it and in the lyric he told the story of Mary McSweeney who had been "discovered" and put into pictures, and how they blocked out her mouth and stuck on eyelashes and changed eyebrows and taught her to speak in a bass voice, and altered her figure and changed her name to Nada. The gestures, the intonations were nothing at all, the mere set outlines,

but so skillfully were they done that in turn she created Garbo and Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn and Myrna Loy and a half dozen others so that everyone in the room except Mrs. Lefferty, even old Mr. Van Diver who only knew them from his movie magazines, got exactly what she was doing and began to laugh. Mr. Grasselli laughed hardest of all.

She had won her audience, even the hostile audience of the Nineties. When she finished there was a lot of applause and Mr. Grasselli kept saying, "That's great . . . Say, I'd never have thought it. Say, that's great!"

Led by Mr. Grasselli they called for more but there wasn't any more, because, as Sarah Jane said, "That's all we've got ready. Tommy's got a lot more songs but I haven't got them worked up."

"Sing them over again," said Mr. Grasselli, so Sarah Jane sang them again, but this time differently, imitating a different star with each verse, and Mr. Grasselli laughed so hard that Mrs. Lefferty became alarmed for fear he might injure himself.

IN his own room, Mr. Grasselli got into a bathrobe and as he opened the door to go for his bath he discovered Miss Flint waiting in the hallway outside. He said, "Oh, hello!" with exaggerated casualness for he was not at all sure what she wanted or what she might do. At sight of him Miss Flint giggled and said, "I've got a surprise for you."

"What d'you mean, a surprise?"

She shook her finger at him. "I know who you really are."

Mr. Grasselli didn't like this. He looked at her for a moment and then said, "Well, who am I?" and Miss Flint opened her beaded bag and pulled out a clipping from a newspaper.

"Look," she said, "I found it in the kitchen."

It was a picture of the missing Monk Maguire but how she had ever divined that Monk Maguire and Mr. Grasselli were one and the same man, Mr. Grasselli was unable to discover.

It was one of the usual pictures, perhaps a little more generous than most, for it showed about a quarter of his face with his bad eye.

"I knew by the eye," she said in a voice filled with romantic overtones. Then she put her finger to her lips and the long earrings jangled. "But I won't tell," she said, "nobody could drag it from me. I can keep a secret." And she left him suddenly and went on upstairs, still bridling and giggling, to the tiny room which had once been poor Miss Minnie's linen closet. In bewilderment, Mr. Grasselli stood there until she was part way up the stairway, long enough to see her lean over the rail, shake her earrings at him once more, put her finger to her lips and say, "Mum's the word." Then she vanished, shaking with romantic excitement. She was feeling young again and almost up to date. She knew a gangster.

Inside the bathroom Mr. Grasselli swore loudly and eloquently while he waited for the water to fill the tub. Now, he knew, he would have to clear out, for his instinct, if not his experience, told him that Miss Flint, despite all her breathless promises could never keep a secret like that.

When he had finished his bath, he got into bed, turned on the radio and took up the papers to read about himself. And while he read and looked, he listened to the radio, turning from one station to another, in order to get one torch singer after another for he wanted to see whether Sarah Jane was as good as he thought she was. He listened to four and then he decided that he was right. Sarah Jane was better than any of them and Tommy's music was a lot better than most of the stuff that was coming out of the air. And suddenly Mr. Grasselli's great idea came to him.

Once the inspiration had lost its novelty he was surprised that he hadn't thought of it before. It made him decide to stay on at Mrs. Lefferty's despite even the peril of Miss Flint. With the great idea under way, Mr. Grasselli wouldn't have to be bored any longer.

CHAPTER IV

THE next day neither Mr. Boldini nor Mr. Grasselli left their rooms.

This was a disappointment to Sarah Jane for she had meant to take Grasselli aside and press the question of Tommy's songs. He had, she knew, plenty of connections and plenty of influence along Broadway. He could get them sung and even published.

And then in the afternoon just as she and Tommy had begun to work, Mrs. Lefferty appeared with the news that Mr. Grasselli would like to talk business with her in his bedroom.

She found Mr. Grasselli surrounded by bicarbonate of soda, the *Daily Mirror*, *Variety*, and a lot of legal papers which "Mr. Hirsh" had just left. As Sarah Jane entered, he turned off the radio.

She sat down and Mr. Grasselli said, "Well I'm gonna become a permanent, I guess, unless Nutsy Flint chases me out."

"Why? What's she done?"

"She's found out who I am."

"How?"

"By the pictures in the paper."

"Never mind, I'll fix her."

"How?"

"I'll tell her that if she breathes a word they'll take her for a ride."

"Okay. I've got an idea. My givin' money to the old girls ain't gonna save the place. It's got to be put on a payin' basis."

"Yeah," said Sarah Jane. "How?"

"Well. What about a night club?"

"Are you crazy? Can you imagine Ma and Mrs. Lefferty runnin' a night club?"

"They wouldn't run it."

"Who would?"

"I would. I gotta stay shut up here at least another six weeks, and I gotta have something to amuse me."

"It'll take you six weeks to get it goin'."

"Not me. I've got a couple of guys that'll make all the changes it needs in ten days. Anyway, that's not so tough. I don't plan to make a lot of changes."

"What are you gonna do?"

"Well," he said, "I plan to keep it pretty much as it is. I'd kinda like to get the atmosphere we had last night . . . you know, kind of old-fashioned and cosy, a sort of homelike night club."

"And then I've thought of a good name, too." He looked at Sarah Jane with pride.

"What?"

"The Golden Nineties! It ain't exactly original. It was Mr. Salmon's poems that give me the idea."

"The place ain't big enough."

"Yeah, that's just it. I plan to keep it small and exclusive, see? And have specialties to eat . . . make it an eating place where you get good food, not just one of these dumps where you pay a lot of dough for bad liquor and garbage. I wanta make it small and classy, see? With just a couple acts to amuse the clients."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, you and Tommy doin' four or five songs. I'd like to put you and Tommy on and Mr. Boldini and his act."

"Mr. Boldini?"

"Sure. Just the way he was. I never seen anything funnier. We would make the dog the star of the act and let Mr. Boldini play straight. See? Make them speeches just the way he does with that long face of his and then have the dog spoil his tricks every time."

"You mean, make the Great Boldini into a stooze?"

"That's it."

"You're crazy. You'd never get him to do that."

"Not even if there was money in it?"

"I doubt it."

"You gotta bring the old girls around. I've got to have some fun or I gotta find a new boarding-house. And you might ask Tommy to write a coupla Nineties numbers. I can kind of see you all dressed up singing a couple of old sob songs."

SHE couldn't take the thing up at once with Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty because Maggie was asleep resting her feet and Mrs. Lefferty was across the street seeing the new Hepburn picture. And she knew that Mr. Boldini wasn't in any mood to discuss becoming a "stooze" for his own dog; so she went downstairs and told Tommy all about it.

He listened while she told him everything and when she had finished, he said, "Well, what's the answer?"

"What d'you mean? What's the answer?"

"Well, what's he gettin' out of it?"

"Nothing . . . I guess, but amusement."

Tommy looked at her sharply, masterfully, as if he were already married to her and beat her every time she looked at another man.

It was a look that Sarah Jane loved.

"What about working up a couple Nineties songs like he suggested? You know . . . something comic,

like 'In the Baggage Coach Ahead' or 'Down By the Wayside She Fell' only kind of modern with a good tune you could dance to."

"I can't turn out songs like sausages."

"Well, I guess it won't hurt your genius this once. It don't matter if they're lousy as long as they're funny. We've got three or four good songs already. If you listen to me, they'll be playing 'Tit for Tat' and 'Here We Are in Love' over every hick station all over the country before we're open a week."

"Okay."

"You get to work on the songs, I'll do the rest of it."

"Okay."

When she left Tommy she went down to the kitchen and went through the whole pile of *Daily Mirrors* that Maggie kept in the corner to start the fires with each morning. Near the bottom she found what she wanted. Then she poured herself a cup of tea from the kettle of black liquid Maggie kept stewing all day on the back of the stove and sat down at the kitchen table. In about five minutes, as she expected, Miss Flint appeared for her afternoon cup of tea, and from the way she entered, tossing her head a little, Sarah Jane knew that she was thinking about Mr. Grasselli.

"Oh, hello!" said Miss Flint, very flip and modern.

"Hello," said Sarah Jane, "I thought I'd join you in a cup of tea."

"That's nice," said Miss Flint, pouring herself a cup of Maggie's witch's broth.

"I just had an idea," said Sarah Jane, "I wanted to talk to you about it."

"Yes?" said Miss Flint, blowing on her tea.

"I want a coupla dresses . . . old-fashioned ones . . . you know, the kind they used to wear in the Nineties. It's for a number I'm building up. You'd know how to make them, wouldn't you?"

"I guess I haven't forgotten how," said Miss Flint.



Grasselli (Humphrey Bogart) told Sarah Jane his plans for starting a night club

"Can you draw?"

"Yes . . . a little bit."

While she talked, Sarah Jane kept turning the pages of her newspaper, looking up now and then to watch Miss Flint.

"Well," she said, "make me a picture of a coupla dresses. Only I want 'em funny. You know, everything a little bit exaggerated."

Sarah Jane turned a page of her *Daily Mirror* casually and took another sip of black tea. "Isn't it awful," she said, "what goes on in New York?"

"Why?" said Miss Flint, "what's going on?"

"Just listen to this" and Sarah Jane began to read:

"Workers on a North River dredge early yesterday morning made a gruesome discovery when the shovel of the dredge dumped on to the deck a barrel containing the body of a man who had been tortured, strangled and his body placed in the barrel which was filled with liquid cement. Late this afternoon the body was identified as that of Buzzy Leibowitz alias Buzz the Whizz alias Little Hermy,

a member of the notorious Valparaiso gang.

"The impact of the barrel striking the deck cracked open the cement which encased the body, exposing it, naked and mutilated, but in a remarkable state of preservation owing to the cement which shut out all air."

Sarah Jane looked up from her paper. "Isn't that terrible?" she asked.

"Horrible," said Miss Flint in a weak voice.

"But listen to this!" said Sarah Jane.

"An autopsy showed that the victim had been tortured before being killed. The head and feet were tied together and the body covered with small wounds. About the neck there still remained the wire with which the victim had been garroted."

"What is garroted?" asked Miss Flint in a whisper.

"I don't know exactly," said Sarah Jane, "but I think it means slow strangulation. Listen!"

"It is believed by the police that the victim was murdered for squealing."

"Squealing," said Sarah Jane, "means betraying somebody." With one eye she regarded Miss Flint and saw that she had gone quite white. The rouge stood out on her cheeks in hard spots and her lips were trembling a little. She had forgotten all about her tea.

"Aren't you going to finish your tea?" she asked.

"I don't feel like it," said Miss Flint in a whisper.

"Listen," said Sarah Jane. And this time, although she regarded the newspaper again, she allowed her fancy to insert a line of her own creation:

"It is believed," she read, "that little Hermy talked too much and let slip a clue by which the police were able to arrest two other members of the gang. The body was identified by certain scars and dental work. The gold teeth for which little Hermy was famous, had been wrenched from his jaws, probably while he was still alive."

Miss Flint's hand went quickly to her jaw, and little beads of perspiration came out on her forehead.

"Look," said Sarah Jane. "Here's the picture of the barrel." She handed the paper across the table but Miss Flint recoiled from it.

"No . . . no . . . I couldn't look at it," she said and then rising unsteadily, she added, "I think I'll go upstairs and lie down. I don't feel very well."

WHEN she told the plan to her mother, Maggie looked at her with a fishy eye untrained by Sarah Jane's enthusiasm, and said, "No good will come of it, and how can I go into the night-club business at my age?"

Mrs. Lefferty received the news with a more open mind, warmed, as always, by the romantic character of her imagination.

There was a look in Mrs. Lefferty's blue eyes, the look that came into them whenever somebody offered her tickets in a raffle, or sold her worthless stock that was going to make her a millionaire. Sarah Jane knew that look. Mrs. Lefferty was making up stories. She knew that she had won.

She left them and went upstairs to Tommy, whom she found working on the new songs. When she and Tommy had gone over the new songs a couple of times, she left him and went upstairs to report to Mr. Grasselli. She was proud of her progress. Everything was practically set.

Mr. Grasselli wrote out a telegram. "Take that out and send it to 'Mr. Hirsh'," he said, "that'll get things started."

Before Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty had time to consider what happened, three men appeared at the kitchen door. Maggie would have sent them away but for the sudden appearance of Sarah Jane who conducted them through the kitchen and showed them where they were to go to work. About an hour later a contractor arrived and Sarah Jane and Tommy took him through the first and second floors showing him what he was to do.

There weren't many changes. Poor Miss Minnie's Axminster carpet was to be taken up and a floor of hardwood put down in its place and the opening between the dining room and the tunnel-like drawing room had to be widened.

As for Maggie, she took up an embattled position in the kitchen and surrounded by workmen and dust and debris refused to be moved.

Only old Mr. Van Diver and Miss Flint seemed to be disturbed, for even Mr. Boldini, once he had been brought round, grew excited, and Mr. Salmon seemed to take on a new youth, for he became aware presently that he was being brought up to date in spite of himself. Only Miss Flint seemed odd

and depressed. Except at rare moments, she no longer tossed her head until the earrings jangled, and when she went out to the Women's Exchange now she always wore a veil, a relic of the Nineties, so thick that Sarah Jane wondered how she could see where she was going. Once more she took to being "followed," only now it was not by young men who were attracted by her charms but what she referred to as "rough individuals" who were bent on dark and sinister purposes.

THE "bringing-around" of Mr. Boldini was accomplished by Sarah Jane. She did it craftily, waiting for two days until Mr. Boldini appeared a little less yellow and depressed. When the first workman had appeared in the house, she allowed Mrs. Lefferty to tell him that Mr. Grasselli was planning to turn the place into a night club. This news he received with dubious enthusiasm, for he was still feeling embittered about everything even faintly connected with the show business. Then Sarah Jane allowed him a day of reflection. And on the fourth day, Sarah Jane knocked and bustled into his room full of enthusiasm and excitement.

"I've got news for you, Mr. Boldini," she said.

"What?" he asked with indifference.

"I've got a job for you."

"What kind of a job?"

"A job as a magician . . . a regular job, seven nights a week."

He began to display a faint interest.

"Yes," said Sarah Jane, "Mr. Grasselli thought you were wonderful."

"Mr. Grasselli," said Mr. Boldini in a hollow voice, "laughed. He laughed the hardest of all."

"He wants you to put on the act just as it was, with a few small changes."

She saw from the way he looked at her that he was beginning to be suspicious. "What changes?" he asked, in the same hollow voice.

"Well, you see, it's like this." Then suddenly she found that she had begun without knowing where she was going. She coughed and said, "It's difficult to explain . . . but you see, he liked the finish. He wants to make it all like that."

"You mean the part where everybody laughed?" He glanced suddenly at Fanto's basket and Fanto cowered with shame.

"Well, not exactly, only he wants to make it into a laugh act. See? He thinks it would be one of the greatest acts ever."

For a moment Mr. Boldini stared at her as if he could not believe his ears.

"Do you know what you're asking, young young woman? Asking me, the Great Boldini, to make a prostitute of myself!"

"All Mr. Grasselli wants you to do is to do your magician's act up to date and teach Fanto to be a clown."

Mr. Boldini gave Fanto another savage look and again Fanto cowered with shame. "That's easy enough. That's all he is—a clown! There isn't a drop of artist's blood in him."

"Clowns can be artists, Mr. Boldini, just the same as you and me."

"All right," he said, "I'll think it over."

"I'll tell Mr. Grasselli." She knew Mr. Boldini meant to do it.

As she left the room she noticed that there was a new expression in Mr. Boldini's melancholy face, an expression she had never seen there before. For the first time he looked as if he expected something a little better than the worst.

THAT afternoon Mr. Grasselli himself honored Mr. Boldini by a call in his room and there, after Mr. Boldini had gone through another fine performance of indignation and wounded dignity and breast beating, they got down to brass tacks and discussed the act. The trouble, Mr. Grasselli knew from the beginning, would be in forcing Mr. Boldini to play "straight," to suppress his jealousy of Fanto and abandon all attempts to horn in on Fanto's success.

They went to work at once and for days they rehearsed the act above the din of hammering.

With a patience he had never known before Mr. Grasselli labored with Mr. Boldini until he came to the verge of giving up the whole thing as a bad job, and then by accident he found out how he could get the effect he wanted.

"Listen," he said, with exaggerated patience. "Get this in your mind, Mr. Boldini. I know it's the hardest thing in the world to get a ham to play a ham. See? You're a broken-down ham magician and every time you do a trick your dog spoils it and that makes you mad. Get me?"

But while he was talking an expression came over Mr. Boldini's face that very nearly frightened Mr. Grasselli.

"So I'm a ham, am I?" he cried. "A broken-down ham magician . . . me! The Great Boldini! You tell me that?"

Mr. Grasselli held up his hand. "Now, listen, Mr. Boldini I didn't say you were a ham. I was just telling you you must think of yourself as a ham. That's what acting is, ain't it? That's what great art is. Now listen, be sensible and go ahead with the act."

Fuming, Mr. Boldini went ahead with the act and miraculously in his fury and wounded vanity, he gave exactly the effect that Mr. Grasselli wanted. Crushing out his cigar, Mr. Grasselli lay back in bed and laughed, very nearly as hard as he had laughed on that first night. "That's it!" he said, "that's exactly it!"

Mr. Boldini beamed and Fanto, the clown, aware that he had at last got the laugh he wanted, barked and wagged his tail frantically.

"You're a great artist, Mr. Boldini," said Mr. Grasselli, "when you do it like that. Let's do it again and see if we can hold it."

In the meanwhile Tommy and Sarah Jane were making progress with their songs and Miss Flint was making progress with Sarah Jane's dresses.

Tommy had written two Nineties songs. One was called "The Poorhouse with You" and the other "She Was the Bartender's Sister." Now they had five good songs. Sarah Jane worked at them giving them everything she had.

But Tommy didn't seem properly excited about their debut. When Sarah Jane questioned him directly he said it wasn't anything, but he always looked away from her and she was sure again that there was something troubling him.

CHAPTER V

AND then suddenly the alterations were all finished and the chairs and tables installed and Maggie's two assistants arrived and in the afternoon there was a final rehearsal of cooks and waiters, captained by Victor Leontopopulos, a head-waiter who had served Mr. Grasselli at the openings and closings of countless night clubs and speak-easies. And at three o'clock, behind closed and curtained doors in poor Miss Minnie's drawing room, the performers held a rehearsal under the eye of Mr. Grasselli, the impresario. The act of "Ryan and Lefferty in a Few Songs" went perfectly, but Mr. Boldini was terrible. Sarah Jane and Tommy, watching, were aware of this and it troubled Sarah Jane that Mr. Grasselli either did not notice how terrible it was or he did not seem to mind. When she drew him aside after the rehearsal and said, "Old Boldini is going to be terrible," he only grinned at her and replied, "Never mind. He's going to be great. You wait and see."

"You're nuts if you think that," said Sarah Jane.

Then the worst happened about eight o'clock in the evening when Tommy didn't come down to dinner. He sent word by his mother that he didn't feel very well and wanted to lie down for a while in the dark. When Mrs. Lefferty told her the news, Sarah Jane was aware that all along she had known this was going to happen. Her instinct had told her that Tommy was still a broken reed that might under pressure collapse completely.

When she had eaten a quick but substantial dinner (for Sarah Jane was so healthy that she could not work on an empty stomach and nothing upset her appetite) she hurried up to Tommy's room.

She found him lying in the dark on his bed. He didn't even stir and made no effort to speak until she said, "Well?"

Then he said, "It's no use. I can't do it. You've got to find another piano player."

Fury blazed up inside her, but in the next second, remembering what she had learned, she counted ten before speaking and then said, "You must be crazy. I can't get a piano player at this hour. And anyway he couldn't do those songs the way we do them. Not even Paderewski could do it."

"I can't," said Tommy, "that's all there is to it."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know . . . nerves, I guess . . . jitters. What you call neurasthenia. I'm scared."

Quietly she came round to the end of the bed and sat on the edge of it by his side. "Listen," she said, "you can't do that. You can't let us all down . . . not now, when everything is ready."

"I can't," said Tommy in a low voice. "I guess I'm going nuts. I've been trying to think of the

music and I can't even remember it. I guess I'm going nuts. If I went on to play I wouldn't know what I was playing."

He said almost in a whisper. "I don't want to act like this. I can't help it. It isn't my fault, Sally."

Her heart suddenly leapt. He had called her Sally long ago when they played together in the back garden; but he had never called her that since he came home. She knew suddenly that she didn't care about "The Golden Nineties" or her career or anything. She only cared about Tommy. But she knew too that she had somehow, to make him go through with their performance for his own sake more than for any other reason. She had to make him do it in order to save him.

"Don't you see?" he said, "I'm nuts or something."

She had to think quickly and skillfully; she knew that she could not risk making a mistake. After a little silence in which she abandoned thought and allowed her instinct to tell her what to do, she asked, "Is it on account of something that happened while you were away?"

He didn't answer her, and after another silence she said, "Was it something you did?" and in a whisper, he said, "Yes."

Then suddenly she took his hand.

"Tell me," she said, "it'll do you good. You know, don't you, that I'm all for you? . . . that I'd do anything for you. You know that, don't you, Tommy?"

After a long silence, he said, "I was in jail."

That didn't surprise her, because it was what she expected. "What for?" she asked.

"Bootlegging . . . in Detroit."

She laughed. She couldn't, in her relief, help herself. "That doesn't matter," she said, "bootlegging wasn't any crime. Everybody did it . . . everybody was guilty . . . people who drank were just as guilty. Nobody cares about that."

"I beat it," he said. "I got out of jail by a trick and beat it."

"Well," said Sarah Jane, "that was very smart of you. So what? All that's finished."

"It wasn't only that," said Tommy. "It was a lot of other things I did."

"What?"

"It's no good telling you some of the things. I'm ashamed to. I'm ashamed because I was ashamed of you and Ma and Maggie. I thought I was too good for you all until I found out I wasn't good enough."

"It don't matter, now," said Sarah Jane. "It's all finished. You weren't the same as Ma and me and your Mother. You're kind of a genius too, I guess . . . sensitive like. You were kind of different and you got to know a different kind of people. That's all washed up now. We're both down to brass tacks again. That's why I know everything is gonna be swell for both of us. I'll bring you a drink and you'll be all right."

"No," said Tommy, with a sudden return of hysteria. "I can't! I can't sit up there in front of all those people. I can't remember anything. It's all kind of come back at once in a heap. I can't explain exactly—only all I want to do is to hide—like this in the dark."

SO now, she knew, there was only one thing left to do, and again she knew that she mustn't do the wrong thing. It had to be just right. Again, she abandoned thought and trusted her instinct.

"Tommy," she said.

Out of the darkness his voice answered her, tired and frightened, "Yes?"

"Tommy, would you marry me?"

There was a silence and then he asked, "Do you really mean that? You're not kidding me?"

"I never meant anything so much in my life. I've always been in love with you, I guess. Anyway since I was about sixteen years old. Now, there it is! How do you feel about it?"

He pulled her hand up to his lips and kissed it. "There," he said. "That's how I feel. I guess I always felt the same way about you, only I was a fool. I didn't know it till just lately . . . I wanted to ask you, only I didn't dare."

Then suddenly he put his arms about her. He didn't speak at all but only kept saying, "Sally! My God, Sally!"

Then they both knew that it had been waiting for them all along, all the time, for years, and now when it came to them it was better than anything they had dreamed of because they *knew* each other. They had known each other always. There wasn't any strangeness. There wasn't anything they had to find out about each other.

At about eleven-fifteen the first clients began to arrive, and about a quarter to twelve poor Miss Minnie's drawing room and dining room were filled to capacity. Victor Leontopulos had even set up two small tables in the hall and one against the back of the piano itself. There was a special table reserved for Mrs. Lefferty and the boarders, and here early in the evening Miss Flint and Mr. Salmon had installed themselves.

Mr. Salmon, in a dinner jacket, but still wearing his flowing tie, sat by the side of Miss Flint at the center of the table. Mr. Salmon, watching her, from time to time out of the corner of his eye, noticed that her "subconscious" was troubled by something. Her mouth and eyes twitched, worse than ever.

A moment or two after they were seated Victor Leontopulos came over to the table and asked them what they would have to eat, handing them a menu filled with a list of Maggie's specialties which made them feel all at the same time at home and very strange, because it was the first time in all the years they had been here that they had seen Maggie's dinners set down in cold print. When they said they would wait for the others, Mr. Leontopulos invited them to have a bottle of champagne, tactfully adding that he had received instructions that they were to have everything and that it would all be "on the house." So they had a bottle of champagne, and presently Mrs. Lefferty, with old Mr. Van Diver in tow, appeared through the passage from behind the screen and joined them.

Mrs. Lefferty wore a fine purple dress with poor Miss Minnie's seed pearls and looked very handsome, handsomer than Mr. Salmon had ever seen her look, and Old Mr. Van Diver wore a white tie and an odd old-fashioned tail coat which had turned a little green along the seams and been restored to something of its original color by Mrs. Lefferty with the aid of a bottle of India Ink.

Mr. Grasselli, opener and closer of night clubs and speakeasies, had done his work well. The room was full of important people—agents and actors, motion-picture people, columnists and newspapermen, racketeers and chiselers, and people generally who were in the "know." Taken as an audience, as a picture as a whole they frightened Mr. Salmon and Mrs. Lefferty; made no impression whatever on Mr. Van Diver, and only added to the terror of poor Miss Flint, whose eyes and mouth took to twitching harder than ever at sight of them. And Mrs. Lefferty, with a sinking of the heart, suddenly understood what had happened. Suddenly it wasn't fun and exciting like making up a story. She didn't like any of their faces any more than Miss Flint liked them. They weren't poor Miss Minnie's kind or her own. They were cheap.

Mr. Leontopulos brought another bottle of champagne. They were all enjoying it and Mrs. Lefferty said it was kind of him to think of them. It was the first time in her life that Miss Flint had ever tasted champagne and she thought it was lovely. Mr. Salmon filled her glass twice and then three times and then four. And then suddenly without warning, from behind the screen which hid the dumb-waiter just beside them, appeared a face which was at once terrifying and familiar. It was Miss Flint who saw it first and she gave a faint scream, which attracted the notice of the others. What she saw was like something out of a nightmare, out of one of these dreams which she had been having night after night, of late. It was Mr. Grasselli, but a Mr. Grasselli none of them had ever seen before. His hair and new-grown mustache were dyed black, not a natural kind of black, but the black of shoeblacking, and he wore a pair of dark glasses which made it impossible to tell that he was walleyed. The whole face resembled more than anything else, the face of a walking corpse.

Miss Flint stifled her scream and Mr. Salmon pressed upon her another glass of champagne, and then the spectral face of Mr. Grasselli disappeared.

IT disappeared at the presence in the hallway of Mr. Boldini in his Roman costume accompanied by a panting and whimpering Fanto, a number of wands and rings and colored handkerchiefs and a bowl of live goldfish. Fanto was scarcely more excited than Mr. Boldini, but the magician managed to conceal his excitement beneath an expression of such smugness that at sight of him Mr. Grasselli thought, "I'll have to make him mad as Hell or he's gonna be terrible."

Then Tommy appeared, looking, Mr. Grasselli thought, like a stranger. He looked very smart and he held himself very straight and there was color in his face and a challenging twinkle in his blue eyes.

Mr. Grasselli looked at him hard; this couldn't be the Tommy who a couple of hours before had been too sick with stage fright to join the others at dinner. Then he drew Tommy aside.

"Listen," he said, "I forgot all about a master of ceremonies. You've got to be it. You've got to introduce old Boldini."

Tommy gave a signal to the tiny orchestra that sat pressed against the piano and there was a roll of drums and he stepped forward into the tiny space left just before the widened doorway from the drawing room into the dining room.

With the greatest of professional airs, he waited for the murmur to die away. Then he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you in behalf of the management, the performers, the staff and myself for coming here tonight. As you see (here he looked all around the room), we are crowded to the doors. In spite of every effort, we have had to turn away a large crowd. We are doing our best. I hope you will like the place and that you find the food as good."

From the back of the room a voice said, "Great!" and from another corner a second voice said, "Swell!" Listening behind the screen, Maggie heard these compliments and beamed.

Then Tommy went on, "I hope you will like our performers of whom," he said modestly, "I am one. In any case the management hopes to give you something new. The first number on the program will be The Great Boldini and his dog, Fanto." (From behind the screen came the sound of a joyous bark, quickly stifled.) "There he is now," said Tommy.

Then he made a little bow, received a round of applause, and retired.

Mr. Boldini did not come out at once, but that was because Mr. Grasselli was preparing him for his appearance. In the half-darkness behind the screen Mr. Grasselli said, "Now listen, you old ham. Remember you're a lousy, broken-down magician and this is your chance to come back. Get on there and do your stuff. And for God's sake, try not to ham it!"



After her second song, the audience called for Sarah Jane and Tommy to come back

A look of fury crossed the bloodhound face. The mouth opened to speak, but no words came out, because before he could speak Mr. Grasselli, with the aid of his foot, sent him through the doorway onto the tiny stage, preceded by a barking, joyous Fanto.

The entrance of Mr. Boldini savored less of pomp and dignity than of rage.

There was a wave of laughter, and when Mr. Boldini glared at the audience in rage, they took it as a part of his role and began to laugh all over again. In a fury he went through the whole act, feeling against Fanto the same genuine resentment he had felt on the night when Fanto ruined everything. And each time the audience laughed at his anger, the laughter served only to increase it. Fanto was perfect, for he liked an audience. He made all the men laugh and he charmed the women, and the minute Mr. Boldini turned his back for a moment, to make one of his pompous speeches, Fanto turned a somersault or stood on his head to attract attention to himself. The goldfish trick was a triumph, and when Fanto upset the bowl on the floor, there was a tempest of laughter and applause.

The act was suddenly over and Mr. Boldini and Fanto were called back again and again. It was only then that Mr. Boldini grasped the fact that he had

been a success, and he was never aware that all the time, while he was playing the act in a blind rage, the audience had believed that the rage was acting. And now as the lovely sound of applause came rolling back to him, everything was changed; he forgot his anger and convinced himself that he had meant it that way. He had not been really angry; he was only acting. He even forgave Mr. Grasselli.

As for Fanto, he was beside himself, and after Mr. Boldini had taken his last bow and was turning to go up the stairs, Fanto turned, ran past him and had a final bow in which his master played no part. It was, after all, his right as the star.

At the boarders' table everyone drank another glass of champagne to the health of Mr. Boldini and Fanto, and a moment later Mr. Grasselli appeared to take a chair exactly opposite Miss Flint with his back to the audience.

IN the corner, by the door, Mr. Malkowsky, the great foreign movie director and his assistant, took a sudden interest when Sarah Jane appeared. He noticed that when she walked, there was in her walk a kind of beauty which a lot of actresses spent their lives working to acquire. He noticed the shrewdness with which she had costumed herself, wearing a simple dress which revealed the beauty of her body, but threw the attention to her face, and when she began to sing, he noticed that her voice, which was not a great voice, had in it a quality that sent a thrill down your spine. He noticed all these things.

His assistant noticed none of them. He knew the signs of Mr. Malkowsky's enthusiasm. So when Sarah Jane had finished her first song, the assistant said it first. He said, "She's great, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Mr. Malkowsky, keeping his eye on Sarah Jane.

Then Sarah Jane sang, "Here We are in Love," the second of her numbers, and at the end they would not let her go away but kept calling to her and Tommy to come back. There were cries of "Sal! We want Sal!" They all knew her. They were friendly toward her as a Broadway character and now when they were surprised by what she could do, they were pleased.

When they would not let her go she retired for a moment, and returned with her special make-up to sing, "I'm Nada McSweeney, The Glamour Girl."

This came as a surprise to Mr. Malkowsky, who had not thought of her as a comedienne, but when she finished, "I'm Garbo, I'm Dietrich, I'm Hepburn, I'm Loy," he pounded his fat hands together hysterically, and his assistant pounded his in imitation.

Then Tommy announced that they would return shortly with a couple of more songs, and the public tried again to dance and again gave it up.

At their table in the corner, Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie and the boarders, all save Miss Flint, were delirious with excitement. It was all better than they had hoped, better even than anything Mrs. Lefferty had made up in her story. She turned to Mr. Grasselli and said, "Is it always like this?"

And Mr. Grasselli said, "No, I never seen anything like it before." Then he leaned over and whispered to Mrs. Lefferty, "Maybe you'd better do something about Miss Flint. She looks to me as if she was gonna be sick."

Mrs. Lefferty looked at her and had the same idea. Miss Flint was staring sullenly through eyes that were a little glazed, directly at Mr. Grasselli. She had been staring at him like that for a long time, her face frozen, except for the twitch of the eyes and at the corners of the mouth. It was rather a terrifying look, and it made Mr. Grasselli feel very uncomfortable.

"Maybe you'd better take her up and put her to bed," he whispered to Mrs. Lefferty.

"Maybe I had," said Mrs. Lefferty. Then she got up and bent over Miss Flint and suggested that they both go upstairs and have some bicarbonate of soda, and Miss Flint, strangely enough, agreed with docility. But once in the room that had been poor Miss Minnie's linen closet, she refused to go to bed.

"No," she kept saying, "I'll be feeling better in a little while. Just leave me alone." She lay down on the bed fully corseted and dressed. "No," she said, "I won't go to bed. I'll be all right."

So at last Mrs. Lefferty closed the door and left her, and as soon as Mrs. Lefferty had gone, Miss Flint rose and put on her raincoat over her evening dress and put on her hat and her thick veil right on top of the rhinestone butterfly. Then she opened the door a little way and peered out, and when she saw there was no one about, she went out.

At each turn of the stairway she executed the same reconnoitering tactics until she reached the first

floor where in an unsteady dash, she went through the door and down the front steps, to the astonishment of the doorman who had noticed no one who even faintly resembled her entering the house.

THE Nineties songs had the same success as the earlier ones, and in his corner Mr. Malkowsky's enthusiasm grew. At the end he turned to his assistant and said, "Vell, vot do you tink of her?"

"What do you think?" asked the assistant.

"She's vunderful. She's just vot ve've been looking for."

So Mr. Bergman, the assistant, went over to the boarders' table, where Tommy and Sarah Jane had gone to join the others. The table was surrounded now by old friends of "Sal," by people who pretended they were old friends, by people who wanted to know her, by people who had given her an extra push when she was on the way down, but Sarah Jane wasn't deceived by any of it, because she'd been in the game too long.

What she did know was that this was success. When they came running like that, it meant the real stuff, more than compliments and applause and everything.

Mr. Bergman, the assistant, made his way through the throng and bent over her. "Excuse me," he said. "I'm assistant director with Colossal Pictures. I've got Mr. Malkowsky, the great foreign director, with me, and he wants to know if you'll have a glass of champagne with him."

"Sure," said Sarah Jane, rising.

The moment she saw Mr. Malkowsky, she thought, "He's a phony." She could tell it by the black Assyrian beard, by the unctuous voice, by the way he rose and kissed her hand. But almost at once she thought, "So what? Even if he is a phony, mebbe I can use him. I'll feed him up. What's the difference, if he 'discovers' me?"

So she fed him up, playing up to the shiny beard and the hand-kissing and the unctuous voice, and when she left the table, Mr. Malkowsky said, "Vell, I expect you then to have lunch vit me tomorrow at vun at the Valdorf."

"I'll be there," said Sarah Jane.

When she had gone, Mr. Malkowsky said, "She's vunderful! I tink I make a discovery."

"She's marvelous," said Mr. Bergman, the assistant. "Colossal! You've got a wonderful eye for talent."

When she got back to the table Mr. Grasselli had disappeared, because success had attracted to the table too many people who knew him. People came and went. Agents suggested meetings and one revue producer talked about a show he had in the fall, if Sarah Jane was "interested." She said she didn't know. She could tell him later. She had a good many plans to consider.

Finally about four in the morning there wasn't anyone left in the room but Sarah Jane and Tommy and a couple of tired waiters. They had expected that Mr. Grasselli would return, but he never did, so Sarah Jane said, "Let's go up and see him."

In the upper hallway, Tommy suddenly put his arms about her and said, "Well, we pulled it off, didn't we?"

"I'll say we did."

"And none of 'em knew why we were so good."

Sarah Jane laughed and kissed him and he said, "There was even a song publisher playing around. . . . Old Herman from Beck and Herman."

She went to Mr. Grasselli's door and knocked, and when there was no answer, Tommy pushed it open. Still there wasn't any sign of Mr. Grasselli and when they turned on the lights, the room was empty.

"That's funny," said Tommy.

"Maybe he's in the bathroom."

But he wasn't in the bathroom. They went all over the house, but they couldn't find any trace of Mr. Grasselli. Then it occurred to Tommy to ask the doorman.

Tommy described Mr. Grasselli's appearance, his black hair and mustache.

"Sure," said the doorman, "I seen him goin' out. A coupla cops had him. He looked kinda familiar to me, only funny."

If the cops had him there wasn't any use pretending any longer that Mr. Grasselli wasn't Monk Maguire, so Tommy said, "You know who he was, don't you?"

"No, who?"

"It was Monk."

"Jeez!" said the doorman. "I knew he was familiar."

Tommy went off alone around the corner to the police station. He found the sergeant and a couple

of sleepy policemen, and when he asked for Monk Maguire, the sergeant said, "And what d'you wanta see him for?"

"Because I work for him."

"How?" asked the sergeant.

"I play the piano in his joint."

"Oh," said the sergeant. "Well, that's different. He ain't here."

"Where is he?"

"They took him to headquarters, but there ain't no use in going way down there. You couldn't see him. Better wait till the morning."

"Okay," said Tommy. "Thanks."

As he turned to leave, the sergeant said, "Wait a minute. Mebbe you could tell us about the old dame we've got shut up here."

"Mebbe," said Tommy. "What does she look like?"

The sergeant described her, dyed red hair, lots of paint, a heavy veil and a kind of diamond butterfly in her hair.

"Sure," said Tommy. "I know who she is. She lives at my mother's boardinghouse. How did she get here?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the sergeant. It seemed that Miss Flint, in a state of hysteria, came into the police station and asked to be locked up. When they asked why she wanted to be locked up, she said it was because she was scared. When they asked by what, she said she was always being followed and that they were trying to take her for a ride. At first, because of poor respectable Miss Flint's appearance, they believed her story, only they couldn't think of any joint in the neighborhood that had a madame who resembled Miss Flint. They began to question her. At last, after a half hour of questions in which she nearly drove them crazy trying to follow her, they discovered that she knew where Monk Maguire was and that she was scared out of her wits by her knowledge. So finally they broke her down. She said nobody in the boardinghouse, but herself, had guessed the secret, but if they wanted to get him, they could go right over there now and pick him up, only they had to remember that he had dyed his hair and mustache, and was wearing dark glasses.

Then the sergeant thanked her and told her she might as well go home, but she begged instead that they shut her up. She wouldn't feel safe outside of jail. She wouldn't be able to close an eye. She'd heard, she said, that Monk's gang meant to strangle her and put her body in a barrel filled with cement. So in the end they yielded and locked her up in a cell and almost at once she had gone to sleep.

"Mebbe I'd better have a look at her," said Tommy.

They went along a corridor and at last came to the cell where Miss Flint was locked out of harm's way. She was asleep, very sound asleep. The police had taken off her hat and coat and veil and put a blanket over her. The butterfly of rhinestones still glittered jauntily in the flaming hair.

When Tommy returned, the sergeant said, "Better let her stay here tonight and sleep it off. We'll bring her home in the morning."

"Thanks," said Tommy. "Good night."

Tommy understood. The champagne and Mr. Grasselli's strange make-up had been too much for her. It would, he thought, have been too much for almost anybody.

TOMMY didn't wake until noon and by then Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie had already discovered the disappearance of Mr. Grasselli and Miss Flint. An elopement, they decided, was scarcely likely, so Mrs. Lefferty went round to the police station, and there for the first time she learned the true identity of Mr. Grasselli. It came as a shock, such a shock that she had to sit down and have some brandy and be fanned. They knew her at the station house, so they didn't have any suspicions that she had been consciously providing the notorious Monk Maguire with a place of refuge.

Then when she had recovered from the first shock, she found out all about Miss Flint. Miss Flint, the day sergeant said, was still sleeping peacefully, but by now, he thought, she ought to be able to go home. So, accompanied by Mrs. Lefferty, they went to the cell and roused Miss Flint. She waked slowly, and at the sight of Mrs. Lefferty, burst into tears and flung herself into Mrs. Lefferty's plump arms.

"Never mind, dearie," said Mrs. Lefferty, patting her back. "We're going home now. They've told me the whole story. It's going to be all right."

"Oh," cried Miss Flint. "We can't go home alone."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Lefferty.

"They'll surely get us now."

"Who'll get us?"

"Mr. Grasselli's mob," sobbed Miss Flint.

Here the sergeant, grinning, intervened. "Sure, don't you worry, Mrs. Lefferty," he said. "I'll send Officer Leibowitz around with you. That'll keep her quiet."

"Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself," sobbed Miss Flint. "I don't know what came over me . . . to get you into all this trouble."

"There ain't any trouble," said Mrs. Lefferty, continuing to pat Miss Flint's skinny back. "Sure, dearie, stop your worryin'."

Officer Leibowitz came forward to escort the two ladies home. He was a respectable Jewish policeman, with a large family, and after he had taken a good look at Miss Flint, painted and dyed and still bedecked in a ball gown, with the diamond butterfly in her Titian hair, he went up to the sergeant and began whispering to him.

"Sure," said the sergeant. "Take 'em home in a taxi. I guess the city can pay for it."

BUT at home there was a fresh calamity, one which to Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty was far worse than the scandal of Mr. Grasselli's identity and the night spent by Miss Flint in a cell at the police station, for in this new calamity there was a tragedy which touched them both and destroyed forever the few remnants of joy that remained over the success of the opening of the Golden Nineties.

After Mrs. Lefferty and Maggie had put Miss Flint to bed and given her calming medicines, they met Mr. Boldini on the stairs. He had been looking for them. His bloodhound countenance was the apotheosis of melancholy, and the tears streamed from his eyes.

"A terrible thing has happened," he said. Then he began to sob, and it took Maggie and Mrs. Lefferty quite a little while to calm him. Then he said, still sobbing, "Fanto is dead!"

"Dead!" said Mrs. Lefferty. "But what was the matter with him? He was in wonderful spirits last night."

She leaned against the stair rail trying to realize what it was that Mr. Boldini was telling her. Fanto couldn't be dead, not the Fanto who had been so joyous only last night.

"When I woke up this morning," said Mr. Boldini, "he was still in his basket, curled up the way he always was, but when I called him he didn't get up. He didn't even open his eyes and wag his tail. I went over to him and . . . he was dead!" And Mr. Boldini began to sob again. "He's been with me for fourteen years . . . ever since he was a puppy . . . my best friend!"

And then the three of them, without speaking, went softly along the hall to Mr. Boldini's room and opened the door.

There in his basket, curled up as he had always been, lay Fanto. He looked happy. He looked, Maggie said, as if he had died wagging his tail.

"Sure he had a good time," said Maggie, "and he had fun last night."

"Yes," said Mr. Boldini. "He never had such a success before."

"It must have been the excitement," said Mrs. Lefferty.

"Sure," said Maggie, "with his rheumatism. It was too much for his heart." She leaned down and touched Fanto's head. It was her way of saying good-by to him. She and Mrs. Lefferty were thinking the same thing. Fanto wouldn't be there any more to help Mrs. Lefferty make the beds. He wouldn't ever again give them a performance, wagging his tail, and turning somersaults and standing on his head.

AFTER Tommy had risen and had some breakfast and heard about Miss Flint being home and Fanto being dead, he went to police headquarters to see Mr. Grasselli. He found him in a cell having a late lunch which he had sent out for, and he seemed to be taking the whole affair philosophically.

"It didn't make any difference," he said. "I was gonna give myself up anyway on Monday. It was all fixed. 'Mr. Hirsh' had it all arranged. He says everything is gonna come out all right. A coupla days don't make any difference. Say, but that was a swell opening, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"I guess you and Sarah Jane otta be pretty well fixed. You two got a break anyway. You otta be gettin' contracts right along now."

"It looks kinda good," said Tommy.

"I guess even old Boldini will get a break out of

this if he don't lose his head and ham it."

"No," said Tommy. "That's finished."

"How finished?"

"Fanto is dead."

"Dead . . . that dog?"

Something like a tear appeared in Mr. Grasselli's eye. "Say, that was a wonderful dog," he said. "That was the swellest dog I ever seen. He was almost youman."

There was a little silence and then Mr. Grasselli looked up from his lunch and said, "There's one thing I'd kinda like to ask you?"

"What?"

"What happened to you last night between eight o'clock and eleven? I never seen such a change in anybody."

Tommy grinned. "Well," he said, "it was like this." And he told Mr. Grasselli about what had happened between him and Sarah Jane.

When he had finished, Mr. Grasselli grinned back at him. "So that was it?"

Lunch scarcely happened at all that day. Both Sarah Jane and Tommy were absent, Miss Flint was indisposed, and Mr. Boldini didn't feel like eating anything, so in the end Maggie and Mrs. Leferty sat down with old Mr. Van Diver and Mr. Salmon to a meal in which none of them save old Mr. Van Diver found any pleasure.

It was Maggie's brooding that worried Mrs. Leferty. She hadn't brooded like this in years, and when she brooded, Mrs. Leferty always knew that an explosion was certain to follow. Maggie, brooding, was a terrifying spectacle.

Even when Sarah Jane returned home filled with the news of her interview with the Great Foreign Director, Mr. Malkowsky, it didn't cheer her. She showed no joy at the news that Sarah Jane already practically had a contract for Hollywood and that she had already had two offers to sing in night clubs. Even when Tommy came in with the news that very likely three of his songs were going to be published and would be sung over the radio, she did not show any signs of joy.

And when at last Tommy and Sarah Jane told her and Mrs. Leferty that they were going to be married at City Hall, she merely said grimly, "Well, it's about time you made up your minds. And you're not gonna be married in City Hall. No daughter of mine is gonna be married outside the church. You're gonna be married by Father McGuffy, a proper marriage that is a marriage."

Mrs. Leferty did not brood. She was merely frightened. She was frightened by all that had happened and what still lay ahead of them and she was frightened by Maggie's brooding. But most of all she was frightened because the story she had made up had run away with her and she didn't like it. It made her nervous. And like Maggie, she didn't like the cheap, unhealthy people that success had brought into their lives . . . people like Mr. Grasselli, and Victor Leontopopulos and Mr. Malkowsky, the big foreign director, and all those people who had crowded about the table to congratulate Sarah Jane. Now she wanted to stop the story where it was. It had gone far enough.

CHAPTER VI

It was Maggie who stopped it!

The look in her eye became a little fiercer, and suddenly she left the room without a word and went directly to the kitchen.

At a table in the far end, her two assistants, a pair of men whom Victor Leontopopulos had engaged, were busy preparing corned beef hash. The sight of them was too much for Maggie.

She advanced toward them, "Get out of here, both of you, as fast as your legs can carry you."

The timider of the two rose and went to the sink to wash his hands. The bolder said, "You can't fire us like that. What have we done?"

But Maggie had already taken up a strategic position by the stove. She took up a kettle filled with boiling water and advanced on the objector.

"Don't argue with me. Get out of here before I scald you both."

That made him give in. The boiling water was bad enough, but the embattled look in Maggie's eye was worse. Both assistants reached for their hats and coats and, keeping close along the wall, well out of Maggie's range, they slunk out of the door into the areaway.

When they had gone, Maggie locked the door and then went to the stove where the Irish stew was boiling in three large kettles. One by one she emptied these into the large garbage cans that Mr.

Grasselli had had installed. When she had done that she took the corned beef hash and likewise did away with it. Then she poured herself a cup of "tea" from the kettle of black liquid on the back of the stove and rang the bell that she used to summon Mrs. Leferty from abovestairs.

When Mrs. Leferty appeared, she said, "Tell the boarders not to come down tonight."

"Why?" said Mrs. Leferty.

"Because it ain't gonna be safe. I'll fix up some cocoa and bread and butter and jam and you can take it up to 'em. There ain't gonna be anything else to eat come out of this kitchen tonight."

"What about upstairs?" said Mrs. Leferty.

"They might as well call it off. There ain't gonna be any night club. Anyway there ain't gonna be anything to eat."

"Oh," said Mrs. Leferty. She knew now that the storm had broken.

IN a little while, as Maggie expected, there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, the unmistakable hated sound of the feet of Mr. Leontopopulos, who had dared to put on airs and try to order her in her own kitchen. Stimulated by the black tea, she listened until his unsuspecting feet reached the bottom step and then, just as he opened the door, she flung a plate with all her might. But Mr. Leontopopulos saw it coming and ducked.

When the crash had died away, the head waiter opened the door an inch or two, but before he could speak, another plate struck it so hard that it was flung shut in his face. The third time he made no attempt to communicate with Maggie face to face, but spoke from behind the shelter of the door.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Leontopopulos, very grand in his safety behind the door, "by discharging your helpers?"

"You'd better not come in here unless you want your head broke," said Maggie.

"Where's the supper?" asked Mr. Leontopopulos.

"In the garbage can," said Maggie.

Mr. Leontopopulos considered this disaster for a moment. Then he said, "Either you get the supper or get out and let someone else get it."

"Nobody is coming into this kitchen tonight," said Maggie. "There ain't gonna be any supper."

"What's the matter?" in a conciliatory tone.

"Never mind what's the matter. It's none of your business what's the matter."

Another silence and then Mr. Leontopopulos decided to take a firmer tone.

"I'm the manager of this place," he said, "and you're under my orders. Mr. Grasselli has left me in charge."

"That jailbird!" said Maggie scornfully. "He's in the cooler, where he belongs."

"Well," said Mr. Leontopopulos. "I'll get the police. A contract is a contract."

"Sure," said Maggie, "a contract is a contract, only there ain't any in this affair. This is my house and my kitchen and nobody's coming into it."

So Mr. Leontopopulos retired temporarily. A little later he returned and again tried arguing through the door, but with no greater success, and at last he appealed to Tommy and Sarah Jane, but this did no good whatever because in her brooding Maggie conceived the idea that after all they were to blame because it was on account of them that Mr. Grasselli and all these other people got into the house.

"Sure," said Maggie. "If it hadn't been for you that Grasselli would never have come here at all."

The siege continued, without result, until about eleven-thirty, when, not Maggie, but Mr. Leontopopulos gave in. He was forced to tell the arriving patrons that there wasn't any food but sandwiches which he sent out for at a neighboring restaurant; and at last, about midnight, he decided to surrender entirely and announce that "owing to a disagreement in the management" the place was closed.

So among all Mr. Grasselli's speakeasy and night club ventures, the Golden Nineties held a record. It had opened one night and closed the next, and never had a club had a greater prospect of success.

When Tommy, a little shamefacedly, told Mr. Grasselli the story in a cell at the tombs, Mr. Grasselli laughed hard and long at the story of Maggie in the kitchen drinking black tea and throwing plates every time Mr. Leontopopulos put his head in the door. He laughed almost as hard as he had laughed at Mr. Boldini's first performance.

"That's the first time anybody ever fixed Victor Leontopopulos. He's the toughest egg in the whole racket." Then when his mirth had died down a little, he said, "Well, mebbe it was a nut idea any-

way . . . the whole thing. The Nineties is buried and I suppose we otta let 'em stay buried."

Three weeks later Sarah Jane and Tommy were properly married by Father McGuffy. Nobody came to the wedding except Maggie and Mrs. Leferty and the boarders.

The rest of the story came out just as Mrs. Leferty imagined except for Mr. Grasselli. What happened to him was a surprise, and Mrs. Leferty who knew that he wasn't really a villain but good at heart, thought they treated him badly. She didn't know exactly what she meant by "they," but anyway "they" wouldn't let him out on bail and after a short trial, "they" found him guilty of evading income tax and "they" gave him seven years in Atlanta. The truth, which Mrs. Leferty never quite grasped, was that "mobsters" like Mr. Grasselli were already a little out of date. Juries and judges weren't afraid of them any longer. Like Mr. Salmon, Miss Flint and Mr. Van Diver, they had begun to belong to an epoch.

On the day he went off to Atlanta, just as he was boarding the train, a messenger boy came running along the platform shouting, "Mr. Maguire! Mr. Maguire!" He had two packages for Mr. Grasselli. One was a large box of cigars with Sarah Jane's card in it and the other was a tiny bouquet of flowers. When he opened them, Mr. Maguire found inside a card on which was written in precise, even finicky handwriting, "Bon voyage, from Malvina Flint."

Sarah Jane got her contract from Mr. Malkowsky and made a lot of money in the meanwhile singing in a couple of night clubs, and Tommy got his songs published and, largely through Sarah Jane's connivings, got a contract for the Coast. Two or three days before they left, the final chapter of Mrs. Leferty's story "happened" exactly as she had pictured it. There was a ring at the door and Tommy was standing there all dressed in fine clothes and he said, "You and Maggie put on your hats and come on for a ride." And then she saw, waiting at the foot of the stoop, a fine, shiny new automobile.

It wasn't quite as big as she had pictured and the light in the top wasn't cut glass; it was only frosted. But Mrs. Leferty thought maybe that was better. It kept the story in hand.

It was the first ride Maggie had ever had in an automobile, and the first Mrs. Leferty had had if you didn't count the ride home from the station house with Miss Flint and Officer Leibowitz. On the way home Tommy said, "As soon as Sally and I get our bearings in Hollywood we're gonna send for you both. It's a wonderful place. I've been there."

"When?" asked Mrs. Leferty.

"When I was away," said Tommy.

She and Maggie didn't talk much more but seemed to fall into a silence from which it was impossible to rouse them, and when at last they drove up again in front of poor Miss Minnie's house, Mrs. Leferty said, "It's a wonderful automobile, and it's kind of you and Sarah Jane to think about taking us to Hollywood, but we couldn't go."

"No," said Maggie. "It ain't possible."

"What would become of Miss Flint and old Mr. Van Diver and Mr. Boldini?"

THAT night after supper Miss Flint poured the coffee while Mrs. Leferty helped Maggie with the dishes, and as soon as dinner was over, Mrs. Leferty got out "the old gentleman's" gaming table and the perpetual rummy score and said, "You begin dealing, Miss Flint."

The room was almost the way it had always been, save that beneath poor Miss Minnie's Axminster carpet there was now a floor of hard wood and the opening between the dining room and the drawing room was wider than it used to be. Mr. Boldini won the first game and Mrs. Leferty the second. In his corner, Mr. Van Diver looked at the picture magazines and chortled to himself, and about eleven o'clock Mrs. Leferty went downstairs to fetch beer and sandwiches. Nothing was changed except that poor Fanto wasn't there. There was a new poodle, a puppy called "Flic," which Sarah Jane and Tommy had bought to comfort Mr. Boldini. And now they had a radio because Mr. Grasselli said he wouldn't need the one he had in his room and they might as well keep it.

While they ate and drank Mrs. Leferty turned to what was known as "Sarah Jane's station" and in a little while Sarah Jane was singing "Here We Are in Love" right there beside them—"just as if she was in the room."

"Isn't it wonderful," said Mrs. Leferty.

"Yes," said Maggie. "If only poor Miss Minnie could be here."

E Camera SPEAKS

"Strange Cargo," title of the new Gable-Crawford film, might almost as well be the name of this superb Fink "on-location" shot—with that quota of whiskers Clark's carrying!



ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING
PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU
HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



Most Popular Girl—and Most Genuine: Ginger Rogers. "Physically and mentally attractive . . . a magnificent sense of humor...a good sport"



Most Popular—and Wittiest Man: David Niven. "Salvation from boredom, in impeccable white tie and tails . . . worth his weight in caviar to any occasion"



The Girl Most Likely to Succeed: Geraldine Fitzgerald. "A piquant beauty not common to the screen, great personal charm—and greater dramatic talent"



The Man Most Likely to Succeed: Lee Bowman. "All he needs is opportunity. To me, he's a tall, young edition of Fredric March—which is saying plenty"



Most Ambitious: Orson Welles. "This amazing young man wants to direct, write, produce and enact two or three roles in his pictures"



Most Beautiful Girl . . . "This depends on what you mean by beauty. No one can equal Hedy Lamarr—photogenically"



. . . "But, for spiritual beauty, Loretta Young comes first." Also the Best-Natured Girl—and probably the best off-screen feminine dancer



. . . "For character of face, Joan Crawford." Also the Most Ambitious Girl—the Most Generous Star—"and you will never catch her grandstanding about it!"



. . . "For allure, Marlene Dietrich." Also the Best Woman Cook—"Incredible for one so lovely, but you should taste her roulade of veal in white port!"



. . . "Claudette Colbert for the best figure. Also: Best Woman Alete—"It surprised me too, but she's a white"



The Handsomest Man . . . "Here, too, there must be classification. For perfection of feature, Ty Power is tops"



. . . "For strong character of face, Spencer Tracy." Also: Most Genuine Man—"He is what he is, take it or leave it; I'll take it" — and the Best Actor



. . . "For rugged individualism, Gary Cooper wins"



. . . "For dash, the masculine equivalent of allure, young Douglas Fairbanks"



The Wittiest Girl: Astor Sothern. "Her wit is sheer delight—trig fast, and always a bit but never malicious"



Girl with Most Charm: Irene Dunne. "She has that magnetic something which inspires the genuine admiration of everyone about her"



Man with the Most Charm: Brian Aherne. "Like Irene, he has a blend of gentility, kindness, serenity, and tolerance—but spices it with Irish devilment!"



The Best-Dressed Woman: Constance Bennett. "This isn't just family loyalty—aside from her ability to wear clothes well, she has taste and judgment"



The Best-Dressed—and the Brainiest—Man: Adolphe Menjou. "Exceptionally well-informed; the world, not just Hollywood, is Dolphe's mental oyster"



Brainiest Girl: Betty Davis. "All of us are born with a brain, but she's taken the trouble to develop hers." Also wins as Best Actress



Most Tactful Star: Ronald Colman. "Always says the right thing, without losing sight of his objective—a major triumph in Hollywood!"



Laziest Girl: "It should be Joan Bennett; only my strong character makes me do anything! But if I ever abdicate, I'll pass the crown to Virginia Bruce"



Laziest Man: Bing Crosby. "Even Bing himself would never argue this, for it would be too much trouble—and he would be right!"



The Most Attractive Girl: Merle Oberon. "More than beauty, attractiveness is beauty combined with winsomeness, sweetness, and amiability. That's Merle"



Most Attractive Man: Clark Gable. "In a man it's good looks, charm and all-around appeal. That's Clark." (Also the Best Man Athlete)

JOAN BENNETT'S

YEAR BOOK

"Who's What in Hollywood?" Devastating ratings by "Editor" Bennett, transcribed—with a trembling hand—by Kay Proctor



Most Candid Star (our rating)—Joan of "House Across the Bay," who recently became Mrs. Walter Wanger at Phoenix, Arizona

SUPPOSE Hollywood were to publish a Year Book for 1939, who would win the nomination for the most popular personality? The most ambitious? The brainiest?

Joan Bennett knows the answers she would print if she were editing the book. The Hollywood Year Book was her idea. Secretly, I suspect, she was intrigued with the possibilities it offered to toss some fragrant bouquets at her fellow players.

You know, of course, what the ordinary Year Book is. Annually, at the close of the high school or college year the thick volume containing the record of the year's activities is issued. The highlight of the book, however, always is that section in which the editor dares to express his personal opinion of his fellow students. It is the real *Who's Who* of the class.

Joan's Year Book similarly is the low-down on Hollywood personalities as seen by a fellow star. Come what may, here are her selections and her reasons for them.



Man Cook: Eugene O'Neill. "Fat, jolly, is the personification of good living. His rôle St. Moritz is a poem of ecstasy!"



Girl with Most to Live Up To: Ann Sheridan. "Photofinish with Hedy Lamarr—both of them have been so overexploited that it's jeopardized their careers"



Man with Most to Live Up To: William Holden. "Bill faces the danger of other films being anticlimactic—through no fault of his—after 'Golden Boy' glory"



Best Off-Screen Masculine Dancer: George Murphy. "He's divine on the dance floor! A heavenly leader, as smooth as silk, with a perfect sense of rhythm"



Done Most for the Profession: Jean Hersholt. "His life has been exemplary; his acting, consistently fine; his relief work, inspiring"



It seems more than a year between Eddy-MacDonald films, as letters from many a wistful reader testify! But now "New Moon" reunites Nelson and Jeanette, cinematically speaking, for the first time since his marriage. In the meantime, he's been doing his screen singing to Virginia Bruce and—more recently—Ilona Massey, in "Balalaika"

Willing



Casting of Merle Oberon in the Bette Davis role for "We Shall Meet Again" proved so inspired it stuck, even after B. D. and Warners' kissed and made up. It also upholds an Irish majority in the top roles, held by Pat O'Brien, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald—and Miss Oberon (just another version of O'Brien!)



This opening scene of "Hula," some twelve years ago, was designed to show Clara Bow as a girl "who prefers the outdoors while her father engages in cinematic orgies"!

Before that, critics were already yawning over "Three Weeks," even though the story had beautiful Aileen Pringle running away from her beastly husband to get herself an heir (that's where Conrad Nagel came in)



Spectacle reached a peak and audiences swooned with glee, as the early "Dante's Inferno" paraded long sequences of "writhing, agonized nudes" to put over a highly moral plot

Once before, after the world had suffered slaughter and destruction, movie morals went hang—with the neurotic results pictured here. Will history repeat itself?

WILL WE LET

In "doughboy" days, "Cleopatra" (with Fritz Leiber as Caesar) had eye-happy spectators wondering if the few beads in each of Theda Bara's fifty-odd costumes were a question of "war economy"

A year or two later, a screen heroine wasn't even safe with her husband! Exhibit A: James Kirkwood, mad with jealousy, lust and drink, uses "The Branding Iron" on movie wife Barbara Castleton, before he learns that she hasn't been unfaithful—despite those post-war scenarios

At that same period, the risqué boudoir farce—familiar to more sophisticated Broadway playgoers—made its appearance on the screen, as in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," starring Eugene Pallette





The censors' shears fell on Italian import "Quo Vadis"—with its "decadence of the Roman Empire under Nero"—but not as heavily as they might!

T HAPPEN AGAIN?

Julia Faye throws in the sponge—to Gloria Swanson—in the first DeMille bathtub scene. The film's title was "Male and Female," showing what current tastes did to the Barrie play, "The Admirable Crichton." It was released just after the first Armistice Day celebration

The same year of the famed screen bath, Swanson was in the choreographic clutches of dancer Ted Shawn in "Don't Change Your Husband." After more than two decades, it's hard to figure out what this scene had to do with a "comedy" about an unhappy wife who had three marriages and two divorces in one scenario—but if a feverish world wanted movie orgies, it got 'em!

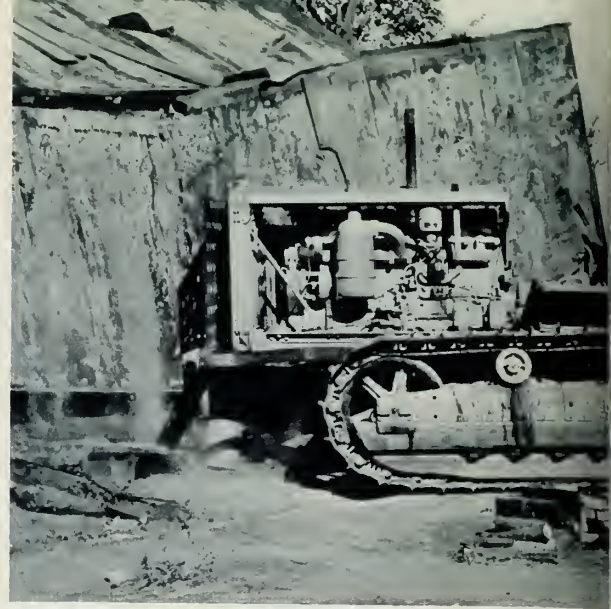


THE GRAPES OF WRATH

*Presenting a new Photoplay pre-
showing—the dramatic picture
story of the most vital documen-
tary book of many seasons and
the most discussed film of the
month, the 20th Century-Fox
production starring Henry Fonda*



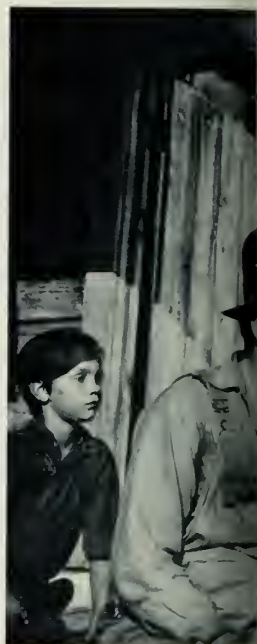
His prison sentence finished, Tom Joad (Henry Fonda) headed for home. En route ex-preacher Jim Casy (John Carradine) joined him. But the house was deserted. From Muley (John Qualen) they learned why



Dust storms, year after year, had ruined the crop. The tenant farmers had been encouraged to borrow from the banks, but when they could not make payments, they were driven out—giant tractors pushed down the houses of those who proved recalcitrant



For mile after mile they saw nothing but deserted farms—people in flight streamed along the highways—pitching their tents at night, camping near a stream. The first tragedy on the long trek was when Grandpa died. A legal funeral would have drained them of the money needed for food; their only alternative was to bury him in the woods



The little band that he set out with such his courage could not—would not—believe in tales of these men.



Treated as outcasts, tempers ran high, and when the deputy pulled his gun fists flew. Tom put out his foot to trip him; a woman screamed—her hand had been shattered by a bullet from the deputy's gun. As he attempted to fire another shot, the Reverend Casy kicked him. To protect Tom, because of his parole, Casy took full blame



But the government camps, where the Joads found haven for a time, were a different story. They were organized and clean. The camp manager looked over these poor unfortunates and a community spirit prevailed. These migrants, striving for just enough food to keep them alive, were eager for amusement—here they got it, with their own little dance bands, stories and jokes around the campfires at night



Tom's family had moved in with Uncle John preparatory to their migration to California—that land of plenty (or so they believed because of what the handbills said). But Mrs. Joad (Jane Darwell) was disturbed when she realized that Tom would be breaking parole by accompanying them

By selling their farm implements, they were able to buy a second hand truck that would accommodate all. Clothing, cooking utensils, bedding were sifted and resifted—only the bare necessities could go. All night they worked and by dawn they were ready to start their two thousand mile journey—with little more than hope



Men who had been to California and were now returning home with reports of poor wages, starvation that awaited thousands of migrants—because of those handbills

The long weary trip through insufferable heat and harassment by state border patrols reached its peak when Rosasharn (Dorris Bowdon) and Ma tried to make Grandma's last days comfortable. But just as they reached California she breathed her last

Realization came to the Joads when they were unable to find work and were forced to move from one camp to another—literally forced when contractors came with armed men and offered them work at starvation wages or removal from camp



Ma managed as best she could she could never satisfy the hunger of men who had all day—picking peaches, digging potatoes, on the scanty allowance of the meager rations they received

When work petered out they were forced to move on. At a peach ranch Tom ran into Casy, now released from jail. But Casy warned of trouble—a strike—for the men were being paid just half what they had been promised. That night Casy was killed by a strike-breaker, and Tom felled his assailant

It had been too dark for Tom to tell whether he had killed the man, but he told Ma that he must leave. It was a bitter end to their migration, yet there was hope in the future, for Casy's death had shown Tom that he must carry on the work of alleviating the suffering of his fellow migrants



Over on the "We Shall Meet Again" set, Pat O'Brien and George Brent get taken for a ride—in China.



Leaving behind her portrayals of Nurse Cavell and Queen Victoria, versatile Anna Neagle turns to song-and-dance in "Irene," abetted by Director Herbert Wilcox and Billie Burke

Cooper makes Tom Tyler "bite the dust" (figuratively speaking!) in "The Westerner." But then—believe it or not—a horse did the same for Gary!

A matinee idol takes up ballet, a comic takes to Westerns—in fact, all Hollywood's playing Turnabout

If you think there's nothing new under the Hollywood sun, you should take a look around the studio lots this month. You'll get the surprise of your life!

Screen type casting traditions are tumbling like tenpins. Everybody's trying something new. Maybe Marlene Dietrich started it by trading poise for a punch in "Destry Rides Again." Maybe it's the war, maybe it's the weather. Anyway, when we find Ginger Rogers trying tragic drama minus make-up; Anna Neagle going gay and modern in a Cinderella story; Gene Autry getting kissed; and Jack Benny riding a bucking horse—well, all we can say is, "Comes the Revolution!"

We get our first surprise at RKO, where the biggest things in Hollywood are afoot this month

and more coming up every minute. One of them is "The Primrose Path," and the surprise package there is Ginger Rogers, who is doing a Duse in one of the most starkly dramatic screen chores of the season. She doesn't dance, she doesn't sing, she doesn't dress up, she doesn't even use good English. She just suffers and suffers in the pretty grim story of a gal whose mother wants to make a shady lady out of her until true lover Joel McCrea comes along with nobler ideas. Cute?

Doing "February Hill," superstrong stuff even as a book, was a joint daring inspiration of Ginger's and Director Gregory La Cava's, and when we see Ginger, we simply don't recognize the girl. Her hair is dyed dark. There's not a smudge of grease paint or lipstick or eye shadow

—or anything—on her plain little face. An outlandish costume, including a scarlet pancake hat and a skirt that's too terrible to mention, squares off with Joel McCrea's awning-stripe suit. Part of the time, too, she wears a boy's cap, pigtails and a sweat shirt!

"Ain't I a dish, kid?" grins Ginger. "I got the whole works for eighteen, seventy-three!"

After all the thousands spent on gowns for her dancing pictures, Ginger whipped over to a mail-order store and walked out with her wardrobe and change from a twenty-dollar bill!

THE STUDIOS

BY JACK WADE

All in all, it looks as if Ginger is taking her "drama" seriously. It makes us a little sad to contemplate a good girl gone dramatic, as we sit on a baggage truck at the railroad station where La Cava has his company getting some train shots. La Cava hands Joel and Ginger and Queenie Vassar some slips of paper. "All right," he says, "there's your scene." All of them walk over to their canvas-backed chairs, boxes, trunks and baggage trucks and go into brown studies. That's a trick of La Cava's. He won't let his actors know what they say, until right before they say it. A quick study hour and boom—the scene is over with spontaneity. La Cava yells, "Okay, let's do it!" But Ginger's

chair is empty! Then up puffs a switch engine with a grimy engineer leaning out the cab window and Miss Virginia Bernhardt Rogers at the throttle.

"Don't want to be no actress," shouts Ginger. "Want to run a switch engine!"

"Do you know your lines?" yells La Cava.

"Sure," replies Ginger. "I tried them out on Jake." And the engineer bobs his head, grinning.

In a minute they're deep in a scene. We have a hunch Ginger isn't taking her new dramatic status too seriously!

ON the other hand, Anna Neagle seems to have given period plays and tragedy a firm shaking in the gay, tuneful "Irene." Anna is not only one of the prettiest but one of the most fascinating of newcomers to Hollywood. And in her carroty wig, daring low-necked and wasp-waisted satin gown she looks actually naughty. Since we always think of Anna and Queen Victoria in one frame, it's a little shocking.

Neagle's quiet, courteous British Svengali, Director Herbert Wilcox, who won't say whether they're married or not, is not at all reticent on the subject of "Irene." He shows us all around the dressy set and explains everything. It's the old-time Broadway musical immortal, you know, and you'll hear the classic, "Alice Blue Gown," "Irene," "Castle of Dreams," and "Something in the Air," in Anna's soprano. On the book side of the show, the plot is strictly Cinderella—Anna's a pretty shopgirl in New York, Ray Milland's a wealthy young Lochinvar. At a fashion salon he falls, secretly finances Anna in the luxury wrap business. Fame and fortune arrive but the love bubble bursts. Wilcox himself admits he's going in for straight love and sentimental romance in this one.

We see the ultramodern fashion salon set where Anna, Alan Marshall, Billie Burke and Roland Young are gathered. It's a decorator's dream, blue and white, with quilted cushions, satinesque walls, white moderne statuary and gorgeous full-length mirrors all over the place. Ray Milland walked into one of them the first day and now faces seven years of bad breaks, which doesn't seem possible for such a tall, handsome and clever fellow.

We surprised Ray in the fitting room next door, bobbing up and down on his toes like Pavlova. He's taking ballet lessons he blush-
(Continued on page 72)



Baranova, new Russian ballerina, takes time out to rest her feet that with Franz Waxman, musical director of "Florian." Production held up because she suffered from a lack of spots before the eyes!



We'll start you off on an easy one: Don't look now, but this two-sided trio, very candidly photographed at the Trocadero, is made up of Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck—and, oh yes, Jimmy Stewart! Can your eagle eye detect the breach of etiquette?



Soft lights . . . a garden party . . . romance . . . and the Pat O'Briens dance to the lilting strains of Hollywood music. Maybe all the social rules are off when you've been happily married as long as Pat and Eloise have . . . and yet . . .



Joan Blondell certainly sticks her chin out for this one, with husband Dick Powell at a dinner party. You may discover you're guilty of this, too, when you spot it—but we wager you all (including Joan) will reform after looking at this object lesson!

Eti-Quiz

Are you better Emily Post-ed than the stars? Pick out the social errors that you would never make—but they did



They really ought to be dancing with fears in their eyes—still, Sandra Shaw (Mrs. Gary Cooper) and Ray Milland appear to be completely unconscious of what's wrong with this picture from the Trocadero. But maybe you're not



The Jimmie Fidlers, Andrea Leeds, Martha Raye (a blonde, at that moment) and her husband, Dave Rose, gather 'round for a dish of Hollywood low-down, at the Troc. It must be good—they're so oblivious of this blunder in etiquette. Gosh, are the girls going to be blamed for everything?



Well, this should soothe the girls down a bit if it doesn't break their hearts to find Tyrone Power guilty of a slight lapse of courtesy, as he and Annabella emerge smilingly from their honeymoon home. Ready to check your answers? Just turn to page 70

PHOTOPLAY
Fashions
BY GWENN WALTERS

Irene Dunne sets the rest of us a fashionable pace for the midseason in her chic dressmaker suit of grey woolen strikingly set off by black quilted silk jersey muff and visor beret. The skirt with gathered front fullness is contrasted by a fitted jacket which is belted and trimmed with black silk braid. Miss Dunne currently is at work in the RKO picture, "My Favorite Wife"

djar-engstead



Going Places

Jane Bryan likes — for travel — the easy casualness of this bold grey, green and white plaid swagger coat designed for her by Milo Anderson to wear in the new Warner Brothers picture, "Brother Rat and a Baby." only Jane liked it so well she "lifted it" for her personal wardrobe. Its back pleats and shoulder yoke are decidedly new and smart. Jane also refused to be parted from the dress that goes with it—a childish misty grey wool jersey with ingenue collar, pert flap pockets and the new longer sleeves that are making fashion history this spring. To top it off, Jane wears a plaid travel toque to match her coat. Wouldn't you?





Merle Oberon, on the other hand, is the crisp "suit-type" who likes to travel "light" and is apt to turn up at El Mirador in Palm Springs or at the new Arrowhead Springs Hotel in this chic little beige tweed dressmaker suit, nipped at the waist, flared at the skirt, and picked up by Miss Oberon's own exciting accessories—a criss-crossing black crepe scarf with pocket-kerchief to match, and a staggering lapel clip of gold and diamonds to match her beautiful wide bracelet and her giant pinky ring. This—in case you want to know it—is how smart women make their suits look different from everybody else's. Merle will soon be seen in Warners' "We Shall Meet Again"

TIPS

for Travel

PATRICIA MORISON, who is appearing in Paramount's "Untamed," satisfies her wanderlust with a trip to Sun Valley. As she started on her merry way we photographed her aboard the "Streamliner" to give you wardrobe hints for your travels.

"Adios," says Pat, in a Matara brown Alaska sealskin swagger coat (opposite page)—a casual knee-length coat you can wear for day or evening. From Willard George, Los Angeles. Around \$450.00. East or West, you'll find a fur coat indispensable in February and March. Pat purposely chose a small hat—a pert pillbox of brown, quilted suède jersey with gold clip and brown veil, a "Studio Style" originated by Style Millinery. Around \$12.50 at Bloomingdales, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago, and The Broadway, Hollywood. Pat's snaky luggage is California-made and exclusive with J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Overnight case, \$47.50; hat box, \$75.00; 18-inch case, \$65.00; make-up case, \$40.00.

"Just perfect for travel," says Ann Sheridan—this two-piece suit designed for her by Howard Shoup to wear in the new Warner Brothers picture, "It All Came True." It's of navy crepe with a lively, flaring skirt and a smart little open-front cardigan jacket, button-trimmed from neck to hem, that hides a white crepe blouse. Shoup completes Ann's navy and white costume with a red straw breton and a navy envelope bag



East or West, a fur coat is indispensable in February and March. Patricia Morison, who is appearing in Paramount's "Untamed," wears a sealskin swagger

A flannel robe (right) is a travel "must"

This sweater dress (below) does double duty



Under her fur coat, Pat wears Viola Dimmitt's sweater dress (below) of Shagrain (spun rayon and wool) in moss green with matching angora-type cardigan. Slot pockets, matching belt and binding add to its charms, with a Talon-fastener to permit the neck to be worn casually low or high. Around \$20.00 at Carson Pirie Scott and Company, Chicago, and Desmond's, Los Angeles. This little two-timer boards the train sans sweater under Pat's fur coat, but takes to its cardigan for lounge or dining car.

Pat relaxes in Linda's smart white rayon "Flannel-eze" fitted travel coat embroidered in colored yarn and trimmed and belted with flaming red satin (center). Around \$16.95 at Auerbach's, Salt Lake City; Denwitt's, Beverly Hills, and Crosby Bros., Topeka, Kansas. Pat chose white, but this dashing coat may be duplicated in black or navy blue. But make sure your coat is Talon-fastened from neck to hem, for you'll find it a great convenience when dressing in a hurry.

Pat's smart luggage contains more stunning clothes, as well as any number of things helpful for gadabouts: Mules without heels, to keep you from teetering . . . bed jackets for reading in bed . . . a folding iron . . . dark glasses to protect your eyes . . . a rain cape and toe rubbers . . . handkerchiefs, slippers and stockings—you can't have enough of these when you travel . . . and tons of tissue paper—if you slip it in the folds of your frocks and stuff it tightly into the sleeves, you'll find no wrinkles when you arrive.

With all these travel tips to help you, why not call for travel folders and plan a trip?

Speaking of tips—though they are the *bête noire* of many women they are really very simple. Budget travelers may, without any embarrassment, tip by this accepted standard: Red caps, 10c a bag; dining-car waiter, 5% of total cost of all meals; Pullman porter, 50c for a coast-to-coast trip or 25c a night. Average travelers tip according to this established precedent: Red caps, 10c a bag; dining-car waiter, 10% of total cost of all meals; Pullman porter, 35c a night. De luxe travelers may, of course, tip as lavishly as they please.

SOPHISTICATE BY DAY



WOMEN BY NIGHT

A suit with an air! The dazzling Dietrich dons radiant grey and white checks to greet the first cabin. Note the new longer-length nipped-in jacket with the very new dig-down pockets and the box-pleated skirt for the easy fullness which American women adore. The amusing top-hat is of black felt, the spat shoes of black patent leather and grey suede and the gloves and ascot are stark white—just Marlene's way of saying, "Spring is coming!"

A perfect example of the new "cover up" code of dressing for dinner—Dietrich's sheathlike full black jersey dinner dress. The skirt is a masterpiece of harem drapery which demands the exotic black hairline turban topped by a massive twist of green and fuchsia tulle, sprinkled with golden sequins and shadowed by a gossamer veil which parts to show a perfect profile. Marlene is appearing currently in Universal's "Destry Rides Again"

Jones





CALIFORNIA

in Stripes and Plaids

Rosalind Russell plays in plaids, and picks her plaids patriotically in red, white and blue slacks of rayon* and wool. Her mannish open-neck shirt is white rayon* broadcloth with smart flap pockets and the new longer sleeves that have become such a big spring fashion. Rosalind's ghillie play shoes from Joyce are on the patriotic side too, combining uppers of white bucko with lacings, wedge soles and vamp-decorations of flag red. Rosalind is now co-starring with Cary Grant in Columbia's "His Girl Friday." Her slack suit was studio designed by Robert Kalloch

**Crown Tested
The fabrics were designed by Pierre
Sillan of American Viscose*

PLAYS

Paulette Goddard, appearing in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers," follow-up on their thriller "The Cat and the Canary," takes her sunshine in a charmingly casual frock of brown, white and paper-bag tan striped linen, for stripes, you know, are now streaking their way like mad across the spring horizon. Paulette cinches her tiny waist with a brown raffia belt, masses her skirt-fullness toward the front and depends on pockets to add to the hidden charms of her chic but simple frock

Paulette's shoes * tell a fashion story, too—brown alligator and white buck walled-last ties with lots of room for wiggling toes

**Paris Fashion*



FASHION'S LITTLE

Chickadee

Forgive us our pun! Mae West, starring with W. C. Fields in Universal's forthcoming film, "My Little Chickadee," is fashion's little chickadee in this period costume designed for her role in the picture. Smack out of the Gay Nineties are the checked taffeta flounces and ruffles on La West's wasp-waist gown of satin back cocoa-brown crepe. And here's something to surprise you—Mae's draped skirt, caught into a bow in back, has been copied for some of the smartest spring fashions. While she was at it, Vera West made this adaptation of Mae's period gown—smart for summer wear in checked gingham with eyelet-embroidered organdie or pique. And before summer's over you'll be sporting Mae's big straw bonnet and checked parasol!





Cary Grant smiles, but Orson Welles and Lili Damita look as gloomy as the rain that nearly spoiled the Beverly Wilshire charity entertainment



Femme huddle: Gracie Allen, Sally Eilers, Mary Livingstone —at Hal Roach's party following "Of Mice and Men"

The pulse beat of Hollywood taps out a code all its own, but our operator has the key

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

smiled, and beamed and thanked him again. He still isn't over it. And he names the Gustafssons the friendliest family in all America.

Hundred Per Cent American

ONE member of the cast in "Gone with the Wind" can qualify for first honors on that score. He's Carroll Nye who plays the role of *Frank Kennedy*, *Scarlett O'Hara's* second husband.

The seventy-sixth man to be tried out for the role, Carroll's ancestors fostered the Spirit of '76 which founded the United States of America. He is a direct descendant of General Rufus Putnam, builder of the fortifications at West Point. His mother, Myra Nye, first woman's department editor on the *Los Angeles Times*, still treasures a foot stove used by George Washington and General Putnam.

The roots of his family tree are firmly planted in the soil of America and Americanism. And its branches, for good measure, reach into both the North and the South. On his mother's side of the family, he is a direct descendant of Jefferson Davis, Confederate leader. And his Grandfather Nye was in the ranks that listened to President Lincoln's last speech when he disbanded the Northern regiments after the Civil War.

Relatively Speaking

THEY sat in a booth at the Beverly Brown Derby with "tourist" written all over their eager faces as they scanned the diners for celebrities. When one appeared, they put their heads together to chatter in some foreign tongue and eagerly yet shyly looked at the star.

Finally a photographer became so interested in the little group he paused at their table to say, "That's Don Ameche over there by the wall." They "ohed" and "ahed" and thanked

him kindly. "We are such strangers," one of the group spoke in broken English. "We are from Sweden."

"Oh," said the photographer. "We have a great star in this country from Sweden. Her name is Greta Garbo. She—"

"Yas," interrupted the young man. "We know. I am her brother. This is my wife. And this is Greta's mother."

The statement was made simply and straightforwardly. The photographer gripped the table's edge and hung on. They all shook hands,

Cal York's
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

*The Hal Roaches
throw some
fun*

Première—Reginald Gardiner, Paulette Goddard in the lobby at the showing of Roach's "Of Mice and Men," which inspired the party

Host and hostess—Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach (not waving, just tossing a turnip at Cary Grant!)

Dance-floor greeting—Margaret Roach, Edgar Bergen, Pat Dane, Rudy Vallee

After-theater dancing—Lon ("Lennie") Chaney, Jr., and his wife

Born in the same state (Ohio), the same year as Clark (*Rhett Butler*) Gable, Carroll smiled when a hefty dowager, who dotes on Simon Pure American family trees, cornered him at a Hollywood cocktail party not so long ago, and gushed over his illustrious ancestors. For Carroll has lived in California ever since he was six weeks old, and considers himself a typical Westerner. True, he's proud of being an American, but he agrees heartily with that eminent American statesman, Benjamin Franklin, who remarked that bragging about one's ancestors was just one way of admitting that most of your good is under ground.

About Faces!

WE can't wait to tell Charles Laughton (who has a terrific sense of humor) the latest gag we heard about him. It happened right after the preview of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Two women were standing in the lobby, studying their programs and looking at the horrible face of the hunchback as affected by Laughton.

"You know," said one of the women, "I can't for the life of me decide which face I like less on Mr. Laughton. His own or this one."

On the Record

THERE seems no way of escaping them; it sounds as if the only film music the melody makers are really concerned with comes from Paramount's "Gulliver's Travels." All of which is probably just as well since you can now match your fa-

vorite tunes with your favorite batonciers. If you want swing, you can have Benny Goodman clarinetting and Mildred Bailey vocalizing "Bluebirds in the Moonlight" and "Faithful Forever." (Columbia 35289). For sweet, there's Guy Lombardo with "Bluebirds—" and "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day." (Decca 2834). And then, yours for the asking is swing-and-swaying by Sammy Kaye on "I Hear a Dream" and "Bluebirds—" (Victor 26422). Take your pick.

One of the best buys of the wax-makers' season is a "Judy Garland Souvenir Album." If any singer deserves to be neatly packaged in a pleasant offering like this, it's M-G-M's talented prodigy. You have Judy at her best in six records. There's "Figaro," as she sang it in "Babes in Arms," her famous "Dear Mr. Gable:" from "Broadway Melody of 1938," "In-Between," a product of "Love Finds Andy Hardy," plus three other Garland gems. (Decca Album 76).

"That's Right, You're Wrong," RKO's musical, is another Hollywood product causing a stir in the record studios. Kay Kyser, who had something to do with the picture, we hear, waxed the cute novelty, "The Little Red Fox." Turn him over and Ginny Simms sings "Fit to Be Tied." (Columbia 35295). In the swing department, Bob Crosby performs "Happy Birthday to Love" and "The Answer Is Love," and the boys must have worked with a love light in their eyes. (Decca 2824).

Since Tenor Allan Jones does such noble work in an opus called "The Great Victor Herbert," what more natural than Mr. Jones' making a record of "I'm Falling in Love with Someone" and "Thine Alone"? (Victor 4446). He

sings both of them in the picture. And if you'd like to own something unique in platters, Raymond Massey's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" Album is recommended. Massey, as you know, is starring in the picture version of the very successful Broadway play. Captured for good are the most dramatic scenes from "Abe Lincoln." Put down your needle and you'll hear Lincoln proposing to Ann Rutledge, replying to Stephen A. Douglas and three other fine Massey bits. (Victor Album M-591).

Busy Kay!

IF you've been wondering about Kay Francis lately and where she is and what she's doing—I have the answer for you. She's being useful and is happier than she's ever been in her life.

"I had so much time on my hands and I felt such a desire to do something useful, I called up our local Red Cross and asked for information about work as a First Aider," Kay told me. "They were so kind and co-operative I began my lesson next day, working five days a week."

And when Kay had finished that course, she went on to the Advanced Course and when her two cards were presented to her, Kay was acclaimed for receiving one of the highest averages ever given an Advanced Course student—95.2.

When others heard of her efforts they flocked in droves to take up the work and every week the clubroom of the Westside Tennis Club is crowded with such stars as Claudette Colbert, Virginia Bruce and Sally Eilers, learning First Aid.

Next, sewing classes were organized with Kay lending her aid and supervising one of the classes.

As secretary and treasurer of the Motion Picture Auxiliary Number Two of the Red Cross, Kay Francis is the busiest woman in Hollywood. And because she has dedicated her time to usefulness and to the purpose of aiding her fellow man in any sort of distress, Kay has never been happier in her entire life. Cal says, more power to her.

Cupid Thwarted

"Our engagement is over." It took just those four words uttered by Phyllis Brooks, regarding her announced betrothal to Cary Grant, to throw Hollywood into a first-class tailspin.

A few months before Cary sailed to Europe to meet Phyllis last summer, he announced the

The Lehr-Rathbone Charity Spree



On the ballroom stairs, Beverly Wilshire Hotel—Allan Jones, Bob Young, Irene Hervey (Mrs. Jones)



Dancing in honor of Ann Lehr's Hollywood Guild relief fund—Maggie Sullivan, Ernst Lubitsch

marriage would take place very soon. Later the story was changed. Cary wanted to be married in the United States, according to printed statements. And finally, back in Hollywood, it was over.

There can be no doubt that these two were in love. Now, not even his closest friends dare mention the broken engagement to Cary. Phyllis, too, says little, but she is going right on with her work, having signed a new contract with RKO.

To add to the buzz-buzz, Cary and Phyllis still occasionally appear together at parties, proving—well, I don't know what unless it's that Hollywood still continues to be the most astounding town in the land.

Last Minute Round-Up

HEDY LAMARR is back at M-G-M after her recent battle without the wage increase she asked for. But the studio is doing a remake of "I Take This Woman," and Hedy feels that with Spencer Tracy as leading man, she can afford to forego raises; a Spencer Tracy picture being worth the sacrifice. Hedy's got something there.

John Garfield did not separate from his wife when he moved into a Sunset Boulevard apartment as reported. Mrs. Garfield had merely taken their baby to New York in advance to get her used to the cold weather before Papa John joined them. John will do a play on Broadway. So there.

George Raft continues to astound the natives by becoming involved in a night-club brawl, attending lectures on cultural advancement, dining with the Charles Boyers and Norma Shearer and playing bridge all night with the boys—all in one week. Boy, that's mixing it up.

Good—Or Else

GREAT excitement out at 20th Century-Fox over Shirley Temple's latest screen epic, "The Blue Bird"—the kind of excitement, we might add, which savors of nervousness and strain. The thing is, this picture of Shirley's *better be good*, since our Shirley, growing up, as kids have a way of doing, hasn't been of late what she used to be at the box office. And if "The Blue Bird" doesn't click and click in a big way, she

(Continued on page 80)

Salutations — assistant Rosalind Russell, Bette Davis (who had dinner served in the bar, after "crashers" took her table), Robert Montgomery

Hostess' aide and guest—Kay Francis, Louis Bromfield. Real hostess (Mrs. Basil Rathbone) couldn't come; doctors ordered her to bed—for overworking



Ringsiders—Brian and Joan Fontaine Aherne. Party was held indoors unexpectedly, after rain melted elaborate artificial snow trimmings!





★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

IT'S hard to imagine Lupe Velez in anything but slapstick. Well, this is slapstick. There's no compromise with subtlety or insinuation; they're out. Lupe comes to the Big City from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, scion of a rich family. They give her the lorgnon treatment and at the same time Donald makes a radio deal with an English lord, an eccentric fellow played by Leon Errol. Errol also plays *Uncle Matt*, who is the only member of the family who likes Lupe. You have the impression that everyone in the cast, as well as the director, went into the business of making this movie with a lot of cheerful gusto and *joie de vivre*. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play Donald's nasty aunt and previous fiancée, and are quite excellent.



★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox

YOU can expect to see your favorite, Jane Withers, in at least one picture dealing with school per year. This first of Jane's academic features plants her at San Antonio's famous Jefferson High. She has been the most important personality on a Texas ranch before being brought to Jefferson, where her uncle is principal, and naturally she's pretty unbearable until the other kids snub her down to her size. Then she rallies and practically takes over the institution. The picture has a combination of good comedy and pathos, always basic entertainment factors, and a new player, Joe Brown, Jr., adds materially to the film's merits. Cliff Edwards, Lillian Porter, and Lloyd Corrigan work well together in supporting roles.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



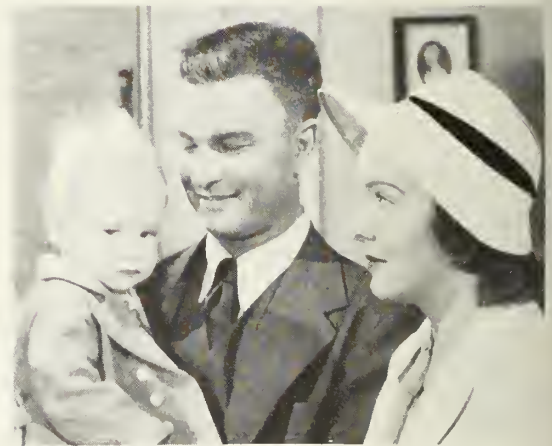
★ THE FIGHTING 69th—Warners

THIS story of the famous New York regiment features a tremendous cast headed by Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, George Brent, Frank McHugh, Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, and "Big Boy" Williams. Cagney, as a rookie at Camp Mills, is a cocky, undisciplined and heartily disliked toughy. He boasts about what he intends to do to the Germans, but when he reaches the war front he is hard-riden by fear, a new emotion for him. His desire for color rather than grin war, leads him, against orders, to send up a flare, bringing death to many of his comrades. His superior officer, George Brent, is dissuaded from transferring Cagney out of the regiment at the insistence of Pat O'Brien who, as Father Duffy, is sure there must be some gold in Jimmy's hard-rock make-up. But when Cagney is sent out with a reconnoitering party and through his craven fear brings death to more of his comrades, he is court-martialed and sentenced to die. *Father Duffy* O'Brien offers him divine solace, but is rebuffed with the usual Cagney bad manners. When the little French town is bombed, O'Brien lets Cagney out of prison to escape or to join his comrades at the front. Brent is excellent as the commanding officer, and James Cagney plays the recalcitrant rookie in his memorable style, but the performance of Pat O'Brien, as *Father Duffy*, will leave a lasting impression on any audience. Altogether a splendid picture, "The Fighting 69th" is something just a little more than an evening's entertainment.



★ CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M

M-G-M cracks loose with some gorgeous comedy in "Congo Maisie." It stars Ann Sothorn and John Carroll, capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation in West Africa where the natives are not quite tamed. John Carroll, a doctor who was formerly head of the medical center until the lure of quick money made him give up his profession, and Ann Sothorn, a show girl who took the wrong boat, are put ashore when their small steamer suffers an accident. Shepperd Strudwick and Rita Johnson, the doctor and his wife who are now in charge, welcome visitors at their remote little hospital. After a few days Rita decides to leave her husband for John Carroll, but Ann makes her see that her affliction is boredom with her manner of life, rather than love. Despite Carroll's rather nasty disposition, Ann finds herself working pretty hard trying to keep from falling in love with him. When he performs an emergency appendectomy on Shepperd, Miss Sothorn decides that he should return to his profession instead of planting rubber trees, and when he handles a mob of unruly natives who attack the medical post, she is sure his place is right there. The way she helps him subdue the mayhem-minded witch doctors and their followers makes it pretty certain that she belongs there, too. Miss Sothorn is at her hard-boiled best as *Congo Maisie*, and John Carroll is just tough enough to handle her. The fast-moving story is punctuated by delicious humor and clever dialogue.



★ BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners

THE baby was born, but not seen, in "Brother Rat" so that this sequel was all set up before ever you cracked that rib at the original. Goodness knows there's not enough plot here to worry about: Wayne Morris, the "fixer" of those zany children who somehow managed to be graduated from V. M. I., takes it upon himself to get Eddie Albert a coaching job at a military academy. Eddie, you remember, had got everybody in a terrible mess by getting secretly married to Jane Bryan and fathering a child, which meant expulsion. The baby was born just at commencement, so they named it "Commencement"—and this incredible offspring, played by Peter B. Good, gums everything up almost as much as his old man did. You see Wayne has the bright idea that the military academy will be more likely to hire Eddie if he is a settled family man; and it is little Peter who starts a chain of incidents not calculated to help the impression. Priscilla Lane, Morris' girl friend, doesn't have a large role but she plays it with her usual gaiety. Jane Wyman is excellent and so is Ronald Reagan, who injects a note of sobriety. The sideline romances, so nicely concluded in "Brother Rat," are revived with further complications and carried on to anticlimax clinches the tune of belly-laughter. As a matter of fact the entire piece is delicious comedy, and simply that—which, among the slew of heavy offerings and the general depression of daily news reports, you will find immensely welcome. It may well be that audiences will stand up after seeing it and yell "More!"



★ MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio



GRANNY GET YOUR GUN—Warners



★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

YOU remember RKO has the reputation for producing, occasionally, an inexpensive, unassuming picture with a little more emotion, a little better acting, a little finer direction than many larger epics. "The Informer," was one of these. "Married and in Love" is no match for that great film but by any standard it's superior cinema. It's just the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous little wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman, Alan Marshall the man, Barbara Read the wife; none of the roles is easy and each player works with finesse and an intellectual understanding of character which makes each individual stand out with clarity. Recommended especially for women.

IF you read "Johnny Got His Gun," you may find a certain irritation when you discover that this play on the title disguises a support-B featuring May Robson. Muzzy May is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety and happiness of a granddaughter, Margot Stevenson. Margot establishes residence in Gold City, Nevada, to divorce her husband, Hardie Albright. Half-way along in the film it all turns into a murder mystery, because Albright is slain; whereupon Miss Robson tries to take the blame. The picture seems to be much ado about people who aren't very nice, it's well-directed, and lovable May troupes away in a manner to defy her years. Harry Davenport has the role of Granny's childhood sweetheart.

TWO murders are committed in this slightly whacky comedy, but you're too busy laughing at the gay dialogue to care who killed whom. Pat O'Brien is the engaging attorney plotting the downfall of crooked political boss Edward Arnold when Arnold's sweetheart, Claire Dodd, is found murdered and O'Brien is suspected. When Eve Arden, Pat's independent and wisecracking secretary, is found with a knife in her back, matters look even worse for him. Ruth Terry, naïve little singer, pursues Pat all over the place. You'll be mad about her. She's really delightful. Broderick Crawford is O'Brien's helpful law partner. The plot gets wilder and wilder and if you suspect the least likely member of the cast, you'll find the murderer.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- Mexican Spitfire
- High School
- The Fighting 69th
- Congo Maisie
- Brother Rat and a Baby
- Married and in Love
- Slightly Honorable
- Sidewalks of London
- The Shop Around the Corner
- Entente Cordiale
- Raffles
- Swanee River
- The Earl of Chicago
- The Invisible Man Returns



★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount



★ THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER—M-G-M

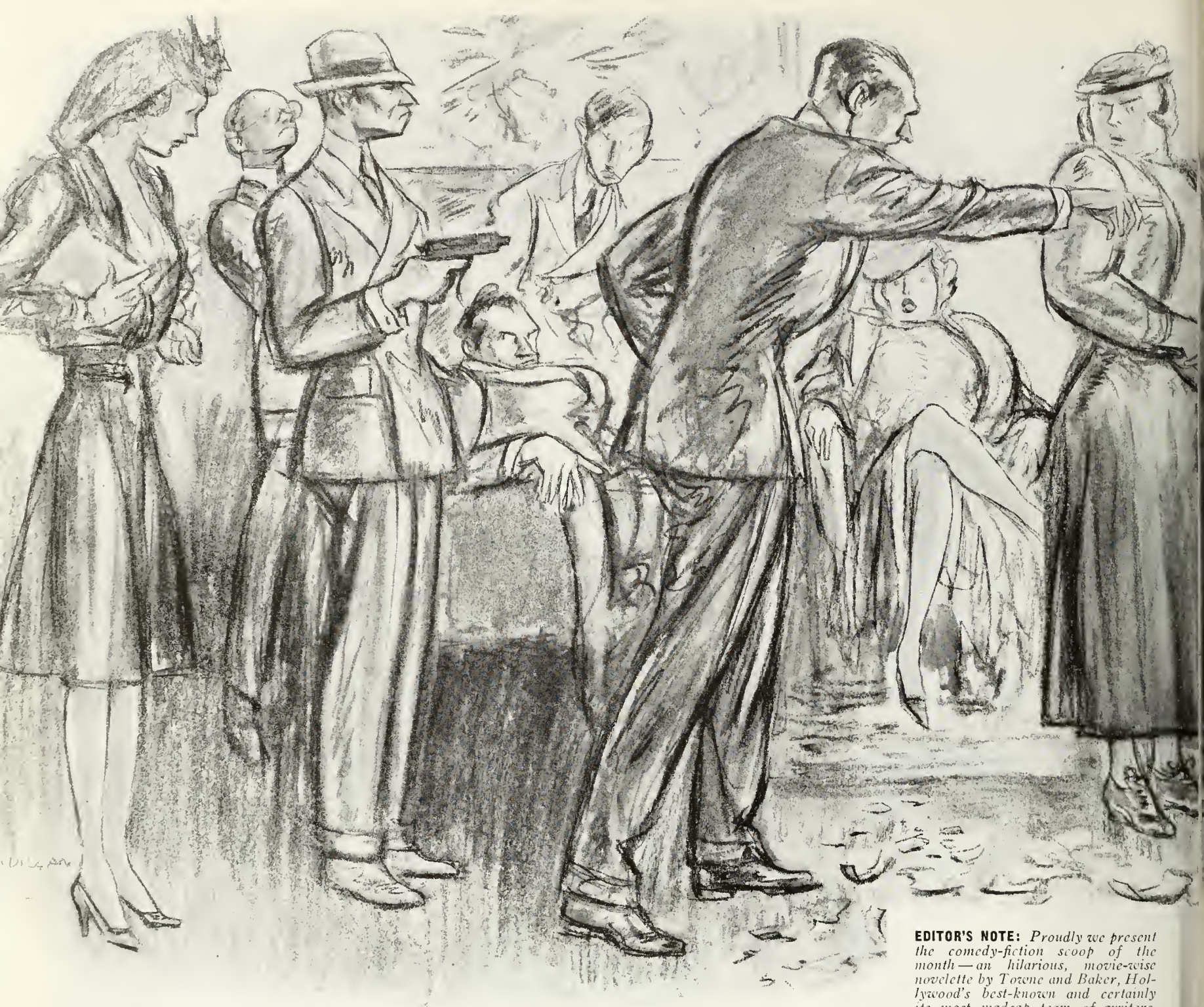
BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Lupe Velez in "Mexican Spitfire"
- Leon Errol in "Mexican Spitfire"
- Jane Withers in "High School"
- James Cagney in "The Fighting 69th"
- Pat O'Brien in "The Fighting 69th"
- Ann Sothern in "Congo Maisie"
- Eddie Albert in "Brother Rat and a Baby"
- Barbara Read in "Married and in Love"
- Pat O'Brien in "Slightly Honorable"
- Ruth Terry in "Slightly Honorable"
- Charles Laughton in "Sidewalks of London"
- Vivien Leigh in "Sidewalks of London"
- Margaret Sullavan in "The Shop Around the Corner"
- James Stewart in "The Shop Around the Corner"
- Frank Morgan in "The Shop Around the Corner"
- Victor Francen in "Entente Cordiale"
- Robert Montgomery in "The Earl of Chicago"
- Charles Laughton in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

WE will bet a Buffalo nickel that one of David Selznick's G-Men saw this English film last year while the epic search for *Scarlett O'Hara* was on. For "Sidewalks of London" was made before Vivien Leigh went to Hollywood for G.W.T.W.; and, in the role of *Liberty*, Miss Leigh is the same tempestuous, heartless creature as the vixen of *Tara*. Even with the doughty Charles Laughton playing opposite her, she manages to hold her own. She is a gifted actress. It's the old story of a girl who by ruthless determination succeeds in rising above her lowly station. Nothing more than a common street waif with a pretty face and nimble toes, she is taken in by Charles Laughton. He is a "Busker"—one of the sidewalk entertainers, who makes his living amusing London theater queues. The pair work up an act with two other Buskers, Larry Adler and Tyrone Guthrie, but *Liberty* isn't content with her progress. When a young and prosperous songwriter, Rex Harrison, "discovers" her and offers her a musical comedy career, she walks out on her original benefactor, with the added insult of belittling his Busking profession. There are some magnificent scenes between Leigh and Laughton—she is alternately tender, cruel, childlike, calculating; he gives a poignant and restrained portrayal of a man beaten by life, yet with a pathetic dignity and fierce pride. There is excellent support from the rest of the cast. We might mention, too, the work of Director Tim Whelan in making this film top-notch screen drama.

ERNST LUBITSCH'S second picture for M-G-M (the first was "Ninotchka") is a gem of a movie, packed with charm, finely drawn characters and superb acting. It's directed with the touch of insight and of delicate humor. It is unlikely that you will roar with laughter, or burst into tears, yet throughout the film you will struggle with a desire to cry a little and catch yourself chuckling instead. It takes something approaching genius to create an effect like that. Lubitsch has owned the play for a long time—a simple story about the lives of a few employees working in a luggage and gift shop. Most important among the characters are Jimmy Stewart, star clerk at the store, and Margaret Sullavan, a new member of the staff. Both are bored with life and find a kind of romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course it is finally discovered they are writing to each other. Stewart turns on his usual brand of boyish charm with enormous success, while Miss Sullavan plays to perfection the almost drab *Klara* whose spirit is superb, and whose pseudo-sophistication is pathetic but comic. Frank Morgan, in a straight role as the shop owner, offers a truly sterling performance, as do Joseph Schildkraut and all the others. It would be almost impossible to find anything wrong with this picture. It is a gentle study, never boisterous or in bad taste, nor does it sacrifice anything to the stock Hollywood illusions about audience intelligence.

(Continued on page 89)



With the aid of his "persuader" Tony became guardian of the peace while Donaldson told them off

BY GENE TOWNE AND GRAHAM BAKER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Proudly we present the comedy-fiction scoop of the month—an hilarious, movie-wise novelette by Towne and Baker, Hollywood's best-known and certainly its most madcap team of writers. Adding another string to their bow, they are now making their debut as producers. For their first RKO-Radio release, "Swiss Family Robinson," they have assembled one of the screen's best cast of characters, including, among others, Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt, Terry Kilburn and baby Bobby Quillan.—E.V.H.

HOWARD DONALDSON was sitting on top of the world. His position as production head of Atlas Pictures gave him wealth and power. Since he had earned them by hard work and ability they hadn't gone to his head, so he was rated a swell guy by men and a lamb by the female population, a goodly percentage of which had attempted from time to time to annex his name and his bankroll. These attempts Howard had side-stepped neatly, only to fall in love with Brooksie, his Carole Lombard-ish secretary. He hadn't got around to proposing to Brooksie, but both of them knew he was working up to it and Brooksie, at least, knew that he would be accepted.

Then his brother-in-law and nephews descended upon him. They invaded sets, threw casts and technicians into a frenzy, wrecked equipment. Ralph, Howard's brother-in-law, was taken for \$2600 by gambler Tony Spangler

and Howard not only had to cover the loss but had to sit in Tony's office until the check was safely cashed. He was still sitting there when police raided the joint and in spite of his protests of innocence he was carted off to jail. The raid made page one in newspapers from coast to coast, as a result of which Howard found himself in for some tall explaining to John Wood, president, and Frank Swain, chairman of the board of Atlas Pictures. But worst of all, Howard's sister Christine, a dominating busybody whom he'd avoided for years, arrived and set to work wrecking what little was left of his career and his romance.

At this point Brooksie decided to take a hand. She'd bawled him out plenty for getting himself into such a jam, but only over her dead body would Wood, Swain and Howard's subnormal family put him on the spot. So Brooksie called on Tony Spangler at his gambling club. The

lookout refused to let her in. Brooksie only snarled, "Open that door or I'll make you eat it!"

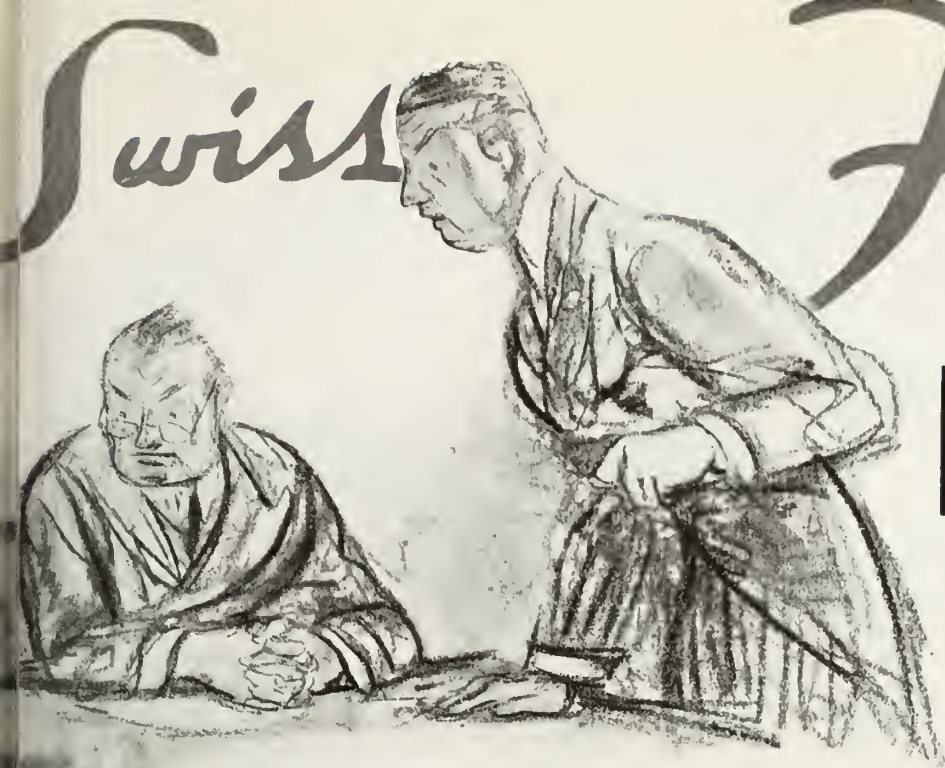
THE lookout was a tough lad, who had expertly cut many a throat in his day, but he wasn't as tough as Brooksie sounded. He opened the door, pointed to a stairway which led to the Spangler apartment above the gambling house.

Brooksie marched into Spangler's bedroom and found the gambler snoring athletically. She called to him, and he only turned over. She shook him, and he only moaned. Drastic measures were necessary. She found some ice in the kitchen, wrapped it in a towel and began to beat Tony over the face with it.

This did the trick. Spangler awakened with a start, instinctively threw a punch—which Brooksie had been expecting, and consequently ducked—sat up in bed, and asked:

Swiss Family

HOLLYWOOD



ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

Though battered and bruised, it took just one dramatic split second for Howard Donaldson to prove that the worm could turn and bite the feet that trod on it

"What goes on here?"

"Get up," Brooksie said, in the same tone of voice she customarily used on Donaldson.

"Listen, sis," Spangler said, blinking a time or two, "I don't know who you are and care less. I don't know how you got in here, but if you don't blow in about six seconds. . ."

"Listen, brother," Brooksie mimicked, "I'm Howard Donaldson's secretary. . ."

"So what?" Spangler asked, thinking he had coined an original phrase.

"So just this," Brooksie went on. "You're going to help fish him out of a jam."

"I am going to fish him out of a jam?" Spangler asked in the same tone of voice he would have used if some one had told him he had been appointed to the Supreme Court. "Baby, the deeper I can get that guy into a jam, the better I'll like it. Who was it got me thrown in the can—Howard Donaldson, no less."

"Howard Donaldson didn't get you thrown into jail," Brooksie said. "His dilly-minded brother-in-law did."

"Guys shouldn't have brother-in-laws like that," Spangler said.

"Now just a moment. He said he'd pay his brother-in-law's check for \$2600, didn't he?"

"Yeah."

"Well, he did, didn't he?"

Tony Spangler thought this one over for a minute.

"Yeah, I'll grant that."

"All right," Brooksie said, "then the nicest thing you can do is help him out of a bad situation. He's about to lose his job as producer at the Atlas studio because of this mix-up. All I'm asking is that you go to his boss and explain the whole thing—that he wasn't in any trouble—"

"I'm sorry, lady," Spangler said, "but. . ."

"Please, Mr. Spangler," Brooksie pleaded, "if you'd only talk to Mr. Wood and Mr. Swain. . ."

"Wait a minute," Spangler said, suddenly interested, "Mr. Swain. . . Mr. Frank Swain, the movie financier?"

"Yes, of course."

"If you'll just step out in the other room while I pull on a pair of pants," Tony said, "I'll be

practically half way to wherever this Mr. Swain is."

AT almost this precise moment, Howard Donaldson, despairing of Brooksie's either returning to the studio or calling, decided the logical place to find her was at home. He sought his automobile and drove away.

There is a very curious intersection of streets in Hollywood, where three thoroughfares join. The streets are named, for no particular reason, Cahuenga, Yucca and Franklin.

Upon this occasion Donaldson was coming south on Cahuenga, bent on finding Brooksie; Christine was coming east on Yucca bound for the Colossal Broadcasting Studio. Brooksie and Spangler, on their way to see Wood and Swain, were headed west on Franklin. All three cars met at the intersection at the same time. None saw the other. If they only had, things might have been different, but each driver was too busy trying to beat the traffic signal.

Christine, plus family, was the first to arrive at a destination—the broadcasting studio.

"I'm Howard Donaldson's sister," she announced, and so completely awed the doorman that she was passed right in, Ralph and Junior in pursuit.

Donaldson finished second. He arrived at Brooksie's home to find she was not there. He determined to wait in his car until she did come home and, to kill the time, turned on his radio. This was a mistake.

The first words he heard were an announcer's:

"You are about to hear an address on the future of the motion-picture industry by that world-known producer, Howard Donaldson."

Donaldson took a quick look in the rear-vision mirror to assure himself that he was really he. Somebody, he felt sure, was wrong, but he wasn't positive it was the radio announcer until he had checked up.

Then he recalled that Brooksie had made such a radio engagement for him, and he began to realize just how much his public and private life depended on her. The awfulness of not having Brooksie around became clearer and

clearer to him. These hasty thoughts, however, were quickly blotted out by what followed over the radio.

The announcer said: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Donaldson."

"If I hear my own voice coming through now," Donaldson told himself, "I'm going to give myself up."

There was a complete silence on the radio for what seemed hours and was actually thirty seconds. Then Donaldson was horrified to hear Christine's unmistakable voice say:

"Well, where is Mr. Donaldson?"

"This is no time to ask me riddles," the announcer said. "I thought you had him with you. That's the only reason I let you in the broadcasting room."

"Don't lie to me! I'm looking for my brother and you've got him hidden somewhere!" Christine howled.

"Lady," said the announcer, "you can go nuts if you want to, but not on a national broadcast. . ."

"You can't talk about my mother that way," said Junior, and popped the announcer on the nose, which happened to be a mistake, because the announcer formerly had been a Notre Dame halfback. He slugged Junior with the microphone, but not before Christine had managed to yell into it:

"I'm Howard Donaldson's sister, and I'll say what I have to say whether we're on the air or not! I want the whole world to know that wherever my brother is, he's being held by a designing little typist who's trying to. . ."

Someone in the control room pulled a switch at this point. Millions of listeners from border to border and coast to coast and on the ships at sea are still wondering where and how Donaldson was being held. As a matter of solemn fact, he was held, at that moment, in the throes of shame and humiliation. His only hope, just then, was that never would he again see anyone that he knew. He thought of growing a beard, changing his name to Schicklegruber, and joining the Foreign Legion. If Brooksie would only turn up. . .

Meanwhile, the fun in the broadcasting station was reaching a climax.

The announcer, having dismantled the microphone, was trying to wrap it around Junior's neck and the sound engineer, having presented Ralph with what was to become a splendid black eye, was trying to strangle Christine.

Cooler heads prevailed. A hastily formed bouncer squad decided the best thing to do was to eject these invading maniacs. Christine, Ralph and Junior were given the bum's rush into a taxicab.

"Where'll I take 'em?" the driver asked.

The leader of the bouncers said:

"My vote is for some place between the Siegfried and the Maginot Lines."

(Continued on page 76)

Shopping

FOR YOU AND THE STARS

1. SOAP STORY

Bathing, you know, can be an awful bore! Or you can turn it into something you look forward to with pleasure. The soap makes all the difference. Try sloshing around with Wrisley's "Bath Superbe" and you'll know just what we mean. Four gargantuan cakes to a box—something substantial to hang onto in the tub, and a heavenly smell besides, to make you flower-fresh for the day. \$1.00.

2. FEELING FLUSH?

You'd better be, if you plan to give the "little woman" this very special Carole Stupell breakfast tray. Your pampered darling will love eating off silk! Pink mousseline de soie to be exact, with a dainty pink napkin to match, at \$6.50 for the set. But that's only the half of it! The modern lucite tray costs \$42.50; the baby blue crystal breakfast set, \$35.00. Expensive, but worth it!

3. FOR MEN ONLY!

Our men are up in arms against being treated like stepchildren. They too want a pleasant rubdown to use after the bath, and a fine, stimulating astringent to tighten pores after shaving. So Fabergé up and de-canted some elegant colognes for men—rugged, he-man versions of "Aphrodisia" and "Woodhue," in streamlined flasks with leather tops and coaster bottoms. In three sizes, from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

4. DOUBLE DUTY FOR BEAUTY

Have you seen Dorothy Gray's new vanity? What efficiency! Lipstick anchored to vanity and no fishing in handbags when you're in a hurry. Folks are falling for "The Swashbuckler"—a handsome case that looks like gilded lizard or alligator, with loose-powder well, fine square mirror, and firmly anchored lipstick—complete for \$3.

5. IT'S IN THE BAG

What's in the bag? The clue to your first spring costume. A "Leading Lady" handbag to match your first spring shoes. Start with a feminized suit of fawn-beige or navy blue twill. Wear spat-shoes of turfan calf and fawn suede and swing this matching "Leading Lady" melon bag from your wrist. No one in the world would suspect it's just \$1.00.

6. SPRING STOCKING STORY

So you're one of the gals who has trouble keeping the seams of her stockings straight . . . grouses over garter runs and goes crazy looking for stockings that can take it? Mojud was made for you. That's what the famous "Thigh-Mold" feature's for—a clever top with four knitted strips that take lots of strain and like it! Ask for the new spring colors. Pretty special at \$1.25.

7. HULA HULA

Everybody's "going Hawaiian" these days. Name the most popular night spot in New York! . . . the Hawaiian Room at the St. Regis of course. And the most popular perfume? "Miahati"—Oceanic's Hawaiian extract of tropical flowers—in thrilling blue glass bottles—\$3.50 and \$5.00.

Feeling a post-holiday letdown? Don't let it get you. Perk up! We did, as we snooped through the shops and stumbled on these little treasures. You may have to hock your all for some of them, but believe your weary scout, they're worth it! Others are yours for the proverbial song, or fifty cents in cold hard cash. Begin at the beginning, make careful notes and write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, for the name of the shop that carries the little number you can't live without.

8. KNOW A TRAVELING MAN?

Send him away with a smile plus Pinaud's handy little travel kit for men, commonly known as "The Jaunt." What's in it? The three Pinaud preparations the boys all swear by—Lilac Vegetal, Lilac Talc and Eau de Quinine Hair Tonic, neat as a pin in a pig-grained kit with a handsome burgundy lining. Extra pockets for combs and stuff, too. A satisfactory send-off for a slight \$2.00.

9. WHO COLLECTS MINIATURES?

Yardley is out with something elegant for collectors of miniatures—three new miniature models of their lovely flower perfumes, "April Violets," "Fragrance" and "Orchis." Thank you, Yardley. It's swell to be able to get a dram of perfume in an original sealed package for as little as \$1.50. The bottles and boxes are copy-cats of the bigger sizes, something Yardley fans will appreciate, because when Yardley puts up a perfume, it's good to look at, as well as smell! Try it and see.

10. YOURS FOR A "SMALLWAIST"

Flexee's takes a very smooth stand on the question, "to lace or not to lace." They whittle your waist instead with horizontal bands that cinch, not pinch. You'll like the sleek satin ribbed lastique fabric . . . the dainty but uplifting lace bra, and the tactful back-panel of ribbed satin that stretches vertically **only**, to give you the pancake derriere you crave. \$15.00 will streamline you stunningly for spring.

11. "DROP-IT-ON," WHY DON'T YOU?

Isn't La Cross wonderful? They've just figured out a way to take off nail polish without the usual fuss and muss! It's all so beautifully simple too. They give you a small glass dropper with every bottle of Glycerated Polish Remover. You fill it, let one drop dribble onto each nail, give one strong wipe and—presto! your nails are clean and your disposition's perfect! 25c buys remover and dropper, and we're pretty sorry we didn't think of it ourselves!

12. MEET "MINIKINS"

Of course you want a streamlined chassis. But do you know how to go about getting it? Blue Swann figured it out. The answer is "Minikins," the last word in the least amount of underwear a girl could wear and get by the censors. "Minikins" go over or under your girdle—take your choice—and you'll be buying them by the half dozen soon, for they're only 39c a pair.



(For More Shopping News, See Page 85)

LORETTA YOUNG

shows you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL—

Use cosmetics all you like—but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

Try Loretta Young's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days! You'll find this care really works—helps guard against the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin. Use Lux Toilet Soap during the day for a quick freshener, and at night to give skin the protection of perfect cleansing—protection it needs for beauty. Begin your ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS now! For extra economy, buy 3 cakes.



1

LUX SOAP IS A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT ITS ACTIVE LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN



2

NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL. YOUR SKIN IS LEFT REALLY CLEAN



3

NOW DRY THE FACE WITH QUICK LIGHT PATS. IT FEELS SOFTER, SMOOTHER. SEE HOW FRESH IT LOOKS!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

YOU want to have the charm of smooth, lovely-to-look-of skin. So don't fail to remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly—don't risk Cosmetic Skin. Let Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely.



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"You've put all the style
and glamour of Hollywood
into your beautiful shoes."
says Claire Trevor

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OF FILMLAND'S NEW-
EST SPRING FROCKS**



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This Woman Has Loved!

(Continued from page 13)

them. "Come back after you have seen your mother and your father and your sister and your home," they told her. "Come back and you will get part of our land, just as if you were our own child."

Ilona wept too. "Thank you . . . Thank you . . ." she told them. "Perhaps I can come back. I'll try!"

She didn't know how swiftly and fully life would bear in upon her, that she would have no time to go back, that always she would be absorbed by the day in which she lived.

MRS. HAJMASSEY waited under the dingy glass roof of the train shed. When the train from Holland came in she searched the faces of all who hurried past her. But when Ilona, quick to spy her, rushed upon her and threw her arms about her she was bewildered. She had been waiting for the girl she had sent away, a girl with a smooth, plump face. This girl covering her with kisses was very different. The plumpness was gone. The lovely breadth of her face appeared to have been chiseled by such fine tools as artisans use to carve cameos. This made her eyes seem larger. Her hair too had greater beauty. You could see it had been brushed and brushed. Mrs. Hajmassey knew it never would be a sense of duty that would impel Ilona to brush it so. No, it must give her pleasure to see it gleam and shine. That meant she was growing up. But, mixed with the pride in Mrs. Hajmassey's eyes there was concern. She knew Ilona's temperament. She knew too that temperament in a woman as beautiful as Ilona now promised to be would bring peace to no one. . . .

When Ilona returned from Holland it took her no longer to discover the boy who lived across the hall than it took him to discover her.

"I don't know," she says, "why I always was loving those very ugly boys. For this boy was ugly also. But I thought to myself 'If he doesn't love me, I kill myself!' I remember it so well, we were playing jumping the rope. And the very next time we play it—about a week later, I think it must be—he kissed my hands. I thought I would fall down. And I thought after he did it that I was a grownup girl."

Always when such great things happened, Ilona must run and tell Maria about it. Maria Komka was her friend. They went to school together. And Ilona's loyalty to her has with the years proved to be as enduring as it was sudden, and in it there always has been something a little fierce and something a little poignant.

"Maria's body, it is beautiful," Ilona says, "but not her face. The children at school did not like her and she did not like them. But I loved her very much and she liked me. And always she would be asking me 'What can I do for you?'"

It is not difficult to understand the friendship between Ilona and Maria. A girl like Ilona must have a confidante who, like Maria, is not in any sense competitive. And a girl like Maria, denied a rich life of her own, must have someone like Ilona who will tell her of her experiences so that she may live them too, vicariously.

In the beginning of this friendship Maria had more in the way of wealth than Ilona. While Ilona was in Holland Maria wrote her faithfully every week and told her about the children in the Budapest school . . . that her brother was beginning to care about girls . . .

and that she wished and prayed it would be Ilona he one day would marry. Ilona wrote Maria faithfully, too, so when she returned it was as if there had been no separation. They said hello as if it had been only the day before they had said good-bye. And, of course, Ilona saw Maria's brother too.

ILONA turned sixteen. At sixteen she was ready to put purely romantic attachments behind her and go on to the exciting attachments of adolescence . . . and to fall suddenly and ecstatically in love with John Komka on the same day he appeared wearing a new pair of patent leather shoes.

John was twenty-two. He was a cashier in a large office. He came often to the Hajmassey flat for tea. And one day he asked Ilona's parents if he could marry her.

"Wait," her father said. "Wait two years! And if you still love her, all right."

Lost in each other's eyes Ilona and John marveled that they could have been so deaf, so blind, so dull that the wonder of each other's beauty and voice and mind and spirit had until now escaped them.

One evening every week there was dancing school. Ilona's parents did not allow her to go to that dancing school alone. They always went with her. When she danced with John or any other young man—only with the others it didn't matter—she must dance just so and hold herself separate and apart. Still it was very beautiful. They were in each other's arms. Music flowed around them. And when they were dancing the sharpest ears could not hear the words he whispered.

"Every night I went to that dancing school," Ilona says, triumph in her laughter still, "I took a big umbrella. Whether it rained or not. For John and I walked home in front of my parents with the umbrella. And under the umbrella we could kiss."

"My sister, she was a very good girl. I was always terrible. I was very bad."

Carefully Mrs. Hajmassey watched her younger daughter. Carefully, proudly, constantly, and a little fearfully. . . . She dressed her in simple

English clothes but Ilona had a way of doing her bow. The heels on the shoes she bought her were low, as they should be. But sometimes, especially when John came to call, she would notice Ilona walked in a strange manner and discover she had borrowed her sister's shoes with high heels. And again it would be borne in upon Mrs. Hajmassey that Ilona could do whatever she would do.

DODO was married when Ilona was nearly seventeen. She had a church wedding. Ilona was a "wedding girl" and John Komka was her partner in the procession. Never had Ilona looked lovelier. She wore a dress of pink georgette and she carried pink roses. But when they reached home where the reception was held and Mrs. Hajmassey examined closely the color in Ilona's cheeks and lips she knew Ilona had discovered red paper, moistened, to be an excellent substitute for rouge.

Surely there was some way to restrain that romantic, ardent spirit. Perhaps work would do it . . . work that wouldn't stimulate her imagination too much but still would be varied enough to hold her mind and strenuous enough to consume her energy.

"You must learn something," Mrs. Hajmassey said to Ilona one day. And she sent her to her friend who had a dress salon—to learn dressmaking. But she reckoned without the son of her friend whom Ilona met there.

Ilona did not like working in that salon. She was very quiet when she pulled her needle through the rich fabrics. And when she held the paper of pins and the chalk and the tape measure in the fitting room, anyone would have known by her eyes, that she neither saw nor heard the querulous voices of the women being fitted to new gowns. But it no longer was John Komka she thought about. It was Andras Reiner, her employer's son.

Andras Reiner had dreams in his eyes and courage in his voice. He reminded Ilona that the world belonged to anyone who could conquer it. She had almost forgotten this while she had been in love with John. Then, she had been

(Continued on page 70)



Hollywood's leading snapshooters (Charles Rhodes, Jack Albin, Bob Wallace, Jules Buck and our Hymie Fink) reward "the year's most cooperative star" (Joan Crawford) with a solid silver cigarette box



Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.



The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high-spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent
Sub-Deb

Popular
Senior

**BOTH
Young Moderns
CHEER THE
SAME Thorough
SKIN CARE**

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER:

"Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER:

"No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER:

"It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER:

"I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?



With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 15-CVC, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Lead off into Spring with a sleek new LEADING LADY handbag tucked under your arm. You'll want one for every costume, when you see how lovely and inexpensive they are! The Spring collection includes all the bright new tricks of the current fashion scene—new shades, new colors, new fabric treatments! At leading stores.

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heart and mind thinking about a kitchen that would have shiny pots hanging in a row and the rich smell of meats and spices and picturing a red-cheeked baby who looked not altogether like her and not altogether like John but combined the very best features of both.

Sometimes it was necessary for Ilona to deliver a dress to a customer. She would be given money for taxi fare. Usually that money went into Ilona's pocket. For Andras had ways of discovering when she was being sent out and he would be waiting for her and pay the fare.

Did Ilona like him? This was the question forever on Andras' lips and in his eyes. "Yes, I like you very much," she told him finally, "but please wear long pants." In long pants, she had decided, he would look older, less like a boy still in high school.

Had she asked him to straddle the world or harness the moon he would have considered how these things might be done. That same day he was measured at his tailor's. And afterwards, because John Komka always waited for her at one door, Ilona would leave the salon by another way.

"For," she says, "I was bad. I had not the courage to tell John that things were different with me."

ANDRAS held her heart until she met the man she married, the man she was to love with a deep and abiding woman's love—even after she had lost him. And Andras' dreams and ambition were contagious things. Ilona began to think about the theater. Every evening when she passed the King's Theater on her way home she planned how she would go inside one day and tell the men who put on the plays that she wanted to be an actress. And then one day she did what she so long had planned.

Hundreds of girls had knocked upon the stage door of the King's Theater and been turned away. But Ilona was directed to the office of the manager, a small, musty-smelling room, with bright electric lights burning in wire cages, where the producer himself, in shirt sleeves and sleeve garters, smoked a dreadful cigar and rested his feet on top of his disorderly desk.

"Please," Ilona said quietly, "I should like to be an actress."

The producer made a telephone call as if he hadn't heard her. He rang for a boy and sent out some papers. Then he tilted his chair farther back and asked:

"Can you dance—sing?"

"I am sorry," she told him, still sure and poised, "but I can't do anything."

He picked up the telephone and called another number. "I'm sorry, too," he told her out of the corner of his mouth.

"You're too young. We can't take you." Unbelievable that it should go like this. This wasn't the way it went in her dreams. And this wasn't the way it was going to go. She knew that. It was from frustration and anger she wept, not disappointment or fear.

"All right, all right," he said, just as easily as if he had missed his lines and he was going back over them and getting them right this time. "You shall dance. Come tomorrow for a rehearsal."

Ilona walked home past all the lighted shop windows. She climbed the stairs to the landing where she lived and spoke to a neighbor on the way. But afterwards she could remember nothing from the time she left the theater until she faced her mother. Now she found it difficult to tell what she had done. For she didn't want the pristine beauty of this experience spoiled by the things she knew her mother would say.

"Terrible! Terrible!" her mother exclaimed. "Your father will kill you!"

Again it was the way it had been when Ilona set her heart upon Holland. "Please, mother," she said, "if you like me you must let me go. Because I must go!"

For generations a family will produce good men and true and some who will rise a little higher than all the others and some who will not do quite as well as the average for themselves. Then a baby will be born more sensitive, more beautiful, more brilliant than any other baby in that family ever was or ever hoped to be. And when this happens the mother will be proud but she also will know that she can not hope to keep that child for her own for long. And always her protests in the direction of that child will be mild. And whenever it is possible she will go along with that child, thinking perhaps to protect it but knowing in her heart it will be that child who will protect her.

Mrs. Hajmassey stirred the pot on the flame. "Tomorrow," she told Ilona, "I will go to that theater with you."

Conscientiously, painstakingly, Ilona rehearsed. Mrs. Hajmassey marveled. Could this be the child who never before had been willing to do anything that could not be done in the same moment that she thought of it?

When that play opened Ilona was in the chorus.

"Oh, little Hajmassey," the director used to say to her, "some day you will be a good dancer. But, I ask you, don't sing!"

"I will sing!" Her answer never varied. "I will!"

Off in the rich countryside of Hungary lived a family named Savozd. They owned fertile farmlands and many hundred head of cattle. On their acres were several houses of fifteen rooms and

more, and smaller houses for guests. Not all their land was given over to grazing and farming for produce. They had flower gardens too and it heightened their great pride that the roses they raised took first prize in every garden show.

Years and lives had gone into the accumulation of that great stretch of arable land and the fortune that stood behind it. In the beginning the daughter of a rich farmer and the son of a rich farmer had married. Their sons, in turn, brought more land and gold to the family through the dowries of their rich wives. Until at last there was no more wealthy family in Hungary.

WHAT did it matter if those who contributed to the amassing of this great fortune did not always find happiness? What did it matter if young Doctor Niklos Savozd, who had studied in London and in many capitols of Europe, could remember ten years when his mother and father had sat at the same fireside and at the same table without speaking one word to each other?

It was understood that Niklos would do the same as his father and grandfather had done before him. The banns soon would be read for him and the daughter of a wealthy farmer who lived so many kilos down the road. Whereupon more acres and houses and barns and head of cattle would belong to the Savozds and they would be so powerful that no man would tell them nay.

Niklos never thought whether or not this was anything he wished to do. He had grown to manhood with the understanding that he would marry the daughter of one rich farmer or another. This was the tradition in which he had been bred, as though he were a prince who would, of course, marry a princess.

Then Niklos met Ilona. He saw her one Sunday on the beach and arranged a meeting through mutual friends. He had not dreamed hair could be so bright. He found her face like the Fra Angelico angels he had seen in the galleries of Florence. And when she laughed—and she laughed often as he watched her—he felt as if he stood in the cold and looked through a window at a bright fire. An impulse stronger than any he ever had known impelled him to draw close.

"She dances at the King's Theater in the chorus," he was told.

Had he been as wise in the way of the world as he was in the way of books and farmlands and accountings perhaps he would have been warned by this and gone away. Or it may be that once he saw Ilona nothing could save him. . . . It may be that even before these two went to the beach that Sunday it was written that they should meet and that he should love her and, at last, awaken in her such a love as she never had felt before . . . such a love as made her smile at the romantic attachments of her youth and the exciting attachments of her adolescence.

"Niklos . . . Niklos . . ." she would whisper against his cheek.

And if, as his arms closed about her, he guessed—and he may have—that he risked disaster bringing this girl who danced in the chorus and who had no dot into his family he had no choice. For in the same moment he met Ilona it was too late for him to go away. . . .

It's a long road from Hungary to America—almost as long as the road from obscurity to fame—but both roads had been mapped out by destiny for Ilona's life. How it all happened makes a strange and exciting story, continued in April PHOTOPLAY!

ETI-QUIZ ANSWERS

We all know they know better, but the pictures on page 48 prove that the stars slip up on their manners when they're having fun (even as you and I). Did you catch these errors?

Loretta Young, James Stewart, Barbara Stanwyck: No whispering in public, please—and particularly no exchange of confidences in front of a third party!

Eloise and Pat O'Brien: Both Arthur Murray and Emily Post frown on this—neither ladies nor wives drape an arm around their partner's neck while dancing!

Dick and Joan Blondell Powell: Look at Dick's expression—this is Escort Peeve No. 1. How the men hate to see their lights-o'-love apply their "glamour" at the table!

Sandra Shaw Cooper and Ray Milland: No wonder Ray is bending over backwards—it's a ticklish proposition when a girl wears a hat like that for dancing!

Round Table Discussion at the Trocadero: Marital bliss is a wonderful thing—but even so loving a wife as Martha shouldn't demonstrate such a strangle hold in public!

Tyrone and Annabella Power: Afraid she'll slip away from you, Ty? A gentleman offers his arm to a lady—he doesn't grab hers!

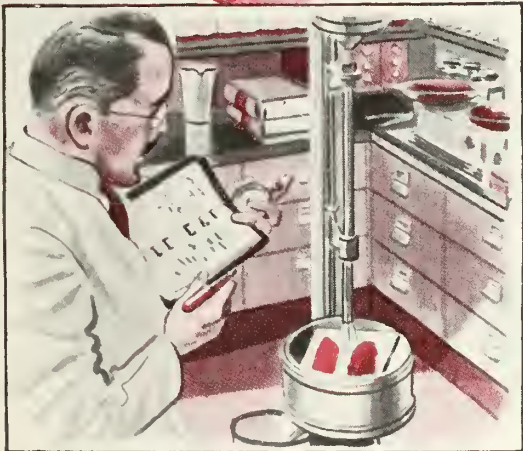
Paris APPROVES THE COLORS

Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion . . . Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

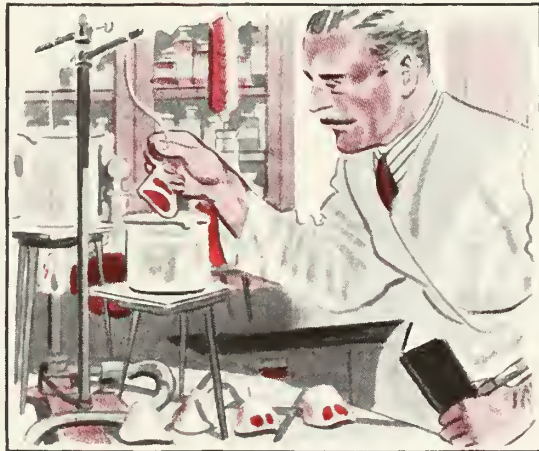
In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news.

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America PERFECTS THE WEAR



Sand From the Cutex Sand Machine a steady stream of sand falls on a glass plate coated with Cutex Polish . . . much harsher treatment than you give your nails in daily wear.



Water In the Cutex Immersion Test, Cutex Salon Polish withstands for long periods the destructive action of salt water and of hot water containing strong household cleaning preparations.



Sun The Cutex Sun Lamp is used to test sun-fast qualities. You can expose Cutex to brilliant summer sun for days and it will "take it" without fading or changing color.

CUTEX gives you tops in style and wear in the new Cutex Salon Polish!

The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both shades are perfect fingertip accents with the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

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Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD—at our risk! If they don't wear better than any polish you've ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today—at any toilet-goods counter.

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GADABOUT—Chic with wine, pinks, cocoa shades, bronze, all blues.
LAUREL—A fragile touch with the new blues, greens, pinks, grays, navy.

CEDARWOOD—Stunning with rose, green, blue, brown, beige.
OLD ROSE—Smart with black, brown, purple, navy, spring pastels.
CLOVER—Lovely with wine, browns, navy, green, yellow, pinks, purples.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 47)

ingly informs us, for a semiballet number with Neagle. "It's kind of silly," he admits, "but it's good practice for my skiing."

RKO is so busy this month that pictures are spilling over this comparatively small Hollywood lot and on to the old RKO-Pathé studio in Culver City where Selznick International is gone with the wind—at least temporarily. There, Cary Grant and Irene Dunne are just starting "My Favorite Wife," a modern Enoch Arden story with switched sexes (the wife disappears).

We find Director Johnny Farrow, close-cropped as usual and smiling, on the next RKO set we visit—"A Bill of Divorcement," the screen classic that revived John Barrymore and made Katharine Hepburn a star. It's no secret that RKO's hopes are very much the same for Maureen O'Hara, who is number one actress on the RKO lot right now.

"I'm all mixed up," grins John. "I'm married to Maureen O'Sullivan and I'm directing Maureen O'Hara. They both talk as if they'd just left Dublin. They even look alike!"

"A Bill of Divorcement" is a frank re-make. Essentially, you'll remember, it's the tale of a wife, Fay Bainter, about to divorce her mentally aberrated husband, Adolphe Menjou, to marry another man. On Christmas Eve Adolphe regains his sanity, and his daughter, Maureen, engaged herself, really meets and knows her father for the first time. She discovers that she is too, too much like him. She sees her own unbalanced future and, calling off her happiness, leaves to take care of her Dad. It's tragic and touching, but a real star-maker, if there ever was one. Hepburn went to town. Can O'Hara?

WHEN we invade Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer we find Wallace Beery chewing on a huge ham bone.

"Arouse and Beware" is the admonitory title of the MacKinlay Kantor Civil War yarn M-G-M picked out for Wally, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard. From what we can gather it's one prolonged chase. Wally and John are Yankee soldiers escaped from a Confederate prison and heading North through Rebel lines. Circumstances force Dolores, a ravishing Russian adventuress, to join them. During the harried flight Wally reforms from a heel to a hero and—that's right—John and Dolores find true love.

They've just evaded traitors, spies, dirks, derringers, rifle shots and murderous Rebs when we look in. Bloodhounds come next. To prepare for the canine ordeal, Wally is relaxing from his art playing on an ancient wheezing harmonium. All he seems to know is "La Cucaracha." Wally is as unpleasant looking as sleek, dark Dolores is a treat for anybody's eyes. Fat and sloppy, in butternut rags, shaggy and frowsy, he gets ready to mess himself up a little more. They're all going to cross a synthetic stream babbling down M-G-M's back lot. John carries Dolores, very gallantly, on his shoulder, while Wally carries his ham bone. In the middle of the crossing Beery steps in a prepared eight-foot hole and disappears. He's supposed to stay there a minute, but he pops right up, sputtering. The ham bone is gone. Instead his hand covers his mouth.

"Hold it! What's the matter?" cries Director Leslie Fenton.

Wally flounders back to terra firma, mumbling. "Get a diver," he says. "I lotht my upper bridgework!"

We wouldn't dare tell this one on

Wally if he were a glamour boy.

The glamour side of Metro, incidentally, is being well taken care of by Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "New Moon," and by "Strange Cargo," the Gable-Crawford duet. Newly exciting, too, is John Carroll, a handsome threat, being given his big break in "Congo Maisie" with Ann Sothern. On the distaff side, Irina Baranova, is doing all right in the glamorous Hapsburg horse picture, "Florian."

This Baranova, straight from the Ballet Russe, is blue-eyed, brown-haired and Russian. She's small and fragile figured, but M-G-M thinks she's a big find. Luckily she fits right into Producer Winfield Sheehan's plans for "Florian," the most different and interesting picture on Hollywood's current docket.

For one thing, the real hero is a horse, a Lipizzan horse, which means a big milk-white charger from Austria with a pedigree five hundred years straight back. The Lipizzans have been royal Hapsburg horses for hundreds of years.

The genesis of "Florian" is one of those Hollywood happenstances that sometimes end up as pictures. It was like this: Maria Jeritza, the prima donna who married Hollywood's Winnie Shee-



That inferiority complex she testified he gave her, when suing for her divorce, doesn't keep the legally-estranged Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson from enjoying their dinner together at the Arrowhead Hotel

han, sang at a Vienna benefit. Grateful, the management presented her with six Lipizzan horses, which she promptly shipped home. They were just six new horses for his Hidden Valley ranch to Winnie, until Jeritza handed him a book by Felix Salten, who wrote "Bambi." It was "Florian," and the set we visit is the result.

It's an exact reproduction of the ballroom at Schönbrunn, the Hapsburg palace. Reggie Owen, whiskered and sideburned as Emperor Franz Joseph, presides on a royal dais, and Lee Bowman, the playboy archduke, and a host of bejeweled courtiers sit around in a semicircle. Lee is on the make for prima ballerina Baranova, the script says, but the Bowman-Baranova amour is really secondary. Robert Young and Helen Gilbert, an ex-cello player from M-G-M's musical scoring department, carry the main romance, Bob as a stable groom and Helen as a duchess. A mutual love for Florian, the Lipizzan, brings them together.

The ballet for the Emperor's Ball is all set to start by the time we tiptoe past

the doorman. Scores of ballet dancers in pale blue skirts flutter out beneath the massive crystal chandelier. When they spread out, there's Baranova, the prima ballerina, in the center, kneeling. She rises for her solo, but instead of pirouetting away, the great danseuse halts and announces, "It's gone!"

What's gone? Why, the little chalk mark on the floor Baranova is supposed to see out of the corner of her eye to get into position so the cameras can focus properly. The ballet dancers slipping by on their toes have rubbed it out. A "grip" runs out and pounds a red thumbtack into the boards. Funny it strikes us, how such a big scene sometimes depends on such a tiny thing as a tack. But wasn't a kingdom lost for want of a horseshoe nail?

Very much in contrast to the regal glamour of "Florian" is the prospect at Samuel Goldwyn's, where we hurry one day to hop off for Arizona and Gary Cooper in "The Westerner."

COME to think of it, "The Virginian" and "The Plainsman" did all right for Gary, and "The Westerner," formerly "Vinegaroon," completes a trilogy of trigger men. It's a ripsnorting melodrama of Texas in the '80's, based on the saga of one Judge Roy Bean who was the law West of the Pecos.

From old Tucson, it's twenty miles to Goldwyn City, a shabby, shabby reproduction of an old time Vinegaroon. By the time we arrive, Gary, Doris Davenport, Fred Stone and Walter Brennan (who plays Judge Bean), have been working hours and hours.

Director William Wyler decides to do the scene where Gary escapes a necktie party by hopping on his trusty horse. "Sure you can ride a horse, Gary?" he kids.

"I've been fooling 'em for a long time," smiles Gary. They line up and shoot the trial scene—a beer barrel is the bar of justice. Suddenly Gary leaves the deliberations and leaps for his horse. They roar away in a dust cloud—and then—thud! Down in the sand and scrub goes the horse. Gary's underneath.

When they pull him up, his knee buckles under him. Gary swears more with disgust than pain. It's not his fault, of course. The horse stumbled in the rocky sand, but—Cowboy Cooper is proud of it's being a real Westerner. "Only a tenderfoot would have let a horse pin him down," he grunts as they bind up his knee.

Winging back to Hollywood, the accident reminds us of Jack Benny's more cautious approach to fancy riding. Jack and his radio gang—Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Rochester and Company—are involved this month at Paramount in a Western to end all Westerns, "Buck Benny Rides Again."

It's sheer nonsense and good-natured satire with a dude-ranch setting which is six times as gorgeous as the Rainbow Room. Jack is too beautiful in a blue satin shirt, cream Stetson with fancy trimmings, scalloped and fluted pants and one real six-shooter with dummy cartridges. And, of course, a cigar.

The day we look in on all this, Director Mark Sandrich is dragging Buck Benny away from the soft life. We follow them into the valley on location where droves of vicious looking steers are milling around.

"Now," said Sandrich, "here's what you do—get on this horse, shoot off your pistol and as he sunfishes into that

(Continued on page 74)

IDA LUPINO IN PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

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NEW LIPSTICK

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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	
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(Continued from page 72)

stampeding herd of wild cattle, try to stay on and keep from getting trampled to death. We'll do the rest."

A little later, when the cameras, the steer drovers, the cowboy extras and all are ready, Jack puts one foot in the stirrups. Then he turns to Sandrich with an envelope. It is addressed "To the late Mrs. Jack Benny!"

Paramount is also polishing off "At Good Old Siwash," college cutups circa 1905. The most astounding thing about this is that Bonita Granville, all of fifteen, plays a fifty-three year old lady in one sequence—no fooling! *Golden Boy* Bill Holden and genius Ezra Stone carry on the rest of the antiquated campusology. For the tragedy end of Paramount's program, "The Way of All Flesh," immortal for us because of Emil Jannings' silent performance, is getting a 1940 face-lifting with Akim Tamiroff and Gladys George.

WARNERS are taking advantage of the approaching shut downs of Selznick, Goldwyn and Walter Wanger, to grab off a few stars fresh to the Burbank lot. "The Prime Minister," (the story of Disraeli), is lining up for Laurence Olivier and Geraldine Fitzgerald, while Merle Oberon, queen of the scattered Goldwyn family, is already at home in Warnerland. We find her on the set of "We Shall Meet Again," wearing the mantle of Kay Francis with grace.

For "We Shall Meet Again" is the unforgettable "One Way Passage," which Kay and Bill Powell played so poignantly a few years back. George Brent has Powell's old part.

The set is the Bar-of-all-Nations in Hong Kong. It's the longest bar in the world and the most cosmopolitan. George, in white linen and a wide leg-horn hat, is showing the bartender how to mix a "Paradise cocktail."

"When anyone comes along," admonishes George, "who knows every second in life is important—make him one of these."

"I know every second in life is important," says a voice at his elbow. It's Merle. They sip a cocktail together and the romance starts, as it will end, after death with the clink of glasses.

It occurs to us, when Director Edmund Goulding says "Very smooth," that possibly next to William Powell, himself, George Brent is about as smooth a star as Hollywood can offer. And Merle Oberon is about as sweet. "We Shall Meet Again," if Goulding can make it as appealing as "One Way Passage," may well start a new romantic team for Warners.

Two of Warner's happy star family are working out this month, in Universal City, where Mae West and W. C. Fields have finished up "My Little Chickadee" without calling out the cops. Neither Wayne Morris nor Margaret Lindsay knew they were to star in Universal's "The Devil Is Yellow" less than twenty-four hours before they showed up in grease paint. But somebody had to keep the studio open until Deanna Durbin resumed her growing up in "It Happened in Kaloha" and Bing Crosby turned loose his larynx in "If I Had My Way." So Warner's Wayne and Margaret were drafted.

We see them in the set that studio designers can put up in their sleep by now—a newspaper city room. "Ten to one," we tell ourselves, "the star reporter will say 'Okay, chief.'" In about five minutes Wayne swaggers up to Bill Gargan.

"Now beat it," says Bill, "and bring in a scoop."

"Okay, Chief," replies Wayne. It's time for us to leave. High time. There's a note of freshness, however,

at Twentieth Century-Fox, and also Walt Disney's where we pause for a loc at the new Animation Building, the fir of Walt's new San Fernando Valle plant to start humming. "Pinocchio will be about ready to thrill you in the theaters as you read this, while "Fantasia," the Stokowski scored Symphonic feature cartoon, is more than half done. At TC-F, the fresh note is Jan Withers teamed with Gene Autry, the rural Romeo, in "Shooting High."

Naturally, by now she has a terrific crush on the handsome Autry. Jan shines up to Gene by feeding his horse "Champ," carrots and Gene retaliates by giving Jane his powder-blue sombrero.

Jane and Gene sing several cute, and some corny, ditties as the plot, a screen take-off on the TC-F's "Jesse James" location in Missouri, gets going. Watch a very cute number where they're both in overalls painting a house and dueting "Shanty of Dreams." Only Jane's adoration is making her a little absent-minded. She paints so furiously they have to stop and rub it off before another take is possible.

Marjorie Weaver, who plays Gene's romance in "Shooting High," has heard that Gene is never kissed in the movies which is very true. While he's helpless with paint, brushes and Jane, Marjorie, with a wicked gleam in her dark eyes, walks audaciously up to Autry.

"Mr. Autry," she says, very formally, "I understand you refuse to kiss me."

Gene stammers awkwardly for a second, then Marjorie tosses her arms around his red neck and plants a long and lingering buss where it's customary.

Not only that but Gene rallies like a gentleman and plants one right back!

MOVING from movie studios to the Hollywood microphone variety, we find that boiling down process we predicted months ago.

The Chase and Sanborn Program may not seem the same to you minus Ameche, Dottie Lamour and Nelson Eddy. But Good News follows the same lead. In the spring it shrinks, too, to a half hour built around "Baby Snooks" Brice, as C. and S. huddles from now on around Bergen and McCarthy.

Solid Hollywood hits such as Lake and Singleton in *Blondie*, Edward G. Robinson in "Big Town" and Basil Rathbone's *Sherlock Holmes* aren't worrying one bit. But the big Hollywood hope is now lodged in the success of CBS's "It Happened in Hollywood," or daytime variety shows with low-priced talent.

Radio Hollywood's last minute low-down and laughs: . . . The last of the Ameches left radio when Woodbury bought up Brother Jim's contract to make way for Boyer's comeback . . . Basil Rathbone calls Nigel Watson Bruce, "Willy" . . . Basil's wife, Ouida, never misses a broadcast from the clients' booth . . . Carole Lombard cries every time she does a show on the Lux Theater . . . the last weeper was "In Name Only" . . .

Charles Laughton baffled the Screen Guild Gulf gang by memorizing the entire script of "The Beachcomber" . . . Another script-by-heart air baby was Shirley Temple on the Christmas show—she still reads too slowly.

Bing Crosby's well-ribbed beard at Kraft showdowns was because of impetigo . . . the beard was pink . . . Edgar Bergen is sparking Kay St. Germaine, Fay McKenzie and the rest of his gals on the back seat of his motorcycle . . . And because of the harem he's worked up, they're calling him "Beau Bergen" around NBC!

The Third Mrs. William Powell

(Continued from page 18)

ing it is just to feel and move and think and be. A man returning from the shadows wants everything life holds, and wants no nonsense about correctness or conventionalities.

It was in such a mood that Bill Powell looked out into his garden and saw youth and happiness there, in the Lucy figure of a nice young girl. Bill had already lived several lives—and much credit to him too for he had created his own fortunate destiny out of his own being and talent and vitality—but here was a chance at another one. He strolled out into the garden—can't you see him being so casual and "Thin Man" about it—and he got himself introduced. From the introduction he worked up quickly to a dinner date, and on that date he was won by the things he learned about Diana.

Personally I doubt that Bill could ever fall in love with a girl who wasn't an actress, for there's been grease paint in his blood ever since he left Kansas City some thirty odd years ago. But Diana Lewis, in addition to being a struggling young trouper, had two other qualities that were the clinchers for him. She'd had a rather tough time of it, but she was sporting about it.

She is the baby of one of those theatrical families who have toured the small American towns for years, a precarious but colorful existence. Her father, J. C. Lewis and her mother, Hettie Daly, were a vaudeville team in a road show, and as the little Lewises arrived—there were four of them—they became part of the act. Off stage they always dreamed of someday getting enough money to buy a home somewhere.

In 1932 they were forced to make part of the dream come true. J. C., senior, slipped backstage and fell down a flight of iron stairs. Paralysis resulted and the little family came to Hollywood. The oldest sister, Marion, got married. J. C., Junior, wrote music; second sister Maxine sang in night clubs, and sub-deb Diana went to school and worked whenever she got the chance. Nobody paid any attention to them until five years ago when they made their own break by means of J. C. Junior's collaborating with Jack Osberman in writing and producing a musical comedy called "The Shim Sham Review." Diana, just sixteen, dancing in it, was spotted by a Paramount scout, and given a contract. She was put in a couple of pictures but her option wasn't taken up. Undaunted, she went to Fairfax High School by day and worked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse at night. It was at Fairfax that she met another struggling youngster—Mickey Rooney. He got a crush on her. They dated a lot but Diana was not impressed. What sixteen-year-old girl is with a fourteen-year-old suitor?

Warner Brothers were the next to discover her. She actually played a

lead with them in "He Couldn't Say No" with Frank McHugh. Then she went to RKO where she played one role, and then to Columbia where she played one lead—in "First Offenders"—and then there wasn't anything at all. Sister Maxine was singing at Gordon's, a Hollywood café. Desperate, Diana joined her act. There she was seen by Billy Grady of M-G-M, who put her under contract, which event lead, by merest happenchance, to the swimming pool, her current role in "Forty Little Mothers" and Bill Powell.

Now Bill Powell loves being the man of the world. He should. He is a man of the world. He is wealthy and wise and witty. He's traveled. He is very much the debonair celebrity. He's been married twice to two charming women, the first of whom was Eileen Wilson, who bore him his son, Bill, Jr., and the second of whom was Carole Lombard. The story of his bittersweet romance with Jean Harlow and its tragic ending is too well known to need repeating. But when a man gets in a habit of being in love, you'll not find him getting along without it. The loss of Jean Harlow was an almost lethal blow to Bill. My own hunch is that if he hadn't been so ill himself he might never have got over the loss of her. But that illness proved to him that life is for living, not for dreams of what might have been.

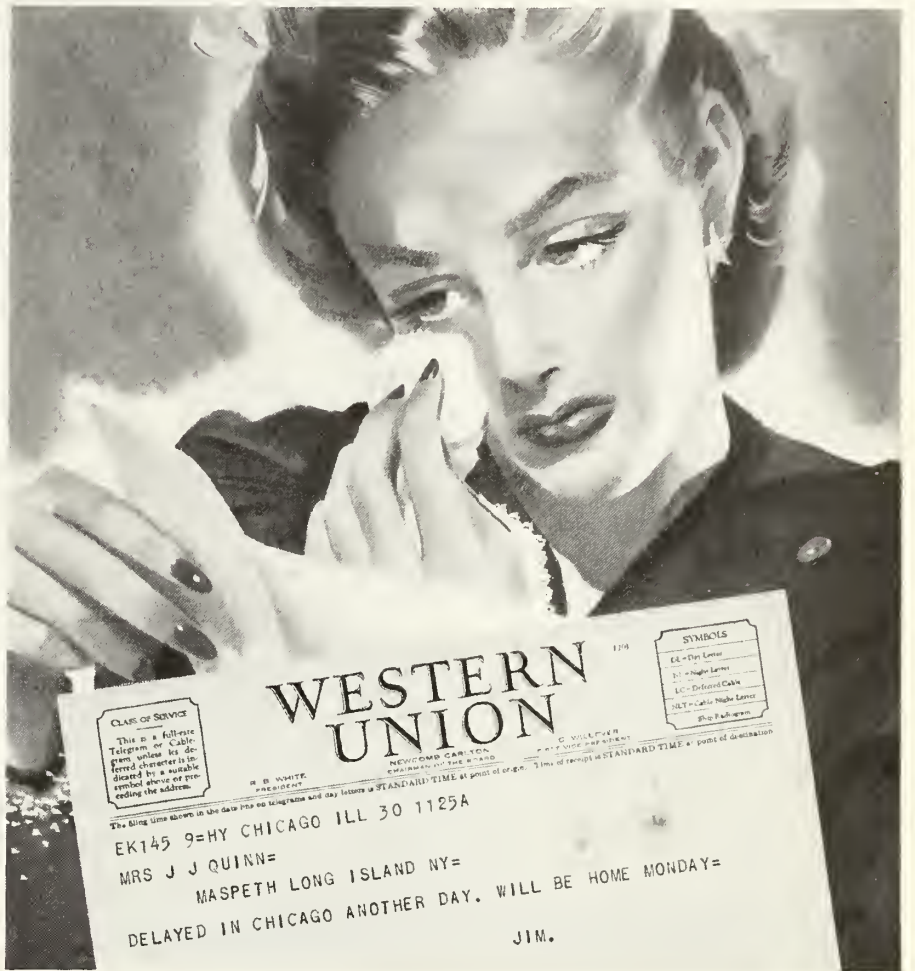
So he came back last September to the greatest and most lasting of his loves—his acting—and after "Another Thin Man" was on celluloid I'm sure his heart began looking up. Diana coming along fitted right into his pattern and his need.

For this young Diana, just starting out in the movie business—he could tell her and show her Life in big letters. He could talk on and on for her eager attention about the white-tie-and-tails-life, the one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar-a-picture, Palm-Beach-winter, Bermuda-for-Easter, Hawaii-in-August way of life. And what can be sweeter than that for a sophisticate?

Bill didn't have to marry for "a home." He's had a home, dozens in fact. He didn't have to marry for children. He's got his son. But for a dear, delightful young audience, for a gay, laughing escape from loneliness, for a magnificent chance to make a sweet kid happy, and be very much at peace with the world—well, if those are not fine things to marry for, then there's no meaning to the word romance.

That's why I think Diana Lewis is the most "suitable" wife for the Bill Powell of today. He doesn't have to be grim and practical about marriage. He can marry for the simple joy of it. That's why I think he and Diana are very lucky to have discovered one another. And I think it would be a grand and glorious thing if they live happily forever after, and I very much hope they do.

Ten words cost no more—why didn't Jim add "Love"?



Men grow neglectful when wives grow careless. Guard charm every day—make a habit of MUM!

ONE WORD more... such a little thing... yet to see it in Jim's telegram would have meant so much to Betty! "Jim's just thoughtless," she reassured herself. But Betty, husbands don't grow thoughtless without a reason! Jim could be as romantic as ever... if *you* still used Mum!

It's wise to question yourself if your husband seems inattentive! Are you trusting your *bath* too long—forgetting that underarms need Mum's special care *every day*? A bath, wise wives remember, removes only *past* perspiration. To prevent *future* odor, rely on Mum!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—it's so dependable.

QUICK! Takes only 30 seconds. And you can use Mum even after you're dressed. **SAFE!** The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. Mum is a wonderfully soothing deodorant for feet. And you'll find it safe to use even after underarm shaving!

SURE! You won't risk offending, if you use Mum *every day*. For without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (You'll find that men like Mum, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Keep charming... let Mum keep underarms always fresh!

SO MANY DEODORANTS... YET MOST WOMEN CHOOSE MUM!



Mum helps this way, too. Mum is first choice with women everywhere for sanitary napkins, too. Will not irritate, yet prevents odor. Play safe with Mum!



MUM

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Beginning in April PHOTOPLAY

Swiss Family Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

Once in motion, the driver looked back at Christine and asked where she wanted to go.

"I'm looking for my brother, Howard Donaldson," she said. "Where do you think I can find him?"

"You mean Howard Donaldson, the producer?" the driver asked. "Probably at the Trocadero."

The driver had no idea that Howard would be there, but it was a good way to run up the bill, because the Trocadero was a long distance away.

When the battle-scarred trio arrived at the Trocadero, they didn't find Howard Donaldson. What they did find was George and in the company, no less, of Grace Darling.

Grace, disgruntled because Howard had not taken up her option, had run onto George by accident, and was getting him as drunk as possible in the hope that he would get into some sort of trouble which would bring more scandal on Donaldson.

Christine, looking like an elder sister of the Four Horsemen, rushed into the bar, and shrieked:

"Where is Howard Donaldson?"

There was no answer for a moment. Grace, however, sensed an opportunity to put Donaldson in the soup.

"Are you his sister?" she asked, craftily.

"Certainly I'm his sister. Who do you think I am?" Christine said.

Controlling her original impulse to tell Christine that she thought she was Boris Karloff in make-up, Grace said:

"I can find him for you. He's out at Mr. Wood's house."

Grace didn't know where Donaldson was, but reasoned that Christine making a scene in the home of Donaldson's boss—especially with Swain present—would really fix things.

Wood and Swain, seated in Wood's living room waiting for Donaldson, had no notion of what was about to descend on them. Consequently, when Christine swept into the room, followed by Grace Darling, Junior, Ralph and George, they were as amazed as they would have been at the sight of a zebra riding a bicycle.

"Where's my brother?" Christine demanded.

"That, madame," said Wood, as soothingly as possible, "is what we have been wondering. He has an appointment with us here."

"He's here now!" Christine declared. "You're hiding him!"

"I'm sorry to say that you're wrong," Wood said.

"You're a liar!" Christine announced.

Wood tried his best to control his temper and cover this painful situation, but he couldn't quite make it.

"Lady," he said, "I am distinctly not an old Southern gentleman but I resent that crack. Mr. Swain, will you please ignore these people. At least, don't blame them on Howard just because they happen, unfortunately, to be related to him."

This was George's cue. He looked at Swain, and said:

"Are you Frank Swain, the New York banker?"

Swain admitted the charge, whereupon George sneered and muttered:

"Stinking capitalist. Grinder-downer of workers."

Grace, having nothing to lose, and unable to hold her tongue, said:

"Untaker-upper of options."

Swain leaped to his feet and screamed:

"What is this anyway? Isn't anybody in Hollywood sane?"

At this moment, Donaldson arrived. He had just recalled the fact that he had had an appointment with Wood. He could not have chosen a worse moment.

As he walked into the living room, all those present looked at him in a silence which had icicles on it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"What's wrong!" Wood, Swain, Christine, George, Ralph and Junior sang out in a perfect Greek chorus. Grace Darling, under her breath, said: "I think things are going to be all right."

"You're through, Donaldson," Swain said. "I wouldn't have you in my employ if you were the last producer in the world. . . ."

"Have you gone crazy?" Christine broke in. "Do you realize that you've jeopardized your position . . . brought disgrace on your family . . . all for a foolish little hussy. . . ."

"The wages of sin are death," mumbled Junior.

"Class-conscious capitalist," George snarled.

Donaldson slumped down in a chair, completely overwhelmed, as these denunciations continued. Wood, wanting to front for him, but seeing the impos-

sibility of it, gave Grace an unlaunched look and beckoned her to the kitchen.

"What was the idea," he asked her, over a highball, "of bringing these lunatics here. I could have fixed things for Howard if they hadn't turned up. Now Swain wouldn't have the guy if he found him on sale in Macy's basement."

Back in the living room, Swain had contrived to get the floor away from Christine momentarily. He shook an accusing finger in Howard's face and shouted:

"Gambling! That is the one thing I cannot excuse. A man in your position—a leader of the film industry—a pillar of the community—arrested in a cheap gambling house—consorting with crooks and criminals—"

The doorbell rang. It was Brooksie and Spangler. There was a stunned silence for a moment as they strode into the room. Christine was the first to break it. She did it in her customary manner, which was at the top of her voice.

"What're you doing here among decent people?" she shrieked at Brooksie.

Spangler took charge of the situation by shoving Christine's chin.

"Pucker your kisser," he said, in the choice selection of words for which he was famous. Having intimidated Christine—no mean feat—he glared about the room and said:

"Which of you goofers is Swain?"

The banker, instinctively apprehensive, admitted that he was Frank Swain. Spangler gave him a grin which would have frightened a saber-toothed tiger,

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extracted from his pocket a check. "The other night," Spangler said, "when I wasn't there, you came into my office and dusted off my cashier for a hundred bucks with a check, and he stopped payment on it. Would you like to make it good, or shall I cut your heart out?"

Swain turned a pale green and began to tremble in his coat pocket. Spangler interpreted this move.

"You're thinking of reaching for a dagger, don't bother," Spangler said, "produced from his own pocket a check that resembled, to all outward appearances, a French Seventy-five. "It was only getting some money," Swain quavered. "The check—it was a mistake. . . ."

He produced the cash, and Spangler counted it carefully.

"This dough is phony," he said, "you're not going to keep on looking like a fool."

His reaction on Donaldson to all this was astounding. He leaped to his feet, a raw man, and shouted:

"All of you! Listen to me!"

He was a bit optimistic. If there's anything there's a dearth of in Hollywood, it's listeners. The bedlam continued.

But Donaldson had something to say. Nothing was going to stop him. He held a cut-glass candelabra at a slant, reflecting light on the wall. It was a direct hit. He figured he'd had a few years bad luck anyway since his only descendant on him.

There was silence. Attracted by the food and Grace came in from the kitchen. Donaldson felt better. A huge smile attracted his attention.

"Stop!" yelled Wood. "That's a Ming! Get seven G's for it!"

It was too late. The Ming went the way of all crockery. Wood shuddered, and hastily put his foot over the piece which bore the label, "Made in Japan." "Silence!" yelled Donaldson. It was a sacred word. He had silence now. A peculiar gleam came into his eyes.

"I'm getting tired of all this!" he said. "I'm getting tired of all of you. In two days now I've been made the villain of this piece. Nobody would listen to me. Nobody would believe what I said if they did listen to me. Nobody would believe that I was anything but a forty-nine carat heel! Now it's my turn to talk!"

He turned to Spangler and said: "Tony—I've played square with you—it's your turn to play with me." Tony nodded in assent.

"You've got that gun on you—if anybody tries to interrupt me—persuade him to be quiet."

"A twitch of a lip," Tony said, "will be a death warrant."

As assured, Donaldson continued: "Christine, you've been in my hair for years. I've been afraid of you. Why, I don't know. That's all over."

George:

"You've been sounding off about your theories. What about them? You please me because I've made some money. Have you ever made any? Do you know how to make any? Will you know how to make any? I've been waiting for you for years—so you have the nerve to denounce people who work!"

Ralph:

"Your only trouble is that you married Christine."

Junior:

"Is for you—you're just a pain in the neck."

Grace Darling:

"I think I'll renew your option. I don't think because I was wrong in trying to make you a leading woman. You're not—you are a heavy at heart and I never realized it before."

To Wood:

"As for you, I'll admit that you tried to protect me. You're not a bad guy, you're just stupid."

To Swain:

"And now, Mr. Swain, we really get down to things. You were going to sell me out because I got into the headlines about being arrested in a gambling joint. So what do I find out? I find that you, personally, gave a gambler a bad check when all I did was to make up a bill for a relative of mine. And you denounce me! All of you have denounced me!"

Brooksie, daring Tony's guardianship of the peace, interrupted.

"I never denounced you—much," she said.

The new-born Donaldson glared.

"I'll get around to you in a minute," he said, and turned back to Swain.

"You nitwits—all of you—come out here and tell me how to make moving pictures. The less you know about it, the more you have to say. I've been making pictures for twenty years. So have a lot of other people in Hollywood. Yet you and my sister and her subnormal family come out here and spend fifteen minutes inside a sound stage and tell us how it should be done. Pfiu on you and the motion picture business!"

"Just a moment," Swain said hastily. "I realize I've been wrong. If you'll reconsider—"

"At double my salary?"

Swain gulped weakly and nodded.

"Fine," said Donaldson. "Now one other condition."

"What's that?" asked Swain.

"That you give my sister Christine a job—any job I signify."

The listeners looked at each other in amazement. After the ringing denunciation of Christine, Donaldson was still looking after her interest?

"What is the job?" Swain asked.

"Manager of the Atlas film exchange in Shanghai," Donaldson answered.

Swain made one last protest. "But Shanghai may be bombed—"

"As if I didn't know," replied Donaldson. Christine started to faint, but caught herself in time. The broken Ming on the floor looked like a bad landing field.

BROOKSIE felt strangely out of all this. Donaldson had practically ignored her, which was a worse insult than a real insult. She edged toward the door.

"Wait!" ordered Donaldson. "I'm going with you!"

Brooksie's chin went up defiantly. "You're not. Besides, I don't know where I'm going."

"I do," as he took her by the arm. "Yuma."

Brooksie's heart bounced.

"If you're asking me—"

"Not asking. Telling."

"But it's across the state line."

"Don't give me any geography lessons. Kiss me."

Brooksie looked around at the gaping listeners.

"Wait till we're alone."

"We're practically alone now."

The kiss thrilled Brooksie. It pained Christine. It tingled Donaldson. He turned to his studio executives.

"I'll be back at the studio next week."

He fixed a glittering eye on his family.

"Brooksie and I know where we're going. Now you, my dear family, know where you can go."

The door slammed behind them. Christine was puzzled.

"That was a silly thing for Howard to say. Of course we know where we're going. Shanghai."

Wood opened the exit door invitingly.

"I don't think that was what he meant."

THE END



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Exposing Hollywood's Red Menace

(Continued from page 19)

solidarity. It took nearly two weeks of incessant work, on the lot and off, in the Brown Derby, at his home, working in relays, smoothly, subtly and efficiently, and in the end they sold him hook, line and sinker.

He was emotional—but then actors make their livings by portraying emotion—and he wanted to help. He was used to giving charity. He joined the movement, dug down—and gave.

He gave willingly enough, at first. He—and a lot more like him—probably would be paying yet, if the Dies Committee hadn't started its investigation hereabouts—and if Stalin hadn't signed a pact with Hitler.

DOES it all sound fantastic to you? Here's how it was worked. Wherever possible, Communists got converts and sympathizers in the film colony to sign pledges. They saw to it that the pledges were kept. Out of the salaries of the unlucky ones, came a certain, set, agreed-upon percentage for the party. Not all the agreements were so bald that the dupe knew his money was going directly into Communist channels. Sometimes the deductions were earmarked for this or that "anti" league, or some patriotic sounding unit with a professed fight against Fascism or Nazism. Whatever the name, the deductions went almost invariably to aid the Communist cause or into the pockets of the solicitors.

In three years Hollywood is credited with contributing more than two million dollars to Communist front organizations.

In many cases investigators know who contributed the money, how it was spent—and how much of it went to line the pockets of some racketeers who worked behind Red Banners to get it.

At the beginning of 1939, Hollywood's devotion to this or that "anti" group began to verge on the hysterical. And around the middle of 1939 the movie colony began to get uneasy about the entire Red business. This particular actor, for instance, decided it would no longer be good for him to be identified with any group suspected of Red leanings. He refused to make any more donations. First they cajoled him. Then they told him he was yellow. Next they appealed to his patriotism—and finally they got down to business and resorted to outright threats. They vowed that he had been contributing to the Communists all along and they simply promised him that unless he continued to contribute they would go to his studio and inform on him.

Anti-Communist sentiment in America had reached feverish dimensions. Studios were jittery over rumors that their actors, directors and writers were hurting business by association with pink causes. When studios get jittery they usually fire first and ask questions afterwards. They don't want national scandals.

So the threat, levelled gun-wise at the actor's head, was a very real one. He mulled it over. He made his decision.

"I'll beat you to the punch," he said. "I'll tell them myself."

He didn't get a chance. He picked a bad time to rebel. His option was coming up. The Red mobsters got two girls and a man to fill his studio with rumors that he was a moral degenerate. The rumor spread as fast as horrid tongues could carry it, spread in a short time to the office of the head of the studio. The actor's fate was decided

sixty seconds later. His option wasn't taken up. He was thrown out.

Fortunately he's back at work today. Investigators explained to a producer at another lot what had happened to him. But some of the mud still clings. He'll be years shuddering down the last of that horrible lie.

THAT'S a typical case, and by no means an unusual one. One of the most sickening weapons used by the Communists is their bludgeon for use against individual reputations.

For that reason—and for many others—Hollywood was the most important foothold the Communists could get in all America. Hollywood—where reputations smeared mean careers ruined over night. The Communists found easy pickings in the film capital. Day after day, beginning in the fall of 1936, they enlarged their influence. They were making some members of the film colony do whatever they willed. They took one woman writer and forced her to compose for them a propaganda play, made her come to their meetings and read aloud to them what she had written during the past week, and then, in her presence, went over it humiliatingly, line by line, voting changes until it was completely to their liking. She had to do what they wanted. She was afraid not to.

Imagine using a thousand-dollar-a-week writer like that! Imagine them forcing a star to solicit Red handouts—after they had discovered an indiscretion of his and threatened to expose him. They were stopping at nothing, there was nothing too low for them to attempt. Hollywood was the richest gold mine they had ever struck. And they were making Hollywood pay through the nose, because it had wanted to be generous, wanted to do what it could to salve suffering and, ironically, protect America from foreign influence.

THE Communists weren't interested in forming a large organization. Big groups are unwieldy. Oddly, they do not even want to turn out motion pictures which will be Red from start to finish. All

they want in this regard is to insert in a picture one significant scene. They hope it'll pass unnoticed. But they figure that somehow the significant scene will stick. That little by little, picture after picture, the propaganda effect will build up until they are ready to make their move. And that move is Revolution. They want to spot men in important places—not many men—but a lot of important positions. Their task in Hollywood composed one of the most delicate and one of the vastest conspiracies the nation has ever known. Walter Winchell has already passed on to Washington documentary evidence proving that thousands of dollars contributed by Hollywood to innocent-sounding organizations eventually wound up in the hands of Communist leaders. Police and other investigatory groups have gone about accumulating evidence of the conspiracy.

Are you wondering who might be the biggest source of their information? In many cases it's the Communists themselves.

Here in Hollywood many of the racketeers had criminal records. Investigators put on a little pressure of their own. In a short time they had Communists spying on Communists. They had Reds reporting to them exactly what went on at meetings, who was present, what new victims had been selected, how the conspiracy was progressing, and who was weakest.

IT is difficult, at this writing, to estimate the enormity to which Hollywood has been subjected, of the grip the Red racketeers had begun to gain on Hollywood's mind, body and purse strings of the very, very narrow escape one of the nation's most important industries had at a time when depression had fixed things so it could least afford to stand such a blow.

They were out to dominate Hollywood. They wanted a constant supply of sympathetic money. They had the world's richest amusement market almost in their grip and they had bled it pallid and they were bleeding it white. They were conspiring to use the prestige of stars to propagandize and influence the millions of fans who adored those stars; they were conspiring to use writers to inject Red bait into their scripts; directors to give the Red slant; workmen to infect whole unions, milking them, turning it gradually to their purpose—the conversion of Hollywood into another Moscow from which they hoped to operate as a Red-dyeing plant to color the entire nation. It was a shrewd conspiracy. It almost worked. It offered everything: popular stars, unending supplies of money, talent and the most effective propagandizing medium in the world.

Their methods toward the last had become openly arrogant. Hollywood is still dazed from the shock. It was a narrow escape. Hollywood has learned a terrible lesson. It'll never need another. Not like this one.

And almost without exception—an unfortunately there were a handful of exceptions—the colony was sincere, wanted to be generous, loved its country, fought to be allowed to help. Starved with each other, fell over each other in their zeal once the ball started rolling, once Causes and Movements had become the fashionable and intellectual things to join. And they ended up a victims of one of the most depressing frauds the country has ever known.

The only thing Red about Hollywood today—is its face.



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Even though helped by this quartet—Anita Louise, Myrna Lay, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland—Mrs. Basil Rathbone was so overworked doctors wouldn't let her attend the great charity party she gave!

(Continued from page 17)

- (Q) What is your favorite form of entertainment?
 (A) String orchestras, good conversation, and circuses.
- (Q) Are you argumentative?
 (A) On certain subjects and with certain people, I avoid arguments like the plague; with others, I just can't wait to get to work.
- (Q) Do you consider yourself a good storyteller?
 (A) Not bad; as long as I lay off the Irish and down-South kind!
- (Q) What one feat gave you the greatest pride and thrill?
 (A) When I landed a 228 pound Marlin swordfish. And am I glad you asked that one!
- (Q) Why do you make but one or two pictures a year?
 (A) So that people don't get sick of the sight of me.
- (Q) What has been one of your greatest disappointments?
 (A) When Al Woods fired me after one week's tryout in my first leading part on Broadway.
- (Q) Of the screen are you as reserved and dignified as you usually appear to be on the screen?
 (A) If I am, I should be severely spoken to.
- (Q) Have you ever fancied that you might be a singer?
 (A) Yes, I even studied it when I was a youngster. I still sing in the bathroom where the acoustics help me out.
- (Q) What do you consider the best picture you ever made?
 (A) "A Tale of Two Cities"—because it was a great part in a great story—one of fiction's finest romantic tragedies.
- (Q) In the role of fan, what is your chief criticism of motion pictures?
 (A) Abolish the double feature.
- (Q) What is the first thing you notice about a person?
 (A) Teeth and hands.
- (Q) What type of leading lady do you prefer in your pictures?
 (A) One who can act.
- (Q) Which leading lady gave you the greatest inspiration?
 (A) Dangerous ground. Diplomacy requires a consequence. (Let us print a picture of you in your early stage days.)
- (Q) Do you ever wish to return to the stage, and do you think you might eventually?
 (A) No. I reserve the right to change my mind, however.
- (Q) Do you consider yourself a romantic figure?
 (A) That's none of my business.
- (Q) Why do columnists and interviewers often refer to you as The Man in the Iron Mask?
 (A) Possibly because I dislike talking too much about myself. Interesting things are often unpublishable and the publishable things are so dull.
- (Q) As most stars have a discoverer, whom do you most credit as being yours?
 (A) My first break came from Henry King and Lillian Gish.
- (Q) How were you able to give such a perfect simulation of a sightless man in "The Light that Failed"?
 (A) Thank you very much.
- (Q) For what things do you have an especially good memory?
 (A) Voices—smells—Shakespeare and other verse if I learned it
- when I was very young. Not so, if I have memorized it in recent years.
39. (Q) Are you always impeccably groomed?
 (A) No. I like very much to go without shaving, especially on fishing and hunting trips. It's more fun to clean up when there is something to work on.
40. (Q) Are you temperamental?
 (A) Certainly—but not in the popular conception of it.
41. (Q) How well do you speak foreign languages?
 (A) Enough to ask the way or order a meal in Italian, French and German. I'm often at a loss when they answer back, however.
42. (Q) Are you inclined to make snap judgments?
 (A) No, I am very deliberate.
43. (Q) Do you consider that you are a sentimental person?
 (A) Very—and "Danny Boy" really gets me down.
44. (Q) What memento from your past means most to you, and why?
 (A) Mr. Colman took the consequences. (Show us the most informal snapshot ever made of you.)
45. (Q) When are you moody?
 (A) Occasionally, but I smile sweetly when spoken to.
46. (Q) Are you fussy about food?
 (A) The morning coffee must be good and hot.
47. (Q) When have you ever been jealous of another film star?
 (A) Never.
48. (Q) On what occasion have you recently lost your temper?
 (A) Not for publication—(Consequences: Give us a picture of you riding a bicycle.)
49. (Q) Do you usually travel incognito . . . and if so, do you get away with it?
 (A) I don't travel incognito, but when possible I do have my name excluded from passenger lists. Thus I may find myself addressed as Baxter, Marshall, Olivier, Fairbanks Jr., etc.
50. (Q) What is your real name?
 (A) Put a Charles in the middle.
51. (Q) What improvement would you suggest in women's make-up?
 (A) Consequences, please. (A romantic pose with Vilm a Banky.)
52. (Q) Do you dislike interviews?
 (A) Generally—although with a good interviewer it can be painless.
53. (Q) How many pictures have you made?
 (A) Forty-five.
54. (Q) Which picture was most difficult for you?
 (A) "The Masquerader"—I played two parts.
55. (Q) Do you ever put on an act?
 (A) Only at banquets—during the after-dinner speeches I usually smoke a cigar, though I don't like cigars. Having one in my hand seems to lend dignity to the occasion!
56. (Q) During this game have you answered every question truthfully?
 (A) Only one slight exaggeration. The Marlin swordfish was not quite 228 pounds . . . 227 pounds and a half.
57. (Q) What would you do if you were dictator of Hollywood?
 (A) Abdicate immediately!



FASHION DICTATES NEW *Glamour* FOR YOUR EYES

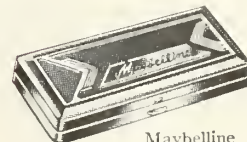
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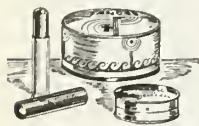
"What I like about Tangee in the Theatrical shade is its marvelous cream base," says exotic Greta Clement. "It never blurs or smears and it really stays on."

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Rouge and Powder, too. Use Tangee Theatrical Rouge to echo your Theatrical Lipstick. Use Tangee

Powder to give your skin a fascinating "underglow"! When you want less vivid make-up, use Tangee NATURAL. This lipstick, with the same marvelous cream base, changes, when applied, to the shade of rose or red most becoming to you.

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Check Shade of Powder Desired:

Peach Light Rachel Flesh
 Rachel Dark Rachel Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ P 30

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)



Lookit who's all done up in a tux! Freddie Bartholomew looks right at home, too, passing the time of evening with Fred MacMurray and Wendy Barrie, at the charity affair in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel

may become, not 20th Century-Fox's most valuable asset but something of a liability—since her contract calls for a whale of a check every week.

Butter's Better

HER real name is Susanna DeLees Flanders Larson. But you know her as Susanna Foster, the little girl who sang high X or something in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert." The "Susanna" was inspired by the fact she is related to Stephen Foster who wrote "Oh, Susannah!" The DeLees is for the doctor who first introduced her to the light of day (December 6, 1924, in Chicago). The Flanders is her mother's maiden name. Larson is her father's name.

She hates oleomargarine, this because she had to eat it instead of butter for quite a long, sad time while she was trying to get into the movies. The family, including mother and father (both of whom can sing but have never worked at it) and two younger sisters, were living in Venice, California, then. Before Susanna achieved the notice of producers, they had their furniture moved out from under them. True, Susanna had had a brief contract with Metro, but Deanna Durbin was there then, also Judy Garland, and Susanna got lost in the shuffle.

Finally, though, she made an impression at Paramount. First she tried out for "The Star Maker," but Linda Ware beat her to that break. However, LeRoy Prinz, studio dance director, saw her and promised to get her a part someday, sometime. He was as good as his word in "Victor Herbert."

Susanna is a slender little trick (as you know if you've seen "Victor Herbert") with a yen for athletics. She insists on going without a hat in the California sun which makes her freckle, and her mother protests—until Susanna mentions Myrna Loy. She has a chum with whom she is inseparable but doesn't like boys—"yet."

She has a breezy way of talking and is likely to run her wordstogetherlike this, which habit wasn't very popular with Andrew Stone, who directed "Victor Herbert." Incidentally, in order to get that part she sang for 5,000,000 Paramount executives. The figures are her own. She thinks maybe it was the B flat above high C she can sing at will which finally brought them around.

She now has a long-term contract with Paramount.

"And so," she says, grinning, "the family eats butter again."

Hollywood—My Hollywood

IT'S five-thirty and we plunge out of the corner house that is PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood home into a January night—temperature, seventy. A yellow moon hangs suspended between the five tall palm trees that stand guard before the house. Directly across the street Billy Halop in shorts and shirt sleeves is playing ball before his house. We call to him not to get run down by Cal's car. The red poinsettias before Billy's home nod to the pink roses across the street. Dusk has grown into dark. We drive to the open air corner market near Fairfax Avenue. Maureen O'Hara is taking her evening stroll. She pauses to glance at the magazine stand—also open air. A market basket on his arm, Donald Crisp stands before the printed sales list for the day. A Scotchman, Donald is an A-One shopper.

"Has that delivery gone up to the Charles Boyers yet?" the butcher calls to the grocery clerk. "They want to add something to the order."

Across the way George Sanders saunters into Schwab's drugstore in old slacks and a slip-on sweater. Two tourists stop and stare at the great open-spaced market, its array of green vegetables, strawberries, avocados. Jackie Cooper whizzes by in his new car.

A former star, once a great name, walks aimlessly before the meat counter and then pauses to count again the few coins in his hand. A foreign actress, recently from Germany, approaches the cashier timidly. "I did have one egg to eat yesterday, but could I buy this one also?"

The growing look of wonder in the cashier's eyes. "One egg? You can have all you want, you know." Her confusion and thanks and joy. "So good—Hollywood," she says.

An extra, still in yellowish make-up, stops at the bakery counter. "One cream puff," she orders proudly. "I worked today."

At the corner below as we stop at a signal, a shining limousine draws up. Inside is Norma Shearer. Next in line is an old tin lizzie with a Kansas license plate. The moon grows yellow. The palms statelier. The air balmy.

It's January. And it's Hollywood—my Hollywood.

Sleuth Neagle

WHO says the British have no sense of humor? We think Anna Neagle ably contradicted that theory with a report she made the other day to Director Herbert Wilcox.

Seems her performance in a certain picture had been criticised briefly but bitterly by a British "drah-ma critic" who took himself very seriously—very obviously. Seems, however, that since there was no byline and the name of the publication had not been supplied by the clipping bureau to which Miss Neagle subscribes, she had no way of knowing who wrote it.

"Perhaps it was ———" Wilcox suggested.

"No, it couldn't be," Anna came back. "It always takes him half a page to pan me!"

Vivien Leigh—The Girl of the Hour

SHELL have more words written about her, more questions asked about her, more letters written to her than any other woman in Hollywood in the next six months. Her name is Vivien Leigh (pronounced Lee)—Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," one of the greatest pictures (Cal thinks) ever filmed. And so before the avalanche of inquiries pour in we give you facts, observations, and impressions of this most-talked-about young lady today.

In a Beverly Hills office on the eve of her journey to Atlanta for the big premiere, we chatted with this five-foot-three miss and discovered several things. For instance, she's the perfect Scarlett in looks, and yes, temperament. She knows how to get what she wants and thinks is right, and fough Director Victor Fleming tooth and nail throughout the production. They partee friends. She's a positive, self-assured self-sufficient young Englishwoman with wide grey eyes that take on a peculiar slant at times. Modern as tomorrow, Miss Leigh loves American football and roots for the team that represents the most democratic school to her thinking. She wears sports clothes and eats heartily, too. That some mother may witness her son's injury on the football field worries her. She's the mother of a five-year-old child herself and the ex-wife of a London barrister, Leigh Holman.

She was born in Darjeeling, India. Her father, then a stock broker in Calcutta, is of French descent and her mother of Irish descent. Scarlett, too, came of French and Irish descent. Educated at convents and the best European finishing schools she always wanted to be an actress and began her stage career in London. She thinks Scarlett a mean snit but couldn't make up her mind whether to love her or kick her for the last thirty-six pages of the script. Ashley to modern Miss Leigh was too wishy-washy. The only reason Scarlett loved him, she thinks, is because she couldn't get him. Rhet Butler was a man who could rule any situation—or woman—and for that reason she liked him.

Her next picture is "Waterloo Bridge" for M-G-M, and she expects to marry Laurence Olivier *most any day*. An American, David Selznick, has made her a great star. We hope, unlike Scarlett, Miss Leigh decides not "to thin

about that tomorrow." We'd like this great producer to get his share of credit right now, Miss Scarlett Leigh O'Hara.

Thumbnail Sketch

FRED McMURRAY is one of the nicest guys in Hollywood—decent, intelligent, friendly, regular. Nevertheless, his virtues and talents do not include a facile tongue. It's hard for Fred to talk much. It is harder for him to give a good interview. He just can't seem to unwind.

For example, about the time "Invitation to Happiness" was made at Paramount, we thought we'd do a piece for PHOTOPLAY on Irene Dunne from the MacMurray point of view.

"Describe Irene as you see her," we requested.

Fred thought a minute, then another, then several more, before he finally came forth with this response:

"Well, she's beautiful, and she worries."

And as far as he was concerned, the interview was over.

Play Hollywood's Newest Game:

HOLLYWOOD can talk of nothing these days but "Gone with the Wind." It's crept into every luncheon and dinner party until hostesses, in despair, have invented a "Gone with the Wind" game. Pencils and papers with questions to be answered concerning this mighty epic are passed around at every gathering. The one winning the highest score gets the prize. Why not try it at your parties, too? With Cal supplying all the answers to facts and figures, you can make up your own questions. Here goes:

The Margaret Mitchell book was purchased by David Selznick for \$50,000 on

June 3, 1936. Garbo was rumored as Selznick. Other Hollywood producers offered Selznick as high as \$1,000,000 for the rights. They were refused.

Gable was signed August 25, 1938, for Rhett Butler and Shearer was announced as Scarlett. The nation went crazy. Shearer withdrew.

There is no wind in the picture, but there were 4400 people employed directly by the studio for the picture. The largest number who worked at one time was 1730. In all, 2400 extras were employed.

Leslie Howard, an Englishman, and Olivia de Havilland, born in Tokyo of English parents, were signed for Southern Ashley Wilkes and Melanie.

Three talent scouts were dispatched to the South to find a Scarlett. Twenty-eight actresses were tested for the role and a total of 149,000 feet of black and white film and 13,000 feet of Technicolor were filmed in the testing. Cost of testing was \$92,000.

First scene shot without a Scarlett on December 10, 1938, was the burning of Atlanta. A visitor to the scene, Englishwoman Vivien Leigh, was signed as Scarlett, January 13, 1939. Official starting date of the picture was January 13, 1939. Final shot was made November 11, 1939.

Seven hundred mustaches, 500 pairs of sideburns and 300 yards of crepe hair were used. Scarlett used thirty-eight different hairdresses. The completed picture runs three hours and forty-five minutes.

On February 15, 1939, Director Cukor resigned in favor of Victor Fleming, Vivien Leigh worked a total of 125 days of actual shooting, Gable seventy-one, de Havilland fifty-nine, and Howard thirty-two.

Scarlett wore forty-four separate costumes, Gable thirty-six, Olivia

twenty-one, Leslie eleven. The cleaning bill alone amounted to \$10,000.

In use were 1000 horses, 9000 bit and extra people, 375 assorted animals and 450 vehicles.

One million man hours of labor went into the making. Exactly 475,000 feet of film were exposed and 675,000 lineal feet of Technicolor film printed.

And, finally, the money spent on the picture was \$3,957,000.

The Hard Way

WATCHING W. C. Fields make some scenes at Universal for his and Mae West's new picture, "My Little Chickadee," we thought him better than ever—wittier, funnier, more original. But even during our chuckles we couldn't help remembering the somber foundation upon which his inimitable nonsense is built. You see, Claude William Dukenfield (that was) won his success the hard way. Almost every funny trick he has at his fingertips today was born of suffering and hardship.

He ran away from his poverty-stricken home at eleven and for four years never slept in a bed, never knew a day without hunger and often illness, too, yet it was these bitter years that gave him the rare quality that is his ace in the hole today—that unfaked nonchalance of the man who has endured all.

Almost daily, he had to filch his dinner from some fruit stand or open market, and thereby he gained a dexterity which one day made him the greatest juggler on earth. Constant colds due to exposure gave him his rasping yet somehow musical voice which has been likened to the voice of "a Caruso with a hangover." It was these same constant colds which helped his nose to its present ruby-tinted bulbousness. And

it was neglect and disillusionment which bred in him that quality of insincere heartiness which places him in a class by himself.

Even now, he confides, he sometimes pinches himself to make sure he won't wake up to find his ultimate success and affluence all a rosy dream. It is still a luxury to him not to be bitten by dogs, he says. "And to this day," he adds, "when I climb in between clean sheets, I smile!"

Rooney Acts Up

MICKEY ROONEY continues to convulse the town with his antics. After the Hollywood preview of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Mickey appeared at the corner drugstore where the stars had gathered for cokes, with one eye drawn way down, his shoulders humped, his nose lifted with his thumb and his lips hanging.

The place went wild as Mickey went through all the antics and dialogues of the repulsive Hunchback. When the customers applauded, the versatile Mr. Rooney then stepped into as neat a take off on Basil Rathbone as the town has ever seen.

"This is worth all the money it cost me for carfare out here," one of the customers from back East remarked. "I couldn't even have hoped for a show like this."

Don't tell Cal that Mickey Rooney doesn't add a touch of the bizarre to Hollywood that all tourists hope for.

Chrysalis Into Glamour Boy

SINCE the release of Paramount's "Disputed Passage," starring Dorothy Lamour and John Howard, John's fan mail has increased one hundred per cent, no less.

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The Gotham



The Drake

The Blackstone



The Town House



Bellevue Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY, Managing Director

**KIRKEBY
HOTELS**

And—how come all this? Well, thereby hangs a tale. Seems that John, when he first broke into pictures, had a complex about kissing—that is, kissing in public. (We don't know about his attitude in private.) In every picture he was in, he would have a terrible time putting over a natural love scene. This went on through various B pictures until he was assigned to the "Disputed Passage" role, in more or less of an emergency, since Ray Milland, originally picked for the spot, was at the last moment unavailable.

Came, then, the day John and Dorothy were to do their first love scenes, and that dire moment he had learned to dread, when he funk'd the action.

Whereupon, instead of becoming embarrassed, in turn, as many of his feminine co-stars had, forthright Dotty took a hand.

"Say, what's eating you, Mister?" she challenged him. "Have I got smallpox, or something?"

John blushed and stammered. "No, I—er—"

"Look," she said, "kissing isn't something you can cook up before the camera, like a double take. It's something you've got to feel. Ellen—" this to her maid, "turn on 'Moon of Manakura,' will you?"

The maid started the phonograph and Dotty, with soft music to back her up, went into action. She looked at John from under those long lashes of hers and laid a persuasive hand on his arm. "Kiss me," she commanded, and she wasn't screeching out loud, either. She was whispering, as every lady does when she asks that of a man.

John drew a long breath, and tried it. Tried it again . . . and again . . .

Then he held her at arm's length and looked at her. "You win," he said shakily. "You—certainly—do!"

That was all. Maybe it's not much of a story. . . But anyway, have you seen John Howard in "Disputed Passage?" Well, girls. . .

Guardian Angel

FROM war-torn France, Madeleine Carroll received a "Christmas card" that warmed the cockles of her heart—a photograph of the orphans of the Maison de Charite, recently of Paris, now of Chateau de Saudreville, Seine-et-Oise, which is Madeleine's own chateau, lent to the Sisters who conduct the orphanage as a shelter for the youngsters during the war.

Madeleine has been a sort of guardian angel to the orphans of Maison de

Charite ever since she was an undergraduate at the Sorbonne in Paris. And last September, when the fighting started, she offered it to the grateful sisters for as long as they needed it.

Nor is this all Madeleine is doing for her orphans. Besides being practically the sole financial support of the institution, she has various groups of Hollywood and Los Angeles knitters interested in them. Which means that, with the problem of clothing growing children fast becoming acute in Europe's warring nations, the little ones of Maison de Charite will not suffer.

Believe It or Not Romance

YES, we have Carole and Clark, Barbara and Bob, Jeanette and Gene—quite a good many romantic and successful (so far) Hollywood marriages. But we give you still another couple living happily ever after, whom people ordinarily overlook . . . Jack Benny (familiarily known as "Buck") and Mary Livingstone!

Jack and Mary have been married almost ten years, now, and that in itself is a record for Hollywood. They are still in love, and so is that. Moreover, they like each other. Watch Jack, when Mary comes into the room. Or watch him waiting in the Paramount commissary (all done up in his "Buck Benny Rides Again" cowboy togs) as Mary threaded her way among the tables to keep a luncheon date with him. We tell you, pals, the look on his face—pleasure, pride, affection—was good to see. They lunched alone, as absorbed in each other as a couple of newlyweds, and just before she left, Mary pulled a little package out of her purse.

"Bought it for you this morning," we heard her say.

Well it was just some little doodad, but "Buck's" face lighted up again like a Christmas candle and you could tell he was tickled pink. And as far as that was concerned, Mary was only following an almost daily example of his. Seems Jack is a sucker for every peddler who gets past studio gates, Paramount or NBC.

"Mary might like this," he says, and promptly buys whatever is for sale.

Sure, these are little things we're telling about, but it just occurred to us that a good many people seem to think comedians know nothing about romance; that they are too busy being funny.

But Jack and Mary aren't. In fact, they could show many another married couple a thing or two about true love—the kind that lasts.



Glittering with metallic embroidery, gay with a hat as snug as her own coiffure (with metal "side combs" carrying out the illusion), Loretta Young has her coffee with Bob Riskin at Hal Roach's party

CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939

Each year Hollywood watches for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Here is your last chance to pick your favorite. Vote now!



THE votes for the "Best Picture of 1939" are coming in fast and furiously as PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal balloting goes into its third and last month. All ballots must be received on or before March first, the date the polls close. So, if you have not already sent in your selection for the Best Picture of the Year, it behooves you to put on your thinking cap right now!

We have listed a number of outstanding films to assist you in recalling those you saw during the past year. This does not mean you are limited in your vote to this list. You may, of course, choose one which we have not included here. The film which receives the greatest number of votes from PHOTOPLAY readers will receive the famous PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award. This award has been made every year since 1921. Look for the announcement of the 1939 winner in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.

To date, a number of pictures are leading the race. "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Dark Victory," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Stanley and Livingstone," "Wuthering Heights," are neck and neck. What will your choice be?

In sending in your vote, you may use the ballot below, or simply write your choice on a slip of paper and mail it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. It is as simple as all that! If members of your family or your friends also wish to cast their votes, they may send theirs on separate pieces of paper. Each and every vote must be written on a separate ballot, and be signed by the person casting the vote.

DON'T DELAY, LINGER OR WAIT! VOTE NOW FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939. REMEMBER! THE POLLS CLOSE ON MARCH 1ST.

OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1939

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| Allegheny Uprising | Juarez |
| Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever | Lady of the Tropics |
| Another Thin Man | Let Freedom Ring |
| Babes in Arms | Little Princess, The |
| Bachelor Mother | Love Affair |
| Balalaika | Maisie |
| Beachcomber, The | Man About Town |
| Beau Geste | Man of Conquest |
| Blackmail | Mr. Smith Goes to Washington |
| Broadway Serenade | Ninotchka |
| Cat and the Canary, The | Nurse Edith Cavell |
| Clouds Over Europe | Old Maid, The |
| Confessions of a Nazi Spy | On Borrowed Time |
| Dark Victory | Only Angels Have Wings |
| Daughters Courageous | Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, The |
| Destry Rides Again | Pygmalion |
| Dodge City | Rains Came, The |
| Drums Along the Mohawk | Real Glory, The |
| Dust Be My Destiny | Rebecca |
| Each Dawn I Die | Roaring Twenties, The |
| East Side of Heaven | Rose of Washington Square |
| Everything Happens at Night | Rulers of the Sea |
| First Love | Stagecoach |
| Five Came Back | Stanley and Livingstone |
| Four Feathers | Stolen Life |
| Golden Boy | Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The |
| Gone with the Wind | Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The |
| Goodbye, Mr. Chips | These Glamour Girls |
| Good Girls Go to Paris | They Shall Have Music |
| Great Victor Herbert, The | Three Smart Girls Grow Up |
| Gunga Din | Tower of London, The |
| Harvest | Under-Pup, The |
| His Girl Friday | Union Pacific |
| Hollywood Cavalcade | We Are Not Alone |
| Honeymoon in Bali | What a Life |
| Hunchback of Notre Dame, The | Wizard of Oz |
| Idiot's Delight | Women, The |
| In Name Only | Wuthering Heights |
| Intermezzo, a Love Story | Young Mr. Lincoln |
| Jamaica Inn | |
| Jesse James | |



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GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1939

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



Girls DO WELL in ART

Nearly everything worn or used must first be designed. Color and style influence their sale. Industry knows the importance of good looks in its products. In addition, magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. The artist has become an important factor in industry.

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Send but \$1.25, check or money order, for a large size package of JABEL (approximately 50 douches) and solve your own personal problem.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. PP-30, New York, N.Y.

Matinee Madness

(Continued from page 15)

House in Cheyne Walk, London. Wrote him note as follows:

Mr. Laurence Olivier,
Ethel Barrymore Theater,
New York.

Sir:

Having just returned from London, Eng., I have an important message to deliver to you from your landlord, Mr. Whistler.

I am coming to see your play next Saturday afternoon hence will be in the neighborhood of your dressing room, therefore it would be no trouble to come in and deliver the message in person.

Thanking you in advance for a favorable reply,

I am

Yours truly,
Jane Lyons.

(Put stamp on up-side-down.)

Will have to dig up a message. I think it ought to be something about the drains. They are always talking about drains in English plays and books. It seems they never work. Also will have to dig up \$2.75.

Must stoke up on information about London.

It seems there are fans in London too. Read that at Victoria Station they knocked down a Mr. Toscanini trying to get Spencer Tracy's signature.

Hy took me to Crescent Roof. Wore white piqué which is sophisticated when I take off bolero, which I did. Had nails done white and wore pearl earrings which add months. Hy gets furious because I don't listen when he talks, so I told him to be more interesting. He bought me gardenias to try to make up.

IT came!

This morning.

On his stationery! In his very hand! Signed with his autograph! I shall guard it as sacred and if I have no children I shall donate it to a museum. It reads as follows:

Dear Miss Lyons:

I am eager to get the message from Mr. Whistler and shall be glad to see you in my dressing room after the performance next Saturday afternoon.

Sincerely yours,

Laurence Olivier.

The stamp was diagonal!

Called meeting of GUIDING STARS, Inc. Dispensed with reading of minutes.

The president tried on all her dresses to see which was suitable for THE EVENT.

My checked gingham makes me look Myrna Loyish, while the blue jersey brings out the Priscilla Lane in me. Adele thought I ought to wear something mysterious with a touch of decadence, but I haven't anything like that. Mary suggested virginal white with a bunch of violets at the throat. Personally I think I ought to have a new dress for the occasion, something devastating, but Mops won't listen to reason. Meeting adjourned to dining room.

Saw four English films in last two days. Got a book from library called "London & Its Environs" by a K. Baedeker. Been practicing acting older before mirror. Also slight English accent.

Last night my brother-in-law to be (or not to be) brought N. a book about Rocks and Minerals. He got it second hand. I showed him my letter from L.O. but wouldn't let him touch it although his hands were clean.

Later Hy came and we went to Brooklyn to see "Wuthering Heights." Hy says it's positively the last time he's going to see it.

HELL HAS POPPED!!!

Whatever happens in the future, I can at least say to myself "I have lived."

Must get it all down from the beginning.

Didn't close an eye all night Friday and dreamt he kissed me.

Sat. morning had hair, nails and eyebrows done, also facial.

Couldn't eat lunch.

Wore dawn blue crepe and a corsage of Sweetheart Roses, in case he should happen to understand the Flower Language. Couldn't make up my mind what Conversational Jewelry to wear, finally decided on a gold heart.

On my way to theater felt so wobbly I had to stop off for a strong coffee soda.

Sat in first row and could see every detail. The play was even more wonderful than the first time. He is the world's greatest actor.

Just hoped Sour Puss at stage door would try to stop me this time. Showed him my letter and he let me in at once and all the other fans were green. Followed S.P. across the very stage where HE had trod, and they were taking down scenery. He pointed to a door. I took a deep breath and knocked.

AND there he stood in the most gorgeous shade of blue shirt sleeves and his face was all shining with cold cream. "Miss Lyons?" he said in a voice just like on the stage.

"Mr. Olivier, I presume." (Of course I knew who it was but didn't want to admit it too freely.)

So he asked me to sit down and if I minded his taking off his make-up while we talked and I said I would be honored. Then he closed the door but I could see he meant nothing by it.

"So you've just arrived from London?" he said, looking right in the mirror. "How did you like it?"

"It's a very historical city," I replied.

Then he asked me where I had stopped. I hadn't prepared that one so I said the first address that came into my head:

"10 Downing Street."

He turned and looked right at me. He has lovely eyes. Then he asked me about different places and was I lucky I didn't make any breaks! He asked what I thought of Piccadilly Circus and I said it was much better than the Ringling Brothers. Then he asked if I had been to the British Museum.

"The British Museum," I said nonchalantly, "is the greatest in the world. It is situated in Bloomsbury and entered from Great Russell Street. The nucleus of its vast contents was the Cottonian Library. It houses the Elgin Marbles and the Rosetta Stones."

I could see he was impressed.

"How about Mr. Whistler?" he asked. I knew it had to come, but I changed the subject tactfully.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Olivier, of the Magna Carta?"

He said he hadn't given the matter any serious consideration for some time. Then he put powder on to take the shine off and brushed his hair back. He has the most beautiful hair. I tried to figure out how I could snip off a lock.

He came back to the message from his landlord so I said it was simply that the drains weren't working and something had to be done. He dropped his brush under the dressing table and couldn't find it for ages.

Then he thanked me and asked me how I had gotten in communication with Mr. Whistler so I said by telephone. But I was getting nervous so I changed the subject again:

"I think you were wonderful in "Wuthering Heights," I remarked very casually. "I saw it seven times."

Then he asked me a lot of questions about the fan profession and I told him about the club and my scenario. We chatted on just as if we were old friends, only in an English accent. I was just going to tell him about the dream I had about him when there was a loud knock at the door. He opened it, and of all things! It was the most humiliating moment of my life (so far).

THERE stood Donald, in full uniform. He didn't look at me but straight up at L.O. and saluted and said:

"Sir, this lady is the sister of my future fiancée and if you harm a hair of her head, or besmirch her reputation, you have me to reckon with . . . me and my trusty men."

Then he took his scout whistle and blew a succession of short, sharp blasts (meaning rally) and in less than a jiffy 8 scouts, each one smaller than the last rallied round . . . Don's whole Patrol.

I was so furious I forgot my English accent.

"You butt out of this," I cried. "Mr. Olivier has been a perfect gentleman."

Laurence turned to me and bowed. "Thank you, milady," he said and kissed my hand. Nobody'll ever tell me that dreams don't come true. Then he took Don's whistle and blew a succession of alternating long and sharp blasts which is the call to grub.

So we all went across the street to the drugstore and ordered as many sodas as we wanted. I kept wishing it would last forever, but he had to go. He bought me a box of candy and I happened to have my album in my bag so he signed it, as follows:

To Jane,

In gratitude for an extraordinary afternoon,

Her friend,

Laurence Olivier.

I noticed that the boys had disappeared and I thought they were being tactful, leaving us alone for our farewell. But no.

One by one they came back and each had bought an album and he signed them all. (Now Nancy will keep her mouth shut about my autographs.)

We shook hands and he said he would send me a signed photo and I said I would write him every day, but he said it wasn't necessary. I said maybe I would drop around again sometime if I happened to be seeing the show. He said he was leaving the east for a short trip to London to see about the drains before going to Hollywood to fulfill an engagement. It was a terrible blow. The first so far. He said no doubt Francis Lederer who was replacing him would enjoy meeting me.

Then he said "cheerio" (I always say cheerio, now) and I said "Remember me to Mr. Whistler" and he said he would and he would be sure to have the plumbing fixed.

Before I could ask him what he meant he had jumped into a cab and was gone.

I didn't know until I got home and asked Mops and it appears that "drains" means plumbing! Was my face red down to the ankles!

And would I like to be under the table when he and that Mr. Whistler get together!

HOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 66)

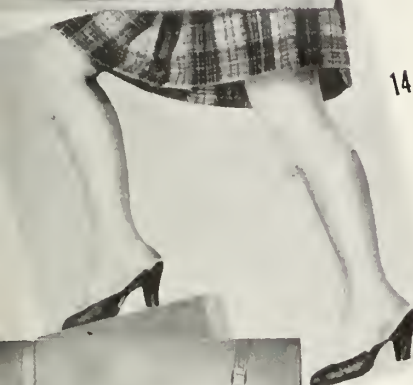


13

Remember — for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you crave, please write to:
Fashion Secretary, Photoplay,
122 East 42nd St., New York City

13. DO YOU KNOW ABOUT "NIKKI"?

"Nikki" is Orloff's new "burn-em-up" perfume that's setting the boys on fire and the whole town to talking. It comes in a slick drum bottle flanked with the imperial eagles and sealed with a king's crown. Packed like the crown jewels, too, in a beautiful satin-lined jewel box. There are three odeurs in this royal family, "Nikki," "Gardenia Russe" and "Carnation Imperiale" — one more sensational than the next, all priced at \$10.00 for the one-ounce bottle.



14

14. BYE, BYE, RAIN SPOTS

Dona has thought up a way to spare us the messiness of rain-spotted stockings. "Dona Legettes," they're called, because they zip on like spats or leggings, to protect insteps, ankles and calves—the vulnerable spots—from cold and slush. "Legettes" come in stocking colors, or you can wear them as you wear bright gloves for a spot of color in your costume. They're made of "Neptune," waterproofed, naturally, and look and feel like silk. Nothing bulky about them as you can see—not even the price, \$1.50.



15

15. HAWAIIAN UPLIFT

You can make your bust-line your best-line with Adola, the frivolous little Hawaiian brassiere that is full of eye-appeal and does a persuasive job besides with little stitched bands and cleverly molded cups that support your bosom in a style you've never been accustomed to! The Adola method is original and new, the ribbon shoulder straps have adjustable buckles, seams are concealed and there's a dainty lace edging besides for extra allure. When, if you please, have you seen such value for 59c! And you can even have long-line bras if you need them.



16

16. HELP FOR HAIR

Have you found your first grey hairs? Or are you a fading blonde or a drab brunette in search of a new crowning glory? Here's help for your hair. The beauty parlors have used this magic for years—"Clairol," of course—done over for home use into a "Personalized Clairol" that not only gives you a supershampoo, but tones as it tints and accents the current color of your hair. It's \$1.00 a bottle—in so many shades that there's one that was just made for you! You'll see.



17

17. DON'T BE A GIRDLE-HITCHER

Here comes Kleinert with an antigirdle-hitching gadget so simple, so sensible, so super-super, that we wonder no one ever thought of it before! Suspenders, of course! Hitch them fore and aft, and your girdle rolling days are over. 50c will buy you a sleek little spindle-middle.



18. BEAUTY AND THE BLUSH

Where do you suppose sophisticated ladies get their schoolgirl blushes? From Louis Philippe of course! They've always depended on Louis Philippe for dewy lips, and now there are new harmonizing rouge compacts that blend like nature itself with all the famous lipstick colors. The compact itself looks so much like a jeweler's gem that you'll be proud to pull it out for repairs. \$1.00.

18

beauty is as beauty does

— and today "does" means going places and doing things gracefully. Formfit gives you the "Scissors Silhouette"—but also such ease of movement that you feel and look "corset-free". All Panel-Art foundations have been inspired by Schiaparelli and each garment bears her personal label of approval—your guarantee of fashion rightness. At all the better corset departments and shops.

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Makers of Paradise Shoes and Tango Pumps

My Friend Fred

(Continued from page 22)

In his own home, Fred continues his clowning. He does a wonderful impersonation of a punch-drunk actor; his sparring partner is a very bored bull mastiff puppy named Smokey. Fred also does a sensational dancing impersonation of a well-known dictator. In the pool, he has a wonderful time amusing his two sons by walking off the diving board into space. He races them at swimming and lets them "rescue" him from drowning. And I remember a time when he happened to catch his reflection in a mirror and casually remarked, "Do I look as much like Stan Laurel to you as I do to myself?"

Away from his work, Fred is care-free and fun-loving. He plays lots of golf, usually with Randy Scott and David Niven, occasionally with Bing Crosby, whom he once framed with one of those exploding golf balls.

THE friendship and companionship of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is a loss that Fred feels deeply. Fred literally idolized him for the clean entertainment he gave the world, for his passionate love of life and living. One of Fred's ambitions was to find one gag that would fool the senior Fairbanks, who was past master at the gentle art of ribbing and doing magic. A caddy had a purse with three pockets—each pocket sewed tightly shut, yet the caddy passed a coin through all three. Fred got very excited and bought the purse. "I'll bet Douglas, Sr. will never get this one," Fred beamed. Next day on the golf course, he tried it out on Fairbanks—who, of course, got it immediately.

His loyalty is outstanding. When M-G-M interrupted his honeymoon and persuaded him to dance with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," it was a vital step in Fred's career. Never having worked in a studio, Fred was uneasy. Because a Broadway reputation meant very little in Hollywood in those days, Fred wondered if the gateman would even know who he was. Maybe they wouldn't allow him to dance his own way. In fact, the whole prospect really frightened him.

There was a publicity man who took Fred around the lot. He showed him to his dressing room, the make-up department, the wardrobe. He accompanied Fred to the set because Fred felt strange in a strange place. Fred has never forgotten this. He has the chap for dinner once a week, brings him gifts from New York and Europe, and remembers his birthdays.

One night I was with Fred on one of his rare visits to a night club. Fred excused himself and made his way across the room. This surprised me, as Fred always asks for an inconspicuous table and isn't too fond of dancing in public places, not because he doesn't like to dance, but because he thinks he's a bad ballroom dancer. A few minutes later he returned and explained: "I wanted to say hello to a man over there. When Adele and I were kids in vaudeville, he gave us our first job."

Fred has a horror of being wrong. He hates getting mad and is usually the mild-mannered person he appears to be. Comes a situation he believes to be right, he'll fight with an overwhelming amount of tenacity. One day I visited him on the "Castles" set. Fred thought a certain scene should be played one way. Director Henry Potter was of a different opinion. Fred won his point.

Later, when we started work on "Broadway Melody," we passed Potter

on the lot. Fred stopped him and said: "Henry, I've been meaning to tell you this for a long time. You were right about that scene in the 'Castles.' I wish I had done it your way."

IN order to do good work, Fred must please himself. A perfect illustration of this happened when we did our "Don't Monkey with Broadway" number. It was a corny vaudeville routine, one that could be very unfunny if not handled with special care.

During the dance there was a gag in which Fred was supposed to give the effect of planting a well-aimed kick in the seat of my pants. We tried it several times with Fred faking the kick. It looked fine to Director Norman Taurog. But Fred began to pace back and forth, saying nothing. Knowing how Fred punishes himself when he isn't satisfied, I suggested:

"Why don't we try it again, Freddy? This time don't fake that kick. I think if you just let me have it, the number will look much better."

Fred instantly brightened. We did *eighteen* more takes! That night when I got home I ate my dinner standing up. Just as I was carefully lowering a black and blue posterior into a tub of hot water, the phone rang. It was Fred, who hates phoning as much as I do—so I knew something must be wrong.

"Did the number really *feel* all right, George?" Fred inquired anxiously. "I was just worried and wanted to hear you say that it did."

"You have no *idea* how it *felt*!" I reassured him.

would do it deliberately and then accuse her. I would back him up. What was the poor girl to do? But—just let an outsider pull anything and we were all for one and one for all.

Naturally, after so many years, I had no misgivings about working with him. I knew of his tremendous capacity for work. I knew he would expect the best of everyone, because he *demand*s it of himself. Beyond that, nothing bothered me until the realization that I was working with the two best dancers in the world swept over me. "Here I am working with the King and Queen," I said to myself. "Can I hold up my end of it? What happens to me?"

So I began to do a bit of worrying myself. The first day we rehearsed there was a terrific tension. Fred sensed something was wrong. It was an embarrassing moment. Then, for no apparent reason, Fred started a hooper's jam session. He started to clown. I joined in. In no time at all, we were just what we play in the picture—two hoofers trying to get along.

Fred himself tells an amusing story on us both. He called me one morning when we were in London and said, "They're advertising a talking picture called 'The Singing Fool.' It's at the Marble Arch Theater and supposed to be a novelty. Let's go to the matinee and see what it's all about." We went. Walking home, we agreed that it had some possibilities. "It's a great novelty," Fred said, "but it will never last." I heartily agreed. We never dreamed that either of us would ever appear in a "talking picture"—least of all, in the same one!

I'VE barely begun to tell about the Astaire I know, but otherwise my story would never end. I would have to tell you about the Fred who isn't a sentimentalist (so he says), yet who keeps a film library of all his dances, to look back on some day. Then, there's the Fred who is so interested in breeding race horses, who knows every horse in England and every horse's grandmother. There's Fred, the tennis champ; the fisherman who never returns without a giant marlin; the mighty hunter who shoots his weight in ducks. There's the Fred who keeps up a correspondence with a former valet, now hospitalized.

There's the Fred who doesn't think he is the greatest dancer in the world, but who thinks the well-known vaudeville team of "Buck and Bubbles" win that rating. Then there's the Fred Astaire who brought a new idea to the screen. He had to battle all the traditions of making musicals. Since the advent of Astaire, there is no cutting away to a close-up of "hot feet." Dancing on the screen is no longer a gymnastic exhibition. To Fred goes full credit for making the dance a complete picture within itself.

Above all, one thought predominates with Fred. He has *always* been a gentleman. In the club locker room, at home, on the set, in a producer's office, Fred is always regular, always himself. He's known poverty and he knows success. His values aren't twisted, because he learned one thing early in life—the importance of keeping his own self-respect. Therefore, he will always have it for others. His life has been good, constructive and clean. As a husband, father, friend and one of the greatest dancers who ever lived, Fred measures up to everything that a gentleman trouser should be. He is a great tribute to our profession.

MOVIE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Last month, James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone"! This month, Louis Bromfield's "It All Came True"! Next month, another literary classic, equally fine, complete in April PHOTOPLAY—
don't miss it!

Fred's family, his mother and sister are very sacred to him, a situation which has given rise to the false impression that he's unco-operative. Mrs. Astaire (after seven years of marriage, he still refers to her as "my bride") does not belong to the theatrical world and Fred feels she should not be dragged into it for publicity purposes. He is very modest about his children. When little Freddy came on the set one day, big Fred just greeted him warmly with a "Hello, Son." But there was no concealing the look of pride in his eyes. When Eleanor Powell and I raved about the boy, Fred blushed a little and casually replied, "He is a nice boy, isn't he?"

His complete lack of professional jealousy is another fine Astaire quality. The average dancer guards pet steps within an inch of his life. During the filming of "Broadway Melody," Fred eagerly tried his out on us for approval. We did the same with him. There was never a single argument, which is not often the case when three "hoofers" get together. Our pal Eleanor is another perfectionist and consequently a cinch for taking a rib. She has never danced out of rhythm in her whole life. Fred

◆ ♣
IMAGINE ME
HOOKED UP WITH
A SHARK!
♠ ♥



Stuck at a bridge party with a real expert—it was grim. Not one smile did he break all evening—till I fished out my package of Beeman's. "Ah!" says he, with a longing look, "Beeman's, the ace of flavors!" So what could I do but offer him some?

"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner—you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered me up—and darned if we didn't win first prize!



Round-Up of Familiar Faces

(Continued from page 21)

he makes up. "All right," he'll say, "if I haven't done it, I'll go out and do it. What more do you want?" He's terrific. He'll get a reporter all steamed up with his tales of adventure and after the writer has scribbled for two hours seriously, he'll ask, "Is this true?" and John replies, "Hell, no, but it's exciting, isn't it?" He laughs at himself, you, the world—at everything but a little two-year-old girl called Julianna.

Julianna is John's baby, his love and his balance. When he and his wife, Steffi Duna, parted, they worked out a plan whereby he maintains a house for himself and one for her where he and Steffi can meet with the baby.

At ten, John ran away from home in New Orleans and landed in Houston, Texas, where he pulled hot bolts in steel mills and fast ones on the side, and sold newspapers. With Barrett Booth, a sixteen-year-old adventurer, he headed "south of the border." Later they signed on a freighter headed for Singapore and all points East. He came back on another boat as assistant cook, and again went "south of the border" where he saw Barrett stabbed to death in a brawl.

That, for a while, settled him. He got a job as porter in a Houston dry goods shop and even worked up to floor-walker. "Could you tell me where the corset department is, please?" customers would ask this mountainous lad from the wild life bureau. His mother, who'd come on from New Orleans, settled that job when she innocently inquired of the store manager, "Don't you think John is big for seventeen?" They had believed John when he said "twenty-seven." So, out he went on his Christmas Carroll.

This time he caught a freighter bound for Honduras, God help the people, and barely escaped a waterspout.

He grabbed off bits of education and did a bit of singing as he roamed. He had one semester at Northwestern University between adventures, then he hit Hollywood for the first time and couldn't make a dent. So he went back to Florida and some kind of deep sea diving, and even a bit of steeple jacking. Then, strangely enough, he was called back to Hollywood by a friend who remembered the singing giant, to test for the lead in "Hi, Gaucho." He passed the singing test okay, but they doubted his athletic ability. "All right," John said, "if I jump out this second story window and land on my feet, can I have the job?" They agreed. John jumped. He landed on both feet and he was in "moving pitchers." Later, his part in "Only Angels Have Wings" drew the attention of Louie B. Mayer and led to John's new M-G-M contract. "Congo Maisie," with Ann Sothern is his first big assignment.

He's the most deceptive guy in speech and manner in all Hollywood and do several people know it? He likes harmony and peace even if he has to beat the living daylight out of people to get it. In that melodious soft voice of his, John will say, "Yes suh, Mr. So-and-So, I surely will. But if you raise your voice again like that I'll have to mash your chest in, suh." And he will. He has. He quietly picked up a guy over at RKO studios one day and tossed him out a closed second story window with the same ease you'd toss a ball. Drapes, glass, shades, everything went. John didn't like the way the fellow spoke about a lady, please kind suh.

Life, and the love of it, lives in his heart and soul. He likes the kids of Hollywood, Rooney and Cooper, because they haven't grown pompous and stilted

and important. He's a pip of a cook, has a room full of guns, and is even inventing a new kind of gun with the bullet following a light beam.

I hope John doesn't shoot me with it. I want to live to laugh with him again. To catch more of that gay spirit of adventure that is so sadly missing in Hollywood these days. For as the radio comic says, "he's a baaad boy," but a grand one.—S.H.

She's From Missouri

"Now over here is where Jesse James once lived," they tell visitors back in St. Joseph, Missouri, "and down that street is where Jane Wyman lived. Only we all knew her as Sarah Jane Folks. It took Hollywood to make Jane Wyman out of our Sarah Jane."

But then they should see what Jane has made out of Hollywood. It hasn't been the same place since that pert little Missourian landed in town to become an actress and became practically everything else. She became manicurist, model, hairdresser and secretary, one right after the other, but she never lost sight of her goal. She landed a small part in "My Man Godfrey." Jane held on to that bit part as a wedge that pried loose more small parts. And those parts led to a Warner Brother contract and good roles, right up to her latest in "Brother Rat and a Baby."

Out at Warners they call her just Wyman or Dynamite. She never walks when she can bounce. Her energy leaves everyone around her limp and panting. She's a blonde cyclone on two small feet and with those streamlined curves she's the cynosure of all eyes.

But it wasn't always so. When Jane first arrived in Hollywood she melted off twenty-five pounds in an effort to be screen-lined. And what's more she came out here to sing. The singing business began when Jane was attending classes at Columbia University and someone heard her sing at a party. "You're wonderful. You're a torch singer," they said. That settled it. Jane was off like a streak for singing jobs in Kansas City, New Orleans and Chicago. She never sang a note in Hollywood. She didn't have to. Her saucy cuteness won her a place as an actress.

She has our vote for the most all-around talented lass in pictures. Between scenes on the set she practices her favorite hobby, sculpture, and she's darned good at it. Her ink and charcoal drawings are sought after by all her friends. Her current romance is Ronald Reagan. Long before Ronald was aware of Jane's existence, she knew *he was there*. But Ronnie had had his heart bashed in once and wouldn't look Jane's way for a long time. When he did, it was all over but the wedding.

She's a chatterbox on an interview and in two shakes of a lamb's tail confides she buys too many shoes and bags but does economize on perfume and gloves. She averages a ninety in golf and was a tennis champion at school.

She's sure she could be the best actress in all Hollywood if it just weren't for what she calls her "pug" nose and "quaint" face, doggone it all.—S.H.

Peter Pan in Long Pants

Burgess Meredith, the philosophical George of the film version of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men," is Peter Pan with a highball in one hand and a copy of Karl Marx in the other.

He can work himself into just as much of a lather over sociological arguments

as the idealistic young man he so vividly portrayed in "Idiot's Delight." He'll go just as far to the Left with you as you desire, but it's quite likely he'll leave you hanging out there on the limb while he romps away to a night club, where the only subject under debate is whether the rhumba or the conga requires the more dexterous *derriere*.

He's as interested in—and as proud of—the installation of a new windmill on his Hudson Valley farm as the size of the electric lights advertising his newest Broadway stage hit.

Probably his usual unprescribed, disheveled appearance saves him from creating the effect of being too utterly nice. His manners are as faultless as they are friendly. An English cleric would envy his voice, a longshoreman his vocabulary.

Born thirty odd years ago in Cleveland, Ohio, "Buzz" Meredith first unfurled the banner of his rebellious philosophy when he stalked off from Amherst College in protest against campus snobbery that penalized poverty.

He is the first to admit that he wasn't much of a success at any of the several jobs he held after flouncing out of Amherst. He sold neckties and vacuum cleaners in New York. He served as a reporter in Stamford, Connecticut. He worked in the office of a steamship company, and traded his desk for a berth as an ordinary seaman aboard a freighter bound for South America.

When he came back to New York, he knew what he wanted to be. The one bright spot in his sojourn at Amherst had been the prize he won in an oratorical contest. Ergo, he was an actor.

A friend of his knew Eva Le Gallienne. "Buzz" secured an introduction and lied about his previous stage experience convincingly enough to win a trial with the star's Civic Repertory Company. In three years he climbed from bit parts to the starring role of "She Loves Me Not," a comedy smash.

It was his tender, imaginative performance in "Winterset," however, which firmly established his reputation on Broadway and evoked interest in Hollywood, where Meredith made the film version of the Maxwell Anderson play. Sandwiched in between his Broadway triumphs, Meredith has made two other films—"There Goes the Groom" and "Spring Madness."

Hollywood, to Meredith's way of thinking, is a little like riding a roller coaster. "You are jammed into a vividly upholstered vehicle, swooped up, plunged down, swooped up again, while places, faces and events lash past you with centrifugal fury. Then, when you finally coast in and fumble eagerly toward home, you wonder how any sane person could take a second ride. Eventually, though, you catch your breath and consider trying it again, provided you can get another ticket."

Hollywood has another ticket waiting for Burgess Meredith when his latest play, "Young Man With a Horn," closes on Broadway. Whatever the vehicle of his next roller coaster ride, "Buzz" Meredith, with his exciting intensity, will make it breathless.—W.M., Jr.

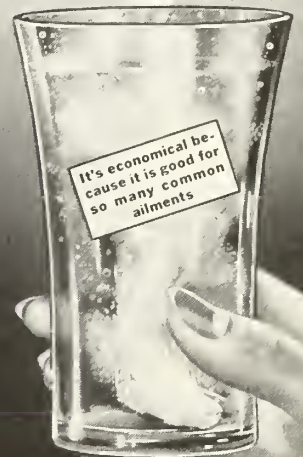
Culture in Calico

Dorris Bowdon, quiet spoken, earnest little intellectual miss from Memphis, Tennessee, has just about made up her mind that she is the "farm girl of the 20th Century-Fox lot." In every one of the four films she has made since a talent scout discovered her two years ago, emoting heavily in the dramatic

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school's play at Huey Long's Louisiana State University, Dorris has been cast as a calico-clad farmer's daughter.

However, for a chance to play such a part as Rose of Sharon in "Grapes of Wrath," Dorris Bowdon would have donned burlap, she says.

When Dorris Bowdon's name goes up in lights in her home town of Memphis, there will be one local lady who will may wear an "I Told You So" smile of satisfaction. Seven years ago when Gladys Crump, daughter of the Memphis political nabob, acted as class historian at the commencement exercises of the Technical High School, her class prophecy was headed by this forecast: "Dorris Bowdon one day will be acknowledged as a great actress."

She herself chose Louisiana State University because it was reputed to have the best dramatic course in the South.

An attraction that wasn't in the L.S.U. catalogue was the annual trek to Baton Rouge of Ivan Kahn, talent scout, who saw Dorris in "R.U.R." her senior year and sent a wire about her to Hollywood.

There were two other Kahn discoveries on the train that took Dorris West. Mary Healy, with whom she now lives, and Linda Darnell. Kahn's scenario-writing wife, Jesse, was so interested in the three Southern girls, who together mastered the Chinese maze of tests and tryouts, that she wrote a picture around them, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Blonde, hazel-eyed, Dorris was a little disappointed she wasn't chosen to play in it but Nunnally Johnson, producer-scenarist of "Grapes of Wrath," her current best beau, consoled her.

"Lots of other people aren't in it, either," said Nunnally. "Why, it's the only biographical picture on the Fox lot that Tyrone Power or Don Ameche can't play!"—W.M., Jr.

Hamlet in a Stove Pipe Hat

It's quite confusing, we admit, this business of the screen's two Lincoln's of the last twelve months. But if, having seen "Young Mr. Lincoln," you see RKO's film, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," don't make the mistake of thinking Henry Fonda has suddenly aged.

The screen's newest Lincoln, who looks not unlike an older Fonda, is Raymond Massey, whose previous film assignments have included "Drums" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." Around the New York night clubs, which he used to frequent last year when he was wooing his third wife, Raymond Massey was held by some to be an off-stage Hamlet, aloof, introspective, a bit on the somber side. It seemed somehow fitting to the more boisterous Broadwayites that the sober visaged Massey's stage career should have begun in Siberia.

Stationed in Vladivostok, toward the end of the last World War, as a captain in the Canadian Army, he organized a minstrel show in which he himself was featured in a series of impersonations. Demobilized in his native Toronto, Massey remembered his success in amateur theatricals, when his venture as a salesman of cream separators failed to interest either him or—the Canadian farmers. He decided to turn actor.

As he was debating the best approach to this new approach, the tall Canadian met John Drew, veteran star, who counseled that he first tackle the London stage, not New York's. Five weeks after he landed in England he had his first bit. Five years later he was the actor-manager of his own theater. In between, he had starred in several London productions of Broadway hits.

It was as Hamlet that Massey made his professional debut in New York in 1931, and Universal signed him for one picture. Returning to New York, and the stage, he did a compelling characterization of the Yankee "Ethan Frome."

Playwright Robert E. Sherwood was one of those struck by Massey's convincing portrayal and six years later, when he finished his Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," he announced he had written the title role with Massey in mind.

New York went quietly mad about Massey's stage Lincoln. Hollywood is equally enthusiastic over his film recording of the play.

Massey himself is not given much to effusive enthusiasms. Laconically, he reminds that when he was first mentioned for the role, there was criticism because he was not an American.

It wasn't until the picture form of the play was in production that he revealed, in answer to the forgotten protests about his Canadian nativity, that New Salem, Illinois, the boyhood home of Lincoln in which much of the play's action is laid, was named for New Salem, Massachusetts, where 300 years ago Massey's ancestors settled just about the time when Lincoln's forebears first arrived in America.—W.M., Jr.

Woodman, Spare That Tree!

When young Dennis Morgan needed a job the worst kind of way—he got it that way. He went to the devil for it. He did *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" and never a handsomer Satan lived than this young man—and he'll be first to admit never a lousier one, either. In fact, there were only five members in that "Faust" troupe that toured the Chataqua circuits.

The curtain now goes up on what happens to young people in Hollywood.

Mary Garden had selected the young baritone for a role in her Chicago presentation of "Carmen" and had arranged for him to have a Hollywood test made by M-G-M. They liked him, signed him, and for four years ignored him. Now, strangely enough, it's not the penniless in Hollywood that suffer the most; no, it's those boys and girls of distinct talent who are paid small salaries weekly but who still get only bits—and very few of those. Break your heart over that one, you creative people! Morgan broke his. "What must I do to work?" he'd ask, bitterly. Finally Paramount signed him and he began all over again, the waiting for parts and the bitterness. Eventually Warners saw him, grabbed him, and in one year he'd made five pictures and has those three Musketeers of Warner Brothers, Cagney, O'Brien and McHugh, rooting for him. All through "The Fighting 69th" they cheered him on. "Look at him," Cagney would tell visitors, "an Adonis, a singer, and an actor all in one. He's terrific. He's going places." Cagney is right. Or rather Morgan has already gone those places in the romantic lead in "Three Cheers for the Irish" in which he wins Priscilla Lane. Not bad, not bad at all.

His Scotch dialect as the handsome big policeman in "Three Cheers for the Irish" comes naturally. His mother was Scotch, but his father *ban* a great beeg Swede from up in Wisconsin, a lumberman and banker. Their son fully expected to be a lumberman himself, until the bottom fell out of the business. During summer vacations from high school in Marshfield, Wisconsin, he'd go up into his father's lumber camps, and wield an axe. Luckily he had a voice to fall back on when his hopes of becoming a lumberman faded. With that voice he walked into a Milwaukee radio station, announced himself as singing a song, and did. He stayed right there as announcer and singer, and later went on to Chicago to do the same thing over the national networks. Later he sang with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra while studying at the Chicago Musical College. He has yet to sing on the screen but those who

know him say "Just wait till he does!"

Every morning before leaving for the studio he vocalizes a bit to the complete astonishment of his two-year-old daughter, and five-year-old Stanley, Jr. Daddy's own name is Stanley Morner.

When he was in high school he fell in love. That sweetheart is his wife.

Six foot three, eyes that can laugh again, blond hair that doesn't grow so much as ripple, he's the triple threat man to many a movie hero. For Morgan has what it takes, and, brother, he's on his way.—S. H.

**Young Lady of Talent—Streamlined
—A la 1940**

Ida Lupino, in her very early twenties, is a veritable storehouse for life's experiences. This is because her papa and her papa's papa and his papa before him were actors. No family of actors are so well known in England as the Lupinos. Stanley, Ida's father, is considered to be the highest-paid comedian on the British stage. However, this fact didn't induce the British stage to stagger Ida with gold on her first theatrical appearance. It paid her exactly five dollars, if you want facts and figures. In between that first five dollars and her role of Bessie in "The Light that Failed"—a perfect treasure of a performance—there is much to tell.

She was a good little girl who studied hard at one of London's best schools until she was twelve. Then Ida calmly announced that she would begin her theatrical career. Oh, she'd had experience, mind you. From seven on she and her sister Rita had performed in a small theater in their London home. Directed in scenes by their father, the youngsters had to learn lines and business perfectly in order to please a critical family.

No wonder that at twelve she felt capable of going out and getting the job of extra with a British film company. She kept at the work until she got leads with Ivor Novello and Carl Brisson and she finally arrived, in 1934, in Hollywood. That was a trying period for Ida. A young English actor named Louis Hayward called her "a fresh snit who thought she knew everything" which so enraged Ida that when he asked her to marry him she couldn't say no.

They were engaged four and one-half years, for Ida contracted infantile paralysis and marriage had to wait. She thought a lot during her illness and discovered the real Ida inside. She gave up all pretense of smartness which had been assumed only to hide the fright of a fifteen-year-old girl at the bigness of Hollywood. She worked for Paramount, and yearned for the chance that finally came in "The Light that Failed." *But she didn't waste time yearning.* She sat down and wrote music so lovely, the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra played her "Aladdin Suite." Later, Andre Kostelanetz played her music over the air. Today Ida is writing the music for a New York play for which Ralph Forbes is writing the lyrics.

She paints; is simply out of her mind, about lamp shades; can tell fortunes with cards; is psychic, and reveres this psychic thread between herself and her father in London. Each seems to know what the other is thinking.

Her oval face has piquant charm, her violet eyes are far apart, she's much too slim, has just completed one year of marriage with Louis, thinks he's marvelous and vice versa, loves to dance and hopes one day to make a dancing picture with Fred Astaire, is enthusiastic over \$16.75 dresses, looks severely smart in her clothes, and dotes on cats.

She may do a stage play before her next picture for Paramount. She'd be terrific.—S.H.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS—Universal

HIS involved mind-shattering monstrosity of a plot is absolutely fascinating. You see, Vincent Price is in jail, sentenced to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor, played by John Sutton, uses his brother's formula to make Price totally invisible. Thus Price escapes and the macabre quality of the film begins. The story leads from a mine to a cabin in the woods, to an inspector's office, to a coal escalator with that invisible man carrying on something disgraceful for someone who can't even reflect light. After Price has caught the real murderer, lost him again, gotten drunk and nearly gone crazy, the coal escalator sequence occurs and he is shot. Weak from loss of blood he staggers to the laboratory where his girl friend, Nan Grey, gives of her blood for a transfusion, and as soon as those fresh corpuscles get chummy with Price's transparent hemoglobin, guess what happens. Now you see him, now you don't, in other words. Price is very active and all the others, including Sir Cedric Hardwicke, are their usual capable selves.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Love in bloom—as demonstrated by W. C. Fields and Mae West in Universal's "My Little Chickadee"

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 92.

1. Two of these actors have portrayed Abraham Lincoln on the screen:
Basil Rathbone *Walter Huston*
Henry Fonda *William Powell*

2. This former star is now one of Hollywood's foremost interior decorators:
Norma Talmadge *Lloyd Hughes*
William Haines *Gloria Swanson*

3. Before he came to Hollywood he was a professional model:
Richard Greene *Ray Milland*
Leslie Howard *Fred MacMurray*

4. Only one of these actresses is a star; the others are featured players:
Binnie Barnes *Anita Louise*
Ann Rutherford *Ann Sheridan*

5. This producer guided both Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean to fame:
Mervyn LeRoy *Gene Markey*
Arthur Hornblow *Joe Pasternak*

6. He met his wife when he was singing at the Coconut Grove:
Bob Hope *Bing Crosby*
Tony Martin *Allan Jones*

7. His new contract is a three-way one—he's now a producer and director as well as an actor:
Adolphe Menjou *Warner Baxter*
Richard Dix *Ronald Colman*

8. According to box-office records, she was the biggest money-making actress of the 1939-40 season:
Mae West *Alice Faye*
Shirley Temple *Bette Davis*

9. And he was the biggest money-making actor:
James Cagney *Mickey Rooney*
Clark Gable *Spencer Tracy*

10. He was once a circus trapeze artist:
Charles Winninger *Randolph Scott*
Chester Morris *W. C. Fields*

powers, and Philo's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in rather hackneyed roles.

A CHILD IS BORN—Warners

PRODUCED once before as "Life Begins," the intimate drama of the maternity ward is brought to you again with Geraldine Fitzgerald as most important prospective mother. She is a lady convict, allowed to leave prison for her great experience; and as a background for her personal story is a tapestry of other ward cases, some glad, some angry, some dismally unhappy because of what is about to happen. This version is long and without enough pace to keep any but strictly sentimental female audiences spellbound. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others complete the cast.

★ THE EARL OF CHICAGO—M-G-M

AT least Hollywood has given out with one really new idea this month. "The Earl of Chicago" is not like any picture story you have seen before; it's an experiment, and that's news in this town. You'd expect Robert Montgomery to be mixed up in something of the sort and he is, playing the title role with obvious enjoyment. Story is that of a Chicago gangster who inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them; there he encounters tradition and legend, whereupon you are enabled to watch the conflict between the man as he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial advisor Montgomery has double-crossed and who works slyly for revenge. There is no love interest. We think it's a grand film, with Montgomery's portrayal a piece of art and the entertainment value A plus. However, if you're superpractical you may not like it, because you may not believe it.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—RKO-Radio

THOSE who have been saying that Chuck Laughton can't even haunt a dream any longer must draw in their forked tongues before the impact of this impressive film. . . He is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination, emerging after a succession of boring incidents as the pitiful, colorful idiot of the bell tower, who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion, which made him one of the single lights feebly shining in the Dark Ages. His mask is overdone; after a first reaction of sheer misery you recall your courage, open your eyes and discover you don't believe it any more than you do a child's Halloween penny-cardboard-with-mustaches. Victor Hugo, of course, dipped a dreary pen into dismal ink and his portraits are necessarily grey in color; you must force yourself to wait until RKO's oversized budget catches up with itself—then, along about halfway, things begin to happen. Maureen O'Hara, brought here by Laughton, is pretty and Edmond O'Brien, Sir Cedric Hardwicke (villain) and all the rest give excellent accounts of themselves.

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

WELL, of course, it's really the Suwannee River. . . But the tune makes a

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good harmony selection anyway; it's been a long time since the "42nd Street" type of musical gave way to the biography-of-a-composer school, and now comes one of the best of the lot. It's the life of Stephen Foster, who wrote those songs your grandmother played on the pump organ in the front parlor. Don Ameche has the main role. Andrea Leeds contributes a romantic interest and Al Jolson, returning after a long screen absence, of course plays the minstrel man. Such songs as "Oh Susannah!" "Old Kentucky Home," "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" and "Old Black Joe" are calculated to bring sighs of reminiscence to the more middle-aged audience. It does sound a little funny to hear the melodies played straight, after what Maxine Sullivan and Tommy Dorsey have recently done to them.

INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners

WHAT happens to you when, as an convict, you return to the living and find they don't want you any longer is here graphically portrayed, with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has many new twists and Jane Bryan; still, they've brought in the weak younger brother, William Holden, whom the embittered George must save from a life of crime. It's not a pleasant picture but none of Warners' prison films are. Raft is good, as usual.

★ ENTENTE CORDIALE—Max Glass

QUEEN VICTORIA'S wayward son "Bertie," who later became Edward VII of England, is admirably depicted in this admirable French film. Victor Francen does the best work of his fine career in his role of the elderly royal playboy, whose love for Paris and all things French eventually brought about the "Entente Cordiale"—the friendly alliance between England and France. It is a wise and witty picture, which manages to sidestep the stiffness that so often marks an historical film. This is far more than a pompous pageant of famous people. Victoria, as faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay, is a crotch-

ety, intrepid old woman. Joseph Chamberlain (father of Neville), Clemenceau, President Loubet of France, Lord Salisbury, appear as real people rather than shadowy figures of government. Here is a picture which should inspire you to reread your history books, and give you an evening's entertainment in the bargain.

★ RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U. A.

IT doesn't seem to matter how many times Hollywood makes a movie of "The Amateur Cracksman"—it's always swell drama and tense entertainment. This is the fourth try, with David Niven as the suave Raffles, Olivia de Havilland, his betrothed, and Dudley Digges as the inspector. You remember that Raffles is a champion cricketer, sports hero of the nation, except at night; then he accomplishes ultra-clever robberies. Upon meeting Olivia he decides to reform, but her brother, Douglas Walton, is in trouble—so Raffles goes after Dame May Whitty, the Lady Melrose of the story, and her emeralds. Everyone does a good job. The end is confusing, probably to please both moralists and those who want the hero to escape.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

THAT'S a nice, risqué sounding title, but there's nothing suggestive about the picture, or even particularly entertaining. The public is going to get mad any day now if Hollywood persists in taking the greatest ice skater in the world and keeping her in ordinary shoes. She skates only once. Furthermore, although completely charming, Miss Henie is not a really good dramatic actress. The plot, her routine triangle story, has the usual two men—Ray Milland and Robert Cummings this time—chasing her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. The entire production is glittering and pleasant and empty. Most people still go to Sonja's pictures to watch her fabulous genius on the ice, and probably will feel a little grumpy about this substitute.

CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

THIS may turn out to have been a good idea. It's hard to say, when you like Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen's wooden Fortune, as much as we do. Unfortunately, the idea of a ventriloquist's dummy (or dummies, considering Mortimer Snerd's in it, too) carrying a weak murder mystery to success is too much to hope for. Of course, you can't quite expect to get away from whimsy when you are giving personality to a doll, but Charlie goes a little overboard here; it's not to be wondered at considering the plot. Constance Moore and Robert Cummings are among the film's witnesses to the antics of the debonair Charlie.

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

RELIGION is usually a taboo subject on the screen, particularly when it holds up Catholicism and Protestantism to view in relation to each other. This piece does. It deals with a Presbyterian minister in a small town who takes the confession of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do the job. Charles Bickford plays the minister, surprisingly enough when you remember his usual roles. We'll leave approval on this offering up to you and your attitudes on good taste.

BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

THE up-and-coming reviewer, upon witnessing this interesting but confusing film, would check with the producing studio to find its history. This is exactly what we did. Apparently the picture was done in hunks, over a sixteen-month period, and consists mostly of retakes. No one can say it's a good picture, hodgepodge that it is; but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. The idea is that a forgotten American consul in China has his station used by brigands, a reporter in trouble, a girl running away from a murder conviction, etc. The consul has a lot of faith and ideals, and imbues his guests with good morals.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

COAST GUARD—Columbia

Not a new plot, but entertaining. Randy Scott is a cocky pilot in the coast guard who wins Ralph Bellamy's sweetheart (Frances Dee) away from him, then gets himself into a situation from which Bellamy has to save him. Walter Connolly has a small role. (Dec.)

COVERED TRAILER, THE—Republic

The best Higgins Family film to date. Pa (James Gleason) wants to vacation in South America, but Ma (Lucile Gleason) bungles everything, as usual, and they have to sneak off in a trailer for their holiday. What with a bank robbery and false reports, things go rapidly from bad to worse. (Feb.)

★ DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE—RKO-Radio

Good comedy, with Joe Penner at his best. He's a cab driver in love with Betty Grable. His pals send him to buy a horse and, of course he gets stuck. But when Betty discovers the old nag loves liquor—do they have fun! And so will you. (Dec.)

★ DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox

The old secretary-wife-husband triangle, done very entertainingly. Tyrone Power is at his gay best as the erring husband, Linda Darnell registers as his wife, Wendy Barrie as his pretty secretary, Warren William complicates the plot, and Binnie Barnes helps to straighten it out again. (Feb.)

★ DESTINY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

This honey of a Western has Brian Donlevy as a frontier crime king, with Marlene Dietrich as his honky-tonk queen. Enter Jimmy Stewart in the title role, determined to clean up the town without shootin' irons. Festivities are also helped along by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer and Irene Hervey, but Jimmy, Marlene and Charlie Winninger are something terrific! (Feb.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount

A forceful melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor (John Howard) to choose between science and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician who ruins the romantic setup. When Dottie marches off to China and Howard follows, Tamiroff must decide whether to stick to his guns or—(Dec.)

★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are at their best in this saga of the heroism of up-state New York pioneers in their fights against the Indians. Edna May Oliver is superb in the role of the widow who takes Hank and his bride in when the Mohawks burn their home. Well worth seeing. (Jan.)

★ END OF A DAY—Juno Films

Poignant drama, this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living in the memories of past triumphs. Fine cast, headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon. (Jan.)

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

Full of thrills, and sufficiently timely to make your hair stand on end. Joel McCrea is the Nemesis of spies. He marries one (Brenda Marshall) and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post to help her run down the ringleader George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. (Dec.)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (Nov.)

FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M

A murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, with bathing beauties, a lion-taming act and villains bumping people off. Ann Sothern plays Franchoit

Tone's gum-chewing wife. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey and sundry beauties co-operate. (Dec.)

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick-Monogram

A medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons issued for the purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment. Its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the cause of the First World War up to the eve of the present conflict is well worth seeing. (Dec.)

★ FIRST LOVE—Universal

What this lacks in suspense, it makes up in gaiety and charm. Deanna Durban plays a modern Cinderella; her Prince Charming is new Bob Stack; the servants, her collective Fairy Godmother, Leatrice Joy, as her screwy aunt; Helen Parrish, as the meany cousin; Eugene Pallette, as the uncle (and good), and Kathleen Howard, as the eccentric schoolmarm add to the film's liveliness. (Jan.)

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

Maybe you loved the Peppers when you were six, but this is a bit thick for adults. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb and Dorothy Peterson follow the script dutifully. All the Little Peppers are so virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a meane when he is quarantined in their house. (Dec.)

FLYING DEUCES, THE—RKO-Radio

Laurel and Hardy are up to their old tricks—this time as enlistees of the Foreign Legion. It's all slapstick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner add to the cast. (Jan.)

FOUR WIVES—Warners

The Lane sisters and Gale Page carry on the plot of "Four Daughters," but it isn't as good this time. Priscilla, widowed by John Garfield, discovers she's going to have his baby—after marrying Jeffrey Lynn. Rosemary pursues newcomer Eddie Albert, and the others (including May Robson and Claude Rains) have their original roles. (Feb.)

HERONIMO!—Paramount
Nicely authentic in feeling, this is the story of the cruel Apache Indian chief who ravaged the frontier in bygone days. Ralph Morgan is the general who sets out to fight Geronimo (Chief Thundercloud). Bill Henry is his son from West Point. There isn't much personal story, but there's a riot of action. (Feb.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M
So magnificent is this re-creation of the modern classic about the Civil War's effect on the South that it would take volumes to review it adequately. A brief: Full justice has been done to the novel. Clark Gable is Rhett. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as Scarlett. Olivia de Havilland does her best work as Melanie. Leslie Howard (Ashley) and the others fulfill all expectations. The whole film is overwhelming, even to the finest Technicolor yet. (Feb.)

GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE—Paramount
With that music—and plenty of it—how could it fail to please? Not a biography of the composer Walter Connolly, but the love story of two of his sons, fictional characters played by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. They're both great, in voice and acting—as is young Susanna Foster. (Feb.)

GREEN HELL—Universal
Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is exploring the South American jungle for Inca treasure when Joan Bennett, widow of one of his men, arrives. Between her struggle over this one pretty girl in a group of tough men (grand actors all) and Indian hostiles, everybody has a most exciting time. (Feb.)

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount
Sweet music and the still-pungent satire of the original Jonathan Swift classic are only two of the many virtues of this full-length animated color cartoon. Story, of course, is that of Gulliver, shipwrecked among six-inch-high Lilliputians, and how he settles their foolish little war—with a Lilliputian romance thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)

HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol
Depth of spirit and soundness of characterization highlight this French glorification of simple life. Gabriel Gabrio is a farmer who remains faithful to the good earth and becomes almost a saint, until Oranc Demazis joins him and they prove what honest labor can accomplish. (Feb.)

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox
Richard Greene and Richard Dix combine talents here and both are good. Greene, raised by his mother and stepfather, meets his real father. The piece is the emotional adjustment of the two. Gladys George plays the mother. (Dec.)

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal
Charley Grapewin, ex-football star and now a night watchman, is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. He becomes a male "Apple Annie." Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, and lovely Anita Louise falls in love with him. (Dec.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia
Ultra-modern version of "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as an ace reporter, divorced from editor Cary Grant. His attempts to keep her on the job with exciting assignments—and from marrying Ralph Bellamy—create complications, but it's the witty performances which put this over. (Feb.)

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox
A gay history of movieland, told in terms of drama and slapstick, rained by Technicolor and gorgeously acted throughout. A would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but marries Alan Curtis. The angle of their love serves as a plot on which to hang such milestones as the Keystone Kops and Bennett Bathing Beauties. See it. (Dec.)

HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount
This has color and glamour, and Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll on a South Sea Island. You see, Madeleine is a business woman content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes along. Then Sex à la Tropics intrudes. You'll like Helen Broderick and little Carolyn Lee, too. (Dec.)

HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE—20th Century-Fox
Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver are teamed in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two, as newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set, with resultant situations straight from life. (Feb.)

HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U.A.
A rich boy who turns reporter accidentally uncovers a gangster murder. Joan Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and despite the fact she is a reformed moll, she gets the hero. Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard try hard. (Dec.)

INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners
Smash-bang entertainment in which Pat O'Brien is cast as a cocky racing driver who wants to help his kid brother, John Payne, at the racing game, but gets mad at him when he falls for Ann Sheridan. There's an accidental killing when Pat gets drunk, and some wonderful racing shots. (Jan.)

INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY—Selznick International
This is art in the cinema. It's a love interlude in the lives of concert pianist Ingrid Bergman (new to our screen and strangely compelling) and violinist Leslie Howard. Edna Best plays the wife whom Leslie leaves for his romantic idyl with Ingrid. There's charm to the story. (Dec.)

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M
Joe (William Gargan) and Ethel (Ann Sothern) get pretty mad when their veteran postman gets fired, so they go right to Washington to protest. It's a bit dull in spots, but Lewis Stone is swell as the President and Annie's great, too. First of a new series? (Feb.)

JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M
This series gets better with each new chapter. Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties when he is too cocksure of winning a cash prize for an essay. But financial disaster is averted when he finds the missing daughter of his father's client. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is good, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone. (Jan.)

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn
There's little dramatic punch in this story which traces the devotion of *Czar Alexander II* (John Lodge) for his mistress, the *Princess Katia* (Danielle Darrieux), who finally becomes his wife; however, pictorially speaking, this French film is beautiful. Marie Helene Daste, as the ailing *Czarina*, dominates every scene she is in. (Dec.)

KID NIGHTINGALE—Warner
This singing John Payne really looks promising. Here he's a prize fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting. Walter Catlett, fight manager, takes him in hand and leads him at last to a chance at the championship. Jane Wyman furnishes the romantic interest. Action flies along at a fancy pace. (Dec.)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount
Another *Hopalong Cassidy*, in which Bill Boyd is assigned to deliver cattle in South America, and uncovers two murders en route. There's romance in the person of Stef Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot. (Jan.)

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio
With the usual business about a lawless town, a horde of vigilantes, and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale), this latest George O'Brien Western turns out to be topnotch, full of pace and excitement. (Feb.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal
Baby Sandy's awfully cute, but not cute enough to carry this. Hugh Herbert is cast as a baby-columnist of a newspaper and finds Sandy abandoned in his office. This leads to a contest, in which Sandy is entered. (Jan.)

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio
If you like a homey film, this is your dish. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals with word as well as pill. In the first of this series, he's trying to establish a hospital in the town. Marcia Mac Jones, Jackie Moran, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin and Paul Harvey support. (Jan.)

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram
Based on a Colorado prison riot of 1929, Charles Bickford plays a priest who sacrifices self for unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLanc do especially good work. (Jan.)

NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M
—or, Dime Novel Hero Comes to the Screen at Last. Walter Pidgeon plays the title role and tracks down the missing rocket-ship blueprints, while Rita Johnson flies the plane for him, after a terrific gun battle in the desert. (Feb.)

NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE—Paramount
Lugubrious Laugh-Clown-Laugh story with Pat O'Brien playing Pagliacci so his little girl, Olympe Bradna, won't know how low he's sunk. Pretty good until the last half, when it bogs down with its own pathos. (Feb.)

OF MICE AND MEN—Roach-U.A.
John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar story remains gripping despite censorship. Burgess Meredith is *George*, the wandering ranch worker who befriends poor *Lennie*. (Lon Chaney, Jr.)—who doesn't know his own strength and winds up a murderer. They're swell, and so are Charles Bickford and Bob Steele. (Feb.)

\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount
There's no sense to this, but it's funny. Martha Raye's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, discovers Joe E. Brown, descendant of a long line of actors, so she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team and puts claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins. (Dec.)

ON YOUR TOES—Warners
Broadway's musical suffers as filmfare. Eddie Albert plays the hooper who writes a great American Ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls for the première danseuse, Zorina. The ballets are delightful. (Jan.)

OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CARTERS—Paramount
More small-town melodrama, with Mr. Average Citizen having his troubles keeping a family together. Frank Craven and Fay Bainter carry the burden of the story. Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin and others carry on.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox
Time: The last World War. Place: France. Plot: The Ritz Brothers, a vaudeville team, unable to get bookings because of their German name, join the army. In France they team up with Jane Withers, whose father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. There's bombing and blasting—but little entertainment value here. (Dec.)

PRIDE OF THE BLUEGRASS—Warners
This is the story of a blind horse, but added to the pathos there's laughter and warm sentimentality.

Edith Fellows, James McCallion and Granville Bates are the troupers.

PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners
You may feel that this is lacking in the fire that Queen Elizabeth's lusty to-do with Lord Essex might have inspired, but Bette Davis, as the civil-tempered, enamored-of-power Queen delights in her role, and Errol Flynn, as Essex, is magnificent to look upon. The grandeur of that court, the vital color of a nation not yet effete called for Technicolor. Donald Crisp, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price, Henry Daniell and Alan Hale add to the high quality of the production. (Dec.)

REMEMBER?—M-G-M
This has sparkling moments—but the trio, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Lew Ayres, deserves more. Bob is an advertising genius who steals Greer away from her fiancé, Lew. They marry, fight, divorce, but Lew doses them up with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce. (Jan.)

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount
Even Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. He's a District Attorney. She's a wayward girl whom he exposes to an old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi—after which the anticipated reform sets in. (Feb.)

RENO—RKO-Radio
Intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a silver mining town, Richard Dix brings this up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. His wife, Gail Patrick, takes advantage of it, as does his daughter, Anita Louise. Picture lacks pace. (Jan.)

RIO—Universal
The story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict has Victor McLaglen as the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Guric is the wife, and Robert Cummings the young American she falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. (Dec.)

ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners
Those mad, prosperous, Prohibition Twenties! The story starts when World War veteran Jimmy Cagney looks up a girl who has been writing to him and discovers she is Priscilla Lane. Circumstances draw him into the liquor racket, take him through the market crash, and into the depression when Priscilla finds happiness with his buddy, Jeffrey Lynn. Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart have supporting roles. (Dec.)

RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount
A rousing story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. playing the young mate who has faith in steam. Will Fyffe is superb as the Scotch inventor of steam motors. George Bancroft plays a die-hard sailing skipper, and Margaret Lockwood is appealing. (Dec.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia
This is completely wacky. Otto Kruger is a newspaper publisher with a secret son (Eddie Norris); a girl friend (Ona Munson); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth. (Jan.)

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M
Lew Ayres is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. When Lionel Barrymore collapses (for the sake of the plot) Lew pretends he's more interested in the heiress' millions than in his work, so his chief will take a rest. Laraine Day is still the young doctor's sweetheart. (Jan.)

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners
A piece about prison and convicts—and a particularly exciting jail break. Ronald Reagan plays G-Man; Eddie Foy offers comedy, and Margot Stevenson furnishes romance. (Jan.)

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio
A murder picture with a new twist. Morgan Conway is acquitted of murder. Reporter Linda Hayes pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues. Linda and Kent dig into his past and find he's plenty guilty. (Jan.)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstyn
A strong dose of propaganda—a World War veteran is convinced that his comrades have not died in vain. When the call to arms comes again, he turns to the War dead. They arise, mutilated and bloody and accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace. Victor Francen is splendid. (Jan.)

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio
Kay Kyser brings his College of Musical Knowledge to the screen with a better story and better support than radio stars usually get. The result is pleasant and Kyser proves to be a screenable personality as the band-leader whose group goes Hollywood on him. With Adolphe Menjou. (Feb.)

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount
This new version of Kipling's novel is a four-handkerchief film. Ronald Colman, a successful artist, finds himself going blind from an old Sudanese battle injury, paints one last masterpiece of Ida Lupino—then she destroys it. Colman, Walter Huston (as his friend) and the photography are superb. (Feb.)

THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS—Columbia
This is a psychological study of a fear trauma. Walter Connolly is sent to prison for doctoring a wounded convict. And it's the prison physician, Onslow Stevens, who has the fear complex. Connolly gives his usual fine performance. (Jan.)

THREE SONS—RKO-Radio
It's the story of a man whose consuming interest is his department store, and who wants his boys to

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follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. There isn't much to keep you fascinated. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton and Dick Hogan the offspring. (Dec.)

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

English history turns out to be more gruesome than a modern horror film, with Basil Rathbone as King Richard, who spends his time killing off heirs to the throne, and Boris Karloff as his pet executioner. First-rate mellerdrummer, with a fine all-around cast. (Feb.)

TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

Fine writing and beautiful acting prove once more what this studio can do with a simple, unpretentious story to make it memorable. Jimmy

Lydon gathers special honors as an orphan who finds a foal, then has to struggle with his honor when he discovers it belongs to people who later befriend him. (Feb.)

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

Not a story of Sing Sing, but of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor, rescues some lost flyers and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. (Jan.)

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melville Cooper, son and father, live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, who uses them to make a grab at oil lands owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. The boys do nice jobs. (Dec.)

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

Paul Muni is an English country doctor who befriends a young Austrian dancer (Jane Bryan) at the outbreak of the last war. His wife (Flora Robson) takes the wrong pills and dies, and Paul and Jane are accused of her murder. An uncompromising presentation of the James Hilton story, with fine production, direction, acting. (Feb.)

★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

An amusing picture in which Jackie Cooper, an adolescent trying to make adjustments peculiar to his particular age, walks away with a difficult assignment. Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart; James Corner, his rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart all deliver good performances. (Dec.)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BARRICADE"—20th Century-Fox.—Screen play and story by Granville Walker. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Emmy Jordan, Alice Faye, Hank Topping, Warner Baxter, Samuel J. Cady, Charles Winninger; Upton Ward, Arthur Treacher, Ling, Keye Luke; Yen, Willie Fung; Mrs. Ward, Doris Lloyd; Mrs. Little, Billy Malony; Winifred, Joan Carol; Russian Consul, Leonid Snegoff; Col. Wai Kang, Philip Ahn; Assistant Secretary of State, Jonathan Hale; Managing Editor, Moroni Olsen.*

"BROTHER RAT AND A BABY"—Warners.—Original screen play by John Monks, Jr., and Fred F. Finklehoffe. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *"Bing" Edwards, Eddie Albert; Billy Randolph, Wayne Morris; Joyce Winfree, Priscilla Lane; Claire Ramm, Jane Wyman; Dan Crawford, Ronald Reagan; Kate, Jane Bryan, Harley Harrington, Larry Williams; Colonel Ramm, Henry O'Neill; Mrs. Brooks, Jessie Busley; "Commencement," Peter B. Good; Sterling Randolph, Paul Harvey; Mr. Harper, Berton Churchill; Mrs. Harper, Nana Bryant; McGregor, Arthur Treacher; Cab Driver, Edward Gargan; Girl in Bus, Mayo Methot; Expressman, Billy Wayne; Major, Moroni Olsen; Hospital Official, Irving Bacon.*

"CALLING PHILO VANCE"—Warners.—Screen play by Tom Reed. From "The Kennel Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. Directed by William Clemens. Cast: *Philo Vance, James Stephenson; Hilda, Margot Stevenson; Markham, Henry O'Neill; Ryan, Edward Brophy; Tom MacDonald, Ralph Forbes; Philip Wrede, Donald Douglas; Gamble, Martin Kosleck; Doris, Sheila Bromley; Dr. Doremus, James Conlon; Grassi, Edward Raquello; Du Bois, Creighton Hale; Hennessey, Harry Strang; Archer Coe, Richard Kipling; Brisbane Coe, Wedgewood Nowell; Ling Toy, Bo Ling.*

"CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE"—Universal.—Original story by Darrell Ware and Robertson White. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Cast: *Edgar Bergen, Himself; Charlie McCarthy, Himself; Mortimer Snerd, Himself; Scotty Hamilton, Robert Cummings; Sheila, Constance Moore; Bill Banning, John Sutton; Arthur Aldrich, Louis Calhern; Inspector Dandy, Edgar Kennedy; Court Aldrich, Samuel S. Hinds; Tony Garcia, Harold Huber; Felton, Milburn Stone; Gravy, Ray Turner; Dutch, Warren Hymer.*

"CHILD IS BORN, A"—Warners.—Screen play by Robert Rossen. Based on a play by Mary McDougall Axelson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Grace Sutton, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Jed Sutton, Jeffrey Lynn; Florette, Gladys George; Miss Bowers, Gale Page; Mrs. West, Spring Byington; Ringer Banks, Johnnie Davis; Dr. Lee, Henry O'Neill; Dr. Brett, John Littel; Mrs. Kempner, Gloria Holden; Johnny Norton, Johnny Downs; Miss Pindy, Eve Arden; The Woman, Fay Helm; Mr. Kempner, Louis Jean Heydt; Gladys Norton, Nanette Fabares; Mrs. Banks, Jean Sharon; Mr. West, Hobart Cavanaugh; Dr. Cramm, George Irving; Mrs. Twitchell, Nella Walker; Mrs. Holt, Winifred Harris.*

"CONGO MAISIE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Based on the book "Congo Landing" by Wilson Collison. Directed by H. C. Potter. Cast: *Maisie Ravier, Ann Sothern; Doctor Michael Shane, John Carroll; Kay McWade, Rita Johnson; Doctor John McWade, Sheppard Strudwick; Captain Finch, J. M. Kerrigan; Horace Snell, E. E. Clive; Jallah, Everett Brown; Nelson, Tom Fadden; British Consul, Lionel Pape; Luemba, Nathan Curry; Farley, Leonard Mudie; Zia, Martin Wilkins; Yarnai, Ernest Whitman.*

"EARL OF CHICAGO, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lesser Samuels. From a story by Charles de Grandcourt and Gene Fowler. Photography is adapted from the book "The Earl of Chicago" by Brock Williams. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: *"Silky" Kilmount, Robert Montgomery; "Doc" Ramsey, Edward Arnold; Gervase Gornell, Reginald Owen; Munsey, Edmund Gwenn; Redwood, E. E. Clive; Gerald Kilmount, Ronald Sinclair; Maureen Kilmount, Norma Varden; Lord Chancellor, Halliwell Hobbes; Reading Clerk, Ian Wolf; Judson, Peter Godfrey; Guide, Billy Bevan.*

"ENTENTE CORDIALE"—Max Glass.—Based on Andre Maurois' "Edward VII and His Time." Directed by Marcel L'Herbier. Cast: *Edward VII, Victor Francen; Queen Victoria, Gaby Morlay; Alexandra, Arlette Marchal; President Loubet, Jean Perier; Lord Salisbury, Jean Toulout; Joseph Chamberlain, Jean D'Yd; Lord Kitchener, Jean Galland; Lord Balfour, Andre Roanne; Prince Albert, Jaque Catelain; Delcasse, Jean Worms; Clemenceau, Jacques Baumer; Paul Cambon, Pizani.*

"EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT"—20th Century-Fox.—Original screen play by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: *Louise, Sonja Henie; Geoffrey Thompson, Ray Milland; Ken Morgan, Robert Cummings; Dr. Hugo Norden, Maurice Moscovitch; Groder, Leonid Kinskey; Fred Sherwood, Alan Dinehart; Gendarme, Fritz Feld; Hilda, Jody*

Gilbert; Cava, Victor Varconi; Hotel Clerk, William Edmunds; Belhop, George Davis; Bartender, Paul Porcasi; Woodcutter, Michael Visaroff; Woodcutter's Wife, Eleanor Wesselhoft; Philip, Lester Matthews; Telegrapher, Christian Rub; Conductor, Ferdinand Munier; Featherstonehaugh, Holmes Herbert; Judge, Roger Imhof.

"FIGHTING 69TH, THE"—Warners.—Original screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin. Directed by William Keighley. Cast: *Jerry Blunkett, James Cagney; Father Duffy, Pat O'Brien; "Wild Bill" Donovan, George Brent; Joyce Kilmer, Jeffrey Lynn; "Big Mike" Wynn, Alan Hale; "Crêpe Hanger" Byrke, Frank McHugh; Lt. Ames, Dennis Morgan; "Long John" Wynn, Dick Foran; Timmy Wynn, William Lundigan; Paddy Dolan, Quinn Williams; "Mike" Murphy, Sammy Cohen; The Major, Henry O'Neill; Colonel Anderson, Harvey Stephens; Captain Mangun, John Littel; Private McManus, Tom Dugan; Private O'Reilly, George Reeves; Private Heffernan, Herbert Anderson; Private Turner, DeWolf Hopper; Private Ryan, George Kilgen; Lt. Norman, Frank Wilcox; Joe Moran, John Ridgely; Carroll, John Hutton; Captain Booz, Frank Mayo; Healey, J. A. Hughes; Kelly, Tom Bennett; O'Brien, Elmo Murray; Captain Holmes, Charles Trowbridge.*

"GRANNY GET YOUR GUN"—Warners.—Original screen play by Kenneth Gamet. Directed by George Amy. Cast: *Minerva Hatton, May Robson; Nate, Harry Davenport; Julie Westcott, Margot Stevenson; Phil Westcott, Hardie Albright; Smokey, Clem Bevans; Riff Daggett, Clay Clement; Fitzgerald, William Davidson; Sheriff Quinn, Arthur Aylesworth; Tom Redding, Granville Bates; Charlotte, Ann Todd; Carrie, Vera Lewis; Frayne, Max Hoffman Jr.; Joe, Archie Twitchell.*

"HENRY GOES ARIZONA"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Milton Merin. Based on a story by W. C. Tuttle. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: *Henry Conroy, Frank Morgan; Molly Cullison, Virginia Weidler; Judge Van Treece, Guy Kibbee; Sheriff Parton, Slim Summerville; Ricky Dole, Douglas Fowley; Danny Regan, Owen Davis, Jr.*

"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE"—RKO-Radio.—Screen play by Sonya Levien. Adaptation by Bruno Frank. From the novel by Victor Hugo. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: *Quasimodo, Charles Laughton; Frolo, Sir Cedric Belfrage; Clopin, Thomas Mitchell; Esmeralda, Maureen O'Hara; Gringoire, Edmond O'Brien; Phoebus, Alan Marshall; Archbishop, Walter Hampden; King Louis XI, Harry Davenport; Fleur's Mother, Katharine Alexander; Procurator, George Zucco; Fleur, Helene Whitney; Queen of Beggars, Minna Gombell; Old Nobleman, Fritz Leiber; Doctor, Etienne Girardot; Olivier, Arthur Hohl; Beggar, George Tobias; Phillippe, Rod La Rocque; Court Clerk, Spencer Charters.*

"INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE"—Universal.—Screen play by Kurt Siodmak, Lester Cole and Cedric Belfrage. Original story by Joe May and Kurt Siodmak. Directed by Joe May. Cast: *Richard Cobb, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Geoffrey Reddiffe, Vincent Price; Helen Manson, Nan Grey; Dr. Frank Griffin, John Sutton; Inspector Sampson, Cecil Kellaway; Spears, Alah Napier.*

"INVISIBLE STRIPES"—Warners.—Screen play by Warren Duff. From an original story by Jonathan Finn. Based on the book by Warden Lewis E. Lawes. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Cliff Taylor, George Raft; Peggy, Jane Bryan; Tim Taylor, William Holden; Chuck*

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 89 with these correct ones:

1. Henry Fonda, Walter Huston
2. William Haines
3. Richard Greene
4. Ann Sheridan
5. Joe Pasternak
6. Bing Crosby
7. Richard Dix
8. Shirley Temple
9. Mickey Rooney
10. Charles Winninger

Martin, Humphrey Bogart; Mrs. Taylor, Flora Robson; Ed Kruger, Paul Kelly; Molly, Lee Patrick; Parade Officer Masters, Henry O'Neill; Tommy, Frankie Thomas; The Warden, Moroni Olsen; Sue, Margot Stevenson; Lefty, Marc Lawrence; Johnny, Joseph Downing; Jimmy, Leo Gorcey; Shrank, William Haade; Old Peter, Tully Marshall.

"MARRIED AND IN LOVE"—RKO-Radio.—Story and screen play by S. K. Lauren. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: *Leslie Yates, Alan Marshall; Helen Yates, Barbara Read; Paul Wilding, Patric Knowles; Doris Wilding, Helen Vinson; Hildegarde, Hattie Noel; Man in Bar, Frank Faylen; Woman in Bar, Carol Hughes.*

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE"—RKO-Radio.—Original screen play by Joseph A. Fields. Directed by Les Goodwins. Cast: *Carmelita, Lupe Velez; Uncle Matt, Leon Errol; Lord Epping, Leon Errol; Dennis, Donald Woods; Elizabeth, Linda Hayes; Aunt Della, Elisabeth Risdon; Chumley, Cecil Kellaway; Buller, Charles Coleman.*

"OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE"—Universal.—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Johnny Sandham, Tom Brown; "Kelly" Archer, Peggy Moran; Junior, Juanita Quigley; "The Weasel," Allen Jenkins; Thistlebottom, Donald Meek; Gertie, Isabel Jewell; "Lefty," Horace McMahon; Betty, Betty Jane Rhodes.*

"RAFFLES"—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Screen play by John Van Durtin and Sidney Howard. Based upon the celebrated adventures of "The Amateur Cracksman" by E. W. Hornung. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: *Raffles, David Niven; Gwen, Olivia de Havilland; Lady Melrose, Dame May Whitty; Mackenzie, Dudley Digges; Bunny, Douglas Walton; Lord Melrose, Lionel Pape; Barracough, E. E. Clive; Crawshaw, Peter Godfrey; Maud Holden, Margaret Seddon; Bingham, Gilbert Emery; Wilson, Hilda Ploomlight; The Butler, Vesey O'Davoren; The Footman, George Cathrey.*

"SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Based on a play by Nikolaus Laszlo. Directed by Ernest Lubitsch. Cast: *Klara Novak, Margaret Sullivan; Alfred Kralik, James Stewart; Hugo Matuschek, Frank Morgan; Ferencz Fadas, Joseph Schildkraut; Flora, Sara Haden; Pirovitch, Felix Bressart; Peppi, Katona, William Tracy; Ilona, Inez Courtney; Woman Customer, Sarah Edwards; Doctor, Edwin Maxwell; Detective, Charles Halton.*

"SIDEWALKS OF LONDON"—Mayflower-Paramount.—Screen play by Clemence Dane. Directed by Tim Whelan. Cast: *Charles, Charles Laughton; Libby, Vivien Leigh; Harley Prentiss, Rex Harrison; Constantine, Larry Adler; Gentry, Tyrone Guthrie; Arthur, Gus McNaughton; Mr. Such, Edward Lexy; Mrs. Such, Maire O'Neill; Hackett, David Burns; Temperley, Ronald Ward; Duchesi, Romilly Lunge; Lady Selina, Helen Hays; Delta Fordingbridge, Phyllis Stanley.*

"SLIGHTLY HONORABLE"—Walter Wanger-United Artists.—Screen play by Ken Englund. From the novel by F. G. Pressnell. Adaptation by John Hunter Lay and Robert Tallman. Directed by Tay Garnett. Cast: *John Webb, Pat O'Brien; Cushing, Edward Arnold; Rus Sampson, Broderick Crawford; Ann, Ruth Terry; Alma Brecher, Claire Dodd; Commissioner Joyce, Alan Dinchart; Mrs. Cushing, Janet Beecher; Sarilla Cushing, Phyllis Brooks; George Taylor, Douglas Dumbrille; Godena, Bernard Nedell; Miss Ater, Eve Arden; Miss V'issigen, Evelyn Keyes; Commissioner Fromm, Addison Richards; Mader, Douglas Fowley; Senator Scott, Howard Hickman; Collins, Ernest Truex.*

"SWANEE RIVER"—20th Century-Fox.—Screen play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Duane. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Cast: *Stephen Foster, Don Ameche; Jane, Andrea Leeds; E. P. Christy, Al Jolson; Henry Kleber, Felix Bressart; Bones, Chick Chandler; Andrew McDowell, Russell Hicks; Old Joe, George Reed; Hall Johnson Choir, Themselves; Tom Harper, Richard Clarke; Marion Foster, Diane Fisher; Pond, Charles Halton; Ambrose, George Brakstone; Tambo, Al Herman; Mr. Foster, Charles Trowbridge; Henry Foster, George Meeker; Mrs. Foster, Leona Roberts; Morrison Foster, Charles Tannen; Erwin, Harry Hayden; Mrs. Griffin, Clara Blandick; Mrs. McDowell, Nella Walker.*

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"—Republic.—Screen play by Robert Pressnell. Original story by George Carleton Brown. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: *Reverend Chris, Charles Bickford; Allen Stevens, Owen Davis, Jr.; Mary Olsen, Doris Day; Gordon Maris, Paul Guilfoyle; Mr. Miller, Granville Bates; Father O'Reilly, Charles Waldron; Julie, Shelia Bromley; Johnny, George Chandler; Lars Olsen, Charles Middleton; District Attorney, Emmett Vogan; Mrs. Stevens, Leona Roberts; Mrs. Olsen, Ethel May Halls; Doctor Holmes, Edmund Elton; Mrs. Kron, Elsie Prescott.*

I fell in love

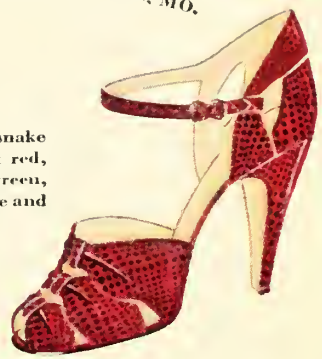
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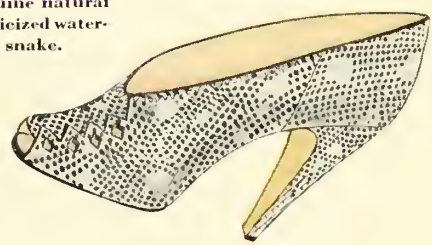
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For men: Squirrels, Boots & Saddles, Tumble-weed, Field & Stream, Stick Ball, Skiing.

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

BY FRANCES HUGHES

"It's SPRING!" chirped the first robin, and we feel like chirping with him, only we've more important things to do this minute. Everyone around here is pining out loud for something new . . . in clothes . . . in beauty . . . in gadgets. You get the idea—a fine, fresh start for a fine, fresh season! So off we went on our roller skates, to round up a thing or two that will put you in the pink. As you pick your own little treasures from these pages, check off the birthdays on your spring list, too—you'll save yourself time and money if you do. Just write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City, for the name of the shop nearest you that sells what you want.

1. FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN . . .

A pretty exchange of timepieces. For Her, Croton's "Miami"—a 14-carat, 17-jewel wrist-watch with two winking diamonds where watch and link-bracelet are joined. Perfect timing for \$29.95. For Him—Croton's "Resistal"—a shockproof, waterproof, dustproof, non-magnetic, 17-jewel he-man watch—a miracle of timekeeping at \$37.50.



2. CALLING ALL GLAMOUR GIRLS

If there's a glamour girl on your list who rates a handsome present, give her La Tausca pearls. Three lovely gleaming strands with a rhinestone glitter-clasp will turn classic sweaters into conversation pieces. She'll flaunt them with her gala gowns as well, thanking you and her lucky stars as she collects her compliments. Only \$4.95, and you'd better wear one too!



3. BEAUTY BARGAIN

What news! Helena Rubinstein's three big beauty basics, "Herbal Cleansing Cream," "Town and Country Make-up Film" and "Youthifying Stimulant," in generous new junior sizes at \$1.00 each. One is death on dust and dirt; the other puts new glow into your skin; the third blots out blemishes like magic. Don't resist them at their new and appealing low.



4. ATTENTION, PLEASE!

And Don Juan's new Military Red lipstick will get it for you quicker than you can say Jack Robinson! More insistent than a bugler's call—and more lasting than you've ever thought a lipstick could be—is this new Don Juan, done up for spring, in a stirring coat of Military red, crested with the famous cameo. \$1.00.



5. TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR PERFUME

Use a De Vilbiss atomizer. Perfumes are blends of this and that—and in concentrated drops the more delicate scents pale besides the stronger odors. But spraying breaks them up into millions of tiny particles and thus each one can assert itself. It's more economical too, because there's less evaporation. Try this one in sparkling crystal with sapphire or topaz top, and you'll see. \$2.00.

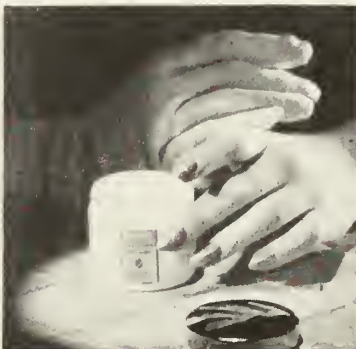


6. NET RESULTS

The net results of taking a bath without netting your curls are better left untold. Avoid this sorry sight by wearing a "Fascinnet." A comfortable, all-over stretchable cap that won't slip and won't give up its elastic grip, but will protect your waves while you sleep . . . bathe . . . motor . . . play tennis . . . whatever you do between shampoos that plays such havoc with your hair! \$1.00 buys this gentle persuader in colors to match your sports clothes or your hair.

7. HAND IN GLOVE

"There's a time in a girl's life for wearing gloves indoors," says Miss Peggy Sage, who ought to know about such things. She refers, of course, to her own pink cotton gloves, designed to wear at night over rough, unsightly hands liberally coated with "Hand Smoother and Softener" cream. The gloves are a present, tucked into every \$1.00 package of cream. Try this routine and you won't know your own knuckles!



8. WHAT NOT?

Grandmother's parlor whatnot stored all sorts of gadgets—dust-catchers, mostly. But Eighteenth Century's whatnot stores six handy cakes of spicily scented soap, "Old Colonial" it's called, and it's ever so nice to have on hand in guest bathrooms. The whatnot itself is made of cardboard, and under the gaily painted shelves are bars of soap—two to each shelf. \$1.00.



9. HOW'S YOUR SOUTHERN ACCENT?

Ever since Scarlett O'Hara took the movie world by storm, gals have been practicing up on their southern accents and copying Scarlett's other charms. You might start with Olympic's Scarlett O'Hara sweater, interpreted by Léon in Tish-U-Knit's Shetland blend, captivating in baby colors like Melanie pink and Bonnie blue, at \$1.98.



10. THE CAPSULE ERA

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(For More Shopping News, See Page 91)

A MAN AND A WOMAN
fleeing nameless terror . . .
through angry seas and the
tropics' dangers . . . yearning
for the peace they had never
known, the happiness they
could find only in each other's
arms . . . You'll remember
this star-crowded M-G-M pic-
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Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

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On the Cover—Tyrone Power, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Courage

IN RECENT months Hollywood has shown more courage than ever before. One of the reasons seems to be the loss of the foreign market. No longer concerned about profits on the Continent, producers have now turned to profits in their own country. This new daring should bring a new public to the movies. My only question is: Will it perhaps antagonize some of us movie-goers who want escape and release rather than new problems when we go to the theater?

I have particularly in mind a picture like "The Grapes of Wrath," which is probably one of the greatest social documents the movies have yet produced, but I wonder if it can be called entertainment to sit and suffer, as I did, until the back of my head ached, for two hours? It is a great symptom of artistic progress when an art dares to be as relentlessly honest as Zanuck was in showing us the Joad family's Gethsemane. "The Fight for Life," which you may not yet have seen, deals artistically and dynamically with the problems of childbirth among the poor. Pare Lorentz, working for the United States Government, has done an astounding job, but it is not escape. Nor is the fine picture about Doctor Ehrlich, or the honest picturization of John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." Perhaps the answer is in such brilliant pieces of entertainment as "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," which dares to assail political corruption and still makes you superbly happy. Or "Ninotchka," which pokes fun at the Communists without restraint but is filled with constant laughter.

When the movies can combine entertainment with daring, it is a divine combination. But I think we should applaud even when that courage brings us only unrelieved reality. It was the greatest Greek dramatic theorist who pointed out that by experiencing pity for others and fear for their destinies we purge ourselves of our own torments.

Let us hope that these daring producers will gain a new public and lose no part of the old as reward for their courage.

Ernest V. Heyn

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BOOS



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Anne Nagel, featured player in Universal's "Black Friday" spends a day on the beach in shorts that stress a diagonally tucked high waistband, a short-sleeved sweater, and clogs with nail-studded canvas straps to hold them in place

THE GENTLE ART OF KISSING

WISH someone would explain to me why kissing is gradually being eliminated from the screen. Years ago, we could go to the movies and thrill to the ecstasy of a kiss, we could see love scenes that held us spellbound; the were cherished in our memories.

Is the world getting so modern the kissing is considered old-fashioned? Surely, the censors can't think the kissing is harmful—crime wasn't a prevalent, when more love scenes were shown in the movies, as it is today.

I don't expect this letter to sway the censors, but I just want to join the silent multitude who have the same opinion I have.

Mrs. LOUIS HUMPHREY,
St. Paul, Minn.

HOLLYWOOD TAKES THE RAP

WHAT'S all this panning of Carol Lombard just because she didn't smea her face with make-up and glamorize her hair in "In Name Only"?

At the time that picture was being cast, I well remember reading some thing to the effect that Miss Lombard requested specifically that Kay Francis

LOY-ALTY VS. JEALOUSY

AM not a Loy fan. My songs of praise usually go to Flynn as a dashing Essex, Ty as a doctor, or Sonja as a schoolmarm, but sometimes things go too far. Recently, in every film magazine I look at, there are boos for Myrna Loy. All the way from England, someone had to write you saying that, after seeing "Lucky Night," they arrived at the conclusion Myrna couldn't act. Someone else says that "The Rains Came" washed her up with them for good. She's not really that bad. I can't believe it's just luck that put her where she is. I'm not saying she's a Bette Davis, but she's pretty and she acts better than plenty of others. I suppose you're going to tell me Dottie Lamour sings!

So far as I've read, all the writers are girls. Supposing it's just jealousy, why not be frank? It's no disgrace to be jealous of such a charming personality as Myrna Loy.

PATRICIA KERNAHAN,
Curèpe, Trinidad, B. W. I.

AND

Bouquets

be given the role of the wife. Now, we all know what a good sport Miss Francis has been all through her troubles with poor pictures, and what a fine actress she really is. Also, we all well know how beautiful and glamorous Carole Lombard can be, and how "regular" she is in real life.

Not that Miss Francis needed it, but I wouldn't be one bit surprised if the sporting Miss Lombard didn't deliberately submerge her own glamour to give Miss Francis a fighting chance, since it was a comeback picture—and for a grand star—in a supporting role! More power to the producer and director who let her do it, because it didn't detract a bit from the splendid story—her being an *unsirenish* "other woman." I don't know *when* I've enjoyed such a true-to-life story, so perfectly cast and so splendidly played.

Sometimes I wonder if much-maligned Hollywood doesn't take the rap for a lot of plain stupidity on the part of us movie-goers!

Mrs. J. H. WILLIS,
West Los Angeles, Calif.

LO, THE TIRED BUSINESS WOMAN!

THERE is some excuse for the "leg art" stunts of girls, but what is the object of showing us *male* stars, both in films and in stills, needlessly and too frequently almost naked?

If producers imagine that the Tired Business Woman is thirsting to undress her favorite star and gloat over his contours, they are making the common mistake of judging other people's tastes by their own. Men like to see pretty legs, but it does not follow that women do. Besides, what makes men imagine that their limbs are worth seeing?

Were they commonly like Jon Hall or Doug Fairbanks, Jr. this fashion for male nudity would be tolerable, but there are very few who do not look far better clothed. Many an actor who appears handsome while camouflaged in the universal tweed uniform is a hideous disappointment when deprived of it. Then is revealed a pair of skinny legs, a pallid skin dotted with bristles like a badly plucked fowl, a slight "corporation," a concave chest, arms without muscle, or a prominent Adam's apple. If it is the actors themselves who insist upon these poses, their vanity must indeed be colossal.

I suggest that, if they *must* strip tease, they should first take a course in physical training.

BERTHA BARWIS,
London, England.

SINGING ACTOR—OR VICE VERSA

RECENTLY, I walked out of a theater feeling more elated and full of happiness than I have felt for a long time. The reason? The picture I had seen was "The Great Victor Herbert." I have now seen it five times and hope to see it again in the future. The music was captivating, Mary Martin is one of the year's greatest finds and the same goes for Susanna Foster, but none of these is the reason for my joy. It was Allan Jones, my favorite of favorites. I saw him in "A Night at the Opera" quite a while ago and, since then, I have followed his career with interest.

During the long period in which he was idle and more or less forgotten by his public, I prayed continually for him to get the break he so deserved. Then,

finally, after almost two years of waiting, it came. He has a superb voice and has proved to be a wonderful actor. In this picture, he actually seemed to live the part and left you with tears in your eyes, deeply moved by his touching performance. Who said singers never made good actors? I would like to see him teamed with Mary Martin again, and please won't you print more articles about him?

HARRIET HEATH,
Williamsport, Pa.

FOR MEN ONLY?

I READ with interest the letter from a reader in Illinois insisting that Dorothy Lamour should have her hair cut if she ever expects to amount to anything in pictures.

I am a man and I disagree intensely with the advice. Moreover, I think I express the sentiment of most men, because almost every man likes long hair. If Dorothy Lamour should cut her hair, she would look like millions of other women in this country, while, as she is, she is one of the most (if not the most) beautiful girls in Hollywood.

I could add that, if Hollywood producers had more feminine-looking girls in the movies, they would have more manly men looking at the movies.

And I could add that I think Dorothy Lamour is doing pretty well for herself "as is."

FRANK JULIEN,
Charlotte, N. C.

TRANS-PACIFIC PICTURES

I AM taking the liberty of sending you some photographs of our leading motion-picture actors and actresses.

This idea occurred to me some time ago. First of all, I am the still photographer of the Philippine Films, Inc., Manila, leading motion-picture company of the Philippines; second, your magazine is the most popular here, especially picturing the latest films and also showing the latest fashions.

Perhaps, since production of motion
(Continued on page 87)



"The Colbert of the Philippines" is Mina de Gracia, photographed by reader Murillo (see letter above)

. . . COLUMBIA,
THE STUDIO OF GREAT COMEDIES,

"It Happened One Night" . . . "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"
. . . "The Awful Truth" . . . "You Can't Take It With You" . . .
"Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" . . . is proud to present
a picture that will take its place high in a notable list!



Reproduction of
a painting by
the noted artist,
BRADSHAW
CRANDELL

WESLEY RUGGLES'

*Too Many
Husbands*

starring

JEAN ARTHUR
FRED MELVYN
MacMURRAY · DOUGLAS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES • Screen play by CLAUDE BINYON
Based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Watch for it at your favorite theatre!



★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN
SHADOW STAGE
THIS ISSUE

It's double-trouble for Bergen, but double de-light for audiences when Mortimer Snerd joins him and Charlie in "Charlie McCarthy, Detective"

ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

Before the American Revolution the Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a rebellion to keep industrialists from selling ammunition to the Indians. John Wayne plays the leader of the protesting settlers and Claire Trevor adds the romance. Recommended with reservations. (Jan.)

ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount

A college picture in which football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of Joseph Allen, Jr., and Jean Cagney; John Arledge and Betty Moran; Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. (Jan.)

★ **AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS, THE—Columbia**

Melvyn Douglas carries off his role of a slap-happy detective with much zest, but Joan Blondell, his sweetheart, can't be too happy when every date is broken because of a murder. Edward Brophy, a convicted criminal, Ruth Donnelly and others add to the fun. Full of laughs.

★ **ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M**

Bill Powell's first since his illness—and it's amusing. As usual, the Myrna Loy-Powell family, now blessed with a baby, sparkles with smart talk. Bill, of course, gets mixed up in another murder mystery in which C. Aubrey Smith is the victim and his daughter, Virginia Grey, complicates the plot. Otto Kruger is the D. A., aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton. (Jan.)

★ **BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M**

It's a tonchy subject, religion; but Virginia Weidler has made this an inspirational film. She's an orphan whose faith has its effect on adults. Gene Reynolds, foils for her; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull contribute. (Jan.)

★ **BALALAIKA—M-G-M**

The title is the name of a café in Russia in 1914 where Cossack Prince Nelson Eddy comes upon the stunning Iona Massey of the gorgeous voice. There's a revolutionist plot, the war, and Paris after the war. Eddy does a fine job and is in perfect voice. Iona is a discovery and an important one. You'll like this. (Jan.)

BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

A hodge-podge—but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. It's about a forgotten American consul in China whose station is used by brigands, a reporter and a girl evading a murder charge. (March)

BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

Rookie cop Joe E. Brown is assigned to catch Marc Lawrence, bank robber, but Joe's off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle. At the resort, however, he runs up against some murders, and there's a climax in a spook house. Boo! (Jan.)

BIG GUY, THE—Universal

Jackie Cooper, working on his inventions in a garage, manages to stay out of trouble until he gets involved in a jail break which uses warden Victor McLaglen as a shield. Power, emotional appeal and the Cooper-McLaglen teamwork raise this above the average prison picture. (Feb.)

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BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

Dugwood Bumpstead loses his job; Baby Dumpling loses the dog Daisy and goes off to find her. Whereupon the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms remain the Bumpsteads. (Jan.)

★ **BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners**

This sequel to that original rib-cracker makes for delicious comedy. Wayne Morris, the "fixer," gets Eddie Albert a coaching job, but the baby (remember Eddie was secretly married to Jane Bryan) gums up everything. Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and young Peter B. Good will have you yelling for more. (March)

CAFÉ HOSTESS—Columbia

There's a lot of action (including a fine brawl) in this rather sordid story, which presents Ann Dvorak as "hostess" who picks the pockets of her partners—until sailor Preston Foster catches her at it. Then the fun begins. (Feb.)

CALLING PHILO VANCE—Warners

Philo Vance's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity in this mystery which has to do with selling secret airplane plans to foreign powers. Henry Stephenson lacks the suavity we've come to expect of Vance. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in hackneyed roles. (March)

CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

You'll overlook this weak murder-mystery plot if you're a devotee of Charlie McCarthy. Edgar Bergen has his hands full

with both Charlie and Mortimer Snerd going whimsical all over the place. (March)

CHILD IS BORN, A—Warners

A re-make of that maternity ward drama, "Life Begins," with Geraldine Fitzgerald portraying the prospective mother who is released from prison to have her baby. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others are well cast. (March)

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero fills Warner Baxter's boots as the Cisco Kid with grace and humor, Virginia Field is fine as a dance-hall girl, and Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child. But they didn't have much to work with in this story of how the Kid and his band save a mine for a little orphan. (Feb.)

CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

Just another Charlie Chan picture, with Sidney Toler solving mysteries in Paris during the blackouts. Lynn Bari is in it, too, but the result is only fairish. (Feb.)

★ **CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M**

Gorgeous comedy, with stars Ann Sothern and John Carroll capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation, where a former surgeon gets mixed up with a stranded show girl who helps him subdue mayhem-minded witch doctors. You'll like this. (March)

COVERED TRAILER, THE—Republic

The best Higgins Family film to date. Pa (James Gleason) wants to vacation in South America, but Ma (Lucile Gleason) bungles everything, as usual, and they have to sneak off in a trailer for their holiday. What with a bank robbery and false reports, things go rapidly from bad to worse. (Feb.)

★ **DAY-TIME WIFE—20th Century-Fox**

The old secretary-wife-husband triangle, done very entertainingly. Tyrone Power is at his gay best as the erring husband, Linda Darnell registers as his wife, Wendy Barrie as his pretty secretary, Warren William complicates the plot, and Binnie Barnes helps to straighten it out again. (Feb.)

★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN—Universal**

This honey of a Western has Brian Donlevy as a frontier crime king, with Marlene Dietrich as his honky-tonk queen. Enter Jimmy Stewart in the title role, determined to clean up the town without shootin' irons. Festivities are also helped along by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer and Irene Hervey, but Jimmy, Marlene and Charlie Winninger are something terrific! (Feb.)

★ **DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox**

Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are at their best in this saga of the heroism of up-state New York pioneers in their fights against the Indians. Edna May Oliver is superb in the role of the widow who takes Hank and his bride in when the Mohawks burn their home. Well worth seeing. (Jan.)

★ **EARL OF CHICAGO, THE—M-G-M**

Something new—and it's grand. Robert Montgomery, a Chicago gangster, inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them. Up against tradition, you watch the conflict between the man he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial adviser Montgomery double-crosses. There's no love interest. (March)

★ **END OF A DAY—Juno Films**

Poignant drama, this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living in the memories of past triumphs. Fine cast, headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon. (Jan.)

★ **ENTENTE CORDIALE—Glass**

Victor Francen does superb work in the role of Edward VII of England—that royal playboy whose love for Paris brought about the friendly alliance between his country and France. A wise and witty picture, with Victoria faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay. (March)

EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

Ah, the pity of it! Sonja Henie skates only once in this triangle story, with the usual two men—this time Ray Milland and Robert Cummings—chasing her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. (March)

★ **FIGHTING 69th, THE—Warners**

The story of New York's famous regiment has Jimmy Cagney giving a memorable performance as the toughy who cracks up under shell fire. George Brent is excellent, but it's the performance of Pat O'Brien, as the beloved Father Duffy, that will leave a lasting impression. Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Frank McHugh and Sam Levene help make this more than just an evening's entertainment. (March)

★ **FIRST LOVE—Universal**

What this lacks in suspense, it makes up in gaiety and charm. Deanna Durbin plays a modern Cinderella; her Prince Charming is new Bob Stack; the servants, her collective Fairy Godmother, Leatrice Joy, as her screwy aunt; Helen Parrish, as the meany cousin; Eugene Palette, as the uncle (and good), and Kathleen Howard, as the eccentric schoolmarm add to the film's liveliness. (Jan.)

FLYING DEUCES, THE—RKO-Radio

Laurel and Hardy are up to their old tricks—this time as enlistees of the Foreign Legion. It's all slap-stick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner add to the cast. (Jan.)

FOUR WIVES—Warners

The Lane sisters and Gale Page carry on the plot of "Four Daughters," but it isn't as good this time. Priscilla, widowed by John Garfield, discovers she's going to have his baby—after marrying Jeffrey Lynn. Rosemary pursues newcomer Eddie Albert, and the others (including May Robson and Claude Rains) have their original roles. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 8)

West of Dodge City There Was No Law
... And There Virginia City Lay!

ERROL
FLYNN

MIRIAM
HOPKINS

...and brilliantly...is the
deathless saga of the gal-
lant 73 who charged through
the boldest adventure of
America's law-forsaken
West...history's epic of the
City of Gold that was built
on the lead of bullets. Its
story is true—and its stars
make it too thrilling to miss!

A New Dramatic
Success by
WARNER BROS.
Producers of
'The Fighting
69th'

VIRGINIA CITY

Such a story and such
irresistible enter-
tainment has rarely
been screened before

With RANDOLPH
SCOTT
HUMPHREY
BOGART

FRANK McHUGH • ALAN HALE
GUINN "Big Boy" WILLIAMS
Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ



Original Screen Play by Robert Buckner • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture

"Have you ever wished for a BRAND NEW SKIN?"

Well, you're going to get one!"

says Lady Esther

Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe a new-born skin is coming to life upon your face—your arms—your whole body! Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—they can make your complexion look drab and dull! My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently and soothingly wafts away these tiny flakes—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Get the Truth about Your Face Cream from Your Doctor

He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push vitamins or hormones into your skin. Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, says Lady Esther, try my face cream at my expense. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a perfect base it makes for your powder. See how it does help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it does help you to keep your Accent on Youth!

Accept Lady Esther's 10 DAY Sample FREE!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, (54)
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube 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.

GERONIMO!—Paramount

Nicely authentic in feeling, this is the story of the cruel Apache Indian chief who ravaged the frontier in bygone days. Ralph Morgan is the general who sets out to fight Geronimo (Chief Thundercloud). Bill Henry is his son from West Point. There isn't much personal story, but there's a riot of action. (Feb.)

★ GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

So magnificent is this re-creation of the modern classic about the Civil War's effect on the South that it would take volumes to review it adequately. In brief: Full justice has been done the novel. Clark Gable IS *Rhett*. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as *Melanie*. Leslie Howard (*Ashley*) and the others fulfill all expectations. The whole film is overwhelming, even to the finest Technicolor yet. (Feb.)

GRANNY GET YOUR GUN—Warners

May Robson is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety and happiness of her granddaughter (Margot Stevenson), when her divorced husband (Hardie Albright) is murdered. It's much ado about people who aren't very nice. (March)

★ GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE—Paramount

With that music—and plenty of it—how could it fail to please? Not a biography of the composer (Walter Connolly), but the love story of two of his stars, fictional characters played by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. They're both great, in voice and acting—as is young Susanna Foster. (Feb.)

★ GREEN HELL—Universal

Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is exploring the South American jungle for Inca treasure when Joan Bennett, widow of one of his men, arrives. Between the struggle over this one pretty girl in a group of rough men (grand actors all) and Indian hostiles, everybody has a most exciting time. (Feb.)

★ GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—Fleischer-Paramount

Sweet music and the still-pungent satire of the original Jonathan Swift classic are only two of the many virtues of this full-length animated color cartoon. Story, of course, is that of *Gulliver*, shipwrecked among six-inch-high *Lilliputians*, and how he settles their foolish little war—with a *Lilliputian* romance thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)

★ HARVEST—Marcel Pagnol

Depth of spirit and soundness of characterization highlight this French glorification of the simple life. Gabriel Gabrio is a farmer who remains faithful to the good earth and becomes almost a hermit, until Orane Demazis joins him and they prove what honest labor can accomplish. (Feb.)

HENRY GOES ARIZONA—M-G-M

Vaudevillian Frank Morgan inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother is murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler bosses the ranch while Frank sees that justice is done. There you have it. (March)

★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox

The first of a one-school-picture-a-year plants Jane Withers in San Antonio's famous Jefferson High where her uncle is principal. She thinks she's big potatoes till the kids snub her down to her size. Joe E. Brown, Jr. adds to the film's merits. (March)

★ HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

Ultra-modern version of "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as an ace reporter, divorced from

editor Cary Grant. His attempts to keep her on the job with exciting assignments — and from marrying Ralph Bellamy — create complications but it's the witty performances which put this over. (Feb.)

HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE—20th Century Fox

Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver are teamed in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two, as newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set, with resultant situations straight from life. (Feb.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—RKO-Radio

Charles Laughton is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination and emerges as the pitiful bellringer who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion. Maureen O'Hara is pretty as the gypsy. Edmond O'Brien and Sir Cedric Hardwicke give excellent accounts of themselves. (March)

★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

Smash-bang entertainment in which Pat O'Brien is cast as a cocky racing driver who wants to help his kid brother, John Payne, at the racing game, but gets mad at him when he falls for Ann Sheridan. There's an accidental killing when Pat gets drunk and some wonderful racing shots. (Jan.)

★ INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE—Universal

It's fascinating, this monstrosity of a plot in which Vincent Price is to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor (John Sutton) uses formula to make Price totally invisible. What happens after that will give you a permanent upcoiffure. (March)

INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners

What happens when an ex-convict returns to the living and finds he isn't wanted is graphically portrayed with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has new twists—and Jane Bryan William Holden plays George's weak young brother. (March)

JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—M-G-M

Joe (William Gargan) and Ethel (Ann Sothern) get pretty mad when their veteran postman gets fired, so they go right to Washington to protest! It's a bit dull in spots, but Lewis Stone is sweet as the President and Annie's great, too. First of new series? (Feb.)

★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

This series gets better with each new chapter. Mickey Rooney finds himself in difficulties when he is too cocksure of winning a cash prize for an essay. But financial disaster is averted when he finds the missing daughter of his father's client. Marth O'Driscoll, a new character, is good, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone. (Jan.)

LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

Another *Hopalong Cassidy*, in which Bill Boyd is assigned to deliver cattle in South America, and uncovers two murders en route. There's romance in the person of Steffi Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot. (Jan.)

LEGION OF THE LAWLESS—RKO-Radio

With the usual business about a lawless town, horde of vigilantes, and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale), this latest George O'Brien Western turns out to be topnotch, full of pace and excitement. (Feb.)



"She certainly can can-can"—but this is as close as photographers get to a pre-release of the Miriam Hopkins scene in "Virginia City"

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

Baby Sandy's awfully cute, but not cute enough to carry this. Hugh Herbert is cast as a baby-lumnist of a newspaper and finds Sandy abandoned in his office. This leads to a contest, in which Sandy is entered. (Jan.)

MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio

This is the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous wife, Helen Vinson and the other woman, Alan Marshall the man, and Barbara Read the wife. It's unpretentious—and superior cinema. (March)

MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

If you like a homey film, this is your dish. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals with word as well as pill. In the first of this series, he's trying to establish a hospital in the town. Marcia Mac Jones, Jackie Moran, Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin and Paul Harvey support. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

Pure slapstick, with no compromise. Lupe Velez comes from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, son of a rich family who give Lupe the lorgnon treatment. Leon Errol is excellent in a dual role as an English lord and Donald's eccentric uncle. Isabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play the nasty aunt and previous fiancée. (March)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

Based on a Colorado prison riot of 1929, Charles Clifford plays a priest who sacrifices self for unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. (Jan.)

BUCK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, Dime Novel Hero Comes to the Screen as Detective. Walter Pidgeon plays the title role and tracks down the missing rocket-ship blueprints, while Anita Johnson flies the plane for him, after a terrific battle in the desert. (Feb.)

EIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE—Paramount

Lugubrious Laugh-Clown-Laugh story with Pat O'Brien playing Pagliacci so his little girl, Olympia, won't know how low he's sunk. Pretty good all the last half, when it bogs down with its own thos. (Feb.)

THE LIFE OF MICE AND MEN—Roach-U.A.

John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar story remains gripping despite censorship. Burgess Meredith is George, the wandering ranch worker who befriends poor Lennie. (Lon Chaney, Jr.)—who doesn't know his own strength and winds up a murderer. They're swell, and so are Charles Bickford and Bob Steele. (Feb.)

HI, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal

A slap-happy little ditty in which traveling salesman Tom Brown gets mixed up with heiress Peggy Moran, gangster Allen Jenkins and a tourist camp. You'll remember Betty Jane Rhodes singing the title song. (March)

THE SHOW OF YOUR TOES—Warners

Broadway's musical suffers as filmfare. Eddie Albert plays the hoofer who writes a great American ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls for the premiere danseuse, Zorina. The sets are delightful. (Jan.)

OUR NEIGHBORS, THE CARTERS—Paramount

More small-town melodrama, with Mr. Averageizen having his troubles keeping a family together. Frank Craven and Fay Bainter carry the den of the story. Edmund Lowe, Genevieve Tobin and others carry on.

THE FOLLY OF THE BLUEGRASS—Warners

This is the story of a blind horse, but added to the horse there's laughter and warm sentimentality. The Fellows, James McCallion and Granville Stone are the troupers.

RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U.A.

It's the same old story, but it's still swell drama. This time David Niven is the suave Raffles, Olivia Havilland his fiancée, and Dudley Digges the doctor. You remember, Raffles decides to reform when he meets Olivia, but her brother (Douglas Horton) is in trouble, so Raffles goes on the prowl in. (March)

THE MEMBER?—M-G-M

This has sparkling moments—but the trio, Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, Lew Ayres, deserves more. Bob is an advertising genius who steals Greer away from her fiancé, Lew. They marry, fight, divorce, but Lew doses them up with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes bedroom farce. (Jan.)

THE MEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

Even Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. He's a tract Attorney. She's a wayward girl whom he loses to an old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi—after which the anticipated reform sets in. (Feb.)

THE NO—RKO-Radio

Intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a gambling town, Richard Dix brings this up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. His wife, Gail Patrick, takes advantage of it, as does his daughter, Anita Louise. Picture lacks pace. (Jan.)

THE BANDAL SHEET—Columbia

This is completely wacky. Otto Kruger is a newspaper publisher with a secret son (Eddie Norris); a friend (Ona Munson); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth. (Jan.)

SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. When Lionel Barrymore collapses (for the sake of the plot) Lew pretends he's more interested in the heiress' millions than in his work, so his chief will take a rest. Laraine Day is still the young doctor's sweetheart. (Jan.)

★ SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE—M-G-M

This is a gem, packed with charm, superb acting and the inimitable Lubitsch touch. It's a simple story—about a boy and girl (Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan) who are employees working in a gift shop and find romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course they discover they are writing to each other. Frank Morgan is superb in a straight role. (March)

★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount

Even in pre-GWTW days Vivien Leigh was being a *Scarlett O'Hara* character (to Charles Laughton this time) in the story of a girl who, by ruthless determination, succeeds in rising above the lowly "busking" (those London sidewalk entertainers) profession. There are magnificent scenes between Leigh and Laughton. (March)

★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

Murder and comedy all mixed up, this has Pat O'Brien as the engaging attorney plotting the downfall of political boss Edward Arnold. When Arnold's sweetheart, then Pat's secretary are killed things look bad for Pat. You'll be mad about Ruth Terry, the naive little singer who pursues Pat. Broderick Crawford helps the plot. (March)

SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

A piece about prison and convicts—and a particularly exciting jail break. Ronald Reagan plays G-Man; Eddie Foy offers comedy, and Margot Stevenson furnishes romance. (Jan.)

SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

A murder picture with a new twist. Morgan Conway is acquitted of murder. Reporter Linda Hayes pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues. Linda and Kent dig into his past and find he's plenty guilty. (Jan.)

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

Here's the life of Stephen Foster, who wrote such songs as "Oh, Susannah!" "My Old Kentucky Home," "Jennie with the Light Brown Hair." You'll hear them all in this, with Don Ameche playing the role of composer, Andrea Leeds contributing to romance and Al Jolson doing a grand minstrel man. (March)

THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstin

A strong dose of propaganda—a World War veteran is convinced that his comrades have not died in vain. When the call to arms comes again, he turns to the War dead. They arise, mutilated and bloody, and accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace. Victor Francen is splendid. (Jan.)

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

Kay Kyser brings his College of Musical Knowledge to the screen with a better story and better support than radio stars usually get. The result is pleasant and Kyser proves to be a screenable personality as the band leader whose group goes Hollywood on him. With Adolphe Menjou. (Feb.)

★ THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

This new version of Kipling's novel is a four-handkerchief film. Ronald Colman, a successful artist, finds himself going blind from an old Sudanese battle injury, paints one last masterpiece of Ida Lupino—then she destroys it. Colman, Walter Huston (as his friend) and the photography are superb. (Feb.)

THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS—Columbia

This is a psychological study of a fear trauma. Walter Connolly is sent to prison for doctoring a wounded convict. And it's the prison physician, Onslow Stevens, who has the fear complex. Connolly gives his usual fine performance. (Jan.)

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

Religion is usually taboo on the screen, but this deals with a Protestant minister who takes the confession of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do it. Charles Bickford plays the minister. (March)

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

English history turns out to be more gruesome than a modern horror film, with Basil Rathbone as King Richard, who spends his time killing off heirs to the throne, and Boris Karloff as his pet executioner. First-rate melodrammer, with a fine all-around cast. (Feb.)

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

Fine writing and beautiful acting prove once more what this studio can do with a simple, unpretentious story to make it memorable. Jimmy Lydon gathers special honors as an orphan who finds a foal, then has to struggle with his honor when he discovers it belongs to people who later befriend him. (Feb.)

20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

Not a story of Sing Sing, but of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor, rescues some lost flyers and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. (Jan.)

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

Paul Muni is an English country doctor who befriends a young Austrian dancer (Jane Bryan) at the outbreak of the last war. His wife (Flora Robson) takes the wrong pills and dies, and Paul and Jane are accused of her murder. An unpromising presentation of the James Hilton story, with fine production, direction, acting. (Feb.)

Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?



Win - and hold - his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor - each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her for a life!" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in real life too... when you're lovely to be near always... when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns - or kisses... just which you get depends on you!

So don't take chances - not even once. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor - and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a daily bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes perspiration that is *past*. To avoid risk of odor to come... more women use

Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so *dependable!*

SAVES TIME! Just half a minute a day keeps underarms fresh. And you can use Mum *right after* you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure... use Mum *every day!*

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY



Avoid Embarrassment
 Because Mum is so safe... and so dependable... more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MUM

We predict that for many years to come, you will remember **THE BLUE BIRD** as the most beautiful picture ever made and the most human story ever told.



Maurice MAETERLINCK'S
THE BLUE BIRD
in **TECHNICOLOR**

with

Shirley Temple • Spring Byington • Nigel Bruce • Gale Sondergaard • Eddie Collins • Sybil Jason • Jessie Ralph
Helen Ericson • Johnny Russell • Laura Hope Crews
Russell Hicks • Cecilia Loftus • Al Shean • Gene Reynolds
Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play
by Ernest Pascal • Additional Dialogue by Walter Bullock

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

Now at popular prices.
Watch for it at your
favorite theatre.





CLOSE UPS AND
LONG
SHOTS
BY RUTH WATERBURY



Money-makers of 1939—"Stagecoach" (above left) and "Dark Victory," with Geraldine Fitzgerald and Bette Davis (above), indicate — but for entirely different reasons — what we, the great American Public, prefer in filmfare

THE Showman's Trade Review, a publication which all Hollywood reads and respects for accurate information on what movies take in at the box office, lists the twenty-five leading money-making pictures for 1939 . . . big productions like "Gone with the Wind," "Ninotchka" and "Elizabeth and Essex" came too late for 1939 to be included in the record . . . but up until last November fifteenth the following, in the order of their popularity, were the films that we, the great American public, preferred . . . "Jesse James," "Dodge City," "Union Pacific," "Kentucky," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," "Babes in Arms," "The Wizard of Oz," "Stanley and Livingstone," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Bachelor Mother," "Out West with the Hardys," "Tarzan Finds a Son," "The Rains Came," "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," "The Hardys Ride High," "Adventure of Huckleberry Finn," "Only Angels Have Wings," "Rose of Washington Square," "Dark Victory," "Gunga Din," "Hollywood Cavalcade," "Angels with Dirty Faces," "Young Mr. Lincoln," "Stagecoach."

Studying that list I don't see how any producer can advance that old argument that you

never can tell what the public wants . . . the producers ought to be able to guess what we do want from the list of the things we obviously don't want . . . for example, we don't seem to want love . . . find a really romantic love story in that bunch of pictures . . . maybe you say "Dark Victory" . . . but while this and the lightsome "Bachelor Mother" come nearest to being love stories of any of those listed, "Dark Victory" is primarily a story of sickness and of courage . . . the inspiration of love is in it . . . but the great appeal of the picture turns as definitely on tragedy as that of "Bachelor Mother" turns on farcical comedy. . . .

But laughter . . . how we did go for that . . . laughter and spectacles about America, our own great land . . . look how the *Hardy Family* clicked . . . every film about the *Hardys* was a hit . . . Mickey Rooney, in fact, is represented in the list of twenty-five films by five appearances . . . more in fact, than any other star . . . Tyrone Power is second with three appearances in the winning twenty-five, with Alice Faye, George Brent, Henry Fonda and Cary Grant tied for third place with two appearances each . . . otherwise, this list is startling in its revealing that the story and not the star is "the thing" . . . except for "Dark Victory" which was devised solely to provide Bette Davis with a medium for her bright talents . . . there isn't actually a "stellar vehicle" on the list. . . .

We want adventure, that's plain . . . there are four real "Westerns," . . . "Gunga Din" and

one "Southern" . . . "Jesse James," "Dodge City," "Union Pacific" and "Stagecoach" . . . plus "Kentucky," which in my opinion is as purely a pictorial picture as ever made, and "Gunga Din" was really a "Western" even if the dialogue did insist its action took place in India . . . (it didn't . . . they filmed most of it, just as they did "The Rains Came," in Utah) . . . the male beauty rides high in these . . . Ty Power, Errol Flynn, Joel McCrea, John Wayne, Richard Greene, Cary Grant and George Brent are all extremely handsome . . . in fact to a feminist like me, it's tough to admit that Bette Davis, Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye and Deanna Durbin, were the only important girls to survive the male competition in 1939 . . . "Only Angels Have Wings" had Jean Arthur, I know, but I believe the appeal of it was chiefly Cary Grant's, just as the big draw on "Angels with Dirty Faces" was Jimmy Cagney's. . . .

"**TARZAN Finds a Son**" has to be listed under pure adventure . . . it's probably the most original film in the whole list, because the events in "Tarzan" aren't related to anything on heaven or earth . . . and there again, a beautiful man, Johnny Weissmuller, was the star . . . with all this chatter about Lamarr, Dietrich, Shearer, Crawford . . . that is, the glamour girls . . . it is interesting that they are conspicuous in 1939 by their absence . . . and that the women stars who did win out this past year are the ones who are distinguished by their naturalness. . . .

Next to adventures, we prove we want laughs . . . the three *Hardy* pictures . . . the youthful zest of "Babes in Arms" . . . the gay fantasy of "The Wizard of Oz" . . . the nonsense of "Bachelor Mother" . . . which latter film by the way, is the only money-earner which had any



Biographies, such as Henry Fonda's "Young Mr. Lincoln," proved that we liked serious drama, as well as . . .

. . . gay fantasy, color and music, as projected by this delightful quartet in "The Wizard of Oz" . . .

sly sex implications to bother the censors. . . . Musicals don't rate much . . . "Rose of Washington Square" had a few songs but only "The Wizard of Oz" can truly be listed in the musical category, and maybe the music was even discounted in its popularity . . . on the score that it did have fantasy and color . . . for color we do seem to go for, too . . . "Jesse James," "Dodge City," "Kentucky," "The Wizard of Oz" . . . show that.

TEAR-JERKERS we'll take . . . "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Dark Victory" were both four handkerchief pictures . . . and we'll even be serious and watch biographies as witness "Young Mr. Lincoln" and "Stanley and Livingstone" . . . though in the latter I think it was the appeal of a serious spiritual message that got us . . . "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" most cleverly combined two appeals, that of high-browishness about Washington and of laughter about an innocent dupe who won out against the forces of corruption . . . but you'll find no really serious, problem-play in all this list . . . I know that "The Rains Came" has subtle characters in it, but I think it was the earthquake and the flood that sold it to us and not the involved relationships of Ty Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent therein . . . to re-emphasize how true this is, it is interesting that "Wuthering Heights," a film that won the New York Film Critics award as the best film of 1939 (which, if you care, I, personally, do not think is anything of the kind) does not enter into the popular earning group at all . . . "Wuthering Heights" was an artistic production, magnificently acted . . . but, for me, and seemingly once again I'm just an average movie fan, it was too dreary to be purely enjoyable . . . maybe it was art . . . but it wasn't entertainment. . . .

WHAT gives out on this is that such a list clinches what I've been arguing right here in PHOTOPLAY for several years . . . that it isn't the money that is spent on a film that attracts us . . . it's what it's about and the emotional kick it provides . . . "Jesse James" . . . "Dodge City" . . . "Union Pacific" . . . "The Rains Came" . . . "Stanley and Livingstone" . . . "Gunga Din" and "The Wizard of Oz" were very expensive pictures . . . but those are only seven films in the twenty-five winners . . . the other eighteen were only average in cost . . . Ty Power . . . Spencer Tracy . . . Myrna Loy are the only big box-office stars represented in the list, too . . . for when 1939 started Mickey



. . . while "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," starring Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur, combined two appeals that were "naturals" to make it a box-office smash

Rooney wasn't so big and Ginger Rogers had slipped from her former fair estate . . . thus proving we don't go exclusively by who's starred in the picture . . . proving, in fact, the opposite . . . we want our eyes appealed to with beautiful human beings in beautiful settings, and our hearts touched with warmth and laughter.

THE stars of today realize these facts . . . it's a realization that they have much more clearly, apparently, than the producers and it gives a feeling of insecurity to any Hollywood group . . . the old rule of personalities not lasting more than five years is long since gone. . . today one may last as long as one's pictures are good . . . which can be twenty years or two . . . because of this situation no one in Hollywood blames Robert Taylor for quarreling with Metro . . . or the exotic Vivien Leigh for being unhappy over being cast in "Waterloo Bridge" as her next production after "Gone with the

Wind" . . . that smart young woman knows that the *Scarlett O'Haras* are few and far between, if they ever repeat at all . . . but as she shrewdly told me, this is no time to be putting out a dreary romance about the last World War . . . it is criminal to waste such moving talent as Geraldine Fitzgerald's on "A Child is Born," or the lovely charm of Greer Garson's on such tripe as "Remember?" . . . but, reversely, when you see Rosalind Russell coming into her long overdue glory with a rambunctious, warm, gay performance in "His Girl Friday," you know that at least one swell trouper is safe for a little while longer . . . they've had the label hung up in Hollywood for a long while saying that Roz was "cold" . . . meaning only that she didn't have the standardized type of sex appeal . . . when you see her in "His Girl Friday," you know she's got sex appeal all right, the brainy, witty kind such as at least one in four of our ten million women in this country are proud to flourish. . . .



Oh, the "Road to Singapore"

Is a picture you'll adore . . .

If it's laughter you are after

You'll be rolling on the floor . . .

Join us somewhere East of Suez

On our tuneful tropic tour . . .

And you'll lose those winter bluez

As your heart thrills to Lamour . . .

Bing and Bob
 Just a couple of hitch hikers
 on the "Road to Singapore"



DOROTHY LAMOUR...
 who causes that traffic jam
 on the "Road to Singapore"

Paramount presents
"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"
 with BING CROSBY · DOROTHY LAMOUR · BOB HOPE
 Charles Coburn · Judith Barrett · Anthony Quinn · Jerry Colonna
 Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER · Screen Play by Dan Hartman and Frank Butler · Based on a Story by Harry Hervey

SARONGS . . . SARONGS . . . AND MORE SARONGS

SWEET POTATO PIPER

CAPTAIN CUSTARD

TOO ROMANTIC

THE MOON AND THE WILLOW TREE

SONGS . . . SONGS . . . AND MORE SONGS . . .



D O N ,

Alice

AND

*The heartwarming story of two men
and a woman who have found the
secret of Hollywood friendship*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ONE friendship started out of tragedy and the other out of comedy, but added together, they created the riotous Three Musketeers of Hollywood, Power and Faye and Ameche.

There's always talk about there being no friendships in Hollywood, and of how jealous stars are of one another. That's true enough of the time to make this explosive combination the exception that proves the rule.

But Ty, Alice and Don work on the same lot. They play in one another's pictures. They continually sing one another's praises and they go in for horseplay and practical joking between

themselves that gets so rough at times it nearly wrecks the whole Twentieth Century-Fox plant.

Men frequently get together in friendship, but this setup is unique in having a girl mixed up in it. And the fact that two handsome young men think enough of a slim blonde girl to spend hours thinking up new ways to tease her, spells out in letters a mile high what a swell number the Faye is.

This three-cornered friendship (and make no mistake, it is friendship and never was romance) started off on a noble fine note. Tyrone Power, very unknown, definitely unsung, was kicked out of Alice Faye's picture, "Sing, Baby, Sing." Maybe you've heard this before, but it has to be repeated for you to get this unusual relationship going in its proper sequence.

It was Ty's first picture and thus the event was discouraging. At that moment if Alice had acted according to the guide to stardom she would never have spoken to Ty, not because he had done anything wrong, but because it looked as though he were to be that Hollywood thing worse than death, a failure.

Alice, however, barged over at this crucial

moment of artistic disgrace and asked Ty to take her to dinner. She didn't know him then, or he her, but they spent the evening together. They got solemn as owls about everything. Alice gave Ty a great pep talk, and Ty said she was his Inspiration. Alice said he was her Friend. They told each other that each understood. They promised to be friends forever and ever. On such a high, moral, sweetness-and-light plane the Faye-Power friendship rested until Dominic Felix Ameche came along.

Now there is no guy who has been made to seem such a plaster saint in his publicity as Don, and who is, in actual fact, such an impudent devil. Don does go to church every Sunday and he does adore his wife and sons, but those things, and those only, are what he is serious about. Everything else is a laugh to Don, and if you don't laugh with him, he'll soon find a way to make you.

His way of achieving that is dead-pan kidding, right in the middle of any production's most portentous scenes. It's a little difficult to convey to you the nerve tension, the solemnity that ordinarily reigns on sets. I suppose it is



Hollywood calls them the Three Musketeers — Ty-rone, Alice and Don—and in their work, and in their play, they've proved they are one for all, and all for one. Don and Alice are together in "Lillian Russell," while Ty is soloing in "Dance with the Devil"

hangings. They saw exquisite Victorian lamps with their big pink shades. They saw the neat closets for Alice's gowns, closets concealed behind mirrors that reached from floor to ceiling. They observed all that and they just waited for Alice to be called away.

The call to return to the set finally came and away tripped innocent Alice. When she returned she saw what their loving hands had done. They'd wrecked the joint, that's all. The lamps were overturned. The bows were off the satin. Her gowns lay in limp attitudes over everything. Her mirrors were scrawled with grease paint. One whole mirror just said "Hello, dear." Alice surveyed that desolation and if those two boys had been anywhere around she would probably have wrung their necks. But they carefully weren't around and then the more Alice looked, the more she realized how big she had taken all this luxury, and how silly that was, and when she thought of that, she began to laugh. Laugh and think about revenge. A simple call to the decoration department in the studio would do away with most of the damage, but she had to do the revenging herself.

She rushed over to Don's dressing room but it was discreetly locked. But Ty, the most temperamental of the three of them, hadn't thought that far ahead. Alice crept into his diggings. There before her she saw Ty's first pair of imported English shoes. She knew them on sight because Ty had already proudly displayed them to her and even boasted that he had gone berserk and paid thirty-five dollars for them. Another telephone call and Miss Faye had a hammer and nails in hand. Five or six neat blows and Mr. Powers' beautiful dog-coverings were fastened tight to the floor. They didn't show it. They sat there slyly waiting for the moment when Tyrone, the 3rd, would put his feet in them and attempt to walk away. For that moment Alice also left a note on Ty's mirror. It merely said, "Thanks, kids."

After that, there was no stopping them. There was always two against one, though in different

(Continued on page 94)

TY

with combs, flowers, folding chairs, powder puffs and the firm determination to reduce her to laughter. He was polite as all get out at the introduction but once on the set, every time Alice moved, he popped up to serve her, a mocking gleam in his eyes. He raved over her beauty. He was speechless with adoration when she put over some big scene. The little Faye hadn't grown up on New York's Tenth Avenue and fought her way up through the song-plugging game to movie stardom without knowing a ribbing when she saw it. She knew Don was kidding the socks off her and it made her mad as a snapping turtle. She wasn't actually too happy in those days. She didn't like Hollywood or Hollywood men. She wanted to go back to New York—either that or be a great dramatic actress—and here was this clown, making her want to giggle all the time. She resolved she wouldn't and the more fiercely she resolved that, the more determined Don grew that she would.

THE spoofing feud went on for two whole weeks of production or up until Don enlisted Ty's aid in it. That brought results on the evening of the day Alice had been presented with a new dressing room.

The rooms the boys were dressing in at that time weren't exactly hovels but still there was nothing about them to do them proud. Alice's new dressing room, however, was a Class A, super deluxe special and she didn't hesitate to let them know about it. In fact, she invited them to call and observe her splendor and that was what led to her downfall. For those two pranksters looked at the room's miles of white satin, covering chairs and dressing table and

unavoidable. Millions are at stake, moods are the equation on which the whole hinges and the star to keep her moods happy must be pampered. Any star can walk from a scene on any set and without even turning her head, have a chair appear instantly back of her. Hairdressers spring forward wordlessly to run their combs through already perfect locks. Make-up men solicitiously pat cheeks and nose with unnecessary powder. Publicity men flutter and the yes-boys go into their gurglings. The star is either very gracious about it, or pretends she doesn't notice all this fuss, depending upon which type of person she is. Either attitude kills Ameche, and he kills the attitude.

Don and Ty were old friends from their starving Chicago days, and after the "Sing, Baby, Sing" episode Ty had communicated to Don what a regular person Alice was. Don had never met her however until they were cast together in "You Can't Have Everything."

"You Can't Have Everything" was a very important picture to Alice and she was prepared to treat her role with due respect, but the first day Don reported on the set he came equipped

Randy rolled over and opened his eyes gradually. "Caroline," he said, "do pineapples grow on trees in bunches or do you pull them up like potatoes?"



HAWAIIAN HONEYMOON

Beginning—a sparkling new novel of two young stars who didn't know what they wanted, and a worldly one who did—and meant to get it

BY HAGAR WILDE

AT thirty-five, Randolph Grimes had not yet learned to accept hangovers with the philosophical detachment befitting his age. Each time he achieved one he was surprised and slightly hurt. Now, stretched full-length on the sands of Waikiki Beach he was mumbling to himself, "Oh-kool-e-how. Poonay. Lah-nigh. Mah-lah-hee-nee. Kah-mah-i-nah."

Caroline Hathaway, brunette, slender and in the first stages of a good even tan, reared up on her elbows and regarded him suspiciously. "Would you mind telling me what you are doing?"

"I am pronouncing all the Hawaiian words I learned last night and trying to decide which one is responsible for the condition I now find myself in," said Randy with dignity.

"The word," said Caroline, "is okoelehau. Properly defined, it would be: Liquid dynamite reserved for the unwary such as one Randolph Grimes who thinks anything that pours is suitable to drink."

"I was only practicing saying it," said Randy. "If I practiced saying a million dollars I wouldn't wake up with several million dollars in my fist, now would I?"

"No, darling," said Caroline.

"But every time I said oh-kool-e-how they gave me a glass of it."

"They certainly did," said Caroline.

"Caroline, did I make an ass of myself?"

"Yes, darling," Caroline said cheerfully.

Randy rolled over and opened his eyes gradually. A pained expression flitted across his face as a number of healthy people engaged in



All her life Ann had responded to certain symptoms with one course of action — a bath. Now she sat on the edge of the tub undressing and crying at the same time

healthy pursuits crossed his line of vision. Far out in the king surf tiny figures balanced gaily on surfboards and swooped in on the wave crests. The outrigger canoes rocked gently, the steersmen watchfully waiting the telltale swell from far out which promised a good, long, swift ride in to shore. Randy shuddered and turned away his eyes.

"Caroline," he said, "do pineapples grow on trees in bunches or do you pull them up like potatoes?"

"I'm ashamed to say that's a subject I have never gone into," said Caroline.

"But you must have some idea."

"Don't be ridiculous. There's no idea that I must have. If I don't know, I simply say I don't know and people ask somebody who does."

"Last night," said Randy, wrestling valiantly with a memory which disappeared and reappeared as unpredictably and illogically as the Cheshire cat, "I met a man who cans pineapple."

"Do tell," said Caroline.

"And I'm sure I borrowed twenty dollars from him," said Randy. "He invited me to come and see the pineapple plantation. Now the point is, suppose he leads me up to a pineapple and stands back proudly and I don't recognize it?"

"That's simple," Caroline said. "If you recognize the man, you'll identify him with pineapple at once. Then whatever he leads you up to, you just exclaim in admiration. And pay him his twenty."

"If we put you in the diplomatic service," said

Randy, "we'd be at war before you could drop a hat. How a good mind like mine puts up with a mind like yours I've no idea."

Caroline grinned. "I've often wondered how so many good minds got to Hollywood. And were they good minds in New York or did they hand them to you gentlemen when you got off the train at Los Angeles?"

"You're a bitter woman," Randy said admiringly.

"No I'm not," said Caroline. "I'm just vicious. I've met so many good minds and they seem to get better as the salary checks get bigger. Maybe associating with such a raft of other good minds makes a commonplace mind get ashamed of itself and start trying. Or, like the Coué system, a mind could keep saying to itself, 'Every day in every way I am getting smarter and smarter and God keep J.B. head of the studio until after option time.' Or . . ."

"I catch," Randy said.

"Now that is a good mind," said Caroline, "and when I'd barely outlined the idea."

"Well, in six years I've come from forty bucks a week on a paper-and-twine trade journal to a producer's salary which modesty forbids me to name," Randy said. "That proves something, doesn't it?"

"It proves you came to Hollywood," Caroline said sweetly.

"I'd hate to be married to you. It'd be like living with a fluoroscope."

CAROLINE sat up and dug her fist into the sand. "Speaking of being married, didn't we come to Honolulu with a couple who were?"

Randy gave it a moment's thought. "I believe we did. Very famous people they were, weren't they? A man and a woman."

"That's the usual combination." Caroline's voice was at its most soothing. "Was the woman a little thing with a snub nose, kind of? And red hair? Could her name have been Ann?"

"She's your best friend. You should know."

"Have you seen them today, Randy?"

"I haven't seen anybody today. Or," Randy added bitterly, "anything."

"Look," said Caroline. "I'm worried."

"I'm too sick to get up and move. Tell me all about it."

"I'm afraid Ann isn't happy."

Randy closed his eyes and groaned. "You find the strangest things to worry about." He opened his eyes again. "If a woman's not happy on her honeymoon, when the devil would she be?"

"Have you noticed how she watches David?"

"To be absolutely frank and aboveboard with you," Randy said, "I haven't noticed a thing except a buzzing sound in my ears and an inability to walk in a straight line ever since I left Hollywood."

"David's out surfing," Caroline said irrelevantly.

Randy shook all over with an involuntary reaction of distaste. "You mean out in all that mess of water with people zooming past him on other people's shoulders?"

"But Ann isn't," Caroline said significantly.

"Good for Ann," Randy said heartily. "That

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Glamour Girl



1940-STYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARMANDO SEGUSO

Our Bureau of Standards looks over the Hollywood glitter market. Could you fulfill these specifications?

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

If you are a Hollywood glamour girl, 1940 style, your given name is short, staccato and smacks of the exotic. Preferably, it is Hedy, Myrna, Carole, Sonja, Greta, Bette (not finished off with a plain old "y," either), Isa, Irene, Joan, Miriam, Kay, Alice, Gloria, Norma, Ginger. Other accepted glamour names are Claudette, Jeanette, Marlene, Madeleine, Katharine, Margaret, although they are many syllables too long for swank. Lucy, as a cinema glamour name is taboo.

Your surname is hand-picked for euphony unless your family moniker is a good one. Hepburn's was all right, so were the Bennetts'—Joan, Constance, Barbara; Gloria Stuart's too. Miss Gustafsson changed hers to Garbo, LeSeuer to Crawford, Williams to Loy, Peters to Lombard. A glamour gal's name must be packed with enough marquee magnetism (whatever that is) to lure people to the box office.

If you are the synthesis of a Hollywood glamour gal you are about thirty years old and admit it. What is there to lose? The World Almanac will give you away if you lie about your age, anyway. You wear artificial eyelashes before the cameras and, just for the heluvit, to a costume party given by another glamour gal. You'd

rather do that than use the waterproof mascara of your profession because that hardens and pulls the eyelashes out when you remove it. Even little pre-glamour maiden Deanna Durbin rues that. You use one of those lipstick pencil to outline your rather full lips (you, like all glamour lasses think full lips make a woman look "sexy" and sexy you must look for your constituents).

Your hair has been all shades from platinum blonde (during the late Jean Harlow reign), through the copper tones, and now you are mulling over a period in black. You have discovered that you are practically a Hedy Lamarr in a black wig, and La Lamarr is the

(Continued on page 82)



Marital vacations are taboo for the Bob Hopes

PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WITH THE CHIN

A black and white of Bob Hope—a comedian on whom Fate cast a benign eye when a hunch played him false

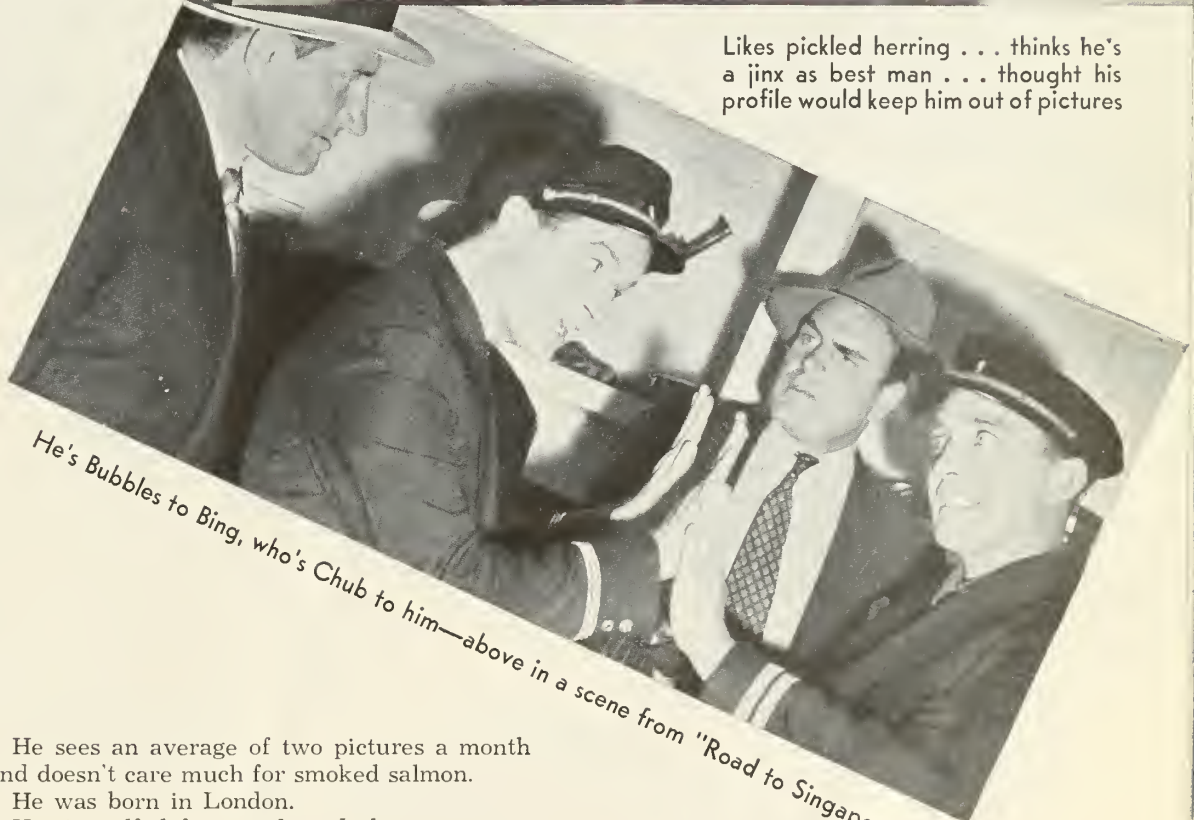
BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HIS favorite Scotch joke is the one about the Scotchman who sat up all night and watched his wife's vanishing cream. He considers the most foolish act of his life the time he rejected his first radio offer because "radio would never amount to anything." He recalls, wistfully, that he lost five years before he began to get his share of the ether bonanza. He loves smörgasbord. He is almost punctual. He is very abashed when confessing that his baptismal name is Leslie Townes Hope. He never wears a hat and hat manufacturers are forever beseeching the studio to make him wear one. He has a casual, yet lusty attitude towards life, taking it in full stride. He thinks Parisians are the happiest people he has ever known. He likes caviar, gum-soled shoes, canaries and garlic seasoning.

He sees an average of two pictures a month and doesn't care much for smoked salmon. He was born in London. He, in self-defense, adopted the cognomen, Bob. His nose and chin are profiled like ski-slides and because of that he was the most surprised man in the world when he clicked in the movies. He is five feet, eleven and three-quarter inches tall. He is married and has a four-year-old daughter adopted from The Cradle. He has a strong aversion for hillbilly and Hawaiian music. He is fond of a six by eight-and-half foot bed which he brought from New York and in which he does all his reading. He brushes his hair fifty times a day and massages his scalp. He endorses physical examinations before marriage.



Likes pickled herring . . . thinks he's a jinx as best man . . . thought his profile would keep him out of pictures

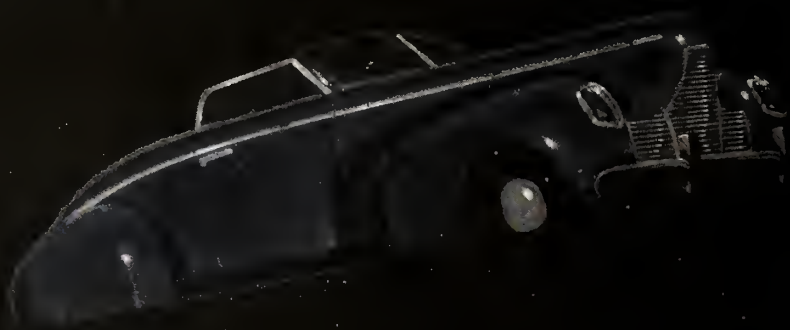


He's Bubbles to Bing, who's Chub to him—above in a scene from "Road to Singapore"

His chief hobby is collecting bad notices, framing them, and displaying them in his bar. He is an incurable sentimentalist. His favorite comic strip is the *Bungle Family* and he unconsciously observes all the usual theatrical superstitions. He is a sucker for lending his services for any kind of a benefit, but he resents being invited to social functions merely to provide entertainment. He likes quoting the late Will Rogers, who, following a dinner at which he was embarrassingly made to amuse them, sent his
(Continued on page 72)



Luxurious five-passenger coupé de ville (small town car, say we), convertible to sports sedan—so Hedy Lamarr can go both gay and glamorous



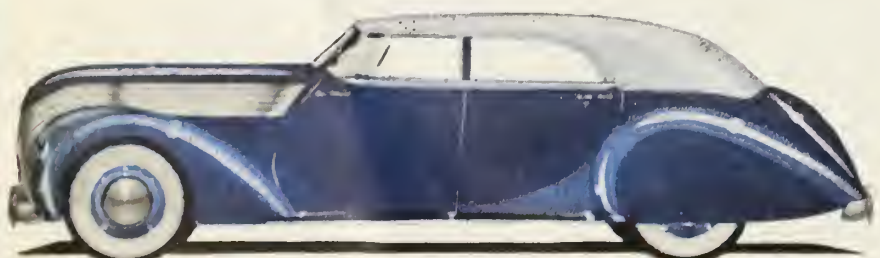
Conventional-type sports roadster, highly individualized—for Bette Davis, the little girl from traditional old New England with the big bundle of acting pyro-technique

Cars for



William Jenks—his designs combine beauty, utility, originality

IDEA of the Month: Automobiles to express film personalities. Not that these are actual jalopies you'll see them riding in among the hills of Hollywood . . . just that here's a young man who enjoys conjuring up designs like these as much as we hope you'll enjoy previewing them . . . Man Behind the Idea: William Jenks by name; born twenty-two years ago in New York. Californian by adoption; his family settled there when he was ten—now married, he still lives in Glendale. Artist by inclination, cultivated by study at the Chouinard School of Art. Specialist in mechanical drawing by preference, developed by work with a well-known local manufacturer of custom-built cars, where he learned the inside intricacies and outside streamlines of special jobs for Gary Cooper, Countess di Frasso, *et al.*



"The Liner she's a lady," sang Kipling—but here's a streamliner for a modern perfect lady—a convertible sedan for the gracious adaptability of an Irene Dunne



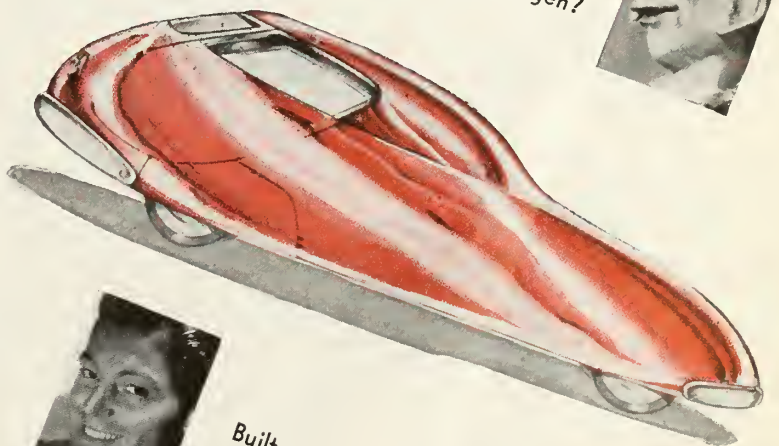
For Clark and Carole Lombard Gable—San Fernando Valley station wagon, with air-conditioning, movable seats, rear engine

Stars

display, in search for new delights,
presents these products of a brilliant
imagination—"personal" auto-
mobiles for streamlined personalities



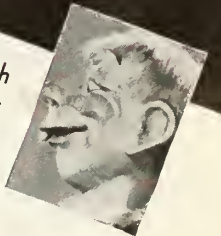
Practically stripped to the gears, with detachable fenders, convertible as all get-out—presenting the "Oomph" roadster—for Ann Sheridan, of course



Built to swim through traffic—tomorrow's rear-engined coupé, with opera seats and a narrow rear tread—for Johnny Weissmuller



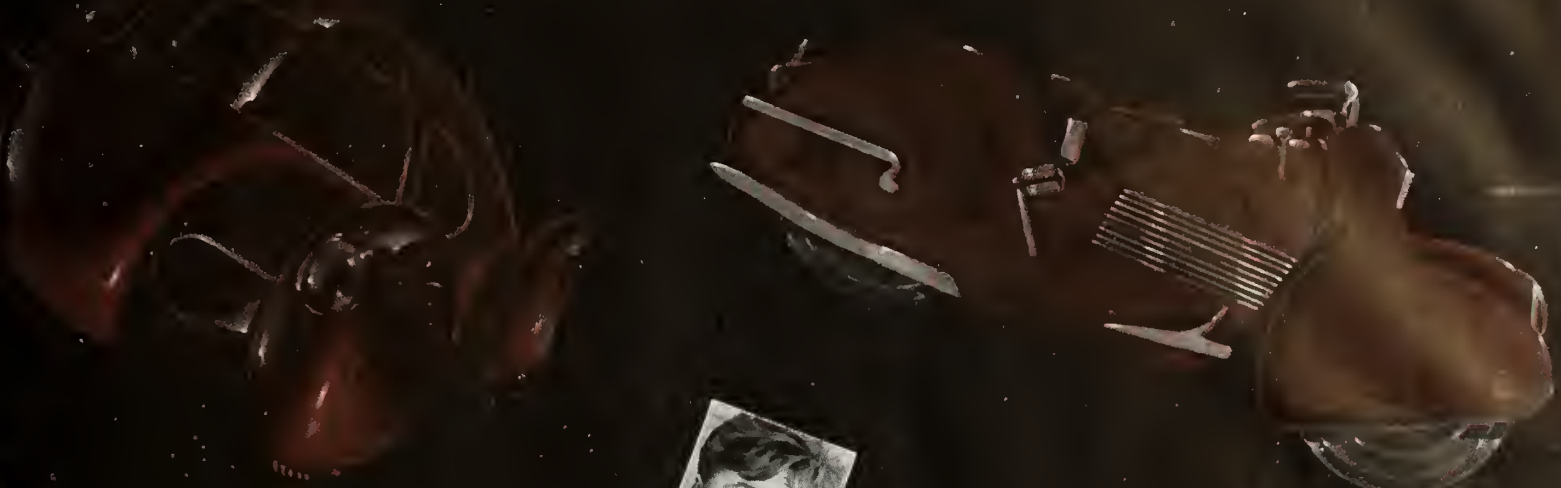
Nothing but a super sports roadster for Charlie McCarthy, with extra seat for Mortimer Snerd (he has his own windshield, too—if he's ever invited). What—no mother-in-law seat for Bergen?



Here tomorrow, gone today—in a blaze of spark and a sputter of sound! What better suited to Mickey Rooney than a streamlined motorcycle?



"Teardrop" coupé, inspired—not by Errol Flynn's non-existent lugubriousness—but by his comet-like, supercharged speed!





▲ Anne Shirley and John Payne (at the Troc) need no props for their marriage



The Paul Munis have passed the acid test for happiness in the home

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST

Lessons in Love

There's a certain surprising truth to be learned from matrimony among the stars, where the sanctions of wealth, of society and of religion are not what keep people together!

BY GRETTA PALMER

SO Constance Bennett is planning to get a divorce from her Marquis—that same Marquis de la Falaise whom actresses seem always divorcing! And Madeleine Carroll and Captain Philip Astley have ended their marriage by divorce. Those in the know will whisper to you that that famous couple which recently appeared so battered on the lot were not hurt in an “automobile accident,” as the publicity department would have you believe; they had a bang-up, shantytown Saturday night row, in which the devoted wife gave as good as she got. Domestic affairs, among the stars, are suffering from the doldrums once again.

So we rise to ask (with, heaven knows, no

illusion as to the novelty of the question): What about Hollywood marriage? Is it true what the press agents say—that all of these glamorous men and women live on so high a domestic plane that life is one long, sweet honeymoon (until the divorce is, somewhat embarrassingly, announced)? Is it true what the exposé-writers would have you believe—that the whole screen colony wallows in inconstancy, and that marriages occur only for purposes of box-office appeal?

What, in a word, is the truth about matrimony on the Coast?

On a recent whirlwind tour of the colony I became the Marriage Reporter Pro Tem of the Coast. I looked at the stars with no eye for their wardrobes, their coiffures or their conversation, if any. I studied them as wives. Not even Clark Gable's eyelashes were able to deter me from my chosen point of view. Mr. Gable, bless his heart, was interesting to me only as a married man. And having angled some of the famous pairs from a strictly Married Love approach, I can report that things out there are just about as always. There are more divorces, to the mile, than there are in Newton, Kansas. There are fewer Darbys and Joans than in, say, South Carolina. But when a Hollywood marriage is good, it's terribly, terribly good!

Mr. and Mrs. Gable are a case in point. They are a good case simply because we have here two stellar personalities in a field which is supposed to be the most highly competitive in the field. The legend has it that no marriage can survive when one partner exceeds the other's

success. Well, both Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are doing everything in their power to hoist each other to as high a step on the ladder as possible. Miss Lombard, when talked to, was full of excitement over—guess what?—her husband's picture, “Gone with the Wind”! She was as delighted about the praise for his magnificent portrayal of *Rhett Butler* as if she had never been inside a studio herself!

Clark Gable is as thrilled over his ranch as any settled, married man. He has taught his wife to ride and to enjoy his out-of-door life with him—because, you see, he doesn't want to be married to a mere glamour girl of the cafés—he wants a *wife* who will share his interests and his hobbies.

THERE'S one Hollywood marriage that's working like a breeze. Take, for a moment, a less conspicuous couple—Anne Shirley and John Payne. They don't go in for extensive ranches, but anyone who has spent a week in Beverly Hills has seen these two together, having a whale of a time. They are among the most enthusiastic of the couples dancing at the night clubs—and dancing together, Madam! When they go out for an evening's fun they may be surrounded by the most spectacular names in America, but they're oblivious to this—as oblivious as when the reader and his wife drop in for a Saturday dance or two at the local roadhouse—that is, if the reader *likes* his wife!

Among the older married couples, take a look at Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who don't go



Legend says their marriage can't survive—but the Gables have Legend lashed to the mast

Those five points that are reasons for failure of Hollywood marriages haven't licked the Don Ameches

out dancing as much now as they used to. You see, the children are older now, and they want to stay at home with them. And there are the Fredric Marches, whose life revolves around their home and their gracious social life there. There are couples like the Darryl Zanucks: When he is kept late at the studio, Mrs. Zanuck comes and routs him out and says, "You've worked enough for one night, now you're coming to a party with me!"

There are couples in Hollywood whose marriages date back to the '20's. There are many couples who have celebrated their tenth (or tin) anniversaries, a few who have made their twenty-fifth (or silver) wedding days, and they're not obscure bit-players either. These veterans include James Cagney and Frances Vernon—Paul Muni and Bella Finkel—Basil Rathbone and Ouida Bergere—Spencer Tracy and Louise Treadwell—Warner Baxter and Winifred Bryson. All these marriages have lasted ten years, or more.

"Well," you may say, "I can match such cases in any town or city in America, and they will occasion no great surprise." It is only in Hollywood that the man or woman married ten years is regarded as a cross between a saint and a side-show freak. Hollywood is conditioned to divorce. It doesn't expect marriages to last.

"Why not?"

I asked that, too. Why are the dice of the marriage-gods so heavily loaded in this town? What dooms so many young couples who started their married life, cameras grinding, with youth and wealth and good looks in their favor? Why is the divorce rate in Hollywood about three times as high as for the country as a whole?

There's only one way to find out about a thing
(Continued on page 79)



Veterans of more than ten years—the Jimmy Cagneys have foiled the difficulties famous people encounter



Typical of today's crop—Brenda Joyce of "The Rains Came," "Little Old New York"



A sports announcer turned actor—that's Ronald Reagan of "Brother Rat and a Baby"



One turn-down wouldn't stop Ann Morriss featured in "Broadway Melody of 1940"

Round Up of

FAMILIAR FACES

Unsung till now but definitely tuneful are these eight provocative personalities now scoring in current films

BY SARA HAMILTON

ACROSS our movie screens, in endless parade, march our film friends. Old friends such as Alan Hale and Jane Darwell keep step with the bright eager newcomers—Ruth Terry, Ann Morriss, Brenda Joyce and others.

It's about these youngsters we want to speak first, for we have a feeling the steadier, whiter light of today's children will burn longer than the consuming fires of the young stars of yesterday. Their voices, eyes, minds all speak of durability. Take, for example, Brenda Joyce, of 20th Century-Fox's "Little Old New York."

"The name Brenda is wrong for me," she says. "My own name is Betty, you know, which I think suits me. The name Brenda, to me, has always stood for dark, dashing sophistication. I have none of those qualities."

She says it honestly and simply. Behind her horn-rimmed glasses (Brenda is nearsighted) her light brown eyes are calm and undisturbed.

They smile when her lips do. Her mouth is lovely; her hair, parted on the side, a natural gold; her face squarish and photographically perfect. It should be. She's smiled at you many times from magazine and posters, for Brenda came into movies from commercial photography. When her money ran out she left the University of California at Los Angeles in her junior year to become a photographer's model.

One day during a tennis game, a woman agent, who was also playing, spoke to her about movies. Brenda confessed she'd always yearned to be an actress and mentioned that she thought 20th Century-Fox had always seemed so kind to newcomers. So the agent took her to Fox, and to Tom Moore (remember the famous brothers, Tom, Matt and the late Owen?), who is the talent coach at that studio. Tom encouraged the quiet-spoken, gently-bred young beauty. Two weeks later Brenda was tested for *Fern* in "The Rains Came," then she was on her

way in "Here I Am a Stranger" and "Little Old New York." It was just that simple.

For her first scene with George Brent and Myrna Loy she had to row a skiff with one oar.

She wears her heart on her wrist. It's a gold one on a chain bracelet, but inside is a picture of her real heart, Owen Ward, who went all through Junior High School, Los Angeles High School and U.C.L.A. with Brenda. Owen is an accountant, and when he makes enough to support them, they'll be married.

Measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever kept up such a constant parade in little five-year-old Brenda back in Kansas City where she was born, that her mother (her parents have been divorced for years) brought her to San Bernardino, California, hoping the change in climate would shake off the germs. It did. But the change wasn't so good for the natives, especially those who awoke one morning to find the sidewalks of that town covered with large



Plucky newcomer Ruth Terry had veteran Pat O'Brien on the run in "Slightly Honorable"



Brod Crawford of "Slightly Honorable" didn't want to act, but changed his mind



"Adventure in Diamonds" isn't the only adventure Isa Miranda has had in her life



Her superb characterization in "The Grapes of Wrath" put Jane Darwell in the spotlight

fornia, then transferred to U.C.L.A. Oh yes, she has one small mole and three baby satellites on her lower left cheek. They couldn't find a softer more beautiful place to nest. I'll tell them that right here and now.

A Very Grim Fairy Tale

The day Ann Morriss, whom you'll see shortly in "Broadway Melody of 1940," stormed the gates of M-G-M, talent scout Bill Grady stated that while she was distinctive looking (she isn't beautiful, thank heavens), as well as talented, she did need more dramatic experience. "Come back in a year," he told her.

Less than a year later Ann was back knocking at the gates. So M-G-M opened the gates and in walked Ann and straight into the lead of "The Chaser" with Dennis O'Keefe. She went to the preview and no one paid her the slightest attention. But afterwards—well, everyone knew they had an actress on their hands and they'd better do something about it. They did. They put her into "Honolulu," "Spring Madness," "Society Lawyer" and "The Women." They built up her small part in the new "Broadway Melody" to a goodish size, so you know they must think well of her.

Ann is a product of Hollywood High School. As long as the Morrisses lived down in Texas, where they moved from Tampa, Florida (Ann was born, there), she didn't say too much about being an actress, for her dad was a minister and Ann thought he wouldn't like the idea too well. But when her mother, sister and brother moved to Hollywood to live, Ann quietly set about her goal, studying at Ben Bard's drama school and taking notice at all movies. After she was in, her dad wrote he was delighted and shyly confessed he, too, longed to be an actor. Then mother one day secretly confided she wished she could be an actress, and Ann's sister boldly stated, "Well I'm going to be." She's going through the storming-the-gate stage at present.

Ann's nice serious face with its grey eyes is framed in ash-blonde hair. She's five feet seven in height. She claims it doesn't distress her at all to be seen with a shorter man, and dismisses the whole "tall girl" problem with the statement, "It's nice for reaching on top shelves."

Much as I distrust the word "lady" I must employ it to describe Ann, with her soft quiet voice and her naturally dignified manner. She ignores double meaning wisecracks because, as she says, she doesn't know what they mean anyway, and



Incongruous as all get-out—this Alan Hale of "The Fighting 69th" and "Irene"

she'd blush too red if she did. Certain of our little colony can't make her out. Fred Astaire and George Murphy, who worked with her in "Broadway Melody," admire her tremendously.

There was a day she suffered untold agonies of embarrassment on that set, and that was when she forgot and ate her favorite vegetable for lunch—onions. Next to onions she likes pickles and peanuts (between meals) and Mexican foods. She plays crack tennis, Ping-pong and golf and can sail a boat like a man. She has two dimples that try and try and break through when she smiles. Just because everyone thinks it's sure death to whistle in a dressing room, Ann whistles in hers! Yellow is her lucky color. She washes her hair and does her nails, herself. She's always promising herself that now that she can afford it, she'll go to a beauty parlor. She never does. She likes men who make a girl feel at ease and her pet aversion is men who

(Continued on page 88)

arrows all pointing in one direction. It was the postman who followed the blocks after blocks of arrows to discover they led to Brenda's home whereon was hung a sign "Dancing Lessons Giving Here." Mrs. Leabo (her mother) hurriedly removed the sign and ten-year-old Brenda to Los Angeles.

Her imagination was so vivid that "sometimes Mother would look at me and wonder," Brenda says. We know what she means. Ours looked at us that way many's the time.

She reads a lot, maintains the same circle of friends, mostly her Delta Gamma sorority sisters, who aren't the least impressed with her movie career. Even the one who lived with Betty, while her mother was housemother for Beta Theta Pi sorority at Westminster College, wasn't even dented by the fact Brenda was a "movie actress."

She adores cats and has brains. She won a scholarship to the University of Southern Cali-



Forever gay (even though black is a new fashion note for the little star of "Everything Happens at Night")—with Rudy Vallee, at the Victor Hugo

WHEN SONJA HENIE MET ALAN CURTIS



—and Alan can testify!

Heartbreak's a solo plunge but happiness comes in pairs... as both Sonja—

BY BARBARA HAYES

THE dice were definitely loaded on the day that Alan Curtis made his first date with Sonja Henie to take her to the brilliant premiere of "Hollywood Cavalcade." To laughing Sonja, she of the miraculous feet and the cool, clear head, it was just another date, a very nice one, admittedly, since Mr. Curtis is a handsome lad with more than his share of that thing called "oomph!" Yet even at that the date to Sonja meant nothing to get terrifically excited about.

But for Alan it was an Occasion in more ways than one.

However, even he didn't anticipate that a few weeks later all Hollywood would be asking, "Can Alan Curtis win Sonja Henie?" Least of all, did he dream that he would be asking himself the same thing.

For anyone who doesn't live in the movie village to appreciate how the charm dice were loaded on that first evening, it is necessary to go back to the many factors involved in the basic situation. They are the kind of hidden factors that aren't usually talked about in the film colony, but which every insider knows are there. They couldn't exist anywhere else, and experiencing them couldn't hurt a person so much anywhere else either. They have to do with hearts and the aches hearts can get in them, and with pride and ambition, and with that difficult thing the Chinese call "saving face."

First of all you must realize that Miss Henie is what is called in Hollywoodese a very, very big potato. She is a star of the first-ten magnitude. Her film wage is in that fabulous bracket from which the income taxes nick some seventy-odd per cent, which means millionaire stuff. She is perfectly capable of going out of an evening and earning herself an additional \$15,000 to \$25,000 for a simple skating exhibition—and often does. Hollywood always remembers those facts about Sonja. But one fact it rather constantly loses sight of behind all that glitter of gold. It forgets that Sonja is also a vital, warm, beautiful unmarried girl of twenty-six.

Alan Curtis is the current example of what happens all the time to talent in Hollywood, and a crying shame it is, too. Alan was put under contract by M-G-M some two years ago because he was handsome, young, very sex-
(Continued on page 81)

PHOTOPLAY PROUDLY PRESENTS

As its April Movie Book - Complete in this Issue

THE NEW DOCTOR KILDARE NOVEL BY MAX BRAND

That stalwart triumvirate—Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres and Laraine Day—another of M-G-M's thrilling Kildare films. On the following pages is a condensed version of the original novel on which the latest picture, "Dr. Kildare's Girl," is based

Two hours of dramatic reading, about a young interne who defies all rules in his daring fight against disease and death



IN the crowded waiting room of Dr. Gillespie there were people of ten nations of more than ten degrees, from the old pugilist with rheumatism in his broken hands to the Indian mystic whose eyes already were forgetting this world; but little Florie Adams took precedence over all of these. Her mother lagged breathless, a step behind, as Florie was led quickly on by a nurse so pretty that the little girl had to keep looking up at that freshness and that bloom; and so her stumbling feet forgot their way.

"Emergency!" said the nurse to the Negro who was on duty as though to guard the door. "Emergency, Conover!"

So they came to the threshold and the mother leaned over the child, saying: "He's a great man, Florie. He's a great, *great* man; and you just look at him and listen at him, and he'll make you well!"

Then the door opened and little Florie entered, prepared to listen with all her soul, and to see. She saw an office worn and old and littered, with the smell of a drugstore and the look of a secondhand furniture shop. She saw a young man in white with a pale face and eyes darkly stained by sleeplessness; he seemed to Florie like someone who has stared too long and too hard at intangible, fading things; there was about him the humility and the tension of a foreigner who listens to speech that is only partially understood. But the great man was not he. The great man sat yonder in a wheelchair. To Florie he was as old as her private conception of the deity, and like her God he wore a tangled radiance of white hair, thin and luminous. He had a high forehead with a blue vein of wrath etched across it; he had the smile of a fighting Irishman who may be delighting in the battle or suffering from a twist of exquisite pain; and beyond all else he had eyes of fire that made Florie forget the rest. He barked at the pretty nurse in a harsh voice: "Well, Lamont, what's this?"

"An emergency, Dr. Gillespie," she answered.

Florie expected her to shrink, but there seemed no fear in her; she even smiled at this great and terrible doctor.

"It's scarlet fever, Doctor Gillespie," said the mother. "Little Joanie, she come down exactly like this; but I thought maybe there's a way of . . ."

"Never mind what you thought," snarled the great Gillespie. "What the devil is this, anyway?"

The last words were for another nurse who had come in with a tray that she placed across the arms of the wheelchair.

"It's two boiled eggs with some toast and crisp bacon crumbled into them," said the nurse.

"Take the stuff away!" shouted Gillespie. "Take it away and bring me coffee!"

THE young doctor, in the meantime, sat on his heels and took the hand of Florie with a touch so gentle, so firm, so assured, that she could not help feeling that everything would be all right, if only the terrible old man would stop roaring. She smiled at him and he smiled back as he scanned her face deliberately, reading it up, reading it down.

"I'm sorry, sir," the nurse of the tray was saying. "It was orders to bring this."

"By the jumping thunder—by the living . . . whose orders?" boomed Gillespie.

"Dr. Kildare, sir."

"Kildare!" exploded the great voice.

"Yes, sir?" answered the young man who sat on his heels.

Florie trembled, but this Kildare did not even turn his head from the examination as he spoke.

"And what am I to say is the meaning of this?" said the terrible voice. "About this confounded interference, what am I to do?"

"If I were you, I would eat the eggs, sir. You've had nothing since yesterday."

He rose as he spoke and kept on smiling down at Florie. The wrath of the great Gillespie dissolved.

"Not since yesterday? Haven't I, Jimmy?" he said, apologetically. But instantly he was barking: "Where's the coffee, Parker?"

His anger drove her back toward the wall.

"It wasn't ordered for the tray, Doctor Gillespie," she said.

"I'm to be treated like a babe in swaddling clothes, am I?" demanded Gillespie. "You think I'm going to put up with this damned outrage? Well, get out of my sight! What are you waiting for, Nosy?"

The nurse vanished.

"Bring the child to me," commanded Gillespie.

"Certainly, sir, when you've finished eating," said Kildare.

And still the lightning did not fall!

"It's a simple case," went on Kildare. And he

The compelling novel of a young interne's courage in a drama behind hospital walls



"You have until Friday to do something about it," Gillespie told Jimmy. "Why couldn't some other young jackass have had the idea? No, it had to be my boy!"

THE NEW
DOCTOR KILDARE
NOVEL
BY MAX BRAND

said with that wonderfully gentle and quiet voice that opened the heart of Florie: "She's been having aspirin, hasn't she?"

"Oh, yes," said the mother.

"I wouldn't give her any more just now," suggested young Doctor Kildare. "Aspirin is a very good thing, but sometimes it will bring out a bit of a rash, like this."

"Is that all it is?" gasped Mrs. Adams. "Oh, Doctor Gillespie, is this right?"

"Right?" boomed Gillespie. "Why, the young fool doesn't dare to be wrong, does he?"

So Florie was drawn out of the room, still with her head turned to catch her last close view of greatness.

"Why did Mary Lamont bring that case in here?" Gillespie growled. "It could have gone through other avenues. . ."

"Perhaps Mrs. Adams is a sister of Mike Ryan, sir," suggested Kildare.

"Mike Ryan? The ignorant bartender in the saloon over there?"

"Yes, sir; my old friend Mike Ryan."

"Next patient!" called Gillespie. "You've got a taste for low company," he added with his growl, "that may drag you down to the gutter. And don't say: 'Yes, sir,' to that!"

"No, sir," said Kildare.

THERE was a commotion in the outer office, a hurrying of heavy feet, a confusion of voices.

The door was broken open and a burly ambulance driver with a prize fighter's jaw and the bright little eyes of a pig came in, supporting a man doubled-up with pain. At the door appeared Conover, complain-

ing: "I tried to keep them out, Doctor Gillespie!" "Never mind him, Joe," said the big man. "Here's the little old doc, and he'll fix you up. He fixes everybody up. He can look right through you like an X-ray."

Joe, slumped in a chair, managed to whisper, with a twisting grin: "Then he'll see the slug that McCarthy left inside of me five years ago."

"What d'you mean by this, Weyman?" demanded Gillespie. "Do you think this is the regular emergency ward, or what?"

Weyman, his cap in his hand, began backing up with small steps, only taking note that Kildare, on his knees, already was at work on the patient.

"Yeah, sure—emergency room," said Weyman, "only it was farther away—and I thought about how fast the Doc is, here—and Joe is a pal of mine. . ."

"Get out!" commanded Gillespie, and Weyman disappeared, saying hastily as he went through the door: "Doc, he's even got the same name as me! We was raised on the same block!"

"By the same cops with the same nightsticks," commented Gillespie, suddenly grinning. "Let me get at that boy, Jimmy!"

"It's all right, sir, I've got it . . . Stomach pains for several years, Joe?"

"Yeah, Doc. Off'n on. But this one—it's different—it's a sock in the eye. . ."

Pain cut off his breath. The smile he was trying to give turned into a ghastly, white contortion.

"How long has this pain been going on? . . . Nurse, ring Killefer in surgery. I've got a job for him. A rush job . . . And get an orderly here to take him . . . How long has this been going on, Joe?"

"Since about five this morning . . . I thought it'd pass. . ."

"And the pain went down lower?"

"Yes. And then I remembered about you—because I was scared."

"Ten hours?" murmured Kildare. "I wish you'd remembered me sooner. . ."

As the orderly appeared with the wheeled stretcher, Kildare picked up Joe and laid him on his side on the table.

He said, briefly: "Dr. Killefer—ruptured gastric ulcer—ten hours old. Tell Killefer."

Kildare gripped Joe's hand and followed the stretcher to the door.

"I'll see you through, Joe," he said.

"Will you? That's swell!" murmured Joe, and relaxed, his eyes closing over their story of pain.

"More of your low company, Kildare," said Gillespie. "I see you're the 'doc' to the whole district, now. When any ragamuffin pickpocket, yegg, or second-story man speaks of 'the doc,' he means young Doctor Kildare. And what do you get out of it? For the sake of a fugitive rat with a bullet-hole in him, you slap down the authorities, kick the hospital in the face, and damn near ruin yourself; and what would they do for you?"

"I don't know," said Kildare, thoughtfully, "but I think some of them would die for us—and they're the only ones who would."

THE call of "Next Patient!" brought in a sal-low-faced youth of twenty-two and his personal physician, a Dr. Arthur Sloan, who kept the sprightly verve of an athlete at fifty-five.

"You have the case history and the laboratory reports already, Dr. Gillespie," said Sloan.

"Good," said Gillespie, "and now I have the man! Arthur Sloan is a known and experienced physician, Kildare, but you may be able to help him."

"I'll try, sir," said Kildare.

Dr. Sloan stiffened.

"I hoped for your personal attention to a very baffling case, Dr. Gillespie," he said.

"You'll have it if it's needed," said Gillespie. "But Kildare does something more than fill time-gaps around here. He won't waste many minutes if he hasn't an idea."

"Very well," said Sloan, coldly, "if you'll remove the bathrobe, Mr. Loring. . ."

Kildare went briskly ahead with his examination.

"This case has been worked up thoroughly," said Dr. Sloan, who from the corner of his eye seemed to condemn every gesture Kildare was making. "It seems a characteristic case of chronic malaria. . . you know that we come from a malarial district. Mr. Loring is losing strength and appetite, together with weight. He has a degree or two of fever in the afternoons. Classical symptoms, you'll agree. But I bring him here because I've been unable to find the malarial plasmodia in any of the blood smears. However, it *must* be malaria!"

"I'm afraid that I can't agree with you, Dr. Sloan," said Kildare, stepping back a little.

"Ah, you don't agree?" asked Sloan, smiling a little. "After your *very* brief examination, what do you think it may be?"

"Bacterio endocarditis," said Kildare.

"My dear young man!" said Sloan, and shrugged his shoulders in resignation.

"What's that?" asked Gillespie. "Bacterio endocarditis? You're not trying to be original?"

"No, sir."

"Quite a bit out of the way, I should say," commented Sloan.

"You've taken the blood smears at different times of the day, Sloan?" asked Gillespie.

"Yes, sir. Repeated smears, and always at varying hours."

"Is that what you base it on?" Gillespie demanded of Kildare. "Because the plasmodia have not been found you're sure that it couldn't be chronic malaria?"

"No, sir," Kildare answered, "because I know that frequently the malarial organisms may be located in the spleen and remain there, acting as a reservoir for infection."

"The spleen palpable?" demanded Gillespie.

"Quite," said Sloan.

"For a first guess—I haven't had my hands on Loring yet—but for a first guess, I can't help feeling that you're right, Sloan. Kildare, you're barking up the wrong tree."

"I believe not, sir."

"Damn the beliefs—I want the proofs. You're not guessing, are you?"

"No, sir, not entirely."

"You've been too quick, Kildare," said Gillespie, shaking his head. "What about the heart?"

"There's a systolic murmur of the apex, transmitted to the axilla," reported Kildare.

"That is true," agreed Sloan, grudgingly.

"But at the same time, that doesn't make it bacterio endocarditis, Kildare!" exclaimed Gillespie.

"If young Doctor Kildare were to come down into our country," said Sloan, with a sour smile, "he would learn a little more about some of the curious phases of malaria. It's not always something that a bit of quinine will rub out."

Kildare set his teeth hard and endured. He was sweating and his anger kept his eyes fixed straight ahead, but his voice remained under control.

"Young men," growled Gillespie, "should learn not to jump their opinions into the dark. Kildare, 'd be glad to hear you admit that you're wrong about this."

"I can't do that, sir," said Kildare.

Gillespie stared suddenly at his assistant. "Kildare, what have you seen?"

"Mr. Loring," said Kildare, disregarding Gillespie's question, "are there fleas in your part of the country?"

"For God's sake," cried Loring, "what has that to do with anything?"

Kildare pointed to four or five small spots at the base of Loring's throat.

"A slight rash or irritation of some sort," said

Sloan, indifferently.

"Are there fleas in your country?" insisted Kildare.

"Not many. Not in *my* house," declared Loring.

"Petechia, then," said Kildare, and stepped back to indicate that he had finished speaking his mind.

"I suppose we can go on, then, with the question of the chronic malaria?" asked Sloan.

"Chronic malaria?" said Gillespie, wheeling his chair closer and staring at the little spots on the throat. "Certainly not. They *are* petechiae—and absolutely diagnostic. It's bacterio endocarditis, man, and the search is finished."

"You mean that *he* is right?" demanded Loring.

"Unfortunately, yes," said Gillespie.

"Extraordinary!" growled Sloan. "Absolutely extraordinary!"

KILDARE, when they had left the room, ran a handkerchief over his sweating face.

"I was hard on you, eh?" demanded Gillespie.

"Not particularly, sir."

"Yes, I was hard on you, and in front of strangers. I hoped that you'd seen something but I couldn't be sure. And so I made you sweat. Because if you *had* been taking a shot in the dark, I would have wanted to crucify you in front of the whole world. It's a damnable temptation for doctors to make a brilliant guess—and then stick to it like stubborn mules. Understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But there's another thing that's more important still: When you think you're right, when you're honestly convinced, then it's your opinion against the whole world. That's the time to nail your flag to the mast the way you did just now. You weren't entirely sure that those petechiae *were* absolutely diagnostic?"

"Not entirely, sir."

"But it was your best thought on the subject, and so you stuck to it. Oh, Jimmy, there are times when every doctor has to act quickly. There's life or death hanging on whether he thinks right, but there's no time to ask questions. Those are the moments when a doctor has a shudder up his spinal column and his knees are watery and his heart is sick, but all the while he has to talk and act like God Almighty. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, sir," said Kildare. "Shall I call the next patient?"

"Don't change the subject on me. Hide your own pride, if you want to, but don't try to cover up the fact that old Gillespie was wrong, just now. I've made mistakes before; I'll make 'em again; and old or young, all a doctor can do is his best."

He leaned back in his chair with closed eyes.

"Let me get you something," urged Kildare.

"For what? Can't an old man be tired and close his eyes? Get me something for what?"

"For the pain," said Kildare.

"There's no pain!"

"Very well, sir. There's no pain, then."

"How do you know there's pain?"

"You have two ways of smiling. One way is when it has you by the throat."

"Tommyrot! Nothing has me by the throat."

"The melanoma. . ."

"Be still about that."

"Why can't we speak about it?"

"Because there's no cure for me, and what's the use of a dead man talking about death?"

"We can't cure you," said Kildare, steadily, "but we can stretch out your time. There's a fire burning you up, and you give it nothing but your body to feed on. I have to fight you to make you eat one small meal a day. Carson could help you with his new treatment."

"You mean his new system for 'drinking' X-rays?"

"You won't see him. You won't lift a hand to help yourself."

"I've had my three score and ten," said Gillespie. "Just why should I try to stay here—in a slow fire—dying inch by inch? Why should I try to steal time that doesn't belong to me?"

Kildare started to speak but the words would not pass his lips.

"Go on! Tell me!" roared Gillespie suddenly.

"You've got to stay on because of me," said Kildare, at last.

"I do, do I?" cried Gillespie, apparently in a rage.

Kildare walked deliberately to the lion and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'd never be able to take half of what you know, half of what you can give the world," said Kildare, "but you have to wait until you've loaded me with all I can stagger under."

The old man, half-closing his eyes, drew a long, shuddering, groaning breath. He dropped his head on his breast and laid a hand on that of Kildare.

"Jimmy," he said, and fighting hard he started again: "Jimmy. . ."

"Next patient!" called Kildare.

"Ay," muttered Gillespie. "The next patient. You'll have your own damned way about everything, I suppose."

"Next patient in one moment, sir," said Conover, opening the door a trifle.

"You'll let me have Carson in?"

"I suppose so."

"And you'll follow his regime?"

"Jimmy," said Gillespie, making a gesture with both hands, "what right have I to deny that so long as I live I have hope? I preach miracles every day; why shouldn't I pretend that one might be worked on me? Go as far as you like. Does that make you happy?"

CHAPTER III

WHEN the sun came out, the mild weather had to be used. From two angles of the second story windows of the Blair General Hospital there is a good view of the tennis courts where the internes and doctors get a

bit of exercise now and then. A good many of those windows were filled, this afternoon, for there was something worth watching on the courts where Doctor Hendrix, who had been a national figure in tennis ten years before, had met his match. A tall, blond young athlete, not half so racket-wise as Hendrix, was covering the court like a tiger.

Mary Lamont was leaning over one of those window sills when Kildare stopped behind her.

"You like him pretty well," said Kildare.

She looked back over her shoulder, saying: "How do you know?"

"That's easy. You never turn your head. You're looking at a man, not a tennis game."

"You ought to be a detective; they *pay* for eyes, in that business."

"It's Gregory Lane," he announced.

"Oh, you know him? What do you think he's like?"

"He's just a shade under six feet; weighs a hundred and eighty; has stiff hair and uses a little slick 'em on it; a good forehead and a pair of grey-green eyes; speaks a shade from the right side of his mouth but laughs all over; stands straight, has a light step, and a heavy pair of shoulders."

"A regular police description!"

"Want to know some more about him?"

"Yes. Go ahead as far as you can."

"He's been well-raised; had some of his education in England; likes the Hemingway sort of writing; has a fighting disposition; is nervous before the fight begins; loves a good joke; and sleeps on his face."

"Jimmy! You've never even shaken hands with him?"

"What of it?"

"Then how could you know he was well-raised?"

"Well, manners are made at home. He's been handled with care. The England appears a bit in his accent; but sometimes he talks a trifle Heming-

THE CAST

Dr. James Kildare	Lew Ayres
Dr. Leonard Gillespie	Lionel Barrymore
Mary Lamont	Laraine Day
Dr. Gregory Lane	Shepperd Strudwick
Dr. Walter Carew	Walter Kingsford
Molly Byrd	Alma Kruger
Dr. Stephen Kildare	Samuel S. Hinds
Martha Kildare	Emma Dunn
Weyman	Nat Pendleton
Henry Thornton	John Eldredge

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Harold S. Bucquet

way; he looks ready to punch any man in the chin but he's easily startled—so is a wild cat; he has a lot of smiling wrinkles in his face even at twenty-nine; and as for sleeping on his face, I've seen him very early in the morning."

"You're just an X-ray, Jimmy," she said, rather petulantly.

"I've never been able to see through you," he answered.

"But he's not nervous, really," she said.

"No? Look down there now. He's going to lose that point."

Dr. Gregory Lane and Dr. Hendrix were in the midst of a base-line rally, the ball sweeping back and forth low over the net.

"He won't lose it!" declared Mary Lamont.

"He will, though," said Kildare. "You see, he's trying to make himself go to the net, but he's a little afraid . . . There he goes!"

Gregory Lane, caught completely out of position, flubbed a half volley into the net.

"You had no right to know that he'd do that!" protested Mary Lamont, turning on Kildare.

"But he's a good fellow; he's a good sport," said Kildare. "See him laugh—and it's set point, too."

"He is a good fellow," argued Mary Lamont, half to herself. "And besides, he'll never be caught that way again."

"Won't he? I tell you, Hendrix, the old fox, has his number, now. He'll keep trapping him to the end of time . . . look at that!"

Lane was serving, and again Hendrix worked the forehand slice short; again a half volley was dubbed, this time out of court.

"I don't want to watch any more," said the girl. "Not with you standing around. I don't want you to see Gregory Lane being beaten."

"But he'll do better, now."

"He won't! Look at the way he overdrove that one!"

"That's all right. He'll keep on overdriving them until he gets the feel of the ball again . . . Oh, there's a lot more to him than I thought!"

LANE began to whip the ball long and hard into the base-line corners and Hendrix, with years telling a bit upon him, lost some of his control.

"He'll begin to get the net now. He's feeling his oats. I told you that he was a fighter, but he's nervous until he sees the first blood—his own or the other fellow's."

As though inspired by this remark, Lane sprinted to the net and cut a return into an impossible place for Hendrix.

"Don't look at it any more," said the girl.

"Why not, Mary?"

"Because you know too much. There's only one thing you don't know."

"Thousands of things, of course."

"About Gregory Lane, I mean. You can't guess what makes him so extra attractive to the girls."

"Of course, I can. He's a magnificent looking fellow."

"It isn't what you see, though."

"What is it, then?"

"A private income."

"Ah, is that it?"

"Jimmy, will you please be a little bit jealous?"

"Partly jealous, but chiefly helpless and hopeless, you know."

"I don't want you to be that way, either."

"All right, you tell me what to be."

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "But I hate the whole world—that's all I know."

"Suppose I had as much as—well, what would it have to be?"

"I've got all the minimums worked out, rent, laundry, food—are you always hungry, Jimmy?"

"Yes. Always."

She sighed.

"I could fill you up with porridge and things. They cost a lot of gas to cook, but they're the cheapest. Could you eat them?"

"I could eat anything."

"And then there's light and gas, and installment payments on the furniture. . . ."

"Suppose we rented a furnished place?"

"Jimmy, you simply don't know anything. Furnished places are just ruin!"

"Are they?"

"Of course, they are! . . . And then there's clothing, and that's a dreadful item. And then we'd leave out everything like gifts, and amusements, and incidentals—except that you're so horribly absent-minded, Jimmy."

"I wouldn't be, though. I'd tie strings around my fingers in the morning and hitch labels to them."

"Cutting everything to the minimum, Jimmy, we'd have to have fifty dollars a week—if we

wanted to be decent and not just rats in a hole."

"Fifty—dollars—a week!" murmured Kildare.

"And just now I'm getting twenty a month. . . ."

She put out her hands to him.

"Haven't I reason to hate the world?" she asked.

CHAPTER IV

WINTER, which had retreated the day before, seemed to have disappeared the next morning and a misplaced day of spring warmed up the dark streets of New York and set people smiling unaware. Gillespie himself, as he answered the telephone, was looking out the window at that blue, summer sky.

"Yes, Carew," he said, to the head of the hospital, "yes, but why does Gray want Kildare? . . . He can't have him for that! . . . Kildare is carrying on as a regular interne, but he's done enough appendectomies . . . Besides, we're busy, today . . . We're taking a day off in the country!"

He slammed up the telephone and said: "Did you hear that, Jimmy? We're going for a ride in the country. The next thing is to find a car to take us, free, and a place to go . . . Call that rich pal of yours . . . Get Messenger on the phone for me."

He was saying a moment later: "Messenger, you've been asking me to come out with Kildare and see that medical plant you're starting. What about today? . . . Good, then . . . We could use a car, at that. Will you be out there? I'll look at your plant as far as a wheelchair can take me, and Kildare will go the rest of the way."

Mary Lamont came in, dressed for the street in a small black hat and a green coat that looked too slim and trim for winter weather.

"The report you wanted on the Clonmel case, Doctor," she said, giving Kildare a long envelope, and she started in haste from the office.

"Lamont!" called Gillespie. "What are you doing out of white?"

"It's my day off, Doctor," she said.

"Wait a minute," he commanded. "You believe in telepathy, Jimmy?"

"Half and half," said Kildare.

"We got it from Lamont, this idea of a day off," insisted Gillespie. "Lamont, got a date?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Of course, you have. It's with us. We're going for a cruise into the country. Jimmy, get into your street clothes . . . Get Nosy Parker to lay out my own things and lend me a hand."



While they were watching the tennis game below, Mary asked, "Jimmy, will you please be a little bit jealous?"

The winter cold and wet had glazed the trees, the shrubs. The whole countryside flamed around them off to the verge of the horizon blue, which seemed to dwell in a permanent twilight.

"There's something wrong with Lamont," said Gillespie, a bit later. "Find out what it is, Jimmy."

"What is it, Lamont?" he asked, smiling a little.

"It's a job for Dr. Gillespie," she said.

"Won't Kildare do?" asked Gillespie.

"Not a bit. There's a great surgeon in the Blair General that's going to be hounded out of his place by bad luck and unpleasant people in the front office."

"What great surgeon? And how great is he?"

"He has a beautiful pair of hands," she said, "and—he's wonderfully fast! Yet the hospital is going to do him in because he's had bad luck. Unless you'll say the good word for him, Dr. Gillespie."

"Young and beautiful, ain't he?" asked Gillespie. "Yes."

"So, of course, he's a great surgeon."

"He's Gregory Lane," she said, defiantly. "The new man on the staff? What about him, Kildare?"

"I've heard good things, sir. I don't know him very well."

"He's lost his last six cases in a row," said Mary Lamont, "but everyone of them was a frightful mess. He's a neurosurgeon, you know. Dr. Gillespie, will you help him?"

"If he's worth help, I may. Six in a row? Well, that may happen to the best—in brain surgery."

"Will you help him?"

"What's he mean to you?"

"I love him," she said.

"Bah!" said Gillespie.

"I do," she declared. "He's wonderful—and so quiet—and he's so much of a man! I love him!"

"All right," said Gillespie. "If she loves him right out loud like this, in public, there's nothing for you to worry about, Jimmy."

"You don't know Mary," said Kildare. "She can be bitter."

"You will help him?" insisted the girl, overlooking Kildare.

"I'll try."

"Thank you, doctor," she said, setting back with a sigh of relief.

Five minutes later they had turned off the road down a driveway bordered by lofty poplars and so they came to what seemed not a rigid institution with prison-like structures, but an open-faced New England village.

"Is this the place?" said Gillespie. "See what Messenger has done! He's turned a village into a medical apparatus. A man like Messenger is so rich that he can afford to use his brains, eh? Oh, lucky devil! Where's Messenger waiting for us?"

"He's in the cottage of the assistant professor of Humane Research, sir," said the driver.

"Humane Research!" said Gillespie. "Now, what the devil might that be? All of medicine is humane research, I hope."

WHEN they drew up at the appointed place and had helped Gillespie back into his wheelchair, Messenger's daughter came down the steps, waving, and calling out; and big Messenger himself hurried after her. He helped get the wheelchair up the steps and into the house. They went back into a library where a fire burned on a five foot hearth and a Persian rug glowed like a field in May with green and red and gold.

"The chair of Humane Research," said Messenger, explaining to Gillespie, "is a title, as you can imagine, that covers a great many things because it's the general name of the whole institution; and I'm advised that if I get the right man for it, he could have an interesting life. You see—the holder of this chair is to have carte blanche. I hope to get a man who has a peculiar insight into diseases that may be a little more in the imagination than in fact—a man with a gift for stepping into the full confidence of people, you know."

"Ah?" said Gillespie. "That's an unusual idea. And I like it. Have anybody in mind?"

"Someone I wanted to talk over with you. I have some of the other chairs well filled; for instance, there'll be Tillinghast of Chicago in neurology. . . ."

"A great man," said Gillespie. "A very great man."

"There will be an orthopedist. Grover Jackson has consented to come for that chair."

"You couldn't do better than Jackson," said Gillespie. "The idiot is only right part of the time; but even his mistakes are inspired ones."

"The pediatrician is to be Professor Johann Herz."

"Great Scott, how did you manage to land him?"

"I kept bidding and waiting, and bidding again."

"I'm glad I didn't see this before," sighed Gillespie. "I would have been tempted to try to find a place for myself. But who have you in mind for this chair of Humane Research, this cream of the whole lot?"

"A younger man, Dr. Gillespie."

Messenger paused a moment. Then he said: "It seemed to Nancy and me—she's done more about this scheme than I have—that there couldn't be a better man than the fellow who first interested us in medicine—I mean to say, we felt that if we could give a new, free life to the man who gave back life and more than life to Nancy—in a word, our

choice is Doctor Kildare, if you approve."

Suddenly he was smiling, and standing back a little with a genial expectancy. Nancy looked happily toward Kildare. She saw him go straight to Gillespie, staring sharply down into his face. After that, he turned and glanced toward Mary Lamont; and what Nancy saw in the face of the nurse was as old as hunger, and as bright as the sun.

Old Gillespie took off his glasses and squinted his eyes at the thought that had been presented to him. He polished the glasses and put them on again. At last he seemed able to see something.

"The trouble with filling a post like this," said Gillespie, "is that you'd need a man who would never be satisfied with what he had done but would have a spur in his ribs urging him forward. You'd want a man whom other people could trust. He'd have to be a man without fear of opinions but loyal to his friends, while he was loyal to the truth. He'd have to be capable of growth so that in the end he'd be worthy of heading what may be one of the most important medical centers in the world.

"He'd have to be a man who had been tested to the heart and to the marrow of the bone. That's why I can freely say that if you searched the world over, I don't think you could make a better choice than Doctor Kildare!"

He dropped his head and stared at the floor, as though seriously questioning his decision before he reaffirmed it.

"You couldn't find a better choice than that," he concluded.

Messenger said: "I hoped that you'd say that, Doctor Gillespie, but I wasn't entirely sure. I knew that you had your own great plans for Jimmy."

"My own plans for him? What plans could I have that would be half so good as this chance to give his gifts to the world and to have the money curse removed from him before it has a chance to break his heart—or his back?"

CHAPTER V

THE great Gillespie did not often allow his imagination free scope, but on the return trip he seemed in the highest spirits and sketched for Kildare a future as bright and rich as a golden crown. Mary Lamont watched him with a growing content that reached a happy climax when he said: "How could you have told them that you wanted a day to think it over? How could you keep from accepting on the spot?"

"I remembered what a fairly intelligent fellow said to me, once," answered Kildare.

"What was it?"

"He said that the obvious choice was usually the quick regret."

"Sounds like some damned coiner of aphorisms. There's nothing I hate more," said Gillespie, "than young or old fools who try to say things so neatly that they'll be easily remembered. Who was this precious dunderhead?"

"His name is Leonard Gillespie," said Kildare.

At seven that evening Kildare called Mary Lamont. "Have you a date this evening?" he asked.

"Yes. Is it something important?"

"Well, to me it is."

"All right. I'll call off the date."

"Will you? Then meet me over at Mike's in a few minutes?"

"I'd rather not Mike's, Jimmy."

"But I only have half an hour. Then I'm back on duty."

"I'll be at Mike's," she said, and dropped the receiver heavily into the cradle.

When she got over, she found him in the family room with a glass of beer.

"We oughtn't to meet here," she said. "People will see us; and the internes are not supposed to go out with the nurses."

"Nobody who sees us in here will talk," he answered.

"Anyway, perhaps it doesn't matter?" she suggested.

He seemed to hear her dimly; a mist of thought clouded his eyes.

"You look a bit dressed up," he said. "What have you got under that cloak?"

"It's a lace thing."

"Let me see it."

She opened the cloak.

"Leave the cloak off for a while, will you?"

"This isn't the dress for a place like this."

"It's the dress for me. All right. Put the cloak back on. Did you have to break the date?"

"I stalled it a little. He'll wait."

"Who's the he?"

"It's none of your business."

"Who's the he?"

"Gregory Lane."

"Who's Gregory Lane?"

"Jimmy, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing; I'm all right."

"Oh, but there is something wrong. You have that look as though you'd been driving fast all day—and were going to drive all night. What is it you're going to do?"

"Nothing."

"Jimmy, that isn't true. Look! I thought today that I was going to be the happiest girl in the world; now you're about to tell me that it's all no good."

He said nothing. He took a drink of beer and seemed to find it bitter.

"Jimmy!"

"Yes?"

"You're not taking the Messenger offer! You're staying here! You're staying with Gillespie!"

"Mary, you like Gregory Lane a lot, don't you?"

"Will you answer me?"

"You like Lane a lot, don't you?"

She had been rising from her chair. Now she sank back into it slowly, staring at him.

"Yes, I like him a lot. More than almost anyone I know."

"How much does he like you?"

"Quite a lot, it seems."

"Does he want to marry you?"

"Yes."

"But you let him wait and came over here to me in Mike's saloon?"

She kept staring at him, frightened.

"That doesn't matter," she said.

"Giving up the Messenger job doesn't count," he said. "It's giving up you that hurts."

"You *have* given it up!" whispered Mary. She put her face in her hands.

"I'd gone as far," she said, "as the color of the nursery walls." Then, looking up, she said, in an agony: "Oh, Jimmy, why, why have you done it?"

"It's no sacrifice," he told her. "Gillespie is worth everything."

"Honor," she said bitterly, "and the Right, and all the rest of the capitals. I guessed it! But I wouldn't believe that you'd be such a—No, I don't mean that."

She took hard hold on herself. His words were calm but his face was grey with suffering.

"It wasn't a question of right or wrong," he persisted. "There were two bids. That was all. And I sold out to the higher one. Messenger means an easy life for me, and all that. A home—and all that. It even means having you. Gillespie means a hard grind but he's stored up a thousand years of things I must know. It's no sacrifice."

"A home, and children, and I—we don't count compared with Gillespie?" she said.

Kildare could not answer.

"AFTER a while she was able to master herself. "I guess there isn't much left to us," she said.

"No," he answered. "Only what you say is left."

"I make the rules and we still play a game?"

"Can we?"

"Yes. But we're back at something we've known about before—twenty dollars a month."

"I know," said Kildare.

"No. You don't know. You've never wanted what a woman wants, so you don't know. Oh, I could say a lot of things!"

"Go ahead, I'll listen."

"I know you will. There's nothing wrong with you, except the bulldog. The big things you go after, you lock your jaws on and won't let go. There's nothing wrong with me, either, except wanting what a woman has a right to. It's queer, isn't it? To be heartsick, I mean, and yet with nothing to feel guilty about."

"Queer? Yes, it's that. You're going to be late for Gregory Lane."

"Stop it, Jimmy. You care more than that, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You're going to have empty, lonely times; and when they come, you call for me. Will you?"

"Will it be all right?"

"We'll make it all right. If there's something—something—more important—then I won't come."

They looked at one another.

"You're right. Everything you say is right. Go on," said Kildare.

"But if there's nothing more important—then I'll come to you whenever you want, and wherever. I've got eighty-five a month; you've got twenty; and we'll go as far as that will take us . . . around the corner . . . up the street . . . and back again. . . ."

"It'll be the wasting of you, Mary."

"No. It's good for a woman to be used. As far

as God will let her. We'll go as far as we can—without talking of certain things. We'll go as far as we can and try to forget that we're just walking about on the outside of things. It'll be just pretending."

"It won't be pretending. Not for me," said Kildare.

"But oh, Jimmy, if you won't be sick of it with all the hope left out, I'll be everything to you that I can be; all the things that begin with good morning and finish with good night."

CHAPTER VI

IT was next morning before Gillespie had word. He had his black man, Conover, heaping up stuff in the inner office, which served as a semi-laboratory as well; and the piled notebooks of Kildare, the records of experiments and cases, were being packed by Conover with more dispatch than neatness, for Gillespie hurried him on.

"Let's be done with it, Conover," said Gillespie. "Don't hang and dawdle like that, man!"

"But look at the words that fill up the books!" said Conover. "Think of him drawing them out, late at night. Think of him remembering what you've said and done all of every day and crowding it down like this! There ain't even a crap game that could keep me awake so long; not even if I was carryin' loaded dice, sir!"

"You confounded black idiot," said Gillespie, "I know you and your crooked dice too well. Get that stuff out of here and we'll be ready to go back to the old days, and a clean deck, and no damned foreign interference."

The voice of Kildare said behind him: "I hope not, sir. I've just telephoned to Mr. Messenger to thank him for his offer and to tell him that I'm staying on under you."

The head of Gillespie jerked back.

"Ten thousand a year—a house—a gentleman's establishment—a chance for an honorable career—you're throwing that away for the sake of—and tell me another thing—come around here and face me!"

Instead, Kildare rested a hand on the back of the chair. Gillespie took one hasty glance over his shoulder and then quickly looked front again.

His voice had changed from a bullying uproar to gentleness: "Did you tell this to Mary Lamont?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long do you think that a girl will wait around? Do you think she's a Biblical character? Will she be patient for seven years?" demanded Gillespie, roaring suddenly again.

"No, sir," said Kildare.

Gillespie winced as though a pain had touched him inwardly. After a moment, his fingers began to tap softly on the arm of the wheelchair.

"Give me the telephone," he said. "We're wasting time. There's a day's work ahead of us."

Kildare silently passed him the telephone.

"Get me Carew!" commanded Gillespie of the operator. "That you, Carew? I have to congratulate you. I hear you've got a pair of hands at last in neurosurgery that's able to do real work on the brain . . . Young fellow—Gregory Lane . . . I don't care what you think; the fellow's probably a genius. I want Kildare assigned to him to assist, when he's operating. Only then, mind you. Operations over, Kildare comes back to my office . . . He'd be wasting an opportunity if he didn't do some work under Lane and I don't care what Lane's record is. Napoleon had a bad record too, at Leipzig and Waterloo. Good-by!"

THAT was how Kildare found himself, late that afternoon, working beside Gregory Lane in the surgery and admiring what seemed to him a matchless technique. The brain surgeon handles at one moment hard bone; the next he is tying off thin blood vessels and dealing with the most delicate tissue in the world. He works in a region where the least hemorrhage or pressure or lesion may cause death or a ruined brain that is worse than death. He needs a touch as sure as steel and as light as a feather. It seemed to Kildare that Lane had all of these qualities. He was young, but he was a master. It was one of those perfect operations; and just as it neared completion the patient died.

When they were taking off the masks and white gowns big Gregory Lane said: "I know you want to be an internist, but you have a touch for this sort of work, also. That was a good job you did."

Kildare thanked him and looked over the big man carefully. It would have been hard to find fault with this fellow, except for an apparent excess of pride. But he needed that pride now.

"I suppose Carew will ask you why I butcher so many in the surgery?" asked Gregory Lane.

"There's another—seven in a row!"

The naming of the disaster seemed to take all the heart out of him; his smile wavered and failed.

"I'm not here to spy. Gillespie sent me," answered Kildare.

"Gillespie? Ah, that's different!"

"He'd heard that you were having bad luck but that you were a good workman. If he asks what I think I can tell him that nothing about your work is wrong except the luck." Sometimes there was a quick flash of enthusiasm in Kildare. It burned in his eyes now for a moment as he added: "I thought it was a beautiful job, doctor."

Lane flushed a little.

"I needed that," he said. "And when you talk, Kildare, there's a saying in this hospital that it's almost like Gillespie speaking. I need a drink, too. What about it?"

CHAPTER VII

SPRING, which had for two days pretended to be returning to New York, ended in a cold rain which a northeaster turned to glass on the streets. The wind still was whining around corners when Doctor Carew called Gillespie the next morning to say:

"Sometimes I feel more like a headman than a doctor, Leonard. I have to be the executioner, you know, and I hate the job, but today I suppose my course is clear. The reason I called you is because we talked about the man yesterday. It's Gregory Lane; seventh fatality in seven operations. I can't have a man like that in the hospital!"

"If you can't have him, I suppose you'll fire him," said Gillespie.

"I only wanted to check with you, Leonard."

"Check with Kildare. He saw Lane at work."

"And liked it?"

"Better than any he'd ever seen."

"Kildare said that?"

"He did."

"But seven deaths in seven operations. . . ."

"He had seven lost cases handed to him in a row. That's all."

"Then you think that I ought to keep him on?"

"I can't do your thinking for you. I'd keep him. That's all I know."

That was why Gregory Lane was still on the staff of the Blair General Hospital when, an hour later, there was a call from the accident ward for a neurosurgeon. Already they had tucked around the patient the red blanket which means "Emergency," for it was a bad head injury. Dr. Gregory Lane was assigned, and a moment later a call came through for Kildare.

"Are you still assigned to assist Dr. Lane? . . . Report to him in the emergency ward at once!"

THE emergency ward is the no-man's land across which the shock troops of a hospital move into action; but nothing in the room took the eye of Kildare except the tall figure of Doctor Gregory Lane bent over a patient in a corner bed. It was a man of thirty-five or forty, unconscious, pale, so that his face looked like one of those fine-line Holbein drawings that express the character but give little of the life.

"That's worth something," said Kildare.

"And we're going to work on him," answered Lane. "But it looks tough. I've rushed through an X-ray plate."

He passed it to Kildare and went on: "He's had the usual treatment for a skull fracture. It's an extradural hemorrhage; we'll have to operate if we want to save this life. Do you think?"

"I think so," agreed Kildare, his forefinger on a wrist to follow the slowing beat of the pulse. "Who is he?"

"We haven't any history. Traffic accident knocked him over; nothing on him except his name. Henry Thornton. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Not a thing."

The eyes of Henry Thornton opened wide. He threw up a hand before his face and winced.

When he lowered his arm he said: "I thought it still was coming at me." Then he started to sit up. Kildare pushed him back.

"You're doing all right, Mr. Thornton," he said.

"You've had a bad knock," explained Lane.

"It was going right past me but it skidded," breathed Thornton. "I tried to jump—but my feet went out from under me."

He sat up in spite of the restraining hand of Kildare.

"How long ago was it?" he demanded. "What day is this? What DAY is this?"

"It's Tuesday," said Kildare.

Thornton closed his eyes and gasped.

"Good—good—" he breathed. "Morning or afternoon?"

"It's morning. It's about ten-thirty."

"That's all right, then," said Thornton, "But I thought for a moment—for a moment it seemed to me that I was stymied—on a treadmill, so that I'd never get there—and I'd miss Friday noon!"

EVEN in his relief his excitement kept him tense. He shook off the effects of the sedative in an instant.

Gregory Lane commanded: "You'll have to lie down, Mr. Thornton."

"Lie down? Good God, no!" exclaimed Thornton. "That's the last thing that I can do!"

"You must," said Kildare, and pressed him slowly, gently back into the bed.

The tension of Thornton increased to a violent shuddering.

"That won't do—quiet yourself, Thornton!" said Lane.

Kildare, still controlling the patient, found himself looking into desperate eyes. He said, quietly: "The fact is that you've a bad head injury; and it's necessary for you to lie still."

"Head injury? It can't be bad. There's hardly an ache—there's—"

"It's a fracture," said Kildare. "We must operate, Mr. Thornton."

"Operate?" said Thornton. "Did you say—fracture—and operation?"

"That's better. Relax," urged Kildare. "That's what we want. No tension. It's bad for you."

"Operation—" repeated Thornton slowly, tasting the bad news by degrees, deeply. He kept looking straight up at the ceiling as he said: "Tell me how bad it is, will you?"

"It might be dangerous without treatment at once."

"Dangerous?"

"Yes."

"You mean—death?"

Kildare glanced up at the neurosurgeon.

"Yes," said Lane. "Without an immediate operation it might mean death."

"Could I live till Friday without the operation?"

"That's unlikely."

"Is it impossible?"

"We can't actually say that you'd die before Friday. But if you have any regard for your life. . . ."

"What do you talk to me about life? I've had five years of dying. I refuse the operation!"

He started to get up and there was a little high-pitched, gasping sound from a nurse.

"We can't control you, Thornton," said Kildare, "but let me suggest something. Whatever it is you have to do on Friday, couldn't I manage it for you?"

"You do it for me? You go in my place?" murmured Thornton, the idea still strange to him.

"Tell me what your work is—tell me what is to happen Friday. I'll be there!"

"You would, I think," said Thornton, reading deeply the mind of Kildare. "I think you'll go for me and you can do it!"

"Tell me what it is," urged Kildare.

"You'll leave everything and go?"

"I'll leave everything."

Thornton lay back with his eyes closed, smiling faintly. "You ought to have been a priest, not a doctor," he said. "You put me half to sleep. You make the whole thing seem finished already—and five years of hell are out the window and forgotten. Have you a notebook?"

"It's ready here."

Thornton began: "You have to start for—"

HIS voice stopped. Calamity entered his eyes and he started up on one elbow with a desperate face and then the blow which had been coming struck him back on his pillow, senseless.

Kildare got a stethoscope instantly over the breast of Thornton. The heart was still working, but with a horrible pause and stagger in the pulsation.

Then the loud-speaker in the next room began to intone: "Dr. Kildare wanted in Dr. Gillespie's office. Emergency! . . . Dr. Kildare wanted. . . ."

Gregory Lane looked wildly about him, from Thornton, to Kildare, and thence into unanswering space.

Kildare said, "He's still got a bit of life in him."

"But I can't work on him. I can't operate. He distinctly refused the operation," protested Lane.

"Did he?" said Kildare. "I don't remember hearing that."

Lane started, and looked at Kildare again.

"Oh, but I do," said the nurse. "Oh, I distinctly remember that he refused the operation!"

Kildare looked on her with a sour eye. She flushed but she lifted her head; it was plain that

she was one of the good Christians who will see right triumph, even if it costs a thousand lives.

In the next room the curse of the loud-speaker began chanting, more loudly this time: "Emergency call for Dr. Kildare in Dr. Gillespie's office! Dr. Kildare, report at once to Dr. Gillespie's office. . . ."

Lane threw out both hands and dropped them helplessly to his sides.

"Shall I answer that call?" asked Kildare.

"You've got to," said Lane. "I suppose Gillespie takes precedence over the rest of your work. But I wish I could have you here!"

"You don't need me," said Kildare. "You've got the finest pair of hands in the hospital. They don't know how to make mistakes!"

Gregory Lane took a long breath, but it seemed to do him no good.

"He's dying under my eyes," he said, a stethoscope against the breast of Thornton. "He's on his last legs, Kildare. What in the name of God shall I do?"

"There's no use calling on God," said Kildare. "The way I understand it, when the big pinch comes, a doctor has to be God!"

He got out of the emergency ward as he spoke.

CHAPTER VIII

IT was a bad enough case that Kildare found waiting for him when he reached Gillespie's office, but an adrenaline injection rallied the patient so that she could be carried off to bed. And then the usual line for diagnosis began to pour in.

Time flew away on wings out of the consciousness of Kildare while various things were happening in the emergency ward. Thornton was developing the classical pressure symptoms: hardening of the arm and leg muscles on the side of the body opposite to the fracture, and a dilation of the pupil of the eye on the same side as the lesion. Lane took a spinal puncture. There was increased pressure in the spinal fluid, but no blood stain was in it. That ought to mean an extradural hemorrhage.

Lane looked with vague eyes at the nurse.

"Yes, doctor?" she said.

"That man is dying," he announced. "There's nothing to save him except an operation."

"But he's refused an operation, doctor."

"In a pinch, a doctor has to be God," quoted Lane.

"What was that, doctor?" she asked.

Lane shrugged his shoulders. He kept using her as a focal point of observation while his idea settled.

"I don't suppose that Carew would give me authority to operate?" he suggested.

"Oh, I don't think so. He's a stickler for every legal right of the patient."

"Including the right of dying?"

He rang Carew's office. The doctor was out. It was not even known where he would be for another hour. Another hour was too long to wait.

He went back to the patient and the nurse.

"You know this hospital better than I do," he said to the nurse. "Is there anyone other than Carew who could authorize this operation?"

"No one would dare—I don't think anyone would dare," she said. "Not even Doctor Gillespie. Oh, but yes—Doctor Gillespie could authorize anything, I suppose."

He rang Gillespie's office. Nurse Parker answered that he was out. He would not be returning soon. He was attending an important conference.

GREGORY LANE, as he rang off, sat for a moment at the telephone with growing cold in his heart. He kept reasoning about the case, but he already knew what he would do. Of course any case was worth saving, but there was something extra about Thornton.

He went back to the dying patient.

He lifted the eyelid and glanced at the dilating pupil of the eye. He felt again the spastic hardening of the arm and leg muscles. The subconscious mind was controlling those muscles now.

He had killed seven in a row and if anything went wrong now—he would be thrown out of the hospital. No decent institution ever would take him on again.

"Order an operating room for me," he said to the nurse. "Get one at once!"

"No, please! You know that he refused the operation!"

"As though a man always knew what was good for him!" said Lane. "Order the surgery at once!"

There was not a trembling nerve in his body. The pinch had come and he was ready to play God.

Outside the surgery, Gregory Lane and the dying man passed a whole cluster of people who were there to look and make sure that their own in-

credulous eyes that any man dared to break the vital laws of medicine as this fellow was doing. They knew his record. His record was in their eyes as they stared on him.

In the moment when he was washing up, putting on the white gown and gloves, he kept thinking of Kildare, from whom he had received the vital impulse. There were tales about young Kildare which even the oldest men on the hospital staff told, half smiling and shaking their heads at the same time. They told, with a shudder of pleasure, how the interne had dug his toes in and resisted all authority time and again. The career of Kildare seemed to prove that a doctor can break every rule as long as he wins the game.

Now the operating table. He was looking down at the dead face of Thornton in profile as his hands started to work.

When it was ended, the heart of Thornton still beat, and without that frightful drag in it. He ought to live. There was not one chance in a thousand that he would die. Lane had him assigned to a private room and nurse—by a lucky chance on the same floor on which Mary Lamont worked. The bills could be addressed to Lane himself, until Thornton's will and ability to pay were discovered. To the doctor that case meant more than money. It was the end of bad luck. It was the end of boyhood and the commencing of maturity. The hospital still might destroy him, but it would be a long time before this work was forgotten.

CHAPTER IX

THE private nurse was a slightly damaged blonde. The cloud of glory she trailed behind her was a thick perfume that wrinkled the nose.

Mary Lamont was not three doors away when she heard a screech of fear run out into the corridor. It was the blonde special, squealing with terror.

"Don't go in!" cried the special nurse. "He's batty. They've knocked him nutty with the operation; they've whittled the brain out of him!"

Mary Lamont got into the room in time to find Henry Thornton clambering from his bed. When she put her hands against his shoulders it was like pressing against knotty wood. There was no yield or give in him. He had looked as weak as a woman. Now he took both her wrists inside one hand and crushed them together. There was pain up to the screaming point, but she kept on smiling at him.

"They've put me in the wrong day of the week," he said. "I've got to get out of here. They've walked me in, you see?"

"I see," said Mary. "They're building the walls higher all the time. They build them out of sunlight as slippery as glass. You can't climb them. Not even an eagle could fly over them. There's only one thing to do. That's to break through. I've got to break through. . . ."

His voice grew up to a yell. He took her by the hair of the head and put her resistlessly behind him. She held his arms.

"It's all true," she said. "But this is the wrong time."

"D'you see how high they go?"

"I see how high. It makes me dizzy, looking up. We can plan it together, how to get out."

"Are we together, you and I?"

"Yes," she said, "we're together."

"If that were a lie," he said, "I'd have to strangle it in your throat so it couldn't get out again. It would be my duty to strangle it, in your throat."

"It's not a lie," she said.

"Don't say it so loud," said Thornton. "We've got to whisper this. Nobody's to hear. Life is nothing; dying is nothing. This is a lot more than life. You understand?"

"I understand."

"Answer me, then. And God pity you if the answers are wrong!"

"I'll answer," she said.

THE wheelchair of Gillespie came bowling through the door of his office, propelled by Conover.

"I've brought a surprise for you, young Doctor Kildare. A father, in short."

Old Doctor Stephen Kildare stood smiling in the doorway, his head down a bit.

"Look at the way your boy sweats, Kildare," said Gillespie. "Other people perspire when they work with their hands but he sweats when he uses his brain. That's because he comes from the country."

Kildare held his father's hand a moment before he could realize that the old doctor was there.

"Yes," Kildare admitted. "I've never outgrown Dartford. Are you all right, Father?"

"I had to bring down Julia Cray to let some wiser heads consider her case," said the father.

"He brought her down and put her in a different hospital. The Blair General isn't good enough for these Kildares," said Gillespie.

"And Mother?" asked Kildare.

"She's over at the hotel. She had some shopping or something to do. Maybe she wanted to see somebody, too. I can't tell."

"I'll be there tonight. Is Mrs. Cray very ill?"

"I've borrowed Dr. Gillespie's brain," said old Kildare. Fragile, white-haired, slender, his manner was as quiet as that of his son, but there was no suggestion of the bulldog about him. He looked as though his way had been to bow to the storm, not stubbornly face it, as young James Kildare was wont to do. "I borrowed the time of Dr. Gillespie, and so he can tell you about her."

"No, no, old fellow," said Gillespie. "Tell your son something about the case. . . . There's going to be trouble here, Jimmy. By God, there's going to be a lot of trouble! A confounded country doctor comes down here to New York and pretends that he wants to see an internist; but all the time he has his mind made up as solid as rock!"

He grinned at Stephen Kildare, who disclaimed this attitude with eloquent gestures. "I know him," said the young Kildare. "Nobody pays any attention to him, here, when he roars."

"Nobody pays any attention—that's true," thundered Gillespie. "I'm worn out; I'm a has-been; but go on with the case history, Stephen."

"Julia Cray is nearly fifty, now," said the elder



"In a pinch a doctor has to be God," Gregory Lane informed the nurse just before he began the operation

Kildare. "And recently she's developed weakness; loss of appetite, loss of weight but chiefly the weakness that makes her want to stay in bed. I've gone through the usual procedures and had her chest X-rayed. It was negative for pathology. A gastric analysis showed her markedly deficient in hydrochloric acid. These things, to me point toward pernicious anemia. The slide of the blood doesn't give the usual picture for that disease; so I assume her case to be in a state of remission. I've been treating her accordingly."

"Remission! Remission!" boomed Gillespie. "He assumes a state of remission, and I hate to assume any state at all. What's the character of this Julia Cray?"

"She's a good woman, brave, and gentle, and faithful, and a wise mother and wife," said Stephen Kildare. "Perhaps it almost follows as a corollary that she is just a little foolish in certain respects? She is devoted to a nostrum, a silly herb tea which she considers medicinal."

"And isn't it?" demanded Gillespie.

"She thinks it is keeping her alive; but you and I know that she's dying, Leonard."

"Never mind what we know. Did you look at her tea?"

"Mere casual weeds, most of the things in it. I have had them identified, one by one," said the elder Kildare.

"Say what you will," said Gillespie, "my bet is that the woman is suffering from hyperthyroidism. Too much thyroid. That's her trouble, I take it, though God knows the basal metabolism tomorrow may prove that I'm a liar!"

"Bet?" said young Kildare. "Did you say you'd bet on it, sir?"

"Certainly!" answered Gillespie. "I'll bet on anything. What about it, Stephen? Will you back up judgment with a little hard cash?"

"I don't pretend," said the older Kildare, "to have anything like your mass of experience in this or any other phase of medicine."

"Look here, Kildare," said Gillespie, "a fellow that's more modest than he needs to be is almost a liar, by my reckoning. Don't pretend that you're overawed by my reputation, you Yankee hypocrite!"

"Ah, but reputation is a worker of miracles," said the country doctor. "Poor Julia Cray was a nervous wreck; she was already planning her own funeral but I bring her to the great Gillespie and at once she grows quiet and begins to hope."

"Confound you, Stephen, you use me like a rattle or a nursery rhyme to amuse your patients and get their minds off themselves. . . . But I'm betting a dollar that it's not pernicious anemia."

He took the bill from his pocket and flourished it violently. Old Stephen Kildare slowly drew a greenback from his pocket in turn.

"You're sure that you want to make this bet, Father?" asked the young Kildare, biting his lip to keep back the smile.

"Against Leonard Gillespie?" echoed the father. "My dear lad. I know who Doctor Gillespie is, but if this were the Judgment Day and he were the Archangel Gabriel, and blowing his horn in my ear to prove it, I'd bet an honest dollar on an honest opinion. And my opinion is that it isn't hyperthyroidism. I'll bet on pernicious anemia against that."

He held out the dollar bill. "Maybe Jimmy would be the stakeholder?" he suggested.

"Ah, you're going to keep the money in the family are you?" asked Gillespie.

The loud-speaker in the next room called loudly: "Dr. Kildare wanted instantly in Room 412. Dr. Kildare wanted instantly in Room 412."

YOUNG Kildare ran from the office, still pushing the two dollar bills into his pocket. He was still grinning a little when he stepped from the elevator on the fourth floor. It was not the first time a Kildare had ventured to oppose the ideas of the great man.

He forgot all that when he saw a cluster of frightened nurses at the door of Room 412. A slightly battered blonde nurse met him, saying: "She called out to send for you—we've sent for Doctor Lane, too."

"Is this his case?" exclaimed Kildare.

"And clean batty!" said the special.

Kildare opened the door softly, quickly. Thornton, his head swathed in bandages so that he looked something like a devout Mohammedan, had thrust Mary Lamont back against the wall.

He was saying: "You lied! They've closed me into the wrong day. They've closed me in the walls like glass. And you've helped to build them high."

She was not struggling. Kildare saw that before he got to Thornton.

"Good stuff! Good work!" he said to Mary Lamont, and then put his arm around the sick man. At that touch the strength of the mania melted out of Thornton and he sagged helplessly as Kildare lifted him back into bed.

He kept saying: "Who is it? Who's here?" and straining his eyes as though he were staring into a thick fog.

"I'm Kildare, and I'm here to talk it all over, quietly. . . . Get Lane!" he added over his shoulder to Mary Lamont.

The door was open and a dozen entranced faces were looking in at the crisis. Mary Lamont went out and closed the door after her.

Inside the room Kildare was saying: "Now you're thinking ahead, Thornton. You're thinking ahead to Friday."

The word opened and half-cleared the misted, weary eyes of the sick man.

The insistent, gentle voice of Kildare said, with hypnotic monotony: "Friday—noon—noon—Friday—and what's happening, Thornton?"

"I'm there," answered Thornton, smiling. "I'm there, and it's all happiness, forever."

"What is it? What's the happiness?" asked Kildare.

"Forever! Happiness forever!" said Thornton.

His voice died out. He fell asleep, still smiling, and his hand relaxed in the reassuring grasp of Kildare, who now stood up. Lane and Mary Lamont were standing in the room, watching, silent.

"How do you manage it, Kildare?" asked Gregory Lane. "Hypnotize them, some way?"

Kildare smiled faintly. He went over to Mary.

"That was a good job you did," he said. He took

her hand. "That was as good a job as I ever saw . . . Thornton was about to manhandle her," he explained to Lane, "and she kept her eyes on him and didn't struggle. She was as quiet as a stone. Quiet, and still smiling. It was a great job!"

"I've been a fool," said Lane. "I should have had a man, an attendant, in here. Mary, were you hurt?"

"Not much," she said, rubbing a bruised wrist.

"Stay out of this room!" commanded Lane.

"No, she's all right," said Kildare.

"D'you mean to say that you'd let her risk herself in here again?" asked Lane.

"Why not?" asked Kildare. "A girl's not worth a rap if you encourage her to show the white feather. There're plenty of yellow rats. This one is different. Let's keep her different."

Thornton suddenly groaned and sat up in the bed. "I'm coming as fast . . ." he began, "I'll be there . . . wait for me. . ."

He started to get out of bed. Kildare went to him. "Dr. Lane!" said a nurse from the hall, pushing open the door. "Dr. Carew wants you."

"Good luck!" whispered Mary Lamont.

CHAPTER X

THE justice of Doctor Carew, as head of the Blair General Hospital, was as quick as a knifed stroke and often as sharp. But he conducted his trials of offenders with a certain air of legal procedure. When he put Gregory Lane on the carpet, he said: "Doctor Lane, I believe that I have the facts of this case firmly in hand. I had a definite attitude toward you yesterday, and I should have acted on it. But I allowed another opinion to dissuade me. I regret that I permitted myself to listen to that persuasion!"

He made a pause, here. He considered young Gregory Lane from head to foot.

"You came here with a promising background," said Carew. "Otherwise I never would have considered such a young man for a post as neurosurgeon. After your recent arrival, you have had a series of strokes of—bad luck? Seven men have died under your knife. Medical accidents? It is beyond accident, in my opinion. It has reached such a point that I feel guilty of manslaughter—because I've permitted you to work in this hospital."

He made another pause.

"If you're waiting for me to say something," said Lane, "I may as well tell you now what I think."

"Ah, you think, do you?" asked Carew. "A dangerous thing for a surgeon to think too much. A dangerous thing, if a thought gets between his knife and the incision he's making. But I'm interested—what is it you think?"

"I think that there was nothing wrong with the operation."

"Ah ha! Nothing wrong with it? A patient goes mad under your knife, but you think that there was nothing wrong with the operation?"

"I definitely know that if the same case came to me again, I would follow the same procedure. I would operate."

Actually, there was not a word that came to the mind of Carew. He was silent because he was stunned.

Finally the pale lips of Gregory Lane parted. He said: "You can come to the point, Doctor Carew. I'm dismissed from the hospital service, I presume?"

"You may presume what you please; but I would like, in the first place, to open my mind to you."

"I am here to listen, sir," said Gregory Lane.

"I have the full details of your procedure before, and during the operation. You dared to operate on a man who distinctly had refused our medical assistance! That is true, I believe?"

"That is obviously true," said Doctor Lane.

"There was only one authority in this hospital that could have ventured to give you that authority. Perhaps I might have delegated it to you. Or perhaps Leonard Gillespie might have taken it upon him to set the work forward. But, so far as I know, you worked without the slightest authorization."

Rage, even before the expected answer, swelled the jowls of Carew.

"Without the slightest authorization," agreed Doctor Lane.

Carew got up from his chair to deliver a violent denunciation and dismissal speech. But there was a large stratum of justice in his being and he knew that a good judge should not speak in passion. That was why he said: "That will be all for the present."

"Very well, sir," said Lane, and turned to the door.

"My earnest endeavor," said Carew, "shall be to

think this through without passion. I shall continue to look into the affair. I shall have a further message to communicate to you within the hour, I trust. Good-by, Doctor Lane."

Lane went out.

He took a look in at Room 412. Mary Lamont was standing close to the door, which was slightly ajar to give a better current of air.

"How is he now?" asked Lane.

"Dr. Kildare is in there still," she said, "and he has Mr. Thornton quiet again."

"What is it that Kildare does to them?"

"No one knows. But sick people always trust him. They feel him helping them up the hill. But he can't get what he wants from Mr. Thornton."

"He wants to know what that deadline means? What noon Friday means to Thornton?"

"That's it. But Thornton hasn't told. Not yet. Either he thinks he's locked forever in the wrong day of the week, or else he imagines that Friday has come, and there's nothing but happiness."

Kildare came out of the room, stepping softly.

"He's sleeping," he said, "and the sleep isn't all barbitual. Be quiet, Mary, when you go to him."

"How is he?" asked Lane.

"He's the same. Noon, on Friday—noon, on Friday—and he's locked into the wrong day of the week," murmured Kildare, absently.

HE went off down the hall, walking slowly, almost stopped by his thoughts from time to time.

Gregory Lane, looking after him, said: "It's hard to guess how a fellow like that could mean much to a girl; but if he *did* come to mean anything, I don't see how she ever could give a rap about any other man."

"Why do you say that?" asked Mary Lamont, her voice sharp with interest.

"Because women are practical creatures with an eye to the main chance," said Lane, "and there's nothing small about Kildare. No wooden chairs for him. He wants the golden throne. The little things don't matter to him. He doesn't even see them. He doesn't know whether his shoes are shined or not; he doesn't know whether his feet are dry or wet; he doesn't know what street he's walking; he only knows whether or not he's headed in the right direction. Isn't that the secret of him?"

"Is it?" she asked. "I don't know."

"The little things—damn them! They wreck most of us. They make the difference between fame and, say, just hard cash. And the little things don't exist, for Kildare."

"You say nice things about Dr. Kildare, but you don't like him."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because your voice is hard when you speak about him."

"I'll tell you this: He's the stuff I'd like to have for a friend. But there's something about me that offends him."

"Really?"

"You know the straight way he has of looking at people?"

"Oh yes, I know!"

"Well, he won't look at me, if he can avoid it."

"But I've heard him say that he admires you."

"He admires a pair of surgeon's hands, not me. And you can't be very fond of a fellow who's averse to you."

A voice sounded vaguely from 412. Lane stepped close to the door.

"The wrong day—" said the sleepy utterance. "They've locked me inside the wrong day. . ."

The words drawled away into sleep again.

CHAPTER XI

NOW that the interview with Gregory Lane was over, Carew took up the witnesses in rapid succession. He already knew the burden of the testimony which most of them had to give, but he wanted to have it freshly in mind before he delivered a judgment that already was hardening in his mind.

The frightened little nurse from the emergency ward stood before him, saying: "I knew it was wrong; I begged him not to do it; I knew it was wrong. . ."

There was the ambulance driver and the interne who had picked up the accident call. They described the scene of the crime, the apparent state of the injury. There was the X-ray man with his picture. There was even the orderly who had pushed the stretcher up to the operating room.

Finally, there was Kildare. No matter how grim the mind of Carew might be, he relaxed a little when Gillespie's assistant came into the office.

"You've been here before, and on a slightly dif-

ferent basis, Doctor," said Carew, smiling. "There even have been times when this floor was a hard place for you to stand. Eh?"

"Very hard," said Kildare, and smiled a bit, also.

"That was before your value to the hospital became so apparent," went on Carew. "And any man who has value to the hospital, has intimate personal value to me!"

All of Carew's strokes were apt to be like this. Whether he gave a criticism or a compliment, he leaned his whole weight behind his words.

Kildare murmured something. What he said hardly mattered, for Carew was sweeping forward on his genial way.

"Today, doctor," he said, "I simply want a word from you about the unfortunate case of Henry Thornton—the case which the new neurosurgeon handled—I refer to Doctor Gregory Lane. And I believe you saw the patient who was forced into an unbalanced state of mind by the—shall I call it unlucky?—work of Doctor Lane."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Kildare. "I believe the patient was already showing signs of schizophrenia before the operation."

"Already?" exclaimed Carew, shocked out of his good-natured flow of verbiage. "Before what?"

"Before the operation, sir."

"Extraordinary," said Carew, "I had thought certainly—in fact it had not occurred to me that any other cause—"

"Did you ask Doctor Lane about it?" asked Kildare gently.

"Perhaps not. The—ah—the general report indicated nothing unbalanced previous to the operation. . . Kildare, what was the exact nature of the expression of this schizophrenia?"

"Can you imagine a man who would consider that any date line is more important than life or death, sir?"

"Hardly. But it's barely conceivable."

"His entire expression was that of a man who has been under a great tension for a long time. For five years I believe that the strain was being put upon him. Finally, he began to crumble. He was already crumbling, I think, before he reached the hospital."

"This is all assumption, mere assumption," said Carew, darkly.

"Yes, sir," agreed Kildare, "it's chiefly that."

"The status of Doctor Lane undoubtedly would be much better if the condition of Thornton were not referable to the operation which he performed. Of course that leaves out a still more important consideration: That he operated without the permission of the patient."

"That was the refusal of a patient mentally unsound."

"Ha?" cried Carew. "Unsound? Well, in that case it was absolutely essential that the permission of a near relative should be obtained."

"We still haven't even a home address for Thornton," said Kildare. "How could relatives be reached?"

"Which makes it all the more absolutely decisive that Lane should not have touched Thornton without advice from me—or from Gillespie, at least."

"But of course, in a certain way, Doctor Lane was under the impression that he had authorization from Doctor Gillespie."

"What's this, Kildare?" demanded Carew. "What the devil is this that you're saying to me?"

"There wasn't time to go into the details," said Kildare. "Dr. Lane understood from what I said that Doctor Gillespie actually had recommended an immediate operation."

"That Gillespie had . . . but I've had Lane in here saying he had no authorization from anyone whatever! What am I to make of this?"

"A man like Doctor Lane is built along rather large lines," said Kildare thoughtfully. "I suppose he didn't want to dump the blame on my shoulders."

"You actually advised the operation and let him feel that Gillespie was speaking through you?"

"I'm afraid that was about it."

"Your shoulders, I dare say," said Carew, "are broad enough to bear much greater burdens than blame like this?"

Kildare was silent. The anger of Carew grew until a vein swelled visibly in his forehead.

"I've told Gillespie that he was wrong, damned wrong, to let a boy, a mere youngster, act as his mouthpiece so often. And now we have a fine result from it!" cried Carew.

He got up from his chair and walked the floor, hastily, taking quick turns back and forth.

"I'm not going to let myself get out of hand about this," he said. "In the past you've had values young Doctor Kildare. But perhaps they were based too largely on certain traits of stubborn independ-

ence. I want to point out that we cannot. . ."

He choked himself.

"I have to see Gillespie," he finished. "Will you ask him to come up here?"

Kildare left the office and returned to Gillespie with the message.

"I'm going to ask the board of directors for a gag that will fit the mouth of that catfish, that Carew," roared Gillespie, and let Conover wheel him out toward the elevators.

THE interrupted line commenced to flow in on Kildare, as it did sometimes with hardly an interruption for days at a time, in obedience to that famous brass plate above the door on which was engraved the words: "Dr. Leonard Gillespie, hours 12 a. m. to 12 a. m." It would have been a dry jest, from another man. It was cold fact, coming from Gillespie.

Then Gillespie himself came back and cleared the office with one of his roars.

"Did you really do it, Jimmy?" he asked, when they were alone.

"What, sir?"

"Set up this fellow Thornton for operation by—er—by using my name?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You actually made Lane think that I was behind the idea?"

Kildare said nothing.

"It's queer," said Gillespie. "I'm not fool enough to think that I know any man, really; but this time you've surprised me. You surprised Carew, too, but not very much."

Kildare began to say that he was sorry. Gillespie cut him short by remarking: "A fellow like Carew is a blessing to the institution he heads and a curse to a good many other things. He's an executive first, a damned good doctor second. But he always thinks that he's a general."

"He's going to give me the limit?" asked Kildare.

"He was torn in two directions," said Gillespie. "You've done so much for the hospital that he's grateful, he's almost affectionate. On the other hand you've done so much for the hospital that you're an outstanding figure even as an interne. It's like this: If a private disobeys orders, he can be sent to the guardhouse. But if a general officer disobeys the high command, he's cashiered."

"I understand," said Kildare.

"You have from here to Friday for something more than understanding," answered Gillespie. "You have that time to do something about it!"

"You managed to get that much delay?"

"Never mind what I did. The question is: What are we going to do, Jimmy?"

He gathered his shaggy, white brows over his eyes and folded his hands together, backs up.

"There's another question first," said Kildare. "Is there anything that I possibly could do to straighten it out?"

"It's not simply 'you,' it's 'we,' you fool!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why couldn't some other young jackass in the place have had the idea? But no, it had to be my boy."

Kildare, staring at him, bit his lip. He did not speak for the moment because there was no room in his throat for words.

FRIDAY the board of directors is meeting. And the case of young Doctor Kildare comes up, as it came up once before. Only then you were just a young fool who broke the rules and now you're a reprobate, dyed-in-the-wool, who has formed the rotten habit of doing as he pleases, regardless of the higher-ups. Friday is the day when your head goes off, then. And now, Jimmy, we put our heads together. State the case to me, first of all."

Kildare said: "Doctor Lane performs an authorized operation that produces insanity in the patient; it's discovered that the fault is mine, after all. So I get the gallows."

"Let's ask the right questions first, and then maybe we'll get the answers. What could be done to take the curse off?"

"If I could prove that the insanity existed before the operation, that would take the curse off."

"It's hard to prove things like that—to a Carew? But if the insanity could be removed, or seem to be removed? What are your cards, Kildare? What have you got in the pack or up your sleeve? If there's a fine, clean, straightforward way, we'll use it. If not, we'll deal off the bottom of the deck."

"Well, a shock was what started him raving. It brought the disease on him with a rush."

"And if we can give him another shock—a happy shock—if we prove to him that the strain he was under before the operation is gone—if we clear the

whole emotional air of his life—you think that it might bring him back to normalcy?"

"There's a ghost of a chance, perhaps?"

"That's better than nothing. We can't ask for the world with a fence around it. We want a chance to fight. That's all. A ghost of a chance is a damned sight better than no chance at all. *Hamlet's* father was only a ghost, Jimmy. But he's still a force in our minds. So now we do what?"

"We find out what it is that he had to meet on Friday at noon."

"And then meet it for him?"

"Yes, sir."

"And bring him back the results?"

"Yes, sir."

"And with Thornton restored to his wits, even Carew will have to admit that the operation was a fine thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"So that Carew can damn you black and blue for encouraging the operation but he can't quite take off your head?"

"I hope that it may turn out that way," said Kildare.

"What do you do first?"

"I try to be a detective, and of course I'm not one."

"Not a detective? Confound you, make yourself into one, then! A doctor has to be a nurse, a cook, a family lawyer, a mother, a father, a rat-killer, and why in the name of God can't he go a step backward, or forward, and be a detective?"

"I'm going to tackle it," said Kildare.

"Then get out of my sight and start now. Wait a minute. There's another thing involved here. Do you have no pangs of conscience about using my name to Lane, as you did?"

"No, sir."

"You mean that you'd do it again, without any permission?"

"Yes, sir."

"Damned impudence, I call it," said Gillespie, and, "Well, get on with you! I'd disown you if you hadn't done exactly that."

CHAPTER XII

IN the clothes of Henry Thornton there had been a pair of soft-lead draughting pencils, twenty odd dollars, a good, big pocketknife, cigarettes, a lighter, two handkerchiefs, an addressed envelope without the sender's name and without contents. That was all. Even the address was not in handwriting. It had been typed. There was not a trace of a laundry mark even. The underwear and shirts apparently had been new-bought. The clothes were the product of a wholesale tailoring firm whose suits were sold in fifty metropolitan stores. There was only a bit of reddish mud high inside the angle of heel and sole on one of the shoes. Kildare gloomily scraped it off, put it into a twist of paper. He did not feel like a detective, but like a fool.

The Museum of Natural History in Manhattan is one of those places where people take their children to admire prehistoric skeletons. As a matter of fact there is hardly a physical phase of life that is not touched on and illustrated in the museum. The whole process in the Museum is so pictorial that when Kildare took his paper twist of dry mud to Professor McGregor, that bright little old man at once pulled out a chart which, like a crazy quilt of a thousand colors, showed the soils around New York, and the rock strata underlying them, or outcropping through them. Professor McGregor, after crumbling the mud to a fine dust, segregated some tiny particles of stone which he placed under a microscope.

He kept whistling as he worked and finally he looked up to the earnest face of Kildare with eyes that shone like polished lenses.

"Unless the stone is imported stuff, I think I have the place," said Professor McGregor. "Ever driven out from the East Side toward Westchester?"

"Yes."

"Well, over to the right, as you drive north, you see some land, somewhat broken, so that it looks like a low range of hills, almost. Two chances out of three, that's your district. Look, here's the map. You see this pink patch? Somewhere inside that district. It's not very large."

Kildare went back to the hospital and looked up his friend, the ambulance driver with the numb, unconscious face.

"Tell me," said Kildare, "where I can get the cheapest drive-yourself car in town. Do you know, Joe?"

"There's none of them cheap enough. Not for you, Doc," said Joe Weyman. "But me brother-in-

law has a little bus that needs borrowing."

"You mean I could rent it from him?" asked Kildare.

"You mean, could he rent a sock in the chin?" demanded Weyman. "How could he take money from you? When d'you want it?"

"Now."

"Right this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"And me with my time off starting in half an hour!" said Weyman. "That's luck, ain't it? You can close your eyes and catch up on some sleep; I'll do the driving."

So they started within the hour, with Weyman tooling the car with a sort of reckless precision through the traffic.

The rain came down in a steady, misting fall. But at last they came toward the low-lying hills.

"Pull up to that lunch wagon," said Kildare.

He went in alone and got a cup of coffee. When he was half through with it, he asked the waiter: "You know a man named Henry Thornton who lives out here?"

"Sure I know Thornbury," said the waiter. "He's the guy with the big green house on the hill over by. . ."

"Shut up, rummy," said a big young man who was trying to get half his ham and eggs into his mouth at a bite.

"Not Thornbury, you poor mug. Thornton is the guy he asked about."

He was still looking his reproof as he went on: "This here Thornton you wanta know about, is he thirty something and lives alone and looks it?"

"You might describe him that way," said Kildare, delighted. "Does he live alone?"

"Yeah. He ain't married."

"How do I find Thornton's house?" asked Kildare.

"That's easy. You go up here to the top of the hill, turn left, and it's three houses down."

Kildare went up to the top of the hill, turned left, and asked Weyman to wait at the corner.

"Do you mind, Joe?" he asked.

"Whatta ya mean mind?" asked Weyman. "But you know where you're going?"

"I think I know, all right."

"You kinda make me nervous when you start strange places all by yourself."

"I can take care of myself pretty well, Joe."

"Yeah, sure, sure. But if you had a good right cross up your sleeve it would take care of you a lot better. I'm gunna teach you, some of these fine days."

CHAPTER XIII

DAWKNESS had descended and many of the houses had lights turned on. Kildare, on the front porch, rang the bell, listened to the echo of it inside the place, and studied the jagged crack that streaked across the face of the adjoining window. He tried the window and when he found it locked he broke the glass and opened it. Then he stepped inside. He closed the window. With a burning match he found the electric switch and turned on the lights. He stood in a hall.

There was a living room at the right, so bright and cheerful that he thought for a moment the sky must have cleared but this was merely the effect of the gay covers on the furniture. The gaiety was a first impression that did not last. There was dust on the table. Cigarette butts littered the hearth, and a book fallen open, face down beside the couch, had crunched its pages into a tangle of confusion.

Back of the living room, which was unusually large for such a small house, he stepped into the kitchen. The sink was filled with unwashed pans. The water in them had begun to rust the iron in places; the queer, sick odor of rust was all through the room.

In a dining alcove he saw the remains of a breakfast, a cup half-filled with coffee, with a scum of soured milk on top of it, and a piece of toast as hard as wood.

Forward from the kitchen a small study with a tall north light opened from the living room. A smell of old, crusted pipes was in it. Some shelves on one side held books on art and a number of sketchbooks, as well. On the drawing board which faced the high window was a bit of purely commercial stuff such as magazines or even newspapers use to illustrate new fashions.

He looked over the room again, standing in the center of it. For him, the ghost of Henry Thornton was emerging in the house.

A sighing sound came to him from the front of the house. A fallen bit of paper rattled on the floor of the studio, and then was still. It was as

though a door had been opened and shut again, somewhere. Kildare blinked and took a quick breath; then he made his feet carry him through the living room. In the hall a tall figure of a man waited at the foot of the stairs. It moved, and turned into the frowning face of Joe Weyman.

"Well, Joe?" he asked.
"I broke orders, Doc," said Weyman. "I had to. I heard the tinkle of that glass breaking and I just had to come in an' join you. If you take a trip up the river for burglary, I might as well go along."

"I didn't hear the window raised. How did you come in?"

"Through the door. I got a little lock-persuader, here." He showed a small bit of steel, like a section of hard spring. "Doc, d'you need all of these here lights to show the world where we're having our fun?"

"We need light," said Kildare. He sat down and started smoking a cigarette. "Go look through the lower part of the house and tell me what you see, when you come back."

"Lookat—I found this near the door," said Weyman. He held out a slip of paper on which was written in a swift, strong hand:

"Darling:
I lost my key and couldn't get in; but now I'll find it and come.

Nelly."

"Him and Nelly, I bet they have high times," said Weyman.

"It doesn't fit," answered Kildare, and crumbling the paper impatiently, he dropped it into his pocket. "Go look around and tell me what you find."

In two minutes Weyman was back.

"Kind of sloppy guy. No?" he asked.

"See anything worthwhile?"

"This guy don't know nothing about women," said Weyman. "See the mugs he was drawing, in there?"

"Let's go upstairs," said Kildare.

There were two bedrooms, one obviously for guests, and one bathroom. They went through the bathroom into the guest room, first. The door of it was so jammed that Weyman had to give it his shoulder. They turned on the lights.

"What's the funny smell in the air, Doc?"

"Dust," said Kildare. "This fellow Thornton has no friends. There's been no one in this guest room for a long, long time. That's why the door stuck, Joe. It simply hadn't been opened and the heat of a couple of summers gummed the paint together."

He pointed it out at the edges of the door. Weyman said nothing as they went back into the master bedroom. There was a good thick rug on the floor and a bed that sat low on the floor with a stool for a bedside table with a short lamp on it. On the walls were varnished Medici prints of the Duchess of Modena and Rembrandt's Knight with a Spear. There was also an oil portrait of a redheaded girl in a green dress. She was no beauty, but she had a good smile and a fine, straight pair of eyes. The telephone, oddly enough, stood on the chest of drawers. A single number was written down on the pad beside it. There was a tall mirror against one wall, and opposite it was a closet containing a few suits of clothes.

THERE was a small desk beside the closet door, with a clean blotter on top of it. Kildare pulled the blotter out from its frame and turned it over. It was spotted with ink blottings and with absent-minded designs in pencil.

"What's on there that you wanta know, Doc?" asked Weyman.

"A lot of unhappiness," said Kildare.

"How come?"

"Wasted time," he said.

He went over to the picture of the girl and pulled it out from the wall. The paper behind it was only slightly less faded than the rest of the paper in the room. That behind the other pictures was far darker and richer.

"How is this, Weyman?" he asked. "He painted this picture six or seven years ago—or maybe only five. And yet he hung it only a short time ago."

"How can you tell, Doc? . . . Ah, you mean the paper's faded a lot where it hangs."

"It was hanging there for a while," interpreted Kildare, "then it was taken down, remained down for years, and finally was put up again."

"Kind of cuckoo, ain't he?" said Weyman.

"I don't know," said Kildare. "Go and stand in front of that mirror."

"How's this? I look damn fine to me, Doc."

"Stand closer."

"Here I am, touching the glass."

"Somebody stood still closer, however," remarked Kildare, staring at the rug.

"Nobody could stand closer."

"The rug's worn," said Kildare. "Feet seem to have walked right through that mirror. Can we move it?"

That was easily done, and behind the mirror appeared a door. Weyman's bit of steel spring was used on the lock which gave at last with a small squeak, like the shrill of a mouse. Inside, they found a closet with a few women's clothes in it.

Kildare reached into the closet and brought out a wisp of spiderweb.

"She doesn't come very often, Joe," he said. He took out a green dress and shook dust out of it. "Not for about five years."

"Five years? Where's the date?"

"This was the fashion, five and six years ago. This is the dress he painted her in."

"Come on, Doc! You mean that?"

"See the bit of red peasant embroidery? It's the same dress, all right."

"Then what's it mean? Why's he hang the picture on the wall and cover up the closet where her duds hang?"



Young Dr. Kildare and Joe Weyman searched the dusty house which was the home of the mysterious patient

Kildare went to the telephone and rang the number that was written on the pad.

"Mahoney speakin'!" said a great voice.

"This is Henry Thornton," said Kildare.

"Thornton? Thornton? You mean that you're Mister Thornton? . . . Hey, Nelly!"

Kildare sighed.

Presently a rich Irish brogue was saying: "Is it you, Mr. Thornton? Is it you, darling? I was there, the more fool me, without me key. But I'll be back tomorrow and long before Saturday I'll have the house shining. And the new slip-covers will be ready. If only I can get the other bed out of the attic; there's hardly that much room for me and it to come down the stairs together! But don't have a worry in your darling head, will you?"

After Kildare rang off, he said, "Now, let's try to find letters, Joe. Letters of any kind. I'll go through this desk. You go through the downstairs."

But there was hardly a letter, and not a one that gave even a hint to Kildare.

CHAPTER XIV

KILDARE said to Gillespie, an hour or more later: "Thornton was married to a woman he loved. Something went wrong; I don't know what. She left him. After a while, he took it so hard that he couldn't stand the pain of seeing her picture on the wall."

"Bah!" said Gillespie. "What sort of a thin-skinned rummy is this Thornton?"

"A painter," said Kildare.

"I've no use for them," said Gillespie. "Poets and painters and the whole lot, I've no use for them!"

Kildare said: "He couldn't stand the pain of seeing her picture on the wall. So he took it down. But not long ago, not very long ago, he heard from her. He had been living like a hermit, brooding, I suppose, without friends, seeing practically no one, doing work that he despised. But now he hears from his wife. Suddenly his life opens. He has a great shock of hope. He is going to meet her, some place. I don't know the place—I only know that the time was to be Friday, at noon . . . He was going to

meet her and bring her home; there was to be a new start for them, probably . . . At least, he'd arranged to have the house in good shape for Saturday."

"You met somebody who knows Thornton?"

"I got into his house; it had a lot to say. But it couldn't tell me *where* he intended to meet that wife of his. That's what I've got to find. They have a right to belong to one another. I have to bring her to him . . . They have the right. . . ."

"What's your next step, young Doctor Kildare?"

"I don't know. Sit down and think, I suppose."

"Have you got time to sit down?"

"I've got to *make* time."

"How d'you make time, young man?"

"The way you do . . . by trying to be sure before I go ahead."

"That's right. If you're going to swing an axe, be sure you hit the line. What's your line here?"

"To make Thornton tell me where to find her."

"How can you *make* a madman talk sense?"

"I don't know. Only have a vague idea."

"Your idea isn't vague at all. And it's scaring hell out of you," said Gillespie.

Kildare lifted both hands and pushed them up across his face, pressing hard, as though the flesh were numb.

"Jimmy!" roared Gillespie.

"Yes, sir?"

"You've been a damned fool before. I forbid you to be a damned fool again!"

Kildare said nothing. He kept seeing his new idea and shrinking from it.

"You're as stubborn as your father," said Gillespie. "Confound him, he *insists* that it's pernicious anemia that's killing Julia Cray. . . ."

KILDARE went out. Gillespie, his mind returning to the first part of their conversation, shouted suddenly after him, but he pretended not to hear. In the corridor beyond, he ran into old Molly Byrd. With young internes her manner was hardly less autocratic than that of Gillespie.

"Young man, you've finally been able to do something worth while," she said.

"Has Doctor Gillespie seen Carson?" he asked.

"Yes. Didn't you know?"

"I forgot to ask."

"Forgot? Is there something bigger than Gillespie in your life, just now?"

"Molly, what did Carson say about Gillespie?"

"He says more than a person could hope—more even than you and I could hope. If Leonard will give himself even normal rest, normal food, and let the X-rays work to stop the *gallop* of the disease, we might have him . . . much longer. . . ."

"Years?" begged Kildare, suddenly big with excitement.

"No. Months," said Molly Byrd, sadly.

"And who knows what might happen, if there are months and months?" said Kildare.

"You mean that new things are being discovered?"

"Of course they are. Any day there may be the great discovery that will wipe cancer out of the world!"

"Oh, Jimmy, there *may* be; may there not?"

"There *will* be, Molly, because there *has* to be."

"You're only a liar, and a young liar, at that," said Molly Byrd, with tears in her eyes.

"Molly, there's a Doctor Borodin. . . ."

"Of course there is. He's one of my boys. And a damned *bad* boy, in the beginning."

"I want to talk with him."

"You're the funny one, digging and prying into all the dark corners where the dirt is," said the Byrd, "but you'll get nothing out of Dick Borodin now."

"Why not?"

"The poor man has no mind for any but one thing: Insulin shock for schizophrenics."

"I want to see him."

"You can't see him. He's closed up like a monk in a monastery."

"Would he talk on the telephone?"

"If I told him to, maybe."

"You're going to tell him to."

"He wouldn't talk except to some great man—or maybe to me, Jimmy."

"You're going to introduce me on the telephone as a distinguished doctor, Molly."

"I am *not*!"

"Molly," said Kildare, putting his arm around her, "it's for a good cause."

"There's no cause good enough to lie for."

"There is, though," said Kildare.

"Well," said Molly, "maybe you *are* distinguished. If there's such a thing as borrowing light, you've taken enough from Leonard Gillespie to begin to shine a bit, a small bit, in a very dark night. Come along with me!"

When Kildare had finished that telephone call, there seemed no breath left in him. He got out on the street but there wasn't enough air for him even there. He went to the hotel where his mother and father were staying. They gave him the calmness of perfect faith and affection. They were the only human beings for whom he never could be wrong. Bland, unseeing eyes they seemed to him. His father talked about Julia Cray.

"Gillespie's a great man," said old Kildare, "but there are a few troubles with these hospital diagnosticians. They never get to know their patients well enough. We've put poor Julia Cray on a low salt diet, now. But mark my word, there will be a blasted crisis before long, and then we'll all see by the low blood count that pernicious anemia is what she has. Hang onto those two dollars, Jimmy, because I intend to have the great Gillespie's money on this deal. I'm going to frame that dollar bill and hang it in my office. It'll be more than a diploma to me!"

They had dinner in the hotel room. Then Kildare restlessly started to leave. His mother came with him down the hall toward the elevator.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"I've got to get out in the air," said Kildare. "I can't breathe—I can't get a full breath."

"I know," she answered. "That happens when the heart is stopping."

"The heart?" he asked.

"With grief, Jimmy, or anxiety."

He nodded. The elevator opened clanging doors. He waved it on and walked back with her down the hall. She was a dumpy woman with too much chin and fat in the eyelids that made her eyes seem small. Sometimes it seemed that her husband had married a scrub woman. But there was a beauty about her, sometimes, when she spoke.

"Suppose that there were two men and a woman you had to think about. The happiness of all three of them, and the sanity of one of them—and the only way to work is to take a chance with life and death?"

"How could a woman tell," she answered, "unless she loved all three of them?"

"That's true," he said. "A woman couldn't tell."

"I've seen your father facing problems like that," she said softly, "and it's the only time in our lives when I've been able to do nothing. He has to go off by himself like a prophet into a wilderness; he has to retire and eat the pain like bread. But when he comes out, he seems to know, just as surely as though God had told him."

When he left her, he kept thinking of that phrase: Eating pain; except that it seemed that it was he who was being devoured.

When he was down on the street again there still was no air for his breathing.

CHAPTER XV

GILLESPIE'S line, that night, did not stop until nearly four in the morning. Kildare went into his own inner office, put some material into a medical kit, and passed back through the main office where Gillespie had stretched himself on the couch and seemed sound asleep. His face, his whole body, sagged with exhaustion.

Kildare went out of the office. On the fourth floor, he met Mary Lamont. She was on night duty but she kept the freshness and the verve of the day.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"I want you right now. I'm going into 412."

"To Thornton?"

"Yes."

"Oh, has Gregory Lane ordered some special treatment for Thornton?"

He considered her for a moment but left that remark unanswered.

"Come to 412 in a half hour," he said. "I may be needing a nurse with a good pair of hands and no tongue at all."

She looked hard at him; he turned and went off down the hall. She kept watch from a vantage point after he disappeared into 412. A moment later the special nurse came out looking decidedly odd.

"That young interne—what's his name?" she asked. It was no longer the dizzy blonde who took care of Thornton but a formidable old warhorse.

"Doctor Kildare," explained Mary.

"He's a nut!" said the special. "He told me to go and have myself a sleep—he'll watch Thornton."

"He'll do what he says. Why don't you have the sleep?" asked Mary.

"Me? It ain't professional," said the special. "I'm going to be looking into this funny business. I don't like it."

"Don't bother Doctor Kildare," Mary warned her

"He's Doctor Gillespie's assistant."
 "That young mug?" cried the special.
 "That young mug," Mary assured her.
 "Things are going to the devil around here," said the special and went off down the hall.
 Mary Lamont, half an hour later, paused at the door of 412 and heard strange noises. She looked in and saw Henry Thornton babbling with an idiot's loose face. Kildare looked up and waved her away.

"Come back in half an hour," he directed.
 "I'll be back."

He stared an instant at his immobile patient before he turned to her again.

"You look rather chipper, Mary."
 "I suppose I've had good news," she said.

"About what?"
 "About a marriage."

"Yours? Lane?" he asked.
 "Oh, Jimmy, pretend that it upsets you a little, please!"

"Of course it upsets me," he said, but again his glance left her and studied the face of Thornton.

"You don't care a rap," she told him.
 He looked up at her in a silence which, somehow, dissolved her anger utterly.

"I'll be seeing you here in about half an hour, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes, in a half hour," she said.
 "Has that special been hanging around?" he asked

"No. What did you do to her?"
 "Sent her away. I don't want her. She's suspicious, Mary; and she may come prying back here again."

"Well, what could she find out?"
 "Enough to break me up into little pieces."

"Jimmy! What are you doing to Thornton?"
 "I want a nurse with a head and two hands and no damned tongue at all," said Kildare.

She backed out of the room, fighting herself to keep from exclamations.

HALF an hour later still, she found Henry Thornton stretched in coma, his hands thrown up above



As Dr. Kildare bent over the patient, Nurse Lamont feared she was shut into a room with two madmen instead of one

his head. Beside the bed Kildare crouched on a chair like a poisoner at the place of crime. He turned to Mary a white face, greasy with sweat.

"What is it, Jimmy?" she asked. "Please, please tell me!"

He said nothing. She went to the foot of the bed and looked at the chart. There was no indication that special medication had been given. Whatever Kildare had done, he had left no indication of it. That could mean any sort of trouble, if the head of the institution chose to be particular. But she was afraid to ask questions.

Kildare kept looking up at her without speaking. He had given one hand to the grip of Thornton and the clutch of the sick man was fixed rigidly on it. His other hand took the pulse.

"Is he in a fit?" said Mary Lamont.

"He's minus the brain of Homo sapiens," said Kildare.

She waited for words that would make sense.

"You've dreamed yourself back to childhood in your sleep, haven't you?" asked Kildare. "Thornton is doing more than that. He's dreamed himself back to the infancy of the race. The muscles he's

using now are the ones that an ape needs when it's climbing trees."

She stared at the clutching hands of Thornton. "Jimmy," she whispered, "do you know what you're doing do him?"

Kildare said: "Don't ask questions. Keep looking in. I may need you."

That was about five o'clock. Obediently she forced her feet out of the room. Every half hour she returned.

It was like taking a silent part in a murder. Each time she looked at Thornton, she knew that the sick man was a long step nearer death, and still Kildare crouched there with his stethoscope and a flashlight, watching, lifting an eyelid of Thornton now and then and flashing the light upon it. She could not recognize the thing Kildare had become. More than once she heard, from 412, noises that seemed to come from the throat of a beast. A horrible memory came back out of her childhood of ghostly tales, of werewolves, of men turned by night into monstrous creatures. The memory became an obsession.

She had other work to do, of course. The Blair General Hospital knew how to get plenty from its nurses. But still she felt that at any moment one of those subdued, gurgling moans from 412 would turn into a screech of animal rage or fear. Yet no one else seemed to guess. There was the same simpering, the same babbling among the other nurses. Then the thing came, all the more frightful because she had been half expecting it, like a blow falling on a tensed body. If the door of the sick room was closed, the scream knifed through it with a daggerpoint. Nurses are as tough-minded as any people in the world, but the five in the floor-office turned white and stared at one another with a dreadful surmise. It was not one scream but a series of them. She did not need to hunt for the source of the outcry. She went straight to 412 and found the door ajar and the yell coming out of it. She shut the door hastily behind her as she went in. The mouth of Thornton was open, awry, and he screamed on every outgoing breath. Kildare was giving an injection. As he pulled the hypodermic away, he gave the nurse a quick look over his shoulder that made her flesh creep. She had never known what it meant to be afraid of a man but she was afraid now.

There was a firm rap at the door.
 "Keep them out!" commanded Kildare.

Mary Lamont went to the door and found Miss Simmons, the head nurse of the floor.

"I must go in there," said Miss Simmons, firmly.
 "The doctor wants to be left alone, Miss Simmons," she said.

"Wants to be left alone? What doctor, please?"
 "Doctor Kildare."

"The interne?"
 "Yes, Miss Simmons."

"Has he authority from Doctor Lane to take charge of this patient?"

"Yes, Miss Simmons."
 "Ah, he has?"

"Yes, Miss Simmons."
 "Very well," said the head nurse, but she turned slowly away, her eyes lingering on the guilty face of Mary Lamont.

THE screaming had died away, but still the girl wanted nothing so much as to be away from that room. She had to fight hard to make herself turn and look at the bed. The one lamp threw the shadow of Kildare in caricature, like a stain of soot, across the white of the bedspread and over the hands of Thornton, but the face of the patient was visible. It was fallen in complete relaxation.

"Take his temperature," said Kildare.

He put a tongue depressor between the teeth of Thornton as though he feared the thermometer might be bitten in two. The nurse slipped the thermometer under the tongue.

"Hold his lips together," said Kildare, and shone his light again into one of Thornton's eyes.

She pressed the lips shut. Foam kept breaking out in small bubbles. The mouth was cold; the lips were bluish. It was like handling wet clay.

She waited two minutes and drew out the thermometer.

"I'll get another thermometer," she said. "This one is no good."

"The thermometer is all right," he answered. "What does it say?"

"It can't be right—and the man still alive," she said. "It only says eighty-five, Doctor!"

That was all he was to her, now. He wasn't Kildare. He was a sort of predatory beast drawing the life out of this helpless man.

"Eighty-five?" repeated Kildare.

"Yes, eighty-five. He isn't really living. He's dead—he's dying now!"

"Maybe," said Kildare, and put that light to the inhuman eye of Thornton once more.

She found herself backing up toward the door. He took the stethoscope from his ears and said: "Have you seen the special?"

"Not for hours," she answered.

"That's queer," said Kildare.

He talked as though he were drunk, with loose lips and a thick tongue. She got farther back, toward the door.

"Are you afraid?" asked Kildare.

She said nothing.

"Come here," said Kildare.

She got her feet somehow across the floor to him.

"I'm ashamed of you," he said, looking up at her.

"Go on about your work. I don't want you here."

He looked back to Thornton and wiped the foam from the mouth of the sick man.

"I'm not afraid any more," said Mary Lamont.

"I'll do anything you want, Doctor."

"What did the Simmons have to say to you?"

"She wanted to know if you had authority from Doctor Lane to handle this case. Of course I told her you did."

"Go back to her and say you lied. I haven't any authority."

She felt a dreadful certainty that she was closed into the room with two madmen, not one. The thing to do is to humor the mad.

"I won't go to her. I won't tell her," she said.

"Take his temperature again," he commanded.

She went about the work once more.

Kildare took the utterly loose arm of Thornton and bent it up and down several times. Mary Lamont drew the thermometer from the clammy mouth and shuddered as she read it.

"Still eighty-five, doctor," she said.

"Eighty-five," murmured Kildare. "My God, eighty-five."

IT was plain that he had spoken to himself, not to her and the fear that had been growing in her sprang out like an electric current, tingling in her forehead and down through the tips of her fingers.

Then, not like a living creature but as though to make a mockery of sentient motion, the arm of Thornton which Kildare had flexed began to lift and fall in the same gesture, and presently he tried to sit up, still with his eyes closed; and again it was like movement in the dead. Thornton swayed his head; he was like a man trying to catch his balance on a running horse.

Kildare pressed him back into the bed.

A new knock came at the door.

"Keep them out," said the emotionless voice of Kildare.

But when the girl opened the door she saw Doctor Carew himself in the hall.

"You are Nurse Lamont, aren't you?" he asked. And he went on: "I understand Kildare is in here?"

"Yes, sir. He wished to work without interruption, sir."

"Does he?" said Carew, and walked straight in, past her, almost as though he would have walked over her.

He was not a big man but anger enlarged him.

"Kildare," he said, "were you authorized to take care of this case tonight?" Then he took full note of Thornton's face and exclaimed: "By God, I think you've killed that man! Kildare!"

Kildare lifted his head a little but failed to turn it.

"This is Doctor Carew speaking," said the head of the hospital.

"Very well," said Kildare, never moving his eyes from the face of Thornton.

"Very well? But it's distinctly not very well!" said Carew, his voice kept down, his rage only a tremor of tension, in the dying presence of Thornton. "What authority have you to take charge of this case, I repeat?"

"None," said Kildare. "This is entirely on my own."

Carew rose to his tiptoes. He settled back on his heels more slowly.

"Leave this room and get back to your own place in the hospital," he said. "I had something to tell the board about you tomorrow, now I shall have enough more. Leave this patient instantly!"

"Who'll take him in charge if I go?" asked Kildare. "Does anybody else want the responsibility, now?" He turned at last and gave to Carew a ghastly smile.

"What have you done to him, man?" demanded Carew.

A groan from Thornton seemed to give the answer. Carew, hesitating an instant, turned and walked rapidly from the room. He slammed the

door heavily after him, regardless of dead or dying patients.

MARY LAMONT went out after him. She could not stand it a moment longer in the room. Daylight was coming. She leaned at an open window and told herself that the coming day gave more life and more hope to the very air she was breathing. After a few minutes she was able to go back.

The daylight made things worse instead of better. It showed the senseless face of Thornton and the white torment in that of Kildare far better than the lamps had done.

"Tell me how to help," she pleaded.

"Nobody can help me," he said. "Not now. Nobody in the hospital. But keep looking back in on me when you can, will you?"

She glanced at his preparations. There was a flat dish, a rubber tube, a hypodermic, and a reddish solution in a stoppered flask. She could make no sense out of them, and she went away again. There were things for her to do. She got through them mechanically and then hurried back, carrying a tray of coffee and thin sandwiches.

Kildare, bunch-backed like an old man, leaned over the bed at watch, as he had been all those hours. There seemed little left of him. It was fantastically as though he were giving up part of his own life in order to take that of Thornton. There was something between Thornton's teeth on which he bit with locked jaws. His whole body seemed as stiff as stone, with the fists clenched, the hands turning slowly in, the arms extending themselves. In that spastic rigidity she recognized the last stage of life. Men died, a little after they reached that point. Kildare seemed to be dying with his patient. When she offered him the coffee he was unaware of it, though the steam rose into his face.

"Take this," she ordered.

He discovered the coffee with vague surprise and took the cup in his hand. Once more he forgot everything except the dying man on the bed.

"Drink it," she commanded.

He discovered the coffee again, tasted it, drank it. She pulled the empty cup from his fingers. She stepped back and looked at him. A fist fight hardly could have battered and discolored his eyes more. "Where is he—now?" she asked.

The weary eyes did not shift for an instant from Thornton, as though the grip they kept upon him were what tied him to life.

"He's back at the beginning of things," said Kildare. "He's gone through all the stages of evolution in reverse. His brain has been scaled away in layers, and now he's back in the stage of the reptile. Nothing in his brain is alive except the medulla, the very base of it; and the only thing that brain can tell his muscles to do is to twist and writhe, with movements like those of a snake."

He spoke slowly, a phrase at a time, pauses between. As he finished speaking, he forgot her.

"Will he—will he live?" she managed to ask.

"Get some blood out of an artery for me," said Kildare.

She prepared a syringe, and tried for the big artery at the inside of the elbow. She knew the hypodermic needle found that artery, but the blood that came out was thick, viscous, dead, like the blood from a vein.

"Look!" she said, whispering. "It's from an artery, but there's no life in it. It's the same as blood from a vein. . . ."

"Very well. Stop screaming at me!"

The loud-speaker in his own brain had turned her voice to thunder, no doubt.

"Yes, Doctor," she said. "What else can I do?"

He did not hear.

She crouched by his chair and looked up in his face. It was as though he had been away from her for years, he was so twisted and hardened by the endurance of those long hours. Yet her heart opened suddenly to him.

She said: "Jimmy, tell me how to share it with you, and help!"

He was silent.

She repeated: "Are you sure what will happen to him?"

"No," said Kildare. "All I know is that I have to nearly kill his brain before I can hope that he'll wake up into a few minutes of sanity."

"But suppose he doesn't wake up?"

"Then I've murdered him," said Kildare.

She got a good grip on the foot of the bed and steadied herself.

"What time is it?" he asked, never dropping his eyes from the face of Thornton.

"It's after seven," she said.

"Thank God!" he said. "Leave me alone with him . . . and then come back."

SHE went out. There was still no sign of Carew returning. Before he came back, no doubt he would have the career of Kildare already nailed on a cross. A rumor had gone through the hospital. There were plenty of people in the corridor, now, from nurses and attendants to staff physicians.

Molly Byrd, grim as a Roman soldier, bore down on the girl and cornered her.

"What's going on in 412?" she asked. "Carew's half mad!"

"I don't know," said Mary Lamont.

"Don't be a fool!" said the Byrd. "Don't be a nitwit—you! What's the matter with you, Lamont? Have you seen a ghost? Come here and let me get some hot coffee into you!"

She dragged Mary Lamont into the floor office and poured some steaming coffee. The girl sat shuddering in a chair with her hands pressed to her face.

"Talk to me now," commanded the Byrd, when Mary had swallowed some coffee.

"I can't," said the girl. "I can't say anything . . . it's too horrible . . . I mean. . . ."

"If I can't get anything out of you, I'll use my own eyes and ears," said the head nurse.

"Don't go into that room!" cried Mary.

Something about her voice was enough to stop Molly Byrd at the door.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"I don't know—except that it will haunt you every day of your life."

Even the Byrd was impressed. Mary went past her into the hall.

"Where are you going?" demanded the head nurse.

"I've got to get back there," said Mary.

When she was inside the room, she saw that the whole thing had changed. It was much more frightful to a casual eye but not to the eye of a nurse. Thornton foamed at the mouth and slobbered, turning his head from side to side with sudden movements. But life was coming back. The attitude of Kildare was altered, also. He was no longer like a murderer but what she knew of old—all eager brain and tenacious will. The period of mute waiting had ended.

He wiped the foam from the mouth of Thornton. He kept saying: "Thornton, how are you? How is it now, Thornton?"

Kildare turned and nodded his head toward the door. The girl, as she went out, kept remembering that last look, for there was an uncanny brightness of triumph in it.

"Noon, Friday . . . where is it you have to be? What is it you have to do, Thornton . . . Noon, Friday—Thornton, what is it you have to do at noon, Friday?"

The head of Thornton at last stopped rolling. Light entered the blank mist of his open eyes.

"I meet Marian—in the lobby of the Clerfayt Hotel—at noon, Friday," he said. He roused suddenly and completely, crying out: "Will you get me there?"

He caught at the hands of Kildare and repeated in an agony: "Will you get me there?"

CHAPTER XVI

TEN or fifteen minutes later a sort of quiet maelstrom in the form of Doctor Carew had picked up Mary Lamont. He had Gregory Lane with him. He was saying to Lane: "I simply want a direct understanding on one point which already has been put to you: Did you or did you not order definite work to be done on Thornton tonight, or did you give indefinite authority to any other doctor in the hospital to interfere with that patient?"

"No," said Lane, "I did not."

He looked curiously at Carew and then at Mary.

Carew had turned on her, as they walked briskly down the corridor, saying: "Now, Nurse Lamont, I want from you a detailed report on what has been going on in Room 412 last night and this morning."

"Mr. Thornton seemed very ill," she said. "Doctor Kildare was with him. . . ."

"Doing what?"

"I can't tell, Doctor. I was not given the full details of the treatment. . . ."

"It was written on the chart, was it not?"

"I believe not, sir."

Carew came to an abrupt halt. He was purple with his emotion.

"An uncharted treatment—given without permission—by an *interne*! . . . It's on Gillespie's head, eventually! Eventually on his head. . . ."

He started forward again, walking with violent speed.

He exclaimed: "To encourage the ignorant bull-headedness of a boy—a mere child! To place in his

hands the authority of an experienced physician! God forgive them both, but the Blair Hospital never! . . . You are well out of this, young Doctor Lane! It is very well for you that you performed your operation with the apparent authorization of Gillespie through his baby-faced assistant, otherwise we should. . . ."

"I beg your pardon, Doctor Carew," said Lane. "I was my own single authority for that operation. Authorization, did you say? From Doctor Gillespie through Kildare? There was not a word from either of them!"

Carew stopped again and passed a handkerchief across his forehead. "I hope I'm not going quite mad," he said. "Do you mean to say that when correction was about to fall on you—like a sword, in fact—another man dared to stand between you and—Doctor Lane, how in God's name does this make the slightest sense?"

"Did Kildare tell you that he had authorized the operation in the name of Doctor Gillespie?" demanded Lane.

"He did. In my office. In almost exactly those words."

Lane shook his head slowly, bewildered. "I can't understand it," he said. "God knows it was not from any friendship. We're strangers, practically. . . ."

"Let's get on to Kildare. In the old days," said Carew, as he hurried forward again, "all roads led to Rome, and when there is trouble in the Blair Hospital, apparently all roads lead to young Doctor Kildare—a state of affairs which presently may be remedied—very presently!"

THEY came to Room 412. There were twenty people curiously looking on at various distances in the corridor.

"Shall I go in first, Doctor Carew?" asked Mary Lamont.

"We'll have no forerunners," said Carew. "Let him take the full brunt, as he deserves to take it! You shall enter first, Doctor Lane!"

That was the order of entrance, Lane first, with Carew behind him, and Mary Lamont closing the door hastily behind them to shut out as much of the expected scene as possible from the eyes and the ears of the people in the hall.

But Kildare was not there. They had before them only Henry Thornton with an extra pillow cushioning his head. The dimness and the wandering was utterly gone from his eye.

"Good morning," he said. "I hope you're bringing those jelly sandwiches that Doctor Kildare promised me? And the milk?"

The rage of Doctor Carew, quite ready to be poured forth even in the presence of an insane patient, was checked at its source by this revelation. He went slowly toward the bed, holding out his hand a little, in an attitude humorously like that of a man approaching a flighty horse.

"My dear Mr. Thornton," he said, "do you feel quite well?"

"Extraordinarily well," said Thornton, too full of smiles to attempt to control them. "I seem to have been quite ill—or else I've been having very bad dreams."

"Chiefly dreams, Mr. Thornton—chiefly dreams, my dear fellow," said Carew.

He seemed to have forgotten everything else in a good doctor's delight in an unexpected cure. "Chiefly dreams," repeated Carew, "and rather a bad knock in the head."

"Silly of me to be bowled over like that, wasn't it?" said Thornton, almost laughing. "But do you mind me bringing up the subject of those jelly sandwiches, if you please? I'm half starved."

"You shall have a mountain of them," said Carew. "You shall have a whole mountain of them. . . . And did Doctor Kildare leave you very long ago?"

"Hardly five minutes, I believe," said Thornton, still with that cheerful smile.

Here a special nurse came in with a whole tray of sandwiches and a bottle of milk with melted frost running down its sides.

"Ah, here it comes!" said Thornton, reaching out a welcoming hand. "This is a very pleasant sight, nurse!"

The special, seeing the change in him, almost dropped the tray. She threw a wild glance toward Carew, who said instantly: "We seem to be quite out of the woods, this morning. Quite out of the woods, indeed!"

The head of the hospital withdrew from the room with Lane and Mary Lamont. He stood bewildered, but still smiling, in the corridor.

"I saw him yesterday," said Carew, "and the poor fellow's condition wrung my heart! To see a change like this—it's a reward that makes a life of work

seem a small thing, doesn't it, Lane?"

"It does, sir," said Gregory Lane.

They smiled on one another.

"It's an act of God!" said Carew. "Nothing else could have made the change in him so quickly. It's an act of God!"

"Or of Doctor Kildare?" suggested Mary Lamont softly.

"Ha? Kildare?" echoed Carew. "Extraordinary, damned, difficult young scoundrel. . . . Nurse, what did he do to Thornton last night?"

"I don't know," she said, brokenly. "But it seemed to be his own life that he was taking in his hands!"

"I don't blame you," said Carew, patting her shoulder. "I don't blame tears. It's the rarest thing in the world when a man ventures his reputation, his career, his whole future, his whole honor, and in spite of the confounded rule-makers like



"You've run Kildare out of this hospital, out of medicine, out of his chance to serve the world," Gillespie told Carew

Walter Carew, dares to be right . . . a damned touching thing!"

He went off down the corridor in a happy dream, still shaking his head.

"You're knocked to pieces; you've been through a pretty thick slice of hell, I think," said Gregory Lane. "Let me take you somewhere so that people won't stare at you, dear."

"I'm all right," she said. But she was trembling as she added: "He's done it before, and he's only saved himself by being right . . . but someday he'll put his neck in the noose for other people, and it won't turn out this way. Some day it'll go wrong; and then all his work, and all his life, will be ruined! Don't you see, Gregory?"

"It's Kildare you mean," said Lane, looking intently at her.

"He's always committing himself to the lost causes," she said. "And someday the ship will sink under him, and take him down with it!"

"I've got to find him," said Lane.

"I'll go along," she agreed.

CHAPTER XVII

BUT Mary Lamont and Doctor Lane found no trace of Kildare in the hospital. Noon came and there was no Kildare in Gillespie's office. Stephen Kildare came in at that time to say he had been a trifle worried about his son when he last saw him that morning.

"When did you see him?" asked Gillespie.

"About eight-thirty this morning," said old Kildare. "Isn't he back at the hospital?"

"There's no sign of him," said Gillespie. "What was he talking about when you saw him?"

"He asked for fifty dollars."

"For what?"

"I don't know."

"You mean, you didn't give it to him?"

"Oh, yes. I happened to have that much, so of course I gave it to him."

"Ha!" growled Gillespie. "You had the money so of course you gave it to him. . . . And then what?"

"He took a hot bath, a pony of brandy, a cup of coffee, and left at once."

"Without saying a word of where he was going?"

"No, doctor."

At seven that night there still was no Kildare. Gillespie telephoned to Carew.

"Will you come down to see me, or shall I come up to see you?" he asked.

"Is it important?"

"It's as important as the devil, to me."

"I'll come down," said Carew.

When he reached the office of Gillespie, the diagnostician was in a strange smiling humor but it was one that was familiar to Carew and he looked instantly askance at the great man.

"I hear that Henry Thornton is much better, Walter," he said, genially.

"Much, much better," said Carew.

"Then Lane's to be congratulated for his fine work, eh?"

"Not altogether Lane. Your man Kildare seems to have turned the trick last night."

"Not the young interne! Not the stupid young fool you were going to run out of the hospital, Walter!"

Carew said nothing. He seemed to see what was coming.

"As a matter of fact," said Gillespie, "I'm really astonished to hear what you have to say. The truth is that I thought you'd lived up to your word—I thought that you had run Kildare out of the hospital!"

"Nonsense, Leonard," said the head of the hospital. "You know perfectly well that I never would have taken final action without first warning you."

"Then why isn't he here?" roared Gillespie.

"Here? In this office?"

"Yes, or in the entire hospital. There's no sign of him! What did you do with him, Carew?"

"Nothing, Leonard. Not a thing. I did not dismiss him."

"What did you last say to him?"

"I don't remember the exact words."

"Damn the exact words. What was the intent? Did you leave him feeling that he was on a good basis with you and the hospital?"

"I'm afraid not. Leonard, I want you to consider the case of a mere interne who pretends to have used your name to authorize a dangerous operation; and who then without permission from the doctor in charge invades the room of a patient and seems on the verge of killing him with a treatment which is not even written down on the chart!"

"Do you think that every man in the world is a fool or a criminal unless he stands your height, has your weight, and fits your shoes? Are we going to have nothing in the world but Prussian disciplinarians like Walter Carew? Are you going to deny to young physicians the chance to use the brain and imagination that God gave them, so that you can lead them around by apron strings? Is that what you want?" thundered Gillespie.

"Every word you say is unfair," complained Carew.

"You've frightened Kildare out of this hospital, out of medicine, out of his chance to serve the world," declared Gillespie. "Go back and sit down with the thought. It will be a warm comfort for you. And remember all the time that you've remained inside your rights. By God, Carew, I call what you've done, intellectual murder!"

Carew did not stay to argue; he walked soundlessly from the office, a small and shrinking figure.

AT fifteen minutes before noon, on this Friday, a telephone call was put through to Gregory Lane. The voice of Kildare came none too clearly to him.

"Hai, Jimmy!" called Lane. "Where are you, fellow? There's been a regular manhunt and hell to pay, trying to find you. Where are you?"

"Authorize them to connect me with Thornton," said Kildare.

"The trouble is that Thornton is none too well," said Lane. "He was bright and fine for a number of hours after you treated him but then. . . ."

"This is long distance and I haven't much money. I don't care what his condition is. Put me through to him!"

They put Kildare through to Thornton. Lane, sweating with anxiety, hovered at the door of the room. Mary Lamont was inside it, listening. She held to the ear of Thornton the telephone receiver which his hands did not seem able to hold. Thin as a spider thread she heard the voice of Kildare coming over, saying: "Thornton, I'm here in Clerfayt and she's with me. Marian is with me and everything is all right."

"Marian? Where is she?" cried Thornton. His hand suddenly grasped the receiver and he sat up in the bed.

"She's here, in Clerfayt, but we're leaving right away. She's coming back to you, Thornton. We're coming back as fast as an airplane can take us. And she's going to stay with you forever. Do you

hear me? Can you understand me?" Jimmy asked.

"I hear you! I hear you!" exclaimed Thornton.

"Good-by, then—and be patient—she's a happy girl!" said the far away voice of Kildare, and his receiver clicked.

Thornton still held the instrument to his ear as though he were draining further happiness from it.

"He's made it for me," said Thornton, whispering, half to himself and half to Mary Lamont. "He's there with her, in time. And she'll be with me all the days of my life!"

CHAPTER XVIII

BUT Kildare was not with Marian Thornton in the town of Clerfayt. It doesn't take a crow long to fly from Denver to Clerfayt, but the automobile road is a winding nightmare that loops among the mountains like a tangled lariat and the bus in which Kildare was a passenger had broken down while it was still ten miles from the destination.

"I've got an hour to reach Clerfayt," he said to the saloonkeeper, "and I've got a dollar and fifteen cents to rent a horse. I know it's not enough."

"Sure it ain't," said the saloonkeeper. "Besides, I ain't got a horse. But there's a mule out there that's better than any horse in the mountains, and I might loan him to you, stranger."

That was how Kildare happened to ride a long-legged grey mule down the last ragged slope and into the town of Clerfayt. He was already a half hour late when he jumped down in front of the Clerfayt Hotel and hurried into the lobby. There were only three people in it, the clerk in shirt-sleeves behind the desk, a big, brown-faced man and a pretty woman who sat beside him. They got up and started for the door as Kildare came in.

"You're Marian Thornton?" said Kildare.

She stopped and looked quickly up at the big fellow.

"You see, Jerry?" she said.

"Why didn't he come himself?" asked Jerry. "Why did he have to send a messenger?"

"Because he's in a hospital," said Kildare. "I got here by plane and bus and mule-back; and I see that I'm barely in time . . . Will you talk to me alone for a few moments?"

"I'll wait outside," said Jerry.

Kildare sat in a corner with the girl. She was less pretty at close range than from a distance, but there was a wealth of cheerful color in her face. She asked no questions at all, but waited for information. Kildare liked that, and the way she sat straight up.

He said: "I'm a doctor. My name is Kildare. Thornton is an accident case who was brought into the emergency room. We had to operate for fracture. He wouldn't accept the operation. He said he had a date line to meet. Friday—noon. He wanted to walk out. But he fainted before he could leave."

She put up a hand to her face. He pitied the pain in it.

"We operated anyway. A very brilliant surgeon—Gregory Lane—and the operation was a success, but when Thornton found out that he was under restraint, and couldn't get out here to meet that date line—it was too much for his nerves."

He paused there.

"You mean—his mind?" she asked.

"Yes," said Kildare.

She closed her eyes. He said nothing.

"He *did* want me," she said, at last.

"For five years," said Kildare.

"If I go to him, do you think I can be the least help?" she asked.

"I think you can," said Kildare.

"But you're not sure?"

"No."

She turned and looked out the window. A pine tree grew across the road from the hotel, but the immense bulk of it almost filled the window. Every bough was big enough to make a respectable tree in Connecticut.

After a time she said: "I'll get my things together. Do you know the quickest way to reach him?"

"Wait a minute," said Kildare. "Do you know what may lie ahead of you?"

"No. But I can guess," she answered.

"Have you ever seen anything of the sort?"

"Yes, I've seen it. But it's better to fill your life with pain than with emptiness."

"You've got more than emptiness. That big Jerry, yonder, wants to marry you."

She looked at Kildare, a little surprised. There was a great stillness about her and a suggestion of strength as ample as a Western horizon.

"I suppose," said Kildare, "that that was the reason for the date line. You'd give Thornton his chance to reach for you, if he cared to. If not, there'd be Jerry."

"He seemed to think that I'd be worth something to him. So I didn't have a right to deny him, you see, because I'm worth nothing to myself. But then I wondered if Henry might remember me and want me, after all. So I wrote. I hoped, in a vague sort of way, that he might forgive me."

"He thinks that he's the one who needs forgiveness."

"Because he was a bit of a sinner?"

She closed her eyes suddenly and bit her lip.

"Steady," said Kildare.

"I won't cry," she said. "But when I think of the five years I threw away . . ."

"I know," said Kildare.

"Is there any ghost of a chance that he might be himself again—just dimly—just now and then?" she asked.

Kildare took her hand.

"I've been a swine," he said, "but I wanted to find out what you are. Now I know. The fact is that there are nineteen chances out of twenty that he'll be perfect, after a little treatment and a good deal of you."

She held hard to his hand.

"Whether you want me to or not," she said, "I'm going to believe every word."

CHAPTER XIX

IT was late on Saturday when Nurse Parker broke sharply in on Dr. Gillespie.

He said angrily: "What are you at me about now, Parker? I'm seeing no patients this morning."

"Doctor Kildare has just come back—he's here—he's right in the hospital!" exclaimed Nurse Parker.

"What are you talking about?" said Gillespie. "Kildare? Who said he was back?"

"I saw him! I saw him with my own eyes!"

"You did?" Gillespie pushed himself up in his chair. "What excuse does the young fool give for playing hooky? What does he—I'm going to give him the dressing down of his life! Discipline? Carew? Before I'm through with him, I'll make him think he never heard of discipline before! Next patient!"

GREGORY LANE, coming out of Room 412, met Kildare coming down the corridor with a handsome, open-faced girl of twenty-six or seven, a sun-browned young woman who carried her head high and looked the world straight in the eye.

Kildare said: "This is the doctor I told you about . . . This is Mrs. Thornton, Dr. Lane."

She gave Lane's hand a strong, lingering pressure. She said, gravely: "Doctor Kildare has told me what you did. I don't try to thank you, Doctor. I'll *never* try! . . . But—may I see Henry now?"

"You understand his condition?" asked Lane, anxiously.

"She knows," said Kildare, "but he's much better than he was, isn't he?"

Lane stared at him. "Much, much better," he said.

There was a quick whispering of skirts down the hall. Mary Lamont was hurrying toward them.

"If you'll be very quiet, Mrs. Thornton," said Lane, "I'll take you in to him."

"May I make a suggestion?" asked Kildare. "May she go in to him alone?"

Lane, studying him, suddenly smiled. "I've an idea that you know this case better than I do," he said. "If you think it's right—certainly, Mrs. Thornton! You may go in alone."

She touched the arm of Kildare. "Thank you, Jimmy," she said, and went softly into the room.

The two doctors stood with Mary Lamont at the door, which was slightly ajar.

"Jimmy—Jimmy—Jimmy!" whispered the girl and held out her hand as though she wanted to touch him and make sure he was there.

Lane looked at her curiously, steadily.

THE voice of the sick man in Room 412 was saying: "Closed in the wrong day—and I've got to get out—out of the wrong day—"

It was like someone talking in a dream.

They heard the voice of Marian Thornton, not the words but the music of it; and then Thornton himself speaking more loudly her name in a clear voice with all the sleepy, obscure drawl gone from it.

Kildare soundlessly shut the door.

"I'm guessing at it," said Lane. "It was insulin! You sneaked up here and used insulin shock! How

did you dare to do it, man? How did you dare to bring him that close to dying?"

"But he's going to be cured," said Kildare. "And half the treatment is in there with him now. He waited five years for her but she's worth all the pain."

Lane looked at Mary Lamont gravely, but still strangely without pain. "I think there ought to be a little celebration for this. Here are the tickets to that show we were taking in tonight, Mary. You'll enjoy it more with Kildare."

"I can't do that," said Kildare.

Mary Lamont, watching Lane, said nothing at all, and out of her silence a quiet grew that embraced them all.

"I saw you, just now, when you met Kildare," said Lane. "You'd never have an eye like that for me in a thousand years. And I'm the sort of a fool that has to be head man, not second best . . . You two will find a way to be happy. Let me know when I can congratulate you."

He turned his back and then walked off.

"Call him back!" urged Kildare.

She shook her head.

"You're being a fool!" he said. "You'll never find better as long as you live!"

"I know," she agreed. "You and I are both fools. Maybe that's why we need one another."

IN the office of Gillespie, Kildare found his father in excited conversation with the great man.

"I thought she was going to die," said Stephen Kildare. "It was almost a complete collapse. What had caused it? I couldn't guess. There was nothing at all dangerous. Only a diet low in salt. She begged to have some of her infernal brew of herbs. I had some stewed up to quiet her. I even tasted the stuff . . . and suddenly I understood what it was that had been helping her in that witches' brew. The herbs had been packed in thick layers of salt to preserve them. It was a highly saline solution that she was drinking—and the salt . . ."

"Was what she needed?" exclaimed Gillespie.

"Of course, it was. You and I have missed it completely. All our years of experience and our laboratories hadn't helped her as much as her homemade tea, because what troubled her is . . . Addison's Disease!" the two old men cried in one voice.

"A pair of old fools," said Gillespie. "And yet there was no pigmentation of the exposed areas of the skin . . ."

"A borderline case, in fact."

"Now we can make her live twenty years, I hope."

"I hope so—I think so. Jimmy, that two dollars you're holding—give it to charity. We've just proved that instinct and a bit of luck sometimes can beat all the doctors there are."

"Young Doctor Kildare," said Gillespie, "I hear that you've brought home the bacon again. Otherwise I'd have given you the devil . . . What did you use on him? Insulin?"

"Insulin—and a sort of prayer," said Kildare. "And luckily there wasn't even a special in the room all night to bother me."

"Oh, the special nurse disappeared, did she?"

"Yes, sir."

"She couldn't have been called away, could she?" asked Gillespie.

"Ah, did you do that?" demanded Kildare.

"I can tell a crime when it first begins to swim into the eye of the criminal, like a fish up to the surface of a pond. I knew you'd need to be alone."

IT'S as though a tidal wave had gone over me, and now I'm back in the air, breathing and blinking again," said Kildare to Mary Lamont that night. "And are you sure that you're right, being here with me?"

"Five years—" said the girl. "Poor Henry Thornton waited five years—so why should I complain if I have to wait a while for Jimmy Kildare? I've turned into an old-fashioned girl."

"You won't feel that way about it tomorrow. There doesn't seem to be the least glimmer of a prospect ahead of us."

"There is, though," said the girl. "There's hope, you know."

"Yes," said Kildare. "There's a bit of that, of course."

"And there's the sense of coming back to you, and it's like coming home."

"That's it. And that's something," said Kildare. "We don't have to add up what we have and see what it amounts to."

"Of course, we don't, and we always have everything that lies between good morning and good night."

THE

Camera

SPEAKS



Sincerest form of flattery, as practiced by Sandra Shaw Cooper—accompanying husband Gary to Arizona for location scenes of Samuel Goldwyn's "The Westerner"—is to copy the suede jacket Gary himself wears in the title role

Coburn

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



*FEMMES
EXQUISES*

*Four synonyms for fem-
inine beauty—accenting four
subtle shades of meaning*

ÉLÉGANTE—Madeleine Carroll (far left) . . . whose classic fairness typifies her native England . . . whose chic reveals her French heritage . . . whose varied talents fit both Paramount's "Safari" — and Small's "My Son, My Son"

GAMINE — Patricia Morison (left) . . . whose youthful sparkle won Broadway in one operetta . . . whose honesty bespeaks her Scotch-Irish-and-American background . . . whose role in "Untamed" marks only her fourth picture

CHARMEUSE—Marilyn Merrick (at right) . . . whose charm's All-American—Texas-born, schooled in New Jersey, discovered in a Los Angeles dramatic class . . . whose first featured role for Warners is in "We Shall Meet Again"

EXOTIQUE—Dolores Del Rio . . . whose dark loveliness is one of the legends of Hollywood . . . whose patrician perfection shows her Spanish lineage (via Mexico) . . . whose first film in too long is M-G-M's "Man from Dakota"





Most girls would think it quite enough to make their entrance with Tyrone Power (let alone wearing his wedding ring!), but Annabella seeks still further honors with her basque-waisted, full-skirted frock of brocaded satin damask under a white fur jacket whose extended shoulders are practically guaranteed to make the tiniest, most feminine star look even more fragi

BATTLE OF Fashion

There's nothing so potent as a big social event in Hollywood to bring out the style queens, vying with each other for that "best dressed" title

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Double play at the "Gone with the Wind" opening! Ginger Rogers not only enters the theater on the arm of Walter Plunkett who created "Scarlett O'Hara's" own premiere ensemble, as well as the costumes for the picture—but she also wears a very smart tunic gown of palest blue and silver lamé, exactly matched by the turban which serves to conceal her currently dark hair. Her wrap is silver fox



in fuchsia and white; Vivien wears an ermine coat over sequined soufflé with its matching veil and bag; note that on the latter are Laurence Olivier's orchids and orange effect fated for popularity

Fine feathers make a fine showing among the many opulent furs and gorgeous fabrics at the Carthay Circle, as Mrs. Gary Cooper proves with a brief, shaggy ostrich jacket. Her blazing diamond earrings strike an elegant note, too—though Gary's face hardly looks TOO formal from this angle!

Margaret Sullavan, arriving with her husband, Leland Hayward, might have stepped right out of the family album in her broadcloth coat, with its quaint elbow capelet and baby pillow muff—all banded with sealskin, that fur so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers' day

antly, Cesar Romero helps Joan Crawford adjust the hood of her ermine wrap over her snood. The dress is of flowing white crepe, belted with heavy embroidery and gold beads to match the neckline

Surprise? Another sweeping ermine wrap, this one — not unlike Vivien's — belonging to Norma Shearer (who almost played the famous "Miss O'Hara")! She is wearing a Directoire model of appliquéd satin. Her "Rhett Butler" is George Raft, of course

Lana Turner flaunts a lynx coat which is very nearly as stunning as her tricky feather bird. The latter's an anchor for the hood of Lana's Gladys Parker gown

It's Clark ("Rhett Butler") Gable's big night, and wife Carole Lombard does him proud in a classic gown and wrap of stippled gold. With this she wears a minimum of jewelry, topping tiny earrings with a chic up hair-do



On Columbia's "Too Many Husbands," Jean Harlow, after the return of her first husband, Fred MacMurray, momentarily forgetting that after his "death" she married Melvyn Douglas (watching with director Wesley Ruggles, writer Claude Binyon)



TOO MANY HUSBANDS -

They don't look so worried here, but before the film's over, Jean has to decide which of her two husbands she'll have for keeps—Melvyn or Fred!



"It was so lonely here—after you drowned!" Jean tries to explain to Fred just how she happened to wed Melvyn, his best friend and business partner—and the battle's

What's this? Bigamy a new trend? It looks that way—
with two gay new movies both featuring marriage for three

and



"Faint heart never won fair lady"—but Jean doesn't blame Melvyn for fainting (as rehearsed here) when she breaks the news her first husband's still alive

Jean's papa (Harry Davenport) helps her to revive his second son-in-law to the cold realities of life

Bearded from his long exile, Fred executes a barber shop bolero at the prospect of seeing "his" wife—unaware that she is Melvyn's now! Who wins? That's a surprise

TOO MANY WIVES

RKO reverses the situation in "My Favorite Wife," with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant—

—for Cary finds himself with just one wife too many, when his honeymoon with—

—Gail Patrick is interrupted (to express it mildly) by Irene's return from supposed death





George Brent wasn't all that strong at the time that he is today but you never guess it from an early film he made with Ruth Chatterton (The

You hear of "bear hugs," but do you remember this "bear kiss"? The twelve-year-old note with it says that Dolores Del Rio "received a greater thrill in this movie kiss than any she received heretofore"

PHOTOS THEY'D LIKE

Aha! With the aid of her trusty binoculars, a 1924 bathing beauty spots a homemade sheik. Wonder what Jack Holt and Norma Shearer think of this sample of precandid-camera art now?





Something to kick about, looking back! Football fever got all the little starlets in those days, just as inevitably as autumn rolled around. The Paramount entrants for 1928 All-American honors turn out to be Jean Arthur and Nancy Carroll



Oh, Nora, what BIG muscles you have! The better to sock Nick, eh? But we have a feeling Myrna Loy would rather drown than wear that bathing cap again

FORGET

*weet are the uses of public-
y—but we've an idea that,
day, the stars wish they'd
ever posed for these stills!*

*rea! Nowadays the popu-
ung can walk right out,
e't like an assignment, but
o time she couldn't even
bit of javelin-throwing!*



No nudes wasn't good news in Hollywood's age of innocence, as George O'Brien—and his "Vanishing American"—and his —testify. (Pardon the puns, but these gags of yesteryear have got us doing it, too!)

Richard Greene, waiting with interest as Zorina gets her "costume" adjusted for a flying leap-and-kiss in "I Was an Adventuress," forgets there's many a slip. . . .



WE COVER THE STUDIO

Villains play with toys, heroes go to jail, directors act impassioned love scenes—that's Hollywood for you, "business going on as usual"

BY JACK WADE

OH—to be in Hollywood, now that spring is here!"

Excuse, please, the slight misquotation and those heavy sighs. It's all Deanna Durbin's fault. We just saw her, and we say spring ought to be here! Yes sir, burgeoning and budding!

After all, fifty young puppy lovers, lying side by side on the grass and gazing up at fleecy

clouds, can't be wrong, calendar or no calendar. That's the sentimental sight that greets us on the outdoor set of Universal's "It's a Date." We almost trip over Deanna, in blue slacks, stretched out on a blanket, her head couched tenderly on the stomach of dark, good-looking Lewis Howard. As far as we can see, pretty teen-age extra boys and girls are doing the same with interesting variations. The sudden field of mass mugging and *al fresco* woo startles us. "Hey!" we shout to Director Bill Seiter. "Is all this strictly nice?"

"Not if you stay in the scene!" he retorts, so we move in behind the camera.

In "It's a Date," Deanna plays the daughter of a famous actress. She happens to compete with her mama, Kay Francis, for a big stage part on Broadway. Around that and handsome Walter Pidgeon's love-making, Universal has whipped up a clever Durbin standard-situation script, pitting Kay and Deanna against each other, mostly for laughs, with, of course, some melodies thrown in.

It's nice to see Deanna getting so grown up,

with twenty-eight *tres chic* gowns (one costing \$1500), a sophisticated make-up, and coiffure. Just as it's nice to see Kay Francis, greyish streaks in her hair, acting her age and playing a mother role—and saying she loves the maternal touch!

As we watch, Deanna is shifting her head around on Lewis' midriff for the right camera angle. And Lewis is ticklish! Every now and then he bounces to his feet shaking with the funnies. He's a little skittish, too, because in a minute he has to kiss Deanna, and he's never done that before—on the screen, or anywhere else.

This isn't the most romantic setting in the world, we'd say. The picture starts off in one of those New England summer stock groups. Winfield Sheehan's Hidden Valley ranch was as good as the Universal location man could do about that, so the background for young love is a big red barn looming behind and lazy cows, horses, ducks and chickens wandering through the lanes of lazy lovers. That's atmosphere for you, and we do mean atmosphere!



Gaelic tempers and Gaelic humor both get a workout on the set of "Three Cheers for the Irish," with Thomas Mitchell, Dennis Morgan, Priscilla Lane in the cast

little enough feminine interest in "Dance with the Music"—but Dottie Lamour provides it, making up for a lot



two-timing baby Eddie Cantor sings to in "Forty Little Girls," but she can't fool Eddie when it comes to teething!



What with being ticklish, and Director Bill Seiter looking on, and all, Deanna Durbin and Lewis Howard have trouble getting that spring mood in "It's a Date"

Anyway, Deanna, Lewis and the hundred extra love bugs rise above it and the cameras roll. We have to admit it's a touching sight, as Deanna and Lewis confide their dreams to the blue sky, a microphone and collected onlookers. Then Lewis decides on the kiss. But just as Lew touches Deanna's ruby lips, there's a shattering "M-o-o-o-o!" and Lew leaps up as if he'd been bored by a wasp. We would swear that cow winked.

That reminds us, incidentally, of the kiss trouble Richard Greene is having at Twentieth Century-Fox one day when we find that beautiful young man's fancy lightly turning to thoughts of love with the svelte Zorina in "I Was An Adventuress."

Zorina, the script says, is in cahoots with international jewel slickers Eric von Stroheim and Peter Lorre, on the Riviera. Then comes the wealthy, young, upstanding Britisher Dick Greene; comes love; comes Zorina's desire to ditch her past and be an honest woman. But evil Eric shakes his shaved head. You can take it from there.

Dick and Zorina are taking it from the point where the grand passion gets going in a lavish Riviera hotel bedroom set. It's some set, too. Full length mirrors line the floors, walls

and ceilings. Silks and satins drape over everything, including Director Gregory Ratoff and his cigar. Twin satin-covered beds snuggle together. Dick's in one of them, pretty cute in blue silk pajamas. Zorina wears a satin shirt and black ballet trunks which don't exactly hide her famous *gams*. All in all, the setting's on the sexy side—as it's meant to be.

Because the next thing Zorina does is a running dive at Dick in his satin beddy-bye, and they melt in a long, lingering kiss. They'd be arrested if they did it in public, but Director Ratoff thinks it's much too tame. And what Ratoff thinks, he says—out loud and with gestures. Now he shoves Zorina aside and leaps on the bed beside the terrified Richard.

"You loaf heem!" cried Ratoff to Zorina. "You keez heem! So—" And he grabs Dick with a body slam and bestows a resounding smack!

Zorina yells with laughter. She thinks it's very funny, and promises to deliver as enthusiastically next time. But Dick gasps and sputters angrily. "I'll kiss Zorina for nothing," he states. "But if I have to kiss you any more, Gregory, my salary doubles!"

Far be it from us to hand out directing ideas to the Great Ratoff, but we can't help recalling a possibly less painful cure for listless lolligog-

ging which we hear Wesley Ruggles propose the day we visit the "Too Many Husbands" set at Columbia.

Of course, when a Somerset Maugham character like the one Jean Arthur plays (who finds herself with two husbands on her hands, a returned long-lost spouse and his best friend she has married meanwhile), she has to know a thing or two about the gentle art of osculation. We've never heard any complaints about Jean in that branch of cinema endeavor. Nor are there any current kicks about Fred MacMurray, either, come to think of it. Just the same, Fred carries around an inferiority complex about his camera kissing, and inferiority complexes take an awful beating around Ruggles. The other day Wes smuggled Fred's wife on the set to watch him make love. We knew Fred had vetoed it—so he hired Mrs. M. as an extra!

This day when we arrive to scan the startling mix-ups of "Too Many Husbands," Jean and Fred are snuggled up together in a sawed-off automobile. Where the hood and engine normally are, a camera crew levels down on the stars in the back seat. Where the wheels normally spin along the pavement, property men and grips are heave-hoing on wooden planks to

(Continued on page 86)



Sh! A gambler enters the quiet rummy sessions in the old brownstone house

Remember Fanto, the fantastic poodle who was always stealing the show from his just as fantastic master, the Great Boldini (played here by Felix Bressart)?

IT ALL CAME TRUE

Photoplay's March Movie Book comes brilliantly to life in Warners' romantic production of the Louis Bromfield novel that we brought you last month



Sarah Jane electrifies — to put it mildly! — that staid boardinghouse atmosphere



Stars of the love story—Tommy (Jeffrey Lynn) and Sarah Jane (Ann Sheridan), children of Maggie and Bridget—who dreamed it all true, to her surprise!



Sarah Jane goes "Gay Nineties," aided and abetted by Grasselli (Humphrey Bogart)



Miss Flint comes to life —with all her fears and flutters—in ZaSu Pitts

Bridget (Jessie Busley) and her boarders—Mr. Van Diver (Brandon Tynan), René Salmon (Grant Mitchell), and Miss Flint—see their old home transformed into a night club



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor

Assisted by: Frances Hughes,
June Smith, Peggy Sweet

A fresh and spirited fashion song is echoed on our opening page by Bette Davis, distinguished star of Warner Brothers' "All This, and Heaven, Too," whose newest spring costume is previewed for you. A trim dressmaker suit of navy rayon* faille conceals a white button-on crocheted lace blouse 'neath its rib-hugging jacket. Striking harmonious chords in the medley of fashion are Lilly Daché's veiled crisp piqué question-mark hat, LaValle's white doe-skin shirred-cuff shorties and navy gabardine pouch bag. Pattullo suit from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills

*Enka



Welbourne



Everitt-Buelow, Houston;
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis;
B. Forman, Rochester, N. Y.



Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago

The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago

Ellen Drew, of Paramount's "French without Tears," models a Junior Guild suit (above). Snowy white piqué fashions the blouse . . . navy Twill Brook,* the jacket and pleated skirt. Around \$25. Little spools of cotton run riot over her mustard print crepe frock (at right) and huddle on the pocket of her mustard Twill Brook* coat. Around \$25. Sketched, top right—a voluminous-sleeved, Gaucho-inspired blouse of crinkly chiffon tucks into a youthful suspender skirt of novelty crepe (both are woven with Celanese rayon). Candy colors—around \$18

*Crown Tested rayon and wool

At the left, Muriel Angelus, of Paramount's "Safari," wears a Margie Joy jacket-dress of navy faille (Cohama's Luana) with pink cuffs. Around \$20. Below, her six-pocketed blouse of navy rayon (Duplan's Young Glory) is teamed with a red and white polka dot skirt and a red kidskin belt. Around \$12.95. Sketched, below—a navy bolero-suit of Botany's Crispette, with red and white polka dot blouse, white piqué revers and red ribbon girdle. Around \$29.75

Prices quoted on these two pages vary in different sections of the country

Richee



Russeks Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; Cricket West, Kansas City



Arnold Constable, N. Y.; Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis; Mandel Brothers, Chicago

The May Co., Cleveland

SPRING

Check-Up



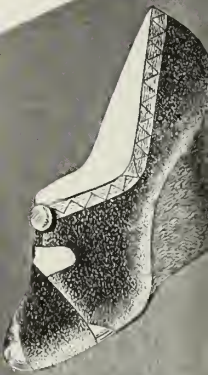
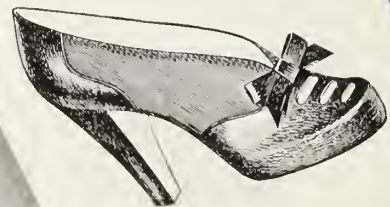
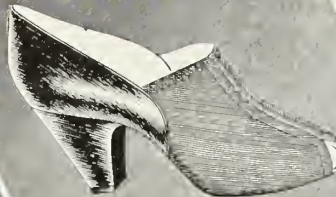
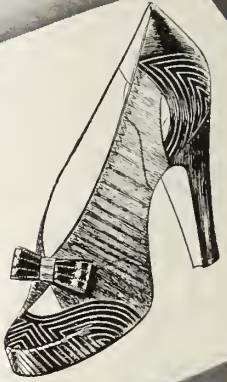
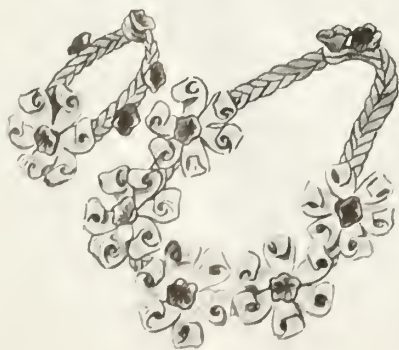
Check this Shepherd-checked jacket dress of rayon ratiné because it leads a double life. The bow-necked shirtfrock with pleated skirt comes out from under holding its own—team the jacket with a black frock or skirt. Arklane. \$25. Russeks, N. Y.; Conrad's, Boston; Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis. Piqué sailor, \$7.50



Individualize a navy costume with Leo Glass' patriotic flag-wreathed rooster pin—around \$2; and this navy calf bag that waves a brave red tassel—there's over a foot and a half of it to carry upright. Around \$19



Dramatize any new spring frock with Leo Glass' giant white lotus blossom ensemble—jeweled centers from braided cords. Necklace, \$5; bracelet, \$2



1. Perforated patent leather step-in pump with cutouts. Around \$6. Tarsal Tread
2. "Mikado"—a maracain sabot in navy with walled last, keg heel and elasticized gabardine strap. Around \$8. Grayflex
3. Neatly-stitched bow-trimmed patent suit pump of black patent leather and ombre-striped elasticized grey gabardine—walled last. Around \$7. Milius
4. "Anna" featured here in black gabardine-Lastex, a peep-toe step-in, with patent peg heel and quarter. Around \$8. Rhythm Step

5. Elasticized faille and patent cross-over vamp, cutout step-in with open toe. Around \$6. Velvet Step
6. Elasticized black gabardine bow-pump with calf vamp, heel and trim on walled last. Around \$4. Jolene
7. High-wedge step-in of Balenciaga tan suede—matching calf heel. Around \$19. Palter DeLiso's big fashion news!

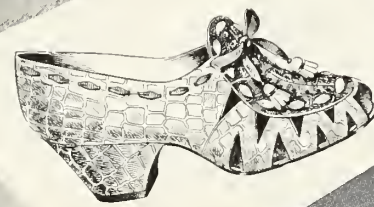
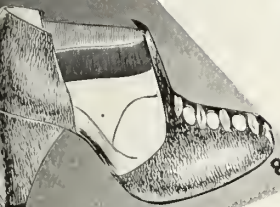
For the name of the shop in your vicinity that carries the items shown, here write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOLAY, 122 East 12nd Street, New York. These prices vary slightly in different sections of the country.



Clemens

Check these for their suit-ability—(above) Dobb's white toyo baby sailor with black band, around \$10. La-Valle's black patent bag and white doeskin gloves, fashionably linked by Toga snakeskin trimmings. Bag around \$10.50, gloves around \$6. For La-Valle's shoes to match, see sketch number ten

Peanut Butter is the smart new color: Here it is (left above) in Knox's Milan braid postilion, around \$15; Harry Rosenfeld's pin-point patent bag, around \$13; Merry Hull's new doeskin fingernail gloves, cut longer at the finger tips, around \$6



8. Square-heeled T-strap sandal of blue calf laced with white kid. Around \$11. Rice O'Neil
9. Walled last spat-shoe, turttan calf with brown elasticized gabardine spat, brass buckles. Around \$11. Matrix
10. Perforated patent pump with airy lattice-stripped vamp and bow of Toga snakeskin. Around \$15. La-Valle
11. Alligator-calf pump with cut-outs and peep-toes. Around \$4. Paris Fashion

12. High-wedge step-in, milk chocolate brown calf with beige elasticized linen. Around \$11. DeLiso-Debs
13. Town sandal of black patent leather with lattice cutouts. Around \$6. Heel Latch
14. Beige alligator-calf "Hoolygan Kicks" with moccasin vamp, sport lacings, and Dutch Boy heels. Around \$7. Paramount
15. Afternoon peep-toe pump—gabardine with patent leather piping and bow. Around \$8. Paradise

Double check this Shepherd-checked suit—a two-timer in the smart woman's wardrobe—with twin Rancho skirts; one matching the jacket, one in black wool. Passarelli. Three pieces, under \$23; two pieces, under \$18. Macy's, N. Y.; Carson Pirie & Scott, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit. Piqué sailor, \$7.50

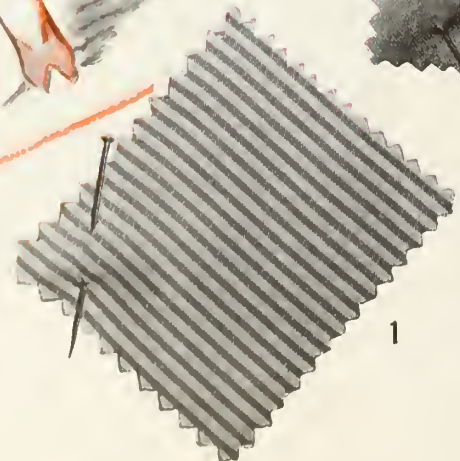
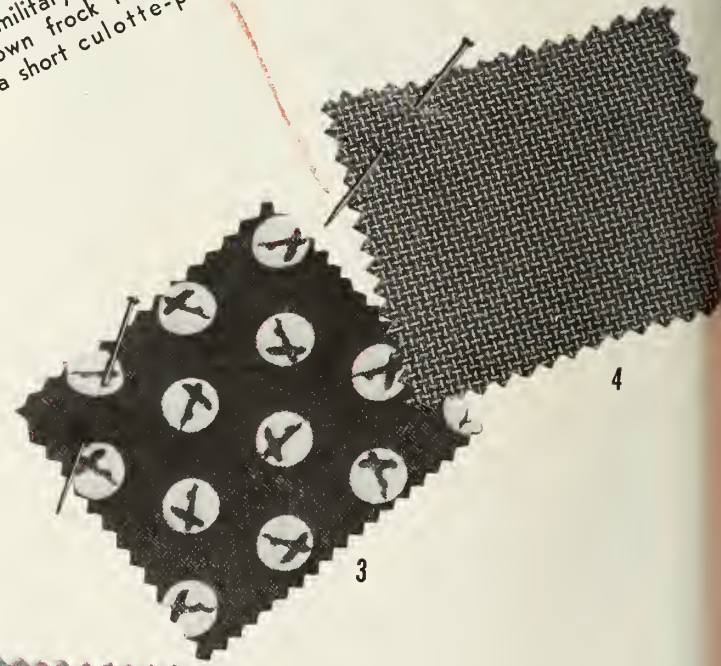
Patterned for



"Stress pockets on all your clothes—select navy, beige or grey for a costume—spice your wardrobe with color and make it gay with novelty fabrics," says Howard Shoup, currently creating clothes for Warners' "It All Came True." You'll find pockets in these designs, colorful novelty in these fabrics—to guide you when you sew or make plans with your dressmaker! The PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS (which will be a monthly feature in these pages) and the new spring fabrics, illustrated here, are available at leading stores throughout the country

3660. Outsize knapsack pockets with saddle-stitched flaps lend a military touch to a two-piece town frock that also features a short culotte-pleated skirt

3651. Jaunty patch pockets on the hips add dash to a composé suit which has a pert, plaid, collarless cardigan jacket and a plain, culotte-pleated skirt



- In your search for spring fabrics, watch for these outstanding numbers:
1. Duplan's "Playtime"—red and white peppermint-striped sharkskin-type rayon
 2. Cohama grey chambray-spun rayon that grows modernistic trees of red and white
 3. Celanese's red and white aero-print Cellenacel-jersey
 4. Stehli's navy and white baby-checked rayon spectator crepe
 5. St. George's nubby sports weave of Du Pont spun rayon and cotton in Cavalry tan, the new beige
 6. Enka's leaf green rayon crepe apple blossom print with Premet's matching woolen—born companions and American Viscose's Crown Tested rayon crepe, as featured in navy blue in Miss Neagle's frock at right

4

3

2

1

Spring

3657. And pockets are out in front for evening, too . . . dig-down ones, reaching into a gathered skirt which flows with lovely rhythm from the new long-torso bodice, Talon-fastened at the side



5

6



Navy blue, frosted with white, is spring's smartest perennial combination. Edward Stevenson has used it here in a rayon crepe and piqué bolero frock, worn by Anna Neagle, now starring in RKO's "Irene"

SEASON

for



For the striking Zorina, Royer does an equally striking navy chalk-striped suit with collarless neckline and chevron pockets. She wears it in the 20th Century-Fox film, "I Was an Adventuress." Note how the downward stripes of the fabric emphasize the new longer line of the jacket. Royer adds a lacy lingerie blouse, sparkling flower ear-bobs, a navy and white pillbox and long white gloves

SUITS



Hendricks

For Gail Patrick's dark beauty, Howard Greer makes a grey flannel link-button tailleur. You'll see her wear it in RKO's "My Favorite Wife." This suit also dresses up with feminine accessories—a grey moiré blouse, a twisted pearl necklace and a brilliant jeweled bow for the triangular pocket. Gail's grey felt toque matches her giant pouch bag amusingly decorated with a floppy bow of the suit fabric

Penny

fashions

(Trademark)

Miss Penny Wise makes her debut—she's the glamour girl who dresses on a budget and makes it balance! Out she went this month and turned up six little treasures to help you dress smartly and balance your "budget" too



1. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y.; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; O'Connor & Moffatt, San Francisco

Geoffrey Morris

1. This grey flannel suit has shining silver buttons, bulky militaristic pockets, and a skirt flared to the swish of spring. Around \$17. Quilled sailor—Alice May. Barrel bag—Turoff Hodes

2. You will look efficient by day—so feminine after five—in this "Rambling Junior" grey Celanese rayon Feathercel frock with pristine starched collar and red leather drawstring belt. Around \$16

3. With spring come polka dots! Lingerie trim and gay red pocket binding set off this jacket dress of navy and white rayon crepe. Around \$16. Alfreda's piqué sailor. Bag—Ritter & Ritter

4. Neat-as-a-pin—definitely smart! A "Terry Rogers" dress of grey and white rayon crepe border print. Around \$12. Alfreda's white straw sailor; longer gloves by Kayser; bag—Ritter & Ritter

5. Black and white—always perfect fashion. This cunning model from "Debutante Frocks" of Stehli's crepe Dolores (woven with Celanese rayon) is scrolled with braid—it goes to a job or keeps a date with equal charm. Around \$16

6. Spring blues must be gay! "Rambling Junior" chooses spirited Cadet Blue to make an interesting frock of Celanese rayon Feathercel. Skirt fullness flows from circular corded pockets. Around \$16

There is a variance of prices in different sections of the country.



2. Macy's, N. Y.; Hutaler Brothers, Baltimore; Roos Bros., San Francisco

Wise



3. Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Denver Dry Goods, Denver



4. The Higbee Co., Cleveland; B. Siegel, Detroit; Foley Bros., Houston



5. Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Denver Dry Goods, Denver



6. Macy's, N. Y.; B. Siegel, Detroit; Maison Blanche, New Orleans



They refused roles as man-and-wife in "Saturday's Children," but their whirlwind New York romance set Hollywood wondering if Jimmy (above, in flying togs) and Olivia plan to play those very parts off-screen!

"Is Jim Stewart going to marry Olivia de Havilland?"

PHOTOPLAY wanted to know, too.

Now if anyone was in a position to answer that query it certainly was Mr. James Maitland Stewart himself, and so, just before this magazine started to press we picked up the telephone to find out.

Once the call was in, we began to feel a little impudent telephoning a man 3,000 miles away to prod into just about the most private phase of his life. Maybe Jim wouldn't want to talk about it.

And as we waited for the telephone connection to be made, we reviewed what we'd already gleaned of the romance from Jim's two pretty younger sisters, Mary and Virginia Stewart, who live in New York, and from a close friend of Olivia's who had been watching her most recent ride on the merry-go-round of a whirlwind courtship with considerably more than casual interest. Here, then, was what could truly be called the "case" history.

The romance of Jim and Olivia had had its inception in New York, the week before Christmas. They had met just once before in Hollywood, casually.

Jim, who had flown East to spend the holidays with his family in Indiana, Pennsylvania, was in Manhattan for a week's go-around of the new shows and supper clubs. He had been in New York two days when a telephone call came through from Hollywood from his agent and best friend, Leland Hayward, who also represents Olivia as business manager.

"Olivia de Havilland is leaving for New York by plane tonight," announced the agent. "She has two tickets for the opening of 'Gone with the Wind,' and I've told her you would meet her at the airport and take her to the premiere. Now, about that picture at. . ."

"Never mind business," interrupted Jim. "Olivia de Havilland! I've been wanting to take her out ever since we met. Leland, you're marvelous!"

Hanging up the phone, the lanky actor turned to his sisters, who had stopped by for dinner with him, and beamed.

"What an agent!" he said, enthusiastically. "What an agent!"

Of all the celebrities who paraded by the klieg lights and cameras at the gala opening of "Gone with the Wind" at Broadway's Capitol

(Continued on page 90)

"We Have a Wonderful Time Together"

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"IS Jim Stewart going to marry Olivia de Havilland?"

Whether or not President Roosevelt would seek a third term may have been the most vital topic of gossip and speculation among the political-minded this past month, but to movie-minded maidens from Penobscot to Pasadena the most serious item in current affairs was the amorous attachment of Hollywood's most eligible bachelor and the beautiful *Melanie* of "Gone with the Wind."

Newspaper columnists were coupling their names on an average of three times a week. Radio chatterers bulletined their budding romance as minutely as horticulturists log the leafings of a midnight blooming cactus. And from the soda fountain of the M-G-M studio commissary to the bar of the Stork Club in New York, the romance peddlers were prattling:



A revealing telephone interview with Jimmy Stewart re: that Olivia de Havilland romance!



Olivia de Havilland went to Washington, too (for the President's Ball)—but will she be Jimmy Stewart's "Mrs. Smith"? See story opposite page.

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



For a while, the outcome of the Walter Wanger-Joan Bennett romance was anybody's guess—but meet the new Mr. and Mrs.!

Cupid may be as blind as they say, but our scout isn't! He sees all, he hears all—and tells everything

No Hitting in the Clinches!

AT last, it's come. Hollywood's domestication finally results in a promise of at least three pictures in which married couples will emote together; Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, and Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Cal can just hear those dinner conversations after a day's shooting.

WIFE: "Darling, don't you think director So-and-so has a keener understanding of men's emotions? I mean—"

HUSBAND: "You mean you think he's giving me the best of it?"

WIFE: "I mean no such thing. After the way you shoved me away in that close-up I should think you'd be ashamed to—"

HUSBAND: "Me? Shove you? Now that's a laugh. I'm practically black and blue from your shoving. I—"

WIFE (in tears, leaves the table): "I'm too

tired to argue. After all, I have to maintain my professional rights."

HUSBAND: "To hell with professional rights. I have some too, you know. And what's more I'm as tired as you are."

WIFE: "Oh, are you darling? Here, let me help you put on your slippers. I'm sorry I was cross."

HUSBAND: "Ah, that's all right. I was a bit upset myself. I'm sorry, sweetheart. That last scene got me. You seemed to be crowding my lines."

WIFE: "I? Crowding your lines? Now that's—"

And on and on, into the cold grey dawn.

Hollywood Tidbits

THE town is bubbling over those new *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler* cocktails featured by a local café. One of each, and you're Gone with the Wind. . .

Hollywood eyebrows shot skyward when Barrister Leigh Holman of London named Laurence Olivier corespondent in his suit for divorce against Vivien Leigh. Jill Esmond Olivier had already been granted a divorce from the English actor. So, Vivien and Laurence, genuinely in love if ever two people were, are free to marry at last.

So positive is Hollywood that Richard Greene will soon wed Virginia Field, it is laying in a sizable rice supply. . .

James Stewart is prouder of that new plane he bought than Johnny Ten-Year-Old is over his new baseball suit. . .

Ty Power and Annabella are planning jaunts all over the country in their new amphibian plane. . .

Jane Withers, alas, is growing up. Blush-

For fun—and relief funds!—the Franco-British ball has a starlit night at the Coconut Grove



Annabella, as one of the cigarette girls, shows Roz Russell how they hawked their wares at \$\$ per pack



Arthur Hornblow is one of Merle Oberon's first customers for the fund



Ready to start the sales which loaded their trays with greenbacks—Oberon and Claudette Colbert

ingly, Jane admits she's started a hope chest . . .

Is all well or all wrong with the Charles Chaplins, Hollywood wonders. Charles arrived at a recent premiere quite alone, while Paulette Goddard Chaplin arrived with a separate party of friends. . . .

Miriam Hopkins is seen more and more with Anatole Litvak, the husband she divorced. Reconciliation or sophistication? . . .

One hears the relatives of Norma Shearer's late husband, Irving Thalberg, aren't too pleased at the prospect of George Raft becoming Norma's second. And from every indication it would appear to Cal that Miss Shearer may indeed become Mrs. Raft before another year rolls round. . . .

Curtain Call

THEY sat at a corner table, both with a certain puzzled bewilderment in their eyes. They had tried to go their separate ways. She had been seen here and there with some eligible beau or other. But she really hadn't laughed very gaily, one noticed. He had hidden his bitterness in other girls' company, but, "Don't speak of her to him," people had warned. "It's like touching a sore nerve."

They were through, Hollywood said, and that was that.

That's why the town gaped at the news they were lunching together again. And that's why Hollywood hopes that all may yet not be over for Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks.

Cradle De luxe

WALLY BEERY'S modest car drove through the gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and drew up to a curb. In a half minute flat the car was surrounded by writers, actors, publicists, all craning their necks for a peep inside Beery's marvelous nursery on wheels. The back seat has been turned into a bed for Wally's newly adopted ten-months-old Phyllis Ann. A heater to warm her milk, a compartment for diapers, and one for spare clothing were neatly fitted into their space. No imported car has ever created the sensation of Beery's portable nursery. And no klieg light has ever shone with greater brightness than the gleam on Papa Wally's face.

Blame It on the Bangtails

THE director thought the actress looked a bit sheepish when she reported for an early morning scene.

"Everything okay, Miss Robson?" he asked smilingly.

To his horror only a hoarse croak came from May's throat.

"Laryngitis?" the director howled. "You'll be laid up for days."

"No," came May's basso profundo, "it's only a strain. It will be all right in a little while."

"How in heaven's name did you strain your voice, Miss Robson?" he asked.

The actress glanced around guiltily. "Well, if you must know, I yelled so loud for my horses at Santa Anita yesterday, I lost my voice," and with that Hollywood's seventy-six-year-old wonder flounced off to her dressing room for a throat spray.

Glamour in Brogues

WE spied Bette Davis at the next table in Warners' commissary just as Bette spied us. "Come on over to the still gallery at four," she called. "I'm having some art made and we can chat."

Naturally, we were on hand even before four and presently in came Bette in slacks and flat-heeled, much-worn brogues with her hair-dresser in tow and several luscious evening gowns over her arm. Bette was making one of those dreaded art and fashion layouts that most actresses loathe.

"How come a big star like you has to go

through this ordeal?" we called through the dressing-room door.

"Oh, it's good for me," came the surprising answer. "It's a necessary part of the business. I don't mind."

Recovering from the surprise (for Bette's the first and only star who hasn't grumbled over the ordeal), we had a sudden relapse when Bette emerged in a wispy blue thing that made her look like an angel from on high. She's looking exceptionally well these days anyhow.

George Hurrell, the photographer, had a strange twinkle in his eye as he directed Bette to pose in one corner of the studio. The setting was all tropical with huge bunches of green bananas hanging about.

"Swell," Bette said, planking herself down on the floor.

George's face fell. "You mean you like it? Why, I fixed it as a gag. Didn't think you'd go for it"

"I think it's wonderful," Bette grinned, waving her cigarette in one hand and a bottle of soda in the other. And then we caught a glimpse of those old worn brogues beneath the heavenly blue chiffon, and thought how typically Davis it was. The shoes wouldn't show in the photograph, of course, but they did look comical.

During the hour we stayed, Bette Davis never spent more than five minutes at a time changing her frocks. She didn't glance at her make-up between changes and never once fussed with her hair. Behind her, Hurrell's victrola blared. Bette sang the choruses, the camera bulb clicked, clicked, clicked while George and Bette kept up a constant run of chatter. There was no special posing, draping, primping, fussing.

And as Bette reclined on a couch, her natural ash blonde hair framing her face just as it fell, a bit of hot swing on her lips, one brown brogue waving in rhythm while the camera bulb clicked, we looked at her and made this discovery.

Bette Davis is a really beautiful woman. More



Another startling role for Myrna Loy—this time, a night-club cigarette girl!



"Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man" enlarge their off-screen family: Arthur and Myrna Hornblow welcome Diana Lewis (Mrs. Bill Powell) into the scrambled circle

than that, she's an arresting, dynamic woman, in spite of her easy natural air and self-deglamorizing. And one realizes that Bette actually has a rare quality of fascination that others in Hollywood miss—simply because she doesn't strive for it.

Incidentally—or have you noticed?—she can act, too!

Blissful Barrymores

WITH newspaper reporters and news cameramen virtually sharing the hotel suite in which their "second honeymoon" was staged, John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie conducted a front page reconciliation of their marriage, the night of the actor's raucous return to the Broadway stage in "My Dear Children," that could have been only slightly less public had it been enacted in Macy's window.

John Barrymore's lap has become the seat of the season's sensation as his fourth and fieriest bride has once more ensconced herself on the star's knee, both dramatically and domestically.

It was because she protested that the nightly stage spankings John gave her in the road try-out of the play were more heavy handed than the impersonal demands of the script required, that Elaine last fall deserted both her husband and her campaign for theatrical recognition.

Now, after brushing aside both Diana Barrymore Blythe, the actor's daughter by his second marriage, and Doris Dudley, the actress who replaced her in the cast, both of whom vainly tried to "protect John from that woman," Elaine has returned to the part and to John.

Young Fry society turns out, too, in the persons of leaders Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, pausing to greet orchestra conductor Horace Heidt



"All I want is twenty-four hours with you," cooed Elaine when she elbowed her way to Barrymore's night-club table after the Manhattan opening. At the end of the twenty-four hours, during which almost hourly bulletins were issued from their boudoir, Elaine and John announced they had settled their professional and domestic squabbles.

The whole tabloid tale was so much like one of the screwball comedies in which Barrymore has arched his eyebrows for the cameras, that Darryl Zanuck has announced he is readying a

film script based on the mad merry-go-round and called it "The Great Profile." He has offered the lead in it to Barrymore. But that jester is so delighted to be back on Broadway he told PHOTOPLAY he probably wouldn't consider another picture offer "for years."

Hollywood's Comment of the Month:

TOO bad that history as it's being made today provides only roles for a Karloff.

(Continued on page 92)

Ultra-candid moment during service at the Masquers' stag dinner for William LeBaron—starring Fred MacMurray, Bob Taylor and Jack Benny

Two young stars from 20th Century-Fox say it with flowers at the Troc—Linda Darnell and Robert Shaw





★ ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio

ROBERT SHERWOOD got the Pulitzer Prize for this play, and it makes an exceptional motion picture. It's hard to see how any one could improve very much on RKO's version of Lincoln's life, representing as it does the finest picture technique and superb writing. Raymond Massey's Lincoln is extraordinary, a truly adult study of the backwoods messiah. Story concerns Abe's progress from young manhood to the first presidential period, and treats the character with an intimacy not in the least divorced from respect or dignity. Gene Lockhart, Ruth Gordon, Mary Howard and others live up to their difficult assignments. The film, besides representing an absorbing document to students of Lincoln, is entertainment from any standpoint.



ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount

IF it were not so well done, with careful production and all the trimmings of an A-picture, we could dismiss this as just another jewel-thief story. It presents Isa Miranda, Italian star. She is the accomplice of John Loder, crook out after some diamonds in South Africa, and mixes with George Brent, a British soldier stationed in the colony. Caught, Isa is sent to prison and later offered freedom if she will help capture another gang of thieves. She doesn't want to do this until it is proved to her that the new organization will not stop at murder; then she about-faces. Brent wanders through his role with insouciance, looking very attractive; and Loder is good, too. The last two reels are awfully exciting. It's not much of an opportunity for Miss Miranda.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ THE GRAPES OF WRATH—20th Century-Fox

DARRYL ZANUCK dared, after all, to bring John Steinbeck's brilliant and controversial best-seller, "The Grapes of Wrath," to the screen. He did it with a minimum of compromise and managed to pack such a vigorous wallop into each scene as to leave you breathless and deeply moved. It isn't entertainment but, with its newsreel-like photography and implication of great honesty in characterization, it fulfills its purpose: To excite you and to make you think. The tragedies and misfortunes of the Joad family, made homeless in the Oklahoma Dust Bowl by drought and lured to California by optimistic hope of plenty among the orange trees, are presented with essential fidelity. California land-owners and ranchers sent out handbills, it seems, promising work to thousands; and the great migration began. Of course, there were more Okies than jobs, with resultant abuses and trouble. The Joads are simple people with a primitive approach to life, enormously hardy, provincial in the extreme and somewhat amoral. Zanuck's cast has distinction and is well selected. Henry Fonda as Tom, the eldest son; Jane Darwell as Ma, Russell Simpson as Pa, John Carradine and Dorris Bowdon and Charles Grapewin—all work sincerely and well. Those who disliked the book for its "artistic" crudities, or for its political message, will find the picture an easier pill to take. John Ford directed with a blending of brutality and tenderness, and ends the picture on a note of hope for the Okies, since the book has brought powerful forces into action, to help them.



★ BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—M-G-M

AS a commentary on what has happened to the public taste, M-G-M felt it necessary to put Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy into one film; as further evidence of pessimism, brilliant writing, carte blanche production and Cole Porter's music were added. Well, it's all to your advantage. You'll see the best musical of the last two years. It is funny, romantic, and beautiful to watch. It does not drag. The story does not overshadow the dance numbers, yet it survives. Each performer is in top form. In a word, the thing is good. Astaire and Murphy play a dance team in a cheap dime-a-turn hall, and both have ambitions. Astaire is rated the best, while George drinks too much; but through a mistake it is the latter who gets a bid to join Broadway's top show. Eleanor is the star. This setup offers innumerable opportunities for big-time dance numbers, and of course makes a romantic triangle, since both Murphy and Astaire yen for Miss Powell. Eleanor might have put more oomph into her interpretation; but of course that may be Will Hays' fault. Murphy carries away acting honors, Astaire is rhythm on built-up heels and Frank Morgan contributes the comedy, abetted by a series of blondes who try hard for an ermine cape he owns. Eleanor does the best work she has ever done, Ian Hunter is excellent and sundry vaudeville acts are amusing. The whole picture is so crowded with entertainment, it's difficult to list everything thoroughly in a short space. Anyway, put on your laughing bib and buy your tickets early—it's all in fun.



★ THE BLUE BIRD—20th Century-Fox

YOUNG Miss Shirley Temple at last is merely starred in a good motion picture, instead of being a motion picture all by herself. This is because Shirley, on the verge of growing up, has no longer the indefinable appeal of precocious babyhood; rather, she is an excellent actress working objectively. Her studio has been shrewd throughout this production, which is thoroughly beautiful (in Technicolor), imbued with charm, well-directed and superbly cast. The very modern American audience may find Maeterlinck's fantasy somewhat whimsy-poooh—but the kids will love it and react, possibly, to the be-good-children propaganda. Perhaps you remember the fable: *Mytyl* and *Tyltyl*, brother and sister, go out in search of the Blue Bird of Happiness and have quite incredible adventures before they discover they're living in an allegory. *Tylo*, the dog, and *Tylette*, the cat, have human forms. This aids the dream illusion all symbolic children's stories have. The nightmare quality is here, too, when the forest attacks the little party. Shirley as *Mytyl*, Johnny Russell as *Tyltyl*, Eddie Collins as *Tylo* and Gale Sondergaard as *Tylette* are all at peak form, as are Spring Byington, playing the mother, and Nigel Bruce in the role of *Mr. Luxury*. Shirley shows some evil nature, for a change. Two interesting sequences deal with the visit to the land of the unborn, and the land of the dead—a little hard for the very young to grasp, perhaps, but nice emotional variations for adults. The film has been made, on the whole, with imagination and taste.



THE MAN FROM DAKOTA—M-G-M

IT'S difficult to decide whether this interesting picture should be labeled as comedy, history or straight horror stuff. Wallace Beery, as the scout from Dakota, is undeniably funny; the scene is behind the Confederate lines in Civil War time and you will suffer suspense with a distinct Frankenstein flavor at times. Lieutenant John Howard and Sergeant Beery, escaped prisoners, are just beginning their long dash for Union lines when they become burdened not only with Dolores Del Rio, but with a map which is a key to the entire placement of Confederate forces. You will undergo fifteen minutes of prolonged shuddering with Beery in a plantation house, where an axe-fiend is at large. Donald Meek affords several amusing moments. Dolores is fine.



★ **THE HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY—Wanger-United Artists**

YOU'LL have good reason to remember Joan Bennett's latest picture. As the cabaret girl swept off her feet by a sleek young gambler, she is lifted to the heights of luxury and gayety on one day, only to drop to the depths of despair the next, when her husband is sentenced to ten years in Alcatraz. The temptations, and social problems of a convict's widow make compelling drama. Joan is torn between the love of George Raft and that of Walter Pidgeon. Raft has a different type of racketeer role; Pidgeon, as a socialite airplane designer, manages to be gallant without being stilted. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's confidante and self-appointed Alcatraz guardian. Lloyd Nolan is the heavy.



★ **DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warners**

THE Brothers Warner add another name to their screen Hall of Fame in this film biography of Dr. Paul Ehrlich—with Edward G. Robinson doing an outstanding job as the great doctor. Ehrlich's life lacked glitter and glamour, so those of you who crave it may be disappointed by this film. However, there is inspiration in the portrait of a man who labored unceasingly to achieve victory over disease, and won the battle with his diphtheria serum and his 606 cure for syphilis. It is a story, not of the drawing room, but of the laboratory; of a devoted wife, beautifully played by Ruth Gordon; and of loyal friends, Otto Kruger and Donald Crisp. There is depth of sincerity in Robinson's performance, and the remainder of the cast adds to the film's luster.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- Abe Lincoln in Illinois
- The Blue Bird
- Broadway Melody of 1940
- The Grapes of Wrath
- The Outsider
- Pinocchio
- The House Across the Bay
- Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet
- Swiss Family Robinson
- Vigil in the Night
- The Baker's Wife
- The Fight for Life



★ **PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO**

CERTAINLY this is the best example of animated cartoon features ever made; it may even be one of the best motion pictures of any type ever produced. With the exception of the music, which in any comparison is thoroughly charming, "Pinocchio" is technically far ahead of "Snow White" and artistically quite as good. The performances of the various characters are equal to those of the finest human talent. The famous fable here brought so vividly to the screen concerns Geppetto, a woodcarver, who makes a puppet named Pinocchio and wishes he were a real boy. The Blue Fairy brings the little puppet to life, appoints Jiminy Cricket as his conscience, but will not turn him into a flesh and blood boy until he proves himself worthy. Pinocchio sets out to school, but is misled by wily Honest John and Giddy Cat, is kidnapped by Stromboli, the puppet master; goes to the Island of Pleasure and nearly turns into a donkey; and finally joins Geppetto in the stomach of Monstro, the whale. A tribute to Disney's genius is that all of this seems quite plausible. Among the great characters created for "Pinocchio" are the Coachman, Lampwick, the bad little tough boy, Cleo, the glamorous goldfish, and Figaro, the funniest kitten you have ever seen. Giddy, idiotic stooge for Honest John, is an amazing character, dopier than Dopey but not so appealing. Christian Rub, the voice of Geppetto, obviously was the model for that character. You'll love every moment and every sequence. Seeing it will be the nicest present you can give yourself this year.



★ **SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio**

FIRST offering from Hollywood's favorite happy chappies, the ebullient Towne-and-Baker team, this picturization of the Robinson family's fantastic adventures is as much fun as six barrels of monkeys. Further, the piece has been put together with a combination of gusto and loyalty to the original theme, so that you come away with some thinking to do as well as a comfortable sense of having been entertained. The Swiss Family Robinson live in London at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and the father is unhappy because one son has turned into a dandy, another wants to go off and fight, and still another has become a bookworm. Besides all this, mama has social ambitions. Mr. Robinson gets a wonderful idea; he rounds up the whole caboodle and packs them off to Australia—going along himself for good measure. The ship cracks up and the Robinsons coast up a wave onto a desert Island. There they work a kind of community Robinson Crusoe setup, a social group evolving which brings out the good in each and makes Papa very happy. There are plenty of obstacles to this, of course. Thomas Mitchell as the father, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt and Terry Kilburn as the sons, Bobby Quillan, the baby, with Edna Best playing Mrs. Robinson, make an extraordinary cast. Here is adventure, a round scolding to ungrateful offspring who won't listen to good parental advice, much humor and lots of genuine pathos. That's a lot to find in one movie. See it, and we'll bet you agree. (Continued on page 94)

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Raymond Massey in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"
- Shirley Temple in "The Blue Bird"
- George Sanders in "The Outsider"
- Mary Maguire in "The Outsider"
- Henry Fonda in "The Grapes of Wrath"
- Jane Darwell in "The Grapes of Wrath"
- Edward G. Robinson in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet"
- Fred Astaire in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
- George Murphy in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
- Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1940"
- Walt Disney for "Pinocchio"
- Freddie Bartholomew in "Swiss Family Robinson"
- Raimu in "The Baker's Wife"
- Carole Lombard in "Vigil in the Night"
- Anne Shirley in "Vigil in the Night"

THIS WOMAN HAS

Loved!

Though the road from obscurity to fame was short, Destiny demanded its toll of suffering from Ilona Massey

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Young though she was, Ilona learned that when dreams go a-glimmering there's but one antidote—a cure—all that was eventually to make her one of the most important discoveries of the studio headed by Louis B. Mayer (below)

ALWAYS in love! The words run like a theme song through her life, from the time when she was the youngest of the Hajmassey family of Budapest, in the ever-hungry period during and following the Great War, until she became world-famous as Nelson Eddy's co-star in "Balalaika." First, there was the dreamy-eyed youngster with whom she staged impromptu operas in the courtyard. Then, the son of a teacher in far-off Holland, where she lived for a while during the bitter days of Reconstruction in Hungary. But more serious than these was the older brother of her best chum.

Meanwhile, Ilona was growing up and her mother sent her out to learn dressmaking. Ilona didn't like the dressmaking—but she did like her employer's son, and she quite forgot her old friend's brother! She might have kept the new flame glowing, might even have married him, young as she was, if she hadn't contracted stage fever from passing a near-by theater on her way home every night. Then there was room in her thoughts only for her ambition. By dint of persistence, she won a producer's offer of—and her mother's reluctant approval of—a place in the chorus. She might learn to be a dancer, in time, but she would never be able to *sing!* In the face of their criticism, her resolve only grew greater.

Strange, then, that with all these burning hopes and ambitions she should have found the time and inclination to become so interested in young Dr. Niklos Savozd. Strange, too, that he, whose wealthy, land-owning family had long ago formed the traditional pattern of his life, should have eyes only for her. But that was the way it was. From the very moment Niklos and Ilona met on the beach, he forgot the carefully-laid plans for his future, she ceased to center all her hopes in the theater.

TWO-and-one-half years Ilona Massey and Niklos Savozd loved each other. Their heads told them marriage for them was impossible. But their hearts teased them with the wonder of being man and wife and putting an end to the farewells that left them ill with loneliness.

"We will study world history together," he told her. "We will learn how some nations rise to enduring glory while other nations fall in disgrace; perhaps only because they forget such simple things as a man's right to think with his own mind. . . ."

That was 1933. And even then in Central Europe there were thoughtful men whose ears lay back—the way a dog's will when a stranger assumes the voice of his master.

It wasn't only the first evenings they would spend at their fireside that Ilona and Niklos dreamed about when his heart overruled his mind and he talked like that. They dreamed also of how she later would rest her hand on

(Continued on page 83)





GIRLS WHO KEEP SKIN **SWEET** WIN OUT! I USE **LUX SOAP** AS A BATH SOAP, TOO. **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN FRESH —DELICATELY PERFUMED

THE SCREEN STARS ARE **RIGHT!** I NEVER DREAM OF GOING OUT WITHOUT A NICE **LUX SOAP** BATH TO MAKE ME **SURE** OF DAININESS!



On OLIVIA de HAVILLAND'S dates... on YOURS sweet, fragrant skin **WINS!**



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND knows there's one charm no woman can afford to neglect — the charm of perfect *daintiness*. She uses her complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too, because it has **ACTIVE** lather — makes you *sure*. When you step out of a relaxing Lux Toilet Soap bath you feel fresh from top to toe — and you are! Your skin is *sweet*, delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

YOU will love a luxurious daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap—a bath that makes daintiness *sure!* This gentle complexion soap has **ACTIVE** lather that leaves skin really clean—fresh and *sweet*.



The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Portrait of the Man With the Chin

(Continued from page 19)

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ORLOFF

A clever Spice Tray of fragrant Boules very fashionable—and very French. \$1.25

SPICE TRAY

Or large individual Spice Boules. \$1.25 And fragrant and exquisite pastel.

HANGERS

with Sachet Boules

sat in-covered hangers to keep your nice things fresh and fragrant. \$1.25

FLOWER BASKETS

and garden Flower Baskets filled with Sachet Boules and Pillows. reminiscent of Paris in the Spring. \$1.25

CARNATION IMPERIALE

ROSE

NIKKI

And three glorious Perfumes in brilliant flacons and jewel cases at \$10.00 the original ounce size; and many more luxuries created by

PARFUMS ORLOFF
10 WEST 33rd STREET
New York, N. Y.
At the Smarter Shops or Direct

hostess a \$2500 bill for professional services.

He had a generous collection of police badges which were recently stolen and which he is now replenishing. His English father was a stone contractor, and he boasts a library of twenty thousand Scotch jokes.

He hates cats.
He'd rather travel by boat although he suffers a little from seasickness, and he dislikes women who dance with their eyes closed because "they might be thinking of someone else."

He plays an excellent game of golf with a handicap of six. He has never traveled on a freighter and thinks mother-in-law jokes are passé.

If Bob Hope had the rest of his life to spend on a desert island and could have only three people with him, he would choose his wife and daughter and a good comedy writer.

He rates as the shortest joke he knows; Mary Rose sat on a tack—Mary rose. ("... if you can call it a joke.")

He never carries a watch.
He drinks a quart of milk a day.

He cannot eat radishes, artichokes, cucumbers, and doesn't like being called Bubbles by Bing Crosby whom he calls Chub.

He has never carried a penknife, does not believe in matrimonial vacations, and would give a great deal to be able to play the piano. He wears his wife's baby ring on the little finger of his left hand.

His mother was Welsh, a concert-singer, and Bob was brought to the United States at the age of four.

He likes marimba orchestras and has never read "The Grapes of Wrath" or "Gone with the Wind."

He is not easily depressed, dislikes eating duck or goose, and thinks the American people are becoming more humor-conscious. "... there are no more sticks."

He and his wife plan to adopt a baby boy about one-and-a-half-years old.

He built himself a beautiful English farmhouse that is more a mansion than farmhouse. The greatest disappointment of his life is that his father and mother did not live to enjoy the comforts he could give them today.

He is quick to admit a mistake.
He has no talent for cooking.

He thinks few women look well in slacks.

He likes ice water and has never displayed any aptitude for painting, sculpture or carving. He cherishes his mother's sewing machine which she inherited from her mother.

His hair and eyes are brown, and he believes that, although unnecessary, war is a symptom of growth in the life of mankind. He is specially fond of vacationing in Glen Eagles, Scotland.

He studied dancing while still in high school.

His insurance against the future are investments in government bonds and annuities. He speaks no other languages, and is constantly going at a terrific pace due to his two jobs—radio and pictures.

His best golf is in the short irons and putting.

He has an average of 130 jokes in his radio show.

He is addicted to nail-biting.

He enjoys attending symphonic concerts and opera. He dislikes writing letters and likes his steaks medium rare.

His first job, after finishing high school, was as a clerk for a motor company. He once took up amateur boxing but quickly gave it up after he was knocked out.

He has never memorized a poem.
He enjoys listening to old records of Bert Williams and new records of Bing Crosby. He once went without food for three days while trying to break in a single act.

He likes driving at sixty-five miles an hour.

He plays a very stale saxophone.

HE goes through a curious routine when retiring at night: He takes everything off except his shoes and socks, he then dons his pajamas, and finally takes off his shoes and socks.

He would like to raise chickens and breed dogs. He is averse to the rugged individuality philosophy and believes that a government has a definite responsibility in its indigents.

He would rather watch W. C. Fields on the screen and Frank Fay on the stage than any other comedians. He flunked in history.

He likes reading detective stories and the digest magazines.

He often wishes that using a toothpick after a meal was not bad manners.

He dislikes beer, popcorn and carvers who tell sad tales before making a touch. His decisions are impulsive, he gets few traffic tickets and loves strolling on Fifth Avenue or Bond Street.

He does not regret having never gone to college.

He believes definitely that there are such things as new jokes which have no root in oft-told tales. He thinks modern slang and new situations create new jokes, and cites as an example the one about King George donning a diving suit to review his fleet.

He always reads the sport page while sitting in a barber chair.

His home musical instruments include a piano, ukelele, harmonica, jew's harp and a sweet potato.

His chief form of exercise and irresistible passion is golf. He can spot a

phony a mile away on a foggy day.
He enjoys friends dropping in unannounced.

He has a suspicion that he is bad luck to any wedding at which he is best man, so many have gone awry.

His favorite amusement at Coney Island is the cyclone roller coaster.

His wife discourages his wearing bow ties.

He likes pickled herring, tweeds, blue bathing trunks, and Mark Twain.

He doesn't like the juices of grapefruit, tomato or sauerkraut, and he always remembers where he puts things. He likes boy sopranos, and he makes it a point never to miss the radio programs of "Information Please" and Bing Crosby. He seldom attends an art exhibit.

He signs his name in blue ink and plays an exceptional game of three-cushion billiards.

He weighs 170 pounds and never smokes before dinner. He smokes a lot, however, if he takes a couple of drinks. He sticks to cigarettes. ("The press notices have to be awful good for cigars.")

He hates green in men's clothes.

He catches cold in his eyes often, due to the strain of his work. He never misses a boxing match. He is inclined to suspect most people's motives.

His first professional appearance was with another youth in a dancing act. He rides hunches, his lucky number is seven, and he is forever helping down-and-out vaudevillians of his early days.

He was best man at the wedding of Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable.

HE has just started a collection of off-stage comedy pictures of celebrities, the nucleus being Dorothy Lamour, Jack Benny, Charles Butterworth and Bing Crosby. He was very fond, as a boy, of walking on his hands.

His favorite wine is red-sparkling Italian, and there is nothing else he would rather have been than a comedian.

He has never operated a night club.

He rarely loses his temper.

He needs eight hours sleep but gets only six.

He has a great Dane and two Scotties, and as a schoolboy ran the hundred-yard dash in ten seconds three.

He has two rehearsals for his radio show, the second being on Sunday night with audience. This rehearsal is recorded and played back, thus giving Bob Hope the final test of his laughs. He is so dependent on audience-reaction that only recently he sold N.B.C. officials the idea that his program would go better if he worked in a full-sized theater than in one of the broadcasting studios.

He is only fair at tennis, badminton, bowling.

He is lucky in gambling, prefers blues and greys in his suits, and never uses a cigarette holder.

His favorite cocktail is the Daiquiri.

He belongs only to golf and theatrical clubs.

He chews a lot of gum, and doesn't believe in any kind of fortune telling. He believes that technical and scientific advancements have actually lessened the pain and heartache of humanity.

He is not affected by high altitudes, prefers suburban life, and was convinced, after seeing a test nine years ago that his profile would keep him out of pictures.



New York went to town on the huge dinner for "The Fighting 69th," with Gov. Lehman, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien as guests of honor



Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

Making Her Debut



Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

Writing Sales Slips

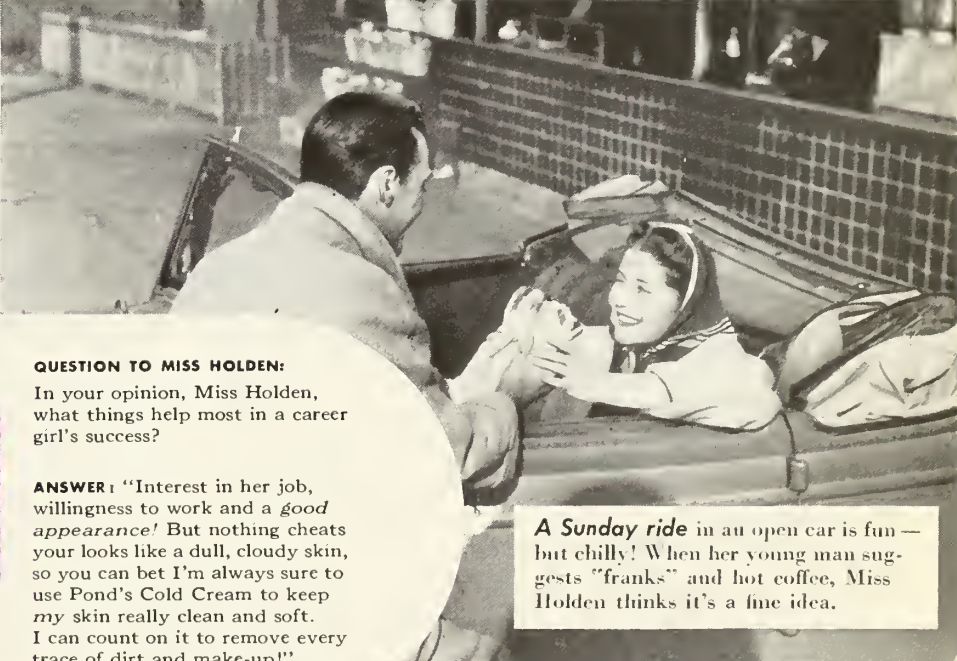
BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S



Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."



QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.



Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this pring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."



QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away... by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!



SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



★ Geraldine Fitzgerald
 Featured in
 "Til We Meet Again"
 A Warner Bros. Picture

Walk in Beauty...
 ★ ★ like the Stars

... the sheer-as-film beauty of Vanity Fair dull crepe chiffons. They're safeguarded for long, long wear by the Kneelast feature that flexes with the knee to prevent runs from garter strain. Three proportioned lengths sheathe the leg in top-to-toe perfection. Tawny Desert Tones glamour-ize your new Spring costumes. At better stores.



KNEELAST
Vanity Fair
STOCKINGS

★ Warner Bros. have selected
 Vanity Fair Kneelast Stockings
 to be worn exclusively by all
 their stars and players.

VANITY FAIR SILK MILLS
 READING, PA.

PHOTOPLAY'S
 OWN
Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
 PROP.



Pretty Anne Nagel, who is appearing
 with W. C. Fields and Mae West in
 "My Little Chickadee," lets you in on
 the secret of a topknot that empha-
 sizes her own spirit of youth and charm

HOLLYWOOD NEWS ON HAIR STYLES—We are firm believers in going to experts for everything we want to know. So, when we decided that what we needed at this time of year was some good expert advice on what the new coiffures were going to be and how to keep our hair in order, we immediately dashed madly around Hollywood querying stars and hair stylists to get the best advice.

Fred Fredericks, hair stylist of the famous Max Factor make-up studios in Hollywood, tells us that one of the newest trends in coiffures is toward bangs. Soft, smooth bangs. Their length will depend upon the shape of your face, because bangs can add to or detract from the attractiveness of your face with equal ease, so you'll have to try them out for yourself before you find what's best for you. Your hair will still be pulled up on the sides, but will fall down very simply in back. Three rolls in back will add to the charm of this style, with a hair ribbon pinned neatly at the nape of the neck, just above the rolls.

If your neck is long, and your face is thin, keep the hair at the back wide, so that it frames your neck; and pull it up

softly on the sides. Remember that hair around your neck and chin shortens the apparent length of your face.

If your face is round and your neck short, just the opposite is needed. Then you build your hair up on top and keep it slick on the sides and toward the center of your neck in the back. See how simple it all is?

Mr. Fredericks says the biggest mistake that most women make in dressing their hair is to imitate the coiffure of some other woman regardless of whether or not it suits their own type. To achieve distinction, one should experiment with coiffures until she finds exactly the one that does the most for her, regardless of whether or not it's considered smart or new. An attractive hairdress suits your face, not fashion.

A middle-aged woman should wear her hair short because her face has a tendency to sag a little and a short hairdress will help to keep her face round and youthful.

You can't wash your hair too often, says Mr. Fredericks, very firmly. Cleanliness is the most important factor in hair beauty. Your occupation will help you determine how often your hair needs shampooing. A housewife, for ex-



To add length to her heart-shaped face, Alice Faye, star of "Little Old New York," piles curls right smack on top of her head, and lets the snood serve a double-barrelled purpose

ample, he says, who dusts and sweeps, should wash her hair twice a week. Once a week, at the very least. Brushing will remove the surplus dust, and he can't overemphasize its importance to healthy hair.

Another thing to remember, says Mr. Fredericks, is the importance of your hairline. If, for example, you have a rather long face, then your first wave should come at the side of your forehead. If you wear it right in the middle or have any curls or fluffiness right there, then your face will assume the shape of an egg. On the other hand, if your face is round, then you want that first wave right up high, near the center, to give your face added length.

PRETTY Anne Nagel, who's appearing in Universal's "My Little Chickadee," wears her hair in a manner that does the very most for her face and personality and is extremely smart as well. The cluster of curls on top of her head and falling over her forehead add length to her face, and the sides are softly pulled up to join the top cluster. Anne wears it low on her neck in back, with a hair ribbon pinned just above the curls. It's very youthful, and Anne says it's very easy to care for. You just roll it up in little pin curls at night and comb it out in the morning.

Anita Louise brushes her hair so long and so energetically every day that it is luxurious and bright, as a result.

Because Anita's face is rather long, she wears it very softly, with a side part, and the first curl brought up on the side of her head. The side hair by her ears is also brushed up into a curl, but very softly so that it gives width to her face, instead of its being pulled back sleekly, which would make her face appear even thinner. The back hair falls around her face and neck to give added width and to shorten her face.

Virginia Field's hair is brushed farther back from her face and is kept short and curled up in back in order to give her face a more oval appearance.

The high curl she wears just above her eye also gives added length. If your face is shaped like Virginia's, then this headdress would be ideal for you.

Alice Faye gives added length to her heart-shaped face by the cluster of curls right smack on top of her head, leaving her forehead clear. The sides are pulled back, thus making her face appear narrower. The snood she is wearing is ideal for this hair style, since it starts just behind the curls and keeps her back hair securely in place. The absence of hair showing around the front and sides of her neck also makes her face seem more slender.

"It's as necessary for the hair to breathe as it is for the body," is Barbara Stanwyck's contention. Barbara lets her hair fly wildly when she is engaged in outdoor sports. She says, "Most girls think it's imperative to tie their hair up in a bandana the moment they poke their heads out-of-doors. It's true, of course, that the hair doesn't gather dust when covered, but what if it does have to be shampooed more often? The benefits derived from letting hair breathe in the sun and the air can not be overestimated."

Besides brushing her long hair constantly, the only other care Dorothy Lamour gives it is to have it shampooed once or twice weekly with a very fine, pure soap. Dorothy has her hair set with water after each shampoo, and highlights it with a touch of brilliantine when it's dry. One of her favorite beauty tricks is to have a few drops of her favorite perfume in the final rinse water to give her hair a delicate scent.

We've given you the best advice and hair routines that we could find in Hollywood. From now on, you're on your own. We can only suggest that you experiment with your hair to find the best coiffure for yourself, then take the same expert care of it that the Hollywood stars do; once you have found the coiffure and hair routine that does the most for you, stick to it faithfully and it will repay you in added loveliness.

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 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 17)

sensible little thing is probably lying in that great big tropical house right now with an ice pack on her head."

Randy sat up. "Why shouldn't Ann be happy? She's married to the man she idolizes. She's the wife of the handsome, intelligent, sensitive. . ."

"Careful, don't overdo on sweets," Caroline said. "You know your tendency to mental indigestion, dear."

"... the top male box-office star in America. Ann is twenty-three, unbelievably successful in comedy, sighed after by every male under and over fifty. If she's not happy she should go back to Russia."

"She didn't come from Russia. She came from Weehawken, New Jersey." Caroline added irrelevantly, after a moment, "—and you're a fool."

Randy bowed elaborately. "Believe me, dearest, I would not wound you for worlds. If I seemed harsh. . ."

Caroline interrupted, "You know David pretty well, don't you?"

"I've washed his back many times," said Randy. "Before he got a bath brush, that is."

"What happened between him and Laurel Crane?"

"Who?"

"I may look weak and feminine, but if I'm put to it I can kill you with my bare hands. Don't say who to me again. What happened between David Crawford and Laurel Crane?"

"I don't know," Randy said, flatly.

"You're a liar," Caroline said, as flatly.

"All right," Randy said.

"How does David feel about Ann?"

"I don't know," Randy said. "He told me they were going to be married and I said congratulations. Or maybe I said . . . no, that's exactly what I said."

"I don't blame you," Caroline said.

"What else could I say?"

"No, I mean if you asked me things about how Ann felt, I'd do just what you're doing. I'd lie if I had to. But . . . Ann loves him so much, Randy."

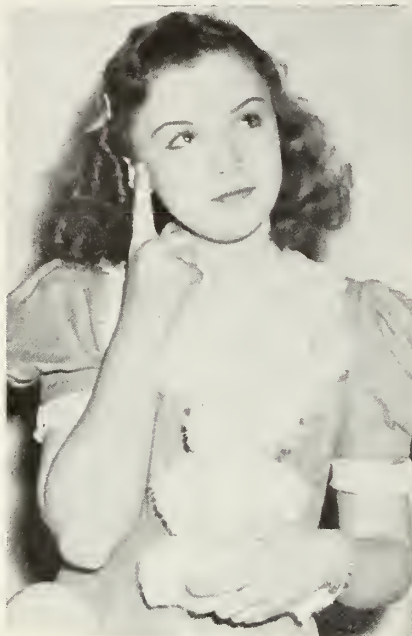
And they were silent because the shadow of Laurel Crane lay between them and they could both see it.

THE house Ann Adams and David Crawford had taken for their honeymoon was a large one. This was fitting and proper, since their combined incomes were something to stagger the mere fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year man. They had been ushered into it two days before in a flurry of open secrecy, had posed for pictures on the long, palm-fringed lawn which sloped down to the sea. They had posed eating guavas from the tree near the lanai, ("It's a porch to me," Ann had said, "but I'll try to remember.") and one enterprising photographer had presented Ann with a dish of poi (the dish filched from her own kitchen) and caught on celluloid her look of wonder as she tasted it. "It couldn't be," Ann had said, "that Hawaiians eat much of it?" David was luckier. He drew a pineapple to pose with, and when everybody cleared out they had devoured the pineapple with relish, and unpacked.

Now, lying in the middle of the huge lounge on the lanai (poreh to Ann still), Ann was remembering that unpacking. She stared at the sea and tried valiantly to crowd back down her throat the fear that kept rising there.

"If only I hadn't read it," she kept thinking. "If I had just laid it on his dresser and said, 'This is something I found in your pocket. . .'"

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



A Spring song from Universal: Singing starlet Gloria Jean, appearing in "If I Had My Way"

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 84.

1. Samuel Goldwyn, after seeing this star's screen test, told him to go home and gain weight; instead he signed with M-G-M:

Henry Fonda	Jimmy Stewart
David Niven	Robert Taylor

2. One of this shy star's favorite hobbies is playing the ukelele:

Ronald Colman	Greta Garbo
Jane Bryan	Paul Muni

3. He was once a member of the King of England's personal bodyguard:

Ray Milland	Errol Flynn
Basil Rathbone	Edward Arnold

4. Two of these directors are famous for the way they murder the English language:

Michael Curtiz	Frank Capra
Woody Van Dyke	Gregory Ratoff

5. Irene Dunne is married to:

Arthur Hornblow	Dr. Francis Griffin
Bob Howard	J. Walter Ruben

6. This studio uses the trademark of Leo the Lion on its pictures:

Warner Brothers	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
RKO-Radio	Columbia

7. Two of these stars have just recently secured divorces:

Brenda Joyce	Ann Sothern
Madeleine Carroll	Penny Singleton

8. This film beauty is considered the best cook in Hollywood:

Priscilla Lane	Marlene Dietrich
Rosalind Russell	Ginger Rogers

9. This actress made the song, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," famous:

Ethel Merman	Mary Martin
Mary Healy	Gloria Jean

10. Noted for his gangster roles, this actor is famous for his art collection:

George Raft	James Cagney
Humphrey Bogart	Edward G. Robinson

She was to blame for this misery. But when you're going through your husband's bags, preparatory to sending out his laundry, you always look in the pockets to be sure they don't get a ten-dollar bill to wash. She bit her lip and stared at, without seeing it, a flashing little hummingbird which darted in and out of a plumeria blossom. No matter where she turned she kept coming up against the fact that David had asked her to marry him. That should cancel anything that had happened before. But the letter had been written after their marriage. She was ashamed to realize how well she remembered every word in the letter. Her memory wasn't ordinarily as good as that. She'd only read it once and then folded it quickly, the blood in her face suddenly as hot as though she had a fever.

So you did it. You're hurting yourself more than you're hurting me. I won't say I wish you happiness because I don't. I hope you're utterly miserable and lie awake nights thinking of me as I shall lie awake thinking of you and wishing you were dead. Wishing we were both dead. . .

THERE hadn't been a signature. Indeed, a signature would have been superfluous. Only one woman could have written it. Only one woman could step back in when it was too late and so deftly ruin everything. Until now, Ann had never gone in for comparisons of herself with other women.

She was small. (Should she have been tall and very thin?) She had that sprinkling of freckles that goes with red hair. (Would it have been better, that delicate dead-white skin stretched tight across high cheekbones?) Her mouth curled up at the corners, full of the suggestion that she laughed more often than not. (Somewhere a mouth that he had kissed turned down sullenly but too desirably.) Red hair or black, which was best? Or was it more important, what was behind the eyes and in the heart and the bloodstream? Was it more important to want always to give him happiness than to want him to give it to you? Laurel Crane demanded happiness and fought bitterly when she didn't get it. Bitterly and unfairly. But can you get it that way? Does life deal it out to the people who make the most noise? Or is there a wheel somewhere, turned by a hand past happiness or pain, which stops spinning and points out: Ann Adams, one measure of happiness, sufficient, if judiciously used, for a lifetime.

What had the wheel pointed at the night she met him? His smile had been the kind that seems to hurt the mouth with the effort of keeping-it in place. During the months that followed he had never mentioned his former marriage. Laurel's name had not passed his lips.

The night he asked her to marry him he said, "I didn't know that a woman could be so decent. I thought when women helped men there was always a great noise about it. But you've helped me through the worst time of my life and I want to go on with you always. I don't ever want to be without you again. Will you, Ann?"

And now had he changed his mind? Was he regretting those words?

How does one begin the conversation when one suspects a husband of being sorry he married one? As he opens

(Continued on page 78)

Joan Crawford

IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

"Strange Cargo"

A Make-Up Hint from Max Factor Hollywood:

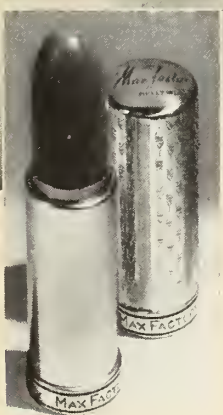
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Oak <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Oily <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	

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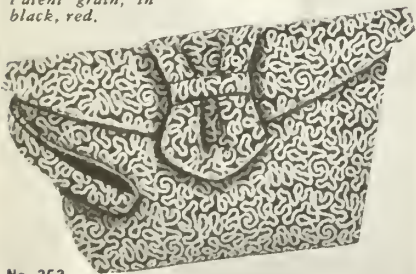
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the door, you could sing out cheerily, "I know what's wrong with you. You're sorry you married me and I don't blame you. I've been looking in the mirror and I have a very ordinary face." Or one could say, "Has it ever occurred to you how easy divorce is these days? Six weeks in Reno and it's all over. It's a wonderful age we live in, isn't it?" Ann found herself twisting her hands together as though they were cold. She thought: "I'm cracking up. This is the way it happens. You crack up inside and then it starts coming out and you twist your hands and find the back of your neck aching as though somebody had hit you with a mallet. You try to tell yourself jokes and you feel very clever, but you can't laugh."

The tightness in her throat got worse and she had a queer aching feeling behind her eyes. All her life, Ann had responded to these symptoms with one course of action, which was to take a bath. She deserted the couch and went swiftly to the bathroom where she turned on the water and sat on the edge of the tub undressing and crying at the same time. As she cried, she thought irrelevantly, "I always thought there'd be wonderful songbirds in Honolulu, but there aren't. I wonder why."

The traces of tears had effectively been erased with cold cream and applications of hot and cold water, when the creaking of the bedroom door announced the presence of the little Japanese doll who served them their breakfast and quietly padded about effacing all evidences of their untidiness. Keiko stood in the doorway, hiding her hands in the folds of her gaily patterned kimono. "Please," she said shyly. She always began that way.

After she had given that word time to sink in, she repeated it and added, "A man and a lady."

ANN found Randy and Caroline in the drawing room watching the bedroom door through which she came as though they were a couple of cats who had cornered one mouse. "Well," Caroline said heartily, as though she had practiced it, "hello."

"Hello," Ann said. She looked at Randy and her worst suspicions were confirmed. Whenever Caroline was worried, Randy looked serene. The worse things got, the serener Randy got until, when things were at their blackest, his face wore a vacant expression usually attributed to those who walk in their sleep.

"We just came over," Randy said, in response to Ann's look.

They seemed singularly jumpy. "What's up?" Ann said.

As one voice they said, "Nothing." Ann said to Randy, "Do you want a drink?" Randy said, "Yes, please," with such alacrity that the words ran together. Ann rang for Keiko. "See David over at the beach? He went surfing."

"Well . . ." Randy said. "As a matter of fact, yes," said Caroline rapidly.

"The Scotch, Keiko." Ann looked at Caroline and then at Randy. "What's the matter with you two?"

Caroline said brightly, "Nothing. We—we just came over."

Keiko came in and put the whisky at Randy's elbow. She plopped some ice into the glasses and said, "Please," to Randy.

"Please, what?" Randy said.

"That's all," Ann said. "Just, 'please.' Don't press her about it because she cries very easily."

Randy smiled rather uncertainly at Keiko, and she bent in the middle as though she were hung from the ceiling

on strings. Randy said to Ann, "What do I do now?"

"Say 'Thank you' and she'll go away."

Randy said, "Thank you," and Keiko vanished, eyes demurely downcast. Caroline drew a deep breath. Randy's face took on added serenity and he sipped his drink, staring into it.

"We met David on the beach," Caroline said. "He—he asked us to give you a message."

Randy said testily, "Don't act as though it were the message to Garcia. What's so world-shaking about a man's being late for dinner?"

"Did he say how late he'd be?" Ann was puzzled. She kept looking from one to the other of them, but they were strangely unhelpful. Caroline shook her head. Randy shook his head. Caroline looked at her shoes and Randy inspected his drink. Ann said, "Well, I'd better tell them in the kitchen. You'll stay, won't you?"

"Yes," Caroline said, as though she were accepting an invitation to commit suicide.

When Ann was gone, Randy put down his glass impatiently. "Now see here," he said, "the very least she could suspect, the way you've been acting, is that we've murdered David and buried him somewhere between here and Waikiki. All that's actually happened is that he came up to us on the beach, seemed rather upset and asked us to tell Ann he'd be late for dinner."

"Why was he upset?" Caroline demanded. "Why is he going to be late for dinner? Where could he go that he couldn't take Ann?"

"I don't know!" Caroline's was the voice of doom. "Something's wrong."

"All right, something's wrong. But if being late for dinner is synonymous with trouble, then the world's full of trouble."

"There's no reason to be late for dinner in Honolulu," Caroline said, with a kind of feminine logic which should be stamped out.

Randy said, "I'm not going to marry you. I've just made up my mind."

"I don't remember ever accepting you," Caroline retorted, huffily. She picked up the evening paper, effectually indicating that the discussion was at an end. They sat in hostile paper-rustling and ice-clinking silence. Presently, Randy said, "Maybe Ann knows how pineapples grow. I think . . . I'm not sure . . . the man I borrowed the money from wears glasses. It's coming back to me gradually. He said, 'I'm in the pineapple business,' and I said, 'Do you need any capital?' and he said, 'No,' and then I said, 'Well I do,' and he gave it to me and then we spent the rest of the evening together somewhere in a cellar. . . ."

"What?" Caroline jumped.

"It was a very nice cellar," Randy said, on the defensive. "Some kind of a club. What's wrong with you? You've gone quite white. Can I get you something?"

"No thank you. I've got something." She brandished the paper under his nose as though he'd been responsible for printing it. "Do you know who's here?"

"Napoleon?" Randy said, politely.

"Laurel Crane. She came in this morning on the Clipper."

Randy set his glass down and snatched the paper. There it was, in the list of Clipper arrivals: Laurel Crane. He lowered the paper, looking grave. "Better throw up the fortifications," he said, "there's going to be a fight. Laurel's not giving up so easily."

"What kind of a woman can she be?" Caroline was almost crying.

"Laurel's not a woman. She's just trouble wrapped in skin."

And in the cocktail bar of the Royal Palms Hotel, David sat facing Laurel Crane. He remembered a lot of things, sitting there. While Laurel's long, nervous white hands mashed out the fire of a cigarette just lit and turned to the careful destruction of a paper napkin in Laurel-like patterns, Laurel's deep voice said the cutting and wooing things which were Laurel-like too. David, without wanting to, remembered months back when she'd left him without even saying good-by. He could still feel the pain he'd felt (as though a man could forget those long nights staring at the ceiling and wondering where he'd failed), still writhe at the recollection of going into the studio to work under lights that stabbed eyes which had been open all night. He could remember trying to say easily, "Laurel? Oh, she's away for a rest. Nobody can go the pace that Laurel goes without needing a rest occasionally, you know. When? Oh . . ." vaguely, "she'll be back soon." Then that awful, cheery smile. "I hope she'll be back soon. Being a bachelor isn't my idea of fun. Dinner? I'd love it."

THOSE dinners. Sometimes he'd drunk too much trying to keep from seeing Laurel where she wasn't. The mornings after those evenings he would tell himself nervously that his depression was caused by the alcohol the night before. The thing was to keep a clear head, see things clearly. He'd go for several weeks without a drink and then the dinners were one long, clear agony. Once he remembered kissing a girl violently and telling her he was mad about her, and after that she kept calling him up and he felt an awful swine, but he couldn't bring himself to talk to her. And all these things, one by one, he piled up against Laurel without knowing it. But he still waited to hear from her. He did, finally. She had filed suit for divorce. She was unfair that way and full of surprises.

"I don't mean to say," Laurel was saying, "that I believe marriages are made in heaven, but I've come to believe that if something's in your blood it's there to stay. You try and put me out of your mind. Just try."

"I don't have to try," David said. "I have."

"You're lying," Laurel said, dispassionately, "I don't blame you, but I don't believe you either. You've married a milkshop who's willing to bring you your slippers. But that isn't what you want. I know you better than you know yourself, David."

"You're a vicious woman," David said.

"I may be vicious, but I'm the woman you want," Laurel said. "You've tried to tell yourself that it's the way I look and your pride in me that you're missing, but that's not true either. It's something else. It's what I am. It's what you wanted to live with for the rest of your life and without me you feel empty and unfinished. When you're with her you feel quite separate and all one person inside your own skin. But when we were together you didn't feel that and that was right. That's the way it should be."

"Will you, for God's sake, stop talking?" David said.

"No," said Laurel. "They've laid down nice little rules about what a woman should say when her former husband has married another woman. But I don't follow the rules. I never have. Why should I start now?"

David reflected despairingly that the usual arguments couldn't be used

against Laurel because she had a way of cutting the ground out from under them with one nasty swoop and making you feel a fool. And if she wasn't right, the way she said things made them sound logical and true and fair.

It was twelve o'clock and Caroline couldn't stand it any more. Ann wasn't trying to talk. She was just trying to live until David got there. Randy had given up long since and quietly immersed himself in drink, having looked up in the encyclopedia during one of the thick silences after dinner, how pineapples grew. He said, "Well, think of that, now. The second largest industry in Hawaii is growing and canning pineapple. It is conducted by nine companies with a capital totaling \$17,825,000 and assets exceeding \$35,750,000. The pack in 1930. . ."

"Oh, shut up," Caroline said. "Who cares?"

"I care," Randy said stiffly. "I am interested in things that are going on around me."

"Well, pineapple is growing all around you," Caroline said. "Why don't you go out and listen to it and leave us in peace?"

Ann smiled at Randy wanly. "Caroline is mad at you because David didn't come home. Don't pay any attention."

Then, at twelve o'clock, Caroline said, "I'm going home. I don't want to be here when David comes because I'm quite sure I'll give way to murder."

Randy paused ceremoniously in the doorway. "It was a lovely dinner," he said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Ann said.

Randy couldn't seem to get himself out of the door. He said uncomfortably, "Don't worry. They're probably just hashing things over and don't realize how late it is."

"Probably," Ann said.

Caroline said from the darkness, "Come on, Pollyanna, before I really give you something to be cheerful about."

Ann sat on the lanai when they had gone. It was a beautiful tropical night with a beautiful tropical moon, but it was pretty useless to her. She didn't feel like crying. She hadn't felt like crying since Caroline had told her about Laurel's arrival. All her energy had been concentrated in trying to

breathe. Before she'd always taken breathing for granted. Now she was acutely conscious of it as an effort. During this breath he might be kissing Laurel and admitting a mistake. During this one he might be on his way home. Or . . . he might be on his way swiftly in another direction, leaving her as Laurel had left him, without a word. She was amazed when she realized how many places in the world a person could go, and you'd never know, unless he left you some word where to look for him. If he didn't come. . .

But he came at one-thirty. He looked very tired, even in the half light of the lanai. His hair was wind-tossed as though he'd been driving like mad (would Laurel kill him one way or another? On a curve, perhaps, trying to push the memory of her out of his head with the impact of wind?) and as he lit a fresh cigarette she could see his hand shaking. He said gently, "I'm desperately sorry, Ann."

"That's all right," Ann said.

"Caro and Randy were here for dinner, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"They told you Laurel is here?"

"Yes."

"I meant to come earlier," David said then. "I really meant to, but it got so involved."

Ann said, "David . . . is it true?"

"Is what true, darling?"

"Do you lie awake nights wishing you were dead as she said you would in the letter?"

There was a long silence. David turned his back and crushed out the cigarette with a quick, nervous gesture. He just stood there. Ann wanted to scream, or to run but she didn't do either. She could hear herself breathing and his breathing crossing hers in sound. She forced her voice, just to hear something in the stillness. "Do you, David?"

"Yes," David said. "Yes, I do. I have, ever since the night she left me. I'm sorry, Ann."

A shattering awakening for a bride on her honeymoon—and especially for Ann! With her carefree, childlike charm, how can she hope to compete with the allure (and the determination) of David's former wife? Don't miss the unexpected developments in May PHOTOPLAY!

Hollywood's Greatest Lessons in Love

(Continued from page 23)

like that, and that's to ask: To ask happy wives, and women many-times-divorced—husbands of ten years' standing, and ex-husbands of a month—press agents, and maids on the lots. To get the answer, you must become a universal pest.

I became such a pest, and I finally came to a single conclusion, which is herewith presented to those who may be smug about their own success in marriage:

Hollywood marriages have no outside props to keep them up. If they survive, it is because the man and wife concerned are truly happier together than apart!

Analyze the marriages which have failed in the moving-picture colony, and you'll notice that they have failed for causes which rarely crop up in the average American home. Analyze the ones which have succeeded, and you'll see that they have survived difficulties which are abnormally severe.

Here are the abnormal circumstances which make marriage a difficult accomplishment in Hollywood—here, in distilled form, is the comment made by

dozens of confidantes close to the stars:

1. Many of these wives work, and work at very exacting jobs. They must often sacrifice their husbands' needs, as well as their own inclinations, to the necessities of their career.

2. Hollywood homes have too much money.

3. There is no Mrs. Grundy in Hollywood, to look askance at couples eager to break up.

4. Marriage is a normal way of life, developed for the average man and woman; but Hollywood is inhabited by people of very different dispositions and tastes from the average.

5. Many of the stars are too pampered and spoiled for marriage.

PPOINT No. 1 was mentioned so often that I sought out a famous psychiatrist and asked him to tell me whether he thought a wife's moving-picture career causes an unusual strain on a marriage.

"Certainly," he said. "Hollywood homes have no one who puts the marriage first—and a happy home demands great sacrifices on the part of at least one of its members.

"Artists I pose for compliment me on my make-up," says Eugenio Folkenburg, one of America's most beautiful models. "I always wear Tangee Theatrical Red for its smoothness and color."



PHYLLIS BROWN



GRETA CLEMENT



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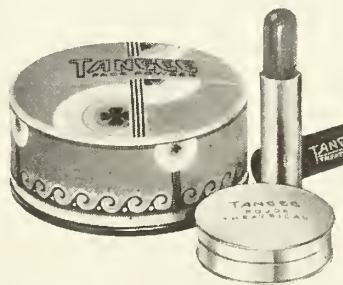
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"All working women have trouble with their marriages. For they have to divide their loyalties between two men—the husband and the boss.

"Suppose," he said, "that you're a working woman, due on the job at nine in the morning—at eight-fifteen your husband runs a temperature. If you stay at home, your career may suffer, but your marriage will be strengthened. If you rush off, you're taking the first step toward Reno.

"A great many screen actresses, under similar circumstances, have kept their engagements on the lot."

That's a mistake, from the point of view of married happiness—we all can see that. But this is a difficult decision, which the average wife is never called upon to make. Point No. 1, alone, shows why marriage is more difficult in many Hollywood homes than in the average American town.

And yet—look at the Gleasons, and the George Burns, and the Joel McCreas—in those homes, six successful careers are going full tilt, without a divorce decree in the sky. Point No. 1 need not be fatal!

But there are many broken homes in Hollywood in which the wife has been a lady of leisure. For a clue to such divorces as these, we must move on to Points 2, 3, 4 and 5.

"**HOLLYWOOD** homes have too much money." That struck me as absurd. Half the domestic squabbles in the average household take place because there isn't enough money! Why should ample means lead to the divorce court?

I found a divorced actor who gave me one explanation.

"Most happy couples," he said, "think about a divorce, at some point, during their first years together. But if the man is making \$2,000 a year, they have to think it over. They're still making payments on the car, and the wife can't get a job while she has children to care for, and so they have to delay the divorce until the husband will make enough money to support two homes.

"That little breathing space saves their marriage. In a month or so they forgive each other. Poverty holds more homes together than it ever breaks up."

When you think of it, that's true. There's a vast difference between saving your nickels for the bus fare to Reno, and simply notifying the studio lawyer you want a divorce by Tuesday next. Separation is fearfully easy for stars who make mammoth salaries. Circumstances do not force them to stop and think it over.

Then take Point No. 3: "Hollywood lacks a Mrs. Grundy."

A happily married wife of a famous actor told me, with feeling, about this.

"You see," she said, "nobody in Hollywood can afford to be old-fashioned about accepting the divorced. Some of our least conservative men and women are in the most influential positions here, and we've got to accept anybody who's Box Office.

"So what happens? Any prominent star can break up a home without fear of social consequences. People in other towns may be held to their marriage because they know their friends would disapprove if they gave up without sufficient reason. Any old whim of a reason is good enough for a Hollywood star's friends; so long as she is pulling down her \$4,000 a week, nobody's going to cut her."

So that's another coaster brake without which the Hollywood marriages have to get along. Public opinion helps the rest of us over the rough spots in our married life, more often, perhaps, than we think. By their success, the stars are deprived of its aid.

On Point No. 4—the difficulty stars have in adjusting themselves to so nor-

mal an institution as marriage, many of the experts spoke with a bitter emphasis. How can a marriage have a chance, they said, when husband and wife lead erratic lives, with irregular hours—when they have separate social circles during the working hours of every day—when all parties are given over to shoptalk? Non-acting husbands and wives are outsiders in Hollywood social affairs, and are often made to feel it.

"Marriage is hard when either husband or wife is more successful in pictures than the other," a divorced man-star said to me. "But it's hell when one of them is an outsider, with no standing in the community at all."

So think of that, you husbands and wives who live in normal towns where the husband's standing is no higher than the wife's, and where shoptalk ends with the business day! Point No. 4 places a greater strain on the devotion of Hollywood couples than any other.

BUT there was another point which many of these Hollywood observers made to me—Point No. 5: "Many of the stars are spoiled." A woman who had been married twice to well-known actors spoke passionately on this score.

VENGEANCE

For months he had carried a blunt-nosed automatic in his pocket, seeking vengeance for a wrong, until the hatred in his heart drove him to the determination to take his own life. Then a strange thing happened to stay his hand. You will find this man's dramatic story **FIVE MINUTES FROM SUICIDE** by Crawford Trotter in the March issue of the nonsectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH

At Your Newsdealer's
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"The average star," she said, "has worked hard for his success and he relishes it. He loves to drive through a city with the sirens making way for him. He adores the clamor for his autograph.

"And then," she said, "he comes home, fresh from these triumphs, and expects his wife to treat him as if she were writing him a fan letter. He doesn't want a wife—he wants an all-time stooge. And if his wife falters in her flattery for a single day, she knows there are scores of silly women ready to worship at her husband's profile."

So there you have them—the five severe handicaps under which Hollywood marriages must suffer, if they are to survive. How is it possible, with all these difficulties, to remain married in Hollywood, at all?

And yet we know that it can be done. We know there are such promising ventures as the Fred Astaires, the Gary Coopers, the Melvyn Douglasses, the Don Ameches. (Nobody dares predict whether any of them will make the silver wedding anniversary, but so far the Five Points don't seem to have worn them down.)

Well—how do they do it?

IWENT back to my eminent psychiatrist to find out. I showed him the list of abnormal difficulties these famous people encounter. He looked at the list, and then he smiled.

"Why, all these things," he said, "can be grouped together under one simple

heading: 'Lack of crutches.' A marriage that is a thumping fine success doesn't need a crutch!

"Hollywood," he said, "may be the acid test for the happiness of a home. Many will not pass it, but those that do will probably be among the happiest homes on earth!

"If a man and woman are hobbling along together, with no great ecstasy over their love, then lack of money, or fear of Mrs. Grundy may hold them together in a kind of makeshift substitute for a happy marriage. But these things won't make their homes happy.

"Hollywood's attitude," he said, "is admirable in a sense: These people are as ruthless as a surgeon in discarding relationships which are not up to their ideal. Hollywood can afford to reject all shoddy substitutes for true, married love—it will accept no patched-up pretense of happiness. If a marriage on the Coast has failed, the fact is immediately blazoned forth to the world.

"But if it succeeds," he said, "the husband and wife know that its success is the real thing. These people stay together because they're happier together than they would be apart. That's the only real test for a marriage's success, no matter where you live.

"We would all be happier," he added, "if we made our marriages as strong and enduring as the Hollywood successes—if we were all sure that we are not being held together by artificial, outside influences."

"Give me some rules for a marriage that will be strong enough to pass the Hollywood test," I asked him.

He did—and here they are:

1. Somebody must put the success of the marriage first, and be willing to pass up professional opportunities for its sake. Almost always, it is the wife who can most gracefully assume this job. If she works, she will clearly understand that her work is secondary to her husband's needs for her. If she keeps house, she must not make his happiness subservient to her passion for cleanliness or caring for her children. He must be her first concern.

2. Interrupt your quarrels before they really begin. If a husband and wife are determined to get along without squabbling, they will never reach the stage of wondering whether they can afford a divorce or not

3. Pay no attention to the advice of outsiders—especially of in-laws. There are always plenty of people around who are eager to act as troublemakers.

4. If you lead a normal social life, thank your lucky stars you do! See couples in other occupations, so that the evenings will never tend to descend to shoptalk. Share your friends in common and never move in social circles to which you do not both belong.

5. If your husband or wife demands an abnormal amount of pampering, give it to him! Only those who are unsure of themselves need bolstering up, and they usually need it badly. A wife can do worse than to behave like an adoring fan for a few minutes every day!

Such marriage without props is the considerable accomplishment of many men and women on the Coast. Other Hollywood couples have found its difficulties too severe. But from both groups, the non-Hollywood married and the about-to-be married can learn many things, among them this:

Any marriage that is a true success can survive, even under the conditions of Hollywood.

No marriage, held up by crutches, is wholly satisfactory, in Hollywood, or in any other town; but such a makeshift marriage can, by effort and the observance of five rules, be made strong enough to pass the Hollywood Test. And that means—ladies—a Golden Wedding one of these fine days!

When Sonja Henie Met Alan Curtis

(Continued from page 26)

appalish and an extraordinarily good actor as he demonstrated when he played the role of an unregenerate heel in "Mannequin," his first important picture, and yet made people like him. He should have been pushed right ahead after that first click. Instead he somehow got lost in the shuffle at the casting office.

Even though nobody told him the truth, Alan knew what was blocking his career. Some wise person once said that few people fail through actual lack of ability. What creates their failure is their lack of skill in handling other people. That was the situation with Alan. It is always a tough lesson for a sincere person to learn that flattery is just as potent as ability. Alan was not only sincere, but he was also in that concentrated state known as being in love, which always interferes with anyone's keeping his eye on the main chance.

THE girl was Priscilla Lawson, a pretty young thing, also under contract to Metro. She and Alan had met each other while they were both models in New York. They encountered each other again in Hollywood, both a bit homesick, both a bit scared, both young and eager—they fell in love. Having fallen in love, they got married.

Perhaps if Alan had scored an overnight success, or if Priscilla had registered an immediate hit, the Curtis-Lawson marriage might have been wonderful. Instead, Priscilla was let out of her contract, Alan's career stood stiller than a cigar-store Indian, and under that disillusion the propinquity that had originally lent enchantment got to be the

propinquity that meant only boredom. Exactly what made them separate is not generally known, largely because neither Alan nor Priscilla was important enough at the time of the smash-up for Hollywood to inquire about it.

Whatever the situation, however, the fact remains that Alan had practically not dated any girl from the time he and his wife had separated until that night in early October of the "Hollywood Cavalcade" première. But that evening he particularly did want to date someone. That picture represented his first sympathetic movie role of any importance. So he wanted to celebrate.

Alan thought immediately of asking Sonja Henie to go with him, and then he got an attack of shyness. He had been introduced to Sonja on the 20th Century-Fox lot and had been immediately attracted to her, for she was his kind of girl—direct, friendly, fond of sports and utterly without pretense. If she hadn't been a celebrity and the place hadn't been Hollywood he would have tried to date her at once, but second thought made him fear he might be repulsed for being presumptuous. A première, however, is a really first-class occasion, and so, weeks later when the "Hollywood Cavalcade" opening was scheduled, he sought out a friend of Sonja and asked if it would be all right if he telephoned her. The friend said there was no harm in trying, and so Alan called and Sonja accepted. It was just as simple as that.

They made a handsome couple, photographed together, he so dark and she so fair. They did a great deal of dancing that first night and shared a vast

amount of that light, delightful laughter peculiar to two people who have been made wise to the hurts that deeper emotions can give.

Sharing happiness, though, is nearly as much of a bond as sharing misery, and so, the next day, Alan wanted very much to telephone Sonja, and did, and she agreed to another date for the next week. They had that, and it turned out to be fun, too, and then Alan met Sonja's mother and brother, who liked him tremendously, and so they had a third date and a fourth. Four dates in Hollywood being equal to about two solid years of steady courtship anywhere else, it was then that the film colony began to sit up and take notice. When it was learned that Alan and Priscilla had been discussing a divorce, the excited whispers began singing around movieland.

Just what might have happened if Sonja herself had not at that point thrown the monkey wrench into the love machinery, is no telling. She did it by suddenly going into rehearsal for her annual skating tour of America. She has taken that tour every winter for three years now, but still Hollywood did speculate on whether or not she did not welcome it this time as a breathing space in which to think calmly about her own and Alan's intentions. But asked the question direct about Alan she would only say, laughing the while, "Well, I have to go out with somebody, don't I?"

The answer to that is yes and no. She did go out certainly after her romance with Tyrone Power broke up, but she definitely was not the vibrant, gay figure she was last fall, when she

and Alan were popping into this night club or that, evening after evening.

As for Alan—a gentleman who is not yet divorced can't very well form an alliance that may follow the one that is not yet broken up. But the well-known volumes that his eyes say when you discuss Henie with him should really be bound in asbestos to keep them from igniting the surrounding territory.

All of which adds up to the fact that almost anything can happen.

THE Henie skating tour will keep Sonja away from Hollywood until the first of spring.

Hollywood doesn't get a really terrific spring. No business of lilacs bursting into bloom, or birds flying back from the South, or thaws. Still it does have its own kind of spring; a magical, overnight kind of spring, when suddenly the brown hills become all golden-green, and gigantic scarlet and yellow, and the days fluctuate between bitter cold mornings to red-hot noons and shivery, scented evenings. And on one such day Sonja will come back to town again, with her yellow hair flying and her blue eyes dancing, and Alan, who is all brooding and intensity, will meet her. And if the gentle springs of other climes make young men's fancy turn to thoughts of love, think what is more likely than not to happen with two vivid people in a spring that is so swift that it is like a kind of lovely gasp before the heat of summer comes.

Nobody can tell exactly what will develop then, of course, and least of all right now Alan and Sonja. But it will most certainly bear watching.

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Glamour Girl—1940 Style

(Continued from page 18)

current Grade-A, gilt-edged glamour *femme* of the moment. This, of course, will necessitate a complete new wardrobe, but it is about time that you were changing your dress mood. Being identified with one kind of role, one style of dress, coiffure, chapeau (whoops!), is prelude to the sounding of the death knell of your career, you think.

YOUR hair, to continue, has been shorn in all shapes. Years ago, when you were doing only small parts, you had Jim, the barber, do you a "wind-blown" bob. Tiring of a shingled head, you adopted the long mane of wavy, curling locks that fell below your collarbone. The front hair was fluffed and banged about the face. Since that time your hair has been curled into tight ringlets, à la sculpture of the Greeks.

With the fashion edict of "hair up!" you spent several troublesome moments consulting your hairdresser (who is probably your most intimate friend and confidante). You both decided that it added ten, maybe twelve years, to your age. Even earrings, hats as big as postage stamps, plus pink veils didn't help. You decided to stick to your guns and look like an aborigine. (You do.)

Your figure is the pride of your life, and the livelihood of several masseuses. You are about five-feet-five inches tall, and you weigh ten pounds less than the figure stated as normal for that height (132 pounds) by the life insurance medical directors. You avoid excessive intakes of starch, sugar, fats, and, illogically, go off on terrific food benders. Repentant, you swear never, never to indulge again. (You do.)

Your bust is thirty-seven inches, your waist twenty-five inches, your hips thirty-five inches. Secretly you envy Ginger Rogers' tiny waist, and wonder how she does it.

Next to popcorn, crossword puzzles, new beaux, your prime passion is for shoes. You wear a size four-B, and you prefer the cut-out sandal type, although the wedge-heeled oxford makes you look little-girlish and helpless, a role that you like to play on occasion, in real life. Your shoe racks are loaded with dozens of shoes that range from square-toed ski shoes to flimsy chiffon-scarved evening sandals with platform soles. Around the house you invariably wear an old pair of lapin-lined (rabbit to the furrier) scuffers that you bought out of your first week's contract money.

You are a violent fad addict. Last year you discovered Sun Valley and winter sports. (Also that handsome ski instructor.) Before last winter, ice had merely been a frozen commodity used for a skin conditioner, and something to chill the Daiquiri cocktails that the studio stubbornly maintains you do not drink. Now ice is a bracing new medium for conquest. (The skating teacher is handsome, too.) On the set, between scenes, you knit madly. Or crochet. At the moment it is an Early American rug of thick white cotton that you are crocheting.

You are not a Hollywood cinema darling because you have great histrionic abilities and you want to exercise them. If you were sincere about wanting to act, you would try the theater—even if it were only a microscopic "Little Theater." You are a glamour girl by sheer exertion of personality.

You know the growth of a personality is aided by publicity. The more a glamour girl is seen at the right places—early in her career—the faster the

legend of her devastating charm grows. Therefore, you are seen, for a time, with the Writer-Producer who is currently Hollywood's Beau Number One. He is a cavalier of quality caliber. He goes to the right places, knows how to order a perfect supper, knows the right wines with the right courses, and how to sympathize charmingly over producer-trouble, leading man-trouble, director-trouble, et cetera. He's witty, too.

During your career you will be seen with Howard Hughes. Here you have Money; also a Romantic Aura. You will also dine, sometime during your career, at the Russian Bublichki with Pat di Cicco, go to Venice and roller coast with Jimmy Stewart, dance divinely to Troc, Victor Hugo and Beverly Wilshire music with Cesar Romero, spurn an invitation to go on a little cruise on That Producer's yacht.

Along about the age of twenty-five you will marry. He will be an actor. You will have been engaged, successively to: a Wall Street broker; a Virginia horse breeder ("he looked so stunning in his jodhpurs!"); a junior-lieutenant in the U. S. Navy; a French title who wanted your money. You will have eloped to Yuma, by chartered plane, with the leading man in your current picture, not because you love him honestly or intellectually, but because he is on your emotional plane, and emotionalism is contagious.

One morning, three years later, you will suddenly see the face that has been sitting opposite you at the breakfast table for approximately one thousand eight hundred days (there was that two-weeks' location trip your husband made to China last year). Really see the face, we mean. The setting will be the ruffled sunroom of your Bel-Air two-acre estate, with swimming pool, badminton court, "rumpus room." There will be jonquil plates on real damask, and the silver will be sterling, but that doesn't help matters. You wonder what ever made you marry him, the dope. Such rapidity. And you had never noticed that he parted his hair in the *middle!* You divorce him, immediately, on grounds that he is "sulky." If he divorces you, he does it on the grounds that you read in bed, love your career more than your husband.

You would be very lonely if it were

not for Michael. Michael is the six-months' old baby you adopted from Evanston's The Cradle. He makes life worthwhile for you, watching him grow, listening to his childish prattle. You debate about taking another youngster; perhaps a little girl. You would call her Susan Ann. You are a great one for homespun names. A nice contrast to your exotic moniker. You decide to let the girl-child wait a bit, and you throw yourself into charitable activities.

YOU have a mother who may make her home with you, from time to time, but no record of an existing father. You have a sister whose best talent is motherhood. Sometimes you envy her. You have a brother, too, who sometimes needs a check. This you impulsively send him, and your business manager lectures you for it.

You have charge accounts at I. Magnin, Saks Fifth Avenue, Bullocks-Wilshire, and you have your *tailleurs* constructed by the town's best man's tailor. You like nothing better than to have a Magnin saleswoman phone and tell you that the new imports have just arrived and there's a love of a raspberry chiffon with chartreuse trimmings ("It sounds *mad*, but it's a *divine* combination!") that would be stunning on you. You strive to be *soignée*. You're not quite sure what *soignée* means, your French being what it is. You buy the Hattie Carnegie number.

Another pleasure is attending the openings given by the fashion-lad crew—Howard Greer, Travis Banton, and others. It gives you a quickening of the pulse, a sense of being a privileged member of the snobbish fashion aristocracy (for you are a small-town girl), to be able to call Hatter John-Fredrics "Mister John" and buy half a dozen original models from off his models' heads. Having flowers, colors, perfumes, race horses (everything, in fact, except brassières and panties) named after you is old news, but always flattering. Glamour babe Shirley Temple has a rose-pink sweet pea named for her; Mary Pickford a pompon chrysanthemum; Barbara Stanwyck a dahlia.

You worship culture and in pursuit of it you join the monthly book clubs (the books always look well between those solid onyx book ends, even if you haven't time to read them), subscribe to the leading women's and fashion magazines. You consider yourself a Liberal, and sympathize with the Underdog. You buy the most expensive radio and a cabinet full of symphonies, all played by Leopold Stokowski. His interpretations of the classics make sense to you. You also have a complete set of Crosby records, and a few of the better platters by the Andrews Sisters. The men in your life, you tell interviewers, have been your best introduction to knowledge—book knowledge. Paul introduced you to Proust, John to Pater. You found James Cain yourself.

At the moment you are between love affairs and life is a little boring. You know that the next White Knight will set you off, willy-nilly, on a new hobby. His hobby, of course. You know this as well as you know that God made green apples and roving Romeos. You took up golf and flying for Howard, and another time you went in for yachting. Your swain had a boat. Carole Lombard, you reflect, took up skeet shooting for Gable. You hope, devoutly, that your next Romeo will not be a whaling enthusiast. So messy, you know.



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This Woman Has Loved!

(Continued from page 70)

his arm to interrupt his reading for the minute it would take her to fly upstairs and be reassured about drafts and covers in the nursery.

For more and more that was how it was with them. He forgot the ambition for land that had been instilled in him when he was a boy and he had learned to measure a kilo's length by counting his strides. And she no longer dreamed of the way it would be when she sang in the opera house and flowers fell on the stage at her feet. Their love for each other grew greater with time and brought them back to simple things.

Then, one day they had a long talk and they rebuked themselves for having allowed their love to run away with them.

"You must marry that rich girl it was planned for you to marry," she told him, "and live in peace with your mother and your father on your land."

"And you," he said, "must study so you can sing in the opera house. And soon you will be famous. And I will sit in the stalls beside my rich, dull wife. . . ."

"Loving me still?" she whispered. "Just a little, Niklos—to take nothing she would miss from her. . . ."

"I hope not," he said bitterly. "By that time I hope I will have become so dull that I will feel *nothing*. . . ."

Three days later they were married!

HER parents and two of his cousins went with them to the office of the notary. Niklos settled a little house and some land on the Hajmassey's so they would not miss the money Ilona had brought home from the theater. And he and Ilona left for the fertile countryside over which his father ruled like an ancient king.

"I will be such a fine wife to you," she told him as they rode on the train, "that your mother and your father will bear with me. And when our sons are born they will be so strong and brilliant and handsome that it will be forgotten I had no rich dowry."

The Savoza lands reached over four thousand acres. They counted their cows and steers by hundreds and their pigs by thousands.

Niklos' parents lived in the Big House. He and Ilona were assigned a fifteen-room dwelling down the road. They gave him what was his due as their only remaining son. But beyond this they didn't go. There was no warm welcome for his bride. There were no parties to introduce her to the countryside. And had they known Ilona had hoped for these things they would have pitied her for a fool.

All day Niklos was away from home—riding over the land, supervising the men in fields and barns and gardens, and doing accounts in the office. And all day Ilona waited for him to come home. At the sound of his voice the house that had been cold and forlorn sprang into splendor. Ilona would laugh at herself because she had wept.

And she would discount what she had overheard the chauffeur from the Big House telling her cook . . . how the boss would not rest until she and Niklos were divorced.

When Niklos came home at night and Ilona flew down the stairs and flung herself into his arms, it concerned him that even the radiance of her smile could not hide the fact that she was growing paler and that once more she had been weeping. And while he wondered how he could support life without

her he asked if she was sorry she had come there with him.

"I am not sorry—*ever!*" she told him, as she pulled off his gloves and warmed his hands and led him to the fire. "And now that you think that, I am afraid to ask you something . . . Niklos, would you mind if I studied singing and English? I have no friends here and it would occupy me if a teacher came sometimes. I am not happy when I have no work to do."

He was grateful to her for planning this way of keeping occupied and of escaping the cold air of disapproval for a little while. For he knew her ardor. And he lived in fear of the hour in which she would tell him she could not stay any longer—in spite of all her protestations.

THEN one day when Ilona and Niklos had been married about a year, when things were no worse than they had been all along, the elder Savoza demanded that a divorce be arranged at once. Either this or he would disown Niklos completely.

"We're going away from here," Niklos told Ilona. "We're going to live in the city. Until I find my way, we'll be poor. But that will not matter, for we'll still have each other."

She did not ask him to explain the reason behind all this. She knew too well. And suddenly, although he was ten years her senior, she was the older one.

"Niklos," she said, "what could you do to earn money in the city?"

"At first," he told her, "just so we'll have something to eat, I'll be a chauffeur!"

Her eyes traveled over his face. It was strong and lean and full of pride and confidence. These were things she loved and would preserve at any cost.

It was for him she was afraid. She knew how to be poor. And she was, besides, one of those favorites of the gods who could forget the thin jingle of coins in her purse while she laughed at a Punch and Judy show in the park.

"Sweet Niklos," she said. She did not try to hide her tears for she knew the kindest thing she could do was let him see her heart was breaking, too—so when she went away he would not too quickly doubt that she loved him.

"Niklos, my darling—sometimes you act like such a little boy that you make me feel a very old woman. This is such a time as we must do *not what we want to do but the best we can do!*"

His eyes lifted to ask the question.

"And the best we can do . . . You must stay here," she told him, "where you will have money enough and to spare and I must go into the city where I can study and get work in the opera house so we can be independent . . . For it is only because your father knows our helplessness that he tells you what you must do—and how you must do it—and when. . . ."

She left his side and walked up and down the room. Now she wasn't the yielding, tender girl he always had known. There was about her the strength and force of the matriarch she might have become had she borne sons to inherit the Savoza gold and land. Watching her, Niklos took heart and remembered what his good friend, Mrs. Hajmassey, had told him . . . that whatever Ilona would do she could do!

IN Vienna Ilona lived with the Wellers. Mrs. Weller had taught her English.

Anne Shirley

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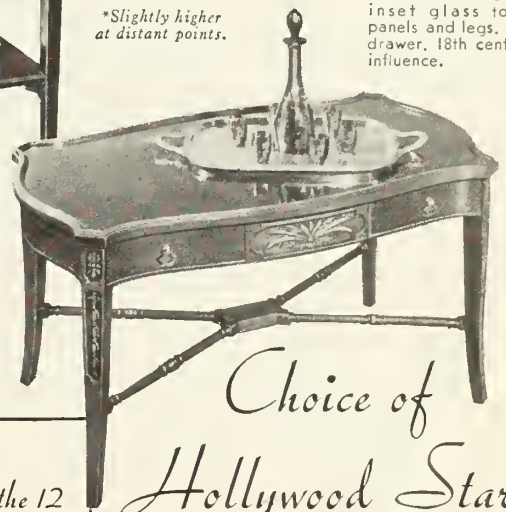


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COTY

Mrs. Weller understood how things were. There was no need for Ilona and Niklos to explain to her the eagerness with which they rushed to each other's arms when he came straight from the train... even while their plea for a divorce was held in the court.

Then one day Ilona went to the opera house for an audition. It was just the way she had dreamed it would be when she was a child and she had sung "Tosca" in the courtyard with little Albogen Arpad, the first youth ever to catch her romantic fancy.

She stood alone on the large bare stage. Several gentlemen, the impresario and his associates and friends, were scattered through the first rows. The musicians played the introductory phrase of the aria. Then her voice floated out over that theater and those men listening forgot to look indifferent.

When she had finished, the impresario said: "You know 'Tosca!' Could you sing it here—in a week, say?"

She did not think it necessary to explain that aria she had sung was the only part of the role she knew. After all she could go home and study. And she did study too, for four days and nights. Then she considered her progress with that impersonal attitude that always has been such a boon to her and decided it would be another week before she really would be ready. And she said this to the impresario. And he was impressed that anyone so beautiful and talented and young should have such clear purpose and wisdom.

THE same night Ilona sang at the little opera house, her name was heard in the cafés and coffeehouses. And the next morning Maria Komka, Ilona's childhood friend, hurried to the Wellers to see her. "You were so beautiful last night," she told her, "and you sang like an angel!"

"What you say about me," Ilona answered, laughing, "I cannot trust. But what the newspapers say this morning and what my impresario says—that is important—that promises I will have money!"

News of Ilona's success in the little opera house reached Felix Weingartner, the great Felix Weingartner who had studied with Wagner. He went to hear her. He asked her to come to see him at his big opera house.

"I like you very much," he told her. "If you will learn German I will give you a contract."

"Every day," Ilona answered him simply, "I have three hours for myself. Every day in those three hours I will do nothing but study German. That way it will not take too long."

In everything she did now she was conscientious and painstaking. Her mother never had known her to be like this before—except for that short time when she had rehearsed for the chorus. And one day when Niklos Savozd called on Mrs. Hajmassey, she spoke of this to him.

"It's always been Ilona's nature to be like quicksilver," she told him. "Now here... now there... In the theater she is a stranger to herself. She finds nothing too much trouble! And nothing takes too long!"

"When Ilona is in the theater," Niklos answered Mrs. Hajmassey gently, "it is the same with her as it is with you when you sit under your lamp with your needlework. In the theater Ilona is at home. So there is peace in her heart and she is able to work patiently. Try to understand this and be glad—since things are the way they are..."

Even when the divorce of Ilona and Niklos had been final for months they sought each other. And their voices still grew soft as they spoke each other's name. And they still found it important

to tell each other everything that had happened while they were apart.

Ilona counted the days it would take her to master German... and the days she must rehearse with Weingartner... and the days after that before she could be sure of a contract... For these days added together would bring her to the security that would allow her and Niklos to marry again.

And Niklos' love for Ilona was no less than her love for him. It was Ilona he thought about until the end. He wrote her a note one day and sent it by a servant as it was his custom to do. He told her to be sure to hear Maria Nemeth sing and he told her how much he loved her. And it was his servant bringing back her answer who found him dead.

All the people who knew Ilona and how she had built her life around Niklos were afraid to see her. Only her mother had the courage to go to her with that question others asked among themselves.

"What will you do, my daughter?" Mrs. Hajmassey asked.

"I was coming to you," Ilona answered, "to ask you that..."

"You will not believe me when I say this to you..." Mrs. Hajmassey made a supreme effort to keep her voice matter-of-fact. "But all this will not hurt so much when time has separated you from it. For that, my child, is a law of life. And if you can push time ahead

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?
Check your answers to the statements on page 76 with these correct ones:

1. Robert Taylor
2. Greta Garbo
3. Ray Milland
4. Michael Curtiz, Gregory Ratoff
5. Dr. Francis Griffin
6. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
7. Madeleine Carroll, Penny Singleton
8. Marlene Dietrich
9. Mary Martin
10. Edward G. Robinson

of you with work, it will be so much the better."

Work was her narcotic. Every week that year she sang two or three times. In Budapest and Vienna and Berlin they talked of her capacity for doing whatever had to be done. And when she was on the stage and when people were around her she was gay and volatile and laughing.

"She does not grieve so much now," her father said, relieved.

But her mother shook her head. "People affect her like wine," she told him. "I have seen her when she is alone and then it is different—then she sits very still."

THE German UFA company offered Ilona thirty thousand marks to make a picture for them.

"For that money I cannot do it," she told the gentlemen who waited upon her.

They protested. Times were not prosperous. This was all their company could afford. After all, she would have a very fine production.

"The sum is enough," she interrupted, "but I want you to pay it in shillings or Austrian money."

She was not naturally shrewd about affairs of this kind. But every word Niklos Savozd ever had said to her lived, clear and fresh, in her memory.

So it was as if his great knowledge of finance—acquired through inheritance, study, and experience—had been grafted upon her artist's brain.

The UFA gentlemen frowned. Even in an ugly woman they would have resented such acumen. Coldly they told her what she asked was out of the question, that they would not be permitted to pay her in anything but German currency.

"And," Ilona says, "when they told me they would not be permitted to pay me in anything but marks, I knew I had been wise to ask what I had asked. And I bid them good day. But they had done me a great favor. They had given me the idea of being in a motion picture. And I wrote to the head of the Austrian Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

George Cukor, one of the greatest directors in Hollywood, was in Vienna at this time. He saw Ilona's letter and went to the opera house to hear her. And that same night he telephoned Bob Ritchie and Benny Thau, two Metro executives, who were—by happy chance—in London. What he said isn't a matter of record, but the gist of it was, "I've got something here!" And the next time Ilona sang these three men were in the audience.

"They wanted to give me a contract right away," she says, "So I went to London in an airplane and a contract was arranged. It was very simple. It was marvelous."

THAT was the winter of 1936. For over a year Ilona had lived without the comfort of Niklos Savozd being in the world with her. There still were moments when the realization of her loss assaulted her. But slowly her response to life was coming to be quick and warm again. And because, following the romantic attachments of her youth and the excitements of her adolescence, a deep woman's love had stirred her soul there was an added quality about her. It was as if her beauty and her voice and her acting had been refined by the emotional fires she had come through.

When Ilona returned from London after signing her Metro contract Maria Nemeth's name shone on the marquee of the Budapest opera house. That opera house held six thousand people; yet it was difficult to get tickets for this performance. Ilona was going. She never missed hearing Nemeth if she could help it.

The performance was to be on Sunday. On Wednesday of the same week the impresario from the opera house called Ilona on the telephone. "Miss Hajmassey," he said, "Maria Nemeth is scheduled in 'Empress Josephine' on Sunday..."

"Yes, yes," Ilona told him, "I know. I am coming!"

"Miss Hajmassey," the impresario interrupted, "Miss Nemeth is ill. She will be unable to appear..."

Ilona sympathized. "Everyone with tickets will be so sad... That day you are going to hear Maria Nemeth—you reach towards it, as if it was a bright star!"

"Miss Hajmassey," the impresario began again, "I'm calling to ask you to take Miss Nemeth's place..."

"That is impossible! IMPOSSIBLE!" Ilona's voice shook. "She is the biggest star... Those people who have tickets to hear her, they would not have me! And I do not know one word of that part..."

But one hour later the score of "Empress Josephine" was strewn all over the salon of her little flat. The accompanist from the opera house was at the piano. She stood beside him. And over and over she sang the opening aria.

Not one seat in the opera house was unoccupied. In the back they were standing.

One little group in that great theater had fear in their eyes and hope in their hearts. . . Mr. and Mrs. Hajmassey, Ilona's sister, Dodo, and her husband who owned a beauty shop, and Maria Komka. . .

Said Mrs. Hajmassey to Mr. Hajmassey, "I have always said what Ilona would do she could do. Now I am afraid because this always has been so, she has been spoiled—and she reaches too far. . ."

The lights went out. She stepped forward. The conductor raised his baton. In the split fraction of time that came before her cue she wondered if Niklos could know about this, even if he wasn't right there. . . And she thought he could. . . And her voice rose in clear beauty to exalt her song.

Women tore roses and orchids and gardenias from their corsages and threw them to the stage. And lying among these flowers at her feet were the single maroon and white carnations that men had pulled from their button-holes. And the next morning the papers said, "Not in fifty years has there been such a performance of 'Empress Josephine.'"

* * * * *

It was the summer of 1937. Swiftly the *S. S. Normandie* cut through the deep water that lay flat under a hazy July sky. Ilona and her sister, Dodo, walked the deck. So many times around equalled a mile and so many miles equalled their day's exercise.

Quietly Ilona and her sister dined at a preferred table. Like two schoolgirls on a holiday they marveled that everything on this ship had been so perfectly arranged for them and that although they had the best it cost them nothing; M-G-M paid all the bills.

But, while Ilona was on the sea and while she was journeying across the continent from New York to California, there was consternation at the M-G-M studios. There were many who didn't relish the idea of having an Hungarian prima donna on their hands.

"One good thing about it," they said to one another, "foreign celebrities usually don't last long. . . Too grand for their own good, that's the trouble! Besides, they can't take the rigorous working schedules we have out here."

Then Ilona arrived. She didn't accept the American Beauties that were presented to her with a shrug. She took them in her arms and her eyes broke into blue stars. At the hotel she did not find fault with the suite that had been reserved for her. She assured them, a little solemnly, that it was very beautiful. "Rosalie" went into production and she did not have a tantrum when they asked her to record her first

song a dozen times and more, because her accent reproduced with a little lisp-sounding sound. It was with annoyance at herself that she shook her golden head, then started from the beginning again—miraculously sustaining warm joy in her voice.

She and Dodo took a little house. Someone called her attention to the fact that it wasn't in the fashionable part of town. They thought she might like to know. "But it's pretty, my house," she said, surprised. "I like the way the palm trees grow around it. You mean only that it isn't the right number on the right street. . . Oh, that's all right. Such things I do not worry about!"

One day, however, she reached the studios with eyes blazing.

"This morning," she announced, "a girl comes to see me about being a maid in my house. I never heard of such a girl before! She tells me, 'I am studying singing and I would like to use your piano in the afternoon.' I say to her, 'Just a minute, do you wash floors, do you clean windows?' And she says, 'No! No!' Then I say to her, 'Thank you. I can't use you! Good-day!'"

It was explained that there was a serious servant problem in California, that maids were difficult to get, that she might have to make compromises.

Her laughter rose triumphantly. "Well, I won't have a maid. I can cook. And I'll find some woman who'll be glad to come to my house in the morning and clean up and add to her husband's little money and buy her children shoes."

"But," it was protested, "when your sister goes home to her husband and her little Francois, you'll be lonely."

"Do not worry!" she said, "I am never lonely. I have a little eat. And I have a Scotch terrier. We are very good friends."

They were prepared to withstand any temperament she might display and reserve judgment until they saw her on the screen. But her complete simplicity so impressed them that long before "Rosalie" was released they were willing to grant she was as great as "Balalaika" later convinced them she would be.

Once again the simple Hungarian peasant blood that also is part of her helped her keep her bearings when she easily could have grown confused and lost her way.

"Watch Massey!" says Woody Van Dyke, the most hard-boiled director at Metro, or any other studio. "It's not hard to do. And I have an idea she'll be around for a long time. She's got a lot of what it takes!"

And he could have added: "This woman has lived. And loved. And had her heart broken. And found her way back to a full, warm life again. And that never did anyone any harm as an artist or a woman!"



She's nobody's April Fool! With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

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May PHOTOPLAY

(Continued from page 51)

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give the whole scene that jiggly, car-in-motion look.

Fred and Jean wrap up and get to work in an earnest love scene. "Cut!" decrees Wes Ruggles. "That's fine."

But Fred isn't satisfied. He thinks he's a lousy lover. "Don't you think I could get a little more into my kissing?" he asks Ruggles.

"I don't know," replies Wes. "But if you want me to, I'll send out for a Hollywood High School boy to teach you how!"

PERSONALLY, we can't imagine anything more terrifying than a H.H.S. Casanova in action. Unless it's "Black Friday," the chiller that Universal is brewing for macabre-minded movie lovers. "The House of Seven Gables," next door, isn't any too cheerful, either, as you'll know if you've read your Hawthorne. Vincent Price, Margaret Lindsay, George Sanders and Nan Grey are suffering through the long, drawn-out curse of the *Pyncheons* at Universal this month, too. But alongside of "Black Friday," a cozy little curse is a mere bagatelle. "Black Friday" comes across with ten—count 'em—ten bona fide murders and one execution! Not a bad average for Karloff and Lugosi.

Oddly enough, on the set we find Boris comparatively unmangled by make-up, except for a Hindenburg hairpiece that bristles like a vegetable brush. Odder still, the set doesn't have a dark shadow, graveyard or haunted house within sight. It's just a regulation Hollywood night-club layout. Luscious Anne Nagel steps up on the band stand and croons a song.

The story's about a skilled brain surgeon who transplants a dying criminal's cerebellum to injured college professor Stanley Ridges. From then on Universal scenarists have dreamed up some extremely novel ways to put a murder victim out of his miseries.

It has also been our conviction that there are few tougher star gentlemen in town than Brian Donlevy. We arrive on the "Down Went McGinty" set at Paramount, then, quite naturally expecting some rough stuff. We know it's a rowdy travesty on municipal corruption in a big American city. We know that Brian has plenty of battles with Akim Tamiroff, a vicious political dictator, until good wife Muriel Angelus gets to work on his conscience. Frankly, we expect some fireworks.

But when we step inside the heavy, soundproof door, we find Brian and Muriel knee-deep in a nursery scene. And Brian is down on his hands and knees playing with an electric train!

Poor Preston Sturges, the playwright, is on his very first directing assignment with "Down Went McGinty." He's tearing his scalp lock out by the roots, trying to get his scenes shot on schedule. But he made a mistake when he let Donlevy get near that electric train.

"Hurry up, Brian," pleads Sturges. "Just a minute," Brian beams. "Now if I can route the track over that bridge—"

OVER at RKO, too, a couple of darling kids, Scotty Beckett and Mary Lou Harrington, have considerably softened the hard bachelor crust of a chap we'd never tag as a home man. Cary Grant is having the time of his life, we discover, playing papa in "My Favorite Wife," with Irene Dunne.

"It's the first time I've ever been a father," grins Cary, "and believe me, it's swell!" Cary is sitting back in an

easy chair wrapped up in an atrocious leopard skin bathrobe and puffing a pipe peacefully, while Scotty and Mary Lou climb all over his knees and muss up his thick hair.

"My Favorite Wife" is another of those insane comedies to out-awful "The Awful Truth." Leo McCarey is again producing it, but this time Garson Kanin, RKO's wonder boy, has the director's load on his young shoulders.

The plot parallels "Too Many Husbands" for its general idea, only in this one, Cary has too many wives. Briefly, Irene, an exploress, disappears, to be declared legally dead. Whereupon Cary marries Gail Patrick. Whereupon Irene returns out of the nowhere just as Cary and Gail set off for a honeymoon in Yosemite Valley. Whereupon Irene sets out after them. Whereupon—it's a case of hellzapoppin! You can bet on Dunne to win in the end.

We watch Garson Kanin guide Cary through a scene with the kids. They get along so well, it's over before we know it, and Cary is being dragged over to the set piano to play tunes for his picture progeny. It happens between every scene, he admits. "This is what I get for being a family man," he complains, but we know he's loving it.

WE can't help wondering, though, how Cary would feel about fatherhood if he had someone like *Little Orvie* to handle. If you've ever read Booth Tarkington's sagas of that young Hoosier holy terror, you'll have a good idea about the problems of film parents Ernest Truex and Dorothy Tree.

"Little Orvie" has been narrowed down to the story of *Orvie's* terrific desire for a Great Dane. Johnny Sheffield (*Tarzan's* son) is playing *Orvie*, and the Great Dane is one of the biggest, lion-like dogs in Hollywood. It frightens us just to look at him. And Daisy Mother-shed and Ray Turner, the two Negro actors who have to lead him by the collar, are a good two shades lighter than usual. Johnny Sheffield is about the only principal who seems to enjoy this scene. And that includes the dog.

For the take they lead him into a tiny shack set, the kitchen of Daisy's cot-

tage. She's supposed to be hiding the mutt for *Orvie*. It's so cluttered up with props that the Dane hasn't room to budge. He suddenly and suspiciously tries it anyway, swipes his tail on the red-hot kitchen stove, and in a couple of seconds there isn't much left of the "Little Orvie" set. The fire extinguishers come out and pandemonium reigns, as they say. The Dane is long gone at once, but Johnny Sheffield is grinning broadly. Now, we wonder just what *Little Orvie* had to do with this? Anyway, Johnny's a pretty cute kid.

But for a couple of the cutest kiddies of the month, we'll be forced to pick Busby Berkeley's dual discoveries at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Barbara and Beverly, who are doing their eight-months-old best to steal "Forty Little Mothers" from veteran Eddie Cantor.

Barbara and Beverly are two separate babies—twins, in fact. But in this picture, they're the same baby! You see, small babies can work only a very limited time on Hollywood sets, according to rigid California law. Barbara works in the morning; Beverly works in the afternoon. And try to tell them apart!

Beverly is on the afternoon shift when we catch Eddie Cantor in grease paint for the first time in two long years. He's singing "Little Curly Hair" to Beverly. As for Beverly, she can take Cantor's songs or leave them. She yawns two or three times to break up the scene. Then she wails. "She's cutting teeth!" declares Eddie.

"How do you know?" asks Berkeley. "How do I know," bristles Eddie. "And me with five daughters?"

"Forty Little Mothers" sounds like good fun to us. It's the story of a teacher who isn't at all welcome in a fancy girls' school. The good-looking professor whose place Eddie takes, got bounced for making love to the pupils. So the girls give Eddie the love treatment, hoping results will be the same. They aren't at all—but it's a springboard for Cantoresque chuckles.

Bonita Granville (so grown up now!) and Rita Johnson are sitting around raptly watching Eddie's maneuvers with Beverly. Just then Diana Lewis walks on the set—her first day in her first choice M-G-M part. Diana, of course, is the brand new Mrs. William Powell, and don't think the gang doesn't know it. Just for a second, Eddie hesitates on the set with Beverly still in his arms. Then he steps across and places her on Diana's lap.

"Rockabye-Baby" he sings, in his best mammy manner. The whole set joins in. Poor Diana—such blushes! But that's what you get around Hollywood sets—and you've got to take it.

ONE star we know who is certainly learning to take it, too, but in a little different way, is Tyrone Power.

Ty had told us "Dance with the Devil" was a sock part for him, but we didn't take him literally. Now when we walk on the big Movietone City stage, we know what Ty meant. It's a prison scene and Ty and tough Lloyd Nolan are about to square off for a battle. Director Henry Hathaway stands by, watching keenly with level blue eyes. Ty's in grey prison cloth, mussed up and mean looking. They're about to go.

"Dance with the Devil" isn't sophisticated high life drama, as you might think from the rather naughty title. It's a picture about a vastly wealthy and socially prominent stockbroker, (Edward Arnold) who fails and goes to the



With Paul himself dividing his time between stage and screen, Edward G. Robinson gets his first "Muni" role with "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet"

penitentiary. (Could this be a Hollywood echo of Richard Whitney?) Tyrone plays his son, a soft-living but smart youngster who falls in bad hands, becomes the brains of a gang and plots his father's release. But the old man has some ideals left. He'll have none of it, and Ty ends up in the Big House himself. The only feminine thing about it is Dorothy Lamour, Nolan's girl friend, who likes Ty's looks. You can see the plot doesn't pull punches. Neither does Ty.

The scheduled knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out between Ty and Lloyd is booked to go just for a couple of powder-puff punches. "Then I'll cut," explains Hathaway. "These stunt men will carry on and really mix it up in a long shot. All right, let's do it!" The stunt men grin to themselves, and Ty and Nolan start swinging.

But the stunts soon stop grinning, and so do we. You've never seen such a set-to as Ty and Lloyd work up.

"Print it," orders Hathaway. We're glad to learn the stunt fellows get their checks just the same. Also that Tyrone isn't just a name with Power. There's some real Irish in him, too.

IT'S a wonder, in fact, that Warners haven't corralled Ty and all other even faintly Hibernian heroes around Hollywood for their all-Erin epic, "Three Cheers for the Irish"! Even without Cagney and O'Brien, the Warner shamrock twins, there are enough Irishmen on the set to start a Sinn Fein rebellion when we visit it one morning.

Thomas Mitchell, his thatch dyed carrot red, Alan Hale, Pat Lane, Irene Hervey, Dennis Morgan, Virginia Grey—even Lloyd Bacon, the director, all trace their family trees to the Ould Sod. Bacon is the fellow who thought up the first Warner all-Irish movie, "The Irish in Us," with Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

We find almost the entire cast circling a big dining-room table, for the key scene in the picture. It's where Thomas Mitchell, kicked off the police force after twenty-five years of faithful pave-

ment pounding, resolves to run for alderman and show the department a thing or two. The picture's whole plot depends on this scene, so it's plenty long. While all the six cast members chime in at their cues, Tom Mitchell slices a big ham energetically—a little too energetically, it turns out, because glib Alan Hale, of all people, fumbles his lines time after time.

Alan's terribly embarrassed, because it means everyone else has to go through the long business again. Finally, almost through, Alan blows up again. This time, Tom Mitchell has sliced all the big ham to shreds. He signals a prop man. "We need more ham," he explains.

"More ham!" explodes Alan, remorsefully. "We've got too much already. Just put me on the table and carve me up!" Everybody howls and the next take is perfect. That's what a little relaxation does to a set sometimes, when the hard luck sign is up.

Hard luck is rank understatement, however, for "Saturday's Children," which we find under way at last after a double star rebellion on the Warner lot. Olivia de Havilland is still under suspension as we write because she said absolutely nothing doing after "Gone with the Wind." Jane Bryan flew off and married, even announced that she would retire from the screen. Marilyn Merrick, a new Warner stock actress, was booked for it then—but she just wasn't ready for that much acting. All in all, "Saturday's Children" is starting off with a leap-year jinx—even though Anne Shirley did finally rally to play with John Garfield, Dennie Moore and Claude Rains. To top all the ill omens, John announces that "Saturday's Children" is his last Hollywood picture for some time. The minute it's over he leaves for Broadway and the old familiar footlights, and Warners' will get Garfield back when they can catch him, which will probably be not until late summer at least. By then, Hollywood will be so busy that John may have to fight his way back in!

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 5)

pictures in the Philippines is fifth leading in the world market, you could arrange to print these in your magazine.

ALFRED B. MURILLO,
Manila, P. I.

UNDYING GIFT

THE Film Society was showing the old silent version of "Robin Hood" and, although I was still shocked and unhappy over the news of Douglas Fairbanks' death, I decided to attend. The early scenes were slow, full of subtitles, and the student audience giggled. When Fairbanks, poised on the edge of the cliff whence he believes his sweetheart has thrown herself, draws his sword, kisses the hilt and, raising it like a crucifix, cries: "For God, for Richard, and for Her!" the audience became hysterical and the senior beside me shifted his feet (which he was resting on the neck of the girl in front of him) and guffawed. But something was alive in that room; the slight, swarthy, grinning man with the incredible acrobatic grace was real and magnetized even that audience into reluctant admiration. Not the years, not the preposterous subtitles, not even the cynical, jeering students, could prevail against the vitality and charm of the man who was Robin Hood and D'Artagnan and the Thief of Bagdad. It's too bad for the young in heart to have Robin Hood and D'Artagnan and the

Thief die all at once. Or are they dead? Robin Hood lived the other night, against tremendous odds, as Fairbanks heroes always did. "That vibrant and gay spirit" was a gift to all of us. A gift which can never be taken back.

RUTH ELSPETH RAYMOND,
Lexington, Mass.

BATTING FOR BRENDA

HERE'S my biggest BOO of the year, and it's going straight across the plains of Kansas, the Rockies of Colorado, the salt flats of Utah, through scenic Nevada, to Julia Smith in California. My, what a traverse—but it's worth it!

You see, I don't like Miss Smith's criticism of Brenda Joyce. I wonder if she realizes "The Rains Came" was Brenda's first introduction to those huge, hot lights, a staring camera, a host of stars, and then—Royalty visited the set during one of Brenda's most difficult scenes, which undoubtedly became doubly difficult.

Nevertheless, Miss Joyce came through beautifully. She possesses a speaking voice of perfect pronunciation, and personally I think Myrna Loy groped hither and yon with a covered-up look because of Brenda's superb acting. Please—put yourself in Brenda's slippers, then go see the picture again!

JOSEPHINE MYERS,
Kansas City, Mo.

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(Continued from page 25)

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won't let her eat what she wants and as much as she wants.

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How old is Ann? Just twenty. That should settle that riddle for all time.

Here Comes the Groom

"Now, Mr. Raft, would you mind telling the radio audience which team, in your opinion, will walk off with the pennant this year?"

And the sports broadcast between Actor George Raft and Radio Broadcaster Ronald Reagan proceeded. For away back there three years ago, Ronald Reagan never dreamed that one day he, too, would be an actor who would be interviewed over the air.

Middle West to his eyebrows, Ronald was born in Tampico, Illinois, and was graduated from Dixon High School when the family moved to that town. Eureka College in Eureka, Illinois, found him working hard for an A.B. degree in Sociology and Economics. It found him on the football field, too. Nothing, not even his movie career, has given him the thrill that receiving his football letter did.

Perhaps I should amend that to say that nothing had thrilled him so much until Janey Wyman said, "Yes." Or no, wait. Ronald says it wasn't one of those "will you be mine?" proposals at all. He said they just kinda' drifted into matrimony, he and Janey, and he thinks it's really the only way to be sure of the right girl.

They met, a year and a half ago on the "Brother Rat" set, and liked each other in a mild, congenial sort of way. They had a few dates and then a few more, and found they liked being together a lot, and one day they discovered they liked the idea of being together well enough to make it permanent and—well—they did.

Joy Hodges got Ronnie into movies, believe it or not. Ronald had known Joy back home in Illinois and each year when he came West with the Chicago Cubs for their spring training (Ronnie was their sports announcer), he'd look up Joy. Deep in his heart he'd always wanted to be an actor, but he'd never had the nerve to speak of it until he mentioned it to Joy one time. Next day (Thursday, to be exact) she had an agent around to see him and the next day (Friday) the agent had him testing at Warners, and Saturday morning he was on his way back to his Des Moines, Iowa, radio job. The next week the telegram came from Warners to come to Hollywood immediately for a role in "Love Is on the Air." He's made twenty-five pictures in the two and one-half years since that, and finished "Brother Rat and a Baby" just in time for his Parsons' tour.

He brought his father and mother to Hollywood and lived with them until he married Jane. His onc wild, uncontrollable love is spaghetti. In every city they toured, he and Jane would seek out Italian restaurants, but they never found one that could surpass Jack LaRue's spaghetti place out in the Valley. You can find the two of them there, at least twice every week.

Double for Dietrich

A strange woman, is Italian-born Isa Miranda, star of "Adventure in Diamonds." Known as one of the great stars of Europe, she is yet shy and frightened. Her brown eyes flecked

with gold, widen with alarm when new faces surround her. "Please take me away from here," she'll whisper.

In both her first film, "Hotel Imperial," and in her "Adventure in Diamonds," her resemblance to Dietrich in looks, accent and allure was noted. But it was no imitation. Miranda of Italy and Dietrich of Germany, by some strange coincidence, could pass for sisters.

In Hollywood she remained secluded. The studio commissary, the Hollywood night spots, never saw her. While here she quietly married Alfredo Guarini, her Italian manager.

Her spare time was given to answering personally the thousands of letters that poured in from European fans begging her to come back home.

And she went, too. When the war at sea raged at its heaviest, Miranda sailed quietly for home, determined against all arguments to see the little mother whose photographs adorn her dressing-room and living-room walls.

Five-feet-five, blessed with a natural grace, she carries herself with distinction. Her large Hungarian sheep dog followed her meekly about, the two creating quite a picture. At one-thirty every morning, she'd awake, and, unable to sleep, would walk through her garden, her dog by her side.

"I'm glad I have this insomnia," she'd say, "for otherwise I could not enjoy the quietness of the garden, the flowers and soft sky of this California of yours."

Hers is a strange story. She had to be fairly thrust into the glamour spot she now holds in Europe. As a slip of a girl, she haunted the Palace of Fine Arts in Milan, her native city. A longing for beauty in her own life led her to become a dress model. But oddly enough, the money earned at modeling went into a stenographic course (she was graduated with top honors), and soon this beautiful woman who could type a hundred words a minute was superintending the work of twenty typists and drawing a salary of 1,500 lira (\$75) a month.

But the theater called, despite her business capabilities. Soon she was attending the Academy of Dramatic Arts at Milan, and again she was graduated with honors—an achievement that won her the leading role in Pirandello's "Tonight We Improvise." Movies came next—in Rome, Paris, Vienna and Berlin—with Isa picking up the languages as she went. In fact she gathered together her English, or most of it, after she arrived in Hollywood.

Yes, she's the dream queen of Europe, no mistake about that. She's a good scout to those of us who met her in Hollywood and who are anxiously awaiting her return. We know one thing. When she does come back we're in for the biggest, heartiest handshake you can imagine.

He-Man—With a Sense of Humor

Broderick Crawford wouldn't be Helen Broderick's son if he didn't possess a sense of the ridiculous beyond all scope. In fact, it's like mother, like son, in more ways than one. Helen never wanted to be an actress. She even ran away from home at fourteen because her mother, a former opera singer, talked theater morning, noon, and night. But the only place she could find a job was, ironically enough, on the stage in the chorus.

And never in this world did Broderick want to be an actor. "I'm not going to be an actor," he would say to his father. "And that's final." To which his father would reply, "I'll not put

up with a son in business. You're going to be an actor, and that's final."

Well, all right, he told his family he'd concede this much; he'd get a job in a producer's office with a view to working up to be a director or something. He'd show actors in and out of an office, but he wouldn't be one.

He opened in London in "She Loves Me Not" and was terrific as an actor. He doesn't know how it happened. Everything just went black and there he was—an actor. He came home to find no job, so he went on to a stock company at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as sort of an extra handy man. However, in London, Brod had met Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and one day while he was at Stockbridge a wire came from the Lunts for Brod to be ready to begin rehearsal that fall in "Point Valaine."

He was good in "Point Valaine," but from that point Brod hit one wonderful flop after another. He came to Hollywood and made two comedies, "Woman Chases Man" and "Start Cheering." And all the time out on the Westside golf links, he wondered why Bing Crosby and all the guys would greet him with, "Hi, Lennie, how are the rabbits?" On his way back to New York he decided to read Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" to discover what all this Lennie business was about. When he arrived in New York, he knew. He raced to his friend, Moss Hart. "Moss, I've got to play Lennie," he said.

Moss understood. "George Kaufman's in Hollywood casting now," Moss told him. Brod got back in a hurry.

He made history as Lennie on the New York stage, and he's spent all the time since dodging the same kind of role in movies. Brod is a smart young man. He knows the danger of being typed. So he held out and waited. One day at a party, Director Tay Garnett said to him, "Why do I think you're funny? I never saw you act. Come over tomorrow. I want to talk to you about a part."

Tay saw in Brod the latent humor, the clumsily appealing Babbitt of "Eternally Yours," the amazing attorney of "Slightly Honorable"; and Brod-Crawford, under contract to Garnett, is now on his way.

He still likes New York best. He can't quite make up his mind to plunge into Hollywood head-on. But it's given him some awfully good times, this Hollywood, and vice versa, I may say.

Although he maintains an apartment in Hollywood, he spends most of his time at his parents' San Fernando Valley home.

At nine of a morning, Helen will go into his room. "All right, Barrymore, get up," she'll say.

They're wonderful together. Only Brod has the longer, curlier, eyelashes. Because of them he calls himself the male Marie Wilson. I call him Tops.

Her Heart Belongs to Daddy

"Yeah, well what's she done in pictures?" Pat O'Brien and Broderick Crawford, preparing to step into the leads of "Slightly Honorable," demanded of Director Tay Garnett.

"Not much, I'll admit," said Tay, "but when you see Ruth Terry, you won't worry a minute."

Not more than five scenes had been shot when Pat and Brod began casting slightly puzzled glances at each other. Far from the bungling little amateur they had expected, "little bittie Woofie" was in there like a veteran.

It's a funny thing, in Hollywood, how

one studio's poison can be another studio's meat. For here was Ruth, at 20th Century-Fox, doing occasional little bits and getting nowhere. The day her contract expired, her agent sent her to Walter Wanger, who was looking for a pert girl, who could put over a song as it should be put over. When Ruth's try-out flashed on the screen the other contestants just oozed away.

Ruth's father, Milton McMahon, a huge six-foot-three Irishman, thought she was wonderful.

Ruth has been entertaining the public since she was a child, and doing it well. At fourteen, she "doubled" between Loew's State Theater and the Hollywood Restaurant in New York, singing four times nightly.

Daddy thought she was wonderful. At fifteen, Ruth had moved on to singing at the Royal Palms Hotel in Miami, Florida, and when on the following New Year's Eve at the famous Chez Paree café in Chicago, as she was putting over her songs with her usual zip, a note came back from Joe Schenck (that man gets everywhere) asking Ruth how she would like to try pictures. Daddy thought it would be wonderful, so off she went to 20th Century-Fox.

After "Slightly Honorable," Ruth went back to New York to sing at the famous Casa Manana before resuming her movie career.

She was born, October 21st in Benton Harbor, Michigan, and finds the modest little Hollywood bungalow quite a haven of rest after her hectic travels about the country. Her brother Stewart, another six footer, is a student at the University of Southern California.

Ruth herself is a bookworm, the cutest of all worms.

She never studied voice and somehow just naturally knew how to put over the torchiest, hottest love songs.

Her nose must have rammed on the brakes for the red light and then forgot to go on, for it just stops there on her face much too soon. Her brown eyes twinkle. She's five-feet-four, and her legs are something, her shoe size 4½B, her hose size 9 (well-filled), her bust 34, waist 24, hips 34½ inches.

And Daddy thinks she's wonderful.

All Hale Broke Loose:

Hale, currently of Warner's "Irene" even after thirty years in movies will be the first to tell you he's kidding when it comes to his romantic sounding name. In Washington, D. C., where Alan was born on a cold February 10th, he was named by his dotting Scottish parents, Rufus Alan MacKahan. At eighteen, when his family had moved to Philadelphia and he'd had a go at the University of Pennsylvania, Alan decided to become a newspaper man, but try as he would, he could get no drama, love interest, or suspense into his obituary reporting so he became an osteopath. He rubbed osteopathy right into the ground in no time and, changing the MacKahan to Hale, he went on the stage.

In Philadelphia the old Lubin Movie Company was next to his favorite bakery; because it was so convenient to his favorite scones, Scotch Alan became a movie actor. That was in 1911. Since then he has acquired a wife, a home in Hollywood, two children, many silver threads among the gold, and a lot of gold among the silver.

He's the most incongruous person in Hollywood. For instance, when a director wants a good, tough he-man fight, he thinks of Hale, and if lucky enough to get him (for Alan works all the time), the director would get a knockdown, drag-out sequence. But that night he might wish he were going out with the boys, and when he'd call Mrs. Hale to say, "Look, Gretchen, I'll

be late," a voice from the extension upstairs would say, "What's the matter, Pop, going to be late? Well, I think you'd better get home early."

And that would be Jeanne who, as Mr. Hale says, rules them with an iron hand. Jeanne came to the Hales when their boy and girl were babies. The Hales advertised for a nurse, and this French girl was the first to answer. Jeanne's official title is now roost-ruler, and the Hales adore her.

Another astonishing incongruity about our hero is his straightforward he-man adventures into business, and his utter submission to his horoscope. If the stars say yes, he goes ahead. If not, you could build fires under him and he wouldn't budge.

From his father, who was a manufacturer of patent medicines, Alan inherited the urge to find new ways to help humanity; not by the "pink pills for pale people" route exactly, but by the inventing, or backing the inventions, of helpful commodities. Hence his flyers into the promotion of greaseless potato chips, sliding theater seats, automatic car brakes and, lately, miniature fire extinguishers.

"I'll probably make a million dollars on the extinguishers," Mr. Hale says, "and I don't want it or need it."

His home is an easy, natural habitation with each member of the Hale group maintaining his own room furnished exactly as he wants it. Eighteen-year-old Bud usually has all Alan's ties in his room and Alan is lucky to get one wear out of the blue polka dot.

Several months ago he and Mrs. Hale celebrated twenty-five years of marriage. Right here in Hollywood. Mrs. Hale was overcome when Alan presented her with a legal document that read:

"I hereby take up your option for another twenty-five years."

A Trouper Who "Kept A-Comin' "

"Rich fellas come up an' they die. An' their kids ain't no good an' they die out. But we keep a-comin'. We're the people that live. Can't nobody wipe us out. Can't nobody lick us. We'll go on forever. We're the people."—*Ma Joad.*

Everyone in Hollywood is pretty well agreed that one of the finest pieces of character delineation the screen has seen for many years is the compelling portrait of *Ma Joad*, the uncompromising, courageous "Okie" matriarch of "The Grapes of Wrath."

And everyone, particularly the old timers who have seen several generations of film stars born in a blaze of ballyhoo and die out with the fading of public fancy, is pleased that at last Jane Darwell is having her day.

For twenty-five years Jane Darwell has been plodding along in pictures, one of that little army of dependable character actors and actresses who supply the unspectacular background against which are silhouetted in bold relief the more richly rewarded performances of the stars. The names of these dramatic dray horses seldom reach the headlines devoted to the leaders in the cinematic steeplechase. A line among the screen credits of the cast, an occasional mention in a buried phrase in a review, are their only recognition.

But behind the scenes they're known for the all-important mood and tempo they set in a film, and their steadiness often saves many a more elaborately spotlighted star from disaster.

"Troupers" they call them in the show business, and for a quarter of a century Jane Darwell has been proving her right to that brave badge.

She won it quite young, that actors' accolade of trouper. For Jane Darwell was never an ingenue who aged into character roles, a star who slipped back

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to supporting roles. She's been playing character parts from the very start, and playing them in preference to leads.

Her career started in Chicago in the stock company of the old Chicago Opera House, in the days when Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman were the matinee idols of the Mid-West. She had come around to the stage door, fresh out of Dana Hall, the finishing school in Boston, and her eagerness and quickly demonstrated ability won her a berth for a two years' apprenticeship in the famous old repertory company.

She was, at the time, one of the first society girls to desert debutante party dresses for the secondhand costumes of a stock company actress. Born in Palmyra, Missouri, the daughter of W. R. Woodward, a railroad tycoon of the 80's, Jane Darwell had spent her girlhood in St. Louis, Chicago and Louisville, where her father was president of the Louisville Southern Railroad, be-

fore completing her education at the exclusive Dana Hall in Boston.

Patti Woodward was her christened name which she changed to that of a favorite fictional character for her stage career, and among her other forbears in a long line of American ancestors, was Andrew Jackson.

After two years with the Chicago company, Jane Darwell went to Europe to study dramatics in Paris and London and add to her experience with minor roles in productions in both capitals.

The death of her father cut short her European stay and in 1915, returning to America to live with her brother, W. C. Woodward, in Los Angeles, Miss Darwell first entered pictures in a small part in "Brewster's Millions." She has been on the Coast ever since, except for two seasons on the Broadway stage, and a summer with the Keith Albee stock company at Providence. Alternating with her picture work, she played

several years with the Henry Duffy Players in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

A long career, and, as the casting directors would reckon it, a successful one, Jane Darwell's, yet it has been only in the past few years that her assignments have measured up to her experience and her talent, with substantial roles in such pictures as "Jesse James," "The Rains Came" and "Gone with the Wind," in which she has the memorable bit as Mrs. Merriweather.

And after twenty-five years of trouping, Jane Darwell is still looking forward to years more of acting. With the critical acclaim she has received for her magnificent job in "Grapes of Wrath," the character actress is hoping for a whole new lease on her professional life. Here's hoping she has it. She deserves her share of the sweets of success. For, like *Ma Joad*, she has "kept a-comin'."

"We Have a Wonderful Time Together"

(Continued from page 64)

Theater, the next night, noné drew as many appreciative glances from the first night crowd as the dainty Olivia and her rangy escort.

As the house lights went on for the intermission of the screen's longest saga, Olivia was startled to hear Jim say: "Hello, shoes!" She turned and saw him looking down at his shiny black evening pumps.

"Just getting acquainted with them," explained Jim with a grin. "Bought 'em this afternoon." The lanky young man looked at his feet again. "Hello, shoes!" he repeated. "I'm just breaking the ice, we'll get on a more personal basis later."

Jim Stewart kept Olivia laughing the whole five days they were together in New York, laughing and delighted.

There was a bit of behavior that particularly delighted her. Whenever she made a remark that bordered on the bromidical, such as: "Travel broadens one, doesn't it?" Jim would suddenly look at her with feigned wide-eyed admiration and say:

"You know, that's good. . . You've got something there. 'Travel broadens one.' Say, do you mind if I use that?"

It became a game between them, that phrase. Jim might make some trite comment about the weather and Olivia, parroting his manner would cry, "That's good! You've got something there. Do you mind if I use that?"

They were together constantly for those five days of the week before Christmas. New York was wearing its holiday ribbons in its hair and Olivia and Jim were like two college youngsters snatching at precious vacation. Olivia had planned to stay only two days but each morning when she announced she was taking that afternoon's plane back to the Coast, Jim had a tempting new adventure planned.

It was the evening they went to see "The Man Who Came to Dinner," that Jim and Olivia decided to make a night of it and tour the supper clubs.

They went to Jack White's "Club 18" where blasé New Yorkers congregate. Typical of the effect Jim Stewart has on his surroundings, the revellers in the little night club at two o'clock in the morning were singing Christmas carols with the lanky, former Princeton cheer leader directing the cocktail choir.

From the "Club 18," they went on to another night club and then they followed the night owls to Harlem. And it was in Harlem that one of their most amusing experiences occurred.

About half an hour after they entered the Negro night club, the round-faced little master of ceremonies halted the

floor show and, as a spotlight began to wander around the dimly-lit tables, started a speech of introduction.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "We are indeed fortunate to have with us tonight a young couple who have distinguished themselves in the entertainment world by their outstanding artistry. I am sure you will all recognize them." Jim and Olivia began to wear that self-conscious look.

"And now," droned the master of ceremonies. "It gives me great pleasure to present the two best-known figures from the entertainment field this club has been honored by having for a long, long time." The spotlight, darted across the room to a table at the far side, as a pale little figure in a pink dress rose, clutching at the hand of her table mate.

"Miss Sadie Gluckheimer, of the Bronx," shouted the master of ceremonies in conclusion, "who has just completed a sensational tour with the Ice Frolics of 1939, and her equally well-known partner, Mr. Joe Mannerheim, of Brooklyn, former world's champion barrel jumper!" Jim and Olivia collapsed in hysterical guffaws.

There was another time when a celebrity hunter's failure at recognition provided an ironical twist.

Outside the entrance to a smart luncheon spot, the usual band of autograph hounds lined the curb when Jim, with Olivia on his arm, started toward a taxi cab. The pair were surrounded in an instant by a clamoring group of teen age boys and girls. Among them was a slightly older man who shouldered his way up to Jim and shoved a folded card at the actor.

Jim, as he had done with the younger fans' books, passed the card to Olivia to sign too. But brusquely the man snatched his souvenir from the girl. "Never mind yours," he mumbled to the puzzled Olivia. "I just want the names of movie stars." Then he turned and moved away.

An amused smile lit Olivia's eyes as Jim, embarrassed and incensed, began to rant at the stupidity of the man.

"Did you notice what it was you signed for him?" asked Olivia as they got into the cab and she cut short Jim's explanation of why her quiet charm was not recognized off screen.

Jim shook his head.

"It was a souvenir program of 'Gone with the Wind!'" said the *Melanie* of the famous cast.

Well, there it was, we thought as the telephone jingled a signal that our call to Hollywood was completed. Two attractive youngsters had met, and for five gay days in Manhattan had been

inseparable. And now, their vivid, bright vacation over, were they still as much in love as they had appeared in New York? We'd soon know.

"Hello?" came Jim's drawl across the continent.

"Hello, there," we greeted. "We're just going to press with *PHOTOPLAY* and the hottest story of the month is your romance with Olivia de Havilland. What's the status, Jim?"

"Well, there isn't any exact status." The young man at the other end of the wire was reaching for just the right answer.

"Are you still seeing a lot of each other?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed!" There was a note of eager pleasure on this.

"Often?"

"Quite often!"

"How serious is it, Jim?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say it was serious," he parried. "But we have a wonderful time together."

"Have you proposed, Jim?" we queried and kicked ourselves for a busybody. There was a moment's silence and then:

"No, no. I haven't proposed."

"Well, tell us about it. What are you doing, where are you going together?"

"We've been out dancing frequently, and to lunch several times since we got back to Hollywood. And I've taken her flying. She's keen on flying. Right now, though, she's out of town. Went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball."

"You working?" we suggested, wondering why, if all that Hollywood gossip had reported was true, Jim had not followed his favorite actress East.

"Yes, I start Monday on a new picture with Margaret Sullavan."

"And Olivia is due back soon?"

"I hope so. It can't be too soon!" Ah! There we were getting something. But our next question, as to when he expected to see her again was met with another pause that hinted we were pushing the cross-examination a little too far.

"Well, thanks, Jim, for putting us up to date. And Jim. . ."

"Yes?"

"Look. We're going to press Saturday morning. If you should get engaged before then, will you give us a call?"

There was an amused chuckle at the other end of the wire and then:

"Let me know your deadlines next month," laughed Jim Stewart as he said good-by.

Now, what do you think he meant by that?

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 1)



11. DICKYS ARE IN AGAIN!

With "Little girl" fashions came round white baby collars. Then suddenly a bright idea popped into a bright young mind and the "Florence Walsh Dicky" was born! College girls took to these dickys like ducks to water because they cut laundry problems in half! Then the rest of the feminine world awoke to their crisp white charm, and now women of all ages wear dickys under their sweaters, collegiate-like, and to fill in the neckline of new spring suits. \$1.00 each.



12. APRIL SHOWERS

Start your day with a flying leap into a tub floating with April Showers Bath Crystals, (85c the bottle); follow with stimulating Eau de Cologne (28c for 1 ounce); and finish off in a cloud of April Showers dusting powder (85c a box) or talcum (28c a can), with a drop of April Showers perfume behind your ears (28c for 1/6 ounce). Some fun!



13. YOUR SPRING "SMOOTHIES"

Having chassis trouble with your new spring suit? Let Strouse, Adler iron out your bumps and bulges with their new spring Controleurs. This \$5 girdle has what it takes to give you a flat tummy, a pancake-derrière and literally no diaphragm at all! What it takes are fabric panels front and back—brocaded for beauty—and Lastex sides and gussets. Feather-boning and the higher-than-normal waistline do the rest, along with the "Smoothie" bandeau of satin and lace with Cordtex cup-supports. \$1.50.

Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you want, please write to:
Fashion Secretary, Photoplay,
122 East 42nd St., New York City

14. HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF SOCIAL SECURITY?

Use L'Orlé's "Parfum L'Odorant," and you'll never have a moment's worry. Put this perfume essence under your arms and you'll smell like a little flower all day long. There's a scent to match all the better perfumes. \$1.00 a bottle—and little enough for such potent perfume magic.



15. "NIMBLE-NEES, PLEASE"

Statistics show that you can cut down on stocking casualties by calling for Kayser's "Nimble-Nees," and who are we—or you—to ignore statistics? It's the lacy Lastex top that does it—gives all its got when you bend your knees, then snaps right back, repulsing "runs." Your seam troubles are over too, because the Lastex top anchors the stocking so firmly that seams don't twist. There are "Debs" (shorties) for half-pints and regular lengths for long-legged American beauties, at \$1.25 a pair. How many, please?



TODAY IS MY 37th BIRTHDAY



TOMORROW I SHALL APPEAR 15 YEARS YOUNGER

This morning at eleven, I have an appointment at my beauty salon. While I relax in a soft chair, gentle fingers will hide my drab, lustreless hair in a soft foam of soapy bubbles. I shall close my eyes, rest easily...and when I open my eyes, I shall stare gratefully at new, glorious, bronze-lit hair. I shall forget my 37th birthday. My hair, my new youthful looking hair, will affect my whole being. My eyes will sparkle, my back straighten. I shall walk out feeling 15 years younger, for I shall have given myself the birthday present of an Eternal Treatment.

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(Continued from page 67)

A Break for Carminati

FILMING of Paramount's "Safari," in which Tullio Carminati makes his first Hollywood appearance in much too long a time, reminds us once again of that unpredictable quality in screen careers which is the only thing a sensible scribe is ever safe in predicting! Remember what an utterly gay success Carminati was as the temperamental impresario with Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"? It certainly looked as though the one-time idol of Broadway was all set to repeat on the screen.

What happened? Somehow, in typically Hollywood fashion, he got lost in the shuffle in succeeding film assignments. Disappointed, he went to England, where great plans were afoot to team him with popular Anna Neagle in Herbert Wilcox productions. The Neagle-Carminati combination made a couple of light, frothy pictures which never got a chance to make a splash in this country, and Carminati slipped still further into oblivion, as far as casting offices were concerned. Subsequent Broadway ventures were none too successful, either, despite Carminati's usual excellent personal notices.

In the meantime, Anna Neagle has become the toast of Hollywood, by virtue of "Nurse Edith Cavell" and "Irene." It remains to be seen whether "Safari" will do the same, for her former co-star, Tullio Carminati. Cal isn't predicting anything—but he does want to go on record as saying that the breaks (when, as and if) couldn't go to a nicer guy!

The New Garbo

EVER since Garbo became interested in Dr. Hauser and tried out his famous diet, she has been like a new woman. During her fittings for "Ninotchka," she announced that she was tired of wearing black. She wanted clothes with life, with color. She wanted to look gay! So Designer Adrian ordered from the stock room dozens of bolts of materials for her to choose from. After long deliberation, the great one made her choice. She selected—*slate grey!*

For her personal wardrobe, Garbo is shopping in the Sub-Deb department of Saks' Wilshire Boulevard store. A group of Beverly Hills High School girls almost froze in their tracks when they discovered the shopper in their midst



Tullio Carminati returns to Hollywood by way of Paramount's "Safari"



"At home": William Powell and his bride (until very recently Diana Lewis) welcome Fink, on a first camera visit to the new household

was Greta the Great. Fascinated, they watched her select a navy blue print, size 15. The price was \$12.95, and Garbo was as pleased with her purchase as if she had been a Beverly Hills High School girl herself.

Recently, just as the whole town was discussing the Garbo-Hauser romance, she was discovered lunching in a local smart spot with Leopold Stokowski (and, incidentally, a touch of humor was added to the rendezvous, when Garbo adhered strictly to the diet endorsed by Dr. Hauser).

Now Hollywood wants to know two things:

1: Was the luncheon a renewal of Garbo's old romance with the famous conductor?

2: Was she breaking the news that she might become Mrs. Hauser?

Only two people can tell, and neither Garbo nor Stokowski is talking.

This reticence of Garbo's recalls the story of how she became the mystery woman of the decade. She had just completed her second picture, "The Temptress," when she complained to the late Lon Chaney about having been dragged to the studio that day to pose with some prize fighters.

"When I am as big as Lillian Gish," she said, "I won't have to pose with prize fighters!"

"You're big enough now not to have to do it," Lon told her. "Listen, Greta, when I'm on the set my time belongs to the studio. When I am not, it is my time. My private life belongs to me. If you are a little mysterious, the public likes you better."

Whereupon Lon sat down and mapped out a routine for her. She followed it and became the least-known famous woman in the world. She never posed for another picture, never gave an interview. When the studio found out how this sort of "suppress agency" worked, it fell over backward collaborating with her.

Oh, the Futility of It All!

IN heaven's name, how or why would you like to be a Hollywood beau? Especially if you had to face the experi-

ence recently faced by Cesar Romero.

It seems Cesar had a date with the girl of his dreams, Ann Sheridan, to attend a swanky opening. But on the day of the affair, an official of Cesar's studio announced that the actor would have to take a starlet from their own lot for publicity purposes.

Cesar raved. The executive remained adamant. Finally Cesar agreed to do so if the executive would phone Ann and explain the situation. Readily he agreed. Ann was furious. She has since refused to speak to Cesar. But the eligible executive has been courting "Miss Oomph" ever since.

Now put that situation in a play sometime and watch the laughs pour in.

Poor Cesar!

Cal Sympathizes

ANN SOTHERN bears more than one scar these days—one from a recent appendectomy, and one from the loss of her beloved David, the child whom Ann and Roger Pryor took into their lives, who recently departed.

David's parents (we have been informed), who were struggling to support their large family, came one day suddenly and took away the unusually sensitive and brilliant little boy. All the comforts, advantages and Ann's love were left behind.

We know, first hand, of this love, for in Ann's home one day we listened to her talk of "my David." What he'd done that day at school. His music lessons. The camp he was going to that summer.

And then, suddenly, he was gone and Ann, leaving immediately afterward for the hospital and operation, faced a double suffering. Here's hoping *Maisie* finds comfort in her new screen success.

When Irish Eyes Are Pleading

GUESTS of the several Saint Patrick Day balls given this year are probably guests of Geraldine Fitzgerald as well. For the 1940 Saint Patrick Day charity balls are benefits for the Irish Emergency Fund, which is headed by the attractive Irish actress and her husband, Sir



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These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start *today* and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 yrs. Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities and distress."

Pinkham's Compound is the best known and one of the most effective "woman's" tonics you can buy. Try it!

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4

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Edward Lindsay-Hogg, wealthy Anglo-Irish sportsman.

When Geraldine and Lindsay-Hogg, who some years ago became a naturalized citizen of the Eire Republic, left Dublin for Hollywood, several weeks after war broke out, they were asked to head the American drive for funds to be administered by the Irish Red Cross in caring for the fast growing ranks of war refugees in neutral Ireland.

"Since the Athenia disaster," Lindsay-Hogg explained, "there has been an average of two sinkings a week off the Irish Coast. The survivors of these wrecks have swelled the already large number of unemployed and destitute, many of them refugees evacuated from England. The ordinary channels of charity have not been able to care properly for these people and accordingly this special Emergency Fund was created."

James Cagney, Dudley Digges and Maureen O'Hara are among the actors active in support of the drive, which has been aided by a short reel produced by Warner Brothers, collection boxes in a number of theaters and Hollywood and New York night clubs, and private subscriptions.

"Infilmation, Please"

FOR years we have been tiptoeing onto sound stages and, when the warning bell rang for quiet, refraining from even taking a deep breath for fear it would register as an offstage gasp. It was something of a shock, then, albeit a pleasant one, to visit the New York studio of Fox Movietone News one afternoon recently.

The production was the sixth in RKO's series of "Information, Please" film shorts, featuring the omniscient stars of radio's number one quiz program; and the method of its production was as unique as its subject matter. To begin with, the entire stage, except for one end where the experts' table faced the cameras and sound recorders, was fitted out like a small theater. Next, Clifton Fadiman, the interlocutor of the radio show, explained to the several hundred invited guests that they were welcome to laugh at the questions and answering quips with just as much freedom as if they were listening to the show on their radios. There was only one restriction: NO promptings, please!

The film short, like the air show, he pointed out, was completely unprepared and unrehearsed and the action of the ensuing two hours proved his point. With Christopher Morley, as their guest guesser, "Information Please" experts John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, and

Oscar Levant, extemporized versatily in answer to Fadiman's barrage of questions. There was no "Cut," or "Let's take that again." Six reels of film were shot; the best (not necessarily the most correctly answered) scenes will be cut into one reel.

The film quiz was much like its radio parent, and the experts' knowledge of everything from geography to cheese was tested. The innovation not possible on the air was the acting out of pantomime skits before the experts, who were asked to identify such fancies as an armor clad extra, parading by in an empty flour barrel, as representative of the title "When Knighthood Was In Flower."

As on the air show, there is a penalty in the film for muffed questions—RKO pays twenty-five dollars to the Will Rogers Memorial Fund for every quiz that stumps the experts and their guest. Unlike the air show, however, the film production does not accept suggestions from the public, the question being prepared by Dan Gollenpaul, the originator, and Fred Ullman, Jr., the producer of the program, and a board of advisors.

Oh, Nurse, Are You Beautiful?

THERE never has been such a contagion of hospitalization among the celebrities of Hollywood as there has been recently. Envious eyes are turned toward the nurses who care for these famous bruised and injured.

"It's all in a day's work," one pretty nurse told Cal, "but movie people (especially the men) are harder to nurse than other patients because they never relax from their work and worries for one minute. Joe E. Brown's nurse had almost to hold him in bed during a big football game. Joe wanted to get out of bed to lead cheers.

"Director Leo McCarey is the worst of all. He starts at six every morning yelling commands either by phone or by dictating to stenographers. He's supervising the picture, 'My Favorite Wife,' you know, and doing it right from his bed. Every night, temperature time or no temperature time, his room has to be darkened and a white screen put up where he can view that day's rushes. What with all the nurses in the hospital finding some excuse or other to be in Mr. McCarey's room at 'preview' time, it's awful."

"And what of Clark Gable?" we asked another nurse, when Gable was under treatment for laryngitis.

"Oh," she said with a pout. "All he demands is a plain, middle-aged nurse who doesn't care a darn for movie stars. And the rest of us can go hang as far as he's concerned. But he is wonderful,



Hyman Fink records the happy ending to the love story of Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, who ruled out the usual film elopement and had their wedding quite publicly in a church!

just the same, isn't he?" she asked.

You can't beat the Gable charm; even when he spurns 'em, they go for him.

On the Record

BIG news of the movie music month is, of course, wizardous Walt Disney's "Pinocchio." You'll be hearing the tunes from it all season. First to bat is Buddy Clark who does six of the seven songs: "When You Wish Upon a Star," "Turn on the Old Music Box," "Give a Little Whistle," "I've Got No Strings," "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee," "Three Cheers for Anything." (Varsity 8156-7-8.) You can't go wrong on any of them. Sammy Kaye, too, swings and sways his way through what he has picked as the two hit songs from the picture: "Turn On Your Old Music Box" and the star wishing piece. (Victor 26455.)

M-G-M's and Nelson Eddy's "Balalaika" overflows with solid, lusty baritone. If you like Eddy, "Ride, Cosack, Ride," "The Volga Boatmen" and "At the Balalaika," with Nelson booming out in the grand style, are necessities. (Columbia 17172-D, 17173-D.)

The Astaire-Powell "Broadway Melody of 1940" has Cole Porter, one of the nation's cleverest tunesmiths, at work. "I Concentrate on You" is a swiny little ditty, while "I've Got My Eyes on You" sounds like one of those typical Porter ballads which ends up on the Hit Parade. Les Brown does very nicely—in a semi-swing way—by both of them. (Bluebird 10551.)

Tony Martin sings "It's a Blue World" from his Columbia starrer, "Music in My Heart," and "All the Things You Are." (Decca 2932.) The latter is one of the loveliest things Jerome Kern ever wrote and Tony skillfully realizes that fact. "Oh, What a Lovely Dream" is the other interesting musical item from "Music in My Heart." Freddy Martin, in that smooth sleek way of his, couples it with "Am I Proud" from Paramount's "Sweet Moments." (Bluebird 10562.)

As a gesture to Zanuck's film "Swanee River," the Plantation Singers sing four of Stephen Foster's best known songs. Heading the list is PHOTOPLAY's "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair." Jeanie's companion piece is "My Old Kentucky Home." Then, back to back, are "Swanee River" and "Oh! Susannah." (Varsity 8141-42.)



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At a Troc party in her honor, Paul Hesse (our cover photographer) congratulates Bette Davis on winning a national magazine award as the person who did most for motion pictures during the past year

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AT ALL BETTER STORES

Don, Alice and Ty

(Continued from page 15)

setups—sometimes Don and Alice against Ty or Ty and Alice against Don, or Alice against the two of them—and the fun never ceased. It raged during the making of "In Old Chicago" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band." It was all childish but that very factor delighted them. Alice planted garlic in Ty's dressing room but he, getting a whiff of it as he was walking that way with her, pushed Alice in the room first, locked her in and left her to nearly smother.

Another occasion was the day that Don was to die in "In Old Chicago." Alice and Ty sent him dead flowers all day long, to get him in the mood. He returned that compliment by sending Alice a necklace made of empty gin bottles when she had to do her hysterical lost-in-the-fire scene. When Ty had to do his big regeneration scene, they prepared him for it by planting a pail of garbage in his car. (You may have gathered the idea that they'd discovered Mr. Power doesn't care for unpleasant odors.) In case you think all this is pretty juvenile, remember that despite their always inventing telephones, or writing Stephen Foster's songs, or building the Suez Canal or trying to stop on screen the French Revolution, Ty and Alice are still in their twenties, and Don not long out of

them, and if your work forces you to take everything seriously all the while, you've got to relax somewhere.

Not that they always goofed around. They waited to see one another mornings with their eyes sparkling with mischief. But if they had to they could see deeper into one another's feelings. There was the day when Alice was playing in "Sally, Irene and Mary" and Don was making "Happy Landing." Don walked on her set, just to call. Alice was feeling miserable. She is a truly nervous girl and she drives herself too hard, but this day she was too pale. Don said, "Alice, you're sick."

"Oh, no, I'm not," retorted Alice. "I've just got a lousy cold and I'm tired. Don't worry about me."

Don did, however, and Don is always a man of action. He went to the telephone and told his doctor to come out and check up on Alice. The doctor took one look and ordered her to bed. She was straight on the edge of pneumonia and without such prompt action she might well have died.

Underneath all this clambake, however, they are serious about their work, so the one thing they do seriously together is discuss roles and how to play them. Tyrone, the most talented, knits his handsome brows and suggests they play such and such a scene this way.

Don and Alice listen respectfully. Alice, the magical song plugger, tells Don she'd sell the tune in such a manner and he gives it a try. Then they go into the scene and all three try to steal it.

Love had its effect on them, too. Don was the old rock in that department, of course, but the other two were always bringing him the sad news about each romantic upset they would go through. The Ameche, as a matter of fact, is a rabid matchmaker, so he was forever trying to push the two of them into marriages that he was persuaded would be as happy as his own. Thus he was very much among those present, beaming like a sunset, when Alice and Tony Martin did finally, after their many quarrels, unite, and he was the joyous best man at the Power-Annabella nuptials.

But what Hollywood is waiting for is the day when the first Power or the first Faye-Martin heir arrives. For just as much as Don slaved to get his pals married, just so much double he wants them to know parenthood.

When that day comes, Twentieth Century-Fox, if it's smart, will padlock the whole studio. If they don't, Don will probably burn up the executive building for the sheer joy of it, and Alice and Ty will wreck the rest of the joint just to get even.

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

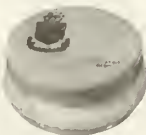
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I TAKE THIS WOMAN—M-G-M

IT is not surprising that Metro shelved this picture months ago as hopeless; the wonder is that the piece was ever finished and offered the public. With any other stars it would be simply another second-rate film. But as Hedy Lamarr's first offering after the not-too-successful "Lady of the Tropics," and with Spencer Tracy cast in a waste role, the whole thing is cause for bewilderment. If you would take "The Citadel" and change the background to New York, you'd have the basic story—that of a doctor who works for the poor, accepts a swank practice in order to give his wife more luxury, and finally regains his professional integrity. This is all mixed up with the slowly told account of a neurotic woman's efforts to forget a great first love by marrying the kindly physician. Oh well, Tracy plays the doctor, Hedy the woman, and Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness with her fast portrayal and blue cracks.

★ THE BAKER'S WIFE—Marcel Pagnol

HERE is a worthy successor to the French "Harvest." Once more, Monsieur Pagnol has used his beloved Provence countryside and a group of gifted character actors to produce a delightfully entertaining film. It is hard to believe that the picture is not actually a piece of every day French village life—so true to type are those who make up the cast. The distinguished French comedian, Raimu, is the rotund baker whose pretty wife, Ginette Leclerc, causes a village scandal by running off with a handsome shepherd, Charles Moulin. The resultant uproar is not so much due to moral transgression, as to the fact that worthy baker cannot concen-

trate on baking his delicious bread while his wife is gone. So the hungry citizens rally to the betrayed husband's aid to devise a plan of getting his wife back. The village priest, the marquis, the schoolmaster, the town gossip all have a hand in it—and there is a happy solution. Highlighted by the English subtitles of John Erskine, the sly humor of the film is memorable; and the photography is outstanding.

HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox

IT took four screen writers, including John O'Hara, rewriting from an original by two other authors, to turn out this strange and fearful story of the mad-mad-fun school. Quantities of people, including Joel McCrea and Nancy Kelly, ride around in fabulous custom-built cars, and week-end at the country estate of Mary Boland, vaguest of all vague matrons. Joel has been divorced by Nancy because of his penchant for buying race horses which don't win, and tries to marry her off to an old school friend to get out of the \$1500 per month alimony. The friend, Lyle Talbot, is only too willing but Nancy takes up with a Latin charmer, Cesar Romero. This rouses Joel's latent jealousy, with gay results. Miss Kelly, cast as a cynical divorcee, mugs somewhat but looks attractive, despite her hats; the McCrea plugs along and loses scene after scene to Romero, who gags a character obviously overdrawn. Boland is wonderful. Everyone has just pots of money and is neurotic as anything—the wonderful thing is, this film, calculated to send every Liberal in America into hysterics, was made by the same company who simultaneously produced "The Grapes of Wrath." What balance, what relief, if the two should happen to play on the same bill!

THE LION HAS WINGS—Korda-U.A.

SOON after the start of the second World War, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and sundry other patriotic Britishers offered their services to make this war-time propaganda picture. And well done propaganda it is, too. Handled in the March of Time style, with Lowell Thomas as narrator, the film's purpose is to assure jittery English subjects that the Royal Air Force has the Nazi air menace well in hand. There is a fine re-enactment of the Kiel Canal raid by British air men; also an imaginary attempt by the Germans to bomb London that is easily repelled by Britain's defense units. This portion of the picture seemed to be wishful thinking on the part of the producers, but, even so, the glimpse of England's preparedness should make all Englishmen sleep easier at night. Don't expect to see much of the stars—their roles are minor compared to those of man's latest gifts to Mars—the modern bomber and pursuit plane.

THE LONE WOLF STRIKES—Columbia

THERE'S a girl in trouble and Warren William, whose feelings about the law are not always so friendly, turns detective to help her out. A string of pearls is involved, a man is murdered, and the usual comic-strip chases and near-escapes build to the finish you expect. William is the same old smoothie, and he has Joan Perry to work with.

THE SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE—RKO-Radio

YOU get three murders in this and George Sanders, playing that modern Robin Hood, the Saint, in a dual role. You see the Saint discovers there's another man, a murderous diamond smug-

gler, who is his perfect double. Naturally the *Saint* can't have such a thing, so he sets out to rectify the situation. It's all a bit confusing, since Sanders looks so much like Sanders you sometimes forget which man he's supposed to be, but there's plenty of suspense and the pace holds throughout. Helene Whitney, Jonathan Hale and the rest are good.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

CASHING in, a little late perhaps, on that song you heard umpty-leven times a day recently, Republic offers Gene Autry, the fabulous cowboy success, in a film intended for top billing at big theaters. It's the best picture he has made and adequate entertainment even for city-feller audiences. Gene plays a secret Federal agent in South America to foil a revolution—he knows, you see, the whole ruckus is just to establish a submarine base for a foreign power. Autry's voice is as good as ever.

MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia

TONY MARTIN, having emerged from his practical seclusion at his own studio to make a great success on radio, now stars for Columbia in an unpretentious but acceptable musical, which has good music and Andre Kostelanetz to play it. Martin plays an understudy in a Broadway show who gets a chance to act just before he's supposed to be deported. He meets love interest, Rita Hayworth, by crashing into a taxi in which she is riding—an extreme measure, but effective, as the story turns out.

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK—20th Century-Fox

REMEMBER "The Valiant?" Here it is again, with a new title and with Lloyd Nolan cast as the confessed murderer who refuses to say what his name is or why he committed his crime. Opposite him, as the sister who tries to make him talk, is Jean Rogers. She gives a sympathetic performance. Nolan's work is better than he has done in many months. Onslow Stevens, Eric Blore and Elizabeth Risdon have supporting roles.

★ THE FIGHT FOR LIFE—United States Film

PARE LORENTZ, supreme master of the documentary film, again pulls no punches in showing us the world we live in. Inspired by Paul de Kruif's best seller, "The Fight For Life," he has used the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center to demonstrate the crying need for more obstetricians and better trained ones. This cannot be termed, in any sense, an entertaining film, yet in its unsparing realism, it is definitely astringent. Doctors and patients at the Center have co-operated liberally in offering authentic case material for the story of the young doctor, Myron McCormick, who, after losing a hospital maternity case, comes to the

Center to serve his apprenticeship. Here there are not the refinements of a wealthy medical center; here the earnest, hard-working doctors and nurses must go out into the homes of their slum patients to deliver their babies. They must cope with the most sordid surroundings—and yet they have established an amazing maternity record. The relentless camera of Lorentz shows the actual conditions under which the Center doctors work; the actual methods they use in their child birth cases. There is much here to make you wince and perhaps shock you, but you cannot deny the power of the film to stir you immeasurably. It may even serve to recruit new medical crusaders and slum clearance advocates.

★ THE OUTSIDER-ALLIANCE

THERE is natural appeal in a story of the struggle to overcome a physical handicap. And when it deals with a very beautiful cripple in the person of Mary Maguire, assisted by a handsome doctor in the person of that superlative actor, George Sanders—the result is bound to be good. These two English stars in their respective roles turn in a duet of excellent performances. The former—as a frail, lovely girl, brilliant, talented, but a miserable outsider in the world of love and sport. The latter—as a precocious, cocksure bone specialist—a modern miracle man, whose skill has healed hundreds, but who is, nevertheless, labeled an outsider by his colleagues. The girl, *Lalage Sturdee*, goes to *Doctor Ragatzky* as a last resort when she has been given up as a hopeless case. He agrees to treat her for the publicity. His method of cure is long, and during it, the girl's spiritual qualities have a humanizing effect on the arrogant, insufferable egotist the doctor is. The climax, of course, is the day the Doubting Thomases come to witness the results of the treatment. The young man for whom the lame girl wishes to get well is Peter Murray Hill; the other woman, Barbara Blair. They are shadowy figures compared to the clear strength of the two main characters. You can't go wrong on this one—but come prepared to shed a tear or two.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

WELL, just what you might expect from the combined efforts of la Belle West and that master of comic chicanery, W. C. Fields, you get, in this lurid meller-drammer of frontier life in Greasewood City. It is as ribald a piece of hi-jinks as has skidded by the Hays Office in many a moon. The team of West and Fields don't miss a chance, in this tale of a fair lady named *Flower Belle Lee* and her partner in crime, *Cuthbert J. Twillie*, to use the double entendre and innuendo supreme. The two rate some honest laughs besides. It's a "Destry Rides Again" story, with Mr. Fields sporting the dummy sheriff's badge, while the town boss and saloon keeper,

Joseph Calleia, makes love to his fulsome wife. There is also a *Masked Bandit* who visits the West boudoir by moonlight, and when Mr. Fields adopts the bandit's intriguing disguise, a case of mistaken identity arises and plenty of trouble. Somehow the setting of a raw Western town, with its gun-in-holster props, is a perfect set-up for the talents of the co-stars who, by the way, don't quite succeed in stealing the picture from the other. You'll see Dick Foran, Margaret Hamilton, Fuzzy Knight in supporting roles. Typical shots: W. C. Fields shooting Indians with a sling shot; Mae West beguiling a grizzled guard to let her out of jail.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—20th Century-Fox

IT may be that Don Ameche missed out on being Robert Fulton because of his recent illness. Richard Greene plays the inventor of the steamboat instead, and if you don't think they had some difficulties getting that contraption in the water, just see the picture. Everyone from a very heavy boatbuilder with a grudge against Fulton to Thomas Jefferson himself gets in the way. Finally, of course, off it goes to revolutionize the transportation industry and Mr. Greene embraces Brenda Joyce, and everyone is happy except the aforementioned villain. Fred MacMurray is at his best as the rough and ready shipwright who builds the *Clermont* on money raised partly by Alice Faye. He not only makes time with the boat, but with Alice too. She's a tavern keeper without much refinement but with plenty of what MacMurray wants. These great troupers struggle valiantly with a story cast from a convenient and ancient mold. The situations are masterpieces of banality and supporting performances are routine. The picture probably will make a fortune as Darryl Zanuck's epics do, but nevertheless "Little Old New York" is a little old bore of a box-office hit.

★ VIGIL IN THE NIGHT—RKO-Radio

THIS is reminiscent of "Nurse Edith Cavell" except that Carole Lombard plays the leading character. The production has the stamp of authenticity on it, dealing as it does in a solemn and sincere manner with such enormities as life and death and integrity and loyalty to one's job. It must be said that the picture is magnificent cinema, as emotional and gripping as anything you have seen this year. It is also without one moment of lightness and unless you are in a mood for tragedy you will find it inexpressibly dreary. Miss Lombard is the nurse assigned to the less glamorous floors of the hospital whose job is everything to her. Anne Shirley plays her sister and Brian Aherne is the doctor who fights desperately against disease, common enemy of all three. The performances are superb, especially that of Lombard who here proves again how versatile an actress she is.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS" — RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood. Based upon the Pulitzer Prize play by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by John Cromwell. Cast: *Abraham Lincoln*, Raymond Massey; *Stephen Douglas*, Gene Lockhart; *Mary Todd Lincoln*, Ruth Gordon; *Ann Rutledge*, Mary Howard; *Elizabeth Edwards*, Dorothy Tree; *Ninian Edwards*, Harvey Stephens; *Joshua Speed*, Minor Watson; *Billy Herndon*, Alan Baxter; *Jack Armstrong*, Howard da Silva; *Judge Bowling Green*, Aldrich Bowker; *John McNeil*, Maurice Murphy; *Mentor Graham*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Ben Matting*, Clem Bevans; *Denton Offul*, Harlan Briggs; *Seth Gale*, Herbert Rudley; *Stage Driver*, Andy Clyde; *Mr. Crimmin*, Roger Imhof; *Mrs. Rutledge*, Leona Roberts; *Mr. Rutledge*, Edmund Elton; *Mrs. Bowling Green*, Florence Roberts; *Dr. Chandler*, George Rosener; *Mrs. Seth Gale*, Fay Helm; *John Hanks*, Trevor

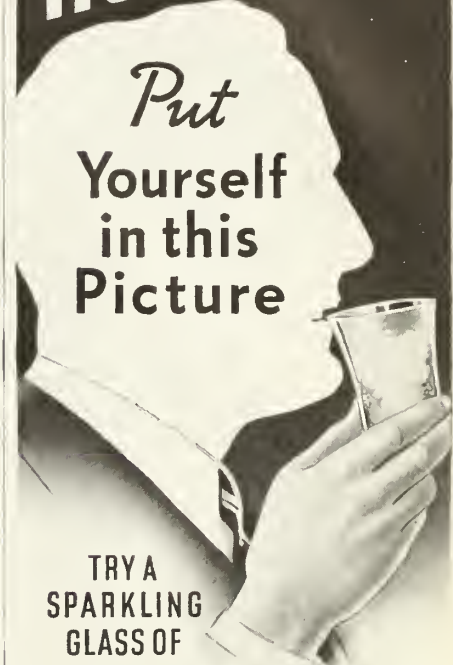
Bardette; *John Johnston*, Syd Saylor; *Sarah Lincoln*, Elisabeth Risdon.

"ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS" — PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Leonard Lee and Franz Schulz. Based on a story by Frank O'Connor. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Cast: *Capt. Stephen Dennett*, George Brent; *Felice Falcon*, Isa Miranda; *Michael Barclay*, John Loder; *Col. J. W. Lansfield*, Nigel Bruce; *Nellie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Lloyd*, Matthew Boulton; *Piano Player*, Rex Evans; *Bartender*, David Clyde; *Pageboy "Buttons"*, Rex Downing; *Steward*, Douglas Gordon; *Stout Man on Boat*, Harry Stubbs; *1st Immigration Officer*, Guy Bellis; *2nd Immigration Officer*, Norman Ainsley; *Mr. Perrins*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Perrins*, Nikolayeva; *Mr. MacPherson*, E. E. Clive; *Mrs. MacPherson*, Vera Lewis; *Lou*, Ed Gargan.

"BAKER'S WIFE, THE" — MARCEL PAGNOL PRODUCTION.—Adaptation and dialogue by Marcel Pagnol. From the story by Jean Giono. Directed by Marcel Pagnol. Cast: *The Baker*, Raimu; *The Baker's Wife*, Ginette Leclerc; *The Handsome Shepherd*, Charles Moulin; *The Priest*, Robert Vattier; *The School Teacher*, Robert Bassac; *The Marquis*, Charpin.

"BLUE BIRD, THE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Based upon the play by Maurice Maeterlinck. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Mytyl*, Shirley Temple; *Mummy Tyl*, Spring Byington; *Mr. Luxury*, Nigel Bruce; *Tylette*, Gale Sondergaard; *Tylo*, Eddie Collins; *Angela Beringol*, Sybil Jason; *Fairy Berylune*, Jessie Ralph; *Light*, Helen Ericson; *Tyllyl*, Johnny Russell; *Mrs. Luxury*, Laura Hope Crews; *Daddy Tyl*, Russell Hicks; *Granny Tyl*, Cecilia Loftus; *Grandpa Tyl*,

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"BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Leon Gordon and George Oppenheimer. Original story by Jack McGowan and Dore Schary. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Johnny Brett*, Fred Astaire; *Clare Bennett*, Eleanor Powell; *King Shaw*, George Murphy; *Bob Casey*, Frank Morgan; *Bert C. Matthews*, Ian Hunter; *Amy Blake*, Florence Rice; *Emmy Lou Lee*, Lynne Carver; *Pearl*, Ann Morris; *Juggler*, Trixie Firschke; *Masked Singer*, Douglas McPhail.

"DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET"—WARNERS.—Screen play by John Huston, Heinz Herald and Norman Burnside. Based upon original biographical material in the possession of Dr. Ehrlich's family. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: *Dr. Ehrlich*, Edward G. Robinson; *Hedi Ehrlich*, Ruth Gordon; *Dr. Emil Von Behring*, Otto Kruger; *Minister Alhoff*, Donald Crisp; *Professor Hartman*, Montagu Love; *Franziska Speyer*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Dr. Hans Wolfert*, Sig Ruman; *Dr. Morgenroth*, Edward Norris; *Dr. Lentz*, Henry O'Neill; *Dr. Robert Koch*, Albert Basserman; *Mittelmeyer*, Donald Meek; *Dr. Brockdorf*, Louis Calhern; *Sensenbrenner*, Charles Halton; *Speidler*, Douglas Wood; *Judge*, Harry Davenport; *Dr. Kunze*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Becker*, Irving Bacon; *Dr. Krauss*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Miss Marquardt*, Hermine Stelzer.

"FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE"—UNITED STATES FILM.—Written and directed by Pare Lorentz. From the book by Paul de Kruif. Cast: *The Young Intern*, Myron McCormick; *Teachers*, Storrs Haynes and Will Geer; *The Head Doctor*, Dudley Digges; *Young Woman*, Dorothy Adams; *Grandmother*, Dorothy Urban; *Receptionist*, Effie Anderson, doctors and nurses from Chicago Maternity Center, Chicago Lying-In Hospital, Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, medical students and women of the city.

"GRAPES OF WRATH, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Based on the novel by John Steinbeck. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Tom Joad*, Henry Fonda; *Ma Joad*, Jane Darwell; *Casy*, John Carradine; *Grampa*, Charley Grapewin; *Rosasharn*, Dorris Bowdon; *Pa Joad*, Russell Simpson; *Al*, O. Z. Whitehead; *Muley*, John Qualen; *Connie*, Eddie Quillan; *Granma*, Jeffie Tilbury; *Noah*, Frank Sully; *Uncle John*, Frank Darien; *Winfield*, Darryl Hickman; *Ruth Joad*, Shirley Mills; *Thomas*, Roger Imhof; *Caretaker*, Grant Mitchell; *Wilkie*, Charles D. Brown; *Davis*, John Arledge; *Policeman*, Ward Bond; *Bert*, Harry Tyler; *Bill*, William Pawley; *Father*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Joe*, Charles Tannen; *Inspection Officer*, Selmar Jackson; *Leader*, Charles Middleton; *Proprietor*, Eddie Waller; *Floyd*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Frank*, David Hughes; *City Man*, Cliff Clark; *Bookkeeper*, Joseph Sawyer; *Tim*, Frank Faylen; *Agent*, Adrian Morris; *Muley's Son*, Hollis Jewell; *Spencer*, Robert Homans; *Driver*, Irving Bacon; *Mae*, Kitty McHugh.

"HE MARRIED HIS WIFE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Sam Hellman, Darrell Ware, Lynn Starling and John O'Hara. Original story by Erna Lazarus and Scott Darling. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: *T. H. Randall*, Joel McCrea; *Valerie*, Nancy Kelly; *Bill Carter*, Roland Young; *Ethel*, Mary Boland; *Freddie*, Cesar Romero; *Doris*, Mary Healy; *Paul Hunter*, Lyle Talbot; *Dicky Brown*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Huggins*, Barnett Parker; *Prisoner*, Harry Hayden; *Warden*, Charles Wilson; *Detective*, Charles D. Brown; *Mayor*, Spencer Charters; *Walters*, Leyland Hodgson, William Edmunds.

"HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Kathryn Scola. From an original story by Myles Connolly. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Brenda Bentley*, Joan Bennett; *Steve Larwill*, George Raft; *Slant Kolma*, Lloyd Nolan; *Tim Nolan*, Walter Pidgeon; *Mary Bogales*, Gladys George; *Babe*, June Knight.

"INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Kurt Siodmak, Lester Cole and Cedric Belfrage. From the original story by Joe May, and Kurt Siodmak. Directed by Joe May. Cast: *Richard Cobb*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Geoffrey Radcliffe*, Vincent Price; *Helen Manson*, Nan Grey; *Dr. Frank Griffin*, John Sutton; *Inspector Sampson*, Cecil Kellaway; *Spears*, Alan Napier.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by James Kevin McGuinness. Original story by Charles MacArthur. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Karl Decker*, Spencer Tracy; *Georgi Gragore*, Hedy Lamarr; *Madame Marcesca*, Verree Teasdale; *Phil Mayberry*, Kent Taylor; *Linda Rodgers*, Laraine Day; *Samba Mayberry*, Mona Barrie; *Joe*, Jack Carson; *Bill Rodgers*, Paul Cavanagh; *Dr. Duveen*, Louis Calhern; *Lola Estermont*, Frances Drake; *Gertie*, Marjorie Main; *Sid*, George E. Stone; *Sambo*, Willie Best; *Ted Fenton*, Don Castle; *Joe Barnes*, Dalies Frantz; *Bob Hampton*, Reed Hadley.

"LION HAS WINGS, THE"—ALEXANDER KORDA-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Ian Dalrymple. Directed by Michael Powell, Brian Desmond Hurst and Adrian Brunel. Commentator, E. V. H. Emmett (By courtesy of Gaumont British News). Cast: *Merle Oberon*, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez, Flora Robson, Robert Douglas, Anthony Bushell, Derrick De Marney, Austin Trevor, Milton Rosmer, John Longden, Ian Fleming.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harry Tugend. Story by John Calderston. Based upon a play by Rida Johnson Young. Directed by Henry King. Cast: *Pat O'Day*, Alice Faye; *Charles Browne*, Fred MacMurray; *Robert Fulton*, Richard Greene; *Harriet Livingston*, Brenda Joyce; *"Commodore"*, Andy Devine; *Robert K. Livingston*, Henry Stephenson; *Tavern Keeper*, Fritz Feld; *Regan*, Ward Bond;

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"LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Harry Segall and Albert Duffy. From the story by Dalton Trumbo. Based upon a work by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Michael Lanyard*, Warren William; *Delia Jordan*, Joan Perry; *Janice*, Eric Blore; *Jim Ryder*, Alan Baxter; *Binnie*, Astrid Allwyn; *Emil Gortick*, Montagu Love; *Ralph Bolton*, Robert W. Wilcox; *Conroy*, Don Beddoe; *Dickens*, Fred A. Kelsey; *Stanley Young*, Addison Richards; *Phillip Jordan*, Roy Gordon; *Alberts*, Harland Tucker; *Dorgan*, Peter Lynn.

"MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Laurence Stallings. Based on a book by MacKinlay Kantor. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: *Sergeant Barstow*, Wallace Beery; *Oliver Clark*, John Howard; *Jenny*, Dolores Del Rio; *Vestry*, Donald Meek; *Parson Summers*, Robert Barrat; *Protost Marshal*, Addison Richards; *Campbellite*, Frederick Burton; *Union Soldier*, William Haade; *Mr. Carpenter*, John Wray.

"MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan, Lester Ziffren and Edward Ettinger. Based upon the play "The Valiant," by Holworthy Hall and Robert M. Middlemass. Directed by David Burton. Cast: *Joe Monday*, Lloyd Nolan; *Alice Stetson*, Jean Rogers; *Steve Phillips*, Richard Clarke; *Frederick Keller*, Onslow Stevens; *Horace Parker*, Eric Blore; *Miss Norton*, Joan Valerie; *Mrs. Stetson*, Mae Marsh; *Attorney Cluett*, Paul Stanton; *Walker*, Douglas Wood; *Paul Gilti*, Irving Bacon; *Ilenri Picot*, Lester Sharff; *Foreman of the Jury*, Harlan Briggs; *Woman Juror*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Lilly Wigham*, Kenie Riano.

"MUSIC IN MY HEART"—COLUMBIA.—Original story and screen play by James Edward Grant. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Robert Gregory*, Tony Martin; *Patricia O'Malley*, Rita Hayworth; *Mary*, Edith Fellows; *Charles Gardner*, Alan Mowbray; *Griggs*, Eric Blore; *Sascha*, George Tobias; *Mark G. Gilman*, Joseph Crehan; *Luigi*, George Humbert; *Miller*, Joey Ray; *Taxi Driver*, Don Brodie; *Leading Lady*, Julieta Novis; *Blake*, Eddie Kane; *Marshall*, Phil Tead; *Barrett*, Marlen Lamont. Music by Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra.

"MY LITTLE CHICKADEE"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Mae West and W. C. Fields. Directed by Edward Cline. Cast: *Flower Belle Lee*, Mae West; *Cuthbert J. Twitlie*, W. C. Fields; *Jeff Badger*, Joseph Calleia; *The Masked Bandit*, Joseph Calleia; *Wayne Carter*, Dick Foran; *Amos Budge*, Donald Meek; *Ermengarde Foster*, Anne Nagel; *Mrs. Gideon*, Margaret Hamilton; *Cousin Zeb*, Fuzzy Knight; *Aunt Lou*, Ruth Donnelly.

"OUTSIDER, THE"—ALLIANCE FILMS CORPORATION.—Screen play by Dudley Leslie. From the novel by Dorothy Brandon. Directed by Paul L. Stein. Cast: *Lalage Stardee*, Mary Maguire; *Ragatzy*, George Sanders; *Wendy*, Barbara Blair; *Basil Owen*, Peter Murray Hill; *Jospeh Stardee*, Frederick Leister; *Sir Montague Tollemeche*, P. Kynaston Reeves; *Dr. Ladd*, Edmund Breon; *Sir Nathan Israel*, Ralph Truman, *Dr. Hillmore*, Walter Hudd; *Mrs. Coates*, Kathleen Harrison.

"PINOCCHIO"—RKO-RADIO.—A Walt Disney Production. Based on Colodi's Immortal Story. *Story Adaptations* by Ted Sears, Webb Smith, Joseph Sabo, Otto Englander, William Cottrell, Erdman Penner and Aurelius Battaglia. *Supervising Directors*, Ben Sharpsteen and Hamilton Luske. *Sequence Directors*, Bill Roberts, Jack Kinney, Morman Ferguson, Wilfred Jackson, T. Hee. *Animation Directors*, Fred Moore, Milton Kahl, Ward Kimball, Eric Larson, Franklin Thomas, Vladimir Tytla, Arthur Babbitt, Wollie Reitherman. *Music*, Leigh Harline, Ned Washington, Paul J. Smith.

"SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Ben Holmes. From the story by Leslie Charteris. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: *The Saint*, George Sanders; *Anne*, Helene Whitney; *Fernack*, Jonathan Hale; *Partner*, Bela Lugosi; *Behlen*, Donald MacBride; *Limp*, John F. Hamilton; *Professor Bits*, Thomas W. Ross; *Monk*, Elliott Sullivan.

"SOUTH OF THE BORDER"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Gerry Geraghty. Original story by Dorrell and Stuart McGowan. Directed by George Sherman. Cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Frog*, Smiley Burnette; *Lois*, June Storey; *Dolores*, Lupita Tovar; *Patsy*, Mary Lee; *Anairo*, Duncan Renaldo; *Don Diego*, Frank Reicher; *Saunders*, Alan Edwards; *Duenna*, Claire Du Brey; *Publo*, Dick Botiller; *Consul*, Selmar Jackson; *Rosita*, Sheila Darcy; *Plint*, Rex Lease; *Parde*, William Farnum.

"SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Walter Ferris, Gene Towne and Graham Baker. From the novel by Johann David Wyss. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast: *William Robinson*, Thomas Mitchell; *Elizabeth Robinson*, Edna Best; *Jack Robinson*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Ernest Robinson*, Terry Kilburn; *Fritz Robinson*, Tim Holt; *Francis Robinson*, Baby Bobby Quillan; *Thoren*, Christian Rub, *Ramsay*, John Wray; *Captain*, Herbert Rawlinson.

"VIGIL IN THE NIGHT"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Fred Guil, P. J. Wolfson and Rowland Leigh. From the novel by A. J. Cronin. Directed by George Stevens. Cast: *Anne Lee*, Carole Lombard; *Dr. Prescott*, Brian Aherne; *Lucy Lee*, Anne Shirley; *Matthew Bowley*, Julien Mitchell; *Dr. Caley*, Robert Coote; *Nora*, Brenda Forbes; *Glenzie*, Rita Page; *Joe Shand*, Peter Cushing; *Matron East*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Bowley*, Doris Lloyd; *Sister Gilson*, Emily Fitzroy.



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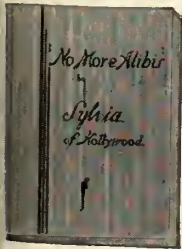
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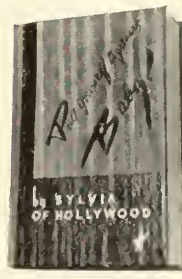
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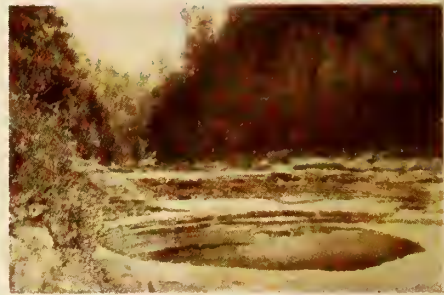
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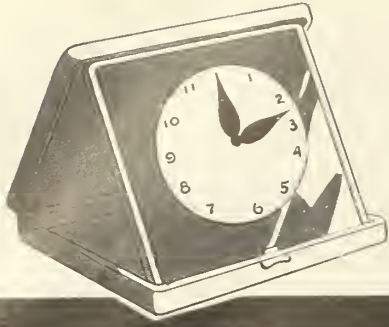
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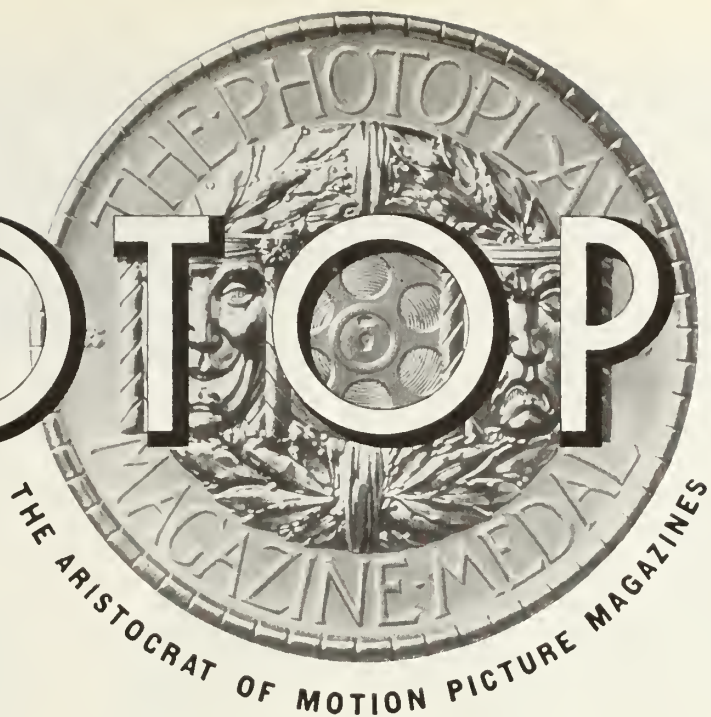
with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
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Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Runners-up

WISH the Academy could afford an extra series of Oscars this year for the runners-up in several of the classifications. If the famous statuette which Bette Davis so adroitly christened with that name some years ago could be cut in half, this year's awards would have been more satisfying.

No one will doubt that Vivien Leigh deserved ample recognition for fooling the skeptics in her portrayal of Scarlett O'Hara. But from the standpoint of technical skill and sheer acting genius, Bette Davis' performance in Dark Victory in my opinion has never been equaled by her or any other Hollywood actress. Her Judith Traherne still lives in my mind—and I daresay in yours—not as a character but as a woman. This simple cliché is the greatest possible compliment to an actress.

To my mind there were flaws in Robert Donat's brilliant portrayal of the schoolmaster in Goodbye, Mr. Chips (some of his more senile moments seemed to me to border on the burlesque), but I don't begrudge Mr. Donat the award for best-actor performance. But again I should have awarded that mythical half-an-Oscar to James Stewart for his fine portrayal of a real American in Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.

In this column I have previously raised an enthusiastic voice for Olivia de Havilland's portrayal of Melanie in this year's outstanding-picture winner. Hattie McDaniel definitely deserved the award for best supporting actress, but I wish there were some way that she could have divided it with Miss de Havilland.

Nor are the almost-Academy winners the only deserving runners-up.

One of the most startling examples is John Beal, who appeared in an experimental film called The Great Commandment. The picture was made on a "shoestring," and so impressed Twentieth Century-Fox that it was bought by Mr. Zanuck as a vehicle for Tyrone Power. So despite what I understand is a superb performance, Mr. Beal is not included in the remake. Many a great film has been made successful by runners-up.

Not every horse can win the race, but there are many fine horses "in the money."

A note of explanation on "Exposing Hollywood's Red Menace" by Morton Thompson, which appeared in March Photoplay appears on page 4, to which your attention is directed.

Ernest V. Heyn

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STAR REPORTING

SPEAKING for myself, I have often wondered why the fan magazines don't devote more thought and space to the production of motion pictures.

We who are close to Hollywood are constantly concerned with personalities, because it is such a highly personalized business. We forget that there are millions of people all over the world who have never seen the inside of a studio. A prop room or a make-up department may appear to be a commonplace thing to the average writer who visits the studios daily. Yet, there is just as much drama that goes on here every day, as there is on a sound stage where pictures are shooting.

Your readers are naturally concerned with everything pertaining to the movies and movie stars. Therefore, why not divide your copy and space? Or, at least, devote a little more effort toward covering the Hollywood scene from every point of interest. Wouldn't this give fan magazines an even wider reading appeal?

GEORGE BRENT,
Hollywood, Cal

SLIGHT CASE OF DISAGREEMENT

I AM writing you in reference to your book-length movie novel. I dislike having my favorite magazine half-filled with a story that I could easily get from the shelves of any public library.

I pay a hard-earned quarter for PHOTOPLAY, which I would expect to see filled with pictures and stories of the stars. I think many people will agree with me, so please—more pictures and NO novels.

ANNA BUREANO,
Detroit, Mich.

I'VE been taking PHOTOPLAY regularly for years and was just about to change to something else when your "movie book" made its debut and changed my mind. It's a grand idea, and now I wouldn't think of changing. Do you suppose you could possibly get the following books which are being made into pictures:

- "Vigil in the Night."
- "Escape."
- "My Son, My Son!"

M. MORRISSEY,
Bronx, N. Y.

EXPLANATION

THE allusion to Ernest Hemingway in the article "Exposing Hollywood's Red Menace," by Morton Thompson, which appeared in March PHOTOPLAY, was not intended either by the author or the editors of this publication to question Mr. Hemingway's motives or integrity. If any other impression was given it is to be greatly regretted. It was the purpose, rather, to contrast a general situation with a specific case—Mr. Hemingway's—which was above reproach.

Mr. Hemingway reports that his Emergency Ambulance Committee, "which functioned by authority of the State Department, managed to raise \$19,923.71 in voluntary contributions to the Spanish Loyalist cause. Of this sum \$18,482.15 was used in the purchase of ambulances, twenty-two in all, which were sent to Spain; \$1,396.33 was turned over to the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy to be used for the same purpose; and \$45.23 was the whole sum used in administering this fund and paying its incidental expenses."

The editors are most pleased to give this explanation of any seeming charge of irregularity as to Mr. Hemingway's collection of the fund or its distribution and feel that his Committee is to be commended for accomplishing its work at such trifling expense.

These then are the facts behind the scene. They tell their own story and we are happy to present them to our readers.

TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

I'VE just seen "Broadway Melody of 1940," and I think you'll agree that M-G-M has something there—good story, good cast, good direction, fair music, and superb dancing. Eleanor Powell is far better suited to Fred Astaire, though it cuts me to the heart to say it, than Ginger Rogers was. Powell and Astaire are the best dancers on the screen, and they make a perfect team—their personalities fit.

But, and here's my point, so do George Murphy's and Ginger Rogers'. Why doesn't someone team them? I'm sure a lot of Ginger's fans would like to see her dance again. Leave Eleanor and Fred their laurels, but we'd kinda like to see the other two together, just once.

VIRGINIA HUNT,
San Francisco, Cal.

MAYBE SHE DIDN'T LIKE IT

RECENTLY, I had the misfortune to see "Destry Rides Again." I think Joe Pasternak ought to produce one more picture like that and call it quits. As for the cast, although Jimmy Stewart was good, it was a terrible and ridiculous part; he should leave Hollywood and take up knitting. Marlene Dietrich might have made a comeback in this picture, but she would have done better by not coming back. As a singer, she is a better hawg-caller, and as an actress, she is a better anything. Universal should be ashamed of such a picture. Considering all the other pictures credited to that company, I believe they must have been on a spree or something of the like. Even though Charles Winninger and Mischa Auer did their best to carry the picture, I am afraid it was past saving. Better luck next time—and stick to pictures such as "Tower of London" or "First Love."

RUTH KINSEY,
Chalfont, Pa.

(Continued on page 80)

A L I C E B L U E G O W N
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 SHE'S ENTRANCEABLE!...



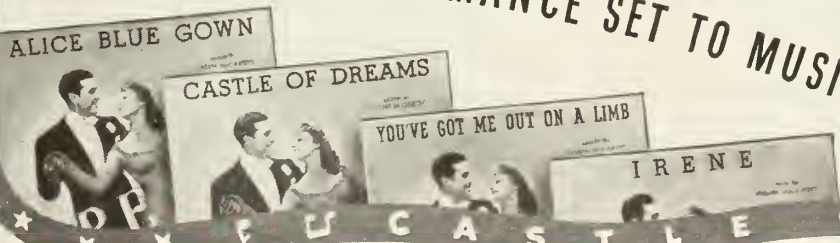
MEET 1940'S GRANDEST
 GLAMOUR GIRL IN 1940'S
 GRANDEST MUSICAL ROMANCE!...

Featuring a galaxy of stars
 ...the most singable, swing-
 able of melodies... the
 latest of springtime fashions
 and a love story that'll sing
 its way into your heart!



Anna Neagle · Ray Milland
 IN
"IRENE"
 WITH
 Roland Young · Alan Marshal
 May Robson · Billie Burke
 ARTHUR TREACHER · MARSHA HUNT · ISABEL JEWELL · DORIS NOLAN
 AN RKO RADIO PICTURE
 PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HERBERT WILCOX
 Screen Play by Alice Duer Miller from the Musical Comedy—"IRENE"
 Book by James H. Montgomery · Music and Lyrics by Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy

A SPRINGTIME ROMANCE SET TO MUSIC





It's "Two Girls on Broadway" for George Murphy—and the girls are Lana Turner and Joan Blondell!

Brief Reviews

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ **ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio**

It would be hard to improve, technically or artistically, on this exceptional motion picture from Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play. Raymond Massey is extraordinary as the Lincoln of pre-presidential days, ably supported by Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge. (Apr.)

ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount

Superior jewel-thief story with South African mining background, in which the ingratiating George Brent and John Loder appear to advantage, but which doesn't offer much opportunity to Isa Miranda as the lady crook who goes straight against her will. (Apr.)

★ **BAKER'S WIFE, THE—Marcel Pagnol**

She ran away with a handsome shepherd, and the baker (Raimu) was so upset the villagers had to combine efforts to bring her back. It's farcical, but so true to type it seems a real slice of Provencal village life. It's French, with John Erskine's English subtitles. (Apr.)

BARRICADE—20th Century-Fox

A hodge-podge—but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. It's about a forgotten American consul in China whose station is used by brigands, a reporter and a girl evading a murder charge. (March)

BIG GUY, THE—Universal

Jaekie Cooper, working on his inventions in a garage, manages to stay out of trouble until he gets involved in a jail break which uses warden Victor McLaglen as a shield. Power, emotional appeal and the Cooper-McLaglen teamwork raise this above the average prison picture. (Feb.)

★ **BLUE BIRD, THE—20th Century-Fox**

Shirley Temple reveals her maturing art in a genuine characterization, as the rather naughty Maeterlinck heroine who sets out on a search for the fabled bird of happiness. Little brother Johnny Russell accompanies her through a Technicolor dreamland which is, on the whole, conceived with imagination and taste. (Apr.)

★ **BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—M-G-M**

It's a dancing field day for Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy—and it makes the best screen musical in some two years. Fred and George are a dance-hall team, until George gets a Broadway bid to co-star with Eleanor, and the fun—lots of it—begins. Frank Morgan provides much of the humor. (Apr.)

★ **BROTHER RAT AND A BABY—Warners**

This rib-cracker makes for delicious comedy. Wayne Morris, the "fixer," gets Eddie Albert a coaching job, but the baby (remember Eddie was secretly married to Jane Bryan) guins up everything.

Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and young Peter B. Good will have you yelling for more. (March)

CAFE HOSTESS—Columbia

There's a lot of action (including a fine brawl) in this rather sordid story, which presents Ann Dvorak as "hostess" who picks the pockets of her partners—until sailor Preston Foster catches her at it. Then the fun begins. (Feb.)

CALLING PHILO VANCE—Warners

Philo Vance's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity in this mystery which has to do with selling secret airplane plans to foreign powers. Henry Stephenson lacks the suavity we've come to expect of Vance. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in hackneyed roles. (March)

CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE—Universal

You'll overlook this weak murder-mystery plot if you're a devotee of Charlie McCarthy. Edgar Bergen has his hands full with both Charlie and Mortimer Snerd going whimsical. (March)

CHILD IS BORN, A—Warners

A re-make of that maternity-ward drama, "Life Begins," with Geraldine Fitzgerald portraying the prospective mother who is released from prison to have her baby, Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others are well cast. (March)

CISCO KID AND THE LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero fills Warner Baxter's boots as the *Cisco Kid* with grace and humor, Virginia Field is fine as a dance-hall girl, and Gloria Ann White is a pleasant child. But they didn't have much to work with in this story of how the *Kid* and his band save a mine for a little orphan. (Feb.)

CITY IN DARKNESS—20th Century-Fox

Just another *Charlie Chan* picture, with Sidney Toler solving mysteries in Paris during the blackouts. Lynn Bari is in it, too, but the result is only fairish. (Feb.)

★ **CONGO MAISIE—M-G-M**

Gorgeous comedy, with stars Ann Sothern and John Carroll capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation, where a former surgeon gets mixed up with a stranded show girl who helps him subdue witch doctors. You'll like this. (March)

COVERED TRAILER, THE—Republic

The best *Higgins Family* film to date. Pa (James Gleason) wants to vacation in South America, but Ma (Lucile Gleason) bungles everything, as usual, and they have to sneak off in a trailer for their holiday, with exciting results. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 100)

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You'll *LIVE* this Romance... You'll *LOVE* its Stars!

MERLE
OVERON

Far more wonderful
than ever before, as
the girl with nothing
to live for—but love!

GEORGE
BRENT

He's the man for Merle!
The grandest role of
all for the hero of
'The Fighting 69th'!

"Til we meet again"

PAT O'BRIEN

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
BINNIE BARNES
FRANK McHUGH

Be sure
to learn where it's
playing. If you want to
see a *really* thrilling
romance you'll want to
Be there!

A New
WARNER BROS.
Success

Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Warren Duff • From
an Original Story by Robert Lord.



Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town



No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor *before it starts*.

Wherever there is social life, popu-

lar girls use Mum. And *more* use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor before it starts*. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM



For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe...so gentle...thousands use it this way!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SHOPPING FOR YOU

Come on, gals! Time to get out and do some serious Spring shopping. Your list probably stretches from here to here—headed by new clothes . . . hats . . . underpinnings. Then there's the comforting matter of cosmetics. New roses for your cheeks . . . new brightness for your lips . . . new health and sparkle for tired fingertips. We've found them all. Don't think we've neglected the young man's fancy, either! It's Leap Year, and in our quest for little things that suit the season, we've found THE engagement and wedding ring to tumble any girl into matrimony! If you want to know where—nearest you—you can find these treasures, write the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

1. TEMPTATION TO MATRIMONY

What gal could resist Keepsake's Marlboro diamond engagement ring and wedding band to match? The gold engagement ring—Victorian flavor—boasts a blue-white square of diamond in the center, flanked on each side with three graduated diamonds. \$125. The wedding band, with nine diamonds, is a shining complement. \$39.75.



2. TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Want your eyes to twinkle like stars? Set them in a perfect frame as the movie stars do by pointing up their lashes! Maybelline Cream Mascara is perfect for the trick and no water needed. In its rubberized kit that tucks into your tiniest purse or pocket, you can tote it around and have it right on tap! 75c—black, brown or blue.



3. "FIRST LOVE"

Romance runs riot in a sweater with heart-shaped yoke . . . heart-shaped buttons . . . scallops . . . collar . . . all the sentiments of the season expressed by Helen Harper in a rabbit's-hair and zephyr cardigan that buttons like a little blouse from baby collar to snug-ribbed bottom. Wear it with summer skirts and slacks. \$3.



4. ON THE BIAS

If there's a drop of dressmaker in you, you'll already know about bias-cut and its molding magic. If there isn't, then take OUR word for it—and Model's too—that this baby pink bias batiste bra has something! It features lacings to achieve a perfect fit, adjustable shoulder-straps, and scalloped edges of dainty lace. \$1.



5. FIGURE IT OUT

Put your all into a Damsel of Hollywood pantie-girdle and be corseted but comfortable this Spring! There's a bias pull at work in the powerful though lacy Lastex sides, and a vertical pull in the satin Lastex panels fore and aft. Invis-a-Grip garters, glove-silk crotch, and reinforcements for that destructive tug at the sides. Only \$3.95.





BY FRANCES HUGHES

6. INTRODUCING THE "SLING SHOT"

Not a little boy's weapon, but a little boy's hat, developed by Chalfonte for not-so-little girls to wear with town and country tweeds. The shallow crown and the dip-front, back-rolled brim are new—borrowed from baby brother. Borrow his dapper way of snapping the brim, too, while you're about it. \$5—in fifty-five colors.



7. THE COFFEE ROBOT

Farberware's electric coffee robot turns coffee-making into a magic trick. It does everything in fact except pour and drink it for you—brews automatically, stirs without a helping hand, turns itself off, and keeps the nectar hot until you drink it. \$11 for this modern, magic ten-cup urn. Treat yourself and send another as a gift.



8. COFFEE OR COCKTAILS?

Duncan Phyfe himself would have wondered how Imperial does it—getting out this cosy coffee table for \$14.75. The mellowed mahogany fits in anywhere, while the carved pedestal, carved legs and brass claw feet follow faithfully in the Duncan Phyfe tradition. You'll be grateful again and again for the convenience of the removable glass tray.



9. SO DECORATIVE!

And so sweet! Orloff's idea—and a mighty cute one, too, to hang little red satin sachet balls from a gilded chain, between tiny pearl dangles, to fashion a refreshingly fragrant necklace and bracelet. You will look lovely, smell sweet, and pay little—\$1 for the novel necklace itself, and 75c for the companion bracelet.



10. MAGIC FINGERTIPS

Take the guesswork out of color shopping for nail polish by writing Lady Esther for her magic celluloid finger-tips (twelve in all, each one the color of one of the famous Lady Esther seven-day nail polishes). Then buy your polish to suit your own digits. Lady Esther will send you the finger tips free—matching cream polish costs you only a dime.

(For More Shopping News, See Page 10)



Lady Esther says

"Won't you please help your

NEW-BORN SKIN

To Keep Its PROMISE of
NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?"

Careful! Your new skin depends on you to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!



EVERY TIME the clock ticks—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will appear in new glory and glamour if you will do your part! Why let your new skin be born under a cloud, asks Lady Esther, when each generation of your new skin can make you look younger, fresher, lovelier—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove gently those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that are the thieves of your beauty—stealing the beauty of your face powder!

Feel with your fingertips now the little rough spots those tiny flakes of old, dry skin probably have left on your face. They can make you look older—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—ruin the glamour of your make-up. My 4-Purpose Cream permeates those flakes so that you can whisk them away. Soothingly it loosens embedded impurities—helps Nature refine your pores—leaves your skin smoother—younger-looking.

*Ask Your Doctor
About Your Face Cream*

He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream! Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream gently whisks away the worn-out skin and impurities beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream at my expense. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look lovelier day by day. See the glamour of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your Accent on Youth!

Accept Lady Esther's 10 DAY Sample FREE!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

LADY ESTHER,
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube 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.

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 9)

Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you want, please write to:

Fashion Secretary, Photoplay
122 East 42nd St., New York Cit,

11. "SPARK RED"—"STARDUST PINK"

These are the fascinating names of Corday's newest Toujours Moi lipsticks. "Spark Red" is a glowing, tingling color to team with greys, with navies, and with summer whites. "Stardust Pink," on the other hand, is a subtle shade that was born to brighten pastels. You'll love and require both these becoming shades! \$1 each.



12. MIND YOUR FINGERNAILS

Are your nails dry—do they crack and peel? Tiptex will remedy that. It goes to work on the matrix (where nail troubles begin), nourishing . . . strengthening . . . conditioning . . . till one fine day you wake with a strong set of long fingernails. A dab of Tiptex night and morning does it, drying instantly, smelling sweetly, and costing little—\$1.



13. THANK YOU, HOLLYWOOD . . .

Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-up came in with Technicolor. Then the stars put two and two together: If the Pan-Cake could cover up complexion faults, make skin smooth and young-looking, stay on for hours—and it could and did—why not use it all day long? And why don't you? \$1.



14. ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE

Jergen's new All-Purpose Face Cream is like three creams rolled into one by the makers of your favorite hand lotion. It cleanses thoroughly, leaving no trace of soil, nourishes deeply, leaving skin soft and velvety, and finally films the skin like a perfect make-up base. 10c, 25c and 50c a jar.

15. WANT FINGERNAILS THAT SPARKLE?

1940's poets, writing about milady's charms, will have to include her sparkling fingernails—a very new fashion that stems from the stars. But YOU can have that sparkle, too! Cutex has launched three new opalescent polishes that will make your nails outshine even the stars in heaven. Try them and be dazzled! 10c and 35c a bottle.



"PEPSI AND PETE" . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say . . . a nickel goes big when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."



"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"



"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND FINER TASTING!"

FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS
Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big, big bottles . . . 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party. Serve the drink that's O.K. with millions.



12 FULL OUNCES

If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. F3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

Dealer's Name

Address

City State

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 101.

1. His recent marriage to Diana Lewis makes the following number of times Bill Powell has been married:

Two	Three
Four	Five

2. Which of these girls is the youngest?

Deanna Durbin	Nan Grey
Ann Rutherford	Helen Parrish

3. He's giving up his orchestra to become a motion-picture producer:

Fred Waring	Ray Noble
Rudy Vallee	Eddie Duchin

4. This redheaded star dyed her hair for a new picture, and foiled every news cameraman's efforts to photograph it before the release of her picture:

Jeanette MacDonald	Ginger Rogers
Myrna Loy	Ann Sheridan

5. These two actors were once specialty dancers:

Cesar Romero	Vincent Price
Ray Milland	George Ratt

6. This singing star has flatly refused to make any more musicals. Now he's about to star in a movie in which he won't sing a note:

Nelson Eddy	Dick Powell
Allan Jones	Douglas MacPhail

7. The first feature picture made in Hollywood was:

The Squaw Man	Tess of the Storm
Carmen	Country
Intolerance	

8. The motion picture critics of the



Margaret Lindsay and Vincent Price in "The House of the Seven Gables"

New York press voted this picture the best of the year 1939:

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Wuthering Heights
Gone with the Wind
Elizabeth and Essex

9. Two of these stars played the role of Hildy Johnson on the screen:

James Cagney	Pat O'Brien
Claudette Colbert	Rosalind Russell

10. A broken ankle stopped her dancing career; so she became a motion picture actress:

Irene Dunne	Vivien Leigh
Miriam Hopkins	Constance Bennett

11. Fred Astaire once danced with her in a picture:

Joan Crawford	Norma Shearer
Ruby Keeler	Joan Blondell

12. These two actresses refused to play the lead in the new John Garfield picture, "Saturday's Children":

Priscilla Lane	Olivia de Havilland
Jane Bryan	Joan Fontaine

13. His real name is Raymond Guion:

Raymond Massey	Gene Raymond
Broderick Crawford	Jeffrey Lynn

14. It took Walt Disney the following number of years to make "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs":

Two	Three
Four	One

15. Two of these actresses have played opposite Clark Gable:

Bette Davis	Carole Lombard
Marion Davies	Madeleine Carroll

16. This recently married actress has announced her retirement from the screen:

Andrea Leeds	Joan Bennett
Diana Lewis	Jane Bryan

17. Paul Muni is under term contract to:

Paramount	Warner Bros.
20th Century-Fox	Sam Goldwyn

18. Two of these studios are located not in Hollywood, but in Culver City:

Columbia	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Selznick	Universal

19. Her real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick:

Nancy Kelly	Patricia Morison
Gail Patrick	Margaret Lindsay

20. She is starring in a movie that is built around her own experiences in getting into pictures:

Lana Turner	Linda Darnell
Brenda Joyce	Frances Dee

**clear as Sunshine . . .
flattering as Candlelight**

IF you are proud of your legs you'll choose the loveliest stockings you can buy . . . IF you envy the trim ankles of the glamor girls you'll want the most flattering hosiery you can find. In either case you'll buy *Fine Feathers Hosiery*, made by the unique single unit process, for sheer, lusterless perfection. About \$1 a pair and doubly economical for its durability record.

Ask for FINE FEATHERS Hosiery in vivacious new "Mood Tones" for spring and summer at your favorite shop.

Fine Feathers
HOSIERY

MILLER-SMITH HOSIERY MILLS
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE



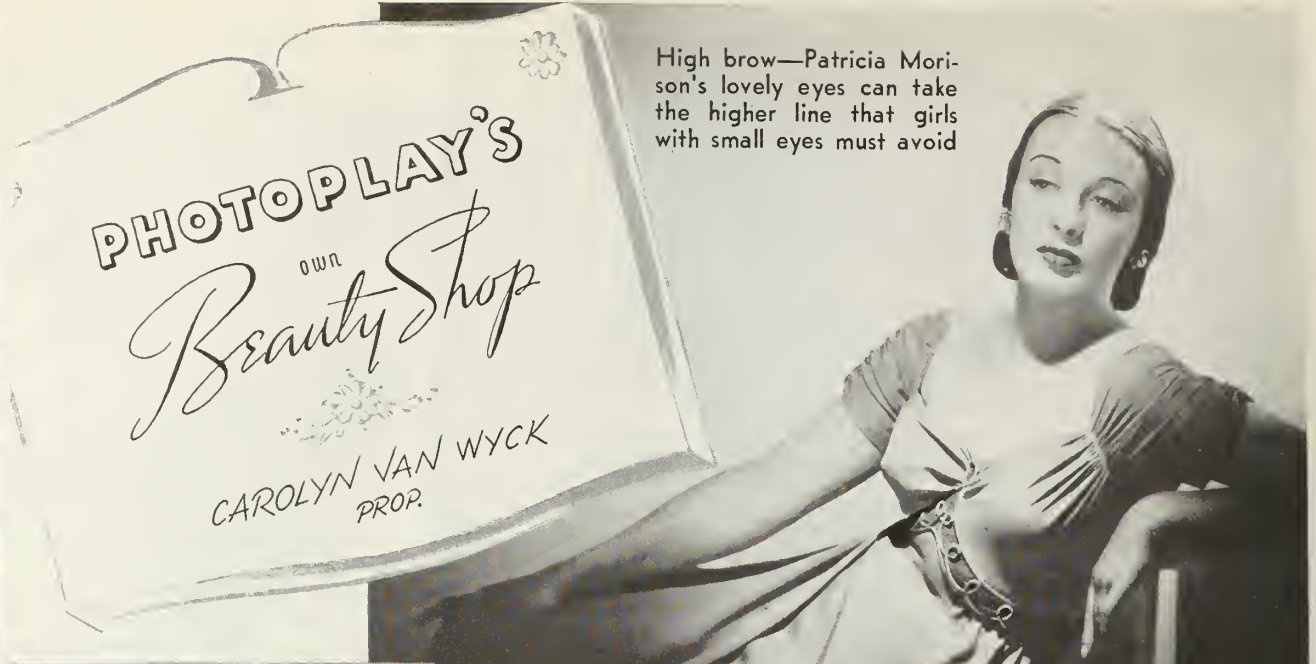
Dress by Milgram



**The time has come
for Beech-Nut Gum**

Bicycling! Tennis! Golf! All sports are extra fun when you refresh with Beech-Nut Gum. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oral-gum and three flavors of candy-coated BEECHIES, Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.) . . . famous for Beech-Nut flavor and quality.

**Beech-Nut
Gum**



High brow—Patricia Morison's lovely eyes can take the higher line that girls with small eyes must avoid



The camera played tricks with the deep-set eyes of Linda Hayes, till a make-up man took a hand



To emphasize the wide spread between Hedy's eyes, the brows play an important part



Normal eyebrows and careful use of eye shadow are the requirements for Bette Davis

PERSONALITY PERCENTAGE—have you given yourself a personality test lately? You've probably had your I.Q. taken and your allergy tests and done all those various tests that tell you whether you have a sense of humor or any charm or would make a good wife to any given husband, and now we have tests to prove how well you express your personality. Did you know that, like all Gaul, feminine personality or glamour is divided into three parts—the eyes, the brows, and the lips? According to make-up specialist Mel Burns, who waxes his magic wand at RKO to turn little Cinderellas into glamour girls, personality is expressed sixty per cent by your eyes, ten per cent by your eyebrows, and thirty per cent by your lips. So if you're only expressing say forty per cent of your personality by your eyes, you're not even passing fair. So let's get to work and bring up your personality percentage.

If your eyes aren't carrying their full quota of your individuality, all you have to do is borrow a few ideas from your movie star prototype. "There are a few generalities, of course," says Mr. Burns, "that everyone should follow, most important of which is eye health. That means enough sleep to keep the eyes clear; correct diet to make them sparkle; proper care to banish the strain which brings about puffiness, squint lines, and discoloration.

"Definite ways of treating definite problems are a little more difficult to

accomplish. However, experimenting and practicing will lead to success. Just remember that shadows create the illusion of depth; highlights counteract too much depth.

"For example, let's take Linda Hayes, who has deep-set eyes. They're intensely blue, well-placed, expressive, and dark-lashed. But the camera emphasized their depth and made them appear smaller than they are. To counteract this effect we did two things. We raised the brow line slightly by plucking sparingly only from the side closest to the eye. Fortunately Linda has luxurious brows, and thinning them this way did not detract from their natural line or expression. Then we discarded shadow and used mascara only on the tips of the lashes. Linda uses a tiny bit of cream or oil, rubbed well into the lids, as this tends to catch the light."

Frequently when eyes are deep-set, they give the effect of being too close together. If this is the case with you, then never use eye shadow, but separate the brows, by plucking the inside ends. If the eyes are not deep-set, but set

slightly close together anyway, use the same brow treatment and start shadow at the center of the lid, blending toward the outer corners.

ANNA NEAGLE, the British beauty, has a natural loveliness that requires practically no make-up in private life. But the camera is much more exacting, so her fair lashes and brows needed accenting for the screen. In order to retain that delicate effect, Mel Burns first drew a fine line, using a sharp pointed pencil, directly on the lash lines of both upper and lower lids, extending them slightly at the outer corners, where they met to form a small triangle. These pencil lines were blended into the skin away from the eye, until they made just a faint shadow. Light blue shadow was applied to the upper lid, and blended only as far as the natural crease of the lid. Then the lashes and brows were touched lightly with brown mascara.

"This same basic treatment," continues Mel, "can be used when eyes are small. Be sure to blend the first pencil
(Continued on page 91)



LOOK IN A MIRROR

ARE YOU PREMATURELY GRAY?

Does it worry you?

Doing anything about it?

*Ever hear about the *amazing Clairol hair color-bath?*

Please ask your hairdresser.

*MICROSCOPE TESTS PROVE CLAIROL takes a cue from nature, producing varied shadings as well as the desired shade, instead of ONE paintlike color produced by many ordinary dyes • Write for your free copy of a new and comforting booklet, "Your First Gray Hair", to Joan Clair, President, Clairol, Inc., 132 W. 46th St., New York, N. Y.



STARS OF STAGE, SCREEN, OPERA depend on Clairol for "closeup color" . . . for young-looking hair. YOU are in hundreds of closeups a day . . . just as any star! Whatever your age—whatever your shade, your hair will be sure to stand the "closeup test" if you ask your hairdresser for the type of Clairol best suited to your personal hair coloring problem.

Naturally . . . with

CLAIROL

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**"SURE, I'M HARD!
YOU'VE GOT TO HOCK
YOUR SOUL TO GET
WHAT YOU WANT IN
THIS WORLD!"**

*A snarling, vicious,
killer-breed . . . in the
eyes of the law! A
hurt and embittered
boy . . . to the girl who
loves him! With bite
and dynamite, this
drama blasts the truth
out of his heart!*

Tyrone
POWER

. . . not since "Jesse James"
has he had such a role!

Dorothy
LAMOUR

. . . revealing more of her
allure than ever before!

in
**Johnny
Apollo**

**EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL**

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Rowland
Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

*Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon
and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser*

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

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

NOW that the Academy has announced its awards for the year 1939 I'd like to suggest that it set up a special Oscar for unselfish actors who are able to do the type of work such as Robert Young did for that terrific and beautiful film, "Northwest Passage" . . . for while the Academy does have a special award for supporting roles, it naturally gives that award to roles that are "fat" and outstanding . . . but when it comes to a role like that of Langdon Towne in "Northwest Passage" . . . and unfortunately such stuffy roles appear in every production . . . it takes not alone ability on the actor's part to make anything out of it at all . . . but it takes a certain quality in the actor's soul that makes him able to face it . . .

Langdon Towne was the role which Robert Taylor turned down as being an utterly thankless one . . . he was absolutely right, too . . . it was a thankless one . . . Robert Taylor argued that any player in such a part, particularly when played against by an old master film stealer like Spencer Tracy, would be acted right out of the picture . . . and he was right about that, too . . . Tracy does take "Northwest Passage" as easily as a volcano eruption takes a mountain side . . . but nevertheless because of the complete faithfulness with which Robert Young plays even dull scenes . . . because of the many, many feet of film in which he has to stand admiring and without a line while Tracy emotes . . . by such scenes Robert Young makes the picture a much finer production than it could possibly have been without him . . .

That's why he deserves a special award . . . for Bob knew that he was not only automatically playing second fiddle . . . he knew he was merely in there because the studio couldn't get the actor it had originally wanted . . . the Young talent is for high comedy . . . so when Bob stepped into that vacancy he was under a double handicap . . . going into a role without a laugh in it . . . one in which he seldom had a good line and rarely a whole scene . . . many under those circumstances . . . in fact, most important actors in such a spot would have simply "walked through" the part . . . but Bob gave all that he had . . . and such loyalty to his own profession should be recognized . . .

CURRENTLY the favorite Hollywood jingle is the one which Fred Allen used on the air:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can think of death as peachy,
With Darryl Zanuck left behind us,
We'll come back as Don Ameche."

Which reminds me that I don't know how you feel about it . . . (though I'd like to very much and you'll make me happy if you write and tell me . . .) but personally I'm getting very bored with Robert Fulton inventing the steamship right in the middle of Alice Faye's romance in "Little Old New York"; of Stephen Foster used as mere prop to bring That Light into Andrea Leeds' eyes; and of the great Victor Herbert apparently exclusively engaged in fixing up Mary Martin's love life . . . now it has been an-

nounced that that magnificent performer, Henry Fonda, will be cast in "Hudson Bay Company" . . . I wish they'd let Henry escape . . . he has already done his biographical Zanuck stint . . . (and very nobly, too) as "Young Mr. Lincoln" . . . now I hate the thought that undoubtedly in order to win the heroine he'll have to revolutionize the life of all the fur-bearing animals . . .

IT'S probably very old-fashioned of me, but I'd like to have some screen love stories just for the sake of love stories . . . and not industrial, musical, scientific or whatnot history being pushed around to make a set of beautiful close-ups of some romance-stricken cutie-pie . . .

Not that I want biography entirely dropped from the screen . . . that it can be done wonderfully is proven by M-G-M in "Young Tom Edison" . . . this is the very faithful biography



Ruth Waterbury



A special Oscar for unselfishness—that's what's due Robert Young for his performance in "Northwest Passage"



Time out for Henry Fonda (with Leo Carrillo in "Lillian Russell") on more biographical pictures



They're fightin' words, if you call Mickey Rooney a "mugger" after "Young Tom Edison"

of a very real and very great American . . . "Young Tom Edison" has been rendered into terms of the grandest entertainment . . . laughter, tears, pathos, excitement are all there plus a poignant portrait of the simple American way of life of nearly a century ago . . . but the basic thing that makes it so fine is that there is no distortion in the story . . . it is the real story of a real person . . . not a bookish peg on which to hang a torrid romance . . . and it is, incidentally, the only film I've ever seen where I heard the whole audience whispering that they could barely wait to see its sequel, "Edison, the Man" . . . furthermore, even though the Academy didn't give Mickey Rooney its chief award this year . . . and I agree that it wouldn't have been right when you compare his work with that of Robert Donat and Gable and Jimmy Stewart in this year's award line-up . . . I'll wager that on next year's Academy lists he will once more be considered . . . probably in there, running neck to neck with Tracy for "Edison, the Man" . . . because there isn't a single *Andy Hardy-ism* in Mickey's entire Edison performance . . . it is a sensitive refined portrayal



A special award went to Judy Garland for her work in "The Wizard of Oz"

"Gone with the Wind," produced by David Selznick and starring Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara (left) was a natural landslide, but the highlight of the evening was when Hattie McDaniel (above with Fay Bainter) received her Oscar for the role of Mammy. Right: "Stagecoach" won Thomas Mitchell recognition (with Spencer Tracy, last year's big winner)

and after this anyone who claims that Mickey is only a mugger will find those fighting words in Hollywood. . . .

In the twelfth year of its existence, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences seems at last to have satisfied all Hollywood with its awards . . . other years the post mortems have lasted till dawn, with this side and that wailing of "influence" . . . "politics" and whatnot . . . but this year I didn't hear one word of dissent . . . even the dinner was good, which if you are an old public-dinnergoer you never expect, even if the banquet does cost twenty-five dollars a plate, as this one did . . . there were voices who claimed that the 4,000 votes from the extra ranks . . . the group in Hollywood who have never been permitted to vote before . . . helped to keep the balloting on the level . . . whatever it was . . . everybody was happy. . . .

There is an adage in the acting world that nobody can remember a movie that is more than six months old . . . they dragged that adage out when other critics in other parts of the country awarded Jimmy Stewart the prize as having

situation . . . whereas the Donat performance was the poignant picturization of the entire lifetime of a little man. . . .

Of course, Vivien Leigh was a walk-away for the best feminine performance . . . sentimentally, I would have liked to have seen Garbo get it for "Ninotchka" . . . but I do know that would have been pure sentiment . . . Miss Leigh definitely deserved it. . . .

"Gone with the Wind" was a natural landslide, too . . . for the best production, the best direction, the best editing, the best art work and the best supporting performance by an actress . . . and in this particular, PHOTOPLAY is proud to announce that you readers have also selected "Gone with the Wind" as the best picture of the year and the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is even now being struck off in honor of Miss Margaret Mitchell's enchanting brainchild. . . .

There were three highlights of this year's dinner . . . Mickey Rooney handing Judy Garland her statuette for the best performance of a juvenile during the past year . . . it was charming to watch him, with his new-found dignity upon him, presenting Judy with her Oscar, and then

given the best male performance in 1939 . . . Hollywood didn't agree with that . . . Hollywood argued that if "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" had been released in the early spring and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" had been released in the fall, instead of the reverse, Robert Donat's beautiful performance would have taken the palm . . . whether or not that's true, Hollywood gave the honors to Donat . . . the feeling being that fine as Jimmy's work was, his performance was necessarily only the performance of a man going through one dramatic

forgetting himself and kissing her with kid enthusiasm . . . and Judy was never more persuasive than when she crooned "Over the Rainbow," the year's prize-winning song, into the mikes, with a suspicious little quaver in her voice. . . .

It was an emotional moment when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. stepped forward to take the award that was given to the memory of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. for all that he did to make movies international, for all that he did to make them exciting, romantic and worthy of attention . . . that the son of the father was very touched was keenly apparent . . . it gave us spectators the sense of how this business is going on . . . developing steadily better and better . . . David Selznick, son of the pioneer Lewis J. Selznick, being proclaimed the most distinguished producer of the year . . . young Doug, carrying on the acting tradition of his forebear . . . Mickey and Judy, the swiftly rising generation. . . .

THOSE two moments were quite wonderful . . . the speeches of Walter Wanger, the new president of the Academy . . . of Darryl Zanuck, of Sinclair Lewis, who made the writing award to the late Sidney Howard . . . were all swell moments, too . . . but the really great moment was that in which the very black Hattie McDaniel was given an Oscar for having turned in "the best supporting performance by an actress". . . .

She had competed for the prize against Olivia de Havilland for her sensitive *Melanie* and Edna May Oliver for that marvelous pioneer woman in "Drums Along the Mohawk" . . . but this Negro woman who had created *Mammy* in "Gone with the Wind" . . . won by hundreds of votes . . . and I am so glad, as I know Hollywood is so glad, too. . . .

For it wasn't alone because her work was so beautiful . . . it wasn't alone because this huge, great-hearted woman has literally starved and gone homeless and friendless, at times, for her work . . . it was much more than that . . . it was this . . . it was good to have Hollywood show to this mixed-up world of today that there is one great democracy left . . . the deathless democracy of art. . . .

Hattie McDaniel was the first of her race to win such a prize . . . she was so deeply touched that the tears ran down her shining face as she picked up that stiff, golden figure . . . but even that doesn't matter . . . what really counts is that by this vote the Academy gives further nurture to the spirit . . . to that eternal good will which says that without regard to race, color or creed, merit . . . just true merit . . . may still win out in this world.

DIABOLICAL "Dr. CYCLOPS"

IN TECHNICOLOR

The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!



UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge ravening monster to the helpless victims!



Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops attacks the little people with a shovel!



Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick



*You don't
have to
be told*



It's the yarn you can tell on any beach—as far as you can see it. Nothing else could perform this small miracle of fit with freedom, of control with comfort. This suave technique has made the American bathing beauty the envy of the world. When choosing a suit remember that the stretch of "Lastex" yarn is applied with equal facility to any sort of woven or knitted fabric, silk or cotton, wool or rayon. That in many and various applications it glorifies every type of suit, maillot, skirted or dressmaker. There is a swimsuit made with this priceless ingredient to fit every kind of figure, and at a price to fit every kind of purse. So the rest is up to you. Just ask for a suit made with "Lastex" yarn at the stores you usually patronize, under the name of a favorite maker, if you like. But be sure *your* suit is made with benefit of fashion's fourth dimension.

Lastex
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THE MIRACLE YARN
THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City



HOLLYWOOD'S "Extra Racket"

BY MORTON THOMPSON

Like pirates of old, gangdom's petty chisellers are levying toll on the helpless extra players of Hollywood

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

BACK of the glamour, back of the laughter, the beauty, the swirl of famous Hollywood faces are stories that have never been told. Some of them are grim. This is a grim one.

It is a behind-the-scenes story of starving extras, and the furtive wolves and chisellers who howl at their heels.

On the night of November 15, 1937, someone crept into an apartment in the middle of Hollywood and paused by the bedside of one Hymie Miller. There was the roar of a gun. And that was the end of Hymie Miller.

Who was Hymie Miller? He was a man now charged by frightened extras, afraid to speak during his lifetime, of being a racketeer to whom they were forced to pay from their piteously few nickels and dimes "protection" against being beaten up so badly that they wouldn't be able to answer a call to work.

You'll probably hear more about Hymie Miller during the next few weeks. A detective agency, composed of former G-Men, hired by the Screen Actors Guild, has been making an intensive investigation of the whole extra situation, of scandalous rumors, complaints and criminal charges.

These are nothing new to Hollywood. For many years Hollywood has been hearing about extra scandals which never quite came to a head. Somehow, even the most ominous reports never could be traced down. Extras have been afraid to talk.

An extra is a man or woman on the lowest rung of Hollywood's ladder of talent. He or she is simply an anonymous part of a mob; a chunk of human background. Unless an extra belongs to the Screen Actors Guild he or she can get no work. The Guild at present lists about 5,600 paid-up extras. Central Casting, a sort of clearing house through which the studios

contact extras for jobs, lists a total of 9,849.

Last year the studios spent \$3,124,671 for extras.

Divide that sum among 5,600 men and women. It means the average yearly earning of a Hollywood extra is \$558. About ten dollars a week. Divide it among 9,849 and the average yearly earning is \$317. Somewhere between \$558 and \$317 a year lies the actual figure earned by the average extra.

Who'd prey on workers like that, who get, at the most, not more than a month's work out of every year? And the rest of the year wait hungrily, hopefully, frantically beside their telephones—?

Hollywood has its fringe of chisellers, petty mobsters, street-corner rats. There aren't many. But it doesn't take many to throw a reign of terror over an extra's life. It takes only one to kill a man.

Hymie Miller came from New York. He was at one time an unremarkable manager of prize fighters. In Hollywood he was part owner of a delicatessen. Occasionally he played small parts in pictures.

Nobody knows who killed him. There were powder burns on the sheets, indicating that the bullet was fired at close range. Police reason that only a friend or trusted henchman could have gotten that close.

Chalk up one murder.

Hymie Miller died without revealing the name of his murderer.

"I'll take care of them myself," he said.

(Continued on page 97)

Intimidated by threats of disfigurement—even dishonor—have extra girls paid regular tribute to racketeers to safeguard their chances of continued employment?





Invasion in the film colony! Objective: The kitchens of the stars

HOME SWEET HOLLYWOOD



Our author—also actress and hostess

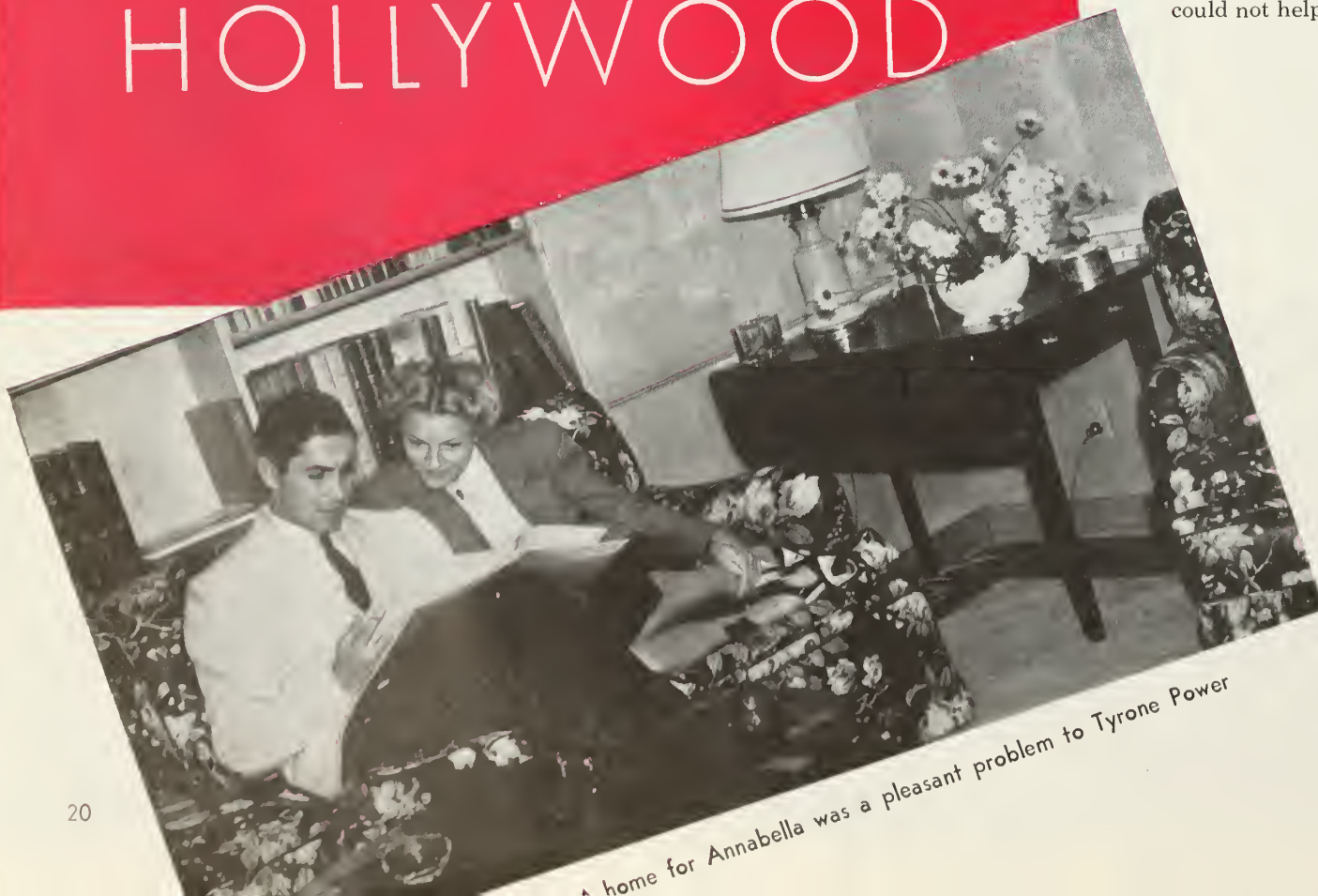
Our world-renowned society expert makes a preposterous diagnosis of a new Hollywood epidemic. Have YOU ever had "relentless domesticity"?

BY ELSA MAXWELL

FORTUNATELY for me, still more fortunately for my Hollywood friends, I do not write a daily gossip column. Heaven alone knows to what far-reaching and thoroughly wild conclusions I would have jumped by now had I to turn out so many words seven times a week. Even as it is, I suspect that Hollywood is a town where one makes acquaintances and loses friends but were I to conduct a column . . . The very thought makes me shudder.

Take for instance the case of Constance Bennett. While working in my first picture, I was staying in Connie's house. I was enjoying both her hospitality and her company hugely but I could not help wondering why practically every evening she would suddenly disappear, lock herself up in her room and not show up again for an hour or so. Now had I been a Winchell, a Sullivan or a Fidler, I would have been in duty bound to report to my readers that something was "on." Something *was* on. The glamorous, the bewitching, the ever-so-romantic Miss Bennett was spending those mysterious evening hours . . . knitting a red sweater which she presented to me on the occasion of my birthday. She could have bought a sweater for me in a downtown shop—although not every shop in Los Angeles would be likely to have on hand a sweater of that size—but she wanted to prove to me that when it came to knitting she bowed to no housewife.

The other one whose sudden disappearances used to puzzle me quite a bit is Virginia Zanuck. Early every afternoon she would order her car



A home for Annabella was a pleasant problem to Tyrone Power



Caught in each other's arms at the Beverly Hills, Leland and Maggie Sullivan Hayward



Who dances with whom on a typical Trocadero evening? Well—Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow, for instance . . .



Ultrachic Ann and ultra-successful Jack Warner—could you guess where her thoughts most likely are?

and be gone, never telling anyone where she was going, never suggesting that her friends join her. The popular legend had it—probably still has it—that she would sneak into this or that neighborhood movie house and watch the audiences' reaction to various pictures and players. Then—said the experts—she would present her report to Darryl.

I loathe to destroy legends but the plain truth is that Virginia Zanuck was and is spending her "off the record" afternoons supervising the riding lessons taken by her children on a ranch near by.

STILL another case which would have baffled me had I been conducting a column is that of Ann Warner. Probably the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, the wife of Jack Warner of Warner Brothers is an inveterate daydreamer. A stranger watching her stare into space would bet his last nickel that Ann is dreaming of Paris, of the new dresses she is about to order, of the new jewelry displayed in the Rue de la Paix, of the newest and craziest hats about to be shown and of some gorgeous furs that only multimillionaires can afford.

Well, our stranger would lose his last nickel in no time at all. Ann Warner is dreaming of . . . her kitchen and of the dinner she should order for that night. Dining in Ann's house is an experience and an adventure, not to be encountered anywhere else on this continent.

"The best French food I've tasted outside France," according to Charles Boyer.

"The best Philippine food this side of Manila," according to President Quezon.

"The best English food," according to the Duchess of Sutherland.

"The very best South American food," according to the stalwart Argentina polo players.

"The only authentic Russian food in America," according to a visiting Grand Duchess.

"An Italian dinner that even the best restaurant in Venice cannot provide," according to Count Rossi.

What is the mystery? No mystery at all. Ann Warner lets the nationality of her guest of honor determine the style and the contents of the meal. Back in New York people rave about the ingenuity of Herbert Bayard Swope (the former editor of the *New York World* and the present Chairman of the New York State Racing Commission) who employs two shifts of servants—one working from eight A.M. to eight



Mervyn LeRoy and Darryl Zanuck with Connie Bennett and Virginia Zanuck—two film wives whose sudden disappearances were solved by our author

P.M., the other from eight P.M. to eight A.M.

"Isn't it marvelous," exclaim the numberless friends of Mr. Swope, "that Herbert can afford to wake up in the middle of the night, decide that what he wants is a good sirloin steak and have that steak served half an hour later?"

I do not want to disturb Mr. Swope's peace of mind or interfere with his enjoyment of a sirloin steak served in the wee hours of the morning, but when it comes to comfort and "ingenuity" Ann Warner has it all over him. She employs nearly a score of cooks. A French chef who can put to shame the best of his Parisian colleagues . . . A Mexican maestro whose hot tamales make you feel like talking back to Mussolini . . . An Italian poet of food whose spaghetti, ravioli, minestrone and scallopini recreate the very air of Venice in Beverly Hills . . . A solid and silent Englishman who toys with nothing smaller than a twelve-rib roast . . . An ever-smiling Hawaiian who knows all there is to be known about cooking that very tiny but most delicious fish of all—the one and only o-poka-
(Continued on page 76)



Bedtime story: Glamour Queen knitting—but it was hardly a "tiny garment"!

WHICH ROMANCE

And which star romances are manufactured to amuse and confuse you? An unvarnished report

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE week end after Lana Turner pulled her bombshell elopement with Artie Shaw (which was about four week ends after the even more explosive elopement of William Powell and Diana Lewis), the hottest news around Hollywood was that Joan Crawford was eloping with Lee Bowman.

It was a Saturday night that this got in the wind and every columnist in Hollywood, because of those two former "scoop" elopements, went into a tailspin. The phones rang in the Crawford Brentwood mansion. The phones rang in the Bowman Beverly Hills apartment. Neither Miss Crawford nor Mr. Bowman was at home.

Well, that absence confirmed every writer's hunch. If those two glamorous people weren't at home (and on Saturday night, too!) then they simply must be in a plane eloping.

Joan is famous for hating airplanes, but what of that?

Lee Bowman had been seen the night before this event dancing with Nancy Kelly (who rumor has it is madly in love with Edmond O'Brien—that is, she is, unless you belong to the school of whispers that has her even more madly in love with Irving Cummings, Jr.). The night before he was cutting rugs with Nancy, Lee was seen brightening up the dance floors with Wendy Barrie. (The boy loves to dance!) But still and for all, he was, so They said, absolutely and positively eloping with Joan Crawford.

With a hot tip like that out, the important news gatherers of Hollywood never relaxed. They kept their wires open and their ears peeled for calls from Las Vegas or Boulder City or other Nevada points. But dawn's early light came without a single ring, telephonic or wedding. Joan didn't wed Lee and Lee didn't wed Joan. The most casual research would have revealed several reasons why such a possibility was always impossible.

Lana Turner and Artie Shaw—their elopement helped start a boom in the local gossip-mart

Separation Problem No. 1:
Is the long-dead marriage of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres about to be buried?

Separation Problem No. 2:
How serious are those many spats - and - reconciliations of Errol and Lili Flynn?

Separation Problem No. 3:
Why did Alice Faye deny—and then confirm—reports she'd divorce Tony Martin?

RUMORS ARE FAKES?

Reason one was that on the very evening Joan was supposed to be eloping she was, in full sight of everyone, exquisitely circling the floor at Ciro's, held in the graceful arms of Cesar Romero. Reason two was that Joan is not remotely in love with Lee and Lee is not remotely in love with Joan. Very good friends they are indeed, but romantic they are not. Reason three—and most important—Joan couldn't have married that particular night if the man of her elopement has been a combination of Franchot Tone—Charlie Martin—Cesar Romero—Lee Bowman (to mention just a few of the crowd that she is supposed to be infatuated with) plus the King of the Mystic Isles. Joan can't wed anybody before late this spring unless she commits bigamy. And Joan doesn't commit bigamy.

BUT the fact that such a stew can and actually did happen lets you in on what is happening to romance reporting in our pretty little place by the Pacific. It is also the reason that PHOTOPLAY right here and now is attempting to clear the air and the type lines on who is really going with whom; who is divorcing whom; and who is and who isn't apt to get married fairly soon.

Not that PHOTOPLAY is infallible, either. Not that we claim to have the inside track on everybody's heart. We haven't. Nobody has. The big thing is that the stars of Hollywood, even as you and I, are human beings. Even as you and I, they do, some of them, fall in love unexpectedly. They do, some of them, quarrel unexpectedly. They do, some of them, make up unexpectedly. They haven't the privacy that you and I have when they go through these emotional turmoils. But we do think ("we," meaning PHOTOPLAY and "I," meaning the writer) that they have the right to be asked what goes on with them before they are rumored this way and that way with this person and that person, merely because somebody told somebody else that this or that was true (and never checked the facts further).

Not that asking a star his or her matrimonial intentions always brings the truth. Not that they will always talk, truly or otherwise. Nevertheless, PHOTOPLAY is trying to take its heart charmers at their own words and at least give them the benefit of the doubt as knowing whom they love and how much and to what purpose.

For instance, early last summer when the report first got about that Alice Faye and Tony

Martin were separating, I went directly to Alice and asked her concerning it. Alice said then exactly what she had said in 1937 the day after their marriage. She said, this direct, honest, troubled girl, "I hope we can make a go of it. But I don't know. I'm trying and Tony's trying, but two careers in one family are terrible. If Tony and I can work together and be equally successful, I think we can swing it. If we have to separate, I'm afraid we'll fail." That was her 1937 statement and the only thing she added to that in the summer of 1939 was that she and Tony had weathered two tough years, so she hoped for the best.

They had, last summer, purchased their first home together. As you know it burned to the ground the day after they moved into it. I believe that the burning of that dream house was the killer on their marriage. For Alice loved that house and wanted to live in it, but with it gone, and she so busy and Tony so busy and both of them separated, she didn't have the energy, inspiration or time to start house hunting all over again. It left her with no "center" to her emotions. She did, however, cross the continent this winter, just to spend a few days with Tony in New York. But she's too honest to think three or four days, hastily grabbed at, constitute a marriage.

It was on her way back to California that she was reported as seeking her divorce in Chicago. Our biggest papers said she had started the divorce action, and instantly told the world. Once more all you had to do was to go to Alice to get the real answer. Alice said she had not started

proceedings, and that then was the truth. Now she has filed the divorce action. That is all too bad, but has nothing to do with this story. Our big point is that at no time did Alice try to lie, evade or cheat any reporter regarding the situation between her and Tony.

THE setup with the Errol Flynn's is quite the reverse of the sincerely honest Faye-Martin situation. It's my belief that the witty Errol gets a continual laugh and an impish pleasure at noting the papers' consternation about himself and Lili. He adores to fool them into silly statements. It's also my belief that the Flynn's will not divorce, now or ever. To be blunt about the love life of the Flynn's, they fight. When they fight, they flit. And when they get over fighting, they kiss and make up. That isn't the usual form love takes, but it is one form. Not all people like peace and contentment. There are people who like thunder and lightning, storms at sea, hurricanes and floods. They find that these phenomena add excitement to life. People like that find too that emotional storms, hurricanes and floods add excitement to love. It's my conviction that that is the way it is with Lili and Errol. Even as I write they have just "gone back together" after their latest "separation." Errol said, when questioned about that, "You can't call this a reconciliation because we were never really separated. I took an apartment away from home because I was starting a picture and things are always tough then. As a matter of fact, I'm keeping the apartment,"

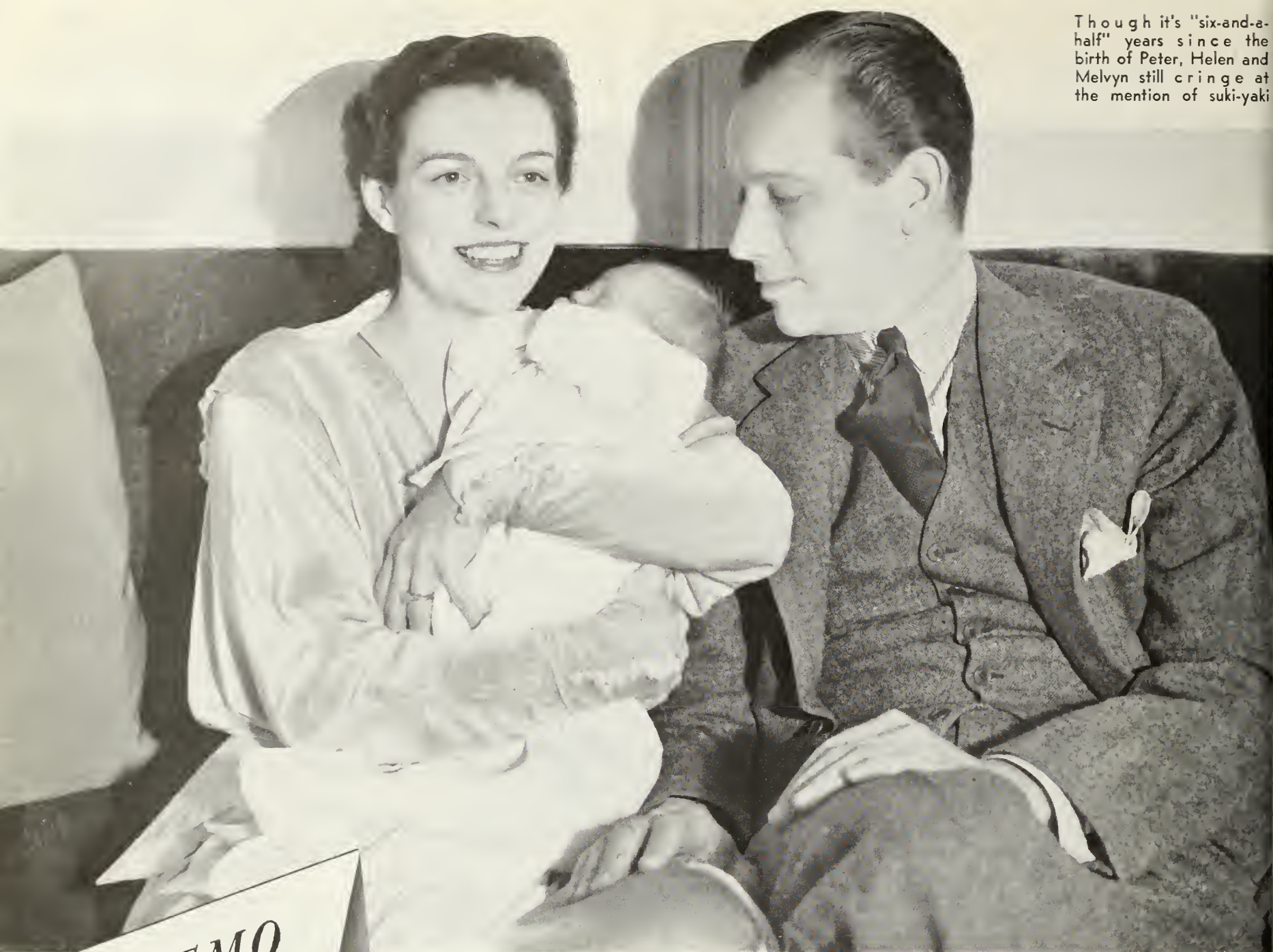
(Continued on page 97)

Hollywood, wondering about Ann Sheridan and Anatole Litvak, characteristically forgot one important item!

And just what does hand-holding mean in Hollywood—when the holders are Dick Greene and Virginia Field?



Though it's "six-and-a-half" years since the birth of Peter, Helen and Melvyn still cringe at the mention of suki-yaki



MEMO

ON

MELVYN

Presenting—an hilarious word picture of a suave actor who got ready for Hollywood the hard way

BY CLAUDE BINYON

INTERVIEWING actors is a tough proposition; especially when you're a friend.

I met Melvyn Douglas three years ago when he played a part in "I Met Him in Paris"—a part over which I had sweated three months to make casual. And because he was born to look casual, he stepped right in and played the part without any effort whatsoever.

We went to Sun Valley, Idaho, and made the picture. When we came back I knew a few things about Melvyn Douglas. I knew that he is taller than he looks on or off the screen, that his sandy hair photographs darker than it is, that he has a nervous habit of picking at his thumb nails, that he is nuts about his family and that he thinks I am nuts.

Coming back to Hollywood on the train he said we'd have to get together because my wife would like his wife and his wife would like me and we'd all like each other. I said yes, we'd have to get together, and three years later he walked onto the set of "Too Many Husbands" and said hello.

He said he liked the part I had written, thanks, and how old was my kid now? I said nine and how old was his? He said six-and-a-

half and I told him you get over that half business when your kid hits nine.

He asked me if I knew that he had another kid now, and I said of course I did and how old was he? He said it was a girl named Mary Helen and it was one-and-a-half. Then there was a lull.

The other leads in "Too Many Husbands" are Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray. Douglas said he'd never worked with either of them and how were they? I told him MacMurray was a

cinch after he got over being shy, but Jean Arthur I didn't know. He said she sure had a bright face and he'd always wanted to work with her. Later we found she'd always wanted to work with him and MacMurray had always wanted to work with her and she'd always wanted to work with MacMurray. Douglas and MacMurray had never thought whether they wanted to work with each other or not.

In a few days we all were in the rut and happy. Everybody knew that MacMurray meant "Gee!" when he blew his lines and said "Damn!" and that Jean Arthur had her four o'clock tea with cream and sugar and water but no tea, and that Douglas would eat the wrong thing at lunch and call for bicarbonate of soda two hours later. Life was routine and easy.

Then I made my mistake. I told Douglas I was going to write something about him for a magazine. He grew as tense as a frightened maiden.

"You mean you're going to ask me if I object to my wife shaving her legs?" he asked. I hadn't thought of that. "Does she?" I asked. He didn't know.

Finally we decided that I would ask only sen-



Claude Binyon (left), noted film writer who adapted Somerset Maugham's "Too Many Husbands" for the screen, and star Melvyn Douglas



Melvyn wept, and the audiences did too, at those heart-rending performances he gave in Chicago churches

sible questions. So I asked them, and he told me that he was born in Macon, Georgia, and lived there until he was three, and in Nashville until he was ten, and in Toronto until he was fifteen, and in Nebraska until he ran away to join the army in 1917. All this time his family's financial condition was going from medium to poor, and his schooling suffered for the sake of odd jobs. This surprised me, because he has an air of culture when he feels like having it and he can toss big words with unerring aim.

A thing happened in the army. After much honest effort Douglas became a noncommissioned officer and he was very proud of his stripes. Also, after much honest effort, he acquired a girl. The fact that Douglas had taken the girl away from his superior officer made him feel quite dashing.

The superior officer was a patient soul. He waited until Douglas was in charge of the watch, then unofficially granted him leave to visit the girl. The moment Douglas was out of sight the superior officer reported him absent without leave. Douglas lost his stripes and the girl lost interest.

He saw her years later. He didn't think much of her. She didn't think much of him, either, because he was an actor and she preferred men with steady jobs. She told him he was a goof to waste his business ability.

What happened to the superior officer Doug-

las doesn't know. He's often wanted to meet him again. I asked him what he'd do. "Just look at him," he said.

After the war Douglas kicked around as a gas meter reader and a hat salesman and anything else that provided beans. Looking in the mirror one day, he ignored his imperfect points and decided what he'd known from the start. He was going to be an actor.

He enrolled in a dramatic school under the guidance of an old gentleman named William Owen, and Douglas and a punk named Ralph Bellamy became teacher's pets. This was in Chicago.

Douglas was working as a hat salesman to pay his tuition. Surrounded by stiff, new hats looking silly without their crown dents he'd dream up visions of himself as a great actor with equally great actresses melting in his arms. The melting process was regarded purely from a clinical viewpoint, as it must be with any truly great actor.

The Chicago hat salesman emerged from his cocoon at a church social in Chicago. Standing alone on the platform with soft organ music transporting him, he recited the poem called "Fleurette"—the case history of a hospitalized victim of war who finds in gentle, spiritual *Fleurette* the inspiration to carry on with one leg missing.

There were genuine tears on Douglas' cheeks

as the organ music ceased. There were genuine tears on the cheeks of his audience. Douglas stepped from the platform every inch an actor, ate his fill from a paper plate, collected ten dollars from the committeewoman who had hired him and strode into the crisp Chicago night with calm assurance. He was an actor and he had a ten dollar bill to prove it.

Chicago churches saw a lot of Douglas and his tear-stained cheeks, and he collected many of their ten dollar bills. But landladies made devastating inroads into his collection, and his struggles through the ensuing years have been experienced by nine-tenths of the honest-to-

(Continued on page 96)

Set in a dreamy land of romance—
this ultramodern story of a handsome
actor who is torn between love and
loyalty for his young bride and the
undeniable allure of his former wife

BY HAGAR WILDE

"SO you did it . . . I hope you're utterly miserable and lie awake nights . . . wishing you were dead!"

There hadn't been any signature. But Ann, casually fishing the little note out of her brand-new husband's polo shirt before sending it to the laundry, knew that only one woman could have written it—Laurel, David's first wife, congratulating him on his second marriage.

Life ought to be perfect when you were Ann Adams, whose tiptilted nose, fiery hair and comedy talent had brought her stardom in Hollywood . . . when you had just married the topmost male star in films, idolized by girls the world over (only no one could idolize David Crawford more than Ann herself) . . . when you were spending your honeymoon in the dreamy Hawaii of song and story.

But there was the note. And Laurel Crane was on the island. Laurel, of whom Randy said: "Laurel's just trouble wrapped in skin." But it was beautiful skin. Maybe Laurel was vicious, but she was undeniably voluptuous. Only Ann knew the anguish that beauty had caused David when Laurel divorced him. Only Ann knew the agonies he had gone through to find a serenity with which he and Ann could face life together.

Now they had to begin all over again—if they could. Randy and Caroline had done all they could to ease the tension of the long wait—through dinner time till after midnight—before David returned to Ann after seeing Laurel for the first time since his marriage. Randy Grimes, the young producer, was David's best friend, as Caroline Hathaway was Ann's own loyal confidante. But they didn't know about the letter. And they didn't hear David's answer, after his haggard return, when Ann asked him:

"Do you lie awake nights, wishing you were dead?"

"Yes," he confessed wretchedly, at last. "I have, ever since Laurel left me."

ANN sat on the edge of Caroline's bed watching her as she rearranged her breakfast tray, putting the coffee where the toast had been and putting the toast where the coffee had been. Caroline leaned back against the pillows and regarded the tray, saying, "I'm really not hungry."

Ann said through her teeth, "Don't sit there thinking about your stomach when I'm ready to break down and howl the house down. I'm smack in the middle of having my heart broken and you push things around on breakfast trays. What shall I do, make a scene? Pack up and go back to the mainland? Or just smile and take it?"

"I can't think on an empty stomach," Caroline said firmly. She selected a piece of toast and munched it thoughtfully. "What did you say last night? After he said he still loved Laurel, I mean."

"I didn't say anything. I just sat there."

"That was clever of you," Caroline said. "It's

HAWAIIAN

always best, when a wall is falling on you, not to move. That makes it quicker."

Ann got up and wandered out onto the balcony. "You haven't answered my question. Shall I pack up and go back to the mainland?"

"And have the press hung around your neck like a window sash after you've been thrown through it? Don't be a fool." In answer to a knock at the door Caroline said, "Come in." Randy came in, looked at the breakfast tray and shuddered.

"Eating," he said, "how can you?"

Caroline threw down a small bit of toast with a look of vexation. "What do people expect me to do, live on air? All I did was to order my own simple little breakfast in my own elaborate room. All I ask is to be allowed to eat it without undue commotion. I didn't ask either of you to come."

"I'm only one," Randy mourned, "except for my head which is four."

Caroline said pettishly, "That wistful tennis dress you see hanging over the balcony has Ann inside it."

"Hello, Ann," Randy said, sinking into a chair.

"Lo," said Ann from outside.

In a conversational tone Caroline informed Randy of developments. "David's in love with Laurel and Ann's heart is breaking. He told her last night."

Ann came back in and stood, her hands locked behind a stiff little back. "I didn't mean for you to tell everybody everything I told you."

"Randy's not everybody," said Caroline, "even though he thinks he is."

Ann said, "What am I going to do, Randy? Could I get appendicitis or something awful and take the Clipper out today?"

"Where is David?" said Randy.

"What does it matter where he is? If he's in love with somebody he's in love with her wherever he is."

Caroline drank her coffee with a ruminative, patient air. "The point is, my sweet, if you and David were private individuals you could come down here and fall in love with somebody different every hour. The public might think you were a little addled but they wouldn't care what you did with your evenings. But you're two of the most public people in the world. David Crawford and Ann Adams on a honeymoon is world news. I suppose you've given that some thought?"

"Consider your career," Randy

said. "Smile for the columnist, dear. Where is David?"

Caroline said, "Why don't you get a new question? Maybe we'd know the answer."

"You can't be on a honeymoon and not know where your husband is!" Randy yelled.

"I can," said Ann.

"She came out last night without even a toothbrush," Caroline said. "She's been curled up beside me all night stuffing the pillow in her mouth so I wouldn't hear her cry. I must say I can think of things more conducive to sleep



A voice said, "Why shouldn't she mention me? I think it's only natural. May I meet your wife, David?" For a moment Ann thought she would snatch the poi cocktail from the waiter and throw it in Laurel's face

meymoon

than Ann when she's in a state." She sat up and balanced the breakfast tray precariously on the edge of the bed. "Now look here. Do you love David?"

"Oh you *are* a fool," Ann said crossly.

"Do you want to get him back?"

"Two," said Randy, "plus two equals four. If we get up to a hundred with this simple addition we'll have a hundred."

Ann said despairingly, "How can I get him back when I've never had him? You can't get around facts."

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRADSHAW CRANDELL

"You can change facts," Caroline said pointedly. "If you weren't married to David and you knew he was in love with somebody what would you do?"

"Nothing."

"No spirit," Caroline said disgustedly.

"Well, if a man is in love," Ann argued, "I've no right to step in."

Caroline moaned, "Now she's being fair. You can help anybody. A sick person, people who are broke, even lunatics can be helped . . . but when a person starts being *fair* . . ." She broke off and looked at Ann. "I'll go back. I'll forget all about this attack of fairness. Just don't do it again. If you knew David had tuberculosis, what would you do?"

"Go crazy."



"That would be a big help to David," Caroline said.

"He hasn't tuberculosis. He's healthy as anything. I was looking at him last night and I thought, 'He'll live for years and years and all those years he'll be living with Laurel.'"

Randy took a piece of cold toast and nibbled experimentally. "Not if the last attempt was any sample," he said.

"You'd try to cure him," said Caroline. "You'd lie awake nights thinking up new climates and new ways to fix milk so he'd like it. Wouldn't you?"

"I expect I would."

"Well," said Caroline. "Laurel's tuberculosis. And believe me, bad tuberculosis."

"No worse than a bad case of tuberculosis," Randy said.

"If you mean I should lie awake nights thinking up new ways to make my husband fall in love with me," Ann said, "I can't think of any more. I thought until I was dizzy before I married him."

"But you didn't lie awake thinking up ways to make him fall out of love with Laurel," said Caroline. "What does he like most about her?"

"Her," Ann said simply.

"Oh God," said Caroline, "with that brain how does anybody direct you? What does he hate most in a woman?"

"Hair on her upper lip and stealing his scenes," Ann said promptly.

Randy said, "Then that's settled. We'll grow some hair on Laurel's upper lip." He got up and wandered unsteadily toward the balcony looking for a place to lean. He found it and, closing his eyes, tried to recapture fragments of the night before. He'd met the pineapple man again after he had left Caroline, but what had happened? What was the man's name? Cooper? Cowper? Vosper? No, it began with an M. Muggins. Masters. Michaelmas. That was Christmas. Malvern. Mustang. That was a horse. Maverick. Calf. Mac. Mac something.

CAROLINE was getting into her Beatrice Fairfax role with a vim. "Now," she said, "if David's love for Laurel were absolutely invincible he wouldn't have been able to marry again. Therefore we are able to assume that to some extent his feelings are divided. You've come between, Ann, and no matter how small the wedge, it's still a wedge. Once there's a space between two people it can always be made bigger. It's half the battle."

Ann said disconsolately, "If you're going to hand me that old saw of making him see a lot of her, don't bother. I should invite her for luncheon, breakfast, tea and dinner. I should let her use my powder and cold cream. I should push her down his throat at every opportunity. Thanks for the advice, but I don't want it."

"Don't shove me back into the Victorian era," Caroline snapped. "I don't like it. What I intended saying was this: There's always a crucial point in a man's love for a woman. If, at that point, the woman does the right thing, the man goes on loving her. If it's the wrong thing he stops loving her without knowing it and from that point on everything is downhill. For instance, I stopped loving my first husband when he had pneumonia."

"What do I care when you stopped loving your first husband?"

"It's just an example," said Caroline. "It was really after, when he began whisking around closing windows and complaining to waiters about the fan being in the wrong place. For a year I couldn't figure out what was wrong with me and then I knew, suddenly. I was living with another Lazarus. Other people had lived through pneumonia and forgotten it, but not Lester. He clung to that pneumonia and lost me. But I shouldn't wonder if he didn't consider that a bargain."

"We're not getting anywhere," Ann said.

(Continued on page 89)



It was radio's loss, when Bill Lundigan of "The Sea Hawk" took a screen test



A girl who has used her head is Mary Howard of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"



In real life Alan Marshal of "Irene" won his girl; but in the movies—never



The story of Donald Crisp of "The Sea Hawk" is also the story of Hollywood from its earliest flicker days



Albert Dekker, the fearful "Dr. Cyclops," has reason to gloat over the ever-so-slight slant to his eyes and pliable face

ROUND-UP OF

Here is our "Meet the People" department—designed to tell you the inside story of eight movie folk who are on their way—up!

BY SARA HAMILTON

Meet the People

TRULY there are goldmines in the sky of Hollywood. Unexpected veins of pure metal that run through the vast mountains of hope and despair. Often we unearth it in the least expected places; in the mind of an eager newcomer, for instance, or deep in the heart of a veteran whom we've never troubled to know. And so, this month, we go on our gold-digging way, bringing you both the young and the experienced of Hollywood, telling you a little of their lives, hopes, ideas and ambitions. Like our new hit show out here, we ask you out there to "Meet the People."

Of Human Bondi

Acid in her voice, love in her heart—how does she do it, this Beulah Bondi of Republic's "The Dark Command" and United Artists' "Our Town"? She has neither experienced overwhelming sorrow (except in average, human measure), and few people have seen her without the warm smile on her lips that springs from a very warm heart and a life of complete fulfillment. Yet, with one quick, easy gesture she can step before a camera and into her eyes will come brooding rebellion; into her voice, the acid quality; into her figure, hopeless despair.

"My face, my body, this visible me, is a malleable instrument through which I work," Beulah explained. "I get a character down deep inside and just naturally let it come out." Her handsome brown eyes smiled, "I'm even wearing a cotton undershirt for my role in 'Our



A smiler off-screen; a character actress on, is Beulah Bondi of "Our Town"



A forerunner of tomorrow is Lynn Bari of "The Life and Loves of Lillian Russell"



Irina Baronova of "Florian" is on her nimble toes when it comes to her career

Familiar Faces

Town.' I'd wear panties with ruffles if it helped."

There's an infectious good feeling about Bondi. She's caught, somehow, somewhere, the secret of living a life of awareness, the way it should be lived, and like lost sheep, people, all sorts of people, flock to her.

Interviewing Beulah is like trying to find out from the Grand Central Station Information desk, when the next train leaves for Hoboken. Interruptions are the order of the day. Guy Kibbee, for instance, popped into the dressing room to talk about food—it seems Guy and Beulah share a love of good food. And then Tommy Mitchell popped in to tell us that in his estimation Beulah is the *honestest*, most down-to-truth actress he knows. "Why, Tommy Mitchell," Beulah beamed, "that's the nicest compliment I ever had."

Bill Holden, eating an enormous hot dog (the hot-dog wagon comes right onto the set), tramped in to smile approval at Beulah. During shots her stand-in told us of Miss Bondi's unselfishness and constant kindness and tact. "I never felt like such a chump in my life," she laughed, "as the day I magnanimously offered to do for her any riding Miss Bondi might have to do in pictures. She smiled sweetly and thanked me. A little later I discovered she's an expert horsewoman who rides every day."

She's the first in her family to become an actress. Her mother had always wanted to be an actress and Beulah feels the ambition and training were passed on to her. For instance, she and her mother would go for a ride in the country. "How many sounds do you hear?" her mother would ask.

"A cowbell, a rooster crowing, the buzz of a bee," Beulah would answer. "No, there are more sounds," her mother would point out. "In the grass, a cricket; a bird over on that tree." In this way Beulah's senses were developed. She became aware.

Chicago gave her birth. Her father was a real estate broker there and after she'd finished Hyde Park High School, he sent Beulah to the

Frances Shimer Academy and later to the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary Convent in Montreal. She finished her education at Valparaiso University, and then began her stage training at Maurice Brown's Little Theater in Chicago. Stuart Walker's stock company, in Minneapolis, and Elitch's Gardens in Denver were stopping places before Broadway—and "Saturday's Children," "Street Scene," "Christopher Bean," and other hits.

"Words spoken in sincerity reap a harvest," she feels. "If I could just play with such stars as Grant Mitchell and Louise Closser Hale," she used to say as a novice. Her first New York show was with Louise Closser Hale and Grant Mitchell in "One of the Family."

She came to Hollywood for "Street Scene" and stayed on to play in one great picture after another. Among them is that gem, "Make Way for Tomorrow."

She has never married. Her mother, past seventy, "smart as a steel trap," lives with her in their San Fernando Valley home, but Beulah spends most of her free days on a Victorville ranch, riding and enjoying her friends who congregate in droves wherever she happens to be; writers, thinkers, do-ers.

She has wit, gaiety, and ease of manner. "Each of us," she says, "creates his own little world of war or peace." Beulah's is a world of peace. A world that reaches out and gathers all who will come within its shining orbit.

The Boy From Syracuse

Movie actor, tell me why
You've grown almost to the sky?
Do you want to be a star
Even long before you are?

By: ME

Bill Lundigan is practically a mile high. Well, not a mile, maybe, but pretty nearly. The nice part of it, though, is that he's taken his boyish-

ness up there with him, but occasionally it seems an awful lot of good-looking boy to have around.

"I've been like this, six-feet-two-inches, since I was a kid," he says, so of course he must be used to it, and in all probability just hasn't learned how (he's only twenty-six) to co-ordinate all of him harmoniously.

He was born in Syracuse, New York, of Michael F. and Martha Elizabeth O'Brien Lundigan. One of his father's shoe stores was in the building that housed the Syracuse Radio System, and after school and on Saturdays, when Bill was supposed to be helping his dad, he was, instead, exploring the wonders of radio. He explored himself right onto the air, too, with bits in plays and sketches. He even left the pre-law department of Syracuse University, to accept a radio announcing job, and thereby he became radio's youngest announcer. Four years later he met a movie scout who suggested a test for Universal. The test clicked, Bill said good-bye to radio and came to Hollywood, possessed of a contract with Universal and a feeling he'd wake up any minute and find it all a dream. Instead he went right on dreaming through the reality of "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" and twenty-eleven other movies. The day his contract was up on that lot, he signed with Warners, made "Dodge City," "The Old Maid," "Three Cheers for the Irish," "The Fighting 69th," and is now sporting a beard to end all beards for his role in "The Sea Hawk." "Everyone thinks I'm with an Orson Welles unit," Bill says, fumbling at the beard.

When things began looking secure, he moved his father (retired), mother (amazed), and three brothers (younger), to Hollywood. Peaceably they all live together, although experience has taught Bill to expect no praise or awe from his family. The morning after sixteen-year-old Brother Bob took his girl to see "Dodge City," Bill waited around for a word of praise. Presently Bob looked up from his breakfast cereal

(Continued on page 92)



Father Prin (left) introduces Explorer Martin Johnson to some of his converts



The Johnsons' first trip to the island stronghold of Cannibal Chief Nagapate almost ended in death, but on their second visit under proper escort the chief posed with Martin for the picture at the top of the page. Above, Osa—star and author of Columbia's forthcoming film "I Married Adventure"—and a small, serious-minded native of the Island of Vao

I MARRIED

Adventure

BY OSA JOHNSON

For thrills and excitement, there's nothing like spending your honeymoon on a cannibal island in the Pacific

The author's daring ventures in unexplored corners of the world have always been front page news, so the announcement that she is recording her fascinating experiences in a movie soon to be released is of special interest. For this reason PHOToplay is happy to publish this excerpt from the autobiography which has been chosen by the Book of the Month Club as its June presentation—"I Married Adventure," by Osa Johnson. Copyright 1940. Used by permission of J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Publishers.

WE had just boarded the freighter *Sonoma* in San Francisco harbor, and I was practically beside myself.

Martin grinned. "Happy?"

"Oh, yes!" That's all I could say.

I had looked forward to getting on the boat and heading for the South Seas as the fulfillment of long-deferred hopes for Martin; that it would hold all this excitement for me was astonishing.

In the light of subsequent expeditions, our equipment was meager to the point of not being equipment at all. It consisted of one hand

crank motion-picture camera, two still cameras with film packs, Jack London's original 30-30 Marlin rifle, two automatic revolvers, and of an importance and inadequacy which I look back on today with amazement, only six thousand feet of motion picture film. What with the difficulties and waste of outdoor photography, this, cut and edited, probably would net little more than footage enough for one short subject, but it was all we could afford.

I glanced at Martin. He was lazily relaxed against the railing.

"Well, aren't you excited?" I demanded.

"Fit to pop," he said.

"You don't look it," I said accusingly.

"Wait till you've embarked as often as I have," he grinned. "You're always excited, but you don't exactly break out in a rash. That only happens the first time."

Actually, for the first time since we were married, I think, I realized that my husband was a much-traveled man. I'd never be able to catch

up with him, of that I was sure, but at least I could get over being a small-town Kansas girl. I determined to grow as fast as possible.

Captain Trask was a big man with a seamed, weathered face, a fine big nose and an air of awe-inspiring authority. I admired him very much and was prouder than ever of my husband when I saw how much the captain liked him. They talked a lot, of places and people I knew nothing about, so I decided the best thing for me would be to listen and learn—and all the more so because it was apparent that the captain had put me down as little, soft and generally useless. He had known Jack and Charmian London, and very pointedly every now and then—squinting at me under his heavy brows—he spoke of Charmian.

"There's a woman for you," he'd say. "She had the soft ways of a kitten and the heart of a lioness, and her beat never lived and never will."

All the way across (Continued on page 81)

Photoplay Presents

AS ITS MAY MOVIE BOOK,

THE FAMOUS AND ENTHRALLING BEST SELLER,

CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS



It was a heartbreaking moment for William Essex (Brian Aherne) when he discovered that his son Oliver (Louis Hayward) was in love with Livia Vaynol (Madeleine Carroll)

My Son, My Son!

By HOWARD SPRING

MY
SON,
MY
SON!

Howard
Spring

From the soul of William Essex came this love for a son who should have everything the father had been denied—except beautiful Livia whom both loved, the son with all the eagerness of youth, the father with the desperation of middle age

I LIKED fetching the washing from the Moserops', and my mother liked washing for Mrs. Moscrop better than for anybody else. That was because Mrs. Moscrop always wrapped a bar of yellow soap in with the washing. There wasn't anyone else who thought of a thing like that.

The Moscrops' shop stood on a corner. When I pushed open the door, there was the familiar, warm, foody smell all about me. Mrs. Moscrop, squat and rounded, came in from the parlor behind the shop. "Oh, the washing!" she said. "It's not quite ready. Just go and talk to Mr. Moscrop in the bakehouse."

Mr. Moscrop cast an eye at me now and then, but he did not speak till all the loaves were on the tables. Then he pulled towards him a long jam roll, took up a knife, struck off an inch or two, and pushed it towards me. In a voice as hoarse as though his throat were choked with flour, he said: "'Ave a pennorth."

But now my heart gave a thump. Two boys were standing outside the window. I knew they would still be there when I came out. They were. I was burdened with that monstrous bundle, the week's washing of the Moserop family. The boys tore open the bundle, scattered its contents in the muddy lane, and ended by pushing me down into the sorry mess, snatching my cap from my head, and making off yelling the eall with which they always assailed me: "Does your mother take in washing?"

Young as I was, I hated all the circumstances of my life. I hated the carrying of bundles of washing. I hated the turning of the mangle, and most of all I hated the close compression of a life that threw us all upon one another by day and night, and made us bite and snarl, and gave no one the chance to be alone. So that when I saw the fine rich houses of the Palatine Road, I burned to be as rich as the people who lived in them.

IT was because our foul range of dungeons mis-called a street was also called Shelley Street that a turn came to my career. In the pleasant rural part to which I had gone one day in my quest for herbs, I lay in the churchyard with my filled basket at my side, and with nothing to do but let the tranquillity of the day drift by till it was time to set out for home. The old man who came into my life at the moment was named Oliver—the Reverend Eustace Oliver.

I don't remember much of what we talked about that afternoon, except that he asked me my name and I said William Essex; and he asked me: "How old are you, William?" and I said twelve; and he asked me where I lived and I said Shelley Street. Then he smiled again, and showed me the book he was carrying, and said: "I often wander down Shelley Street myself."

I didn't know what he was talking about, and said: "I've never seen you there, sir," and he replied patiently: "No, no. I mean I read Shelley. This book, you see—these are Shelley's poems."

That meeting began an easy relationship between us which ended by his offering me employment. The wages were something ridiculous, but I was to have my keep, and Mr. Oliver said he would teach me to read and write. I didn't realize it at the time, but what had happened to me was a chance in a million: I had acquired, and kept for three years, a private tutor of exceptional intelligence and skill at his job.

We were occupied with this business of my education up to nine o'clock one May evening. It had been a beautiful day, and suddenly Mr. Oliver thrust away the work as though he were impatient with it. "That'll do for tonight, William," he said, and walked to the window to look out over the water-meadows towards the last flush of sunset that lingered in the sky. Then, as was his custom, he expressed his deepest emotion in a catchword. "The golden eve-



The O'Riorden and Essex families at Heronwater (left to right) — Rory (Teddy Moorwood), Nellie (Josephine Hutchinson) and William Essex (Brian Aherne), Maeve (Brenda Henderson), Dermot (Henry Hull) and Sheila (Sophie Stewart), and Oliver (Scotty Beckett)

MY SON, MY SON!

BY HOWARD SPRING

ning brightens in the west," he murmured. "Good night, William."

"Good night, sir," I said.

The next morning Mr. Oliver was found dead in his bed.

Mr. Oliver died on a Wednesday. His old friend, Mr. Summerway, a cotton merchant, offered me employment and told me to report to his office in Mosley Street on the following Monday.

"Report to Mr. O'Riorden," Summerway had said to me, and when I came in that morning out of the clear air of May I found Mr. O'Riorden before me. He looked at me from over the top of steel-rimmed spectacles, and said: "So you're Essex? Young and blooming. The good God help ye." He shook his head as though the sight of me filled him with intolerable sadness.

I spent a futile and unhappy morning. There was no place for me, there was no need for me, in the office. I was to receive fifteen shillings a week, and I saw no means of earning it.

At one o'clock O'Riorden said: "William, haven't you brought any lunch?"

"No, Mr. O'Riorden," I said.

"Then you'd better come with me."

I thanked him for bringing me out, and finding him in a friendly mood I suddenly blurted out the truth about my loneliness, of the life I had led for the last three years which had made the prospect of returning to live with my family in our dingy house so unpleasant that I had resolved not to go home again.

"'Tis a hell of a thing," he said, looking at me compassionately, "when ye're not aisy with yer own flesh and blood. What would ye say now to coming home with me? There's only me an' the missus and Dermot. You'll have to share a room with Dermot. He's seventeen."

I lived with the O'Riordens for five years, and very happy years they were. I have the clearest recollection of the great kindness with which I was received, of the simple frank acceptance of the fact that here was a boy whom Father had brought home because he wanted somewhere to live, and somewhere to live he should have.

Dermot was rather a pale-faced redhead, quite

unlike either of his parents. His eyes were pale, and he had long gawky wrists covered with fine gold hair. He accepted me with the friendliness his mother had shown. He was working for a cabinet-maker, and as we shook hands I saw that there was a fine powdering of sawdust in his eyebrows and in the hair on his wrists.

That first night we ate Lancashire hot-pot, and then we ate apple dumplings and then we all had a cup of hot strong tea. It was a satisfactory evening meal as Lancashire understood it.

Afterwards Dermot made a sign with his head. "Come and have a look at this," he said.

We walked into the small shed which leaned against the end wall of the garden. "This is my place," Dermot said. "What d'you think of it?"

He ran his hand lovingly over a piece of work that stood on the bench, up and down the planks that leaned against the wall. "Oak. Ash. Walnut. Teak." His voice sounded as Mr. Oliver's had done when he was reading a poem.

I had evidence that first night of another passion in Dermot's life. Mr. and Mrs. O'Riorden had gone to bed when we came in from the workshop. Dermot took a candle and preceded me up the stairs to our room. The light of the candle fell upon a eared frame that hung on the wall. The frame was round a piece of parchment on which three names were inscribed in red ornamental lettering. I read them aloud: Allen, Larkin, O'Brien.

"Ever heard of them?" Dermot asked. I turned at the strange harshness of his voice and saw his eyes glinting green in the candlelight.

"No," I said.

"You'll hear about them some day. They were the Manchester Martyrs."

I WAS seventeen years old when I sat down on a winter night in the cold bedroom and, using the freezing marble slab of the washstand for a writing table, embarked upon a novel whose rich perspectives faded away into the distances of my mind clothed in all the circumstances of a *Copperfield* or *Newcome*.

That evening was notable because it was the beginning of long, gruelling work, and it was notable

too, because I found that all the bright ideas that filled my head were specters which retreated as I advanced upon them. They wouldn't be pinned down. It was a barren and humiliating evening.

And then Dermot came in, bringing Sheila Nolan with him. Dermot was nineteen then, and very tall, every hair of him red as a fox, but white in the face. Sheila Nolan was a dark slip of a thing: Dark waving hair framed her olive face that had a moist red mouth and eyes as black as blackberries and as glistening. She was a grand girl. They were married the next year.

WHEN Dermot was gone I began to feel miserable in Ancoats. I had an objective, but my scribbled exercise books were not satisfying things like Dermot's chairs and tables and sideboards. And I wanted money. I did not think my writing would ever bring me much. But money I must have.

There was a horse-omnibus at that time running between Manchester and Didsbury. I often traveled by it on a Saturday afternoon as far as the Old Cock inn, drank a glass of beer, and walked back along the Palatine Road into Manchester.

On one of those walks I found myself standing in what had once seemed so golden an oasis: The patch of yellow light in front of Moscrop's shop. It had always been a friendly place to me, and, impelled by a craving for company, I pushed the door. The well-remembered bell gave its unmusical "tang"; the warm familiar odor of new bread and spiced cake came to my nostrils. But the dear little squat figure of Mrs. Moscrop was not behind the counter. Instead, there was a girl whom I did not recognize, a plain and dowdy creature, who did not look any the more handsome now because she was trembling with fright.

The cause of her fright did not recognize me, but I knew him at once for one of my tormentors in days of old, one of the boys who had pursued me and trampled upon the washing. The whole scene rushed back upon me; my agony of humiliation, my mother's face when she looked upon the filthy mess that I had brought home. I could hardly see the man before me, because of the tides of hate that surged suddenly into my head and clouded my eyes.

Of all this the young man was unaware. In a loud voice he was addressing the girl who shivered behind the counter: "And you can tell Mr. Moscrop that in future 'e can drive 'is own 'orse—see? If you can call the spavined, wind-broken, galled creature an 'orse—see?"

The words fell like blows upon the girl. She clapped her hands over her ears and was near to sobbing.

"Dainty, ain't yer?" the man went on. "Yes, dainty an' religious, too. I know. Yer don't like my language, do yer? An' I don't like this job. I won't be 'ere on Monday. Wot about a nice bit o' cake for a partin' gift?"

He strode towards the counter and made a grab at a fine Dundee cake. The girl grabbed at the same time, and the cake was crumbling beneath their pulling hands. Then the man lifted a hand to strike, but at that moment all the emotions that were tormenting me came to a head in a red fury. I had never struck a man in anger before, and instinct rather than science went into the blow. I caught him under the chin with all the weight of my body behind my fist. He went down with a grunt, and didn't move. There was an empty flour sack lying in a corner of the shop. I pulled it over his head, stuffed the cake in after him, and without a word to the girl hauled him out onto the pavement.

WHEN I got back to the shop, old Moscrop was sitting in an armchair in the middle of it. The girl was still behind the counter, reading now. I could see at a glance that the book she held was the Bible. Old Moscrop had changed. He had always been a stout man. Now he was immense.

He didn't stir when I came into the shop. Only the lids of his eyes went up, and he said in a voice that seemed to come whistling and wheezing out of a complicated series of tubes: "Well! William, isn't it? William Essex?"

Even so few words seemed to exhaust him. His great chest heaved and he gasped for breath. The girl pushed up the hinged part of the counter and came and knelt beside him. I recognized her now. She was Nellie Moscrop, the ugly shy little girl whom I used to see sometimes peeping from the parlor into the shop, always with a finger in her mouth. As she came out now from behind the counter, I saw that she really had hardly changed at all, except to become bigger and ungainlier and, if possible, shyer. But she gave me a timid smile, and said: "Thank you for helping me just now,"

and then to her father she said: "I'll light one of your pastilles."

From a box she took a pastille, placed it on a saucer, and put a light to it. Heavy fumes began to fill the room, and Moscrop's large nostrils flared as he breathed them in.

"He's a bad lot, yon Ackroyd," old Moscrop said. "He's been driving the van for a month, forgetting half the customers, and coming back drunk as often as not. If he hadn't cleared out, I'd have cleared him. And now there's Monday."

So we talked, and it was evident that the old fellow was pleased to spread out his little worries. His wife had been dead for two years. His own health was very bad. He could no longer do anything but supervise. He had a man working in the bakehouse. "Then there's the man to do the round," he said. "And no one to do it, anyway, on Monday. And what about you, William? What have you been doing all these years?"

I told him as much as I wanted him to know. He looked at me shrewdly. "You sound restless. You don't sound settled," he said. "What about doing the round on Monday?"

The question took me so much by surprise that I broke into a roar of laughter. The idea of driving a baker's van as the next step in the career of a man who intended to be very rich seemed gloriously comic. Nellie look at me reproachfully. "It was my idea," she said. "I suggested it to Father. You'd live in, of course."

And suddenly I perceived that the old man and the girl deeply desired this to happen. They were lonely and helpless. My blow had introduced me in the character of a hero. Something in the situation suggested to my mind that it had advantages. So I said: "Forgive my laughter, Mr. Moscrop. It was just the idea of laying a man out and then stealing his job. I'd like to come to you. I don't know anything about the work. But I'd like to come."

Thus it was that I became deeply acquainted with the solid comfort of the Moscrop household. These were the cosiest private quarters I had ever struck. My hopes of writing soared.

In this happy and hopeful mood, I put my few clothes away, arranged my books on the top of the chest of drawers, and sat down for a moment in the wicker chair to give myself a sense of proprietorship. Then I put a writing pad and a pen on the table. Yes; it looked very workmanlike. I put out the gas and when I got downstairs, I found Moscrop was settling down for the evening. "Well?" he asked.

"You're being too kind to me, Mr. Moscrop," I said. "It's a lovely room, and I'm going to be very comfortable in it."

"That's all Nellie's doing. And now I want you to do something for her. Just go along to chapel with her this evening. I don't like Nellie coming home from the evening service alone."

The proposal took me aback. I had never attended a chapel in my life. Always, while I lived at Mr. Oliver's, I had attended service in church twice on a Sunday. Since leaving him I had gone nowhere. I was impelled to blurt out some excuse; but Nellie, standing there as though in no possible doubt of my compliance, weakened me. "Right," I said, "I'll go up and get my overcoat."

I AM not going on from this to tell you that a change came over my spiritual life from that night. Nothing of the sort. The significance of that night was that it was the first step towards my marriage with Nellie Moscrop. Accompanying Nellie became a habit, and the habit landed me into marriage; but a good deal was to happen before that.

To begin with, there was the business of learning the bread round. A few days told me all I wanted to know about that.

Driving up and down the little streets, watching the grey plumes of smoke rise so numberlessly over the houses, into the clear cold blue one winter day, I began to feel the fascination of all these lives, to realize that here under my hand and eye were tales without end. An impatience stirred in me to be back at Moscrop's, to get to my room, and to begin some work that would matter.

When supper was cleared away that night Moscrop asked: "Would you like to go with Nellie tonight?" "I'd rather not—not now. I rather wanted to work tonight. You see, I'm trying to write a book."

Then I noticed Nellie's face. It was lit up with excitement. She was gazing at me as though I had just been made poet laureate. "How marvelous!" she said. "A book!" I had never seen her so animated. "I shall pray for its success and your

success as a writer," she said, very sincerely.

Old Moscrop said: "But what about the bakery when I'm gone?" And there it was, the cat out of the bag, all that he had been turning over in his heavy mind during the last few days suddenly revealed. Nellie flushed and went quickly away.

THE farthest point of the bread round touched the comfortable suburb of Withington, and on a day in the following October as I was driving down a Withington street I was hailed by name. "Hi, Bill!" Dermot O'Riorden was leaning from a bedroom window. I pulled up, and soon Dermot came running down the short garden path. I fastened the horse's reins to a ring in the coachhouse wall, and walked with Dermot to the front door.

"You're looking prosperous." I said. "This your house?"

"No," said Dermot. "This is a job I've been doing—the biggest job I've had yet. I'm not just a cabinetmaker any more. I take over the whole show and make it beautiful. And I want to find a new name for myself. How's this: Maker of beautiful furniture and decorator of interiors?"

Common enough now. Everyone is an interior decorator today. But Dermot O'Riorden was the first man I heard use the words.

"Hallo, there! Anyone in?" a voice shouted from the hall, and Sheila walked into the room, carrying a basket. "The boss's lunch," she said. She shook hands and invited me to share the lunch. "There's enough for three."

But it was already more than time that I was off. "You must come and see us, Bill," Sheila said then. "Tomorrow night?"

I said I'd be there. Then I left, leaving Sheila unpacking the lunch basket on the lovely table. I shouted back through the open window: "I may bring a friend."

Now why had I said that? Why did the idea come to me to take Nellie Moscrop to see Dermot and Sheila?

Altogether, there was no doubt that Nellie was in love with me. I didn't feel even an egotistical pride that, without effort, I had achieved this miracle. It was hardly possible to conceive one human being less enthusiastic about another than I was about Nellie. And yet those words I had shouted to Dermot put the whole situation on a different footing. Hitherto, we had gone nowhere together save at her invitation. Now, for the first time, I was proposing to invite her. The words had come almost unconsciously to my lips. I remembered old Moscrop's question: "But what about the bakery when I'm gone?" Was that it? The bakery was not grandeur, but it was a sort of security. It was a place where a man could be his own boss, and get down in comfort to other things which he might wish to do. I was not aghast at this sudden beam of insight into my own mind. I just shut off the beam quickly and drove home.



We walked all the way to Dermot's house the next night. Dermot and Sheila both came to the door full of welcome, and when they had drawn us into their sitting room, even Nellie's reticence dropped enough to permit the exclamation to be drawn from her: "How beautiful!"

"Just advertisement," said Dermot. "I've got to stun my clients."

He produced a bottle of wine from the dresser. "This to grace a rare occasion," he announced, "the receipt by Dermot O'Riordan of his first check. My client has paid up today, with a handsome testimonial thrown in." He held the bottle of burgundy towards Nellie's glass. "Miss Moscrop, permit me."

Nellie, with a little panic-stricken gesture, placed her hand over the glass. "I'm a teetotaler," she said, in a small frightened voice. Sheila at once filled her glass from the water jug.

"You, Bill?" Dermot asked.

"Yes. We must drink to the check." We drank to the check, and Dermot and Sheila drank to me and Nellie, and we then drank to them. It was all rather silly and childish, but happy and friendly, and when the two girls had put on aprons and carried the things to the scullery, Dermot and I went back to the sitting room. He took out a tobacco pouch and began to fill a pipe. "My latest vice," he said. "Haven't you taken to it?"

"No." "Oh, you must," he said. "That's what's wrong with your writing. Come on now, I insist on buying you a pipe out of my first check. You buy me something when you get yours."

"Good. That's a bargain." He shouted to Sheila that he'd be back in a minute, and we plunged out into the short bleak street to the tobacconist's shop on the corner. Dermot bought me the best brier pipe the shop had, together with an ounce of Smith's Glasgow Mixture, and I bought myself a red rubber tobacco pouch. The counter was strewn with cheap periodicals. Dermot took one up. It was called *Titbits*. "Stick that in your pocket and study it when you get home," he said. "That's how you'll make money to begin with."

Then we wandered back through the cold foggy dark. It was not till we were just outside the door that Dermot said: "That girl's in love with you. Did you know that?"

"Yes." "So long as you know. She's a good girl." Midnight! When I told Nellie the time, she nearly fainted. She had never before been out at midnight. Late hours and sin were almost synonymous in her mind. We left hastily for home.

As I followed Nellie into the house I sensed that something was wrong. The pungent smell of old Moscrop's asthma pastilles filled the place. I had expected the old man to be in bed, but I found him, gripping the arms of his chair, his whole body rigid. The wheezing of his labored breath filled the room.

"I'll get the doctor," I said. The doctor himself helped me to put Moscrop to bed. When we came down, he said: "You ought to know that the old boy's in a rotten way. Asthma's bad enough but the old man's heart's in a frightful state. He may live for years. He may pass out next time he has an attack."

I sat down in the old man's big chair and pondered over the evening and when I rose to go at last to bed, I knocked off the arm of the chair a sheaf of papers, and as I picked them up my eye ran over a page covered with penciled figures. "Say £5250," I read; then shamelessly I read the whole thing through. Moscrop had been figuring out the pros and cons of his earthly goods, and had arrived at the conclusion that he was worth "say £5250."

It was a surprisingly large sum for a back-street baker, but the paper showed that he had made a few farseeing investments. It would be a comfortable sum for a man to have behind him if he wanted to write. At that thought, I sat down again and pondered my position. In cold blood I made up my mind then and there to marry Nellie Moscrop.

THE room which had been my bed-sitting-room became now my study. I moved into Nellie's bedroom, and that was the only change in domestic habits brought about by the wedding. I was afraid that Nellie would be possessive, that she would want me now to spend all my spare time with her and Moscrop, but nothing of the sort happened.

When my day's work was over, Nellie would chase me away to my study. "Get on with your book," she would say, and old Moscrop would lift his heavy lids and say: "Aye, she'll make a great man of you."

But in my study, which I had managed to make cosy with bookshelves and a carpet, I was not working at a book. The paper called *Titbits* which Dermot had thrust into my hand was occupying my attention. The sort of stuff it contained seemed so easy to write, and yet I think I tore up twenty efforts before I had completed one that I liked. It was called "Lodging-Houses in Winter." *Titbits* accepted it, printed it, and paid me thirty shillings for it. That article hangs in my study today. I suppose I am a sentimentalist, but I wouldn't sell for a lot of money that framed article.

There was great excitement at Moscrop's when that first check came. The old man advised the opening of a bank account, venturing to coin a

phrase about saving the shillings and the pounds taking care of themselves. Nellie was as pleased and excited as though another "Jane Eyre" had come out of the purlieu of Hulme. But I remembered my promise to give Dermot a present out of my first check. I bought him a silver-headed malacca cane, and on a February night I walked around to Ancoats with it.

"You're just in time to see the grand performance," said Sheila, who came to the door.

In the kitchen Dermot sat at the table on which were spread dozens of small pieces of carved box-wood. "Feel it," he said, pushing one across to me. "It's like ivory."

It was: A minute but lovely bit of carving. "But what are they?" I asked.

"Toys for Rory," Sheila said with a happy smile, leaning on the back of Dermot's chair.

Dermot began fitting the pieces together. "It's an old English village, you see," he said, "every detail guaranteed true to the facts of the case. Any child can put it together."

"Any child?" I said.

"Well," he laughed, "any child that's lucky enough to have it, and that'll be Rory."

But I was thinking far beyond that now. "Dermot," I said, as he packed the pieces into a box he had made, "let me take these home to show them to Nellie, will you? Rory won't be born for a month, you know, and he won't be fitting these things together for a bit after that."

"Go on then," said Dermot, "but mind what you're doing with them."

Then I produced the malacca cane and told him about the article in *Titbits*. We drank to it in a glass of stout apiece—but if they had known how far that article was by now from my mind! With the precious box under my arm I hurried away, my head swimming with grandiose dreams.

THAT was how the business began which was known as "Easifix Toys." It was a good thing that I had faith. No one else believed in Easifix Toys. Dermot thought it was an amusing pastime. Certainly he'd carve his little toys. It gave him something to do in the evenings. Especially now that Sheila couldn't go out. For there was Maeve to look after now. Not Rory, but Maeve—Maeve with a black down on her head and her little monkey face puckered in a grin half the day. And there'd be Rory all right some day. Never doubt it.

So Dermot carved away, and his pale eyes lighted with laughter at my enthusiasm. "Ach," he said, "it'll be money for jam—if it comes off." And then, more gravely: "But, Bill, I don't like it. There are you, putting your capital into this thing, and all I have to do is what I'd be doing anyway. And yet you call me a director, and we split fifty-fifty. It's not sense."

"Fifty-fifty's fair," I argued. "You showed me an outlet for my capital that I'd never have thought of without you."

"Your capital, my hat!" Sheila mocked; and of course that was a sore point for it wasn't my capital at all. It was Nellie's capital.

I was thinking of that as I sat one morning at breakfast. Alone with Nellie. There was no Moscrop now. Of course there was no Moscrop, or there would have been no capital.

I had been unable to interest her in the affairs of the Easifix Company. Moscrop had left nearer six than five thousand pounds. Every penny was hers, and I found it no easy matter to open the subject of throwing the money upon the waters in the hope of a goodly return. But once I had done so, she was acquiescent, resigned. If she had heartily backed the gamble, I could more bravely have faced failure. But to lose the money of this spiritless woman would have cut me deeply.

Nellie did not like to see anything changed, but change enough soon came. I had finished with Moscrop's bakery for good. It continued to exist, but an efficient man ran it. All my time now was being given to Easifix Toys.

We were all going ahead. Dermot had his fine new showrooms. There was his new house, too. He had moved in last week. "I don't want Rory to be born in Ancoats," he said, because now Rory was on the way once more. "And I want to show off, too," he added, with a grin. "I'm having a grand party to warm the house. Grand for me, anyway. There'll be four of us: me and Sheila, you and Nellie." He paused for an almost imperceptible moment, then added: "If Nellie'd care to come?" People were beginning to feel like that about Nellie.

She came, though. I think she felt rather uncomfortable in Dermot's house. It was a great contrast to the cosy jumble of our own place. Six candles without shades burned in a row down the long table, which Sheila had laid beautifully. "Not that I ought to be here," she said with a laugh. "The man's mad, asking people tonight, with Rory expected at any minute. Ach, ye young devil, I couldn't be surprised if ye interrupted the party."

Nellie gave her a shocked and wondering look; but Sheila took her gaily by the arm and led her away to see little Maeve, who had been put to bed.

Sheila's prophecy that the baby would interrupt the party was fulfilled. Late that night when the doctor and nurse were upstairs with her, and Nellie

had departed for home, Dermot and I were in the small coachhouse at the side of the garden which he had fitted up into a lovely workshop. As a man will at such times, Dermot began talking about the plans he had for his son, and his plan was that Rory should enter into the bitter fight of freeing Ireland from England, as Dermot himself had hoped to do.

"If I could have gone to Ireland," he said, "and worked for Ireland—in Ireland—and perhaps died for Ireland, I'd have done it. But I had to work for my living and then I got married and there's Maeve and there'll be more. I've had to choose what channels I should put my energies into and I've chosen for good and all. But I'm no less an Irishman for that. I can still give something to Ireland. All that I should have liked to do can still be done. If I have a son it shall be done. My son shall go to Ireland. He shall learn to be an Irishman, as I am not. So now you know what I want most passionately in this world for my son." His rare pale smile lit his face. "And what about you, Bill?" he said. "What's your scheme for the next generation?"

I recharged and lit my pipe before answering. "Well, Dermot, it comes to roughly what you want yourself. That is to say, I want to realize in my son all that I have missed myself. I've been poor in a way that even you have never known. I've been lonely and miserable and lacking in all that children should have in a decent world. If I have a son, I just want him to have everything. I'll work my fingers to the bone to give him everything he asks for and, seeing him enjoying it, I'll enjoy it myself and live my life over again from the beginning, but differently. Do you approve?"

He looked at me gravely. "I don't know," he said. "You'll spoil him."

"I'll chance it. I'll give him a lovely life."

And so, Rory, and so, Oliver, we settled your destiny for you, Dermot and I, sitting there in that room at midnight with the smoke from our pipes dimming the light, and the merciful veils of the future dimming our eyes.

BUT Rory was not born that night. That time it was Eileen; and when Rory was born I was not so excited, because Oliver was born the same night.

Before we were married, Nellie always called me Bill. Now she called me William. I hated being called William, but Bill was too frivolous for Nellie when she had fully entered into a matron's estate.

When Eileen O'Riordan was three months old, I walked home from Dermot's house full of discontents. It was an August day, and the pavements sweltered. The thought of Dermot's home with its little garden, its few trees and bushes suddenly made me resolve to have done with Hulme forever.

In this mood I reached home, and walked into the living room. As soon as I entered Nellie said: "William, I'm going to have a child."

I felt neither glad nor sorry, simply surprised, so surprised that I said nothing. Nellie asked: "Aren't you glad?" And I said: "Yes, my dear. Yes, of course. I hope it'll be a boy."

"I want a daughter," she said.

"Well, whichever it is," I told her, "don't let's have it born here. We're well off, Nellie, and we're going to be better off. Let's get out of Hulme and let the child have a start in fresh air with something beautiful to look at."

"But, William, I've spent all my life here. . . ."

I said no more that night. But the next day I wandered along the Wilmslow Road till I came to a little lane leading down to the Mersey, and just beyond that was a house standing back from the road at the end of a long narrow garden. A noticeboard said "To Let."

It was called The Beeches, and I knew I was going to live at The Beeches as soon as I had pushed open the front gate. Under Dermot's advice, I had the place decorated from top to bottom before a word was said to Nellie.

We let Nellie into the secret bit by bit, and she rather grudgingly allowed herself to be persuaded. There was a Wesleyan chapel a few hundred yards down the road, and I think that helped.

On a May midnight in the following year, when the beech leaves in the garden were in their loveliest green, I walked up and down, up and down, while a cold moon climbed over, and the leaves sighed and murmured. When they told me I could see Nellie and the child I crept upstairs with a heart near to bursting. It was not till I had left the room again that I realized I had hardly looked at Nellie. I brought out with me nothing but a memory of a small face with eyes screenly closed, and a little down-tufted skull, and a long thin hand exquisitely shaped, into which I longed to pour the world.

A few hours earlier Sheila's third child was born, and that time it was Rory.

PART II

IT was a hot June day. From the dining room, while I ate my lunch, I could look down the long garden and see the perambulator in the shade of the beeches. I liked it to be there, where I could see it and think of Oliver's blue eyes gazing up into the wonderland of waving leaves.

"May I wheel him out this afternoon?" I asked. Nellie looked at me with her myopic eyes. "Can I

trust you to be careful?" she asked.

"You can that."

"Well, don't be away for more than an hour or an hour and a half."

A moment later I was pushing Oliver along the Wilmslow Road, putting my educational theories into practice. No baby-talk. "Trees!" I exclaimed as we passed beneath the green branches that hung over garden walls; and "Horses!" I said boldly as they trotted by. But Oliver's silken lids had fallen over his eyes and his head drooped sideways on his neck like a heavy flower on its stalk.

I had reached the gates of the large house called the Priory, when coming towards me from the Withington direction I saw Dermot, pushing a pram. "I was bringing Rory to see you," he shouted when he was twenty yards away.

"I was bringing Oliver to see you."

The prams came to a halt. Dermot bent over Oliver's pram, and I bent over Rory's. Rory was awake, feet kicking, grey eyes looking earnestly up at the leaves above him.

"This beggar's asleep," said Dermot. "I wanted them to meet."

"Put your hand behind his back and lift him up," I said.

So Dermot heaved Oliver to a sitting position and held him there, and I held Rory. Oliver opened his eyes, and the two children gazed at one another for a moment with solemn scrutiny. Then Oliver's face puckered up in smiles, and Rory, after a doubtful moment, smiled too. They leaned towards one another, and soon their hands met and their fingers interlaced. They clutched, smiling broadly.

"Well, what d'you think of that?" said Dermot.

"Shaking hands at one month! If these two don't make good friends, no one ever will."

MY visual memory is very good. In memory now I am sitting at the window of my study, looking down the long garden. A year has passed since the day when Rory and Oliver met. It is a hot, still day, and an extraordinary sense of contentment is in my heart. On the desk is a novel called "The Unkindest Cut." I look again and again at the title page. "By William Essex." I can't get over it. I never have got over the excitement of seeing my name on a title page; but that first time it was like an exaltation. The book had arrived that morning.

In the garden, Nellie and Sheila sat sewing. The children were sprawling on the lawn: Maeve, who was now a beautiful child, Eileen, Rory, and Oliver.

Maeve had ranged the three of them on cushions. "Eileen is fat," she chanted. "She will never be as beautiful as Maeve, because Maeve is an Irish queen."

"Maeve is a conceited little monkey," Sheila shouted.

Maeve went on unperturbed. "Rory is a dark fat baby, but Rory is a better boy than Oliver. Oliver is the most beautiful baby I have ever seen. But I do not like Oliver. If I put my finger in Rory's mouth, Rory sucks it. But if I put my finger in Oliver's mouth, he tries to bite it."

Nellie said nothing, but her lip trembled.

Another vivid memory is the winter after Oliver's sixth birthday. We had extended the times of our intimacy. Instead of reading to him after he had been put to bed, I now had him in my study every evening between tea time and his bedtime, which was at half-past six.

Well, one night Oliver was in a talkative mood. He roamed along the bookcases, and presently pulled out a book at random and looked through it, as he would often do, for a word he didn't know. It was one of our favorite games at that time. Endless "conversations," which he loved, began with a word. I lit my pipe and waited for him. He brought the book to the hearthrug and lay at my feet. "Covetousness," he announced at last, boggling the pronunciation. "What does covetousness mean?"

"It means wanting what isn't yours."

"Is covetousness wrong?" he asked, stumbling again at the word.

"It's like a great many other things, my dear boy. If you allow it to get the upper hand of you, so that you would even steal in order to have the thing you covet, then it is wrong. You see that, don't you?" He nodded gravely.

Then we were interrupted. There was a loud tattoo at the door, and Dermot's voice shouted: "May I come in, Bill?"

Rory was with him, and Rory rushed into the room, shouting: "Where's 'The Cuckoo Clock?' I want 'The Cuckoo Clock.'"

"You want a smack on the bottom," said Dermot, his red beard bristling with mock anger. "Is that the way to dash into a gentleman's room, heathen that you are? Say good evening to your Uncle Bill."

"I left 'The Cuckoo Clock' yesterday," said Rory. "We read it in your room, and I left it there."

"You took it home," Oliver said.

"He did not then, my young cock," said Dermot, "unless he lost it on the way, because I was there when he got home, and there was no book with him."

Oliver looked Dermot full in the eye. "We'd better look in my room," he said.

We cast our eyes along the books in the case. There was no "Cuckoo Clock," but there was a book I had not seen before, and I thought I knew every

book in that small library, which I had myself assembled. The book that caught my eye had been covered in brown paper, and in gaudy lettering done in water color I read: "Adventures."

I pulled the book out. "This is a new one," I said. "Where did you get this from, Oliver?"

He leapt to take the book from me. I held him back with one hand, surprised at his sudden vehemence. "Here—steady!" I said. Then, as I began to flip over the pages, the color drained from his face and he stood deathly still. I felt my heart suddenly hammer, and I wondered if I looked as pale as he did. "The Cuckoo Clock," I read at the top of every page as it flipped past my eyes. Cuckoo Clock! Cuckoo Clock! Liar! Thief! Oliver!

"This looks good," I said. "We'll go through it together. Well, Dermot, you've drawn a blank. Are you sure you didn't lose the book, Rory?"

Rory looked doubtful. "I might've done," he said. The color flowed back to Oliver's cheeks. "You must have done!" he cried, and for the first time in my life I could have struck him.

Dermot led Rory from the room. In a moment I tore the wrapping from the book, dropped it behind the bookcase, and threw the book into Oliver's easy chair sticking a cushion on top of it. Then I shouted: "Just a minute, Dermot—a last chance"; and when he and Rory were back in the room I pulled away the cushion. Rory's face creased in his ugly, attractive grin. "I knew," he said, and went away happy with his treasure.

I didn't know what to do. I looked at Oliver for a moment, and he returned my look, level and unblinking. Then he smiled, the beautiful smile, confident of its power, that I had never been able to resist. I did not return it.

"Oliver," I said, "why did you steal Rory's book?"

"I didn't steal it."

"But there it was—in your bookcase. You must have put it there?"

"Yes."

"And you covered it and wrote 'Adventures' on it so that Rory wouldn't know it was his book."

"Yes."

"And you said that Rory had taken it with him, though you knew he hadn't. Wasn't that a lie?"

"Yes, it was a lie. But I didn't steal the book."

"If that isn't stealing, what do you call it?"

"Don't you see?" he said frankly. "I took it because it was Rory's. I love Rory. I wanted to have something belonging to Rory. Rory loves 'The Cuckoo Clock,' so I wanted to have it. You believe what I said, don't you," he asked.

"Yes, old boy."



Nellie said I was spoiling Oliver. "Do you think it's nothing to me to see him growing up to be a cheat and a liar?" she demanded

"Then that's all right." He gave a great sigh as though my good opinion were all that mattered.

I was about to run straight to my study, when the drawing-room door opened and Nellie came out. She stood like a grey uneasy ghost in the doorway, and said: "What are you going to do about Oliver?"

"Do?" I said.

She swung round, and said in a rising voice: "Whether I'm anything to you or not, I'm the child's mother. D'you think it doesn't matter to me that he's growing up a cheat and a liar?" I had never known her so perturbed. "What are you going to do about it?" she insisted.

"I don't see that we can do anything except give the boy our care and love."

At that she laughed, almost hysterically. "Love!" she cried. "A pretty idea you've got of love! Do you call it love to bring a child up to think he can do what he likes without taking the consequences? Give him everything—more money in a week than I saw in a year at his age, more clothes than any child needs, presents, games, expensive schools, everything he fancies or dreams of—give it to him—that's your idea of love. Well, it isn't mine."

"Oliver is my child," she continued, "as well as yours. Bear that in mind. I know I'm nobody in this house. But so far as Oliver's concerned, I'm

going to exist from now on. D'you hear?"

"What do you propose should be done about the present case?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"I think he should be thrashed."

"I don't."

"You haven't got the strength to do your duty."

"Put it that way if you like. If you have no other suggestion, I may as well go."

I went in my room I drew the curtains but did not light the lamp. I sat in the dark, in no mood to read or to write. I heard Nellie's step pass the door, and assumed that she was going to bed. A moment later Oliver's voice could be heard, murmuring uncertainly, as though he had been awakened from sleep. Then the voice sharpened to a cry of protest: "No! Don't!"

I leapt from the chair, and as I hurried across the landing that divided my room from his, he gave a howl of pain. Nellie had pulled back the bedclothes and stripped off his pajama jacket. With her left hand she was holding Oliver face-downward on the bed. With her right she was lashing his back with a cane. "Cheat! Liar! Thief!" she cried. Her face was inhuman with cold fury. The child's cries tore my heart, and every blow seemed to bite into my own shrinking flesh.

I was across the room in a stride, and seized her wrist as her hand was aloft for another blow. "Stop!" I shouted. "Are you mad?"

She turned towards me, panting. "I am doing your work," she gasped.

Oliver had stopped shrieking when the blows ceased. He lay with his head buried in his arms, his body shaking with sobs. I tore the cane from Nellie's hand and swung it up over my head.

She faced me calmly, though her breast was stormy with effort and emotion. "Strike me," she said. "That's all it needs now—strike me."

My arm, lifted above my head, remained as though frozen, and then suddenly I felt the cane wrested from my hand. Oliver had leapt erect upon the bed. "Don't!" he screamed hysterically. "Don't hit my mother!" He lashed with the cane swiftly at my head, his face contorted with passion. I ducked, and took the puny blow on my shoulder. Then, as though all life had gone suddenly out of her, Nellie collapsed in a weeping heap upon the bed. Oliver threw the cane to the floor, knelt over her, fondling her and murmuring endearments. She cast herself full-length on the bed and took him in the crook of her arm. "Oliver! Darling—my darling!" she sobbed, and he snuggled closer to her, crooning like a dove. "Mummy! Dear, dear mummy!"

I shook my head as though to clear it of illusions and went back to my room.

IT was Dermot who found Heronwater. He was staying then in Falmouth. I had been working hard, and welcomed the excuse to take a few days' holiday. I packed a bag and traveled to London, saw my publishers, stayed the night at the old Golden Cross Hotel, and left for Falmouth the next morning. Dermot was waiting at the station.

Looking ahead as the boat chugged forward, I could see on the right-hand bank a small landing place. As we drew nearer, it defined itself as a quay whose side to the water had been stoutly fortified by a wall of grey granite blocks. There were steps leading up to the level land that had been cut in the bank. A few sheds stood there, and behind them the trees rose to the line of the blue sky.

"Look!" said Dermot. "Halfway up. Can you see the house?"

You could just see it, deep among the cliff-side trees, and you could not imagine anything more peaceful, anything more free from strain and fret, than that house with the elms and oaks about it, and the water below it, and the lift of the sky above it.

"That's it," said Dermot. "That's what I brought you to see."

The engine was shut off. In perfect silence the boat drifted in to the steps. The boatman grasped a ring in the wall and we stepped ashore.

"Heronwater," said Dermot. "That's what they call this place. Lovely, isn't it?" He strutted up and down the little quarterdeck of quay. "The place is for sale," he added casually. "I thought you might like to buy it."

I nearly fell off the log. "Have you had the cheek to drag me down here to make an idiotic proposal like that?" I said. But even as I spoke I knew that the idea had hit at my imagination.

AND so it was that I bought Heronwater, and it became a convention for the O'Riorden and Essex families to spend August there. Those holidays now telescope themselves in my memory. There is the memory of Captain Judas, whose boat the *Jezebel*, was always anchored off shore. A queer, lovable old man, in whose mind an early sea disaster and the fact that his name was Jude Iscariot had developed the illusion that he was Judas Iscariot, falsely accused of betraying his Master. In Oliver, Captain Judas fancied he beheld the young Christ, and this belief led him to an adoration of the lad almost as great as my own.

There is the memory of the summer that Kevin Donnelly and his daughter Maggie visited us. Kevin was a Dublin printer, a power in the movement

to free Ireland, and Dermot's admiration for the man caused him to plan to send Rory the next year to live with the Donnellys and under Kevin's tutelage take up the fight. Maggie was the same age as Oliver and Rory, a serious grey-eyed child so like Rory that it seemed inevitable even then that some day they should marry.

PART III

NELLIE was warmer in her manner towards me these days. I was forty. She was a year older. We had been married for nineteen years. Each of us realized the limitations of that companionship. Nothing had ever set it on fire; nothing had given it glory. During the last couple of years its comfortableness had deepened. I think perhaps Nellie was glad to have me to herself. Dermot and Sheila had gone to live in London, taking Eileen with them. Maeve was playing her first part in a London theater. I hadn't seen her in it. I should have to run up to town soon. Her work, when I had seen her once or twice with the Mary Latter Company in Manchester, had surprised and thrilled me.

Rory was in Dublin. I knew less of him than of the others. He had written occasionally to Oliver, but now Oliver was away at school, so I didn't see even the letters.

An inexpressible sadness settled upon me. I felt that a phase of my life was ended. Oliver gone. The one family in Manchester that had meant anything to me gone. Nellie was still there, sensing my trouble, being maternal.

Prowling about, restless as a beast in a zoo cage, fiddling with this and that, I knew suddenly that I would write no more novels about Manchester. I wanted to leave the place; I wanted to go to London. Maeve was growing up. Time I thought about that play I'd always promised to write for her.

The corners of the room were full of shadow and I was ruminating in my easy chair when I heard Nellie's voice calling from downstairs: "William! Can you spare a moment?"

I went down and found her in the hall with a big gaunt parson, the Rev. W. Wilson Wintringham. It appeared that there had been a breakdown in transport arrangements. The Rev. W. Wilson Wintringham had to get home that night and the car which was to take him to the railway station at Wilmslow had not appeared.

"I thought if you were not busy tonight—" Nellie appealed.

I got out the car—an open four-seater—and off we went. The train drew in as we reached the platform. A moment later we were watching the red taillight receding in the dusk.

We came through Cheadle and turned left into the road that led straight home. I gave the car an extra turn of speed. And there, strolling in the moonlight, came two lovers, oblivious of all save themselves. Oblivious of the car, until the sudden blaze of headlights wrenched them back to the world of sense. Then they stood stock-still, while my heart cried: "Oh, poor young fools! Leap! Backwards or forwards. But leap!" and Nellie's hand went to her mouth, smothering a cry.

They did not leap. They dithered now forward, now backward. On me, then, the decision fell, and I drove the car full pelt between them and the hedge at the side of the road. There was a tearing of shrubs and saplings, a sudden remembrance, piercing me like a knife, that the hedge hid a sharply falling bank, the car sliding with us beneath it for a little way, then coming to a standstill. I raised my arms, trying foolishly to lift the weight that oppressed us; I tried to move my legs, and agony forced a cry from me; I called: "Nellie! Nellie! Are you all right?" but there was no answer, no sound at all, except the sound of men shouting and of hands rasping on the fabric of the car as it was seized and lifted.

A fractured thigh for me. A broken neck for Nellie. They said she must have died instantly. A statement was taken from me in the hospital, but I could not attend the inquest. Dermot made the formal identification. Dermot and Sheila arranged and attended the funeral in the Southern Cemetery. It was a long time before I saw the grave. Early in the new year I hobbled out of the nursing home, whither I had gone from the hospital. My new car was waiting for me, with a chauffeur at the wheel.

Dermot had told me how to find the grave amid that afflicting wilderness of graves, and it was with a shock that my eyes fell presently upon the mound of clay where Nellie lay sleeping beneath the sodden remnants of the flowers that pity had heaped for concealment of the crude fact of burial.

THAT was a Saturday afternoon. There was a letter waiting for me at the nursing home when I got back. "Dear Uncle Bill"—I glanced at the signature—"Maeve." She was coming to see me tomorrow. "And you've got two things to thank for the pleasure—first, Livia; and, secondly, the intelligent management of this theater which doesn't put the play on on Mondays. That gives us a lovely long week end. Livia is dying to meet you. She's read all your books, and I don't think she quite believes that I know you. How wonderful to be a Person,

whom mere people want to know! However, I live in hopes. It'll come!"

Livia. . . That would be the girl Dermot had told me about when he was up for the funeral, Maeve's roommate in London.

There was no more said at the time. Livia Vaynol, I'd gathered, was not much older than Maeve—twenty or so. She was an orphan with a little money; just enough to allow her to contemplate with humor a series of failures. She had scrounged a small part in the Mary Latter Company. That was where Maeve had met her. But she was not good enough. Then she had been in the chorus of a musical comedy and had hated it and left. She had dabbled with writing. She had, indeed, had a few short stories published in magazines. Now she was trying both to compose songs and to do what Sheila vaguely called "designing." "You know," she said, "she just draws shapes—squiggles—that look as if they meant something. Dermot says they're good."

Well, that was Miss Livia Vaynol; that was all I knew about her.

"**M**Y dear, what a woman you are!"

Maeve had come impetuously into the room. Crippled as I was, I couldn't get up quickly, and she stood looking down at me, holding both my hands in hers, as I sat in my chair, then turned eagerly at the sound of footsteps on the stairs. "Livia!" She opened the door, and Livia Vaynol came in. "This is Uncle Bill," said Maeve, "or, if you want to be reverent, William Essex."

As she came into the room Livia Vaynol pulled off a leather motoring-helmet and at the same time shook her hair free from constriction. I think that hair, which had its own startling quality of vitality, was the first thing anyone noticed about Livia Vaynol. It was the color of corn, a gold that was almost white, yet sparkling and gathering to itself any light there was. The sudden apparition of that golden hair was so immediately impressive that I did not at once notice the broad white brow, the eyes that had the blue color of a cornflower, the compassionate mouth, and the way the whole face was shaped like the petal of a rose.

She was wearing a stained leather jerkin, and below that a tweed skirt and brogues. Her clothes seemed altogether too utilitarian for so decorative a person. We shook hands, and I said: "Miss Vaynol, you look like a fine flower in a jam jar."

"I've brought a suitcase with me," she said, "containing one or two porcelain vases." Her red mouth opened in a smile, revealing the even whiteness of her teeth.

That afternoon I left the nursing home and returned to The Beeches. For the first time since I had left it to drive to Wilmslow with Nellie and the Rev. W. Wilson Wintringham, I sat in my study. The girls were to share the bedroom that Nellie and I had used for so long. They were there changing now. I could hear them laughing and talking, then the bedroom door opened, and Livia came out alone.

I tried to get up, but at that moment she saw me, crossed the room, and placed both hands on my shoulders. I think she must have felt the tremor which passed through me. She smiled, and said: "Please—don't get up."

She crossed over to the fireplace. The bookcase that Dermot had made to contain my novels was over the fireplace. They were all there now. The latest—the twelfth—had arrived a few days before, but it was not yet published. Livia ran her slender fingers along the titles. "What lovely editions!" she said. "I know them all." And then, turning towards me: "I'm really very proud to know you. I suppose a lot of people tell you that?"

"Not many. I don't know many people."

She sat down in a chair facing mine and crossed one knee over the other, and considered me thoughtfully. Her regard was so calm and inscrutable that I wondered whether I was blushing like a schoolgirl. Presently she said: "When I put my hands on your shoulders just now, you trembled. Why was that?"

What answer I should have made I do not know. But at that moment the bedroom door opened. Livia put a finger to her lips and whispered: "Here's Maeve!" There was something conspiratorial about the gesture, that gave me a queer thrill of pleasure.

"You're lucky to have two such handsome wenches to take to dinner, Uncle Bill," Maeve said.

"Nothing like it will be seen in Manchester this night," I said. "Get your cloaks and let's be off."

WE had not gone far when something familiar in the appearance of a cyclist who shot past us, head down, hatless, struck me. At the same moment Maeve's grip on my arm tightened and she exclaimed: "Uncle Bill! Wasn't that Oliver?" I told Martin to turn back home.

Oliver stood under the light in the hall, his face pale and drawn, his golden hair wind-blown about his forehead. He was wearing no hat or overcoat, and his clothes were mud-splashed. He was altogether a dreadful apparition. He thrust his hands into the jacket pockets and grinned at us rather sheepishly. "Hallo, Dad! Hallo, Maeve!" he said. "I feel rather—ashamed. You all look so gay."

"This is Miss Vaynol," I said. "My son Oliver." The formality of it struck me as absurd.

Oliver and Livia Vaynol looked steadily at one another, and I had a strange feeling of exclusion—that Maeve and I were both excluded—from that regard. "Oliver," I said, "your presence requires some explanation." I took him by the arm, and led him towards the stairs. At the turn of the landing I paused and looked down. Livia Vaynol stood as if rooted to the ground, watching Oliver's dragging progress. He smiled down at her, but she did not return the smile.

"That's a marvelous girl, Dæd," he said as he came into the room.

"Sit down," I said, unable to keep irritation out of my voice. "Would you rather discuss now what has brought you home, or wait till the morning?"

"I'm very tired," he said. "I've been riding for hours."

"Hadn't you better go straight to bed?"

"I'm very hungry," he said, "and I'd like a bath." "Then you'd better have a bath quickly, and come with us. We're going out to dinner."

"Oh, may I?" he cried. "I didn't expect that. That's very good of you."

While he was bathing I talked with the headmaster by telephone. I told him that Oliver was at home, and begged him to excuse discussion of a grave matter by telephone. I would bring Oliver to school myself in the morning. The headmaster sounded grim, and reluctantly he left it at that.

The girls were hovering, restless and disturbed, in my study. "What a beautiful boy!" Livia exclaimed.

"Don't waste your sympathy on him," said Maeve with sudden sharpness, and took my hands in hers. "You poor darling," she said. "I do hope it's nothing serious. Oh, dear! I couldn't have a moment's peace with Oliver. Forgive me for saying that?"

I nodded, squeezed her hands, and gazed rather miserably into the fire. We said nothing more, just sat there, till Oliver came into the room. With the happy ability of the young, he had recovered his poise and his looks. He at once addressed Livia as though there were no one else in the room. "Father says I can come out to dinner with you!"

She did not answer him, but said to the rest of us: "Well, shall we go?"

At nine the next morning I went to Oliver's room. He was sitting up in bed, eating with great heartiness. I feared to open the matter which had brought me there. Oliver did not help me. He went on delving into the shell of a brown egg.

"Well—?" I began lamely.

"It was Grimshaw," he said. "I've told you about him. I don't like him. His father's a butcher."

"You should feel at home with him, seeing that your father was a baker's boy."

"He's always getting at me."

"Getting at you? As I remember him, he's a small weak boy."

"Yes, that's it. He thinks no one will hit him. Well, he was getting at me again, and I saw red, and before I knew what I was doing I kicked him—"

"You kicked that poor wretched child?"

Oliver burst out explosively. "I didn't mean to. It's the way he gets at me. We were standing at the top of some steps—I kicked him in the shin and he went backward down the steps. He lay quite still at the bottom of the steps."

I felt sick, took the tray off the bed to give myself something to do, and then sat down again.

"Well, everybody came crowding up. They took him into the san, and old Foxey—who was Fox the headmaster—went tearing along there. I hadn't moved off the steps, and when Foxey came back he said as he passed me: 'Come to my study in ten minutes.' I couldn't face it. That's all."

"I see. That's all. Without knowing whether Grimshaw was alive or dead, you cleared out." (But I didn't imagine there was much the matter with him, or Fox would have told me on the phone.)

"But you do believe, don't you," he pleaded, "that I just acted thoughtlessly?"

"I must believe that, if you say so."

"And you won't tell Livia what happened?"

"I should be ashamed to," I said. "You'd better dress. We leave here at ten."

THE interview with Fox was not easy. "The fact is, you know, Mr. Essex, that Oliver thinks he's somebody. What I mean," he continued, "is that Oliver seems to assume, because he is the son of a distinguished man, that he may, shall I say, take it out of a boy less fortunately circumstanced."

"I entirely disagree," I said. "I don't think that has anything to do with it. Don't let's get all wrapped up in theories about it. The facts are simple: There's a boy with an annoying tongue; Oliver couldn't stand his tongue, lost his temper, and kicked him. Now, whatever the provocation, it is agreed that kicking is a dirty trick, and what to me seemed worse was running away without discovering what were the consequences of the kick."

"As you know, they were fortunately light. A bruised shin, a superficial head-cut, a brief fainting."

We were interrupted by a knock at the door. It was the father of young Grimshaw. He was a sturdy hale-looking chap, and I gathered the impression that he was a better man than his son was likely to be. He shook hands with me. "Ah've bin talking to yon young beggar of mine," he an-

nounced, "an 'Ah've told 'im if'e can't keep a civil tongue in 'is 'ead Ah'll put 'im into t' butcherin'." 'E always was a one for lip. Ah reckon your boy won't be 'earin' much more from 'im, Mr. Essex."

After Mr. Grimshaw had departed with my thanks for his very generous view of the matter, I asked Fox point-blank: "Do you want to expel Oliver, or would you like me to remove him from the school?" There was a lot of tut-tut-tut-ting and deprecation of overhasty action. Some added discipline, no doubt, would meet the case. When I left, I was wondering not whether Oliver was good enough for Fox, but whether Fox was good enough for Oliver.

HERE was a time when the idea of spending six months or more out of England, with no one but myself to please, would have fascinated me. Now it would fascinate me no longer. I had done it.

I'd had no scheme, no timetable. I stayed where I liked as long as I liked and then passed on. By land and sea I visited most countries in Europe and some in Asia. In Constantinople I decided suddenly to take a ship home. I had avoided tourist routes, and whenever possible had traveled on cargo boats. I did so on the homeward journey. There was one other passenger, and we met at dinner in the captain's cabin. The captain introduced us—"Mr. William Essex, Mr. Josef Wertheim"—but, so far as I was concerned, there was no need for the introduction. I should have known Josef Wertheim anywhere. His reputation was tyrannical; it was said that he worked his artists to the bone. He had a genius for finding them everywhere.

He had read a number of my books and showed an understanding of life in the north of England that surprised me. He had put on several big shows in Manchester, and confessed that Manchester audiences frightened him.

I said that I felt I had said everything that I wanted to say about Manchester, I wanted to settle in London and try my hand at a play.

"A play," he said, looking gravely at the glowing end of his cigar. "That is something now." He pondered, and added: "I have never done a play. That would be satisfying. Musical shows, circuses, boxing—but a play—that might satisfy something here—eh?" He tapped his enormous chest. "I have thought I would do it some day."

It was on the last night of the voyage that Wertheim said: "You know, Essex, I have been thinking about that play you're going to write. You let me see it when it's ready."

I HAD told nobody I was coming home, and the next morning I walked happily about London. The only thing I lacked was agreeable company for lunch. With that idea in my head, my footsteps automatically made their way up the house where Maeve and Livia shared their flat.

Receiving no answer to my knock, I pushed open the door and saw Livia standing before an easel under the skylight. Maeve was not in the room, and though I had been telling myself that I wanted to take Maeve and Livia to lunch, I was aware of a leap of gladness at finding Livia alone.

"Good morning," I said, and Livia whirled around in surprise.

"Oh, the brown man!" she exclaimed. "What a bit of holiday will do! Thinner, if anything, and greyer—but most handsomely grey."

"Thank you. That's the first time anyone has called me handsome, and I must say I like it."

There was a healthy fire burning and an inviting divan stretched before it. I sat down, and Livia produced sherry. She sat at my side. "You know, I had no idea you were homeward bound. I must be the first person you've called on."

"You and Maeve. I wanted to take you both out to lunch. But I seem to be interfering with some work." I glanced towards the easel.

"Oh, that! Poof!" And Livia gave a comical push to her hair. "You wait till you see your new house," she said mysteriously.

"Have you been allowed to trespass?"

"I've seen one or two things—even," she added, "designed one or two things—the curtains."

"Well, I'm glad to know that," I said, genuinely pleased. "I shall be glad to have something by you in the house. And now, what about lunch? Will Maeve be in?"

"She will not," said Livia. "She's in Ireland, visiting her brother."

"Rory! How's he getting on?"

"I know nothing about him. I've never seen him, you know. All I can tell you is that Maeve's potty about him. They write to one another two or three times a week, and not long ago I was present at a pretty little row between Maeve and her father. She wants the boy to be brought back. She says keeping him in Dublin all this time is turning him into an Irish rebel."

I sighed. "Yes, I know all about that. It's an old, old story. Well, let's lunch. Café Royal?"

Livia got up and shook her head. "Oh, no—please," she said. "I've just got you back and now you want me to share you with a crowd. Let's have lunch here. There's so much I want to know—where you've been, what you've done—"

After lunch, when we were sitting in front of

the fire, I asked: "What about Oliver? Tell me, how did you get on with him?"

During my absence that summer Dermot had looked after Oliver's holiday. Rory had remained in Dublin; Maeve's play was still running; so the party at Heronwater was small—Sheila and Dermot and Eileen, Oliver and Livia Vaynol. I gathered from letters that Oliver had invited Livia.

"Who wouldn't get on with him?" Livia now asked. "I think he's the most marvelous person for getting on with that I've ever met."

Once she was launched, she talked for a long time about Oliver. There was one adventure that evidently remained vividly in her mind. Oliver had taken her out in our boat, the *Maeve*, after dinner, and he had made a mess of things. He had taken the boat up the Percuil River on a falling tide.

"The tide was all right for the dinghy," Livia said, "but the *Maeve's* pretty heavy. She was on the mud. We had to get back ashore. It was lucky there were plenty of rugs."

"Lucky! It sounds providential," I said. Livia looked up sharply at the tone of my voice.

"You mean, you think Oliver—?"

"Well, one doesn't usually, when going for an after-dinner run, provide for a night out," I said bluntly. "You must have been there all night. You know, Livia, this seems to me to have been a rather foolish adventure."

The smile faded from her face. "I don't think it was foolish," he said. "I'm not a child."

"But Oliver's little more than a child."



When I went to Oliver's room to see him in his first dinner jacket he turned proudly from his dressing table. "Well, will I do?" he asked

"Is he?" Her brows went up, and there was a depth of meaning that shocked me. "He must have done a great deal of growing without your noticing it. I apologized to Dermot and Sheila for the uneasiness I caused them, and I'm sorry for that. But for the rest, I regret nothing that happened—nothing."

The strength of feeling in that repeated "nothing" made me feel as though I had awakened from a nightmare full of implications that were the more horrible because they were so illusive.

"LET'S have a look at you," I said, and I was pleased with what I saw. Oliver had said he would whistle across the landing when he was ready, he had whistled, and I had gone to his room to see him in his first dinner-jacket. He was sixteen.

He turned round proudly from his dressing table. He was shooting up in the most astonishing fashion. He must have been five-feet-ten, slender, graceful as a young tree. He had given himself a lot of attention. His blue eyes had an almost childish diffidence as he stood there asking: "Well, will I do?"

"Yes, you wear evening clothes well."

"Who's coming tonight?"

"Your Uncle Dermot and Sheila. A man named Wertheim—I've mentioned him to you, haven't I?—and his wife. She's an actress. They're the only people you don't know. Then there'll be me and Livia Vaynol, and you and Maeve. Are you ready? We must be downstairs when people come."

As we went out, he said: "By the way, guv'nor, Christmas is coming. I wish you'd give me a good cigarette case. Something you can offer people. You don't mind my smoking, do you?"

"So long as you keep it in reason. Were you really thinking of tonight?" He nodded. "Well, put this in your pocket. It's full. I make you a present of it now." I handed him my gold cigarette case.

"Oh, no," he protested. "I can't take yours."

"Take it. I don't mind offering people a cigarette from a yellow cardboard packet."

He put the case in his pocket. "Normally, of course," he conceded, "I think you're right. But when one's wearing evening clothes it's rather different, don't you think?"

This was the first dinner party in my new house.

I sat at the head of the table, with Wertheim on my left and Mrs. Wertheim on my right. Next to Mrs. Wertheim sat Oliver with Livia beyond him. He was very attentive to Livia all through the meal. Everybody seemed happy, Dermot and Wertheim swapping stories based on their mutual love for modern art; Maeve and Sheila hobnobbing the more happily because they saw little of one another in those days; Livia and Oliver exchanging heaven knows what sweetness; and Josie Wertheim and I.

She astonished me by saying: "Jo tells me you are going to write a play for him. Would you like to tell me what it's about?"

I did; and Josie said: "You must call it 'Every Street.'"

"That's splendid! That fits it perfectly."

"Are you free tomorrow?" she asked, rummaging in the handbag which she kept on her lap. She produced an engagement book. "Eleven o'clock?" I said that would suit me. "Very well, then." She made a note in the book. "Bring the play with you."

I had imagined that Wertheim and I would have an hour's talk about the play, that perhaps I would read a bit here and there, and that then I would leave it for him to turn over in his mind. I hadn't known my Wertheim.

We were at it from the word Go. Lunch was brought in, and I stayed to dinner, and after dinner we were at it again. It was eleven o'clock when I set out for home. In my pocket I had a sheaf of notes, in my mind an immense respect for Wertheim. It was an exhausting, illuminating day. "And now, Essex," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, "now we're on the way to making something of it."

And we were. "Every Street" went on in the following spring—1913—and ran till the war broke and killed it. But by then Wertheim knew what Maeve could do, and that was the important matter.

WHEN I look back across the gulf of horror—the world's horror and my own—to the years before the war, that April of 1913 shines with an especial radiance. It seems now as though there was something fatal about it, as though we were all too happy. Maeve, I think, was the only one in whose heart there was a premonition.

There we incredibly were, she and I, dining in the Café Royal, redeeming the ancient vow that we would dine together on the night when she was to make her first appearance in a play I had written for her. We had to dine very early, so that she could go on to the St. John's Theater, where "Every Street" was to try its luck. We had difficulty in getting away. Everybody had wanted us: Jo and Josie, Livia, Sheila, and Dermot, Rory and Maggie Donnelly. They were over, those two, on their first visit since Rory's Irish apprenticeship.

But Maeve and I had got away. We should all meet at supper, anyhow, to count our laurels or lick our wounds. We leaned back on the red plush, with coffee before us. I gave Maeve a cigarette and lit it for her. "Nervous?"

She shook her head. "You did really write 'Every Street' for me?" she asked.

"Yes. Isn't *Annie Hargreaves* your part—down to the bone?"

"I'm very pleased with it. Oh, man, I'm so glad this moment has come at last. But, you know," with a valiant smile, "I didn't think that when the moment came you'd be engaged to another woman."

"My dear—" was all I could say.

She suddenly put out her cigarette. "Let's go."

If my engagement to Livia was painful to Maeve, it was incredible to me. It had happened so suddenly. It was on the night that I have written about, when I had a few people to dinner, that I knew I loved Livia. I had loved no woman before. I suppose I had come as near to loving Maeve as a man can come while yet feeling an affection too level and kindly for passion.

When we men went into the drawing room that night after sitting for a while over our cigars, I was conscious that the first face I looked for was Livia's and that the first face Livia looked for was Oliver's.

No one, I thought to myself, could fail to be aware of his extraordinary physical attractiveness; and on the thought my mind pulled up with a jerk. Physical? That was the first time I had qualified, even in my secret thoughts, Oliver's attractiveness.

It is a fearful thing when one love wars with another. Watching him and Livia, hearing no word they said, seeing the understanding in their looks, their smiling acceptance of one another that tortured me with implications of secrets, experiences shared. I felt my heart turning over, because I knew then that I wanted Livia Vaynol for myself.

Wertheim and the play kept me busy throughout that holiday of Oliver's. I didn't see much of Oliver except at meals. We went to a pantomime together and once or twice we walked together on the Heath. But he was at a stage which baffled me.

How much Oliver was seeing of Livia, where he saw her, I never inquired. She turned up at St. Pancras to see him off when the holiday was over. I was surprised to see her there.

It was the first chance I had had to speak to her since the night of the dinner party. I had told myself that I would wait till Oliver was gone, and now Oliver was gone—and there was Livia at my side.

I said: "I've been working over a play."
 "Yes. Maeve told me about it."
 "Wertheim and I have done all that's possible together. I must finish it alone. I shall take it down to Heronwater tomorrow. I've never been there in the winter. Would you like to come with me?"
 "You'd never work with me about the place."
 "Oh, yes, I should. I can do all that's necessary between nine in the morning and one o'clock. Authorship, you know, is one of the soft jobs, though authors like to pretend that it's arduous."
 We stood beside my car, exchanging this banal chat, while my heart was beating so furiously that I wondered whether it could be heard by my chauffeur, Martin, standing there with face averted.

"I'm not sure that I ought to come."
 I led her away from the car. "Would it help to regularize the position if we were engaged?"
 She came to a halt, and gave a restless shake to her body. "Oh, send that car away," she said. "We can't talk about these things walking like a couple of fools in front of all this—" She helplessly waved a hand at the station façade. So I sent Martin away, and we walked out into Euston Road.

"For the best part of last year," I said, "I was galling about the loveliest places in Europe. If you had been with me, I could have proposed to you on the pont d'Avignon, or on the ramparts of Montreuil. As it is, I propose in a gritty January wind in the Euston Road."

"Listen, Bill," she said, taking my arm. "Remember—when you were in the nursing-home in Manchester and I motored Maeve up?" I nodded.

"Well, I did like you. I knew your work, and I liked that. You didn't have much to say that day, you know. You were not brilliant, and I liked that, too. I couldn't live with a person like that."

"That's lucky for me."
 "But, you see, that was just an elementary first impression. After all, we were only together for a few hours, and then Oliver came along. That altered things."

"Are you—are you—in love with Oliver?"
 "I think all day about his beauty. I don't know whether I'm in love with him, but he obsesses me."

We walked on without speaking for a while, and I thought of the night long ago when Dermot and I had sat up late in his workshop, arranging the fate of our sons who were not born. "If I have a son," I had said, "I just want him to have everything. I'll work my fingers to the bone to give him everything he asks for and, seeing him enjoy it, I'll enjoy it myself and live my life over again." Now Oliver was asking for Livia, and I was not enjoying it.

At last she said: "I didn't know you were so serious about it," and the words were rather strained. "I have never been so serious in my life," I said unsteadily. "I'm terribly in love with you, Livia. I've never loved a woman before. I've never known any of the things that I imagine marriage to mean."

"Why do you think I shall be able to give you the things you've lacked? If I married you, it would be because I liked you and because you were a very distinguished man. I'm vain. But you see, I'm honest. Oh, God," she added, "I wish you weren't Oliver's father!"

"Can't you forget Oliver, or think about him differently?"

"I don't know *how* I think about him. Why don't you wait? We're in a tangle. It will clear itself up if you give it time. Why don't you? You see, you offer such tremendous inducements. It's a pressure upon me. I don't think it's fair."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Forgive me." I called a taxi, and set her down a few moments later at her door.

MMARTIN drove me to Heronwater the next day. "A bad day, sir," he said. It was. The Heath was a cheerless place under the rain; the sky seemed to be on top of our heads.

When we arrived at Heronwater, I donned gum boots and oilskins and went for a tour of the dark, rain-soaked grounds. I turned to go back to the house, stood as if rooted to the ground.

"It can't be you!" I said foolishly, and indeed in the darkness it was hard to make out the features of the face that glimmered whitely before me.

"Yes," said Livia.
 "But, my child—my dear—in such a night! What are you wearing?"

I reached out my hand and felt the fragility of the dress, sodden with rain, gummed to her body.

"I'm being melodramatic." Her laugh was provoking. "I wanted to surprise you. Have I done it?"

I took her suddenly in both arms and drew her to me. She threw back her head, and I crushed my mouth upon her wet mouth, and upon her hair and her throat. She was dripping like a naiad, and I kissed the rain out of her eyes. Then I picked her up and waded awkwardly in those great boots of mine through the wet grass. She was easy to carry for all her height. I put her down on the porch and saw that her eyes were starry. "Go and change," I said. "You'll catch your death." She kicked off her soaking shoes and ran upstairs.

I took off my gum boots and oilskin, and went up to my room to wash. Livia was already in the study when I went down. When I entered the room she turned, her face lighted by a welcoming smile. I passed her a glass of sherry.

She raised her glass. "Here's to constancy. There's nothing I admire more."

"Here's to Livia, and constancy."

After dinner I filled my pipe and settled in a big chair by the study fire. Livia poured out the coffee which stood on a small table between us.

"Ever since I bought Heronwater," I said, "I have imagined what it would be like to come down here in the winter, work all day long with no one but Sam Sawle to look after me. Well, here I am. But I am not alone. Why?"

Livia sipped her coffee. "Of all the men! Didn't you invite me?"

"I formed a painful impression that my invitation had been refused."

"But I've told you, I'm a very inconstant and changeable woman. You must learn never to take me at my word. May I have a cigarette?"

I gave her one, and lit it. "Well, tell me—why did you change your mind and come?"

She considered my face thoughtfully. "You are one of those men who will not accept the accomplished fact, must have reasons. Was that not an accomplished fact, when you held me in your arms? Oh, dear! I have never before been hugged by a man in oilskins. I should hate to be a sailor's bride." "You are not serious," I said resentfully.

Livia got up and threw her cigarette into the fire. "Serious!" she cried, suddenly dead-white with seriousness. "Why should I be serious? Is there anything to be serious about? Isn't it self-evident that when a girl has to choose between a schoolboy of sixteen who will probably be nothing, whom she knows to be as conceited as the devil and as greedy as hell—when she has to choose between that and a famous wealthy man, I ask you, isn't it self-evident that she'll choose the man? Let her do it without worrying her for reasons. What reasons can there be? One would think you were afraid of what Oliver could do against you. You're not, are you?"

"No," I said. "It's not a question of fear."

"Right. So long as you're sure of that. Here I am. I'm yours. It's your job to keep me." I had risen, too, and I put my arms about her and felt her head sink onto my shoulder. She began to cry without restraint and I held her close and whispered comforting words to her. She looked up with eyes brimful of tears. "Oh, Bill! I do like you so much. If I loved you, it would be wonderful."

"You will. You will," I promised her.

She managed a smile, reached up her lips to be kissed, and said: "Let me go to bed. I'm tired out." In the morning there was no sign of the storm. I went down to breakfast and found Livia there before me, already busy with coffee and eggs and bacon. She kissed me, rather dutifully I thought.

"Now," I teased her, holding her tight, "a warmer kiss than that."

"You're lucky to get a kiss at all," she said, "coming down to breakfast at this hour. I thought I should have to go without seeing you."

"Go!" I said in dismay. "What do you mean—go?"

"Clear out. Partir. Vamoose. Abscond," she replied, buttering a roll. "Can you spare Martin to take me in to Truro to the train?"

"But today! The first day of our engagement! I thought we'd get about—see things."

"You see! I told you you'd do no work with me about! As soon as I'm gone, you'll settle down to your work. Please."

"Will you make a habit of running off just when I want you?" I asked miserably.

"I'm the most impulsive creature in the world. I don't make habits. So you see, you'll never be just one of my habits. That should be gratifying to a husband. Now, what about Martin?"

I ordered the car. She gave me a warmer kiss than the first one, and a moment later she was gone.

WHILE at Heronwater I began each day by writing to Livia. I found that there was an immense amount to say. The letter usually took an hour to write.

Livia replied regularly every day. But every time I read one of her letters, I had that feeling: That it was a reply.

There were only two points that were, so to speak, from Livia to me. "By the way, Maeve finds the flat rather small. She has decided she ought to have a place of her own. I told her, of course, about us. You wanted that, didn't you? Yours with much love, Livia."

That was one point, and I felt, somehow, I would rather have told Maeve myself. I ought to have told Maeve myself.

The second point was this: "By the way, I have just received a letter from Oliver, and it is pretty clear that he knows nothing about our engagement. Will you tell him, or shall I? Personally, I'd rather you did. Yours with much love, Livia."

"My dear Oliver. Livia Vaynol and I are engaged to be married. . . ."

Dreadfully abrupt! "You may be surprised to know that Livia and I. . . ."

"My dear Oliver: I have noticed that ever since you met Livia Vaynol you have felt affectionately towards her, and I think, therefore, you will be pleased to know. . . ."

"Pleased! My God! Would he be! It is now more than a year since your mother died. . . ."

I tore that up, too.

Maeve wrote to me.

Dear Bill: Congratulations on your engagement. Rehearsals of "Every Street" begin tomorrow. I suppose you'll be there? If so, would you call for me and take me along? It's only a sentimental idea, but I feel I'd like to take up my first stroke on your play in your company. After all, we've had this play in mind for a few years now, haven't we? Besides, I want you to meet someone here at the flat.

It is a grand play, Bill. I've been in plenty, and I know. Wertheim let me read the whole script, and I loved it. And, like all my other blessings, it comes from you, dear Bill. Love from Maeve.

Maeve's new flat was in Bruton Street. I rang the bell, and stared, struggling with recollection, at the portly, rosy dame who opened the door.

"Tha's forgotten me, Mr. Essex," she said.

"Why, Annie, I'd have known you anywhere," I said. "You haven't changed a scrap."

Annie Suthurst smiled delightedly. Oh, dear! It must be the best part of twenty years ago, that Annie Suthurst, a young widow, had become the O'Riorden's first maid.

Maeve came out proudly to meet me. "Isn't the apartment lovely?" she asked, and when I said that indeed it was, so far as I had seen it, she took me around to see all the rest. Finally she opened the door of her sitting room. "Here's my surprise."

Rory came forward with a smile lighting his face, and farther into the room stood Maggie Donnelly.

"Well, Rory, my dear boy!" I placed both my hands on his shoulders. It was easy to do. He had not very much grown upwards like Oliver, whose eyes now looked at me almost from the level of my own. Rory looked up at me. The serious grey-eyed face had not changed much, except that it was, if anything, more serious.

"This is Maggie Donnelly," he said rather timidly. She had a strong, resolute look, but was tall and beautifully feminine.

"I'm staying over Easter," Rory said. "It'll be grand meeting Oliver again. Now that I have a job, we'll have lots to talk about."

"I'm sorry you won't meet him, Rory. He's not coming home for Easter. I wish you had let him know you were coming. Then I'm sure he'd have changed his plans. He's going to Scotland."

"But—" Rory began, his face clouding; then: "Ach, well, there'll be another time."

I walked across the room to look out of the window. With my back to him, I said, "I'm sorry, Rory. You mean, Oliver *did* know you were coming over?"

He came to me impulsively and put his arm through mine, looking down with me into the garden. "Ach, now, that's nothing at all," he said. "It's a good chance for Oliver. Scotland doesn't offer every day. Now isn't Maeve the lucky one, with this flat, and this bit of a view and all?"

"God bless the boy! He's got the jargon of a stage Irishman!"

"And why not?" Rory grinned. "You just wait a bit, and all Ireland will be a stage. You'll see."

After lunch Rory and Maggie left us. "She doesn't know the first thing about London," said Rory, "and all I know is what I learned those times when we were on the way to Heronwater."

AND now those rehearsals in a dreary hall in a back street were over, and the later rehearsals at the St. John's Theater were over; and Maeve and I got up from dinner in the Café Royal and walked out into Regent Street.

The play was all right. From the rise of the curtain, as I sat in my box with Livia and Rory and Maggie Donnelly I knew it was going to be all right. There was a laugh in the first line, and we got it. Soon there was that grand satisfactory silence which means that everyone in the theater is gripped by the play and is intent on every word.

I relaxed, I allowed myself to look about. In a box opposite were Dermot and Sheila and Eileen, with Josie Wertheim. Wertheim himself, a stout, uneasy ghost, was now standing at the back of the box, now vanished. Towards the end of the first act, the door of my box opened quietly and his soft heavy hand rested on my shoulder, and I felt it grip a little till the applause started, then it relaxed, and he joined in. It was applause well deserved. The company had put the act over beautifully, and Maeve had fulfilled all our expectations.

When the final curtain went down, the audience remained to cheer and cheer again. Wertheim hustled me down to the stage, and first I faced the audience in the midst of the smiling, weary, gratified company, then with Maeve alone. "This is it, Bill," she whispered. "It'll never come again—this first night of your first play." And holding her hand I told the audience how I had taken Maeve to her first play, how I had seen her grow up loving the theater, how I had promised that someday I would write her a play, and how this was the play.

When I moved into the wings, Wertheim exclaimed: "What a story! Every paper in London will print it." Every paper did print the story. Some called it a "romance of dramatist and actress" and printed photographs of me and Maeve. This "romance" atmosphere did the play a world of good and kept the theater full till "Every Street" settled down to run on its own merits.

THIS seemed to me the perfect opportunity to further my acquaintance with Livia. All I wanted now, with time on my hands, was to spend as much of that time as I could with her. And then things so turned out that she had not much time to spend with me. It was towards the middle of June that I had taken her to lunch, and at another table in the restaurant was Wertheim.

"I want to see you," he said. "Where can we talk?"

"Would I be in the way?" Livia asked. "There is my flat."

When we got to Livia's flat, Wertheim sank into an easy chair, and asked, "What d' you think of these musical revues, Essex?"

"I like them. I like their speed and color, and some of the sets are magnificent."

"Well, I've never done a revue," he said, "and I want to do the best one there's ever been." He smoked for a while in silence, then said suddenly: "Look at Maeve. That girl's versatile. There she is doing a magnificent piece of straight acting in 'Every Street,' and she has a grand sense of comedy. There's my leading lady. Now there's her father. He's got a marvelous sense of modern design. He could do me some grand sets."

"A family affair?"

"Yes. Here's Miss Vaynol."

Livia leaned forward in her chair, her eyes shining. "Do I come into it?"

"You'll have a chance," he said. "O'Riorden tells me you design dresses, and he likes them. Mind"—waving a fat finger at her—"I'm making no promise. It's a chance—if you can take it."

"And do I come into it?" I asked smiling.

Wertheim looked at me for a long time. "I don't know," he said. "I'd like you to, because I've liked working with you on your play. I wondered about the book. Does it appeal to you?"

"Oh, Bill, yes, yes. Let's keep it all in the family!" Livia cried excitedly.

I shook my head. "No. I don't see it, Wertheim. It's not up my street at all."

"Thank you for knowing your mind," said Wertheim. "It's rare."

And when, a long time after that, "Choose Your Partner" went on at the Palladian, I had had nothing to do with it. The book was written by Clive Seymour—brilliantly—and most of the songs, as well as the dresses, were Livia's. But I felt glad, all the same, that I had been present at that small conference of three which first discussed the spectacular affair that blazed through the war years, that produced songs that soldiers whistled and sang and played on gramophones in trenches and dugouts, the gramophone on which weary eyes are strained from tired faces, "When it's with you, it's wonderful."

And every man thought of the "You" his own heart meant, as he recalled the Palladian spotlight dropping its blue-white cone on Maeve, stock-still as if bewitched in its moony circle.

"Oh, man, I hate it! What must they think! So many of them going back tomorrow—tonight!"

"Dear Maeve! I know. I know."

"I can't go on doing it. They send me letters—flowers. . . ."

She went on to the end.

SO there it was. High summer of 1913 was on us, and my dream that Livia and I might do this and that—go to Heronwater, go abroad, perhaps even get married—faded out. Now she was a different woman. Now she had a job for her talents. Now it seemed she didn't want me at all.

LIVIA was gone away. Oliver would be home soon for the summer holidays.

I had called at Livia's flat unexpectedly and found her packing.

"I'm off," she said, trying hard to be casual.

"Off?"

"Yes. Holiday. I've worked hard for six weeks. But I ought to have told you. Well, see, there's the letter. I should have posted it at Victoria this evening."

"But—" I began.

"If I had told you, there would have been arguments, persuasions. I didn't want to tell you why I'm going. Oliver will be home soon. Oh, don't stand there looking anguished! I'm trying to help you. I'll write to you. I'm going to a tiny place in France where no one ever goes but me."

She stood there looking at me, white, defensive. There was nothing to be said except that, of course, I would come to Victoria and see her off.

The evening of Oliver's return, we had tea in my study. He balanced a cup in his hand, and his eye roved round the room. It came to rest on a photograph of himself, standing on a low bookcase.

"You haven't had me done lately," he said, nodding towards the picture and smiling. The white teeth gleamed in his sun-browned face. "I'd like a new picture. There's a practical reason for it."

Then his laughing impudence suddenly broke down. "Honestly," he said, his color mounting, "I want to give a picture to Livia Vaynol. I'm terribly fond of her." He said it with a rush.

My heart gave a thump. I had not expected him to make that avowal.

He went on: "She hasn't written to me all this term. She used to write."

Then for a moment he could again say no more. At last he said: "I've wanted to talk to you about this, but it hasn't been easy. Of course, you think I'm only a boy. I'm not. I feel quite grown up. . . ." He stumbled again, confused, unable to find the words he wanted.



Livia admitted that her real reason for leaving was to avoid seeing Oliver when he came home. "I'm trying to help you," she explained

"Oliver," I said, "listen. Don't think that I misunderstand the feelings of a young man. I know how sincere and real they can be, and what pain they can give. But they pass. They change. I'm sure of this. Otherwise, I could never tell you what I have to tell you now—what Livia has asked me to tell you—she and I are going to be married soon."

He gave only one sign of emotion, he moistened his dry lips with his tongue. Then he said: "I knew you were very fond of Livia. What you say doesn't surprise me. But I think you are making a mistake."

Only when he had spoken the words very calmly did I see from the color in his cheeks, and from a pulsing vein in his neck, that he was deeply affected.

"What do you mean—a mistake," I said, half rising from my chair. Then I sank back again. "Oliver, do please understand—" But he rose and looked down at me, very composed. He put my own thoughts into words. "We can't discuss it, can we? We have nothing to say to one another."

Eight o'clock was our time for dining. Just before eight, I went to bring him down. He was in bed, a dressing-gown over his pajamas. "Hallo!" he said, smiling brightly. "Want me?"

"My dear boy, you've forgotten the time," I said, speaking with the same false brightness that had been in his smile. "Aren't you coming to dinner?"

"No, thanks. Not a bit hungry." Again the bright glassy smile.

"Shall I have something sent up?"

"Oh, no—no, really. Don't bother about me."

"Well, I'll tell them to be very quiet."

"That's awfully good of you. Good night." He turned to his book, dismissing me.

I hesitated at the door. "See you at breakfast?"

He smiled again, and this time I thought there was something hard and mocking in it, something which said to me: "Ah! I've got you jumping now."

"Breakfast," he said, considering it. "Ask 'em to send it up."

I couldn't stand the thought of dinner. I told them to take it away. I couldn't stand being in the house. I ate in a crowded restaurant.

A LETTER from Livia at Tour des Roches in Provence came in the morning. After describing her holiday in the French village it concluded with:

I expect Oliver is at home now. Have you told him? Give him my love—if you think you ought to. I shall stay here at any rate till the school holidays are over. Love, Livia.

I refilled my coffee cup, and was twiddling the letter in my hand when the maid, looking flustered, came into the room. "Mr. Oliver isn't there, sir." "Isn't there? But he said he'd have breakfast in

bed. Has he got up? Have you seen him about?"

"No, sir. And I've asked everybody. Nobody's seen him. There's this letter, sir."

She handed me the letter, addressed to me in Oliver's writing and I strove not to seem excited. When she was gone I opened the letter.

My dear Father—I am now just over seventeen years old—old enough to know my own mind. I feel much too old to be at school. I am tall for my age, much taller than most boys, and this makes me feel uncomfortable. I should feel worse if I went back to school. I should have asked you to let me spend a year in private study or something before going on to the university, but now it may turn out that I shall not go to the university at all. You may not want me to, and if I find a satisfactory job, the university may not be of any use to me. For I am going to try and find something to do. There is no need whatever for you to worry about me. As I told you last night, I am a man now and I have no doubt at my age you were looking after yourself. I've got one or two things in mind, though unfortunately I've never been brought up to do much either with my hands or my head. I will let you know what I am doing as soon as I have got something. I have £10 by me which will keep me for a bit.

Yours, Oliver.

Not a word of Livia. Not a word of his real reason for leaving home. . . .

I knew in my bones that Oliver would never live under my roof again. He never did.

PART IV

SHORTLY thereafter Dermot and I went to Dublin. We stayed at the Hamman Hotel in O'Connell Street—the great flat-fronted building that was doomed to death by bombardment and by fire.

The sense of such things to come hung like a doom about the beautiful filthy city. It was early in August when we arrived and late in October when we left. For three months I lived with the sense of being in a dream that must have an evil waking.

A letter reached me from Oliver, sent on from Hampstead, announcing that he had been employed as a clerk in the brewery owned by the father of his school friend, Pogson, and that he had found some lodgings in Camden Town. "I enclose no address," he wrote, "because this is not the sort of place you would like to be seen in."

I had arranged to leave Dublin in a day or two, but I did not wait till I got home. I at once enclosed a five pound note in a letter, addressed to Oliver at Pogson's, congratulating him on the courage he had shown in setting out on his own, and wishing him luck. I suggested that, now that he was a wage-earner, he might feel differently about living at home, and said that I should be glad to see him at Hampstead whenever he cared to call.

There was a letter waiting me when I got back. It said that he would feel happier in Camden Town if he did not have the occasional contrast of Hampstead, and that he wished to rely wholly on himself. The five pound note was returned.

Livia had got back to London while I was in Dublin, and I decided to call at her flat on the day after my return and take her out to lunch.

But first I must see Oliver. I would not attempt to speak to him, no good would come of that. Only to see Oliver; that was all; and the next day at noon I was pacing Holborn on the side opposite the polished granite façade of Pogson's Limited. For a long time I paced up and down, scanning the face of everyone who left Pogson's.

Then I saw him. If I had expected to find someone crushed and humiliated, I was disillusioned. In his good-looking clothes, he looked content. I felt that all my solicitude was needless.

I watched the tall slender young man going down the street. Presently he paused under a clock hanging out over the street and began to look about him. Evidently he was expecting someone.

Suddenly I knew—knew in my bones the interpretation of the happy face that I had watched, the poise of a man content. I saw her come, bustling happily along the crowded street, still beautifully bronzed from her long stay in France, her hair bleached like a ripe harvest. I saw how, instinctively, each held out both hands, and, when the hands had clasped, how they stood there looking into one another's eyes.

I wondered whether Livia would tell me that she had met Oliver. She did. I rang her up and asked whether I might look in for tea.

She looked heartbreakingly beautiful when I called. And she was charming to me. She put her arms around me and held up her face with her mouth pursed like a bud for me to kiss.

"Sit down," she said, "and let me make a fuss over you. You look tired out. I suppose it's all this business of Oliver leaving home?"

"You know about that?"

"I do, indeed. I've just been having lunch with him. Why on earth didn't you let me know?"

She was so casual, that my heart began singing.

"I didn't want to disturb you with a thing like that while you were on holiday."

"Well, you let me in for a nice disturbance when I got back. There was a letter waiting, from Oliver, telling me the whole rigmarole. We had lunch together."

I smoked in silence for a while, then said: "He left home because of you. He left the night I told him we were engaged. He told me frankly that you meant a great deal to him. Did that come up? Or would you rather I didn't ask that?"

"No, please don't ask that," she said nervously. "I can manage Oliver all right. Don't worry."

JUST before Christmas in 1913, Oliver wrote to me again, asking that I send all his clothes to the Camden Town lodging house, which address, at last, he was sending me. When May came, Oliver's birthday month, I, not having seen him in the interval, was sorely tempted to write to him and send him a present. But I thought of the five pounds I had sent him from Dublin, and of how it had come back, and that made me hesitate.

Being convinced that Livia knew at this time more of Oliver's mind than I did, I resolved to take her advice about this business of the birthday present.

"I wonder whether this might be a chance to get in touch with Oliver again," I suggested. "Whether a present and a letter might help. Have you any idea what his feelings about me are now?"

"Bitter," she said briefly. "I don't think anything you could do would help—at the moment."

Then I burst out: "Why is it that he's turned against me because I'm going to marry you, and yet is so friendly with you, though you're going to marry me?"

Livia crushed out her cigarette. "After all," she said lightly, "I am the bone of contention."

"Contention!" I almost shouted. "What contention is there about it? Let's get married and settle this wretched business once for all. Once we're married, Oliver will come to his senses."

I got up in my agitation and paced towards a long mirror and pulled up short, suddenly appalled at my own reflection. Gaunt, almost haggard with the anxiety of the last six months. And I thought of the golden-haired boy, sauntering with self-possession to keep his appointment with Livia.

I turned to Livia, who was watching me as though she divined my thoughts. I wanted to say: "You don't love me. You have never loved me. You love Oliver, and he loves you. And that is right. That is as it should be." But I could not say it. Instead, I took her suddenly, hungrily, into my arms, as I had never taken her before, all the thwarting I had endured from her stimulating a desperate wish to possess her. She remained for a time rigid, almost resistant. Then her body relaxed and she gave me kiss for kiss.

"Will you marry me," I asked, "when you have finished this job with Wertheim?"

"Yes. I should be through in two months' time—say the middle of July. I'll marry you in August."

It was the next day that I poured out to Dermot all my anxieties and worries.

Dermot was aware that Oliver had left home, though we had never discussed that matter. He was aware—but I am not sure how deeply aware—that all had not gone smoothly with me and Livia. At the end of an hour I felt much better, happier even. This was the relief I had wanted. Too much had been bottled up in me.

Dermot put a hand over mine. "You can't have Oliver wandering about at a loose end like this. Send the young fool to me. I'll give him a job."

"I can't send him."

"No, of course not. Well, look, I'll advertise in the Daily Telegraph. See that Livia calls his attention to it and makes him answer. We'll hook him that way. And marry the woman! Don't wait till August. Marry her quick!"

All very well for Dermot to say: "Marry the woman at once." The woman would not be married at once. But Dermot's scheme for Oliver worked well enough. He wrote to the box number under which the advertisement appeared, and when a reply came from O'Riordan's, Livia told me, he at first shied away. Then the idea lit him up. "But imagine! Getting a job off his own best friend! That would be something, Livia, eh?"

DERMOT thought that a definite effort should be made to bring me and Oliver together. So he invited Oliver to dinner, not letting him know that I would be present.

It was not a success. When I went into the drawing room Oliver was already there with all the O'Riordens. He kept his self-possession marvelously. A quick shock of surprise flashed over his face, and then was subdued. He rose with easy good humor, and shook hands. "Good evening, sir," he said, and as he uttered that formal word I could have sworn there was mockery in his eyes.

When Sheila, Maeve and Eileen got up, Oliver said: "Will you all excuse me if I go now? I have an appointment in town."

It was in June—on Sunday, June 21—that this dinner was given by Dermot. It was a warm night. We had all trooped to Dermot's study after Oliver

had left us, not one of them referred to what had happened. The silence was broken at last by Maeve saying in a low voice: "The longest day of the year. From now on we go downhill."

"I sincerely hope not," said Dermot, shattering with a laugh the solemnity that had come upon us. "I'd rather go for a holiday. What about you, Bill? Can't we join forces at Heronwater this year?"

The idea appealed to everyone, and we set about making plans.

Livia promised to join us at Heronwater as soon as she was able. Dermot and Sheila, Eileen and I, traveled on Sunday, June 28. It was a lovely day; and we were all in the best of spirits. Ahead of me, things looked clearer than they had done for many a day.

We clambered out of the car, and as we stood there stretching our legs on the gravel a wheeze of rusty music came drifting up from the river. I turned a questioning eye on Sam Sawle, who had come out to greet us. "That's Captain Judas, Mr. Essex," he explained. "He's been holding a service on the *Jezebel* every Sunday evening this summer. That's his harmonium you can hear. He do go through the whole thing proper," Sawle said, "and then he reads the announcements and takes a collection from himself."

"What announcements?" I asked.

"Always the same one, Mr. Essex. 'The great and terrible day of the Lord is at hand.'"

"The poor man," said Eileen, and started for the house. We all followed, somehow subdued.

But we did not feel subdued in the morning. After an early swim Dermot and I joined Sheila and Eileen at breakfast. Martin came in at that moment with the *Western Morning News*. Dermot brusquely snatched it from him. I didn't bother. Only when I had taken the edge off my hunger did I ask: "Well, what's the world doing?"

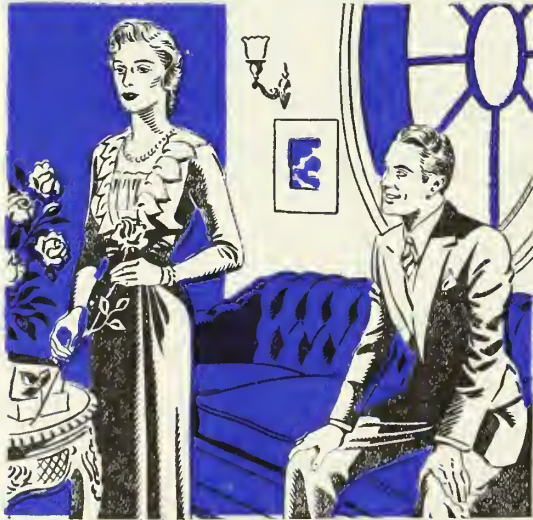
"Nothing that matters to us," he said. "An Austrian grand duke was assassinated yesterday while we were so comfortably driving down here. At Sara—Sarajevo. Ever heard of it?"

"No."
"Neither have I."

Livia joined us on Saturday, July 18. That was the day Oliver's holiday began. A week before this, Dermot had said to me: "There would be no harm in giving Oliver a chance to join us here. I don't think it's likely he'll come, but anyway I shall write and tell him to take a fortnight's holiday."

He received an answer from Oliver thanking him cordially for the holiday but saying nothing about his intentions in any way.

On the eighteenth I took the *Maeve* in to Falmouth to meet Livia. Livia looked worn out. She explained it by saying she had been working too hard. She was glad it was all over. "Oh, it's so peaceful!" she exclaimed, breathing deeply. "You simply can't believe in war with all this about you."



Some months after their elopement I learned that Livia and Oliver were living in London

"War!" I exclaimed in surprise. "What on earth is there to go to war about?"

"It's Wertheim," she said. "He says it's here now—a matter of weeks."

Speedily, now, we were turning the last spit of land. I slowed down the engine, pointed the *Maeve's* bow to the landing-stage, and saw that Dermot, Sheila, and Eileen were all standing there, gazing across at the *Jezebel*. A small motorboat was alongside the black hull of the ship. A man sat at the engine, and a tall stripling stood up with his hand on the bell-pull. We were a good way off, but something familiar in that spruce upright figure started my heart beating quicker. I looked at Livia. Her face had gone white. "He must have been on my train," she said tensely, "and he's hired a boat to bring him on from Truro. He said he was going to do it but I thought he was fooling."

"But I'm glad," I said, "glad to have him. We'll all have a great holiday."

She looked at me wearily. "Will you? Oh, Bill, you fool! He hasn't come to give you joy. He's come so that his presence may taunt you. He's not calling on Judas for fun. He's going to stay with him." And then savagely: "Why can't he leave me in peace!"

She was trembling, her knuckles white as she clutched the gunwale.

There were times during the following week when I could have cut and run. The situation was agonizing. Wherever we went Oliver appeared. He would appear before us almost, it seemed, out of the blue, and with nonchalance be unaware of our presence.

I knew that all this was aimed at Livia, and it had its effect. She became irritable and moody and at last professed herself unwilling to join our outings because, she said, she could not stand the situation which Oliver had forced upon us. But she continued to accompany us until the Friday. We were all going to Helston that day, a fairly long trip, and Livia at the last moment—actually when some of us were in the boat and the rest stood by the dinghy loaded with lunch and bathing things—shouted to me that she did not feel up to coming.

I shouted: "I'll stay ashore, Livia."

Her voice came very clear over the water: "No, no. I'm not going to spoil your outing."

Dermot looked towards the *Jezebel*, and said quietly: "Stay with her."

I hesitated. Livia ran lightly down the steps and put her foot on the dinghy's bow. She pushed the boat out. "Go on," she said.

Dermot looked grave, but he did not speak again for a moment. Then he said: "She is gone!"

We in the *Maeve* had no sight of Oliver that day. We did not get back to Heronwater till just before dinner time. Livia was waiting for us at the landing-stage, gay and full of fun, eager to know all that we had done and seen. She said that the rest had done her good. "Tomorrow," she said, "I'd like to do a lot of shopping in Truro. Could I have the car quite early, Bill? I'd like to be there by ten."

I was delighted to find her in such excellent spirits, and told Martin to have the car ready. She wrote down a list of things that we all wanted: tobacco for me, wool for Sheila, and so on.

In the morning she was gone without my knowing it. I had been on the *Maeve*, overhauling the engine, and when I got back to the house I was just in time to see the car disappearing towards the road. It was a pottering morning. We had made no communal arrangements. I went back to the river and presently Dermot joined me, bringing a newspaper.

"There'll be war all right between Austria and Serbia," he said. "The Austrian ultimatum expires today."

The sound of engines came through the drowsy morning, and presently the *Kay* of Copenhagen, steamed round the bend, making for the sea. The *Kay*, which ran between Copenhagen and Truro was almost as familiar to us as our own boats for its commander, Captain Jansen, was an old friend of Captain Judas, and we had often talked with him. As he drew near to the *Jezebel*, Jansen set the *Kay's* whistle screaming. Captain Judas appeared on his deck, with his hand raised to his cap in salute as the *Kay* went by. Went by, though I did not know it then, a coffin-ship wherein all that I had hoped for and worked for was interred. Livia and Oliver were aboard the *Kay*. Livia had made her decision at last. . . . The bone of contention . . . She wrote to me when they reached Copenhagen.

She did not call me "Dear Bill." She just plunged straight into the letter like this:

I am doing this because I must. You asked me once whether I loved Oliver, and I said I did not know. I think I was lying to myself even then. I have loved him from the moment I first set eyes on him, though, God help me, I expect little profit from it. But I have learned not to expect profit from love, and I have loved more than one man. I think it was the utter safety you offered me that I could not stomach, for I am too young to feel the need of safety. If I have done you wrong, it is not in robbing you of the marriage you expected, for that would have been small comfort to you, but in ever allowing you to expect it. For that I ask your forgiveness. Livia Vaynol.

That was all. The letter was addressed from a Copenhagen hotel. I saw no reason to answer it.

IT was from Wertheim that I learned of their Odyssey and it was at the beginning of December, that he told me: "Livia's back. She's brought him with her."

A day or two later I saw Oliver. I was crossing Waterloo Bridge on a raw blustery afternoon, darkening towards twilight. Coming towards me from the north side was a marching company of men, such as one saw then at almost every hour of the day. I could not have overlooked Oliver. He was the tallest man there and he carried his body straight and his head high.

I felt my throat contract with emotion. Oliver! If I had called his name he would have heard me. But I dared not. I dared not risk the sightless, unacknowledging turn of those blue eyes. I stood

there in the wind whistling up from the river till the high golden head was gone from my sight.

The encounter emphasized my loneliness. I was forty-three. There were men of my age dyeing their hair, scrounging a way into the army by one deception or another. But I did not do it, or at any time feel an inclination to do it. Later, my reputation as a writer got me work with the Ministry of Propaganda. There is no need to go into any of that now, but I write this to show that I had an occupation of sorts while the war lasted. But at that time I had not even this shadowy consolation.

I had been suddenly overcome by the absurdity of a man in my position, with no family and no hope of a family, owning two large houses. So I shut up both of them, sold my car, and lived in a small obscure hotel, rarely venturing out.

Living thus alone, I fell into a morbid condition of body and mind, a hypochondria in which I was hugging my griefs to me, inviting them to kill me.

The encounter with Oliver was the last thing needed. When he had marched by, the wind seemed shrewder, the world more bitter, and I made my way to the back-street hotel that was my lair in a spirit of mental and physical hopelessness.

After dinner I was the sole occupant of the lounge. Presently I gave a violent shiver, and pulled my chair nearer to the insufficient fire. I asked for whisky, compounded a grog of sorts, drank it, and went to bed, dozing fitfully.

I awoke out of one of my dozes to find the dreary room lit by a bedside lamp. I was aware that people were in the room, but I did not know that they were a doctor and Annie Suthurst. The manager knew that I was the author of "Every Street," and, being alarmed about my condition, he'd decided to ring up someone who might be supposed to have an interest in me. He found Maeve's name in the telephone book. So Annie Suthurst was sent for a doctor, under whose sedative I slept clamly that night, and I awoke in the morning weak and feeling very foolish.

Three days later, when I had got back from a tottering walk with Maeve, she raised the question which she had already settled for me.

"Where are you going to live now? You can't stay in this place."

I said I would think about it. "I've been thinking for you," she told me sharply. "It's high time someone did. There's a furnished flat on the floor below mine. It'll be empty at the end of the month."

"Thank you. I'll go. Who'll look after me?"

"Annie Suthurst, of course. My place doesn't take all her time."

"I'll speak to her."

"I've done the speaking, and taken the flat, too."

I kept the flat as long as the war lasted. When Maeve was dead, Annie remained with me.

AS we lived in the same building, Maeve and I developed the custom of always lunching with one another. On a Wednesday in March, when lunch was over, Maeve, said: "If you want to see Oliver, be at Charing Cross about half-past three." She closed the door and ran down the stairs.

This was the first time she had mentioned either Livia or Oliver. I was not aware that she knew anything of their movements, nor do I know now whence she obtained this information. I put on my overcoat and walked to Charing Cross, with my collar turned up about my ears and the brim of my hat pulled down in front. Those were not fashions I was accustomed to. I admitted an instinctive attempt at disguise. I had come to spy on my son.

It was Livia whom I saw first. Her cheeks glowed with happiness, and with a possessive pride that she did nothing to conceal.

The exercise of the last few months had broadened and toughened Oliver. Brown boots, shining like chestnuts, were laced up his calves, and the skirts of a well-cut overcoat swung as he strutted. I could not avoid the word: He was strutting.

How, even then, I would have outdone the father in the parable who, when his son was yet a great way off, ran! How I would have run, and abased myself before this young, jocund Mars, whose love had once been as unquestioningly mine as the sunshine and the rain! But I knew that I could as soon call back Nellie from the grave as hope to see those blue eyes smile at me, as they were smiling now at Livia, not turn to cold indifference.

So I lurked behind the bookstall, with my collar up and my hat-brim down. The engine strained and panted, and I saw Livia Vaynol running back through the barrier, not smiling now, but with loneliness and desolation upon her unmasked face.

That was in March 1915. In memory the year is strewn with fragments like bits of wreckage seen on a beach long ago. The Dardanelles, Tipperary, put one of these saccharine tablets in your coffee, Maeve O'Riorden, "When It's with You, It's Wonderful," casualties, shells, casualties, *Lusitania*, white feather, PUT THAT LIGHT OUT! . . . We got used to everything. There's nothing you can't get used to. It's the new thing that shakes you up. And the new thing came.

Dermot rang me up on Monday, the seventeenth of April 1916, and said he was coming round to have lunch with me and Maeve.

"Don't ask me how I am, Dutch Uncle," Maeve exclaimed defensively, coming through the door. "I'm just suffering from ten years of overwork. That's all. I shall get over it." She sat sideways in the window seat, so that she could get a squint into Berkeley Square, where the leaves were unfolding on the plane trees, delicate and beautiful against the brown prickly maces of last year's fruit.

"Leaves," said Maeve, "and flowers; and yesterday there were lambs—white tottery little things—so lovely. We saw them in a meadow."

"Who were *we* this time?" I asked.

"Oh, you wouldn't know," she said wearily. "I only met him myself on Saturday night. Someone brought him round to my dressing room, and he besought me to come out with him on Sunday." She got off the seat and stood up, looking out of the window. "You never saw such a boy," she spoke over her shoulder. "He looked about sixteen, with blue eyes and smooth round cheeks. He's been out once, and he's going again today. In the Air Force. I wished him luck, and d'you know what he said?"

I shook my head.

"He said: 'I've lasted longer than Freddie and Bunnie, anyway, so I feel lucky.' Freddie and Bunnie lasted a week. They were at school with him a few months ago."

I almost wished she would cry, or show some emotion. But she went on in a flat voice: "He said: 'Those lambs made me think of something Bunnie said. It was the first time we ever saw anti-aircraft shells bursting. Bunnie said: "That's a pretty sight—like white lambs in a blue field." Old Bunnie was a bit of a poet. Or d'you think that was a dappy thing to say?"

Suddenly I stopped her. "For God's sake, Maeve, shut up!" I shouted. I hoped it would be like a slap in the face. It was. She spun round in surprise, looked at me for a moment dreadfully hurt, then collapsed into my arms and cried. I let her have it out. There was nothing more I could say. I could only think: "Dear Maeve! Dear Maeve!"

Annie Suthurst put our after luncheon coffee on a table in front of the window seat. It was a big seat—room for us all. When Annie was gone Dermot put on his spectacles and took a letter from his pocket. "I haven't shown this to Sheila," he said. "She'll know soon enough."

He unfolded the letter and handed it to me. Maeve read with her chin resting on my shoulder. The letter was from Rory.

My dear Father—I wouldn't be such a fool as to post this to you in the ordinary way here in Dublin. We don't trust the Castle, you know, and just now, I think, they're particularly busy steaming open letters. A friend I can trust is crossing to England and will drop this into some inconspicuous letter box.

Well, I think I ought to let you know that before long now anything may happen. I'm only having a guess. I know you think I'm no end of a person in the movement, but I'm small beer really, and I'm kept pretty much in the dark. But there's something in the air, more marching in uniform than usual. There's plenty of ammunition flowing in. I know that.

Another thing that makes me feel we are on the verge of something is this: Donnelly is so gay and yet so secretive. Of course, he's at the heart of things. He's away attending conferences all day and half the night, and he's singing at the top of his voice. But not a word out of him.

You know, my dear Father, last August I was with the multitude that followed the body of O'Donovan Rossa to his grave at Glasnevin. Padraic Pearse was there, wearing his uniform, and he spoke with his hand on the hilt of his sword. He said: "I hold it a Christian thing, as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them."

I thought, as I heard those words, that they were the very heart and soul of all that you yourself have ever taught me. I shall go into battle remembering them and remembering you.

One thing more. I hope to come out of this alive. The chances that Donnelly will do so are slenderer than mine. If our attempt is made, and if it should fail, no mercy would be shown to Donnelly. I have learned to love him, Father, and I wonder if you know that I love Maggie, too? I shall marry her some day however this matter turn out, but if Donnelly should be taken from us I shall marry her at once.

Give my love to my Mother. Kiss Eileen. Kiss Maeve.

Rory.

The sheet trembled in my hand as I put it down on the coffee table. For a moment no one spoke. Then Maeve said to Dermot: "Well?"

He sat still, looking straight before him.

"Well—are you happy?" Maeve demanded.

Still Dermot did not move. She got up and moved across the room till she faced him. "I ask you," she said, her voice rising shrilly, "are you happy now? You've got what you worked for. Does it please you? You've killed Rory, that's all. You've killed Rory! You've killed Rory. . . ."

She broke down hysterically. Dermot put his hands before his face and murmured weakly: "Don't, Maeve, don't!"

I got my arms round her shoulders and led her, weeping, upstairs to her own flat. When I came down again Dermot was gone. Rory's letter lay on the floor. I picked it up and put it away.

SO you see, when the new thing came—that Easter Monday rebellion in Dublin—Dermot and I were not surprised. It flamed into the headlines of the newspapers, it staggered the unsuspecting English public; and few people knew what a pitiful, bungled, lamentable affair it was. The heart was gone out of an army that had been ready to spring; and only a remnant paraded on the fatal morning when the visionaries at last set out on their brief pilgrimage to the grave.

One of the remnant was Michael Collins, a thick-set playboy with a wing of black hair tumbling over his brow, almost unknown, but destined to learn that not thus must Ireland be fought for. Not with windy proclamations and the pretence of uniformed might. This became clear to Collins and to one other of the remnant who paraded on Easter Monday—Rory O'Riorden.

On Monday, May 1, Dermot brought me the letter that had come from Rory. It had been written on the Wednesday night of the rebellion week.

When I had read the letter I could not look Dermot in the face, for I knew, as he knew, that by then Pearse had handed in his sword. It was not easy to make some of the men obey his order to surrender. Some smashed their rifles rather than hand them in. Among those who did so was Rory O'Riorden.

Rory had told his father in a letter that if Donnelly were executed he would marry Maggie at once. Donnelly was executed, but Rory did not marry Maggie then. Rory was one of the thousands who were sent to English jails. He went to Frongoch where one of his fellow-prisoners was Michael Collins. It was late in 1916 that Dermot received a letter from Rory containing the phrase: "I am bound to Michael Collins by the most solemn and fearful oath."

The page fluttered in Dermot's nervous fingers. "I hoped it would be ended when Donnelly died," he said. Then he folded the letter and went away. He looked old and very tired.

THAT was on an autumn afternoon. When I had left Dermot I walked in the streets that were beginning to fade into a gloomy dark, bought an evening paper, and took it into Gunter's teashop. I spread it open and my heart gave a bound as I saw Oliver's face looking at me from the page. I hardly dared read the letter-press. Killed in action? Wounded? Then I saw beneath the picture: "Captain Oliver Essex, V.C."

The room had been swimming. Now things took focus again. I filled my cup, drank, and then read the paragraph. It announced that the King had conferred the Victoria Cross upon Captain Essex, M.C., Croix de Guerre. "The action which earned Captain Essex the highest award for valour took place during the Somme offensive, which still continues. Captain Essex is the son of the famous novelist and dramatist, William Essex."

I looked at the picture staring at me out of the paper. It was of no Oliver that I had ever known. The eyes were incredibly hard, staring straight out of the face with a fanatic and inhuman regard.

"God! Doesn't he look a killer!"

It was almost as though my own reluctant heart had spoken. Then I saw that two young officers at a table next to mine were considering the same picture that had captured my fascinated regard. "A killer, all right," he said. "I was with his mob for a time before I transferred."

"Well. He's a damned good soldier."

"Oh, he's a good soldier, all right. But I didn't like him. Something about him—I don't know. He enjoyed it. I've seen him as bloody as a butcher with his white teeth laughing."

I paid my bill, and went out. I walked round Berkeley Square with the Air Force man's phrase vivid in my mind: "Bloody as a butcher with his white teeth laughing." Oliver! Twenty. Twenty last May. Captain Oliver Essex, V.C., M.C., Croix de Guerre.

IT was a fortnight later that Maeve said: "Oliver will be at the Palladian tonight. Did you know he was on leave?"

I shook my head.

"Wertheim told me. He's invited Oliver to a box."

Wertheim would. He knew the publicity value of personalities, and Oliver was a personality.

"Will you be there?" Maeve asked.

"Not much good trying to get a seat at this time of night," I said.

"I've got a ticket. I took it for a friend and now she can't come." Maeve laid the ticket on the table. "You do want to see him, don't you?" she asked.

I nodded, unable to speak.

What an incredibly different Maeve it was I looked at a few hours later! And what incredible circum-

stances they were in which I looked at her!

I entered the theater just before the rise of the curtain, just in time to catch the animated buzz of talk that contended with the music of the orchestra dashing dispensing the opening airs of "Choose Your Partner." The principals of the show came one by one; Maeve appeared last of all. In scene after scene, she was the focal point, the personality on which all pivoted, and she threw herself into it that night with all that was in her. I felt that all the passionate sorrow that was in her heart, all the grief for dead men and for those who were about to die that I knew obsessed and burdened her, was here transmuted into the provision of the most perfect moments which she had it in her to create.

Only once did she come onto the stage alone, and that was when she sang "When it's with you." The stage was darkened of all light save the blue cone that fell upon her white, still, lonely figure.

All by myself the night seems long.
And the stairs are hardly worth climbing.
But when it's with you, it's wonderful!

It was on that third line that the spotlight rayed through the dark of the theater, found a box, and lighted up the face of Oliver.

There they were, the two who had played together as children, each famous now. On each a spotlight rested. But between them was a great space of darkness.

I could see that Livia Vaynol was sitting at Oliver's side. There was something frightening about Oliver now. What had been good looks of a most melting sort had been changed to a startling mature beauty, scratched, damaged, and half effaced, sinister even. Maeve sang on, and now she opened her eyes and looked at Oliver, seemed to be singing to him alone.

The song ended, the curtain swung down, and pandemonium broke loose. Half the crowd shouted: "Maeve! Maeve!" and half shouted: "Essex!" The curtains parted and Maeve appeared. The house lights were still dimmed. The spotlight remained upon Oliver's box. He sat for a long time, impassive, then stood up, unsmiling still, and raised a hand in a stern greeting to the mob. Then he turned and bowed stiffly towards Maeve. She dropped in a curtsy, then blew him a kiss, which set the house howling with delight, and then the curtain fell. Certainly Wertheim knew what a hero was worth.

Her dressing-room was cluttered with flowers when I went round, and cluttered with the customary mob of men and women. I put my arm through hers and drew her aside. "Come along home," I said. "Leave all these people for once."

I don't know what she would have answered, but at that moment Wertheim came bustling into the room. With him were Oliver and Livia Vaynol as well as three or four men and women. Oliver spoke to no one, he smiled at no one, but the chattering crowd instinctively parted to give him passage.

Maeve greeted him radiantly, as though he were a long-lost lover. She had never looked more charming. "I'm so glad you came round," she said. "I hoped you would."

"It was a good show," he said brusquely. "I congratulate you."

"Oliver, old boy, introduce your pals," one of the men said. "I've never met Miss O'Riorden, you know." He screwed the glass into his slightly bulging eye and ogled Maeve.

"Major Pogson," Oliver said briefly, and introduced the other people who were with him.

"Look, Maeve," he said. "I want to take you out to supper. Can you manage it?"

"But I'd love it!" Maeve cried.

"Bravo!" Pogson shouted. "We'll make it a party."

Oliver looked at him with a cold, almost insolent stare. "Excuse me, Poggy, I don't feel like a crowd."

Again the crowd opened for him. Maeve put her hand on his arm. "Good night, Livia," she said.

I watched Livia's face, saw her eyes narrow, scrutinizing Maeve and Oliver with the quiet vigilance of a cat. Oliver seemed unaware of the scrutiny. He seemed unaware of Livia. But Maeve saw all. She must have seen the spasm of hatred that shot across Livia's face when she said: "Good night."

OLIVER and Maeve made an even more attractive pair for the picture-papers than Oliver and Livia had done. "Captain Oliver Essex, V.C., and Miss Maeve O'Riorden, the popular star of 'Choose Your Partner', somewhere in Soho."

They were everywhere together. "You see," Maeve said to me with frank pride, "I'm someone. Who's ever heard of Livia Vaynol, except a few people in the theater? It flatters him to be seen about with Maeve O'Riorden."

I suppose that was how she did it. Oliver had been given a temporary job at home. It seemed to leave him plenty of leisure for suppers, dances, dinners, and all the flim-flam of the time.

Maeve and I had been shifted by the war into different worlds. We rarely met now at lunch, as we had been used to do: There were so many other claims on her time. There was nowhere else where I might meet her. I did my job each day at the

Propaganda Ministry — Information I think they called it—and at night I was glad enough to withdraw into my own thoughts.

On a morning of early January 1917, I was awakened by a banging on my bedroom door. "Who's there?" I shouted.

"Me—Annie."

I stepped out of bed, slipped on a dressing-gown and opened the door.

"Eh, Mr. Essex! Ah'm that scared. Miss Maeve hasn't come home."

Her fear communicated itself to my own heart, but I said reasonably: "She's often late, Annie. I expect she's dancing."

"Dancing! Who'd be dancing a five in t'morning?"

"You'd better go to bed," I suggested.

"Ah'll not go to bed," she said obstinately. "Ah'll sit here till Ah know what's happened to Maeve. No good. Ah reckon."

MAEVE came in at seven o'clock. She looked dead-tired, yet excited, almost exalted. "For the love of Mike, Annie, give us a cup of tea," she said. Then with a pale smile: "I find you two in very compromising circumstances."

Neither Annie nor I spoke. The silence made Maeve uneasy. She got up and walked about the room for a while, then burst out: "Oh, why do they send troop trains away at such a godless hour of the morning!"

"Troop trains?"

"Yes." Then the strength seemed to go out of her. She sank into a chair and murmured: "I've just been seeing Oliver off."

"So Oliver's gone back?"

She nodded. "I knew it was coming, but I didn't want to bother you with it, Bill. You don't mind, do you? It would have been—no good, you know."

"Yes, I see. Would you like to tell me anything about Oliver? You've been seeing a lot of him."

"Every day. You know how it started, don't you? That night at the theater? I wanted to take him away from Livia. Because you wanted Livia."

So that was it! Of course that was it, you fool! Couldn't you see it without having it put into words? And I hadn't wanted Livia after all.

She pushed me down into my chair, then said: "I know I made a mistake. You don't love Livia. You don't want Livia."



"Maeve, my love," I said, and took her into my arms. "My love," she whispered. "You've never called me that before . . . my love. . ."

I shook my head miserably. "You've been a long time finding it out," she said. "I didn't think you knew."

She almost snorted in her impatience. "You didn't! Does it take much finding out? Does a man who loves a woman and is pursuing her spend all his leisure time stewing in a flat? Give me credit for a little commonsense. And there I was landed with Oliver for weeks and weeks. He wouldn't go back to Livia. Heavens, no! There you are. Grand theater, isn't it? Heroine's generous gesture recoils on her own head. How do we go on from there? You're a playwright. Tell me."

What was there to tell? Abased, I had nothing to say. Presently Maeve sat down and lighted a cigarette, more composed. "Don't think I've been suffering," she said, "except from a flat feeling that I had made a fool of myself. You've done a great deal for me in your time, Bill, and here was the golden opportunity to do something for you. It wasn't nice to see it wasted. But Oliver's not bad."

I looked up at that more hopeful note. She smiled at me like someone encouraging a despondent child. "Light your pipe," she said. "No, he's not bad," she went on. "You know I never really liked him, but at least I've liked him better these last few weeks

than ever before. He's more real now. There's something rather terrifying in his realness. At times I felt frightened with him. He would be silent and brooding for hours together, melancholy—mad."

I asked, "Does Oliver want to marry you?"

"They all do," she said wearily, "but I suppose I'm not a marrying sort."

TOWARDS the end of February I received a letter from Dermot. It contained some trivial message which he asked me to pass on to Maeve. After breakfast I ran up to her flat, and went straight into the sitting-room. The door leading thence to the bedroom was open, and I could see Annie Suthurst standing outside the door of the bathroom which opened off the bedroom. Her face was drawn and haggard. I heard the sound of a faint moan, followed by painful retching.

Annie took my arm, walked me through the bedroom to the sitting-room, and then sank into a chair. She rocked to and fro, stricken with grief. "The same yesterday morning, Mr. Essex. God help us! Oh, Miss Maeve! Miss Maeve!"

I stood looking down at Annie Suthurst crumpled in a chair. I took her by the shoulders and shook her gently. "Annie! Pull yourself together! Remember, Maeve wants your help now more than ever she did. We'll manage this between us."

"Eh, Mr. Essex, it looks to me like summat that's got to manage itself this time."

Uncomfortable words! They were in my head as I sat at the table facing Maeve a few hours later. She was pale as usual, but quite composed.

"Have you heard," Maeve asked, "that Livia's gone away?"

I poured out her coffee, shaking my head.

She looked at me gravely and said: "So wasteful! So wasteful! What a bad schemer I make! My parts should always be written for me."

"Perhaps they are," I said sententiously.

"You mean predestination and all that? It would be such a comfortable doctrine," she said, "that whatever I did had been prearranged—that I couldn't personally be blamed *whatever* I did."

There was something tragical in her stillness, in the way her beloved mouth let drop those words; but all I did was to say: "My dear child, I cannot imagine you doing anything very terrible."

She turned away suddenly, her eyes full of tears. "I just wanted you to tell me that I haven't disappointed you," she sobbed. "You expected so much of me, I know."

I sprang out of my chair. "Disappointed me?" I shouted. And I knew that in all the sad tangle I had made of my life, Maeve stood clear and uncomplicated, the one thing that had never given me a pang, the one presence in which disappointment could never be felt. I crossed the room to her and took her in my arms. "Maeve, my love," I said.

She looked up at me in wonder. "My love," she whispered. "You've never called me that before . . . my love. . ."

"Let me call you that always. My love."

I tried to get my face upon hers. She forced her head backwards, away from me, gazing deep into my eyes; and suddenly I saw a look of horror born into her face. She gave a little cry and dragged herself free. She buried her face in her hands.

"My love, my sweet," I besought her. "What is the matter? Maeve, I love you. I love you."

"God help me, Bill," she said in a sobbing whisper, "I love you so that I could lie down and let you walk on me and the child that's in me."

"I know about that; don't be afraid about that."

"It's not that I'm afraid of. It's you. You didn't want Livia till Oliver wanted her. You didn't want me till Oliver wanted me. What is it about you that seems to prey on young lives? There was something . . . in your face . . . It frightened me."

"My dear, you're ill. You're imagining things. God forgive me if my face could bear anything but love for you"

"No, no! It's the look that Oliver's got now—hungry—a look that wants to consume lives. This is Oliver's child. You can't have me. You can't pretend to be the father of your grandchild."

She reached a hand out blindly across the table, and I took it and as blindly stroked it. Presently she raised her head and I could have cried at the wreckage of her face, especially when a pale wisp of smile waked like a ghost amid its desolation. "So there we are, Bill," she said. "There we are."

"Maeve, we must talk about this child. What are you going to do? How can I help you?"

"You can't help me. You can't! But you do understand, don't you, Bill? You don't despise me?"

I stroked her hand. "Hush, my dear."

But she went on rapidly: "You know, it had to come. There have been so many men who wanted me. Well, it happened with Oliver."

I looked at the white wreck of Maeve. "Don't think about it any more. Let's consider the present."

"There's only one thing to be done at present. That's go to bed."

At seven the next morning Annie Suthurst came knocking at my door. One look at her distraught face set my heart racing. She could not speak; she just stood there with her shaking fingers fumbling

at a shaking mouth. I pushed past her and ran up the stairs, through the sitting-room to Maeve's bedroom. She lay with one long white arm hanging out of the bed. Her head was fallen a little to one side. The face, framed by the black hair, looked childish and hurt and puzzled.

PART V

ON Armistice Night Annie Suthurst asked: "Will you be going out tonight, Mr. Essex?"

I shook my head. "I don't think so, Annie. No; I really don't think I could stand it. They cheered and went mad when the war started. Now they cheer and go mad because it's ended. The two things don't make sense to me."

When I went to my study, I found the curtains drawn, my chair pulled up to the fire, and my slippers on the fender. Alongside the chair was the little table with my pipes and tobacco-jar and spectacles. Annie looked after me well.

The fact was, of course, that Annie would always spoil me because she had never got over the miracle, as she thought it, that I had achieved, in having Maeve's death listed as a heart attack rather than suicide. The shame that had been averted from the memory of her dear Maeve . . . Annie had proved utterly reliable. Not even to me had she ever mentioned what had happened.

It all surged upon my memory as I sat in my room that Armistice night and listened to the jubilation. All through the evening the songs came up to me: "Tipperary," "When It's with You, It's Wonderful," "Till the Boys Come Home."

There would be that, too. Oliver would be coming home. I found the chill of my heart a faint warmth awakened at the thought. Livia . . . would he want Livia now? Would Livia want him? I saw nothing there. And Maeve was gone. Did I remain? Did I count? I had yet to find out. I had written him when Maeve died. Twenty months ago. There was no answer. I waited for six months, then sent him food and tobacco. There was no answer.

There was a ring at the door of the flat. I heard Annie shuffle out from her bed-sitting-room and break into cries of pleasure. She came bustling into my room, so overcome that she forgot to knock at the door. "Coom in, Mr. Rory. Coom in."

Yes, it was Rory. "I'll see you later, Annie," he said, seeing that she hovered there, making ecstatic noises, unwilling to take her eyes off him.

"Well, Uncle Bill?"
He stood grinning in his old diffident fashion. Our hands met in hard grip. "Sit down," I said. "You don't change much, Rory."

"No, so Maggie says. She says I just—deepen."
"How is Maggie?"

"As well as can be expected," he said grimly. I knew he was referring to Donnelly's death.

"You'll be able to marry Maggie now," I said. "We are already married. She is staying at Father's house. We thought there was no need to make a fuss, so we just got married, as soon as I was released from prison."

"I wish you joy, Rory, Maggie's a fine girl."
"Uncle Bill, I believe we do understand something of one another, you and I. Otherwise, I couldn't say what I'm going to say now. But I came to say it, so here goes. Thank you for what you did for Maeve."

"But, my dear boy, I did nothing. I . . ."
His grey candid eyes were looking me through and through. I hesitated, flustered. "I don't know how you did it or exactly what it was you did," he said. "But, you see, I know that Maeve committed suicide. And I know that no one knows that—not even Father and Mother."

I felt perspiration trickling on my forehead. I wiped it away with a handkerchief, got up, and poured myself a drink. There was utter silence in the room, broken only by the light tinkle of the decanter against the whisky glass.

"She was going to have a child by Oliver."
I had taken a drink, and turned to face him as he said this. His eyes seemed to have shrunk to little points having the hard grey glitter of granite. "She wrote to me from the theater the night she died. She must have scribbled the note in an interval and given it to someone to post. She told me what she was going to do and why she was going to do it." He added simply: "You see, we were very fond of one another, and I was proud of Maeve. We told one another everything."

He glowered at the fire for a while, then went on: "I expected the papers to be full of it—the inquest and all that. And there was nothing—nothing except that Maeve was dead, and all the columns of praise. Then I knew that somebody had cooked it, and I guessed it was you."

I broke in eagerly: "Yes, I—"
He interrupted me with the holding up of one big hand. "Please! Say nothing. I only want to thank you. I'm glad you did it. I should have hated. . . ."

He broke off, frowning. Presently he said: "I did you an injustice. At first I thought in my bitterness that what you had done was to save Oliver's skin. I apologize for that. You did it because you loved Maeve. Always and always. Those are Maeve's words: Always and always. I want you to

know that, too. She always loved you, and believed that you loved her but that you were too blind to know your own heart. It's a pity. I wish you had married Maeve. So much would have been so different. Because now. . . ."

He got up, leaving the sentence unfinished, but my own heart finished it for him. *Because now Oliver and I have a matter to settle.*

EVER since leaving Manchester I had continued to read the Manchester Guardian. It was towards the end of the following winter—in March of 1920—that I came upon a paragraph in that paper which threw the next beam of light upon Oliver's affairs. It was a report of bankruptcy-court proceedings, and the Official Receiver was frank about the affairs of Messrs. Newbiggin and Essex. Books, he said, had been improperly kept and the whole conduct of the business had shown a reckless disregard for customary commercial procedure, but in view of the splendid military record of one of the partners he would give them the benefit of the doubt and assume that ignorance of business practice had led them to their present position. The inquiry was closed.

It was this which led me at last to visit Manchester. Perhaps now was the time. . . .

But all I got out of my visit to Manchester was the news that Oliver had joined the Black and Tan Auxiliaries and was then on service in Ireland.

When I got back to town, I rang up Dermot and asked him: "Do you know anything about these Black and Tans and Auxiliaries that are going to Ireland?"

"Yes, Bill, I can tell you in a nutshell. They're the dirty scum and off-scouring of England sent to demonstrate what this government thinks of the rights of small nations. Why?"

"Oliver's joined the Auxiliaries."
Dermot didn't answer that. There was a silence; then I heard the receiver click back onto its hook.

I HAD been writing for an hour. The room was full of the extraordinary silence that accompanies a fall of snow. The scratch of the pen over the paper, the flames in the grate flapping like little blown banners; that was all I could hear.

The telephone bell shrilled, bringing me back with a heart-thump to the moment: to nine of a snowy March night in 1921. It was young Guy Langdale. He had married Eileen in the autumn and they had a small house at Richmond. He was speaking from there in great agitation. Could I come at once?

"But what is it, man? Is Eileen ill?"

"No," he said, "it's not Eileen—it's Maggie."

"Maggie? You mean Rory's wife?"

"Yes. Rory's dead."
I put down the receiver and looked dazedly about my familiar room. Just there Maeve had stood that day, confronting Dermot.

You've killed Rory! . . . You've killed Rory!
God help you, Dermot, now.

Guy himself opened the door and led me to a small room at the back which he used as a study. "You know what these people are when for years they've been sleeping and waking for a cause. We don't know yet what it is, but there's something terrible on that girl's mind. She was delirious. She kept shouting: 'I betrayed him!' and then there was a lot of babble about Essex. That's why Eileen wanted you to come. We thought there was something she wanted to tell you, and that if you were here and she became sensible it might help. But now she's asleep. The doctor's been and seen to that. He says she should sleep till morning. There's another thing. We gathered that she came to Eileen because she dared not go to Rory's father. She couldn't face that. So you see," said Guy, his knuckles white as he clutched his glass, "someone has to tell O'Riorden that his son is dead." He added after a while: "Eileen is in no condition to see her father. And frankly I loathe the job. Will you do it?"

MAGGIE was sitting up in bed. She was alone when Dermot and Sheila and I went in. She was in possession of herself; her hysteria was ended; but a world of woe looked from her grey eyes.

While Dermot and I stood just within the doorway, Rory's mother crossed the room and kissed Rory's widow. It was a cold perfunctory kiss, and suddenly I knew that Sheila's heart was burning with hate. I knew, too, that Maggie felt this.

Tears grew in her eyes, flowed out onto her cheeks. She wiped them away and said: "I mustn't cry."

"It doesn't do much good," Sheila said. "I've lost two children, and I know." That was the only visit she made to Maggie.

A few days later I called alone, and found that Maggie was up and dressed. So I took her out to lunch, and then we went for a walk in Richmond Park. We had not been walking for long when she put her hand shyly on my arm and said: "Rory was very fond of you."

"I believe he was," I said, "and I'm glad of it."

"Do you think I was—good enough for him?"

"I knew Rory well enough to know that he wouldn't have chosen anything second-rate."

"His mother thinks I'm a coward—that I ran away."

"It's difficult just now for Rory's mother to be as fair as she usually is."

Suddenly Maggie sat down on a seat and buried her face in her hands. "I did run away," she sobbed. "I did. I did. I was a coward."

I tried to comfort her. "My dear, who can blame you? You have been through so much."

But Maggie needed the comfort of words, needed at last to break the silence she had so long maintained about Rory's death. Rory, she said, was the leader of a group of four lads who had withstood for a long gruelling day a siege from a Black and Tan contingent. Towards evening, Rory had been wounded and Maggie and Dan Conroy, whose wrist had been shattered, had managed to half carry, half drag him to an old barn in the loft of which the men had, weeks before, built a narrow secret room, stocked with a little food and first aid equipment. Here Maggie began to bandage Rory's wounded knee, and, lacking splints for the job, she crept back downstairs in search of wood that might serve.

SITTING on the beach in Richmond Park, Maggie paused and looked round in wonder, as though from the horrors she had been recounting she had stepped suddenly into an awareness of the graciousness about her. "I must go on," she said. "It will hurt you." I nodded, and she continued:

"When I got downstairs to the floor of the barn, I was afraid. I had the tiny light with me, and it made the shadows more frightening than if there had been no light at all. I felt as though someone were walking behind me, and someone was. He said suddenly: 'I was sure there were three of you. Where are the others?'"

"I stopped quite still. He said: 'Don't move. Don't turn round. There's no reason for you to see me.' Then he took the little light from my hand and stuck the end of the torch in a truss of hay. 'That's excellent,' he said. 'Now I can see you, but I can remain invisible as I have been ever since you left the house. Where are the others?'"

"He had a beautiful voice. He spoke so pleasantly that I was almost bewitched into answering."

"He reached out his arm from behind me so that I could see he held a revolver. Then he drew it back, and there was nothing but the voice."

"Well, 'pon my soul," he said at last, "if you don't speak soon, then by the word of an Essex—"

"And then I knew. All the time he had been speaking, that voice coming out of the dark seemed to be coming out of the darkness of years and years ago. It had been puzzling my memory, and when he said the name everything lit up. And I thought of swimming and sailing and fishing, and he and Rory loving one another. And I thought my heart would break with joy, because I knew I had only to turn round and see a face I remembered and say: 'But, Oliver, it's Rory. He's upstairs. You won't want to hurt him.'"

"And then I turned round, and he said: 'Humph! Inquisitive? Well, here I am.' And with that he turned a strong torch of his own full on his face. And, oh, dear God, it wasn't the face I knew. It was cold and cruel. And my heart dried up, and fear came on me, and suddenly I shrieked."

"And that was how I betrayed Rory."

"There was silence after I shrieked, and then he shrugged his shoulders and said: 'That ought to fetch 'em.' He didn't know me."

"And then there was nothing to do but wait. He had snapped out his torch. I could hear a creeping and crawling along the floor of the loft. He could hear it, too. It went on for a long time, till I knew that Rory was at the opening over the ladder. Then suddenly a big electric torch flashed from up there down into the floor of the barn and began searching for us. It was Conroy holding it, so that Rory could shoot. When the shot came I screamed again, and the thunder in my ears drowned the noise of my own cry. Oliver had fired over my head. Rory slipped head first down the ladder, his arms sprawled out, his wounded leg folded up under him when he came to rest. Conroy watched from above. He had no revolver."

"First, Oliver took the revolver out of Rory's hand and put it in his pocket. Then he turned him over. He knew at once. His own revolver fell from his hand. All the marks seemed to go out of his face as though a sponge had cleaned them off. He looked soft and young and gentle. Then they flowed back. He picked up his revolver and turned to me. 'Maggie Donnelly?' he said.

"Maggie O'Riorden."

"Christ!" he said. "Christ!" and ran out of the barn.

She had stayed in the barn all night, sitting with Rory's head in her lap, her hands stroking his hair. Towards dawn she crawled behind the hedge, and what was left of the flying column of Black and Tans trailed past her in the dawn. Oliver marched at the head of them. Suddenly one of the men began to sing. Oliver turned upon his savagely: "Shut your blasted mouth!" he said.

The man protested: "Can't a feller sing?"
Maggie said, Oliver's face went blind with fury. He was carrying a heavy stick and he turned and belaboured the man over the head till he reeled

and fell. The others closed about him, muttering. Oliver took a revolver from his belt, formed them into ranks, and marched them off.

"So you see," Maggie said, "that I couldn't tell Mrs. O'Riordan how it was. And if I'd talked about it," she added, "it would have been very hard not to mention Oliver. And I didn't want to do that, because Rory was very fond of you, and he loved Oliver once. He wouldn't have wished it. There's sorrow enough in the world, without my coming between friends."

Then I cried, cried as I had never cried before, as I shall never cry again, tears of anguish for the wrong that had been done, tears for Rory lying beyond the reach of tears in a far-off draughty barn, tears for Oliver venting his savage sorrow as he marched hopelessly along the road of twilight, tears of humiliation at the wisdom and steadfastness of the girl at my side. She walked along quietly, embarrassed by the sobs that shook me, looking shyly into my face from time to time.

"You're too good, too good," I managed to say at last. "Why should you protect me like this?"

"Good?" she said. "No, I'm not good. I'm trying to be sensible, that's all. Aren't you sad and lonely like the rest of us? Very well, then."

We walked in silence for a while, and then I asked her: "What are you going to do now?"

"Do?" she asked with surprise. "Why, I must go back."

"MAY it please your lordship; ladies and gentlemen of the jury. On the first Monday in December last, Percy Lupton, a young man of twenty-seven, went out to his work in the district of Higher Broughton in Manchester.

"Lupton's work was this. His uncle was a builder who owned a great deal of house property. On Monday afternoons, he was to make the rounds of houses which his uncle owned and collect the rents.

"You will hear that Oliver Essex, who stands there before you accused of the murder of Percy Lupton, lodged in one of the houses at which Lupton collected the rent, that he was aware that Monday was the day for the collection, because his landlady, Mrs. Newbiggin, had once left the money and asked him to pay it when the collector called.

"Evidence will be given that Essex had done no work for a long time, that he was in debt not only to his landlady but also to many tradespeople. One of these tradespeople, a tailor to whom he owed fifteen guineas, had pressed him for payment the week before Percy Lupton was killed. He will tell you that Essex said: 'Don't worry. You shall have the money soon if I have to do someone in to get it.'

"Well, now, let us return to Percy Lupton. Just as he was leaving the last house at which he had to call, he met an acquaintance and old army comrade, Henry Sugden, and Sugden will tell you the exact time at which he parted from the dead man, because he looked at his wrist watch, and he remembers saying: 'I must push off. It's twenty past six.'

"As it happens, we have a check on time a little later. A young waiter named Daniel Kassassian had arranged to meet his sweetheart, at a street corner opposite Lupton's office, at six-thirty. Kassassian, as soon as he arrived there, looked at his watch to see if he were on time for his appointment. He will tell you that he noted he was dead on time—six-thirty; and that at that very moment he heard a terrible cry.

"It is the contention of the prosecution in this case that in those ten fatal minutes Oliver Essex murdered Percy Lupton.

"Now Kassassian proceeded to investigate the cry, colliding near Lupton's office with a man with such violence that the man's hat was knocked off. A black felt hat, within which, as you will hear from the hatter who sold it to Oliver Essex, were the initials 'O.E.' Kassassian entered the office, and to his horror, stretched before the open door of the safe, he discovered the body of a man, later identified as Percy Lupton, and he rang up the police. . . ."

The grey wig surmounting the unmoving blur of scarlet; counsel twitching his gown as he wove mesh after mesh of the net; twelve intent faces of jurors; all about me here in the public gallery the livid eager faces of men and women in at the kill.

Suddenly, it all seemed meaningless, a staged fantastic show, nothing to do with me, nothing to do with Oliver. I got up and stumbled down the stairs, my heart crying: "O, Oliver, my son, my son!"

He had destroyed so much that I had loved: Livia Vaynol, and Maeve, and Rory, and Maggie; but he had called me "Father" again; not "Sir" as in that time when there was ice between our hearts. Oh, why should I sit there and listen to the words and the words and the words, when I knew better than any of them what had happened? He had told me himself, and somehow, God help me, there was comfort in that.

He ran into the fog, and as he ran a voice kept crying in him: "You've left your hat, you fool; you've left your hat." But even if he had known incontrovertibly that the hat would hang him, the impulse to run was now stronger than the impulse to go back. "I had killed so many men," he said with brutal candor; "I had been applauded for killing them, promoted for killing them, given

medals for killing them; but don't let any fool tell you there's no difference between killing in peace and war. In three seconds after I had killed that man I knew the difference. I knew that I had killed one man too many."

So, panic in his heart, he ran.

I read of the murder of Percy Lupton; I read that a black felt hat had been handed to the police by a man named Kassassian, and that the initials "O.E." were on the lining-band. It meant nothing to me.

By the afternoon the murder was a big affair. It was on the front pages. "Famous V.C. and murdered Cashier." The hatter had identified O.E. Yes, he remembered selling the hat, only a week before, to Major Oliver Essex, whose "present whereabouts are unknown."

In the morning I went to Paddington and took the train to Truro.

So far as I knew, there was only one man in England to whom Oliver could turn now, and that was Captain Judas. I didn't know what I intended to do, except that I must get to Heronwater. I told nobody where I was going—not Dermot; not Annie Suthurst. Just to go, just to feel that at this last desperate moment I might get near to Oliver.

No light was visible in the *Jezebel*. I tied up the boat to the ring in the hull and pulled on the bell-cord.

"That you, Judas?" The voice was a cautious, fearful whisper.

"No, Oliver. I am your father. Let down the ladder."

He let down the ladder and I climbed up and stood beside him on the deck. He was the first to speak. He said: "I'm glad you've come, Father."

I could not answer him, because I knew I had come too late. I looked at him with my heart breaking. He is twenty-six, my thoughts kept saying. . . . He looked ageless: Haggard, drawn, and dissolute.

At last he spoke. "Why did you bother?"

"I want to help you."

"Why? What am I to you?"

"You are my son."

He said with his lips twisted into a grin: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

There was nothing to be said to that. After a while he said: "There's nothing you can do—nothing at all. But I'm glad you came."

I thought of practical things. "What about Captain Judas?"

"He won't be back till the morning," Oliver said. "His friend Jansen is in at Truro, and he's gone to spend the night with him."

"Does he . . .?"

I couldn't say it. The words stuck in my throat. Oliver helped me out. "You mean does he know the police are after me?" He pushed his hand wearily across his brow again. "God knows what the old fool thinks. He expected me. I know that. I didn't surprise him. He swears they shan't take his Lord this time. He'll show 'em whether Judas is a betrayer. And that's all I can get out of him."

He sprawled down on the timbers, and I sat beside him. I took out my tobacco-pouch and pipe. Oliver produced a pipe and blew through it. I handed him the pouch. Soon we were both smoking.

"D'you remember writing to me about Maeve?"

I nodded.

"I got that letter all right. And the tobacco and food later. I wish that I had come straight back to you when the war was over. But I was too proud. I wanted to go on hurting you. I wanted to go on hurting everybody." He buried his face in his hands. "I oughtn't to have come here," he said. "This place is too full of Rory." And then: "Let me tell you—"

"No, no. Don't distress yourself. I know all about that. Maggie told me—told no one but me. She knew that you didn't know it was Rory when you shot him, and she said that Rory himself wouldn't have wished anyone to know. She seemed to understand."

"I wasn't in their class," he said slowly. "I wasn't in the same class as Rory and Maggie. Or Maeve, for that matter. Sorry, Father. God gave you the one bad lot of all the bunch."

IN the pitch-darkness I could feel Oliver's head resting against my shoulder. We had talked and dozed, and waked and talked again, far into the night.

I moved my hand and felt his hair, long and silky. I fondled it very softly, fearing to wake him, and tears scalded my eyelids and then began to flow quietly down my face. I wished we could both die there, in the darkness below the *Jezebel's* decks, with his head on my shoulder, his soft hair under my hand.

Suddenly his whole body twitched violently and his head was wrenched away. Then, as though he had recollected where he was, he sighed and leaned back against me. "Hallo, Father," he said.

I could see by the illuminated dial of his wrist watch that it was seven o'clock. I wiped my eyes furtively.

I lit the galley fire and made some coffee, cut bread and butter. It was not much of a meal, but it was many years since we had eaten together. He recurred to a thought that had troubled him before.

"I don't know why you're doing this," he said.

"Never mind why I'm doing it," I answered. "Don't you know that I'm very happy? I've got a son again. If you had had a son you might know what I mean."

"I might have had," he said. "Maeve might have had a son . . . Poor Maeve . . . Then it would have been so different."

"She loved you very much," I lied.

"Did you ever see Livia Vaynol again?" he asked. I shook my head. "Never since the night you left her in Maeve's dressing-room."

"Nor I. I treated her pretty badly." He added after a pause: "There's only one thing in my whole life that I'm glad about at this moment."

I looked at him questioningly.

"I'm glad Mother didn't live." We were silent for a moment, then he asked: "Had we better descend again to the underworld?"

"It's not necessary. Stay here where the air's fresher. No one can see you, and we can see anyone who approaches the ship. What are you going to do?"

He sat with his hands drooping between his knees. "Hang," he said.

At that, a cry was dragged out of me. "No, no!" I said. "Don't say that! For God's sake don't talk about that, even as a possibility. We must think. We must devise some scheme. . . ."

I lost control of myself. I was standing up, shouting, quivering. Oliver put an arm round my shoulders, and a strange shudder compounded of joy and repulsion went through me at the touch. "Calm yourself," he said. "I know you would do anything for me. I have always known that, pig-headed swine that I've been. I've always known you were there. There were times when I hated you, but I never doubted you. Is it any consolation to you to know that?"

I nodded my head, unable to speak.

"I'm glad," he said, his grip round my shoulders tightening like a vice, "because now it's too late. You can do nothing more. Look!"

The arm that was not holding me shot out towards the window, the long scar pointing like an arrow. As I looked, his strong arm held me up, or I should have fallen. "That's the end," he said.

He released me, and I gripped the edge of the table for support. My knees were like water. Oliver held out his hand. "We'll say good-by now," he said.

I took his hand. It closed on mine like iron. He was not afraid now. I could see that.

"Thank you for coming—and for everything," he said. Then he dropped my hand.

We stood face to face at the table, not speaking for a moment, listening to the engine of the approaching motorboat. The engine dropped to half-speed as the bows pointed in towards the *Jezebel*. Then he spoke again. "Don't fool yourself with hopes. There's no earthly chance. I want you to make me a promise."

I couldn't speak. I looked at him in anguished silence.

"Don't come to see me in jail when it's all over. I shouldn't like that. Promise?"

I nodded.

THERE is nothing more to be said. They hanged Oliver in Strangeways jail. I do not know whether a bell was tolled or a flag flown at half-mast or a proclamation nailed to the prison door. I know only that in the desolate street I lingered till, almost without seeing, I was aware that the small crowd had broken up and was drifting away.

Rain was falling as gently as mercy, and a woman, walking with long swift strides, went by me. Her open umbrella brushed my cheek and she half turned with a muttered word. It was Livia Vaynol, her quick walk making me think that she was fleeing, as she had fled that day when for the first time she saw Oliver leave for France. Recognition struck instantly between us, but she did not stop. A strong shudder seemed to shake her as she strode ahead of me through the mist.

I knew that she had been saying good-by, and wondered at her faithfulness.

But this is not the place where I shall say good-by. I shall go back to London and rest awhile, for I am very tired. Then some day I shall take a train from Paddington. At Fishguard I shall go aboard the little liner that takes you to Cork. I have never been there, but I am told that, having traveled all night, you awake in a wide harbor with a loveliness to make you wonder.

I shall do that, and I shall go ashore and go to Ballybar and find there the grave where Rory lies. Because in my heart you, too, Oliver, will always be lying there. It was not you who went that day and struck, and stole, and ran. That was the simulacrum that remained after you had died at Ballybar. You died when you killed your friend. There was nothing for you of good or evil after that. So I shall say good-by to you by Rory's grave.

Perhaps Dermot will come with me. We shall say good-by to you together—to you and to Rory—and remember the night before either of you was born when in pride and blindness we told the years what they should do with our sons.

THE
Camera
SPEAKS

Hollywood's "Age of Innocence"—
not the classic by Reynolds, but our
ultramodern, 1940 model, Sandra
Henville, star of "Sandy Is a Lady"

Estabrook

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
ITS PICTORIAL BEST

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF

Lillian Russell

as it really happened



In 1879, seventeen-year-old Nellie tired from her first job to wed musician Harry Braham (not in the photo)



Soon after her divorce in 1884, ex-Mrs. Braham wed composer ward Solomon (Don Ameche in film)



Photographs from:
Albert Davis Collection
Culver Service
Brown Bros.

Henry Fonda, Alice Faye (as Lillian Russell) and Don Ameche in the soon-to-be-released film version of this fabulous career



No longer the "Airy Fairy" Lillian, but still dazzling, she was headlined in 1911 as "Vaudeville's Greatest Capture"



Diamond Jim Brady (played by Ed Arnold) wooed her but never won not even with his \$50,000 em

PHOTOPLAY presents, in a series of rare photographs, the true story of the Incomparable Lillian—the story the movies cannot tell of golden-haired Nellie Leonard from Clinton, Iowa, who became Broadway's first glamour girl



Lillian Russell Cigar

Seidenberg & Co.
The Waller, Robertson Drug Co. Pittsburgh, Pa., Distributors. **New York**

On Tony Pastor "discovered" her, gave her the of Lillian Russell, made her an overnight sen- at his renowned 14th Street Variety Theater

At Tony Pastor's, Lillian gave up her grand opera ambitions to trill the songs of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan and shock the town by wearing tights

As her career waxed, her home life waned with the death of her baby son from an accidental overdose of drugs

The Russell craze was manifested in an amazing flood of songs, flowers, gowns, cigars bearing the magic name



's beloved daughter, Dorothy, came union, but also came disillusion— marriage to Solomon was terminated

La Russell then forswore love, until, in 1894, singer Señor Perugini swept her into a marriage that lasted just four months

At this time, the fulsome prima donna of Broadway's Casino was the epitome of the Gay Nineties—era of the wasp waist, pompadour and plumed chapeau

At the turn of the century, she left the Casino to join Weber and Fields at their famous Music Hall. (The comedians play themselves in the film.)



ax to a varied marital career was Miss Russell's marriage in 1912 to rich ander Moore, Pittsburgh editor. A more glamorized version of this twilight nce is given in the film, with Henry Fonda portraying Lillian's fourth husband

Postscript to a great career was the film, "Wild Fire," made at Fort Lee, N. J., in 1914. Likewise was a series of beauty talks—"How to Live a Hundred Years"—given by Miss Russell throughout the country

The War turned her to public service, and up to her death in 1922, Queen Lillian remained—as always—in the spotlight!

Double

"My Favorite Wife," cries Cary Grant—cribbing the title of their new film—as he clasps Irene Dunne. She relaxes happily, while he looks ahead for trouble—as well he might, since the scenario also has him married to Gail Patrick!

Ardor in Africa, displayed by those stellar travelers of Paramount's "Safari," young Doug Fairbanks and Madeleine Carroll. Film's lion-hunting background is exciting, but could anything be more—er, gripping than such a scene as this?



Readers

The ultimate in double-double billing—four features (count 'em), starring a double mixed quartet whose raised voices can command first billing anywhere

Spring thaw seems to have set in on "The Primrose Path"—hastened, no doubt, by Joel's and Ginger's smiles. However, the McCrea-Rogers duo has many despairing moments every bit as dark as Ginger's hair in this dramatic new RKO picture



Romance—glittering, glamorous, melodious romance—enters the film life of Anna Neagle after a series of historical dramas. Now, in "Irene," Anna laughs, sings, dances, holds hands with Ray Milland—and doesn't age a single year!



1 Josh and Ace: "No ushers are greater in any theater"

2 Mima, Josh and Ace—"Sweet Potato Pipers"

3 "And yet the moon seems

THE *Lyrical*

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

*All set, everybody? Then let's sing
With stars Dottie, Bob and Bing—
And follow their film-story, too;
Though we won't reveal the ending,
You should find a happy blending,
In Paramount's tuneful revue!*

JOSH MALLON (Bing Crosby) had returned from a highly pleasurable cruise on board a tramp steamer with his pal, happy-go-unlucky Ace Lannigan (Bob Hope), to find an irate father and a clinging fiancée. Joshua Mallon, Sr., shipping tycoon, demanded that Josh settle down and take an interest not only in their profitable business but in Gloria, whose desire for an early marriage he supported completely. Josh finally yielded but the night their engagement was to be announced on the yacht of Gloria's father, he disappeared to meet Ace. He popped up again with his buddy and the duo broke up the very swank, very austere party by clowning and singing:

"CAPTAIN CUSTARD"

VERSE:

A crowd has stormed the music hall,
Will someone please put in a riot call!
Where's Captain Custard?
They're milling left, they're swarming right;
It always happens when they have Bank
Nite.
Where's Captain Custard?

CHORUS:

There's Captain Custard,
Undaunted and unflustered,
With his troops officially mustered.
No ushers are greater
In any theater in town.
Quick, can't you see, sir?
Oh, goodness, gracious me, sir!
Will you look at Company B, sir:
I think they're retreating,
This Bank Nite is beating them down.
He'll halt their advances
With firm and fearless glances;
They shall not pass the center aisle,
He's armed to the teeth with a smile.
Brave Captain Custard,
Undaunted and unflustered,
While around him women are clustered.
He knows all their wishes,
They're waiting for dishes;
It's not his uniform spic and spruce
'Cause he looks too much like a Charlotte
Russe.

Brave Captain Custard,
Dear Captain Custard.

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Josh and his father, inevitably, quarreled once more, and the heir to the Mallon fortunes shipped out to unknown ports with Ace. They ended up in Kaigoon where, starting with a brawl in the island's one and only hot spot, they met Mima (Dorothy Lamour). A three way partnership was organized and Mima, in a very respectable fashion, moved in with the boys. Ace tried to solve the pressing food problem by placing soapy water in bottles and selling it to the natives as a no-work, all-play cleaning fluid. The trio attracted crowds by a little musical trick all their own:

"SWEET POTATO PIPER"

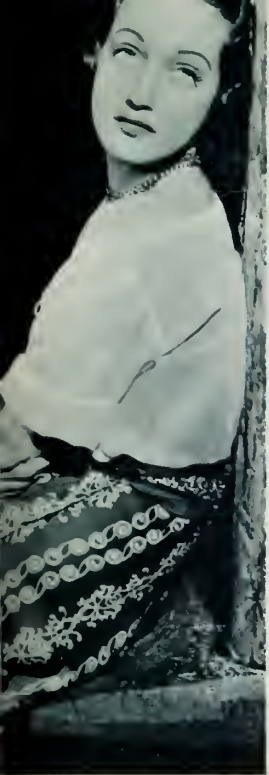
VERSE:

Do you remember Yuba who played the tuba
And made the rumba a popular beat?
The "Peanut Vendor" was a solid sender,
Not to mention "Piccolo Pete."
Of course you've heard of Sammy
From Alabama, the old accordion man;
Well, while we're on the subject,
Do you know why the Beguine began?

CHORUS:

Music soothes the savage,
That's a well-known phrase,
But your heart becomes
Full of kettledrums
When the Sweet Potato Piper plays.
Go on, throw your hat up,
Shout a few hoorays,
'Cause you can't hold back,
You're a jumpin' Jack
When the Sweet Potato Piper plays.
Tho' it's not a magic flute,
There's a fascinating toot.
It's not exactly beautiful,
It's sort of like an I-don't-know;
I guess you'd call it cute.
Sunbeams try new dance steps,
Songbirds sound their "A's"
And the world joins in
With a great big grin,
When the Sweet Potato Piper plays.

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my love will soon be here" 4 "You're much too near and I'm too romantic"

5 "And, before you know it, you'll be wearing sarongs"

3

Josh and Ace, afraid of the complications of a woman in their lives, tried gently to ease Mima out of the picture. But peculiar feelings had already begun to swirl around in their bosoms. The young lady stayed and, if either of the two gentlemen had been awake one gorgeous tropical night, they could have heard her slip out on the porch of their native hut and sing to the moon and misty silver of the lagoon:

"THE MOON AND THE WILLOW TREE"

VERSE:

When shadows fall and the sky is dark and deep
I've a rendezvous that I must keep
Or my poor heart wouldn't sleep.

CHORUS:

I have two friends, the strangest company,
The gay lighthearted moon and the willow tree,
The sad willow tree,
And when we meet, notice suddenly
The moon begins to smile, but the willow tree
Starts weeping for me.
Somehow I know it's about my love,
The willow must doubt my love will ever appear.
And yet the moon seems to say my love will soon be here.
Which one is right, they never quite agree;
The smiling moon and the weeping willow tree.

Copyright 1940 Paramount Music Corporation

4

Great events got under way with Josh and Ace discovering simultaneously that lovely Mima could be a great deal more than an efficient housekeeper. But Josh beat Ace to the punch and that hapless Romeo returned one day to find his two friends confessing:

"TOO ROMANTIC"

VERSE:

The folks who knew me as a child have often said to me,
That they don't recognize the little boy I used to be.
They tell me I was ferocious, and so heroically brave,
And quite grown-up and precocious; or that's the impression I gave.
But now I'm very cautious of most ev'ry thing I do—
I'm not exactly a coward, but just between me and you:

CHORUS:

I'm so afraid of night, 'cause I'm too romantic,
Moon light and stars can make such a fool of me.
You know you're much too near and I'm too romantic.

JOSH:

Wouldn't I be a sight on bended knee?

MIMA:

Don't ask to hold my hand 'cause I might agree
I'm startled when you whisper,
I'll run if you should sigh.
I must be careful or I'll kiss my heart good-by
You shouldn't let me dream 'cause I'm too romantic—
Don't make me fall unless it could come true.

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5

Love, though, was absolutely helpless when it came to answering the food problem. Temporarily, they solved their culinary troubles by unearthing a native feast. Romance, food, laughter were all there but they fled, helter-skelter, when Papa Mallon and Gloria suddenly appeared to end successfully their long search for the missing heir and sweetheart. Josh, caught by respectability and tradition, left love and Mima to Ace and the tropics. He departed, mournfully, to the throbbing music of the natives' own song:

"KAIGOON"

VERSE:

Kaigoon is an island somewhere near the moon;
Unless you're a dreamer you won't find Kaigoon.
I've been told the life is so romantic and gay
If you travel there you just go native and stay;
You become susceptible to laughter and songs
And before you know it you'll be wearing sarongs.

CHORUS:

Music, Love and Laughter—Morning, Night and Noon!
Kaigoon is an island somewhere near the moon
Whispering waves are there that seem to say
A dream is not so far away.
While the irresistible drums are putting you in the mood to dance
And the scent of sandalwood trees is tempting your heart to seek romance,
What would you do but sigh and say:
"I guess I'll stay forever"
There where there's pleasure
There where it's tranquil
Other lands may worry and fret but no one has ever worried yet
At Kaigoon, peaceful old Kaigoon.
Unless you're a dreamer you won't find Kaigoon;
Kaigoon is an island somewhere near the moon.

Copyright 1940 Paramount Music Corporation



Score three hits for Hollywood! Betty Grable, Bert Lahr, Ethel Merman in "Du Barry Was a Lady"



Donald Cook and Gertrude Lawrence of the stage (but not unknown to films) proved "Sky Lark" so gay and appealing it's been purchased for Claudette Colbert of the screen



In the dramatic "Key Largo"—film-king Paul Muni, with movie-possibility Uta Hagen

BROADWAY, *The*

BY CHARLES HOPKINS

(Famous Broadway Theatrical Producer)

ONCE upon a time—and a glorious time it was, too, for the theater of those days—the scores of plays which flooded the Broadway stage each season were given their tryouts everywhere but in New York before being brought to town. Sometimes, other large cities were selected for this occasionally dubious honor. More often, the choice fell on some little hamlet somewhere in neighboring New England states.

To blasé Broadwayites, this system was known as "trying it out on the dog." If the dog liked it (or didn't show too conclusive proof of not liking it), the show was finally brought to Manhattan and exposed to its critical first-nighters.

The changing times have wrought a subtle difference. Broadway now finds itself being used as the dog for all the rest of the country. More and more, its plays are being previewed right in Manhattan. In the old days, New York companies went out on the road *after* the long Broadway runs were finished. Today, Chicago and Pacific Coast companies are chosen with as much care as the original Broadway casts and sent out to cash in *during* the New York run—and to clear the way for Hollywood.

For Broadway is now Hollywood's dog, too. Hollywood has been buying up its plays and players at a rate of time and money which is

(Continued on page 84)



A trio of "Men Who Came to Dinner": Manhattan's Monty Woolley, Chicago's Clifton Webb (stripes), and the West's Alexander Woollcott (in polka dots)—who inspired the role!



Broadway box offices hailed Hollywood's Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story" — with Joseph Cotten, Van Heflin



Hollywood triple-threat man Elliott Nugent scored a double in "The Male Animal," with Ruth Matteson

Dog



Another on-stage season for Franchot Tone, this time in "The Fifth Column" with Katherine Locke



One of "My Dear Children": Elaine Barrie—papa: John Barrymore. Below, two mamas in "Life with Father": Lillian Gish, Chicago; Dorothy Stickney, N. Y.



Tallulah Bankhead's personal triumph in "The Little Foxes" may return her to the screen



A toast to Julie Haydon—once in films—playing in "The Time of Your Life"



A million years ago: The courting caveman says it with gifts—when mama thinks the pile is big enough, daughter will show him it's all okay by offering him a drink



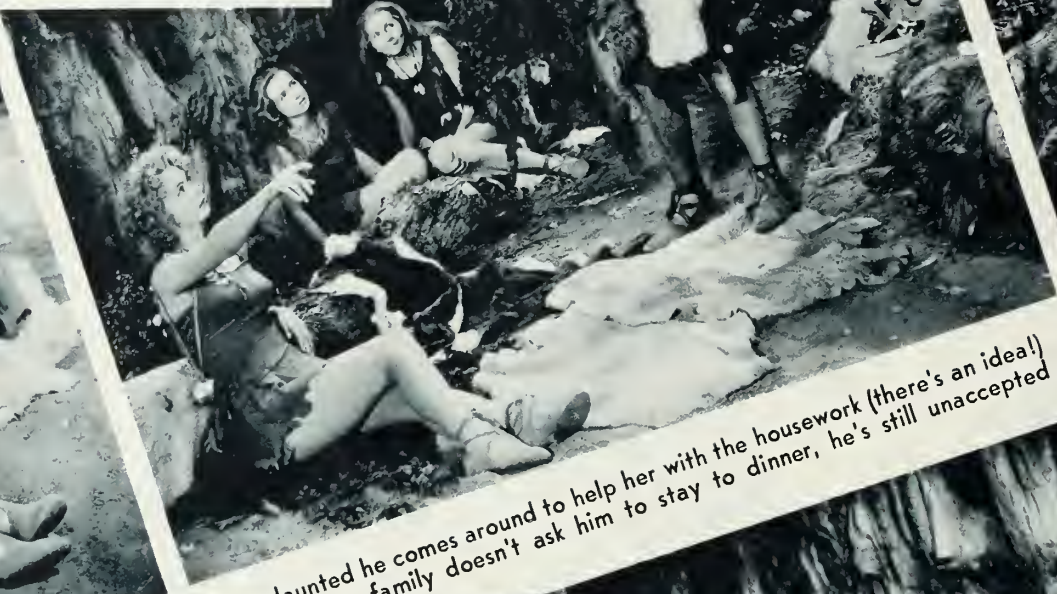
LOVE



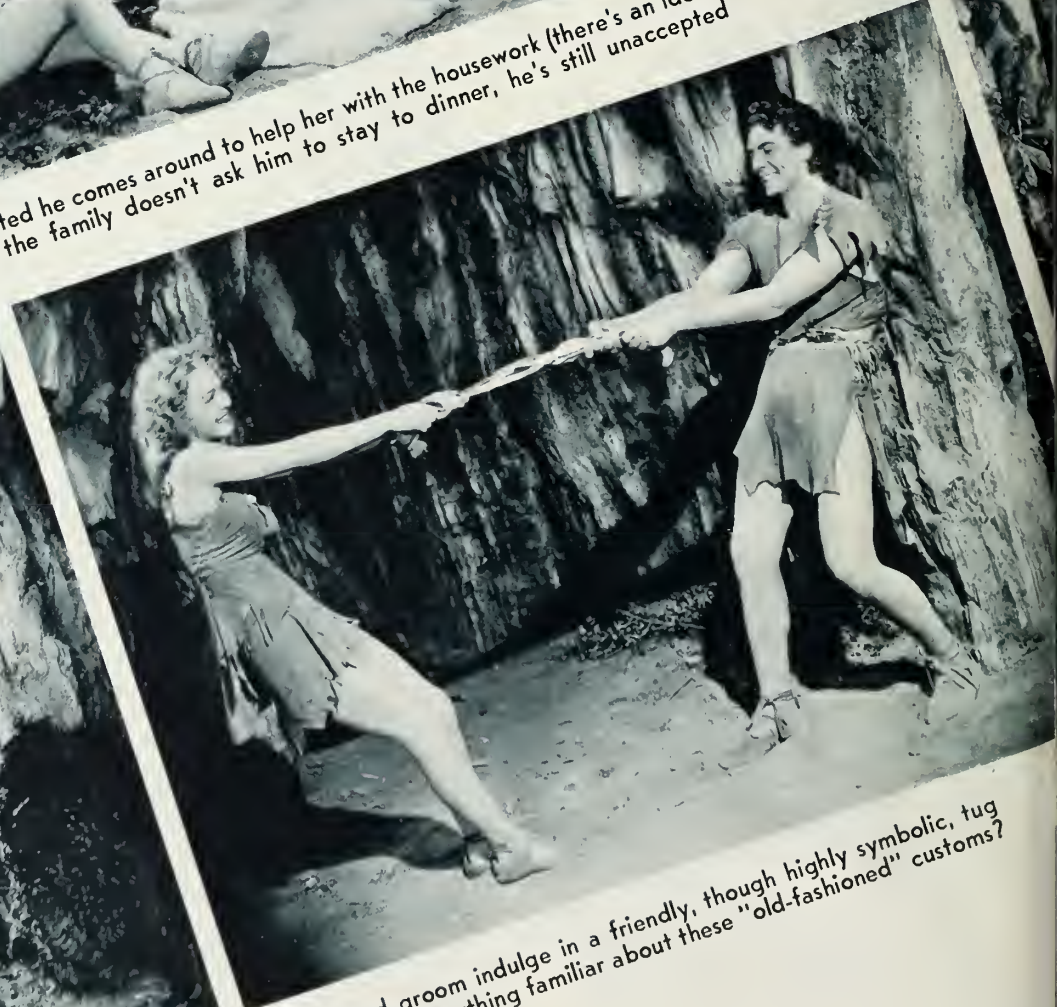
But if she mends his shirt they're as good as engaged



Another way to propose—tossing nuts into her lap. If she keeps them, fine. If she throws them back—"Nuts to you!"



Undaunted he comes around to help her with the housework (there's an idea!) but, if the family doesn't ask him to stay to dinner, he's still unaccepted



Bride and groom indulge in a friendly, though highly symbolic, tug of war. See anything familiar about these "old-fashioned" customs?



At the wedding, he picks her up and carries home (wrapped in sheep's clothing—?)

1,000,000 B.C.



He hands her his version of a comb and asks her to do his hair. If she refuses (and why not?), he's just out of luck



With no movies to take her to, he shows off in his own little drama of strength



At last, mama approves, daughter accepts—and so it's coconut cocktail for two



helps with the housework—the first day. After that, she's her own, but must hold on to his belt whenever they go out



Leap Year loot: Exclusive poses by the stars of Hal Roach's "One Million B.C."—to show your own caveman how much simpler it is today, if he'll only try!

Photographs: Stax

All they missed was the clinch—they didn't kiss in those days. They only rubbed noses, as shown here by Carole Landis and Victor Mature, heroine and hero of this thousands-of-years-old romance!



This month's gay tour exposes some movie miracles—and helps to answer George Brent's inquiry on page 4!

BY JACK WADE

EVERY month we feel the urge to toss a few orchids to the miracle makers who conjure up the sights which perpetually dazzle our eyes. The set designers and builders, for instance; the cabinet makers, the painters and antiquers; the electricians; the make-up men and women; the hairdressers, wig makers, costumers; the research delvers and trick-effects wizards.

Well, this month the urge has finally sneaked up on us. So, salute! Bravo! Three rousing cheers! Because never have we witnessed as many amazing sets, clever costumes, authentic atmospheres, marvelous make-ups and tricky techniques.

"Our Town," for instance, the Sol Lesser picture which holds much of Hollywood's interest this month at United Artists, has thirty-eight New England village sets, done by William Cameron Menzies, and so perfect in Down East atmosphere and detail that we don't dare mention them in anything but a Yankee twang. And "Our Town" was a hit on Broadway with only a bare stage and not a stick of scenery, except a ladder and a couple of broken-down chairs! Broadway could talk about "Grover's Corners"—but Hollywood shows it!

On the set, we find Frank Craven with his pipe, the ubiquitous Thomas Mitchell, William Holden, Fay Bainter and Martha Scott, a fragile, lustrous-eyed girl with a young, sensitive face and talent to burn, who made a Broadway hit as *Emily* in "Our Town."

IT'S almost evening outside, but it's dawn in "Our Town." The sleepy village is awakening as master electricians pull switches, and dawn's pale, early light steals uncannily over everything. Director Sam Wood signals cues for villagers to pop their heads out of doors and windows as milkman Stu Erwin clatters by. The light grows wider and brighter. Then everybody, except the actors, anxiously turns to watch a pen of live chickens near by. There's a cocky rooster strutting around his harem. Is the artificial dawn realistic enough? Will he crow? If he doesn't, the scene's just no good.

The suspense is terrific—then there's a flapping of wings and "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" shatters the strained silence. "Cut!" cries Sam Wood, and the electricians mop their damp brows. They've a right to be proud of their false dawn. It's pretty hard to fool a rooster.

But if a whole picture company worries about kidding a mere chicken, think of the worries Darryl Zanuck's costumers have bringing Lillian Russell to life again, right down to the last curve in her corset. This time the problem is to convince thousands of theatergoers who still remember lavish Lillian, or have read enough to know what's what about the Gay Nineties.

What a job this is you can't possibly realize unless you could see Alice Faye, as we do, and



Trouble in "Our Town"? Unique camera methods make many problems for Director Sam Wood, Fay Bainter, Bill Holden and Adviser Ed Goodnow

Disregarding real-life love, M-G-M's "Pride and Prejudice" features Laurence Olivier (not in costume) with Greer Garson (in period gown)

That Bob Taylor mustache may add zest to love scenes—but Vivien Leigh still thinks only of Olivier when not emoting for "Waterloo Bridge"

Henry Fonda, Don Ameche, Edward Arnold, Lynn Bari and Warren William, all properly togged for high life in the *Dear Dead Days*. The set is in a big barn-like stage on the old Fox Western Avenue lot. The vast place is literally packed with beautiful extras. They're waiting to do a wasp-waist wiggle as Alice sings.

"The Life and Loves of Lillian Russell" is to be another "Great Ziegfeld" type of screen extravaganza, strung along Russell's fabulous thirty-year reign on Broadway, from the time she clicked up and through her very last marriage. There were four Russell weddings, actually, but that is too many, even for Hollywood; two are cut out. We find the gold-plated bicycle she rode in Central Park leaning against a set parallel. A Gay Nineties gown binds Alice's figure.

(Continued on page 78)

No wonder Linda Darnell and John Payne are in such high spirits for "Stardust"! It may pave the way to stardom



fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor
Assisted by: Frances Hughes
June Smith, Peggy Sweet



Jean Arthur's honey-colored hair makes her a natural for beige, the smart new color of the season. That's why Irene created this charming costume of beige crepe for Jean to wear in the Columbia production of "Too Many Husbands." The frock features gathered fullness and amusing medallions of wee flying fish in gold thread and sequin embroidery

Schafer

Irene makes the fitted coat of beige sheer wool with a clever diamond-shaped cutout to reveal the blouse medallion of the frock. The veiled sailor is of beige felt

Prices quoted on the fashion pages vary in different sections of the country

THE COLOR — NAVY
THE ACCENT — WHITE



Geoffrey Morris

SOFTLY FEMININE—a navy frock in Swing Parade crepe (woven with Celanese rayon yarn) with frothy white collar and cuffs that add a flattering touch. The lively, pleated skirt joins the blouse at the new low waistline. \$22.95. Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y.; Chicago

TRIMLY TAILORED—a princess dress of navy Record Breaker crepe (woven with Celanese rayon yarn) that sports stripes and a bow of white piqué. \$17.95. Jane Engel, New York. The hat's a navy sailor with white accent. Around \$6.00

A DAY WITH
 DEANNA




The crack of dawn—and already Deanna Durbin is up and about. Her buttercup yellow dress of Moygashel's cracker-crisp Shan-Crush linen is belted in cool green. Over her shoulder she slings a checked topper. All the Durbin fashions on this page at Franklin Simon, N. Y. If you would like further information about Deanna's costumes, write the Fashion Secretary, Photo-play, 122 East 42nd St., N. Y.

For her luncheon date Deanna changes into this rustling, checkered frock of navy blue and white Crown Tested rayon taffeta with wee sleeve edgings and removable gilet of crisp frou-frou frills of organdie

Come moonlight, Deanna's off to a dance, captivating everyone in sight, as you would, too, in this sheer white rayon crepe evening frock and hooded jacket spiced with plaid. Deanna will appear next in Universal's "It's a Date"



ROBIN'S-EGG BLUE—for dark beauty! Brenda Marshall, currently featured in the Warner Brothers picture, "City of Conquest," wears it here in a full, sweeping gown of sharkskin, with wings of eyelet embroidery for sleeves and a tiny baby collar and bow. Brenda selected it from Bullocks, Los Angeles; it is a Patricia Perkins original design



CECIL BRUNER PINK—to accent the allure of blondes! Priscilla Lane's dream of a dancing frock is made of dotted swiss, with eyelet-embroidered daisy edgings on the three tiers and the ruffled off-the-shoulder décolletage. Priscilla's appearing in Warners' "Three Cheers for the Irish." Her Patricia Perkins frock is from Bullocks, Los Angeles

The Longer JACKET

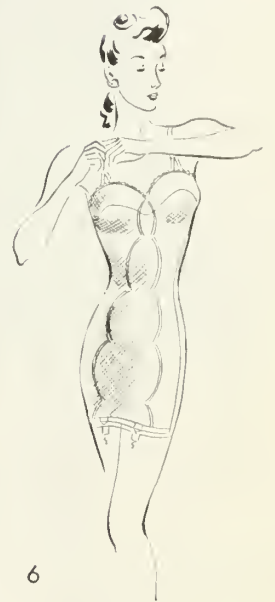
At left: Ona Munson, the superb Belle of Selznick's "Gone with the Wind," models a gentlemanly double-breasted jacket with flap pockets and completely feminine gored, flared skirt. Jacket and skirt—both of corduroy—come in soft pastels to be contrasted or matched according to your fancy. Around \$11. Russeks, New York

Geoffrey Morris



At right: Twenty-six inches of plaid jacket in colors to rival Joseph's coat! Ona teams it with rancho-pleated flannel skirt in sky blue, matched to Debway's cowboy felt hat. The jacket is \$17.95 and the skirt is \$7.95. Sketched above: Girls are lifting the little boy's Botany flannel coat to wear casually for sport, street and evening. That belted back is new! \$10.95. Jacket and coat are from Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

THAT LONG *Lean Look*



Geoffrey Morris

American girls are famous for that "look," and it's frocks like this—with the proper foundations—that give it to them. The long sweep of jacket tops a basic dress of Duplan's navy rayon sheer with pleated skirt and crisp lace collar. Around \$22.95. Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago

1. Lastex-knit longer-torso girdle leaf-stripped for beauty, boned for extra control. \$1.50. Net bra-form with tuck-in shields. \$1.25. Kleinert

5. Frivolous but firm—"Complete," with satin-Lastex fore and aft, floral lace-Lastex sides, lace bra and Talon-fastened back. \$7.50. Carter

2. A "Smoothie" in batiste with fagotted bra, non-stretch front and back panels, Lastex sides, Talon to waist, and part-laced back. \$5

6. Cool as a summer breeze—Lastex-net all-in-one with daintily embroidered, scalloped front. Double net flattens the tummy. \$5. Munsingwear

3. "Hi-Top" achieves its figure-molding thru its long, slimming top, knit-in boning, Leno-Lastex sides, satin-Lastex front and back, and specially knit stay-down bottom. \$5. Jantzen

7. Girdle combining lisle and Lastex, with an elongated waistband that's designed not to roll, sides that are Nylon-stitched and Inviz-A-Grip garters. \$5. Spiral-knit bra. \$1.50. Vassarette

4. "Once Over" tapers you with a satin, lightly boned front-panel, satin-Lastex back, fagotted bra and Talon-fastened side. \$7.50. Maiden Form

8. Light Schiaparelli girdle of net and Linatex with the famous "Circle Waist" and Talon fastener. \$7.50. "Night-Life" bra. \$1.75. Formfit



MAGIC

formula

WITH three little words, "Double or Nothing," Dorothy Lamour, appearing in Paramount's "Typhoon," reveals her magic formula for dressing on \$25 a week (with money left over for the rent and food besides).

True, Dorothy now earns a handsome weekly wage from her screen and radio contracts, but she well remembers the days when she was working for a \$25 salary.

Her magic formula of "Double or Nothing" simply means this—that every dress you buy must be born to do double-duty.

To show you how it's done, Dorothy poses in three spring costumes.

First, an ensemble of Flagship black rayon crepe as shown left at the top. The coat (which may be worn as a coat-dress, also) whisks on and off in a twink because it buttons from collar to hem—beneath it is the gayest of five o'clock frocks sporting a peek-a-boo pink net blouse atop a black skirt. The ensemble around \$20. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Chas A. Stevens, Chicago; Saks 34th, N. Y.

Dorothy's next is a Corticelli print ensemble—tiny white scrolls on black rayon crepe. Team the coat with a black frock now and a white one later on; team the dress with a black coat for change. Around \$15. The Broadway, Los Angeles; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

The magic formula works for evening, too. Dorothy wears a formal gown that boasts its own little jacket which makes the costume perfect for informal invitations as well. The ensemble is of white rayon Jersanese—wear the red embroidered jacket with separate skirts of red and navy. The formal gown is a real masterpiece of Grecian simplicity. Around \$20. Wanamaker's, N. Y. and Philadelphia.

Put double life into "your" clothes by trying Dorothy's magic formula!



Team Mates

Fashion flash from Hollywood—better still from Gwen Wakeling, currently creating clothes for the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Stardust." "This season it is smart and new to team dresses with matching hats." From this Hollywood tip we select "teaming" dress and hat designs. The symbol (Ph) is your identification for PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS



3712—a design you'll prize for a couple of playtime frocks. Make one from the design as shown, another sans the sleeves. There's a heap of style, as well as freedom, in this frock that features gathered fullness released from a trim yoke, and a button closing that may be Talon-fastened if you prefer. You'll find the gay matching turban easy to make, for it's cut all in one piece

3713—an excellent casual frock for every occasion. The band-stitched trim, fly-front closing, shoulder fullness and many-gore skirt give a fresh new look to this basic shirtwaist design so loved by fashion. There's a casual mood, too, in the very new chignon turban that drapes softly over the skull and finishes low on the neckline with a figure-eight roll, trim as can be

3719—a double-duty costume that will prove its weight in gold. The bolero conceals the short-sleeved blouse of the frock which has, as you see, neck-to-hem button closing and a flaring gored skirt. Contrast trim adds a gay touch of color. The jaunty military hat, with visor brim, ribbon band and bow, is stitched in front to hold its flattering shape

The hats sketched are from a group of four in Pattern No. 763

Penny Wise

FIVE LITTLE PRINTS

THIS LITTLE PRINT GOES TO MARKET—

red and white bowknots on grey rayon crepe, with a buttoned bolero and a red-stitched baby collar of crisp white piqué. \$12.95. At B. Altman, New York and at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

Geoffrey Morris

THIS LITTLE PRINT TAKES THE SUN—

red, white and blue stripes, whopping big pockets and shiny silver buttons. A "Claire Tiffany" model of crease-resistant rayon and linen. Around \$7. McCreery, New York; Mandel Brothers, Chicago and Famous & Barr, St. Louis

Fashions

(Trademark)

THIS LITTLE PRINT HAS FUN—

The Stork Club . . . and champagne . . . nothing's too good for this little Rambling Junior cable net (woven with DuPont rayon and acetate yarn) frock with swishy skirt. Dress and hat are abloom with hyacinths. \$15. Russeks, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; and at B. Siegel, Detroit

THIS LITTLE PRINT SERVES TEA—

Something new . . . Enka's rayon Twilla-twill in Alice blue, printed with white flora, fauna, teapots, boots and windmills. The widest skirt and the deepest pockets ever! Around \$16. McCreery, New York and Marshall Field, Chicago



THIS LITTLE PRINT KEEPS A DATE—

A nosegay print of dotted Swiss, and you'll be the prettiest flower of them all with this old-fashioned ruff around your shoulders. Around \$15. R. H. Macy, New York and Mandel Brothers, Chicago. Wear this little print to snare your mate—save it for that dancing date.

PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

NOW it can be told! PHOTOPLAY is happy to announce that the motion picture selected by votes of our readers as the outstanding picture of 1939, and, thus, the winner of our famous Gold Medal Award, is Selznick-International's epic film version of Margaret Mitchell's epic novel of the Old South—"Gone with the Wind."

In spite of this great film's limited and late release in 1939 by M-G-M, it rapidly forged ahead in the vote count, and, when the polls closed on March the first, it headed the list of many distinguished films, such as "Balalaika" (second in vote) and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (third), which were released during the past year.

We feel, with our readers, that David O. Selznick's masterpiece is well worthy of this signal honor bestowed upon it by the moving-picture goers of America. As one of our voters expressed it, when she sent in her choice: "Gone with the Wind" is the outstanding picture of 1939—and any other year." In its faithful translation of a literary classic; in its superb cast; in its meticulous adherence to historical accuracy in settings and costumes, in its advance use of Technicolor, in its sweep and movement and color, it is, indeed, a milestone in the development of motion pictures.

Not only is "Gone with the Wind" entertainment in its highest form, but it is also an example of a man's faith in a great idea. When, way back in 1936, David Selznick bought the motion-picture rights to a first novel by an unknown authoress from Atlanta, he had a hunch it would be better-than-average screen material. Immediately afterwards, the book swept the country like wildfire, and, on the heels of its phenomenal success as a best-seller, were reams of publicity and curiosity regarding the film version. It became a parlor game to cast the picture; friendships of long standing were severed in the arguments as to whom could best play *Rhett*, *Scarlett*, *Melanie* and *Ashley*. Skeptics in Hollywood and elsewhere were convinced that a novel on which such strong opinions had been formed, could never, no never, be successfully screened. And nobody envied Producer Selznick's job.

He was, however, a man of determination and perseverance, and, after four years of unceasing labor, endless conferences, countless dollars spent (he set the temporary final cost at nearly four million) and an unremitting confidence that he was not going to let the public down, David Selznick released "Gone with the Wind" to a delighted and completely satisfied world—and, laughed last!

No one can quarrel with the choice of a superlative cast. Clark Gable is the reckless, charming *Rhett* in the flesh; Vivien Leigh of England stepped into the hard-to-fill shoes of *Scarlett O'Hara* of Georgia to become the most talked-of actress of the year and win one of the coveted Oscars (see page 16). Olivia de Havilland jumped many rungs up the ladder of screen fame with her tenderly sincere *Melanie*, and Leslie Howard deserves his own measure of praise for his *Ashley*. From the principals right on down to every wounded soldier and carpet-bagger—from Ona Munson as *Belle*; Thomas Mitchell as *Gerald O'Hara*, Hattie McDaniel (another Oscar winner) as *Mammy*, Barbara O'Neil as *Scarlett's* Mother, Laura Hope



PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

- 1920 HUMORESQUE
- 1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
- 1922 ROBIN HOOD
- 1923 THE COVERED WAGON
- 1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
- 1925 THE BIG PARADE
- 1926 BEAU GESTE
- 1927 7TH HEAVEN
- 1928 FOUR SONS
- 1929 DISRAELI
- 1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
- 1931 CIMARRON
- 1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
- 1933 LITTLE WOMEN
- 1934 BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET
- 1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
- 1936 SAN FRANCISCO
- 1937 CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
- 1938 SWEETHEARTS

By their outstanding performances in "Gone with the Wind," Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh helped win the Photoplay Gold Medal for David Selznick's superb film

Crews as *Aunt "Pittypat,"* to the many minor roles, there is perfection of casting and honesty of performance.

Since 1920, when "Humoresque" received the first Gold Medal Award, our readers have selected a splendid array of pictures. War films, biographical films, romance films, have all had their place on the list of Award winners. It seems fitting that in the year marking the twentieth anniversary of PHOTOPLAY's poll, a picture such as "Gone with the Wind," which combines so marvelously all the elements of popular appeal, should win the Gold Medal.

To Selznick-International, to M-G-M, to Producer David O. Selznick, to Director Victor Fleming, to the actors, the research workers, the technicians, the cameramen, the musicians, the wardrobe department, to everyone, in fact, who has been both closely and remotely associated with the making of this great film, we extend heartiest congratulations. These felicitations are expressed in behalf of the staff of PHOTOPLAY, and our many readers who selected, as the winner of PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal Award, for 1939, the moving picture, "Gone with the Wind."





Cal York's
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD



Happy in Hollywood—now: The Charles Loughtons

Hymen (god of marriage) catches Hyman (camera demon) in a photo-finish: Rudy Vallee, Joan Crawford, the new Mr. and Mrs. Fink, Cesar Romero, at the Victor Hugo

Cal's no Kipling—but his "Plain Tales from the Hills of Hollywood" are required reading in star-study

"Flash" Fink Conquers Matrimony

THE groom was calm and collected, the bride was calm and beautiful. The best man looked pleased and happy. But the matron of honor? That's another story.

Yes, our own Hymie Fink became a benedict when he married pretty Billie Carey at the Victor Hugo café recently. Hymie never once flinched when camera bulbs were flashed his way, although this time he was in front instead of behind the cameras. The bride was lovely in a princess satin gown, especially designed by Joan Crawford. Best man Cesar Romero, with a great big smile, along with Rudy Vallee, who gave the bride away, helped cut the cake, but matron of honor Joan Crawford was so nervous she could only stand and quake.

Joan, one of the most nervous young women in Hollywood, and one of Hymie's best friends, beamed her blessings on the pair, even if her teeth were chattering too violently to say much.

Here's Cal's blessings on our demon photographer and his pretty bride. May faulty flash bulbs be the only blow-ups this grand couple meet in life.

Jack and Venita Varden Oakie—is that "Dictator" pose getting to be a habit?



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK



"Supper at Ciro's" is the new social catchword—rehearsed at this table by Julie and George Murphy and Virginia Bruce

New Native Son?

TO say Hollywood was surprised when Charles and Elsa Lanchester Laughton recently purchased a Bel-Air home, announcing their intentions of settling down here, is putting it mildly. Perhaps the most English-minded pair of Britishers in Hollywood, the Laughtons have made their necessary trips to Hollywood with the greatest of reluctance in the past.

But now—"the town's got me," Charles vows and, except for vacations abroad, they're here to stay. Arm in arm, this happy pair can be seen at parties or tramping the hills near their new home. The town was amused, however, at Charlie's attempt to have a costly painting transferred from his London home to America. Discovering the shipping tax alone would cost \$2,300, Laughton went wild trying to stop the shipment.

Beg Pardon!

Much as it hurts Cal's pride to admit it, an error has appeared on these pages—not, he is much happier to say, in his own columns, but in identification under the pictures illustrating his March "report." Hymie's candid photos of the Lehr-Rathbone charity party should have been credited to the Beverly Hills Hotel, where this truly gala affair took place. PHOTOPLAY's deepest apologies, both to the hotel and to Mr. E. J. Caldwell, its manager, for this omission—and Cal's promise that he'll personally see to it that it doesn't happen again!

Tact

EVERYONE knows that May Robson is one of the best actresses in Hollywood. But everyone knows, too, that, if not watched, she is inclined to "mug" before the camera. This happened during a certain scene in "Irene." Anna Neagle, its star, was supposed to be showing May a dress, and May was taking it big—head first on one side, then the other; hands in constant motion; eyes positively rolling with the effort to put herself over. All of which would have been wonderful for a stage performance, but was downright hamming in a picture.

Many a director would have forgotten the fact that May was probably acting before he was born, and would have called her down plenty. But British director Herbert Wilcox, unfailingly mindful of his manners, merely cocked his head and asked a dry question:

"What's the matter, May? Fly bothering you?"

At which May grinned wryly, and did the next scene right.

Also at Ciro's: Bruce Cabot, Ann Sheridan, Pat di Cicco, Phyllis Brooks—a provocative foursome if we ever saw one!



But the Lewis Stones are still faithful to the perennially popular Coconut Grove



The studio planned it but Bob Shaw and Linda Darnell are taking it seriously!

Oscars and Onions

NOW that "Oscars" have been passed out by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Cal thought he'd assemble his own merit and demerit list based on personal contact and experience with Hollywood's Great!

"Oscars" to: Anne Shirley for continuing to be the nicest screen actress we know; to Joel McCrea for being the nicest actor; to Anna Neagle and Bob Stack for being the nicest newcomers; to Dorothy Lamour for giving the frankest interviews; to David Niven for being the wittiest, and also the best "copy"; to Joel McCrea for talking the most interestingly about someone other than himself; to Rosemary Lane for being the friendliest; to Anne Shirley and John Payne for preserving the happiest marriage; to Ann Sheridan for being the most beautiful off the screen; to Clark Gable for being the best-looking off the screen; to Olivia de Havilland for being the best listener; to Margaret Lindsay for having the most poise; to Madeleine Carroll for being the best educated; to Claudette Colbert for being the best dressed. . . .

And onions to: Ray Milland for being too sarcastic; to Brian Aherne for being too particular about his publicity; to Nancy Kelly for having illusions of grandeur; to Carole Lombard for her too free use of "slang"; to Lana Turner for rushing too fast into marriage; to Jean Arthur for taking herself too seriously; to Tyrone Power for increasing his head size; to Edgar Bergen for seeming to forget his manners on occasion; to Fred MacMurray for being the poorest "copy" (but we like him, anyway); to Orson Welles for being the most egotistical; to Nelson Eddy for denying his romance one day and getting married the next.

Shhhh, But They Do Say That:

ARTIE SHAW telephoned Mary Healy twice for a date on the very day he and Lana Turner eloped. Now wouldn't it have been strange if Mary instead of Lana had accepted that date? . . .

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable had their first little tiff in public the other day, and Carole walked out of a party in a huff. . . .

Sabu, the famous Indian actor, is so overcome at the plague of Hollywood turbans, he's wearing a bright red one to outdo the competition. . . .

Don Ameche is a wretched man over the roles he's been asked to play and the fact his wife's health is so precarious these days. . . .

Confirming our story in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY, eyes are still focused on Sorja Henie



Another screen threesome at Ciro's—maybe Miriam Hopkins is telling the Lewis Milestones about her real marital plans?

William Gargan and Mary Astor, at the Roosevelt Hotel—but their actual hearts are elsewhere and they're married to 'em!



and Alan Curtis. Friends claim that Sonja hasn't been so interested since her romance with Tyrone Power, despite the rumors of her interest elsewhere. . . .

When Brenda Marshall divorces her husband within the year, William ("Golden Boy") Holden may be the next man of her dreams—come true. . . .

As soon as his former wife, Edna Best, divorced him in Nevada and married Nat Wolff, Herbert Marshall purchased a home for Lee Russell, and it was all ready for their recent elopement. . . .

First Love

WHEN Lana Turner and Artie Shaw raced away to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married, the papers had quite a little to say about Lana's former boy-friend, Gregory Bautzer, and how he felt about it, and about Artie's former girlfriend, Betty Grable, and how she felt about it.

But nobody mentioned another character in that little drama (maybe you'd call her the "ingenue")—Judy Garland.

Of course, Judy's just a kid, but she's been carrying the torch for Artie Shaw a long time—ever since he was ill last year and she used to go to the hospital (every day, according to her friends) to cheer him up. Artie was grateful for her loyalty and he took her around a bit after he got well, but when he saw how things were with her, his common sense and sense of fitness asserted themselves and as gently as he could, he cut things off between them. Not that there was anything really.

Time went on. Artie left Hollywood and, finally, "tired of the strife of a band leader's life," chucked everything and dropped out of sight. Recently, though, back in Hollywood and busy organizing a new band, he renewed his old friendship with Judy. They were seen places now and then. 'Tis said that Judy, still carrying the torch for this first love of hers, actually

(Continued on page 86)



THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER—Paramount



FREE, BLONDE AND 21—20th Century-Fox

IN case you think this is related in anyway to those traveling salesmen stories you're due for a disappointment. Instead, you'll find out what happened to Martha Raye—she's here, toned down a little in keeping with the decline of her loudmouthed fad, but still amusing. The story has to do with a rural barn-theater where a Broadway producer, very broke, puts on a show backed by a New York angel. This angel wants to get his scheming, gold-digging girl-friend out of town, you see. Martha, a simple country lass bursting with good honest emotions, gets tangled up in the cross fire at the theater with all-to-the-good results. You'll like Charlie Ruggles, Gertrude Michael and the others, and you'll laugh like anything most of the time, too.

THIS studio rather liked its idea of "Hotel for Women," and so has run up another little number along the same lines. The background is a hostelry which admits only girls, among them Mary Beth Hughes, Joan Davis and Lynn Bari. We're afraid you're not going to be very excited by the story. Mary Beth is a flighty, hard-boiled gold-digger and gets herself in just a terrible jam, because of some murders; Miss Bari holds out on men as a species and works hard, thus getting a millionaire as reward. Joan plays a chambermaid and turns in the only performance, as such, in the film. She's wonderfully funny. Henry Wilcoxon and Robert Lowry help somewhat, and Chick Chandler drives a taxi and is affianced to Joan, the chambermaid.

The Shadow Stage

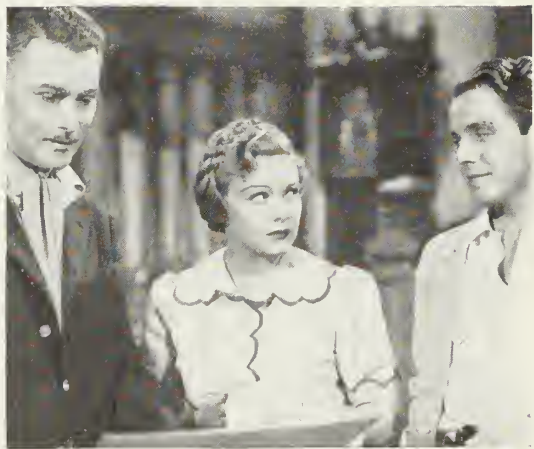
A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M**

THE biographical craze is at its peak now, and here's the latest—perhaps the best—of the cycle so far. A new Mickey Rooney who does not mug has the plum role of the young Edison, a precocious adolescent whose family thinks he is a nuisance. What makes the picture so important is that its makers have not been content with a simple portrait of a young genius, have not devoted every scene to reminding you that this is Edison, the inventor. M-G-M has made the character purely human, in circumstances of truly American flavor, and the result is warm, sympathetic, completely entertaining. Rooney has never been so good. The character could be named John Smith and still fascinate you as a human being with Mickey playing the role. The story is that of Edison during his early youth at Port Huron, Michigan, and stops at the time when he left home to become a telegraph operator. Of course, the youngster is misunderstood by family and schoolmates; he is content with nothing, he possesses a yen for knowledge that will not be denied, he experiments with gadgets until his family is frantic and his school expels him. The episodes of this period in Edison's life are merged with each other rather than strung together, giving the finished film unity. Rooney brings to his subject a wealth of humor and the timing for which he is famous. Fay Bainter is as good as she usually is as the boy's mother, Virginia Weidler plays his sister and George Bancroft his father. Eugene Pallette is a train conductor.



★ **MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U. A.**

MR. SMALL has taken some justified liberties with Howard Spring's absorbing book, and has created one of the most gripping dramas of the year. "My Son, My Son!" is a superb study of an adoring father who gives his boy everything he wants and of the son who, with objective malice and deliberate contempt, ruins the lives of two entire families. The sweep and dignity and searching characterizations of this film are difficult to describe; each performance is faultless, mood is sustained through every moment of action, and the melodramatics are so restrained, are in such good taste, the resultant emotional impact hurts. Brian Aherne plays the young writer who rises from poverty to riches, inspired by the son he worships, only to discover the lad is a liar and a cheat. Aherne's first wife, Josephine Hutchinson, brings him no happiness and at last he meets Madeleine Carroll, who brings him love and understanding. However, the son, played with finesse and gusto by Louis Hayward, is in love with Miss Carroll also—and has no compunction about being his father's rival. It is a long picture, with ramifications of plot too involved to discuss here, but it does not drag. Henry Hull plays Aherne's best friend, an Irishman whose two children, Laraine Day and Bruce Lester, both are victims of young Hayward's vicious selfishness. Aherne displays an ability and dignity of portrayal which raise his performance to the heights; Laraine Day is so appealing it is safe to predict stardom for her; little Scotty Beckett is incredibly good.



★ **ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount**

WHEN you read those stories about Bing Crosby, Inc., being one of the richest men in Hollywood, and wonder how a mere crooner can do such, go see "Road to Singapore" and then you'll know. It's just that he gets better all the time, and his pictures stay good. This time he has Sarong Lamour and Bob Hope to help him, not that he needs help—and the result in your theater is one of the gayest and amusing films ever to decrease the suicide statistics. It's all about the son of a very rich ship-owner, and this son is fed up with working in an office, the life he's leading and particularly the glamorous female he's engaged to. He leaves her at the altar, roots out his laziest pal, and bums on down to a South Sea Island. There the Bing—for Bing it is who has this fine idea—and Bob Hope, the work-hating friend, settle vaguely on the sands for a try at beachcombing. And it might have worked, too, if it weren't for Dorothy. They rescue her from a brawl, she moves in on them, and peace goes chattering out of the window. Crosby's role is strictly suited to him, famous as he is for his colossal inertia; he has lost a lot of weight, is in full voice, and has perfected his timing for comedy lines to a masterly degree. Hope has never been better. The dialogue is inspired and slaps out at you often with some very surprising triple entendres. Miss Lamour has little enough to do except to look South Sea-zy. Judith Barrett waits and waits at the aforementioned altar. Don't miss this. It's good for the digestion, laughing the way you will.



★ **THE PRIMROSE PATH**—RKO-Radio

IT is a shock, and a pleasant one, to see Ginger Rogers, the actress, moving across the screen in a simple, honest, somewhat disconcerting story that is more than likely to irritate many movie-goers. It is not a pretty story, of a family whose nominal head has a weakness for gin and a mother who supports a grandmother, two daughters, and a husband by going out on parties, with men who can afford fur pieces and money to buy groceries that are badly needed on *February Hill*. Joel McCrea plays a strong lead opposite Ginger, and is perhaps the most convincing he's ever been. If you don't mind a love story without pretense that life is tough on the "have-nots" and which presents a Ginger Rogers with no make-up, you will find this a different film.



DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount

THE weird tale of a mad scientist who finds a radium mine in Africa, and with it makes people shrink until they're the size of rabbits is here presented in Technicolor. It's a fascinating thing to watch, although the plot is penny-dreadful stuff. The scientist works his magic on a group of visiting doctors, including a woman biologist, and after that the film depends on the adventures of the tiny creatures and their efforts to escape *Cyclops*. Albert Dekker does a fine job in the title role and is supported well enough by Thomas Coley, Janice Logan, Charles Halton and others. A novelty, which will keep youngsters in a dither of suspense and adults in a state of surprise that such camera prestidigitation is possible.



THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES—Universal

REMEMBER when you had to read this in high school and study the style of Nathaniel Hawthorne? Now Universal has brought the barren New England background and the stony, bigoted characters to the screen and you may enjoy them at last. The atmosphere of evil and superstition is well created about the old house. Vincent Price plays the son who wants his father to sell the mansion because of its associations, George Sanders, the Cain-like brother who has Vincent sent to prison for a murder he didn't commit. Ever-faithful to Price is his old-fashioned sweetheart, Margaret Lindsay, who suffers Sanders' continuing menace until her lover can return to her. There's nothing very cheerful about all this, but then it's frankly a type of horror story.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- Young Tom Edison
- My Son, My Son!
- Northwest Passage
- Road to Singapore
- Too Many Husbands
- Rebecca
- The Primrose Path

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Mickey Rooney in "Young Tom Edison"
- Brian Aherne in "My Son, My Son!"
- Louis Hayward in "My Son, My Son!"
- Spencer Tracy in "Northwest Passage"
- Robert Young in "Northwest Passage"
- Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen"
- Bing Crosby in "Road to Singapore"
- Bob Hope in "Road to Singapore"
- Laurence Olivier in "Rebecca"
- Joan Fontaine in "Rebecca"
- Margaret Lindsay in "The House of the Seven Gables"
- Joan Crawford in "Strange Cargo"
- Ian Hunter in "Strange Cargo"
- Ginger Rogers in "The Primrose Path"
- Joel McCrea in "The Primrose Path"
- Jean Arthur in "Too Many Husbands"
- Fred MacMurray in "Too Many Husbands"
- Melvyn Douglas in "Too Many Husbands"



★ **TOO MANY HUSBANDS**—Columbia

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, when he wrote the original story of this swell picture, thought it would be fun to complicate the eternal triangle by making the girl a bigamist. Further, she might be in love with both men and each man could be in love with her. Then what? Well, you'll find out when you see Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas worrying the problem around amongst them. MacMurray, Jean's original husband, goes off on a yachting trip and doesn't come back. The coast guard reports that he is lost at sea and Jean thereupon marries his partner in a publishing business, Melvyn Douglas. But, of course, MacMurray has been resourceful enough to find a desert island and ultimately is rescued, returning with a full beard and a lusty yen for his wife. You'd think this situation would make Jean feel perfectly terrible, but it doesn't. She loves it. She can't make up her mind which one she wants to keep and finally you get a sneaking hunch she doesn't want to let either one go. (Which husband would you choose? The dependable chap who takes his work too seriously—or the colorful one who's apt to leave a lady in the lurch?) The entire film is a succession of fairly suggestive slap-happy scenes all played to the hilt and with a lot of flair by the three stars. Dorothy Peterson is swell as the secretary who is also in love with both men, her bosses. Dialogue is by Claude Binyon, direction and production by Wesley Ruggles. And all superlative. Excellent entertainment that will make you forget your cares.



★ **REBECCA**—Selznick International-U.A.

PSYCHOLOGICAL studies are always difficult to screen so that they make sense to the lay mind and still maintain pace. "Rebecca" poses even a greater problem as film material: The main character never appears, being quite dead before the story begins. Yet she dominates the whole. *Rebecca*, the corpse of which we speak, was the first wife of the hero, Laurence Olivier; she has been drowned in a small boat and Olivier, wandering at loose ends about Europe, meets and marries Joan Fontaine, a shy but pretty professional traveling companion. Back to his great country estate, *Manderley*, Olivier carries his bride and there she discovers . . . well, since the secret of "Rebecca's" success depends on the recurring surprises and twists of plot, it would be unfair to spoil things for you by revealing more of the story. Nothing is as it seems, and just when you've made up your mind about something, somebody does or says something else, and then you have to start all over again. The mood of haunting fear is magnificently contrived, aided, of course, by Olivier's intense performance and the really fine acting of Miss Fontaine. The character of the malicious housekeeper is clearly and sensitively drawn by Judith Anderson, but all the supporting cast is good. George Sanders gives a sense of subtle indecency to his role as Rebecca's cousin, but never offends; Reginald Denny does his faithful old friend portrayal. The picture is a strange mixture of mystery, melodrama, scenic effects, and pathos.

(Continued on page 99)



Geraldine, with Merle Oberon in Warners' "'Til We Meet Again'

TIME OUT FOR A

Lullaby

Once before Geraldine deserted Hollywood for this historical old house in County Kildare (above) and husband Edward Lindsay-Hogg (below)



"SHE can go just as far in Hollywood as she likes. She can be one of the most important stars there . . . if she doesn't get bored with it. My guess is, that at the end of a year, she'll leave the screen to have a baby . . . or something."

Leaning against the bar in a little pub off Fleet Street, last summer, a British journalist who had known Geraldine Fitzgerald in the days when she was battling for recognition in the London studios, gave me a penetrating picture of the redheaded young Irish actress who at the moment was the talk of the film world on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Geraldine Fitzgerald," continued the Fleet Street critic, "has more ability in her little finger than most movie stars have in both their hot, eager fists. And she's as ambitious as she is able, so she'll climb right on up to the top. But once she's there . . . Well, I'm wondering! She's a restless girl. Her husband is as rich as all get out, so she doesn't need to work. Once she's won stardom she may want something else."

That prophecy of the English newspaperman came back to me as a stunning reminder a short time ago. For just what he predicted has happened.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, whom many regard as the most important acquisition in years to the far from overcrowded ranks of talented film actresses, is deserting the screen . . . at least temporarily.

She is going to have a baby in May.

And once again, just as Hollywood was about to zoom her to stardom, the unpredictable Irish actress has traded her chances for fame for the perquisites of her private life.

For almost two years, ever since she swept on to the American scene with a magnificent performance in Orson Welles' Broadway production of "Heartbreak House," Hollywood has been trying to get Geraldine to settle down in the film colony long enough for the boys of the "build-up" brigade to fit her for the cloak of stardom.

And from the very first Geraldine has regarded her cinematic career as only secondary

(Continued on page 95)

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

*The cradle won out over the camera
when the stork and stardom knocked
on the door of Geraldine Fitzgerald*

NO MATTER HOW SLEEPY I AM AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**

IT'S EASY TO WORK UP A RICH **ACTIVE LATHER** WITH **LUX SOAP**

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STAR OF WARNER BROS. "It All Came True"

I PAT IT LIGHTLY IN, NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Home Sweet Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

poka . . . A bearded Russian who bestows the blessings of the best "piroshki" in the world on those discriminating few who understand their "piroshki" . . . A blacker-than-the-ace-of-spades Negro from South Carolina who believes—and justly so—that, come the Revolution, people will be still clamoring for a second helping of fried chicken, corn pone and sweet potatoes . . . A methodical Swede . . . But what's the use? All nationalities are represented in Ann Warner's kitchen and I know of no way of putting Ann to the acid test except by bringing the former Emperor of Abyssinia to California. There are no Abyssinian cooks in or around Hollywood, not within a radius of ten thousand miles, and Ann would have to cook that "one hundred per cent Abyssinian meal" all by herself. . . .

ARTHUR and Myrna Loy Hornblow also are leading entries in Hollywood's domesticity derby. There was the day out at Twentieth Century-Fox when the last scenes of Louis Bromfield's "The Rains Came" were being shot. Everyone was watching Myrna, who was playing a part which her fans have long since ceased associating with her personality. A hard-hearted, cynical wife of an equally hard-hearted and cynical English Lord, she was supposed to die at the end of the picture. The scene of her death was naturally one of the most important scenes of all. The associate producer, the director and the cameramen were prepared to do their best by the dying Myrna. Everything was in readiness when a messenger boy arrived with a package he was told to deliver to Miss Loy. Now were I a Winchell . . . But I am not. So let me hasten to explain that the package was sent to Myrna by her own husband, Arthur Hornblow, that it contained a corsage of orchids and a note which said:

"Darling, I hope you will die beautifully but promptly. Those people we invited to dinner will arrive at eight sharp."

Myrna does not employ a score of cooks nor does she let the nationality of her guest of honor determine the contents of the meal, but she will be long remembered by all lovers of a "homemade chicken sandwich" as a woman who restored the prestige of their favorite. Her recipe is not known to me but it is the consensus of opinion in Hollywood that nobody makes better chicken sandwiches. You may think that there is no particular trick in making a chicken sandwich, but take my word, the word of an old and dusty traveler who spent nearly forty years in search of an honest-to-goodness chicken sandwich, that any fool can make crêpes Suzette but it take a veritable artist to make a chicken sandwich. Sunday afternoons at Myrna's are unique, not only because both she and her husband are gay, witty, intelligent, and hospitable but because of those chicken sandwiches made by the hands of one of the world's highest paid stars.

And speaking about food—as I invariably do—every man imagines that he and only he knows how to cook a steak. In my humble opinion, however, the very best steaks are being cooked by none other than Kay Francis. She knows it too. It is my hunch that the praise showered on her because of her steaks impresses her more than the very best reviews of her pictures.

I suspect I'm giving a rather distorted view of Hollywood . . . Sweaters, chicken sandwiches, steaks . . . How

about some glamour? How about it? My friends in New York tell me that "Hollywood is glamorous" but my eyes tell me that domesticity, and not glamour, is the main trait of Hollywood.

Take, for instance, Grace Moore. That she is beautiful and glamorous nobody would dispute, but what fascinates me about Grace is neither her beauty nor her glamour but her long-distance telephone calls. Whenever her husband is away she never fails to get him on the wire shortly before midnight and hold a lengthy conversation with him. I shall never forget the night when Grace suddenly discovered that it was already 11:45 P.M. while she had promised her beloved Valentin to telephone to him at half-past eleven sharp. The way she begged the operator to hurry up, the way she bit her lip and tapped her foot . . . A stranger would have thought that her whole future depended on that telephone call . . . Did she have anything important to tell Valentin? Not a thing, except that she was having a late dinner with Elsa Maxwell.

Take Tyrone Power and Annabella. Are they glamorous? Of course they are, but the key to their characters is not their glamour but the thing which absorbs their entire attention at the present moment. After buying Grace Moore's house, guess what they did with it. They refurnished and redecorated it in a French style. Not that anything was wrong with Grace's furniture, but Tyrone thought that Annabella would feel more at home in an out-and-out French house.

And, finally, take a typical evening at the Troc. Who is dancing with whom? Carole Lombard with Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr with Gene Markey, Margaret Sullavan with Leland Hayward, Gary Cooper with Mrs. Gary Cooper.

Did I say that domesticity is the main trait of Hollywood? I was wrong. I should have said "relentless domesticity." So relentless that when I am about to give a party in Hollywood I have to forget all that I learned about the art of party-giving in New York.

As a rule, whether in Hollywood or in New York, I invite from four to six hundred guests to a party. Let us say, for

argument's sake, that I have decided and happen to be able to afford a party for five hundred people. In New York, I would invite three hundred men and two hundred women. I would attempt to keep the same sixty-four ratio in Hollywood. But—and what a whale of a "but" that particular one is—not more than fifteen or twenty per cent of the people I invite in New York insist on bringing their wives or husbands along. At least ten per cent would not come at all if I invited their spouses. In other words, the typical Elsa Maxwell party in New York consists of about one hundred married couples and two hundred men and one hundred women who are either single, divorced or prefer to go out "by themselves."

That's how it is in New York and that's how it is *not* in Hollywood. I would no more dream of inviting "Mr." and not inviting "Mrs." in Hollywood than I would dream of trying to engage Greta Garbo in a conversation. The net result? Well, the net result is that when I give a party in Hollywood I invite two hundred married couples and pray that the mother of Mickey Rooney, the aunt of Freddie Bartholomew and the custodians of the Dead End boys will let those young gentlemen attend my little affair . . . I know of no other way of maintaining the sixty-four ratio in Hollywood.

Could it be that what I term "relentless domesticity" is but a fad and that in five years from now Hollywood will regain its former personality? I doubt it. In fact, I would be willing to bet that in five years from now a hostess attempting to give a party in Hollywood would have to consider the in-laws of her guests. Even now one hears more and more that the mother-in-law of this or that star is "really a remarkable woman" but in five years from now . . . Why in five years from now Hollywood might easily become the first settlement on the North American continent to adopt a brand new form of invitations. To wit: Instead of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, their five daughters and two sons-in-law, a hostess would have to add still another line:

"And all those they love best."



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"I seldom need to 'touch-up' with my Tangee Theatrical Red Lipstick", says Martha Peery, lovely blonde artists' model. "Its creamy base really makes it stay on longer. And what a color! It's simply beautiful."

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Tangee Theatrical Red shade is a brilliant, glamorous color that brings out the natural loveliness of blonde types and sets off to flattering advantage the deeper tones of brunettes. Try Theatrical Red with your new spring outfit. And be sure to complete your make-up with Theatrical Red Rouge and your favorite shade of Tangee Face Powder. When you want less vivid make-up, ask for Tangee Natural.

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Seeing the Harry Joe Browns (Sally Eilers) together at Ciro's confirms our author Elsa Maxwell's theory about film marriages



Their Hero Arrives on the Next Bus

Thinks of himself as Daddy — just a fellow like millions of others making the most of every day...working with a purpose and then relaxing to live with his family and friends. His age? He feels so young that the years don't matter. He's the best playmate his wife and youngsters ever had. And why not? No setting sun sees him bringing home the cares

of the day. No rising sun fails to find him refreshed and eager to greet the new day. * * *

Advice to Wives: One of Home's greatest charms for Daddy is the icebox — especially when well stocked with Budweiser and other good things. It gives the busy man-about-town the urge to be a gracious man-about-home.

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MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

Before the chorus number, Director Irving Cummings checks over his cuties. When he comes to Alice, he shakes his head and points to her wasp waist. "Lillian did better than that," he says.

"Another notch," Alice says resignedly to her wardrobe girl, and Alice is a half-inch cuter around the middle. She steps up among the merry maidens in the chorus to sing "After the Ball."

But in the middle, a look of dismay crosses her face. "I can't breathe in this strait jacket," she pants, "let alone sing! My hat's off to Lillian! She was a better gal than I am!" They hurry to unbind Alice. In a minute she's back in the Gay Nineties groove, slightly less cute, but plainly a darned sight more comfortable!

THE next picture we find in Zanuck-land is the screen saga of Hollywood's Cindrellas, titled "Stardust."

Having a generous helping of real life Cindys, Zanuck is using them. Linda Darnell, Mary Healy and Mary Beth Hughes are having a ton of fun playing pages from their own lives, with John Payne, Roland Young and Charlotte Greenwood faking the fiction.

All the familiar movie metamorphoses come out in the script—new coiffures, make-up changes, voice lessons, screen tests (you'll see the actual test of Linda Darnell), studio dramatic schools. It's in one of these that we find John Payne and good old rubberlegs Charlotte Greenwood in a red-hot love scene—and we mean red hot!

Johnny and Charlotte are having a wrestling match in the studio drama coach's office. She's showing him how to make love, and Director Walter Lang finds it hard to get the scene. Somebody's always laughing right in the middle. Suddenly the backdrop sizzles like an egg and bursts into flames!

We duck out of the way of the studio fire squad which quickly squelches the blaze, but not Charlotte Greenwood's wit. "Remember that, Sonny," she tells John Payne. "When I love 'em, they go up in smoke!"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at present, is filming the Jane Austen classic, "Pride and Prejudice," with a British cast that would warm the authoress' heart. Laurence Olivier, Greer Garson, Maureen O'Sullivan, Heather Angel and Canadian-born Ann Rutherford you'll recognize at once. Edward Ashley and Bruce Lester are two new importations.

"Pride and Prejudice" is as English as roast beef. It's about an upper-class family who have committed a grave social blunder. The father married a shopkeeper—dear, dear—and because of this disgrace, marrying off his daughters, though they're beautiful, is pretty tough going. Especially when Laurence Olivier, a wealthy and snobbish young blade, comes to town and hands them all the ritz—until love for Greer teaches him better manners.

What meets our eyes the day we peep at "Pride and Prejudice," is a big ballroom where gay aristocratic country gentlefolk are gathered to dance. Olivier is in tight fawn breeches, a dark coat and stock. Greer, her copper tresses subdued by a prim coiffure, floats around in his arms, sweeping the floor with billowing silks.

It all looks very simple. But—we know M-G-M's amazing research department has checked everything on this set to see if it fits the early Nineteenth Century period of the story.

Laurence Olivier has eyes only for Vivien Leigh, as all the world knows. But in a pal way he's crazy about Greer Garson, too. It dates, Greer tells us, back to the time when she got her first big stage break in London—and got fired the first night! Olivier, the star, stepped right in and said, "No Garson—no me!" Greer hasn't forgotten it, although you wouldn't think so by what happens in a minute.

When the quadrille dissolves, Greer grabs Director Bob Leonard by the arm and leads him over to her dressing room. There her butler stands with CoCo, Greer's French poodle. Greer's trying to land CoCo a film job, but Leonard says, "He isn't trimmed right!" Greer says she'll fix that, and pulls out some scissors. CoCo objects.

"Laurence!" calls Greer. "Will you help?" He takes hold of CoCo—and CoCo returns the compliment! They're sewing Mr. Olivier's fawn panties up when we leave to watch Vivien Leigh making "Waterloo Bridge" with Robert Taylor.

"Waterloo Bridge" is the war play Mae Clarke and Douglass Montgomery

faces are outlined eerily. It's effective, but what baffles us is—we don't smell any tobacco smoke! We look closer. They aren't smoking cigarettes at all—just holding white sticks with little batteries in them and lights on the end! We say another bow is in order to the studio Edison who figured them out.

That's not the Spencer Tracy Edison, of course. We call on him next in "Edison, the Man," the follow-up and major portion of the two M-G-M "Edisons," which Mickey Rooney started off with "Young Tom Edison."

Spencer takes Edison from twenty-two to eighty-two and he's as worked up as a kid about playing the famous inventor.

Thanks to Henry Ford, "Edison, the Man," will probably be the most historically accurate movie ever made of a real and very great life. He painstakingly collected all important Edisoniana back in Greenfield Village, at Dearborn, Michigan. There Spence pilgrimaged before shooting a frame of film. There, too, unheralded, tracked M-G-M's researchers, property men and set designers.



"All This, and Heaven, Too" becomes a peculiarly appropriate title when it gives us Bette Davis and Charles Boyer as a team in the film version of the best seller. The stars themselves seem to be getting a kick out of it

did for the screen some years ago. M-G-M has brought it up to date by setting it in a 1940 London blackout. Bob's a young subaltern on leave, who meets Vivien, a ballet dancer, on Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. They fall in love, plan to marry—then Bob's called away and Vivien reads he's been killed. War pulls her down in the gutter, then Bob shows up again and—but this is one ending we won't give away!

It's almost pitch dark in the little restaurant set where Vivien sits at a table with Bob. Only the tables' candles light the scene.

Bob is in uniform. Handsome he is, too, with his new black mustache. The mustache started out as a property lip-wig, but underneath it Bob thought he'd try one of his own. Barbara Stanwyck liked it so well he kept it and now, in full flower, it's perfect enough to photograph.

Mervyn LeRoy, whom we're glad to see directing again, calls for the few candles guttering in the darkness to be snuffed out. "Just the cigarettes, now," he orders. Out go the tallow sticks, and then, here and there in the darkness, little lights glow. Bob's and Vivien's

The scene we watch is Edison pleading with the New York municipal bigshots for his famous lighting project. "Gentlemen," begins Spence, "I ask no assistance except—" he looks lost, "no assistance—except," grins the already blown-up Academy Award winner, "—except a little assistance to remember my lines!" Not even an Edison, we suppose, can invent dialogue when memory flops.

OVER at Warners, Errol Flynn is swashbuckling through derring-do drama that's exactly his dish. We mean "The Sea Hawk," which you'll remember as one of the silent picture epics. It's an adventurous tale about an Elizabethan privateer who sails the seven seas and loots for Good Queen Bess.

In the old days, Hollywood had to go on location all over the coast of California to make "The Sea Hawk." Now—we hate to disillusion you—all Errol has to do is walk a few yards from his dressing room to the largest stage ever built in Hollywood.

This stage was built especially for the picture. It's colossal. Two ships, a caravel, and a galleass, are mounted on

contraptions that make them pitch and toss realistically enough to make everybody seasick. Full-rigged they are, too, weathered and salty. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if barnacles nestled on the hulls.

On the deck, Errol, shiny in a tin breastplate, is clashing swords with Gilbert Roland, while Mike Curtiz, the director, looks on—and the camera crew lays bets on the battlers! We push through the crowd of mean-looking extras, done up as Jolly Rogers, and up on deck to watch the fun. And whom do we find rooting in ringside seats but Queen Elizabeth, King Phillip II of Spain, his ambassador, and the ambassador's beautiful daughter!

Flora Robson is Queen Bess (and far more convincing to us than was the great Bette Davis), Montagu Love plays King Phillip II, Claude Rains, his Spanish ambassador, and Brenda Marshall gets her biggest Hollywood break yet as the beautiful baby who traps Errol into galley slavery.

The fight is one of those running, leaping duels, all over the place, with the camera wheeling after in hot pursuit. It's a warm day, too, and when finally Mike Curtiz cries his "Cut!" both Sir Roland and Sir Flynn are streaming sweat and panting like horses. Errol makes for a chair and starts to sit down, but after several tries, he shakes his head in disgust.

"Think of that!" he exclaims, "I'm dog-tired, and I can't even sit down!"

"Good Heavens!" cries Gilbert Roland, "did I stab you there?"

Errol laughs, shakes his head, and points to his unbendable tin jacket. They drag him out a couch.

ON another Warner set, we see Hollywood's one veteran of World War II, Charles Boyer. He's in a bedroom with Bette Davis and Barbara O'Neil. It's a very fancy bedroom, too—full of rococo Louis Seize furniture and mirrors. "All This, and Heaven, Too" was inspired by authoress Rachel Field's great-aunt's life, so the story goes. It tells of a governess—that's Bette—who teaches children in the home of a Parisian duke—that's Charles. And that's also dynamite! It's a great and tragic love story of Paris in the middle 1800's.

The scene shows Bette interviewing the duke and his duchess for her job. She's very plain in a green dress and bonnet. They're very dignified. And Director Anatole Litvak, with his snowy hair, is very handsome. As for us, we're very unobtrusive—or so we think. The "Quiet—we're rolling!" rings out, and everyone hushes up like mice. Bette, Charles and Barbara get halfway through their lines, when the cameraman yells, "Hold it! and points to the mirror. His finger seems to poke us right in the eyes!

Well, never did we think we'd be in a scene with the great Davis and the impeccable Boyer. But that's the trouble. The mirror catches our shrinking violet personality, by some odd reflection. Everybody stares—and is our face ruddy! We get out of there fast!

Paramount and RKO-Radio are usually two of Hollywood's most hustling studios. Both are slowed down to an ambling gait. "The Ghost Breakers," second of the Bob Hope-Paulette Goddard team terrifiers, is spooking up Paramount with thunder and lightning and foul play.

"The Ghost Breakers" is all about an

(Continued on page 80)

At Atlanta's World Premiere



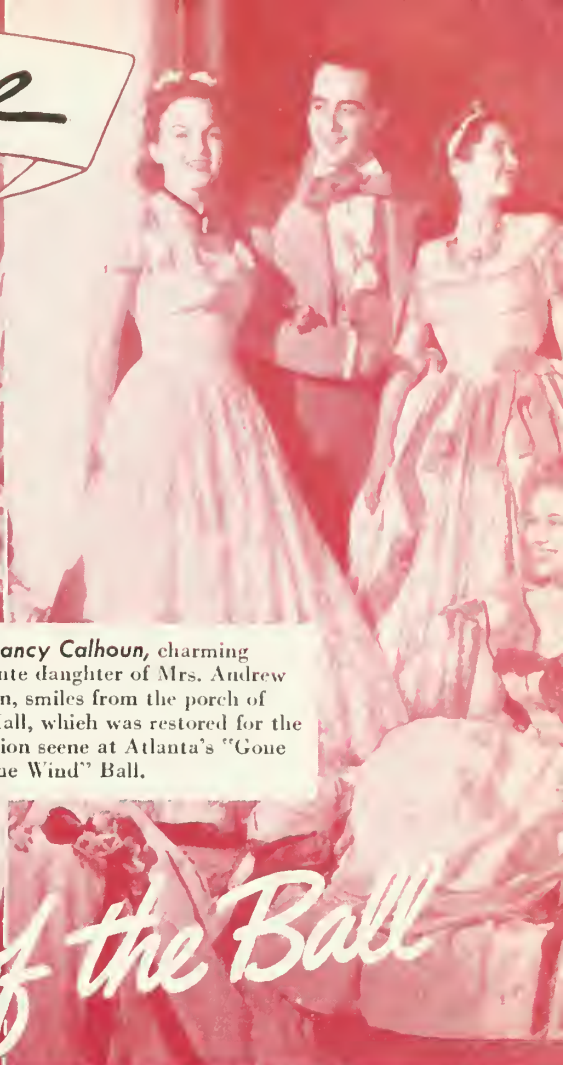
Ardent Horsewoman, they often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.



Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on the lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, they and friends prepare to leave for the premiere.



Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.



She was a Belle of the Ball

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

—She wrote it up



Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

—BOTH ARE SOUTHERN BEAUTIES —AND BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN LOVELY WITH POND'S



Before the Premiere—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."



In A Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.



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POND'S, Dept. 15-CVE, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Eye-catching wooden necklace and buttons that match in vivid multi-colors decorate this wonderful jacket with curved pockets to emphasize its nipped-in waist. It's a love of a dress beneath.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 78)

American girl who inherits a haunted castle in Cuba. And about a New York gossip columnist of the Winchell stripe, who talks too much (perfect casting for Hope, we'd say!) and has to leave town. The pair of exiles start laying ghosts in the West Indies, which sounds like fun.

We catch Paulette and Bob in a Hollywood electrical storm that scares us out of our oxfords. Again, those behind-the-scenes fellows take the bows. Electricians have rigged up carbon arcs, wires, fuses and things we know absolutely nothing about. But when they shoot the sherbert, Herbert, it sounds—and looks—like the crack of doom! In one blinding lightning flash a red hot carbon bounces to the floor, and Paulette steps on it! Mercifully, we draw the curtain of censorship here.

"CURTAIN CALL," at RKO, is quite likely to be one of those occasional Hollywood "sleepers" you never hear anything about, until suddenly everybody is talking about it!

The story is both clever and cute. It's about a small-town girl (Barbara Read) who writes an atrocious play. Broadway Producer Alan Mowbray buys it

just so he can cast stage star Helen Vinson in it and ruin her career (he doesn't like Helen!). That's the springboard for backstage comedy.

Our visit to "Curtain Call" reveals a property man's love's labor lost. The set is the "Sky Room," patterned obviously after Radio City's famous Rainbow Room. Alan Mowbray, in white tie and tails, is city slicking Barbara Read, ga-ga in her first evening gown. Formal "dress extras" (at twenty-five dollars a day) dance by as the waiter brings the fancy food. One dish is caviar, and we're surprised to note it's the real stuff. Usually Hollywood compromises on BB-shot. But Barbara has to eat this. And when she does—she makes a face and gulps wryly.

"I—I'm sorry," apologizes Barbara, pushing the caviar away. "But I just can't stand caviar. It reminds me of cod-liver oil!"

The property man near by explodes. "That—" he informs her, "is real Russian Mollosol fish eggs. It took me two days and twenty bucks to get it. And now you won't eat it." He looks as if he might cry. "Okay, Joe," he tells a helper, bitterly. "Get currant jam!"

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

"MOLLY" IN THE MOVIES

QUITE some time ago, PHOTOPLAY ran serially the Frances Marion story, "Molly, Bless Her," prior to the filming of the screen version by M-G-M, with Sophie Tucker in the title role. I read the story, enjoyed it immensely, and eagerly awaited the film.

For some reason, the film was never produced. After such a terrific build-up, this is puzzling. I think it is a great mistake to let this great story gather dust. It would be a wonderful tribute to beloved Marie Dressler to present "Molly, Bless Her" on the screen.

ROBERT EARLE HAYNIE,
Washington, D. C.

To Reader Haymie and all anxious inquirers: Latest news of "Molly, Bless Her" is that 20th Century-Fox has purchased the story from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a future starring vehicle for Great Britain's popular Gracie Fields.

BOUQUET FROM BATAVIA

I WANT to contribute my mite in behalf of that new, rising star, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

Playing for the first time with such stars as Merle Oberon and Bette Davis (in "Wuthering Heights" and "Dark Victory"), it must have been far from easy not to pale into insignificance. But she didn't; and why? Because she is a real personality. She has the right stuff of which stars are made, and within a short time the whole world will be convinced of it. Just watch her!

FRIEDA SWART,
Batavia-Centrum, Java.

KEEPING UP WITH KANSAS

SO Kansas is a stage of corn-fed greenhorns!

Why, oh, why does everybody pick on Kansas? In Cal York's March gossip, Norma Shearer drove a limousine and behind her was a tin lizzie with a Kansas tag. In "The Return of Doctor

X," Wayne Morris was a corn-fed reporter from Kansas. And in ever so many pictures Kansas has been ribbed.

Please, please put Kansas in its true light. Believe it or not, we're not all corn-fed greenhorns.

YVONNE PEARSON,
Concordia, KANSAS.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I AM a loyal Davis fan, and when I read Mrs. Bryson's March attack against Bette's excellent performance in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," I wanted to straighten matters out.

Perhaps if Mrs. Bryson had referred to her encyclopedia, she would have found that Queen Elizabeth was sixty-eight when she had Essex beheaded—and not forty-nine. Isn't it likely that Queen Bess had no control over her head at that age?

Bette deserves all the "Oscars" in Hollywood, not alone for this performance, but also for all the other fine performances she turned out in 1939.

Mrs. Byron herself deserves an "Oscar" for having the courage to knock a truly great actress.

CHARLES FSTERHAMMER,
Chicago, Ill.

HELP FROM HOLLYWOOD

WE movie fans have built the movie industry into one of the world's greatest. We have helped the stars, producers and studios, now they can help us if they will.

We have unemployment, economic stress. We also have vast wastelands to be reclaimed, room for everybody, but—we need inspirational pictures depicting modern America conquering her last frontiers.

We Americans don't have to be all huddled together. We can make room for all who wish to be comfortable. Will the movies help us fire our ambitions with inspiration?

JOHN S. GALLAGHER,
Utica, N. Y.

I Married Adventure

(Continued from page 30)

the Pacific to Honolulu, to Samoa, to Pago-Pago and finally to Sydney, Australia, my confidence grew. The captain became jollier by the minute and even played deck games with us, and when, on parting at Sydney, he told Martin I was "all right," it seemed to me I should die, I was so proud.

The next few months were disappointing and anxious ones. In whalers, lug-gers and merchants we sailed from island to island of the Solomon group and found many primitive blacks, but always Martin shook his head and pushed on. He insisted that because our film was so limited we could use it only when he had found savages that were completely untouched by civilization.

FINALLY his decision was made. Malekula, second largest island of the New Hebrides group was, he learned, the subject of disputed ownership between the French and British, and this meant a lack of the usual patrolling and discipline. If man in his savage and original state existed any place in the world, he existed here.

We returned to Sydney, and here Martin searched out the captain of a small ship that was leaving in a few days for the upper part of the Hebrides group. Once aboard, and our destination and purpose made known, a storm of protest and warning broke around us.

"Savage, cruel, murderous black devils!" The captain thundered. "I'll not go off my course to set you down on Malekula, understand? Not with a woman along! It would be murder, that's what, woman-murder!"

I couldn't even look in Martin's direction, for it was I—my coming with him—that hampered all his plans. Already we were in sight of Malekula. In length it was seventy-five miles or more a recruiter of blacks told us, shaped like an hour-glass and about thirty miles across its widest part.

"There's around forty thousand savages on that island," he continued, "strong fellows, too, but much as I'm needing blacks, I'll get 'em some place else."

Martin's interest sharpened. "Strong fellows, you say?"

"The most powerful tribe on the island, and they've got a chief, Nagapate, that's a holy terror."

I could see from the way Martin looked off toward the blue-grey mass that was Malekula, that somehow he would contrive to get there. A smaller shape, separated from the big island, now appeared, and quickly Martin asked about it.

"That's the island of Vao," the recruiter said. "About a mile and a half across and maybe four hundred savages." He paused, with a look at me. "You know," he said, "I think Vao would be the very ticket for you and the little lady here. Four hundred wild men would be about as many as you could get in that camera of yours anyhow, and, even though the British patrol boat often circles the island, I hear that those fellows on Vao still bury their old people alive and eat long pig."

"And how far did you say Vao was from Malekula?" Martin asked.

"About a mile," the recruiter answered, "and there's a French mission there, too, run by Father Prin."

Martin seized his hand. "A great idea," he shouted. "Great!"

The captain eyed us suspiciously as we debarked at Vao; he knew that we could get to Malekula from here with very little trouble.

Father Prin gave us a hearty if puzzled welcome. This dear soul who had worked among the savages of Vao for nearly thirty years was a volume in himself, and all the more so when one considered that the only discernible result of his labor was a mere seventeen converts.

It was here we rested and made our plans.

Father Prin gravely shook his head and confirmed the stories we had already heard of the cruelties practiced even on Vao; how much worse it must be on Malekula where even the most hardened recruiters feared to land, should, he said, be perfectly apparent.

But seeing that we would not be swerved, the good priest gave us every help in his power; and a twenty-eight foot whaleboat, together with a crew of five trustworthy Vao boys, was put at our disposal. Before sunup the following morning we were stowing our cameras, film and trade goods in the boat; then we pushed off for Malekula, with Father Prin giving us his blessing.

THE trip along the rocky shore was not very reassuring, for only now and then did we catch a glimpse of the natives, who vanished as rapidly as we approached. Their apparent timidity eased our fears for our personal safety, however, and when we reached the beach at Tanemarou, a strip of dazzling yellow sand separating the sea from the thick bush, we found it deserted, and stepped boldly out of the whaleboat.

Martin pantomimed the boys to take the trade stuff out of the boat; our one precious motion-picture camera he handled himself.

"Looks like a kind of trail into the bush over there," I said. Then I stopped short. "Oh!" I said.

A lone savage had appeared out of the jungle. Our boys, seeing him, moved back toward the boat—and with good reason; he was the most horrible looking creature I had ever laid eyes on. Coal black and incredibly filthy, his shock of greasy hair and heavy wool beard were probably the nesting place of every sort of vermin.

A gorget of pig's teeth hung around his neck, and the tails of pigs dangled from his ears. He wore a bone through his nose and he was entirely naked except for a large breach clout of dried pandanus fiber. As he came nearer I saw that his deeply creviced face was horribly distorted. It made me think of a grotesque mask—one I had seen on a theater program in New York, I think—representing "Tragedie." I moved closer to Martin.

The black spoke in a guttural *bêche-de-mer* that astonished me with its scattering of English words.

"My word! Master! Belly belong me walk about too much!" He pressed his hands dramatically to his stomach.

I looked at Martin incredulously; we had come to Malekula warned of natives who dealt swift and savage death to intruders, only to be met by a whining black with a stomach ache!

We rocked with laughter—which doubtless was part relief—then I opened our kit and poured out a small handful of laxative tablets. Martin explained carefully to the gaping savage that he was to take part of them when the sun went down, and the other part when the sun came up. The black listened with apparent intentness to the end of the instructions, then opened his slobbery mouth and downed all the tablets.

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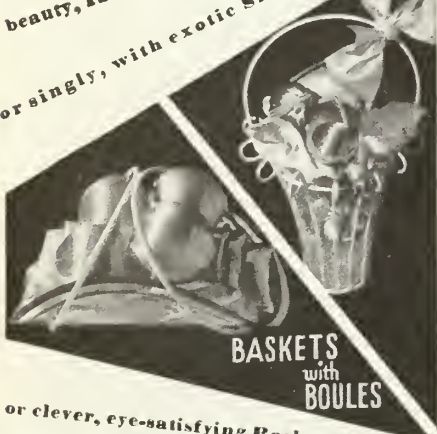
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During this little comedy, several more savages had slipped quietly out of the bush—I think I counted ten in all—each as horrible in appearance as the first man, and each apparently as harmless. Martin lost no time in setting up his camera—which they dismissed after a casual inspection—and exposed perhaps a hundred and fifty feet of film.

The savages were carrying on what to me was an unintelligible jabber. Martin understood a little *bêche-de-mer* and with an air of complete casualness as he busied himself with the camera, told me what was up.

"They're saying that their chief is back there in the bush; he's been watching our boat—"

I saw how terribly he wanted to plunge into the bush with his camera, but that he was afraid because of me.

"I'll take some trade stuff and go ahead," I said as casually as I could. "I'm not afraid of these old natives and their stomach aches."

"Wait, Osa! I can't risk it. Not with you. I'll come back tomorrow."

I kept right on going.

"All right then, wait," he shouted after me. "I'll get one of these boys to lead the way."

Organized at length, with one of the Big Numbers men acting as guide, and our three carriers bringing up the rear with our supplies, we plunged into the jungle.

AFTER the glare of the beach I seemed suddenly blind, and slid and stumbled along a dark trail that was treacherous with hidden muddy streams and wet creepers. The heavy steaming breath of the swamps pressed down on us with the weight of something dead, and in it was the ominous smell of rot and slime. Then we started to climb; suddenly we were in the hot glare of the sun once more, and the slope was sharp and covered with tough cane. We climbed for what seemed hours; then abruptly we came on a clearing; a sort of plateau.

I began to look about me. Far below—we must have climbed at least three thousand feet—I saw the strip of beach and our whaleboat, a mere dot at the edge of the water.

Martin had drawn close and put his arm about me.

"You're a grand little sport," he said. "That climb was tough."

I couldn't say anything, I was so proud.

Just then there was a shuffling sound behind us and we turned. A score of natives carrying guns had moved in behind us. I saw Martin's face tighten.

"Don't let them see you're afraid, Osa," he said, quietly but firmly. "Leave the trade stuff on the ground and ease down the trail. I'll attract their attention with the camera."

I turned to obey, but the trail was cut off. There must by now have been a hundred armed savages in the clearing. From somewhere off in the bush came the low pulsing beat of the boo-boos. I glanced at our three carriers; they were fixed in attitudes of terror. There was neither movement nor sound until a huge parrot—a raucous blade of color and noise—slashed across the clearing. Then all hands turned, and there on the edge of the bush stood a figure so frightful as to be magnificent. His face, like those of the rest of the savages, was framed in a mass of greasy black hair and beard, a bone was thrust through the cartilage of his nose, he wore the large pandanus fiber clout, but there was a difference—the difference of a man of conscious power. There was power in his height, in the muscles that rippled under his glossy black skin, in his great shoulders, in the line of his jaw. His eyes showed intelligence, strong will and cunning. Here was a

chief by every right of physical and mental superiority; here I knew was Nagapate.

He stared at us speculatively and moved slowly toward us. His men drew back as he advanced. To my astonishment, at this moment, I heard the purr of the camera-crank; Martin was photographing the chief's entrance.

"Remember, darling," his voice was low and quiet, "show no fear—smile—open up the trade stuff."

I shaped my face into what I hoped would pass for a friendly smile—Nagapate was coming straight toward me—was now within three feet.

"Hello, Mr. Nagapate," I said, and held some tobacco out to him. He barely glanced at it.

I saw four rings on Nagapate's hands; one a signet ring with a distinct crest. I felt a shudder creeping up my spine and wondered whether he removed the rings from the fingers of his victims before or after he cooked them.

"Try that piece of red calico," Martin urged, and I clung to the sound of his voice as to the one sane thing left in a world gone grotesquely mad.

"This is a very nice piece of calico," I said, loudly and distinctly, holding out the bright cloth to Nagapate. "A very nice color."

Nagapate reached out, but instead of



On location at the Busch Gardens in Pasadena, Laurence Olivier brushes up on his French for a few lines in that tongue in "Pride and Prejudice"

the calico, he took my arm in his great hand that felt like dry leather.

Martin's quiet voice cut through my terror: "Don't be afraid, Osa. He's just curious, that's all."

Curious! Apparently the whiteness of my skin puzzled the big black man. With guttural grunts he first tried rubbing it off with his finger. This failing, he picked up a bit of rough cane and scraped my skin with it, and was astonished, apparently, when it turned pink. Shaking his head, he then took off my hat and looked at my hair. It was yellow and I suppose this also puzzled him.

"Try to get him interested in the trade stuff, darling. Put it in his hands." Martin's voice shook a little. I looked at him. The film continued to purr through the camera; he was turning the crank automatically.

I got some tobacco and pushed it into Nagapate's hands. He looked at it, then

dropped it. I saw Martin rapidly remove the camera from the tripod.

"He won't take it, Martin! What shall I do?"

"Keep cool, darling—and whatever you do, keep smiling."

My husband then stepped between Nagapate and me, and forcing a grin clasped the chief's hand and gave it a hearty shake. This puzzled the black czar; apparently the gesture was new to him. He didn't like it, and scowled.

Returning look for look with the kingly savage, Martin spoke casually off to me: "Get on down that trail with the carriers, Osa. I'll follow. Do as I tell you and hurry!"

Nagapate was not to be diverted, however, and caught me as I turned away. He took my hand and shook it just as Martin had shaken his. My relief was so great at what seemingly had turned into a friendly leave-taking, that I laughed and heartily returned the shake. This may have been a mistake; at any rate, when I tried to withdraw my hand, he closed his fist hard upon it, then began experimentally to pinch and prod my body. I choked back a scream and looked wildly toward Martin. His face was bloodless, and fixed in a wooden smile.

Then, unexpectedly, I was released; Nagapate grunted an order and the savages retreated into the bush. Apparently we had won. Martin sharply ordered the carriers to shoulder the apparatus and we dashed for the trail. But suddenly there was a sharper accent in the beat of the boo-boos, our carriers with the apparatus fled at top speed down the trail and I found myself seized from behind. This time I abandoned all pretense at bravery and screamed my terror. On almost the same instant I heard Martin's voice shouting at me desperately to remember the pistol in my pocket, and shouting at the blacks to release him. I saw that he also had been seized.

"Martin!" I cried. I turned sick and faint and knew vaguely that I was being dragged backward toward the bush. I screamed again and again. I am no clearer on what happened next than a person is clear on the seeming happenings of a nightmare. I only know that the natives were suddenly quiet and staring down toward the bay. The boo-boos were still, and Nagapate stepped once more into the clearing. I followed the direction of his scowling gaze and saw what had silenced them; a British patrol boat was steaming into the bay.

Martin tore from his captors and faced Nagapate.

"Man-o'-war—Man-o'-war—Man-o'-war!" he shouted, threateningly.

Nagapate scowled at Martin, only half believing him, but my husband held his ground and reluctantly Nagapate grunted an order for our release, then with his men withdrew into the bush.

With a sob of relief I started on a run toward the trail, but Martin caught me and held me to a quiet walk until we were well out of sight of that fringe of bush where we knew Nagapate and his men to be, then began our race down the steep path.

AFTER what seemed hours, we came to a clearing above the bay and there saw the patrol boat slowly turning and steaming away. Then once more the sound of the boo-boos; Nagapate and his savages up on the plateau were also witnessing the departure of the gunboat.

Neither Martin nor I spoke; the dense jungle still lay between us and the beach. We plunged into it, the increasingly rapid beat of the boo-boos driving us recklessly over the slimy, treacherous trail. Thorns tore at our clothing and flesh. Once I fell in the mud and

(Continued on page 84)



Irene Dunne

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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slime of a morass, but more serious than this was the fact that we had lost our way. Martin pulled me out and held me close, slime and all.

My fall probably saved us, for instead of plunging farther from the trail in our panic, we stood a moment where we were and, looking around us, discovered the trail only a few feet off.

Added to the terrifying sound of the boo-boos, were now the shouts of the savages; they couldn't have been more than a quarter of a mile behind us. Neither of us spoke, we just ran, with branches, thorns and vines like enemy hands clutching at us, but at last the jungle ahead thinned; a few more steps and we were at the beach. The savages were now so close behind us we could hear the slap of heavy sodden leaves on their bare flesh.

The glare of the sun was almost a physical impact after the deep gloom of the jungle and the thick sand clogged our feet. Martin took my arm and I felt his hand shake. Soon we felt hard packed sand under our feet, then shallow water and next, with the hands of the Vao boys reaching out to us, we were dragged across the gunwales of

the whaleboat. I raised my head and looked back; Nagapate's men were just emerging from the bush.

The tropical storm through which we then fought is another story. Martin got to his feet and went to work, glad of the skill he had acquired in handling the *Snark*. My usefulness in what doubtless was a hazardous trip began and ended in bailing our small open boat and protecting our camera and film as best I could. Reaching Vao finally, we were gratified to find that we—including our carriers—had clung doggedly to every piece of apparatus and even most of the trade goods, and that the camera and film were unharmed by water.

We had been back at Vao only a few days when the British patrol boat, the *Euphrosyne*, put in with a letter for Martin from the Resident Commissioner for the New Hebrides. It read:

"Matanovot, 10th November, 1917
"Dear Sir:

"I have been endeavoring to find you with a view to warning you against carrying out what I understand to be your intentions. I am told that you have decided to pene-

trate into the interior of this island with a view to coming in contact with the people known as the 'Big Numbers.' Such a proceeding cannot but be attended with great risk to yourself and all those who accompany you. The whole interior of this island of Malekula is, and has been for a considerable time, in a very disturbed condition, and it has been necessary in consequence to make two armed demonstrations in the 'Big Numbers' country in the last three years. For these reasons, on the part of the Joint Administration of this group, I request that you will not proceed further with this idea, and hereby formally warn you against such persistence, for the consequences of which the Administration cannot hold itself responsible.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) M. King,

"H.B.M. Resident Commissioner
for the New Hebrides.

"In any case I trust you will not take your wife into the danger zone with you.

"M.K."

Broadway, the Dog

(Continued from page 53)

either gratifying or alarming, depending on your viewpoint.

That's one reason why road companies are being sent out before the end of a Broadway run, so that the film version may be released at the earliest possible moment. A glance at the pictures on pages 52-53 and the current theatrical season they represent illustrates this. It also shows how Hollywood's stars are invading Broadway to take advantage of this fine show case for their wares.

The season opened late this year, and with caution, because of wars overseas and threats at home of the biggest strike in theatrical history. Yet there was a phenomenally high percentage of hits which will undoubtedly reach the screen.

Let's skim over a play-by-play report, starting with some of the successful holdovers from the previous season.

ROBERT SHERWOOD'S "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," which won the Pulitzer Prize as the best American drama of 1939, enjoyed a highly successful run with Raymond Massey in the title role, first on Broadway and then on tour. RKO's film version, with Massey repeating his incomparable performance and with the talented Ruth Gordon making her cinema debut as Mary Todd, has already been triumphantly launched.

Philip Barry's "The Philadelphia Story" brought Katharine Hepburn back, not only to Broadway, but apparently to Hollywood. M-G-M's contract for the screen rights is said to stipulate that she will appear in the film version, which may also feature Joseph Cotten and Van Heflin (who was in a previous Hepburn picture, "A Woman Rebels") of the original cast.

Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" gave Tallulah Bankhead her greatest role to date. Samuel Goldwyn is reported to have paid \$100,000 for the play and to have engaged Miss Bankhead to play her original part.

Sidney Kingsley's "The World We Make," featuring the movies' own

Margo, was purchased by M-G-M for a reported price of \$100,000 as a possible starring vehicle for Norma Shearer.

The new Kaufman-Hart play, "The Man Who Came to Dinner," enjoyed simultaneous runs in New York, Chicago and the West Coast, with first-rate companies playing all three. Neither Monty Woolley nor Theodore Newton, who play the title role and the romantic lead, respectively, in the Manhattan cast, is a stranger to Hollywood. Film bidding on this smash success was still brisk at latest reports.

CLARENCE DAY'S "Life with Father," made into a play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, featured the former playwright and his wife, Dorothy Stickney, as the parents, in New York, and offered the screen's beloved Lillian Gish in the feminine lead in Chicago, at the same time.

Samson Raphaelson's "Sky Lark" teamed Gertrude Lawrence and Donald Cook, both familiar personalities to film-goers, and it's reported that Paramount paid \$85,000 for the picture rights to star Claudette Colbert.

James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's "The Male Animal" gave us Mr. Nugent, successful in Hollywood as actor, writer and director, in the masculine lead. Warner Brothers purchased the film rights for \$150,000.

"My Dear Children" heralded John Barrymore's return to Broadway (after an absence of seventeen years), where he was rejoined by his wife, Elaine Barrie, in the leading feminine role.

Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo" offered that great actor, Paul Muni, a triumphal return to the footlights.

Cole Porter's latest musical, "Du Barry Was a Lady," offered not only one, but four, screen favorites—Bert Lahr, Ethel Merman, Betty Grable and Kenny Baker. Among the bidders for screen rights is Universal, seeking it as a vehicle for Mae West, for whom the show was originally written.

George Abbott's current Broadway farce, "See My Lawyer," featured Milton Berle of screen and radio, and was

staged by Ezra Stone, who will soon make his film debut in Paramount's "Those Were the Days."

William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" offered Julie Haydon, wistful heroine of Noel Coward's picture, "The Scoundrel," in the feminine lead.

Charles MacArthur's and Ben Hecht's "Ladies and Gentlemen," teamed Mrs. MacArthur—the famous Helen Hayes of both stage and screen—with Philip Merivale, both on Broadway and on tour.

John Van Druten's "Leave Her to Heaven" returned not only Ruth Chatterton to the stage, but also the handsome Edmond O'Brien, romantic lead of RKO's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Ernest Hemingway's "The Fifth Column" offered Franchot Tone another fine opportunity to follow up his personal success on Broadway last season.

Elmer Rice's "Two on an Island" brought back Betty Field from Hollywood after her sensational cinema debut—and may return her to the screen to do her stage role for RKO, which studio purchased the film rights. John Craven and Luther Adler co-star with Miss Field, and just why they have not been starred on the screen is a mystery.

AT least five other personalities as yet unknown to picture audiences but with picture possibilities have been noted during this fruitful season of theater-going: Uta Hagen, of "Key Largo"; Hubert Rudley, of "The World We Make"; Teresa Wright, of the original "Life with Father" cast; John Hoysradt of the New York company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner"; and Miss Gene Tierney of "The Male Animal." These people should make valuable contributions to future photoplays.

It might be noted that nearly all the great successes of the Broadway season were comedies. Yet, of all the plays reviewed, the deadly serious and intensely unpleasant "The Little Foxes" seems, to this reviewer, the best material for a great motion picture as yet unreleased.

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OLD ROSE: Rich rose with a hint of blue—an added romantic touch with your innocent new off-the-face hat.
CLOVER: Deep winy red to tone down your noisy plaids, stripes, checkerboard fabrics.
LAUREL: Rambler pink—delicate and young. Perfect with your new pinafore frocks.

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(Continued from page 71)

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wanted to sing with the new band (when it got organized) for nothing—until he could get going.

But now he's married and any dream that little Judy might have had isn't even worth dreaming any more. So, remembering our own youth (in the dim, distant past) and how things hurt, at sixteen, it isn't Greg Bautzer and Betty Grable we feel sorry for in the Turner-Shaw drama, but young Judy Garland.

First Love Story—II

SPEAKING of kids who carry torches, there is Jane Withers' "crush" on Gene Autry which started when she and Gene were making "Shooting Stars." Of course, Janie is only thirteen and Gene has been happily married for nine years, so naturally it can't be serious and we're not hinting otherwise. What we're really doing is pointing out what a nice, considerate chap the "Singing Cowboy," Autry, is.

Instead of ignoring the fact that he had suddenly and overwhelmingly become Jane's Ideal, as many a guy would have, Gene played up the whole time they were working together. He was gallant and attentive; deferred to her opinions; took her to lunch; sent her flowers; gave her a swell wrist watch when the picture was finished.

But more than that, he is still being nice to her. He telephones her every so often; sent her an elegant Valentine; shows her that here is a friend who is really going to last.

Palpitating Papa

THE set phone rang at nine o'clock in the morning, just as Henry Fonda stepped onto the sound stage for work. With nervous fingers, Henry clutched the receiver. His wife's voice, coming over the wires from New York said, "Henry, we're having our baby today. It will be a Caesarean operation. Don't worry, dear. I'll call you back—they're coming for me now."

A nervous young man paced the set



Caught in the act of telephoning at *Ciro's* (and, incidentally, in the booth itself, when the door jammed, as reported by Cal)—Joan Blondell

of "Lillian Russell," while a sympathetic crew looked on.

Twenty minutes later, another call came.

"It's a boy, Mr. Fonda," the nurse's voice sang, "and Mrs. Fonda is doing splendidly."

Maybe that day wasn't a day to be remembered, with Alice Faye and the whole cast helping Hank to celebrate.

The Fondas already have two little girls, one the child of his wife by a previous marriage.

The March of Diamonds

SO it's Leap Year again! You can't say Hollywood isn't doing its bit to help the girls along, by the power of suggestion. Much of the sparkle of cinematic glam-

our has always come from diamonds, but never—so far as Cal can remember—has the traditional engagement stone played such a large part in the current movies. Over at 20th Century-Fox, for instance, a lot of the glamour in "I Was an Adventuress" stems not only from the presence of the scintillating Zorina but also from the fact that the plot hinges on diamond smuggling. On the same lot, "Diamond Jim" Brady is making a return appearance in the person of Edward Arnold for many of the sequences in "Lillian Russell," in which Alice Faye has the title role.

Aside from their unquestioned appeal as beautiful adornment for the beautiful, there's sheer drama in the story of the world's most highly-prized gems themselves. Part of the story was told in Paramount's "Adventure in Diamonds," which starred Hollywood's George Brent and Isa Miranda, but prominently featured South Africa's great diamond mines. Through the courtesy of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., actual mining processes—from the time the diamonds are taken from the blue ground, three thousand feet below the surface, until they are graded according to color and carat size in the sorting room—were filmed near Kimberley, for the first time, as background shots.

If present plans go through, Paramount will bring out another diamond drama, portraying the life of Barney Barnato, one of the early directors and a life governor of De Beers, and the exciting part he played, with Cecil Rhodes, in forming that company. So if your best beau can't take a celluloid hint, or you can't nerve yourself up for a Leap Year proposal during current movie-going—lady, the case is hopeless!

Last Laugh

NOW this is news! Spencer Tracy may be banned from what promised to be one of the most important productions of his career! It's the family movie, written, directed and now being filmed by Spencer's son John, who also plays the lead (Spence has a minor role). John's been having more than his share of trouble with the production. First of all, Susie, the daughter of the house, who was to play the lead, came out flatly and refused the honor. Susie just does not want to be an actress. "I don't care what was in the papers," she told her father, when he pointed out all the publicity she was getting, "I still won't do the part!" Then, when the first sequence was being shot, Spencer laughed so at John's delineation of the principal character that he completely ruined the first "takes"—and now John threatens to ban Spence from the production.

Roosevelt Rift

THE news of the James Roosevelt's divorce, which broke across newspaper headlines last month, was no surprise to Hollywood. For months the town has been aware of Jimmy's devotion to his pretty nurse, Romelle Schneider. Her sister, lovely Phyllis Schneider, is Jimmy's secretary.

Cal observed Jimmy and Romelle as they sat across from us at the Brown Derby the other day. Carefully Jimmy's hand would steal under the table to find



We like Myrna Loy's new hairdress, we like her husband, Arthur Hornblow—in fact, we dote on Myrna herself (all to be seen at *Ciro's*)

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Bette Davis, Warner Bros. star... twice Academy Award winner... will soon star in the Warner Bros. picture, "*All This and Heaven, Too.*" Miss Davis says: "I consider Perc Westmore tops in his field." And naturally, as always, Perc Westmore creates Miss Davis' make-up for her newest starring role.

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(Continued from page 86)

Life's all smiles again for Addison "Jack" Randall and his leading lady, Louise Stanley, at Ciro's. Married and divorced in rapid succession many months ago, the pair were recently remarried at Yuma, Ariz.



Romelle's hand. Their eyes told the story of two people in love despite all obstacles. (So don't be surprised if Mr. Roosevelt takes a new bride after his wife's divorce becomes final.)

As soon as the first news was printed, the mailbags bulged with letters all asking the same question:

"Did Hollywood break up James Roosevelt's home?"

And some of them were pretty nasty to the movie village and its inhabitants.

Well, for once, at least, Hollywood has a clean slate, for even before young Roosevelt arrived in Hollywood, faint rumors preceded him that all was not well. Mrs. Roosevelt did not accompany her husband to the Mayo clinic, it was remembered, but only flew to his side when his case proved more serious than supposed. Neither did she accompany her husband to his new job in Hollywood, paying only one brief hurried visit.

Mr. Roosevelt has proved to be one of the hardest workers in the industry and won everyone's good will with his easy approachable manner. So—again we say: Hollywood played no part in this separation and should, therefore, not only be exonerated but applauded for the way it has minded its own business in the matter.

Bette, Bumps—and a Baby

WHEN you see Bette Davis wearing a severe black dress with white collars and cuffs, in her role of governess in Warners' "All This, and Heaven, Too"—it will be the same frock (remodeled, of course) she wore in "Juarez," for the famous mad scene. She told us that she had felt so at ease and so comfortable in the gown she decided to have it made over when she discovered that a black costume was listed for this picture. She also felt it would be a lucky omen for her. Incidentally, Bette is gradually going around a bit more these days socially. She was much amused with herself as we talked, for among the things she found she never knew 'til now was how to do a rhumba, and she's determined to excel in that as she has in everything else. At home, her time is very much taken up with the new baby in the house—her sister's child, who Bette told us very seriously (while going into details about the baby's perfections and lovable traits) is not going to be spoiled! "Of course not," we murmured to ourselves, "not much!"

On the Record

OVER at the war:works, "Pinocchio" is still doing the big box-office business. Best record effort is Victor's. In a Technicolor album (P-18), you'll find recordings of six musical scenes from the film. The complete musical story is here with all the main characters stepping up to sing and talk.

Not to be overlooked is Decca's "Pinocchio" collection (Album 110) with eight musical numbers. The star bandsmen are also working for the puppets. Guy Lombardo with "Turn On The Old Music Box" and "When You Wish Upon a Star" (Decca 2969). Hal Kemp sweetly playing "Give A Little Whistle" and "I've Got No Strings" (Victor 26466), and Bob Chester lightly swinging the same duo (Bluebird 10566).

Next in line is "Road To Singapore," Bing Crosby's new opus. Over on pages 44-45, you'll find the complete lyrics of

all these hit songs. You'll know how good they are when you hear either Johnny Green (Royale 1839) or Tommy Dorsey (Victor 26500) play two of them: "Too Romantic" and "Sweet Potato Piper."

And talking of Crooner Crosby, if you want to make your phonograph needles happy, get hold of "Between 18th & 19th on Chestnut Street," which Bing sings with Connie Boswell (Decca 2948). On the back is Harry Lillis' "Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams."

Two of the main attractions of Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again," are a brace of tunes: "Say It" and "My! My!" An up-and-coming batoneer by the name of Van Alexander has done a very nice recording job on them (Varsity 8172). New, too, is "My Son, My Son." Henry Russell, of the Horace Heidt organization, sings caressingly this United Artists film's title song and couples it with the pleasant "Last

Night's Gardenias" (Vocalion 5363).

Running fast and well in photoplay's hit parade are the Cole Porter works from "Broadway Melody of 1940." In the vocal department, there's Dinah Shore who turns a Dixie accent and a smooth voice loose on "I've Got My Eyes On You" (Bluebird 10592). Twentieth Century-Fox's Mary Healy also does the "Eyes" number, as well as "I Happen to Be in Love" (Columbia 35365). Over in the baton division, trombone-playing T. Dorsey performs the optician's theme, too, along with "I Concentrate On You" (Victor 26470).

That Hollywood Training!

JUST to show you that there is never a dull moment around the household of Joan Davis, the comedienne, listen to this latest tale of her small daughter, Beverly Wills. Beverly, you know is the little lass who is always bursting out into such ditties as: "My name is Beverly Wills, I live in Beverly Hills." Recently, during one of the "California mists," she and her mother were caught in the shower and had to race for shelter. As they ran, lightning began to flash—something Beverly never had seen at quite such close range before. Looking at her mother, she shouted, "Mama, what's that? Is God taking a flashlight of us?"

Man Proposes, but—

FORREST TUCKER, who gets his first break in "The Westerner" with Gary Cooper, is having a terrific time with his romance with Helen Parrish. While the troupe was on location, Helen and her mother visited the company and Tucker brought out every argument he could think of to convince Helen that they should be married. But Helen said no; she's just starting on her career and she doesn't want to think of marriage for some time. However, Tucker hasn't let a little thing like about fifty turn-downs bother him. He figures she can't say "No" indefinitely.



Extra, added attraction at Ciro's: Hat-check girls in their cancan outfits. Innocent bysitter: Jimmy Ritz

Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 27)

"I'm getting somewhere. I'm getting into the bathtub."

Ann came out on the balcony to find Randy still concentrating. He had his eyes closed and his brow was wrinkled. "Mac something. Mac. MacVickers."

Peering over the balcony, Ann said, "There's a man down there waving at you. At least I think it's you."

The bronzed giant beneath the balcony cupped his hands and yelled, "How do you feel this morning?"

"What's it to you?" Randy said.

"How about coming out to the plantation this afternoon?"

"What plantation?"

"You wanted to see the pineapples! We can go to the canning factory too."

Randy scrutinized the upturned face. "Is your name Mac something?"

"MacBride!"

Saying, "He looks quite different in daylight," Randy made waving motions, instructing MacBride to stay where he was. A moment later, watching, Ann saw him join Mr. MacBride, clap him on the back and after a short conference they disappeared in the direction of the bar. She wandered back in and sat on the edge of the bathtub watching Caroline languidly splashing soapsuds. Caroline said, "Is there any reason why you can't be alone for one second?"

"I feel as though I didn't belong to anybody," Ann said. "It makes me feel empty and sick inside. Did you ever feel that way?"

"Just before I came down with ptomaine." The telephone rang in the bedroom. "Answer it," Caroline said. Ann went to answer it. It was David.

"I thought I might find you there," he said.

"Well, you did." Ann wondered why she couldn't say something graceful, something that would make him want to leave whatever he was doing and come to see her. No, not Ann. "Well, you did." That was the best thing she could think of to say to the man whose loss made her feel empty and sick inside. She floundered helplessly, trying to think of something pleasant to say. Finally she said, "Where have you been?"

Immediately the voice chilled a little. "I had a swim." Desperate, Ann thought: 'He thinks I was prying. He thinks I am jealous.' She said, "It isn't that I care, David. I just said it for something to say. I mean..."

"I thought perhaps we'd better lunch together. It looks a little odd, don't you think?"

"It is a little odd, isn't it?"

He said, "Aren't we friends?"

Ready to cry with pent-up nerves, disappointment and frustration she said, "Why shouldn't we be?"

"If you don't want to lunch with me, say so. I'd like to forestall any gossip, that's all."

She said, "Of course I'll lunch with you, David. I'll meet you on the terrace." She hung up the receiver, went back into the bathroom and started, in silence, to powder her nose. Caroline splashed thoughtfully. "Sounded like a good beginning," she said. "You were positively scintillating. Those few clever retorts should make a man simply pant with eagerness to be with you."



Between two eras: Dick Barthelmess, idol from silent days—Alice Faye, crown princess in this talkie reign

Ann snapped her compact shut. "I'm not like some women. I'm not clever. I don't know just what to say when I ought to say it. All I know is I love him and I've lost him and I'm miserable. It's not so easy to be asked for lunch just to keep people from talking."

"Well, you have to eat somewhere. Where's Randy?"

"Where do you think?"

"Bar?"

"With a man named MacBride. They're going to go and inspect pineapples

this afternoon. They're going to watch pineapples growing and then watch them cut up and crammed into tins. Is there anything more I can do for you before I go?"

"You can stop looking as though the millennium is approaching," Caroline said. "It gives me the vapors."

"It's not approaching. For me, it's here." Ann went out and slammed the door.

"My God," Caroline said, regarding the soap, "love is an awful thing."

ALL the way downstairs Ann tried to get herself in hand. The harder she tried, the more out of hand she seemed to get.

Her hands were trembling and the palms were moist. She felt, passing through the lobby, that everybody was staring at her. Probably they were already talking about him and Laurel and feeling sorry for her. She forgot, in her emotional uncertainty, that people had always stared at her because she was Ann Adams, one of the most photographed women in the world; because her house and her income and her opinions and career had been splashed from coast to coast in print and in pictures.

It was a pretty meeting, a handsome young husband coming forward, smiling, to take the hand of a fragile girl who had been endowed with everything her heart could desire. Some of the women watching sighed a little bitterly and turned away their eyes. Who was she to have so much happiness?

For the first time since they'd met, David and Ann were ill at ease with

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I GAVE
THE HELMSMAN
A STEER



"Passengers not allowed in the pilot house," barked the man at the wheel. "Okay," said I meekly, "but before I go, won't you have a stick of my Beeman's Gum? The flavor's grand! Zippy as a breeze off the bay!"

"Humph!" grunted the helmsman, but he sampled my Beeman's—and say! His grouch evaporated like dew in the morning sun. "Lady—that's flavor! Smooth as a fair weather passage. Refreshin' as a dash o' salt spray. Hey—don't go! Rules or no rules, Miss, ye're welcome in my pilot house as long as ye want to stay!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

each other. Avoiding each other's eyes, they applied themselves assiduously to the menus. "A poi cocktail, I think," Ann said, "and a fruit salad with great hunks of pineapple and papaya."

"I can't very well ask a waiter for great hunks of things," David said, smiling.

Her frayed nerves made Ann say, "It doesn't matter what you order. I can't eat anyway."

David said, "You're not being yourself."

Ann's underlip trembled dangerously. "How do you know what I'm being? How do you know this isn't me? You haven't taken the time or the trouble to find out anything about me. Look at me, David. I'm just sitting here cracking up. Can't you understand it?"

He said softly, "Ann, stop it." "Nobody can hear me. Don't worry. I'm smiling. If people are watching us they'll think we're an ideal couple. Look, I'll hold your hand on top of the table if you like."

"That won't be necessary," David said shortly.

"But it's necessary for us to be seen together; it doesn't matter how I feel or what's happening to me inside."

"It's your public and your career as much as mine." David's voice was controlled and quiet.

"Am I important?" Ann said. "Am I really? I feel very unimportant. I feel . . . isn't it funny . . . like a wife who's been deserted on her honeymoon. And there isn't, there couldn't be, any more useless feeling than that, could there, David?"

"Oh, my God," David said, quietly smiling, "I thought I was doing something that was best for both of us. I thought you'd see how important it is not to make this a Roman holiday for every gossip writer from here to New York. And I have to sit and take this. Because I can't get up and leave you in the middle of luncheon, now can I?"

"Why not? You can get up and leave me in the middle of our honeymoon. But if you leave me at lunch, people will talk. Don't let people talk, David. It's all right to break somebody's heart, but it's unforgivable to be talked about."

He said, "You're hysterical." Then Ann said something awful. She tried to stop it but it popped out.

"Who wouldn't be hysterical—Laurel?"

David said, "If you mention Laurel again, I'll have to leave the table."

A voice said, "Why shouldn't she mention me? I think it's only natural. May I meet your wife, David?"

For a moment Ann thought she would snatch the poi cocktail from the waiter's hand and throw it in Laurel's face. She looked so sickeningly poised and sure of herself, standing there. But Ann's voice was quite steady as she said, "Sit down, Miss Crane. No, not there. The sun will be in your eyes."

David held a chair and Laurel sat down. Without looking at Ann she fingered a colorful, sprawling branch of bougainvillea in the center of the table and said, "You shouldn't, really, hate me. Why do you?"

"Why do you think?" Ann said.

David drank his papaya juice and stared, smiling pleasantly into space. He hadn't even the freedom of action which allows a man, caught in the cross fire of a woman's quarrel, to look miserable and ashamed.

"Well, you see," Laurel said, "I haven't done anything."

"You haven't done anything except break my life in bits," Ann said. "There are a thousand places you could have gone, but you had to come to Honolulu."

"Well, Honolulu was the only place where David was," Laurel said.

"That's what I mean," said Ann.

David's smile was a frozen grimace. "Will you two stop this?"

"As I approached," Laurel said, "you were threatening to leave the table. Why don't you? That enigmatic smile of yours is making lines in your face."

THE marines landed in a breathless group and, unscrambled, turned out to be Caroline, Randy and Angus MacBride. Angus MacBride was carrying an armful of leis. He draped a half dozen strands of tiny pikaki blossoms, around Ann's neck, saying, "Pikaki is for brides."

Ann choked out, "Thank you very much."

Laurel was duly decorated with a wreath of huge gardenias. Caroline kept adjusting a lei of ginger flowers as though it were a necklace that hurt. She ranged herself alongside Ann with a look of defiance in Laurel's direction. Laurel looked right through her, smiling.

After a few moments of desperate polite conversation, Caroline, suddenly staring across the terrace, had the expression of a woman who has seen a giraffe lolling across a glacier. Presently she said in a strangled tone, "That *couldn't* be Alastair Decker . . . or could it?"

Randy said, "The old demon columnist himself. But how did he get here?"

Angus MacBride said, "He came in on the *Matsonia* this morning."

Ann said, as though she wanted to run, "He's . . . he's coming over here."

Alastair Decker, dapper and happy, draped his arm over David's shoulder. "How are the newlyweds? We've missed you back in New Athens." Then he looked at Laurel. Laurel smiled serenely. "Oh," Decker said. "Hello." There was a world of conjecture in that hello.

Alastair looked at Ann then. "Well," he said "Well. Hello, Ann."

"Well," Angus MacBride said to Alastair, "now that you're here, we've got the whole week-end party. We'll start tonight at seven. We'll fish off the island of Molokai. We can have breakfast at the Chinaman's at Kaunakakai. It's simpler than struggling with the galley." He turned to Ann. "Be sure to take a couple of warm sweaters." And then to Caroline, "Are you a good sailor, Miss Hathaway?"

"If it's not too much to ask," Caroline said, "what are you talking about?"

MacBride turned to look reproachfully at Randy. "Didn't you tell them?"

"What should I have told them?" Randy said.

"About the week-end trip. You accepted an invitation for all of them last night. At the Rathskeller. Just after you did the hula, don't you remember?"

"I don't," Randy said, gloomily.

Angus looked like a little boy who has been told at the last minute, that the circus detoured. "You can come, can't you?" he said anxiously.

David said heartily, "Of course we'll come."

"Of course," Randy said. "Drunk or sober, I keep my promises."

"Then, let's see." Angus took out a little pad and started writing things down. "There'll be Alastair, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Miss Hathaway, Randy." He looked up at Laurel. "And you? You'll come, won't you Miss. . . ."

"Crane," Laurel said smiling, "I'd love it, thank you."

Back at home, as Ann gave way to hysteria, David paced up and down. "You j-just sat there! You . . . oh how could you? A week end of this hell . . . watching her look at you as though she owned you . . . acting as though I hadn't any right to your name."

"Ann, I'll call Angus up and say we can't come."

She raged, "You'll call him up and say we can't come! And Laurel will go and she'll tell Alastair everything! That's the way she is! We have to go now . . . there's nothing else to do!"

He tried to calm her by taking her in his arms. She wrenched free, crying, "Don't touch me. Don't touch me! You just sat there!"

"What did you expect me to do, get up and run around the table?" David put his two hands in his hair and pulled toward the ceiling. "This," he said, "is going to be one hell of a week end!" And he didn't know then how right he was.

In Hawaii anything can happen—and does—to those who are in love. But even Laurel, who thinks she knows everything about nature, couldn't expect the violence that she and Ann and David have to face—as you'll discover in the June PHOTOPLAY.



Third time's the charm: John Wayne and Claire Trevor, of "Stagecoach" and "Allegheny Uprising," duet again in "The Dark Command"

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 12)

lines away from the eyes, and fill in the tiny triangle at the outer corners with very light foundation cream, approximately, as nearly as possible, the color of the 'whites' of the eyes. Then apply mascara only to the upper lashes, since darkening the lower one also would tend to narrow the eyes."

JACK DAWN, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's make-up expert, who makes up such stars as Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy and Hedy Lamarr, has a lot of wonderful theories about the use of eye shadow. He says firmly that eye shadow is for correction and never for attraction.

"Don't detract from the beauty of the eye itself by garish green, purple or lemon-yellow eye shadow. Try to use all make-up to emphasize your natural coloring, and this is especially true in the use of eye shadow. Nature never used such colors in the pigmentation of a woman's skin. Use blues and browns. But, use them correctly. If the skin tones of the eyelid or under the eye or in the depth between the eye and nose are blue, then blue eye shadow is the color to use, regardless of the color of the eyes themselves. If those skin tones are brown, then use brown."

Being the inquiring type, we asked Mr. Dawn what eye faults can be corrected by artful use of eye shadow and how it's done.

"Eyes which have grown tired with age," says Jack, "are clothed in shadows. Go nature one better by highlighting these shadows with eye cream. Do it skillfully by blending in the cream with nature's own shadowing"

If your eyes squint, there is little space between the eyelid and the brow or the eye. Then you place shadow as near the eye as possible, leaving as much space as you can between the lid and the brow. The dark line, then the light skin, creates a space of light which gives width.

For abnormally round or prominent eyes, you reverse the procedure. Deepen the shadow by narrowing the distance between the eyelid, the brow and the eye. You do this by use of a wide sweep with eye shadow and heavy mascara on the upper lashes.

If your eyes are heavy-lidded, then you shadow deeply at the corners of the eyes and continue the eye shadow as far out toward the temple to a point where brow and lid would meet if a line were drawn from the curve of the brow and from the end of the eyelid.

For no-lidded eyes, you can create one by artificial lashes or extra heavy use of mascara and carry the shadow far up to the brow.

If your problem is a puffy eye, you leave the shadow off the lids entirely and use it only where the puffiness occurs. Use it carefully to conceal rather than emphasize this "drooping" skin.

"These rules apply to both day and night. There's no difference in the colors to be used under artificial light or in the sunlight. The skin tones are still the same," Jack Dawn says. "If there is any change to be made, use a heavier make-up in the sunlight, because the sun, with its bright reflection, has a tendency to blot out color. Artificial light or electric light adds to the shadows of the face, and in this instance, make-up should be in lighter tones."

Jack told us, too, how to create ideal eyebrows. "Never should the brows be painted, arched, or shaped into an angle. Brows should follow the contour of the upper eyelid. A shaping of the brow curve is permissible, but pointed brows,

or pencil lines or elongated, drooping lines are very aging to the face and never should be used."

For instance, Lana Turner has a full face. Her eyelids have a definite, round curve, so Jack makes up her brows in a curved high arch. Jeanette MacDonald's lids do not have quite the same high curve as Lana's, so her brows are only slightly curved. With Hedy Lamarr, to emphasize the wide spread between her hazel eyes, the brows start far from the center of her face and blend into a slight, graceful arch.

PARAMOUNT'S make-up expert is Wally Westmore. Wally, like Jack Dawn, emphasizes naturalness in making up eyes.

Large eyes, like Patricia Morison's, for instance, can stand a much higher brow than a girl with smaller eyes. The closer the brow to the eye, the larger it appears, and the greater distance from the eye, the smaller.

"For creating the illusion of larger eyes," Wally explained, "when using mascara on the lashes, mascara just the tips of the lashes. Never bead the lashes heavily, regardless of whether the eyes are small or large. And always remember that there should be one-tenth the amount of mascara on the lower lashes as on the upper, at all times.

"To make the eyes appear larger, take a pencil and draw a soft shadow directly under the lashes of the lower lid. Then take your finger and rub that line until it is rubbed almost completely off. You will thus create a soft shadow and form a frame to the eye, giving the illusion of more eyeball. If your eyes are close together, mascara is most effective if applied heavily at outer corners.

"For an example, Dorothy Lamour's eyes are a little deeper set than Madeleine Carroll's eyes. So, in making up Dorothy, we use more eye shadow on the eyelid proper, to reduce the fullness of the upper lid. And on Madeline, we use one-third as much eye shadow as on Dorothy. In mascaraing Dorothy's lashes, lots of black mascara is used. Madeleine requires much less and since she is so fair we use brown mascara for her."

Perc Westmore, too, gave us much good advice on how to bring out the beauty of eyes. He says that prominent eyes such as Bette Davis' are made even lovelier by putting mascara lightly on the entire upper lashes and by drawing a normal eyebrow that follows the line of the eye and is neither too heavy nor too thin. He blends eye shadow carefully over the prominent part of the upper lid and uses as dark a shade as possible, carrying it very lightly up to the line of the brow.

"Do not outline the eyelids of prominent eyes," Perc advises. "Carry rouge well up to the eyes so there will be no white space between cheeks and eyes to accentuate their size."

Perc, too, says the perfect brow is one that conforms to the shape of the eyelid and starts on a line even with the inner corner of the eye. "Beware of angular brows that give a masculine look to the face, of winged brows, or of little sky-hooks that make eyes look smaller, of arrow brows that swoop up from a low inner corner to a high outer."

Remember that beauty and glamour are no more than the sum of your personality, and all these tips should help you make up your eyes and brows so that they express the full seventy per cent of your personality.



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Alvin
WATCHES

Round-Up of Familiar Faces

(Continued from page 29)

and, fastening Bill with a look of disgust said, "I hope you felt as silly doing that stuff as I felt sitting watching you."

That was all. There wasn't any more.

His ideal girl, Bill says, is one who can talk intelligently if she has something to say, but who doesn't talk just to show she's intelligent. And then, like a problem in mathematics, he sums up the whole girl question by stating Maggie Lindsay is his idea of something special in beauty and brains.

He was a good kid, he remembers, was four years a member of the Boy Scouts and participated in all school activities. One schoolday incident sticks in his memory. The school, for some reason, didn't include Bill in its annual play and, hurt beyond words, he couldn't bear to tell his mother. "Oh, sure, I'm in it. I lead the orchestra, that's why I have no lines to rehearse," he told her. With great ado and after much bragging to others, his mother showed up at the entertainment. Bill, of course, wasn't in it and to this day the incident has never been mentioned.

He hasn't enough energy to get real hopping mad about anything, but boy, did he rant when they called him "Dimples" in school. He still has 'em in both cheeks—the dimples, not the rants—and his heavy blond hair is the envy of every "thinning" male pate. He likes to read. He reads in bed and never puts a book down until it's finished. Loathes getting up, of course. Plays golf and goes duck hunting with Dennis Morgan, and eats all Morgan's sandwiches and his own. He lives by one code: "Be decent." After years of piano practice, he plays exactly sixteen measures of the "Desert Song," and not another note. Likes Wagner for heavy music, Victor Herbert for light. And tweeds for any and all occasions.

Test Pilot

Mary Howard, the *Ann Rutledge* of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," had a success scheme that other young starlets had overlooked. She asked Test Director Freddy Wilcox of M-G-M to be allowed to aid other stars with their tests. She figured by repeating lines with Gable and Tracy, or testing with Taylor and Crawford and Shearer, she'd learn more than all the drama teachers could give her. And she was right. Mary, the Test Pilot of M-G-M, as she called herself, learned voice inflection, technique and camera tricks, from those who had arrived. Her work was rewarded when small roles in short subjects grew into a small part in "Marie Antoinette." Her best part on that lot was in "Four Girls in White" and off the lot in "Nurse Edith Cavell," and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

Mary's career has an upside down quality in that she'd already been featured in the Ziegfeld Follies before she began in the lowest ranks of camera aspirants. It happened when she and her twin sisters, older than Mary, were studying with Albertina Rasch. When Miss Rasch one day pointed out to her visitor, the great producer Ziegfeld, the three beautiful sisters, he was so impressed he gave the girls a dancing spot in his latest revue.

Mary was fifteen, and like two determined chaperons, her older sisters, Virginia and Meredith, looked after her welfare. They felt responsible for Mary in that they had really started her on her career road at the terribly tender age of three. Feeling very proud of their baby sister, the twins, then ten, taught Mary a cute little song and on a

Saturday afternoon, when their mother was out, proudly marched her off to the amateur contest at a local movie house, where she walked off with the first prize. Father Howard, a building contractor, was horrified, but Mother insisted that Mary have proper training, and promptly enrolled the baby and the twins in dancing school.

Mary has worked hard and earnestly. In New York, under the coaching of Jack Donahue and the famous Eddie Dowling, she progressed rapidly. For an interval, she did some commercial photography modeling for John Powers, and fashion modeling for Anton Bruehl, but "Life Begins at 8:40" with Bert Lahr, found her back on the stage, dancing.

Mary was born in Independence, Kansas, on August 24th, but the family moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, shortly after her birth. Another five-foot-fiver, Mary has all the vigor of an athlete. While in school she won the diving championship of the state of Oklahoma.

Clarence Brown, directing the second film about the great inventor, watches as Spencer Tracy, portraying "Edison, the Man," installs a tin-foil "record" in an 1877 talking machine (exact replica of the original invention)



Her coach, an Olympic champion, Herbert Henrici, considered Mary Olympic material, but Mary's heart was set on a stage career, and in pursuing it she found no obstacle too difficult to overcome. When a teacher pointed out to Mary her voice lacked resonance, she thought up the ingenious plan of hiring a deaf maid and soon put all the volume she needed into her voice.

Her conversation is bright and gay with stories of her own blunders, showing her awareness to life and to people. Her dimples are the most pronounced in all Hollywood. She loves fussy hats, and her very best beau is Director Ed Marin.

Recipe for Charm

Mr. Alan Marshal's charm is a special and unique brand all his own, and one any star might covet. Behind the most remarkable hazel eyes in existence (they should pass a law against a man owning such eyes), Mr. Marshal laughs with others at himself, refuses to take them or himself too seriously, is delighted to be involved in Hollywood, and comes nearer, in our opinion, to being the ideal normally charming hero that motion pictures are constantly trying to depict, and are always just missing. Missing, because instead of being the fellow that gets the girl, his career in pictures has been a monotonous round of die-in-the-last-reel-and-

never-get-the-girl-at-all, or get-the-girl-and-die-in-the-first-reel, or maybe if he gets the girl and still lives, he doesn't want her after all.

He's an Australian who has been in America since he was six months old. His parents, who were Shakesperian actors, brought him to New York at that age, and he spent all of his boyhood in private schools while they toured the country.

He left Hamilton Preparatory School to join Fritz Lieber's Shakesperian troupe, he became *Lorenzo* in "The Merchant of Venice," with George Arliss and he participated in a whole flock of Broadway shows that flopped with monotonous regularity. Then came the test that landed him, by way of a Selznick contract, into the desert waste of Yuma, Arizona, buried under five inches of sand for eight hot (and I do mean hot) weeks for "The Garden of Allah." For fifteen weeks thereafter, he did nothing but play tennis across from the Roosevelt Hotel and wait for Selznick's

to put him in another less sandy opus.

That was three years ago, and he's still waiting, for Selznick's have loaned him about like a neighborly cup of sugar, to every other studio in town. For eight solid months he acted like mad in "Conquest" with Garbo, and came the preview there was Marshal opening a door and saying, "Madam," and closing it again. He made "Parnell" and "After the Thin Man," for M-G-M; "I Met My Love Again," for Walter Wanger; has just completed a good role (in which he gets the gal and gets shot too) in "Irene;" and is all set to leap off a cliff in "Tree of Liberty."

In real life he did get the girl—a San Francisco socialite whom he married two years ago. During the courtship, Alan, who loathes planes, spent half his life up in the air, flying up to San Francisco. Christopher, their three-months-old baby, is his pride and joy and is destined to be an actor, too, Alan feels, because he screams like fury when taken away from a mirror.

Dick Cavell, who invented the Australian crawl, taught him to swim when he was a mere babe. He lives at Santa Monica, next to Ian Hunter, who also never gets the girl, and he still swims.

What, No Southern Accent?

Wanted: Showgirls, five-feet-six-inches tall for chorus sequence in

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. Apply Casting.

Lynn Bari, currently gracing 20th Century-Fox's "The Life and Loves of Lillian Russell," who was in her usual pre-breakfast mood of speak-to-me-and-I'll-take-off-your-head, stared at the item in a Los Angeles newspaper. "Five-feet-six," she murmured, "Why, that's me." Ten minutes later Lynn, who had never seen a showgirl in her life, and her mother, who wasn't even sure what a showgirl was, were on their way to Culver City. Crowds of girls of assorted sizes and coloring were milling before the casting office—that, remember, was back in the Joan Crawford, "Dancing Lady" days, and long before studios began advertising for showgirls to please stay away from their doors—but shortly the number had dwindled to three—and one of the three was Lynn.

She stayed on at M-G-M, dancing in such musical productions as "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Coming Out Party," which turned into a real coming-out party with Lynn coming out of M-G-M and signing a contract with 20th Century-Fox. For two years Lynn studied dramatics at that studio, playing small roles in "The Baroness and the Butler" and "Walking Down Broadway." Then came "Mr. Moto's Gamble," with Lynn playing the romantic lead and crowding into the home stretch.

Roanoke, Virginia, gave her birth. For a while the family lived in Lynchburg, Virginia, and then finally moved to Boston. Lynn doesn't remember much about the "ole Souff" but recalls that the Boston kids used to gather around her and her brother and yell, "Go on and say something. Gee, you sure have a funny way of talking."

Today, Lynn is a forerunner of tomorrow in Hollywood. Intelligent, unaffected (she loathes show-offishness), quiet and genuine, she is advancing in such pictures as "Hotel for Women," "Earthbound" and "Lillian Russell." For some reason she always plays a meanie on the screen. If only once the hero would pause to take one good look at the way Lynn's mouth quirks at the corners, we're sure the heroine would be out of the running.

Lynn has a sense of humor, loves shoes, steak, potatoes and anything chocolate, wears beautifully tailored clothes and is mad over perfume. She's a staunch advocate of California and its climate and has been since she, her mother and brother, now a student at UCLA, moved there several years ago.

She's been married to Walter Kane, an agent, for a year. For six months Walter had carried around their license, hoping Lynn would have a free moment between pictures for a honeymoon. One night while they were having dinner at Lamaze, Walter looked up from his steak and said, "Let's get married right now."

"But I have a six o'clock call in the morning," Lynn protested.

"Well, when haven't you a six o'clock call?" Walter protested. Lynn couldn't tell him, so calmly and deliberately they arose from the table and set out to find a preacher. None was available at that hour, and just when it looked hopeless, Walter had a bright idea. He pulled out a traffic ticket he'd received that day and on the ticket was the name of the traffic court judge. One hour later, as man and wife, Lynn and Walter returned to the Lamaze and calmly ordered their dessert.

Actor-Extraordinary

IT was war time in America. Training camps for soldiers dotted the landscapes. In one, down in Camp Lee, Virginia, a too-tall, lanky boy of thirteen,

son of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Albert Van Dekker, U.S.A., used to go dashing through the camp on his horse. We watched him ride more than once, with a little prayer of thanks that he at least was too young to soldier. A score and two years later we sat opposite that boy, now an actor (still overgrown) and we, an interviewer, our paths crossing again in life's strange pattern.

At the studio's suggestion he dropped the Van from his name when he left years of stage work behind to come to Hollywood. He doesn't mind the change in name. He thinks plain Dekker is a common denominator sort of name that could belong to any of the nationalities he plays—German, Swedish, even French! And he has something to say about playing people of different nationalities, too. It's not so much the perfect accent, as the ability to catch the lilt, the rhythm of a language. Whatever the reason, we claim Dekker is the finest character actor to come knocking on our doors in recent months. Watch him in the lead of "Dr. Cyclops." Recall him as Schwartz, the German, in "Beau Geste," as the king in "Man in the Iron Mask," as the Cockney who wrestles with Gable in "Strange Cargo." I tell you he's marvelous.

He gloats over his rather plain face. "I can transform it into any type face I want." He likes the ever-so-slight slant to his eyes. "They had to watch me closely in 'Cyclops,'" he says, "or I'd go Oriental on them." In our opinion he went Karloff with a slight dash of Scare-the-daylights out of King Kong, simply by shaving his head and affecting thick glasses.

He was graduated in a pre-medicine course at Bowdoin College in Maine, but a friend who remembered the boy's appearances in school theatricals, was convinced that he had talent and gave him a letter to Alfred Lunt. Lunt, in turn, sent him to Stuart Walker in Cincinnati, and Dekker became an actor.

A Hollywood talent scout saw him on tour with the stage play, "Parnell," and brought him to Hollywood.

He married Esther Guerini, whom he met on the stage in 1929, and they have, as he puts it, one and a half children. Their new baby will be born this summer. Jan, their little daughter, is two and one-half years old. Albert's father is his greatest fan. Goes to all his plays and says to his neighbors, "Do you like him? That's my son." His only brother is a famous physician in Newfoundland.

His voice is quiet, his bearing one of assurance, and we're sure he's amused at Hollywood, but loves it, remember. Wouldn't go back to New York (where he was born) for a farm. The farm he owns in San Fernando Valley. He wields his own sickle and scythe, cutting his weeds and clearing his land upon which he will build his house, a ranch with a copper roof that will green with age.

We're rather awed over the fact that once we watched a tall gangling boy, ride through a soldiers' camp and now we're watching a tall handsome man actor ride over a stony road to fame. Makes us feel cozy, darned if it doesn't.

Madame, That Figure!

THERE'S a grapevine system in Hollywood through which word somehow always travels to the male contingent when something pretty special hits town. The day Russian Irina Baronova, M-G-M's newest glamour find, was to execute a ballet number for "Florian," the men on the lot, one by one, came slipping in. Did they care for ballet dancing all of a sudden? Oh, no. They'd heard the lady had a figure that's terrific!

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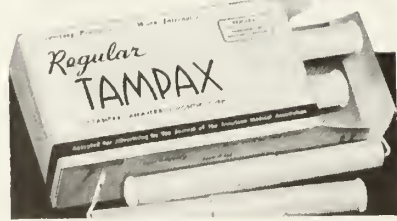
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The most cosmopolitan of ladies, the sweetest and most sincerely natural, is this great danseuse, friend of the great the world over. She is actually that glamorous heroine on the stage and the screen that one seldom sees in real life. But, now, here she actually is in Hollywood, and wild about riding on roller coasters while eating peanuts.

When she was a baby her parents fled Russia and the Revolution and went to live in Bucharest. Her father, who had been a lieutenant in the Imperial Navy, became a designer of theatrical scenery. Even then Irina had begun her dancing lessons and when the family moved to Paris her real training began. Four years later, Ballet Producer Colonel W. de Basil and Ballet Master George Balanchine selected her for the Russian ballet company at Monte Carlo. All over the world she went on her toes.

It was Winnie Sheehan, the screen producer, who remembered the fascinating Irina whom he'd seen in London and Paris when the role in "Florian" demanded a glamorous dancer.

A clipper ship brought her to New York and twenty-four hours later she made her first movie scene. *It was a take the first time.* Director Ed Marin said he'd never had it happen before. Her accent was heavy at first. "It was too full of borscht," Baronova laughs. But she worked hard at it and now speaks almost faultless English. Everyone loves her honesty. After a ballet number she advanced to Director Marin who sat entranced. "What I just did, steenks," she said. "Let me do it again."

Well does Hollywood remember the excitement a year or two ago when she eloped with Sevastianov of the ballet. Several screen lads did penance for a long while. Her husband and parents live with her in an unpretentious home in Beverly Hills.

Five feet four, she has blue eyes that twinkle at times and mourn at times. Her light brown hair grows close to her forehead. Her figure—well—she never diets—never has to, doggone it, what with her dancing. She always knows that no two things—good or bad—ever happen to her without the third event coming along. Everything happens in threes. Thirteen is her favorite number. She loves "Dorian Grey" and American mystery stories. And when she was a little girl like the miss in the rhyme, she was horrid. "If they say, don't do that, why I do it," she shrugged. And look how well she turned out. And sh-h-h—here's something else. She hated dancing when she began, but Mama made her stick to it.

Is Irina grateful!

Well Done—To a Crisp

Way back in the days when motion pictures began, a Scotchman named Donald Crisp began with them. Pictures and Crisp have marched along side by side ever since except for that four year period of 1914 to 1918 when the Scotchman went home to fight for his country in the World War.

Today, over a score and a half years later, Crisp remains a permanent and important fixture in pictures, figuring in

such prominent pictures as "The Old Maid," "Dodge City," "Juarez," "Elizabeth and Essex," "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," and his latest, "The Sea Hawk." He's been everything from villain to—yes, even a lover, wooing Fay Bainter (and giving the glamour boys a run for their money) in "Daughters Courageous."

In all Hollywood there is no more colorful, variant personage than Crisp. Shrewd, persistent, respectful of dollars, he has climbed through those turbulent years of colorful personalities that laid down their hearts and lives for a bigger and better Hollywood; climbed, not spectacularly but steadfastly and sanely, to an enviable, but still not too spectacular position. Today, he's a millionaire, and member of the advisory board of a great bank that passes on loans to motion picture companies. No amount of persuasion can force Crisp to yield when he doubts the advisability of a loan. His is the last word. He's a yachtsman who holds his master's papers, and can sail the seas with the best of them. And for all of this, he still puts on his spectacles and his old straw hat and, with market basket over his arm, carefully scrutinizes the price lists of advertised bargains in the neighborhood grocery. Yes, a Scotchman to the core of him, he is that.

He came to this country in 1907 purposely to view the remains of San Francisco after the fire and earthquake. The young man hadn't realized the city was way over to t'other end of the wide United States, and required considerable passage money to get to. So he stayed in New York and took the first job that came his way, that of stage manager for the Fisher-Reilly opera company, doubling in brass when the tenor needed replacing. In that year, 1907, he took into his arms the babe called "movies" and appeared before a camera for the first time in a "Mustascope" offering called, "The French Maid." He'd had enough traveling from one end of the country to the other with the opera company, so he settled down to movies, and that in those days was a make-shift business indeed. Early in 1912 he came to Hollywood, an orange grove on either side of a dusty road, and with the Gish girls, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh and D. W. Griffith he made movie history.

Directing seemed a good idea along about then, and to his charge was given the direction of all battle scenes for "The Birth of a Nation." After his war interlude, he became director of one up and coming actor in such pictures as "The Mark of Zorro," "Don Q," and "The Black Pirate." Yes, Doug, Sr., was flashing across the camera screen under this man's directorial guidance. It was all color, clamor, raw and wonderful in those days, but through it all moved Crisp, thrifty, wise, shrewd—to turn once again to acting; to marry writer Jane Murfin, and live comfortably in a Hollywood hillside home.

Yes, the story of Crisp is the story of Hollywood, right down to today when an actor sits among his bank trustees and says "No" (of all things) to Hollywood!

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IN JUNE PHOTOPLAY

Time Out for a Lullaby

(Continued from page 74)

to the wise maintenance of a very happy marriage. Twice before she has slipped off home to the peace of Ireland, when remaining in Hollywood would have speeded stardom. And now, at the very moment Hollywood is about to break into the chorus of its theme song to fame in her honor, Geraldine is taking time out to sing a few lullabies behind the curtains of her private life which she drew aside for me in a provocative interview not long ago.

IT would take one of the lyrical poets of her own Ireland to do justice to Geraldine Fitzgerald. To say her beauty is typically Irish would be like dismissing the Taj Mahal as a sample of Indian design.

No camera could ever capture in black and white the rare quality of her beauty, so much of which is in her rich coloring; the dark red of her flowing hair, worn in a long bob; the deep green of her very knowing eyes.

She has all the intellectual's love of good talk and a vast impatience with stupidity. Her speech is rich in colorful adjectives and she has the Gaelic gift of gaiety and a quick, imaginative sense of the dramatic.

Geraldine Fitzgerald is one of those rare souls born to achieve. She could have been a fine painter, a poet perhaps, or a musician. She chose to be an actress because, she says, the stage presented a better opportunity to satisfy the streak of the exhibitionist which Geraldine declares is a part of every creative person.

But Hollywood isn't going to pin a tag on Geraldine Fitzgerald and label her, "Glamour Girl, Type C." Not if Geraldine has anything to say about it.

"That habit of typing everything and everyone is the one thing I don't like about Hollywood," the intensely individual actress told me. "You have to fight to retain your individuality. And often they will pick out a character for you and build up a public legend that is completely foreign to your real self.

"I had fun the first few months there because they decided I was to be the 'typical Irish actress.' The publicity boys admitted they didn't have the faintest notion what a 'typical Irish actress' was, beyond her having red hair and a fiery temper. So I pretended a lot of temperament, tried to justify my red hair, and everyone was happy.

"But aside from the tendency to label you, Hollywood is a love of a place. I like its busy tempo, its eager curiosity, its quick confidences and its friendly welcome to strangers. The people are vivid, intelligent and ambitious. I'm fearfully ambitious myself and other ambitious people interest me."

Ambition is a family trait with the Fitzgeralds. Her father is Edward Fitzgerald, a brilliant barrister of Dublin. Her mother was the daughter of Justice Richards, a noted jurist.

The spirit of Ireland is half magic, half music. It entered the soul of Geraldine Fitzgerald when she was quite young. Her natural artistic temperament first found expression in a childhood bent for painting, and the fall she was fourteen years old, she entered the Dublin School of Art.

One of her teachers was Sean Keating, perhaps the best known of contemporary Irish artists, and it was to Keating, when her course was completed, that Geraldine went for advice.

"Where shall I go now?" the eager girl inquired.

Keating looked from her drawing

board to her bright, appealing young beauty, and his response would have crushed a less dauntless spirit.

"Go off and get married!"

But if no one else believed in her ability as an artist, Geraldine herself was still convinced she would some day be collecting thousand pound fees for her portraits of famous folk. And so off to London she went.

Geraldine packed an ordinary lifetime of exciting adventures in the next two years. She tried her hand at commercial art. She modeled. She sold dresses in a swank Regent Street shop. For a time, she lived alone in a houseboat on the Thames.

And then one night, a thunderstorm and a toothache combined to keep her awake in her little houseboat cabin. She sat up all night and reshuffled her plans for the future.

If she couldn't dramatize people in paint, perhaps she could in person, she thought. "That's what I'll be. I'll be an actress," she cried.

Back in Dublin, her aunt, Shelah Richards, the very lovely and talented star of the Abbey Players, lent a sympathetic ear to her aspirations and a helping hand into a scholarship with the Abbey's School of Acting, where Geraldine spent six months of a rigorous apprenticeship.

It was with the Gate Theater, the Abbey's rival stock company in Dublin, however, that Geraldine made her professional debut as *Isabella* in "Wuthering Heights," the same role she later was to play so brilliantly in Hollywood.

During the summer of her second season with the Gate Theater, Geraldine went to London to attend a ball and was recruited by one of those little independent English film companies.

After a minor bit in her first film, the Irish actress was given the lead in four straight pictures, none of which qualified as a cinematic masterpiece. "They were all quota quickies," Geraldine ruefully recalls, "and were uniformly poor. Then came a real opportunity in 'The Turn of the Tide,' one of those artistic little miracles that every now and then challenge the attention of the film world. Next, I had the lead in 'The Mill on the Floss.'"

Both pictures were doomed to poor releases and Geraldine was discouraged.

Her dissatisfaction reached a crisis when "The Mill on the Floss" was given its London première and no one even bothered to send her a ticket, neglected even to notify her of the opening. She decided to desert films and return to Ireland and the Gate Theater.

BUT if the movie moguls were paying her scant attention, there was one gentleman in London who had eyes for no one else.

Edward Lindsay-Hogg was a rich, romantic-minded young man whose vocation was training horses and whose avocation was writing music. Shortly after leaving college, Lindsay-Hogg had gone to Ireland to buy horses and had fallen so in love with the lush land, he had become a naturalized citizen of the new Free State.

In Dublin he met Geraldine and more than ever was convinced that Ireland must be heaven. One evening, shortly after her rebuff by the producers of "The Mill on the Floss," Geraldine was recounting to her tall, young admirer, this second stymie of her career. She narrated how her first ambitions had been quashed by Keating, her art teacher.

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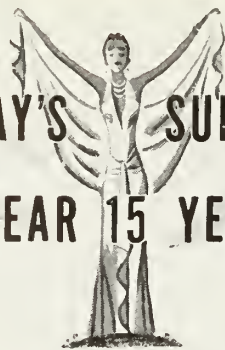
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"You know," said Lindsay-Hogg, "I think Keating had something there."

"What do you mean?"

"That business about going off and getting married. Let's."

They did, just two weeks later.

New York was to have been merely one of the high spots of a protracted wedding trip but when they arrived in Manhattan, Geraldine began to feel the tug of a trouper to be back on the stage and went into the lead in Orson Welles' production of "Heartbreak House" which brought her to the attention of Hal Wallis, executive producer of Warner Brothers, who promptly offered her a Hollywood contract. Geraldine wasn't sure she wanted it, but finally she agreed to a test.

THEY had hardly developed the film of her tests in Hollywood and were just clearing their throats to make an offer when Geraldine packed off to Ireland. Before she actually sailed from New York, they had pushed a contract into her hand, but when she'd be back, in fact, if she would be back at all, Geraldine wouldn't say definitely.

Whether or not it was Irish acumen, it was an act that impressed. The cables between Hollywood and Dublin hummed. Geraldine hemmed. And the result was that instead of being shunted into a few unimportant roles for a try-out, the sagacious actress was offered the second lead in "Dark Victory" as her first American film. "Wuthering Heights" and the lead in "A Child Is Born," followed in quick succession and then once more Geraldine halted her

march down the road to film fame to take a six-months vacation in Ireland.

Lindsay-Hogg had just bought a charming old country house in County Kildare, a short canter away from one of Ireland's most famous race courses, and picking out the wallpaper for rooms, built in Cromwell's time, appealed to Geraldine more than staying in Hollywood.

When she came back to America, late last fall, Geraldine was met with the news that Warner Brothers were planning to star her. An impressive schedule of vehicles was lined up, the first of which called for her being co-starred with Laurence Olivier in "Disraeli."

Geraldine listened to the plans and then announced that stardom would have to wait until she filled a previous commitment with the Lindsay-Hogg nursery. With Geraldine's baby due in May, production of "Disraeli" was postponed and she was east in a supporting role of "Til We Meet Again," featuring George Brent, Merle Oberon and Pat O'Brien.

Geraldine is back in New York now, happily awaiting the most important premiere of her life. Lindsay-Hogg, is just about the proudest prospective papa who has ever inspected a toy store. It was from him that I learned that Geraldine fully intends to pick up her screen career after she has filled her engagement in the more important role of a mother.

"It is a role that will become her beautifully," said Lindsay-Hogg, and picturing Geraldine as a radiant mother, we were in complete agreement.

Memo on Melvyn

(Continued from page 25)

God actors now in Hollywood. Briefly, you may have seen him in any small town in the Middle West playing any Shakesperian character in tights; or, if you are a resident of Madison, Wisconsin, you may remember him as the star of a stock company that gave you a new show every week. The point is, he got ready for Hollywood the hard way.

The first time they brought him to Hollywood they yanked him out of a Broadway show called "Tonight or Never." This play has one of the hottest love scenes on record. During its run on Broadway, Douglas married Helen Gahagan, the girl with whom he played the scene—and an elderly lady subsequently commented that it was the only decent thing to do. Anyway, they brought Douglas to Hollywood and filmed the play, with Gloria Swanson in his bride's role. Out of respect to his bride, the bridegroom again did the only decent thing: He laid an egg.

A few months later he was back in New York, and he was happy again. But he wasn't happy long, for right away Hollywood called his bride to star in "She," and Douglas told her to go ahead and find out what he had found out. Pretty soon she was back in New York, and she was through with pictures and the stage, too, because she had a secret. She told Douglas after they had boarded a Japanese boat for a world cruise. She was going to have a baby—and soon.

The world cruise could have been fun if Douglas hadn't tossed through long nights wondering if his child would be born on the boat and automatically become a Japanese citizen. It didn't—but it came so close to it that Douglas cringes at the mention of sukiyaki.

Well, the kid now is six-and-one-half years old, and his name is Peter, and there's this newer bundle called Mary Helen. Hollywood has found out that

Douglas is head man if you'll give him a part that will fit the humor in his eyes. And Mrs. Douglas is concerned first about the children and secondly about her relief work, and she has put away her make-up box without remorse.

Off-screen Douglas has Hollywood baffled. Some want to pin a Communist label on him because he has liberal political leanings, but then he confuses them by willfully taking part in a picture which slyly pokes Stalin in all of his allotted ribs. The fact that Garbo played opposite him in "Ninotchka" was simply whipped cream on his pudding.

The man's own statement is this: He is an American with a deep-rooted interest in his government.

And now back to Hollywood. We have finished shooting "Too Many Husbands." Everybody shook hands with everybody and said how swell it was working together. Douglas shook hands with MacMurray and said that tomorrow he was going to be interviewed on how it feels to work in a picture with Fred MacMurray. He half-closed his eyes and started quoting himself from this lousy imaginary interview.

"I'll never forget," he said, "the moment that Fred MacMurray first walked on the set. He was much taller than he seems on the screen. I was quite disappointed to learn that he was married, and that his chin veers definitely to the left. He also has a dark beard, which photographs in the afternoon."

MacMurray grinned and swung at Douglas, hitting me. This brought me to Douglas' attention.

"We'll have to get together," he said. "My wife and your wife would hit it off perfectly."

I said yes, we'd have to get together. And we will.

But, for the time being, that's all I know about Melvyn Douglas.

Which Romance Rumors Are Fakes?

(Continued from page 23)

and if the work gets too heavy I might move back to it for a while."

Such a statement makes everything much, much too simple, as Errol very well knows. But, as a continual study in how people can separate and not be separated, he and Lili deserve a special Oscar from the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Marriages.

THEN there is the case of Mr. Randolph Scott and Miss Natalie Draper, who was but recently Mrs. Tom Brown. There is also a Mrs. Randolph Scott, whom Hollywood persistently forgets. Nevertheless, the lady does exist, and she is a lady, too, just as Randy is a very real gentleman.

For the past few months, nonetheless, the word has flown that Randy and Natalie were about to get married. They said—the great anonymous they—that Randy had filed his action for divorce. Well, what Randy said—Randy himself, not anyone anonymous—is, "I have not filed any action for divorce, nor will I file one. If any divorce action arises between Mrs. Scott and myself, she will be the one who will file it. But Mrs. Scott is not filing a divorce." So there you are on that one.

Now you have probably also been reading about the sudden though deathless love of Director Anatole Litvak for Bette Davis. Maybe if you read two papers you have almost at the same time read about the sudden but deathless love of Mr. Litvak for Ann Sheridan. And maybe, if you read a third paper, you have read, also at the same time, about the sudden but deathless love of George Brent (who is supposedly pining away for Miss Davis) for Ann Sheridan, too. Well, if all this confuses you a bit, I do wish you would sit back for a moment and realize that Messrs. Litvak and Brent and Milles. Davis and Sheridan are all under contract to one studio.

In the above cases, the facts are these. Tola Litvak is a charming, intelligent man. Ditto for George Brent. Tola had dated both Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan. Ditto for George Brent. From personal observation, I have seen Tola in the past month dating five different other girls in the space of that many nights at Ciro's, the spot where everybody goes these evenings. I can't say ditto on that for George Brent, since George immediately upon the completion of his most recent picture went to Honolulu, and when he is working, he never goes anywhere save home.

However, if you have ever heard of two people freshly enamoured of each

other, putting thousands of miles between them, the instant they were free to enjoy a vacation, don't tell me about them. They sound much too detached for my taste. Merely for the record, though, I wouldn't consider Brent and Sheridan as the detached type, would you? Before I get off this subject, I would also like to add that Mr. Litvak, even as Mr. Scott and Miss Crawford, is still married—in his case, to Miss Miriam Hopkins, with whom he has also been rumored as reconciling.

There are, however, two divorces in the offing and one current romance that do seem to be as printed. At long last Ginger Rogers has filed suit to divorce Lew Ayres. Why now and not several years ago, I don't know. Ginger and Lew have always been close-mouthed and they are still being close-mouthed. The people who know a friend who knows a friend scurry around and announce that they know the man Ginger is interested in (two months ago that, supposedly, was William Powell—you remember, the one who married Diana Lewis) and that Lew is fascinated by little Mary Beth Hughes.

It looks authentic that Brenda Marshall will sue for divorce in May. If she does, that will make her free in May, 1941. Possibly then she will marry William Holden. Possibly she won't. A year is a long time in Hollywood when you are young and your career is just developing.

But there are rainbows around the shoulders of Richard Greene and Virginia Field. The home fires burn in their enchanted eyes. You never see Richard with any other girl. You never see Virginia with any other boy. They are a continual twosome. They are always alone together, whether they are in a crowd of fifty thousand at the races or in a racing car built for two. Even at that Virginia says she and Richard won't be married "right now." She states that Richard is too busy at his career, that he must give so much of his time to it, that they can't, then, think of matrimony.

Well, you and I know that it's love, old-fashioned, grade-one love, particularly when unselfishness comes into it, and two people who think as one begin thinking first of the happiness of the other. So, no matter what fine statements they make, I'll give you odds on the eventual Greene-Field nuptials. Still, I never made a cent gambling, so maybe I'll lose this time. But I don't think so, even though the Hollywood heart is a very, very strange ticker.

Hollywood's "Extra Racket"

(Continued from page 19)

Before Hymie came to Hollywood a bright gang of petty larceny mobsters somehow got a list of extras who were in considerable demand. They waylaid these men and women. They offered to protect them from facial injuries and bodily disabilities which might bar them from life, liberty and the pursuit of stardom. The fee was nominal. It ranged from five to ten dollars a month.

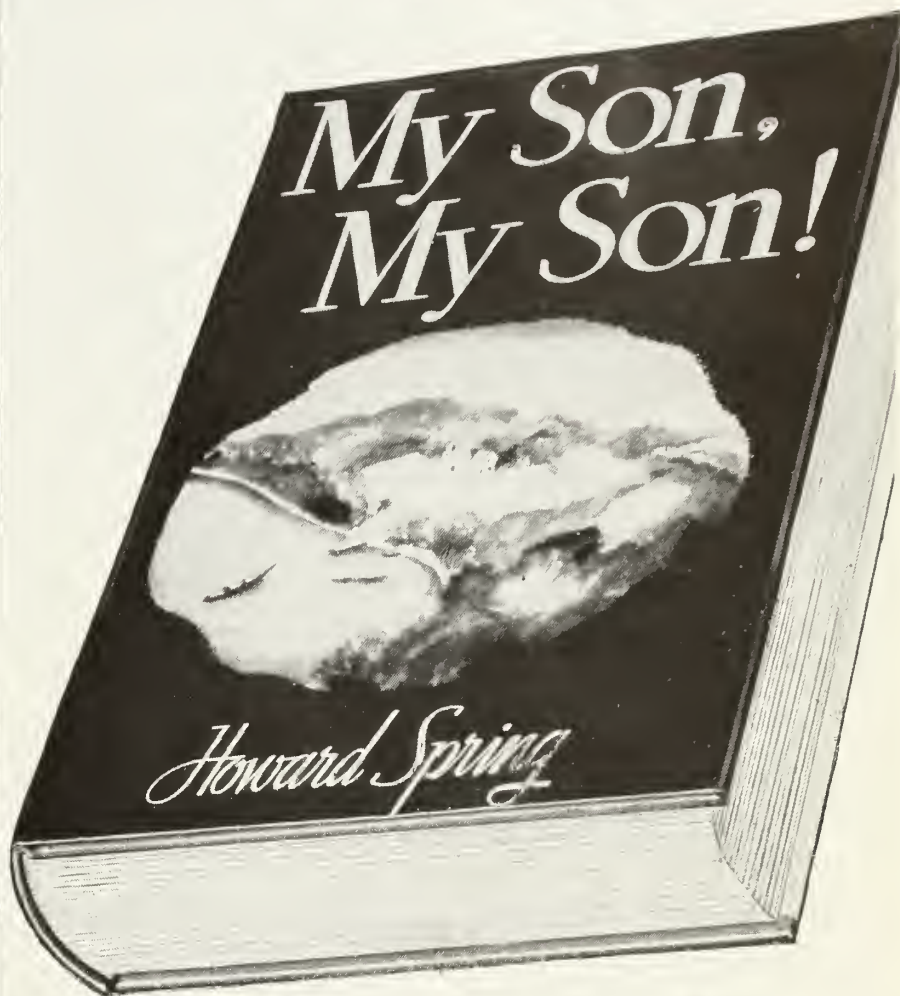
And just to show they meant business, two dozen extras mysteriously got their faces battered and their bodies bruised and torn during the next two weeks and their injuries were so severe they couldn't report for work. Some of

the victims hadn't heeded the offer of "protection." Some had never even been approached.

For some weeks, possibly for months, the little gang reaped a steady harvest of five and ten dollar bills. The extras used to get instructions to drop their "dues," sealed in plain envelopes, through the open back window of a sedan parked about as far from Hymie Miller's delicatessen as you could throw a racing form.

One day the sedan was not there. Overnight the mobsters had moved on. They were out-of-towners, mostly, trading in nickels and dimes. But lit-

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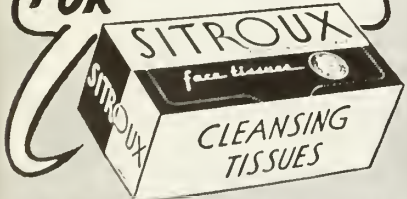
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the mobs can become big mobs—trading in nickels and dimes. And Los Angeles' powerful downtown gambling and vice interests had too much at stake in Hollywood and environs to risk an embarrassing investigation of the territory caused by some squawk from an extra over a five dollar bill.

So the little mobsters grumbled and dissolved and left. And some of them didn't go willingly.

That particular mob was dead, but the idea wasn't. Three or four new groups straggled out of the gutter. In their ranks were disgruntled former extras. Starving. Sore at the world.

The beatings continued sporadically. Hardly a month has passed in the last five years in which there has not been a report of some extra or extras getting beaten. For nickels and dimes. Three weeks ago *Daily Variety* reported that goon squads were again attacking the extras. Some of these attacks took place right on the sets. The beatings were severe.

The mobsters aren't all there is in this sordid picture of extra oppression. A Guild spokesman admitted a few days ago that 300 of the 5,600 extras listed seem invariably to be preferred when the studio calls for extras and Central Casting places them. How do the 300 get favoritism? *Variety* also reported that it was rumored certain extras have presented gifts to someone responsible for casting and have been presenting these gifts with a regularity suspiciously akin to bribery.

Attacks outside and in. Bribery rumors have been in the public prints and in street corner conversation in Hollywood almost monotonously. Rumors that extras have to buy their jobs, buy favor. It isn't buying a \$2,500 a week job. It's buying a five or ten dollar call—buying a break that may mean the month's food and lodging.

There have been uglier rumors. Rumors of extra girls having to sell themselves—for "protection," or a job. Hollywood still remembers the sensational Dave Allen case. Allen was head of Central Casting. He was tried on the charges of an extra girl that she had been forced by him to submit to moral compromises as the price for a job in the movies. She told a story of being lured to parties, of other girls in Allen's "clique" who sought out new converts for Allen. At the first trial there was a hung jury and subsequently the charges were dismissed. Allen resigned as head of Central Casting.

Is Central Casting favoring a certain clique of extras? Is someone in Central taking bribes—financial or physical? Executives at Central Casting would like to know. They say that the Atherton Detectives have not yet been around to quiz them officially. They say their books are as open as their consciences. They realize that outside gangs are apparently beating up extras. But that, they point out, is hardly the affair of a placement agency such as Central Casting. Time alone will give the answers to these problems.

In their own words, Central Casting is a sort of extras' employment agency. A clearing house. It is not a public enterprise, nor is it engaged in public service. It is a private corporation, backed by the producers. It acts as official representative of certain studios in selecting persons it believes suitable for the needs of these studios, as expressed by the studios' orders for extra talent. In performing this selection Central Casting acts on its own judgment. At no time has Central Casting promised work to anyone, nor does it acknowledge any obligation to hire any particular person, no matter what his needs, experience or influence may be. The mere fact of registering with Cen-

tral Casting is no guarantee of employment. It is merely a convenience to the extra and the studio. Central Casting charges no commission to those it places in extra work; its service is free.

If, in its judgment, certain persons are unsuited for any reason to the work it has to offer, Central exercises the right not to engage those persons.

In other words, when a studio needs fifty extras, it doesn't have to go to all the trouble of calling fifty individuals, finding some at home, some not. It simply calls Central Casting and Central calls the extras. It's a convenience to the studios and the studios support Central Casting and pay its bills.

Letter after letter from extras to newspapers charge Central Casting with playing favorites. The Screen Actors Guild wants to know whether Central is really playing favorites.

And if so—why?

And to discover the answers to these questions, and to the racketeering question and to the question of whether casting directors or their assistants are playing favorites—and why—the Guild some weeks ago hired the Atherton Detective Agency, composed of former G-men, to make the investigation.

The detectives will have their full report ready by the time this issue of PHOTOPLAY is on the stands.

The Guild doesn't want any playing of favorites. Central Casting submits to the Guild daily a list of all extras used that day. If the same name was on too many lists there would be trouble. For it would, unless it could be explained away, indicate favoritism.

The Guild wants to find out whether all the people named on the daily work sheets actually went to work. Whether they were ever even notified to go to work—or whether some favored extra



Smile provided by Norma Shearer—tickets provided by George Raft—event provided by "Grapes of Wrath"

got the job that day and somebody else's name was used on the list.

Will the detectives uncover enough evidence to back them up? That's the question Hollywood is asking today. It is a sympathetic Hollywood, thoroughly sick and disgusted with the miasma of rumor that has overhung the extra situation for entirely too many years.

Certainly not all of the charges and complaints are valid. Some come from crackpots. Some are obviously unreasonable from people with grudges.

Miraculously, thanks in large part to Guild protection, most extras have been untouched by mobsters or graft, except so far as attacks and bribes endanger the existence of them all.

A few years ago anybody could be an extra—and almost everybody was. To-

day only Guild members can get jobs—and the Guild books have been closed. Fourteen thousand of them dropped off when dues were imposed. Somehow the rest, paying God knows how out of their average of \$30 to \$50 a month, manage to keep up their dues, feed themselves, keep a roof over their heads, clothes on their backs—and hang on.

The Guild has done much for the extras. It removed many abuses, set up decent wage and hour schedules, improved working conditions. But in settling the extra problem—the problem of too many extras—the Guild decided to employ the rule of the survival of the fittest. The Guild didn't want to be accused of favoritism in selecting those they thought best fitted to be Guild members. So it left the whole thing up to chance.

Those who could pay dues, hung on. Those who couldn't, dropped off.

The fittest haven't all survived, as usual. I have heard producers and Guild members insist that it was imperative to keep as many extras on hand as possible in order to ensure new talent. And to protect pictures from showing the same extra faces over and over again. But new talent has continued to flood Hollywood, extras or no extras, and the new talent doesn't usually come from extra ranks. And if it is true that 300 extras have been favored out of the 5,600 or 9,849, apparently pictures haven't suffered from a sameness of the 300 faces.

That's the extra situation in Hollywood. Except this—

After Hymie Miller's death the police worried about reprisals. They thought it was a gang murder. Police detective J. A. Page, who helped investigate the case, says Hymie Miller was not the head man. There seemed, he said, to be a gang of racketeers always hanging about Hymie's delicatessen.

The head man, Page says, probably worked in Central Casting or The Screen Actors Guild or at some major studio.

Page and his investigators were convinced the extras had been paying off. But they couldn't gather enough evidence to make any arrests or drum up any kind of a case.

Once each week, for the past few weeks, the Atherton Agency men have been presenting to Guild directors facts uncovered during the preceding week. The information discovered thus far has been kept secret. The complete Atherton report, as I write this, is about ready for submission.

Central Casting executives say definitely that there are cliques who have been milking the \$5.50 a day extras of their small pennies. They muscle onto sets where there are a hundred extras working for \$5.50 a day. They collect fifty cents "protection" from each extra.

And in Hollywood \$50 thus collected is just a few minutes' work in a town that last year spent more than \$3,000,000 on so lowly an item as extra players.

How much of that three million went to line the pockets of dishonest officials and employces, in the form of bribes? How much to line the pockets of racketeers for "protection," for these already starving extra folk?

Who killed Hymie Miller?

Who were the mobsters who beat up scores upon scores of humble extras so badly that they couldn't answer their rare, pitiful calls for work?

Do casting directors take physical or financial bribes from these penny-paid folk?

Is there fire behind the smoke of all these rumors, charges and complaints?

Hollywood wants to know. The Guild is determined to find out.

The Atherton report will show.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

AS low-budget prison pictures go, this one goes well; the performances are good, the story is sympathetic and there is plenty of suspense. Plot revolves around a boy and girl convicted of a murder on circumstantial evidence. Robert Paige and Ellen Drew have top roles and Judith Barrett's a heavy.

BLONDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia

BLONDIE'S yen for a fur jacket and Dagwood's desire to join a trout club he can't afford are hardly important enough problems to make you care. Blondie budgets, and Dagwood has his worries because an old girl-friend, of whom his wife is jealous, comes to town, and *Baby Dumpling* dumps engagingly, and that's all there is. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms do what there is to do.

★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

THIS picture, done on epic lines and in Technicolor, is so big and beautiful that it's all a little too much to take in one evening. It covers the first half of Kenneth Roberts' book, that portion which deals with the journey of *Rogers' Rangers* through the wilderness to attack the Indian stronghold, St. Francis. Essentially, it's the story of one man, *Major Rogers*, whose indomitable will carries the entire expedition over seemingly insurmountable barriers and on to bloody climax. Faithful history is combined with magnificent action scenes to create entertainment worthy of superlatives. Spencer Tracy, as *Rogers*, has never given a finer performance, Robert Young, playing his young aide, does excellent work and all the rest of the cast live up to the demands of Director King Vidor.

SEVENTEEN—Paramount

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S famous story of teen-age love, brought up to date, is an amiable little thing with Jackie Cooper playing *Willie Baxter*. The crush he gets on Betty Field, the ruthless siren from Chicago, nearly drives him frantic and you will ache for the boy. All the troubles Tarkington wrote into his book—the tuxedo, the horrid little sister, Norma Nelson, the parents—are here. Young Cooper gives his role reality. Miss Field is a perfect choice for the ingenue.

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY—RKO-Radio

TAKE Joe Penner. Give him a complex, started in the cradle, so that whenever a pretty girl kisses him he gets hiccups. Make him the son of a millionaire. Send him to a resort hotel where there are scores of pretty girls, all on the make. And there you have this picture, which will be immensely funny, to all Penner fans. Linda Hayes is the girl who finally cures him.

BLACK FRIDAY—Universal

FRIDAY the Thirteenth is the date of beginning, and results in an accident to Boris Karloff's best friend. Karloff's a doctor with a formula for transplanting brains, the friend's a professor, the driver of the accident car a criminal. Dr. Karloff puts the criminal's mind into the cranium of his friend and starts a trend of events that will keep you enthralled to the bitter end. Such an

imaginative setup is a natural for horror and suspense; you can't stand it, until you find out what's going to happen. That's suspense as is suspense. Bela Lugosi, troupes along, while Stanley Ridges as the professor walks calmly off with almost all the honors. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty.

BULLET CODE—RKO-Radio

THE Perennial O'Brien is still galloping over the sage brush, righting wrongs and saving homesteads. In this case he thinks he's killed a young man and goes to break the news to the deceased's father and sister. These two are about to lose their ranch to a gang of rustlers. Virginia Vale plays the sister, and George O'Brien has not changed during the years. There's plenty of action.

THE GHOST COMES HOME—M-G-M

FRANK MORGAN'S incomprehensible attempts at speaking consecutive English sentences and Billie Burke's vaporings are all very well as comedy relief. But in this it's all too much. Morgan is supposed to be a kind of Mr. Average Man who is nagged by his wife, Miss Burke, into energetic action. He goes too far, turns into an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast.

THE MARINES FLY HIGH—RKO-Radio

REMEMBER when a picture featuring Richard Dix and Chester Morris would have been really big-time entertainment? Not this one, though—it's overdone and embarrassingly melodramatic. Two marines are after the same girl, Lucille Ball. She's a plantation owner on a wild island, and needs the marines in their professional capacity because of bandits in the neighborhood.

STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M

THE original name of this was "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," and it referred to graves people dig for themselves. There is much of death about the film. It is a weird, allegorical preachment having to do with escaping convicts in the jungles surrounding a tropical prison camp. Clark Gable plays the toughest of the convicts, Joan Crawford a brothel gal. She is kicked off the island, has no money for steamer fare, and joins the band. Through all the tribulations of these miserable people strides a Christlike figure in the person of Ian Hunter, who struggles to bring about their regeneration. Miss Crawford gives a superb dramatic portrayal and goes off the glamour standard for the first time. Hunter looks benevolent and Gable seems a little embarrassed with a role that would embarrass practically anybody. Peter Lorre is *M. Pig*, and most expressive about it.

HALF A SINNER—Universal

SPRING is in the air, so schoolmarm Heather Angel buys a glamour ensemble, and goes out into the big world to seek adventure. She finds it with a capital A in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse, a series of cops and robbers and a handsome young man, John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comic touches. In a mild sort of way, this will be good for what ails you.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

- ★ **DAY-TIME WIFE**—20th Century-Fox
The old secretary-wife-husband triangle, done very entertainingly. Tyrone Power is at his gay best as the erring husband. Linda Darnell registers as his wife, Wendy Barrie as his pretty secretary, Warren William complicates the plot, and Binnie Barnes helps to straighten it out again. (Feb.)
- ★ **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**—Universal
This honey of a Western has Brian Donlevy as a frontier crime king, with Marlene Dietrich as his honky-tonk queen. Enter Jimmy Stewart in the title role, determined to clean up the town without shootin' irons. Festivities are also helped along by Una Merkel, Mischa Auer and Irene Hervey, but Jimmy, Marlene and Charlie Winninger are something terrific! (Feb.)
- ★ **DR. EHRlich's MAGIC BULLET**—Warners
Edward G. Robinson takes full advantage of the greatest chance of his career, as the brilliant doctor who fired the first effective shots in the battle against diphtheria and syphilis. It's another of Warners' moving documents of medical history, with Ruth Gordon outstanding in a splendid cast. (Apr.)
- ★ **EARL OF CHICAGO, THE**—M-G-M
Something new—and it's grand. Robert Montgomery, a Chicago gangster, inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them. Up against tradition, you watch the conflict between the man he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial adviser Montgomery double-crosses. There's no love interest. (March)
- ★ **ENTENTE CORDIALE**—Glass
Victor Francen does superb work in the role of Edward VII of England—that royal playboy whose love for Paris brought about the friendly alliance between his country and France. Wise and witty, with Victoria faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay. (March)
- ★ **EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox
Ah, the pity of it! Sonja Henie skates only once in this triangle story—this time Ray Milland and Robert Cummings—who chase her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. (March)
- ★ **FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE**—United States Film
Inspired by Paul de Kruif's book of the same name, this Pare Lorenz documentary film about the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center in the face of almost insuperable odds is unsparingly realistic, possibly shocking, but undeniably powerful and moving. (Apr.)
- ★ **FIGHTING 69th, THE**—Warners
The story of New York's famous regiment has Jimmy Cagney giving a memorable performance as the toughy who cracks up under shell fire. George Brent is excellent, but it's the performance of Pat O'Brien, as the beloved Father Duffy, that will leave a lasting impression. Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Frank McHugh and Sam Levene help make this more than just an evening's entertainment. (March)
- ★ **GERONIMO!**—Paramount
Nicely authentic in feeling, this is the story of the cruel Apache Indian chief who ravaged the frontier in bygone days. Ralph Morgan is the general who sets out to fight Geronimo (Chief Thundercloud). Bill Henry is his son from West Point. There isn't much personal story, but there's a riot of action. (Feb.)
- ★ **GONE WITH THE WIND**—Selznick-M-G-M
So magnificent is this re-creation of the modern classic about the Civil War's effect on the South that it would take volumes to review it adequately. In brief: Full justice has been done the novel. Clark Gable is Rhett. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as Scarlett. Olivia de Havilland does her best work as Melanie. Leslie Howard (Ashley) and the others fulfill all expectations. The whole film is overwhelming, even to the finest Technicolor yet. (Feb.)
- ★ **GRANNY GET YOUR GUN**—Warners
May Robson is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety of her granddaughter (Margot Stevenson), when her divorced husband (Hardie Albright) is murdered. It's much ado about people who aren't very nice. (March)
- ★ **GRAPES OF WRATH, THE**—20th Century-Fox
Steinbeck's unforgettable *Joad* family lives and breathes with startling reality in the screen saga of migratory workers who fled the Oklahoma Dust Bowl in a vain search for jobs among the orange groves. Fine acting of Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and the entire cast is on a par with the uncompromising news-reel quality of the whole film. (Apr.)
- ★ **GREAT VICTOR HERBERT, THE**—Paramount
With *that* music—and plenty of it—how could it fail to please? Not a biography of the composer (Walter Connolly), but the love story of two of his stars, fictional characters played by Allan Jones and Mary Martin. They're both great, in voice and acting—as is young Susanna Foster. (Feb.)
- ★ **GREEN HELL**—Universal
Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is exploring the South American jungle for Inca treasure when Joan Bennett, widow of one of his men, arrives. Between the struggle over this one pretty girl in a group of rough men (grand actors all) and Indian hostiles, everybody has a most exciting time. (Feb.)

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- ★ **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS**—Fleischer-Paramount
Sweet music and the still-pungent satire of the original Jonathan Swift classic are only two of the many virtues of this full-length animated color cartoon. Story, of course, is that of *Gulliver*, shipwrecked among six-inch-high *Lilliputians*, and how he settles their foolish little war—with a *Lilliputian* romance thrown in for good measure. (Feb.)
- ★ **HARVEST**—Marcel Pagnol
Depth of spirit and soundness of characterization highlight this French glorification of the simple life. Gabriel Gabrio is a farmer who remains faithful to the good earth and becomes almost a hermit, until Orane Demazis joins him and they prove what honest labor can accomplish. (Feb.)
- ★ **HE MARRIED HIS WIFE**—20th Century-Fox
Joel McCrea, Nancy Kelly, Mary Boland and Cesar Romero are gay as all get-out, but they can't do much to lift this out of the doldrums. Nancy divorces Joel because of his penchant for horse races, almost trouble sets in, and Mary, as a screwball matron, adds to the confusion. (Apr.)
- ★ **HENRY GOES ARIZONA**—M-G-M
Vaudevilian Frank Morgan inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother is murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler bosses the ranch while Frank sees that justice is done. There you have it. (March)
- ★ **HIGH SCHOOL**—20th Century-Fox
The first of a one-school-picture-a-year plants Jane Withers in San Antonio's famous Jefferson High where her uncle is principal. She thinks she's big potatoes till the kids snub her down to her size. Joe E. Brown, Jr. adds to the film's merits. (March)
- ★ **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**—Columbia
Ultra-modern version of "The Front Page," with Rosalind Russell as an ace reporter, divorced from editor Cary Grant. His attempts to keep her on the job with exciting assignments—and from marrying Ralph Bellamy—create complications, but it's the witty performances which put this over. (Feb.)
- ★ **HONEYMOON'S OVER, THE**—20th Century-Fox
Stuart Erwin and Marjorie Weaver are teamed in this unassuming but brisk and often amusing film. The two, as newlyweds, go into debt trying to keep up with the country-club set, with resultant situations straight from life. (Feb.)
- ★ **HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE**—Wanger-United Artists
As a gambler's wife, Joan Bennett is whirled from the heights of luxury to the depths of despair when husband George Raft is sentenced to Alcatraz. Then Walter Pidgeon enters the picture. The social problems of a convict's "widow" make for compelling drama. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's friend. (Apr.)
- ★ **HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—RKO-Radio
Charles Laughton is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination and emerges as the pitiful bell ringer who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion. Maureen O'Hara is pretty as the gypsy. Edmond O'Brien and Sir Cedric Hardwicke do excellent work. (March)
- ★ **INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE**—Universal
It's fascinating, this monstrosity of a plot in which Vincent Price is to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor (John Sutton) uses a formula to make Price totally invisible. What happens after that will give you a permanent up-cuffure. (March)
- ★ **INVISIBLE STRIPES**—Warners
What happens when an ex-convict returns to the living and finds he isn't wanted is graphically portrayed with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has new twists—and Jane Bryan, William Holden plays George's weak younger brother. (March)
- ★ **I TAKE THIS WOMAN**—M-G-M
With lesser stars than Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr—cast as a doctor and his wife, for whom he deserts his poor man's practice—this second-rate story might have been passable. As it is, Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness to a dull film which should have remained shelved. (Apr.)
- ★ **JOE AND ETHEL TURP CALL ON THE PRESIDENT**—M-G-M
Joe (William Gargan) and Ethel (Ann Sothern) get pretty mad when their veteran postman gets fired, so they go right to Washington to protest. It's a bit dull in spots, but Lewis Stone is swell as the President and Annie's great, too. First of a new series? (Feb.)
- ★ **LEGION OF THE LAWLESS**—RKO-Radio
With the usual business about a lawless town, a horde of vigilantes, and a pretty girl (Virginia Vale), this latest George O'Brien Western turns out to be topnotch, full of pace and excitement. (Feb.)
- ★ **LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE**—Paramount
This new version of Kipling's novel is a four-handkerchief film. Ronald Colman, a successful artist, finds himself going blind from an old Sudanese battle injury, paints one last masterpiece of Ida Lupino—then she destroys it. Colman, Walter Huston (as his friend) and the photography are superb. (Feb.)
- ★ **LION HAS WINGS, THE**—Korda-United Artists
Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and other British players contributed their services to this, which is frankly war-time propaganda showing what the Royal Air Force can do—but it's well-done propaganda and a reassuring lesson in preparedness. (Apr.)
- ★ **LITTLE OLD NEW YORK**—20th Century-Fox
Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray do some gallant trouting as a couple of happy-go-lucky water-

front people who help Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) launch his invention, the steamboat, but the net result is an opulent masterpiece of banality about the days when Manhattan was young. (Apr.)

LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE—Columbia

Warren William plays the not-too-reformed crook who steps back into his nefarious practices to help Joan Perry recover a string of pearls—and gets mixed up in a murder for his pains. It's the old formula, but it's still good. (Apr.)

MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE—M-G-M

There's a Civil War background for drama, Wallace Beery and Donald Meek for riproaring humor, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard for romance, and an exciting dash through the Confederate lines for some bang-up suspense. It's all a bit mixed up, but undeniably interesting. (Apr.)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE—20th Century-Fox

In this remake of "The Valiant," Lloyd Nolan does excellent work as the confessed murderer who refuses to reveal either his name or his reason for the crime. Jean Rogers is sympathetic and appealing as the sister who tries to make him talk. (Apr.)

★ MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio

This is the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman; Alan Marshal the man, and Barbara Read the wife. It's unpretentious—and superior cinema. (March)

★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

Pure slapstick, with no compromise. Lupe Velez comes from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, scion of a rich family who give Lupe the lorgnon treatment. Leon Errol is excellent in a dual role of an English lord and Donald's eccentric uncle. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play the nasty aunt and previous fiancée. (March)

MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia

Tony Martin returns to star as a Broadway understudy who's threatened with deportation just as he gets his big chance. He crashes into Rita Hayworth's taxi—comes love—and the result is a pleasant little musical with nice tunes and Andre Kostelanetz to play them. (Apr.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

Mae West is the little flower of the frontier, and W. C. Fields masquerades as a bold bad bandit and shoots Indians with a sling shot. The result is just about what you'd expect—ribald but genuinely comic, with both stars at top form. (Apr.)

NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE—M-G-M

—or, Dime Novel Hero Comes to the Screen at Last. Walter Pidgeon plays the title role and tracks down the missing rocket-ship blueprints, while Rita Johnson flies the plane for him, after a terrific gun battle in the desert. (Feb.)

NIGHT OF NIGHTS, THE—Paramount

Lugubrious Laugh-Clown-Laugh story with Pat O'Brien playing *Pagliacci* so his little girl, Olympe Bradna won't know how low he's sunk. Pretty good until the last half, when it bogs down with its own pathos. (Feb.)

★ OF MICE AND MEN—Roach-U.A.

John Steinbeck's wormwood-and-sugar story remains gripping despite censorship. Burgess Meredith is *George*, the wandering ranch worker who befriends poor *Lennie*. (Lon Chaney, Jr.)—who doesn't know his own strength and winds up a murderer. They're swell, and so are Betty Field, Charles Bickford and Bob Steele. (Feb.)

OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal

A slap-happy little ditty in which traveling salesman Tom Brown gets mixed up with heiress Peggy Moran, gangster Allen Jenkins and a tourist camp. You'll remember Betty Jane Rhodes singing the title song. (March)

★ OUTSIDER, THE—Alliance

Tearful but compelling is this story of the hopelessly crippled daughter of a brilliant London doctor who goes to an arrogant, publicity-mad bone specialist as a last resort. Mary Maguire is the girl, George Sanders the specialist suspected of quackery, and the interplay of character is beautiful to watch. (Apr.)

★ PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO

Collodi's fable of the wooden puppet who learns how to become a real little boy and a kind son to woodcarver *Geppetto* comes to the screen as the finest animated cartoon feature ever made. Characterizations, from tiny voice-of-conscience *Jiminy Cricket* to enormous *Monstro*, the whale, compare favorably with the finest human talent. You can't afford to miss this! (Apr.)

★ RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U.A.

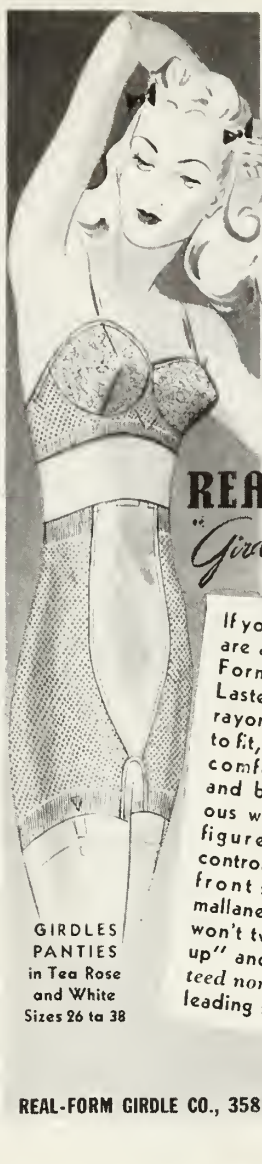
It's the same old story, but it's still swell drama. This time David Niven is the suave *Raffles*, Olivia de Havilland his fiancée, and Dudley Digges the inspector. You remember, *Raffles* decides to reform when he meets Olivia, but her brother (Douglas Walton) is in trouble, so *Raffles* goes on the prowl again. (March)

REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

Even Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck can't pull this out of the average class. He's a District Attorney. She's a wayward girl whom he exposes to an old-fashioned Christmas back home in Indiana with Mother, Beulah Bondi—after which the anticipated reform sets in. (Feb.)

SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE—RKO Radio

This latest in the modern Robin Hood series gives you plenty of excitement for your money—at least three murders, and George Sanders in a dual role (because a diamond-smuggler goes around impersonating him). Helene Whitney is the girl in the case. (Apr.)



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ARTHUR L. RACE, Managing Director

★ SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE — M-G-M

This is a gem, packed with the inimitable Lubitsch touch. It's a simple story—about a boy and girl (Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan) who are working in a gift shop and find romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course they discover they are writing to each other. Frank Morgan is superb in a straight role. (March)

★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount

Vivien Leigh is a *Scarlett O'Hara* character (to Charles Laughton this time) in the story of a girl who, by ruthless determination, succeeds in rising above the lowly "bus-king" (those London sidewalk entertainers) profession. There are fine scenes between Leigh and Laughton. (March)

★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

Murder and comedy all mixed up, this has Pat O'Brien as the attorney plotting the downfall of political boss Edward Arnold. When Arnold's sweetheart, and then Pat's secretary are killed, things look bad for Pat. You'll be mad about Ruth Terry, the little singer who pursues Pat. (March)

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

Popular singing cowboy Gene Autry breaks into the Big Time as a Federal agent who sets out to foil a foreign-inspired revolution in South America. It's the best picture Gene has ever made. (Apr.)

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

Here's the life of Stephen Foster, song writer, with Don Ameche playing the role of composer, Andrea Leeds contributing to romance and Al Jolson doing a grand minstrel man. (March)

★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio

Towne-and-Baker's first production adds a new opening theme to the childhood classic, with Thomas Mitchell packing up his family (Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, et al.) and moving them out of the London of Napoleonic days. But their famous adventures on the desert island on which they're shipwrecked are here *in toto*. (Apr.)

THAT'S RIGHT—YOU'RE WRONG—RKO-Radio

Kay Kyser brings his College of Musical Knowledge to the screen with a better story and better support than radio stars usually get. The result is pleasant and Kyser proves to be a screenable personality as the band leader whose group goes Hollywood on him. With Adolphe Menjou. (Feb.)

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

Religion is usually taboo on the screen, but this deals with a minister who takes the confession of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do it. Charles Bickford plays the minister. (March)

THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH—Warners

Thomas Mitchell plays the blustering Irish cop, ready to fight at the drop of a pin. His beat is taken over by a young Scotchman, who falls for one of *Casey's* lovely daughters. A good homey comedy with plenty of laughs and a dig or two at the politicians. Dennis Morgan as the Scotty, Priscilla Lane as the daughter, and Alan Hale as *Casey's* right-hand man take the other acting honors.

TOWER OF LONDON—Universal

English history turns out to be more gruesome than a modern horror film, with Basil Rathbone as King Richard, who spends his time killing off heirs to the throne, with Boris Karloff as his pet executioner. First-rate mellerdrammer. (Feb.)

★ TWO THOROUGHBREDS—RKO-Radio

Fine writing and beautiful acting prove once more what this studio can do with a simple, unpretentious story. Jimmy Lydon gathers honors as an orphan who finds a foal, then has to struggle with his honor when he discovers it belongs to people who later befriend him. (Feb.)

★ WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warners

Paul Muni is an English country doctor who befriends a young Austrian (Jane Bryan) at the outbreak of the last war. His wife (Flora Robson) dies, and Paul and Jane are accused of her murder. An uncompromising presentation of the James Hilton story, with fine direction, acting. (Feb.)

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 11 with these correct ones:

1. Three times
2. Helen Parrish
3. Rudy Vallee
4. Ginger Rogers
5. Cesar Romero, George Raft
6. Dick Powell
7. The Squaw Man
8. Wuthering Heights
9. Pat O'Brien, Rosalind Russell
10. Miriam Hopkins
11. Joan Crawford
12. Olivia de Havilland, Jane Bryan
13. Gene Raymond
14. Three years
15. Marion Davies, Carole Lombard
16. Jane Bryan
17. Warner Bros.
18. M-G-M, Selznick International
19. Gail Patrick
20. Linda Darnell



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Casts of Current
Pictures

"BLACK FRIDAY"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Sam Robins. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Dr. Ernest Sozac, Boris Karloff; Marnay, Bela Lugosi; George Kingsley, Stanley Ridges; Sunny Rogers, Anne Nagel; Jean Sozac, Anne Gwynne; Margaret Kingsley, Virginia Brissac; Miller, Edmund MacDonald; Kane, Paul Fix; Devore, Ray Bailey.

"BLONDIE ON A BUDGET"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. From a story by Charles Molyneux Brown. Based upon the comic strip created by Chick Young. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: Blondie, Penny Singleton; Dagwood, Arthur Lake; Baby Dumpling, Larry Simms; Daisy, Himsel; Joan Forrester, Rita Hayworth; Alvin Fuddie, Danny Mummert; Marvin Williams, Don Beddoe; Mr. Fuddie, John Qualen; Mrs. Fuddie, Fay Helm; Mailman, Irving Bacon; Brice, Thurston Hall; Theater Manager, William Brisbane.

"BULLET CODE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by D. ris Schroeder. Based on the original story by Bennett Cohen. Directed by David Howard. Cast: Steve Condon, George O'Brien; Molly Mathews, Virginia Vale; John Mathews, Howard Hickman; Cass Clantime, Harry Woods; Scar Atwood, William Haade; Gorman, Walter Miller; Pop Norton, Slim Whitaker; Bud Mathews, Robert Stanton; Ware, Bob Burns.

"DR. CYCLOPS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by Tom Kilpatrick. Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. Cast: Dr. Thorke, Albert Dekker; Dr. Mary Mitchell, Janice Logan; Bill Stockton, Thomas Coley; Dr. Bulfinch, Charles Halton; Steve Baker, Victor Kilian; Pedro, Frank Yaconelli.

"FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis R. Foster. Based on a story by Delmer Daves. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: Patience Bingham, Martha Raye; Nickie North, Charlie Ruggles; Dennis Crane, Richard Denning; Clarice Sheldon, Gertrude Michael; Scoop Trimble, William Frawley; Emily French, Inez Courtney; Victor Walsh, William Demarest; Shimmy Conway, Jack Norton; Tom Bingham, William Duncan; Mrs. Bingham, Ann Shoemaker; Monk Beldon, Benny Baker.

"FREE, BLONDE AND 21"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Ricardo Cortez. Cast: Carol, Lynn Bari; Jerry, Mary Beth Hughes; Nellie, Joan Davis; Dr. Mayberry, Henry Wilcoxon; Dr. Stephen Greig, Robert Lowery; Mickey, Alan Baxter; Adelaide, Katharine Aldridge; Amy, Helen Ericson; Gus, Chick Chandler; Vicki, Joan Valerie; Marjorie, Elsie Knox; Linda, Dorothy Dearing; Mr. Crane, Herbert Rawlinson; Mrs. Crane, Kay Linaker; Inspector Saunders, Thomas Jackson; Lieutenant Lake, Richard Lane.

"GHOST COMES HOME, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Richard Maibaum and Harry Ruskin. Based on a play by Georg Kaiser. Directed by William Thiele. Cast: Vern Adams, Frank Morgan; Cora Adams, Billie Burke; Billie Adams, Ann Rutherford; Lanny Shea, John Shelton; Hemingway, Reginald Owen; Mortimer Hopkins, Sr., Donald Meek; Roscoe, Nat Pendleton; Ernest, Frank Albertson; Tony, Harold Huber; Ambrose Bundy, Hobart Cavanaugh; Myra, Ann Morriss; "Spig," Don Castle; Mortimer Hopkins, Jr., Tom Rutherford; Sarah Osborne, Renie Riano; John Reed Thomas, Richard Carle.

"HALF A SINNER"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Frederick Jackson. From an original story by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Al Christie. Cast: Anne Gladden, Heather Angel; Larry Cameron, John King; Mrs. Jefferson Breckenbridge, Constance Collier; Station Attendant, Walter Catlett; Red, Tom Dugan; Officer Kelly, Robert Elliott; Snuffy, Clem Bevans; Granny Gladden, Emma Dunn; Handsome, Henry Brandon; Slick, William B. Davidson; Margaret Reed, Fern Emmett; Willy, Sonny Bupp; Mason, Wilbur Mack; Sieve, Joe Devlin.

"HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Lester Cole. Based on the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Directed by Joe May. Cast: Hepzibah Pyncheon, Margaret Lindsay; Jaffrey Pyncheon, George Sanders; Clifford Pyncheon, Vincent Price; Phoebe Pyncheon, Nan Grey; Matthew Maule, Dick Foran; Gerald Pyncheon, Gilbert Emery; Philip Barton, Cecil Kellaway.

"MARINES FLY HIGH, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady and Lt. Commander A. J. Bolton. From the story by A. C. Edington. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr., and Ben Stoloff. Cast: Lt. Darrick, Richard Dix; Lt. Malone, Chester Morris; Helen Grant, Lucille Ball; Teresa, Steffi Dunn; J. Henderson, John Eldredge; Col. Hill, Paul Harvey; Monk O'Hara, Horace MacMahon; Corp. Haines, Dick Hogan; Lt. Hobbs, Robert Stanton; Mrs. Hill, Ann Shoemaker; Fernandez, Nestor Paiva.

"MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Bert Granet and Charles Roberts. Based on an original story by Bert Granet. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: Joe Zany, Joe Penner; Lois Marlowe, Linda Hayes; Bob Norman, Russ Brown; Gorta, Fritz Feld; Stafford, Granville Bates; Morph, Tom Kennedy; J. B. Zany, Arthur Q. Bryan; Eleanor, Adele Pearce; Betty, Kathryn Adams; Hattie, Diane Hunter; Jerry, Grady Sutton; Bertha, Mary Milford; Marie, Dorine McKay; Muriel, Julie Carter; Bell Boy, Mantan

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"MY SON, MY SON!"—EDWARD SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Lenore Coffee. From the novel by Howard Spring. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: Livia Vaynal, Madeleine Carroll; William Essex, Brian Aherne; Oliver Essex, Louis Hayward; Maeve O'Riorden, Laraine Day; Dermot O'Riorden, Henry Hull; Nellie Essex, Josephine Hutchinson; Sheila O'Riorden, Sophie Stewart; Rory O'Riorden, Bruce Lester; Oliver, as a child, Scotty Beckett; Maeve, as a child, Brenda Henderson; Rory, as a child, Teddy Moorwood; Annie, May Beatty; The Colonel, Stanley Logan; Mr. Moscrop, Lionel Belmore; Captain Saele, Howard Davies; Mrs. Mulvaney, Mary Gordon; Drayman, David Clyde; Butler, Vesey O'Davaran; Joe Baxter, Pat Flaherty; Pogson, Victor Kendall; First Jeweler, Montagu Shaw; Second Jeweler, Leland Hodgson; First Maid, Mary Field; Second Maid, Audrey Manners; First Landlady, Sibyl Harris; Second Landlady, Connie Leon; Sergeant Major, Colin Kenny.

"NORTHWEST PASSAGE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Laurence Stallings and Talbot Jennings. Based on the novel by Kenneth Roberts. Directed by King Vidor. Cast: Major Rogers, Spencer Tracy; Langdon Towne, Robert Young; "Hunk" Martin, Walter Brennan; Elizabeth Browne, Ruth Hussey; "Cap" Huff, Nat Pendleton; Reverend Browne, Louis Hector; Humphrey Towne, Robert Barrat; Lord Amherst, Lumsden Hare; Sergeant McNeil, Donald McBride; Jennie Coll, Isable Jewell; Lieutenant Avery, Douglas Walton; Lieutenant Crofton, Addison Richards; Jesse Beacham, Hugh Sothern; Webster, Regis Toomey; Wiseman Clagett, Montagu Love; Sam Livermore, Lester Matthews; Captain Ogden, Truman Bradley.

"PRIMROSE PATH"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Allan Scott and Gregory LaCava. From the play by Robert L. Buckner and Walter Hart. Directed by Gregory LaCava. Cast: Ellie May Adams, Ginger Rogers; Ed Wallace, Joel McCrea; Mamie Adams, Marjorie Rameau; Gram, Henry Travers; Homer, Miles Mander; Grandma, Queenie Vassar; Honeybell, Joan Carroll; Thelma, Vivienne Osborne; Carmelita, Carmen Morales.

"REBECCA"—SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Robert Sherwood and Joan Harrison. From the novel by Daphne du Maurier. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: Maxim de Winter, Laurence Olivier; Mrs. de Winter, Joan Fontaine; Jack Favell, George Sanders; Mrs. Danvers, Judith Anderson; Major Giles Lacy, Nigel Bruce; Colonel Julyan, C. Aubrey Smith; Frank Crawley, Reginald Denny; Beatrice Lacy, Gladys Cooper; Robert, Philip Winter; Frith, Edward Fielding; Mrs. Van Hopper, Florence Bates; Coroner, Melville Cooper; Dr. Baker, Leo G. Carroll; Chalfont, Forrester Harvey; Tabbs, Lumsden Hare; Ben, Leonard Carey.

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler. Based on a story by Harry Hervey. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: Josh Mallon, Bing Crosby; Mima, Dorothy Lamour; Ace Lannigan, Bob Hope; Mr. Mallon, Charles Coburn; Gloria Hycott, Judith Barrett; Caesar, Anthony Quinn; Achilles Bombanassa, Jerry Colonna; Timothy Willow, Johnny Arthur.

"SEVENTEEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnson and Stuart Palmer. Based on the story by Booth Tarkington and the play by Stuart Walker, Hugh Stanislaus Stange and Stannard Mears. Directed by Louis King. Cast: Willie Baxter, Jackie Cooper; Lola, Betty Field; Mr. Baxter, Otto Kruger; Mrs. Baxter, Ann Shoemaker; Jane Baxter, Norma Nelson; May Parker, Betty Moran.

"STRANGE CARGO"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lawrence Hazard. Based on the book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: Ierne, Clark Gable; Julie, Joan Crawford; Cambrea, Ian Hunter; M'Sieu Pig, Peter Lorre; Hessler, Paul Lukas; Moll, Albert Dekker; Flauber, J. Edward Bromberg; Telex, Eduardo Ciannelli; Dufond, John Arledge; Grideau, Frederic Worlock; Marfeu, Bernard Nedell; Fisherman, Victor Varconi.

"TOO MANY HUSBANDS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Claude Binyon. Based upon the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Cast: Vicky Louwdes, Jean Arthur; Bill Cardew, Fred MacMurray; Henry Louwdes, Melvyn Douglas; George, Harry Davenport; Gertrude Houlihan, Dorothy Peterson; Peter, Melville Cooper; McDermott, Edgar Buchanan; Sullivan, Tom Dugan.

"WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy. Based on a play by Ernest Booth. Directed by Robert Florey. Cast: Joyce, Ellen Drew; Fred MacNeil, Robert Paige; Peggy, Judith Barrett; John Martin, John Miljan; Millie, Fay Helm; Ferris, John McGuire; Tooty, Louise Beavers.

"YOUNG TOM EDISON"—M-G-M.—Original screen play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Based on material by H. Alan Dunn. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: Tom Edison, Mickey Rooney; Mrs. Samuel Edison, Fay Bainter; Samuel Edison, George Bancroft; Tannie Edison, Virginia Weidler; Mr. Nelson, Eugene Pallette; Mr. Dingle, Victor Kilian; Joe Dingle, Bobbie Jordan; Mr. McCorney, J. M. Kerrigan; Dr. Pender, Lloyd Corrigan; Bill Edison, John Kellog; Mr. Haddell, Clem Bevans; School Teacher, Eily Malyon; Captain Brackett, Harry Shannon.

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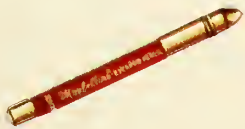
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Fact No. 2. Tom Smothers, 15 years a Lucky Strike smoker, is typical of the *independent* experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—who prefer Luckies, 2 to 1. They *know* Luckies buy the choicest grades of these improved tobaccos. Result: Luckies are better than ever!

Fact No. 3. After 2 to 4 years of aging, these finest tobaccos go through the "Toasting" process, which takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco. Result: A better-than-ever smoke plus throat protection.

Try Luckies for a week. Check each fact. You'll see why... WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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FASHION
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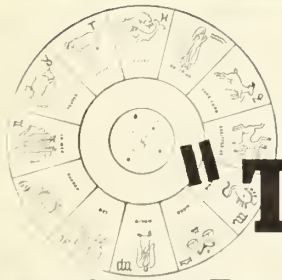
JUNE

JEANNETTE MACDONALD
By Paul Herzer

THE MARRIAGE PLANS OF GINGER ROGERS AND HOWARD HUGHES

Complete Novel in this Issue **LILLIAN RUSSELL** The Loves of a Beautiful Woman of Days

SUMMER FASHION CARNIVAL Exciting Pages of Star Changes You Can Buy



"Then why have I never married?"



She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.

Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.

Telling meant losing a good patron . . . one who might return again and again, probably bringing friends equally well off. Yet it seemed cruel to withhold the secret . . . to let her go on, living the lonely life into which her ignorance had plunged her. So I told . . . and my reward was the announcement of her marriage some months later to a most attractive man.*

It's Unforgivable

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning,

and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Makes Breath Sweeter

Some cases of halitosis are caused by systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS



Cary's Wires Get Crossed And His
Wives Get Crosser, In The Merriest
Marital Tangle In A Millenium!



IRENE DUNNE • CARY GRANT
In Their First Hit Together Since "The Awful Truth"
"My Favorite Wife"
With RANDOLPH SCOTT • GAIL PATRICK
A LEO MCCAREY PRODUCTION
Directed by GARSON KANIN • RKO RADIO PICTURE
Written for the Screen by Bella & Samuel Spewack

Two Blazing Brides - And Only One Blushing
Bridegroom!...Don't Miss It When They
Mix It Over Who's Married To Cary



A LIFETIME LIVED IN A SINGLE DAY!

Vivien Leigh returns to you — beautiful, tender, appealing and talented beyond description — in a role which might have been created for her alone . . . A girl whose emotions mirrored the chaos of the world around her . . . grasping fervently, eagerly at the love that belongs to youth . . . Robert Taylor attains new dramatic stature as the man who shares this absorbing romance with her. Together, they create an emotional experience you'll never forget.



VIVIEN LEIGH • ROBERT TAYLOR

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

WATERLOO BRIDGE

with LUCILE WATSON • VIRGINIA FIELD
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • C. AUBREY SMITH

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

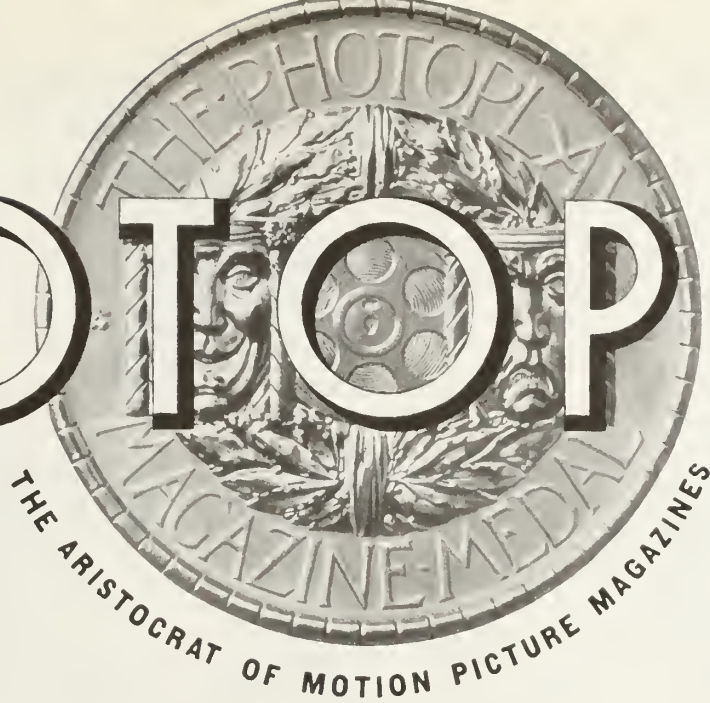
Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel

Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood

Directed by MERVYN LeROY • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN



PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Jeanette MacDonald, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Sleepers

HOLLYWOOD has an expression borrowed from racing lingo to describe a picture or a player who unexpectedly achieves kudos.

One of the most impressive "sleepers" of recent months is the little picture that was photographed in Albany, Georgia, as the first producing venture of Gary Cooper's right-hand man, Jack Moss, and presented with the unattractive title, *The Biscuit Eater*.

Although young Billy Lee is fine, a dog and a little colored boy are the unexpected hits of this charming, sentimental low-budget picture. I doubt if *Promise*, the dog, or Cordell Hickman will ever be stars, but we shall watch eagerly for both of them in other pictures.

Producer Selznick has spoken so much of his faith in Joan Fontaine as a star that we were not as surprised by her brilliant performance in *Rebecca* as by the unexpected characterization of Florence Bates in the very minor role of the wealthy social climber.

In a similar manner, we have expected for a long while that Walter Pidgeon would emerge as the potent star he proves himself to be in *It's a Date* (in contrast how colorless he seemed in *The Dark Command*), but the real "sleeper" of *It's a Date* is the genial gentleman with the strange name of S. Z. Sakall. You of course remember him as the German dramatist struggling with the English language.

Albert Basserman in *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*, Queenie Vassar in *The Primrose Path*, Ian Hunter in *Strange Cargo*, all these are "sleepers" who deserve our applause. So is the picture *And One Was Beautiful*, which no one expected to be anything but a little B but which reveals Jean Muir as a potential star of real beauty and talent. Three years at another studio failed to prove these potentialities. In the same picture is Laraine Day, whose performance in another movie, *My Son, My Son!* puts her in that classification which makes such an amusing game of going to movies—the "sleepers."

Ernest V. Heyn

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SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS



BY FRANCES HUGHES

Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Here it is spring—and all there is to us is just one mass of yearning! But we know what will fix it! Something new! A new coiffure—or better still—brand new color hair. Why not? If the stars can change from golden to raven beauty and vice versa at the drop of a hat, why not we—or you? And what about a new perfume—a new make-up . . . new shoes . . . new gloves? But leave money in the bank for wedding presents . . . graduation presents . . . new vacation luggage, too . . . and write to the Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City about those that interest you most. We'll tell you where to find them.

IMPORTANT CORRECTION: Max Factor's Pancake Make-Up was wrongly quoted at \$1.00 in MAY PHOTOPLAY. The correct price for this favorite foundation for the movie stars is \$1.50.

1. HAIR AND HEARTBREAK

For the 35,000,000 gals in the U. S. A. who are over twenty-five, there's a horrid ogre lurking loathsomely 'round the corner—fear of those first grey hairs. "But," say we, "have none of it!" Take \$5 to \$7.50 and be off to the nearest beauty shop. Ask for "Injecto with Lustrium" and your trouble's over. You'll see!



6. TIME ON YOUR HANDS

Time on your hands, yet well concealed in Helbros' Monogram Watch Ring. The watch—you may be sure—is one of Helbros' finest—17-jewels and accurately timed. The ring in which it hides away so cunningly has a spot for a monogram on its golden lid and a spot for your darling's photo underneath—\$29.75—and it's yours!

2. HAVE A CIGARETTE

Be the first little siren in your set to switch to "king size" cigarettes, but carry them properly in Volupté's new "king size" case. This proves you're "up" on your smoking fashions and impresses your friends. Cases come in gold or silver or colored enamel—and fourteen cigarettes should amply see you through the day. \$2.



7. ONE QUARTER OF YOUR COSTUME

One quarter of your costume consists of—guess what—Stockings!—so they'd better be good, since that's where appraising glances usually come to rest. You can be socially secure in Rollins Runstop Stockings, thanks to their super Dura-Glo finish and lock-stitched tops that defy those devastating garter runs. \$1 a pair.

3. 'ROUND THE CLOCK HELP FOR HANDS

Thank you, Revlon. First you provided our favorite nail polishes. Next you cooked up lipsticks to match. And now you've taken our hands in hand—and about time, too—with a "Round the Clock Kit" that provides a lubricating cream to wear at night under protective mitts, and a pearly hand lotion to use by day—all at \$1.45 complete.

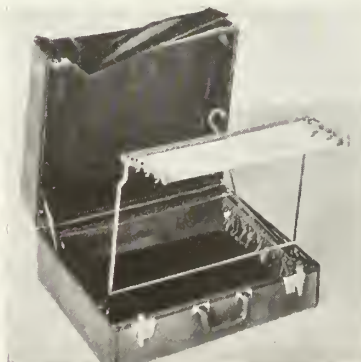


8. "SLEEPING" BEAUTY

The best little waker-upper we've met is Schiaparelli's new "Sleeping"—the most exotic perfume yet distilled. It comes from Paris, of course, in such limited quantities that having it at all puts you into a class of your own. A four-ounce crystal candle comes topped by a snuffer of gold and "Sleeping Blue." \$55 a shock.

4. WINKEN, BLINKEN AND "NODS"

It's one thing to count sheep on a grassy meadow, but quite another to count them at night 'cause you can't sleep. What you need is "Nods," nice little pink noise mufflers of Goodyear's Airfoam latex and wax. Even a city slicker relaxes into deep, untroubled sleep—and isn't that something for the simple sum of \$1 for three sets!



9. GOING PLACES?

You'd scarcely think of setting off in a horse and buggy, so why travel with antiquated luggage? Why indeed—when for \$10 cash you can be the proud possessor of Samsonite's streamlined "Ladies Wardrobe Hanger case"! To all but the expert eye, it looks like expensive rawhide, with hangers, pockets and a neat protective curtain.

5. FREEDOM FOR FINGER TIPS

Gloves, at last, that allow for finger tips and nicely nurtured nails! No one thought of such a thing till Merry Hull freed our fingers, but now her emancipation program includes even tips and nails. Ona Munson wears finger-tip gloves. Why don't you? They're from Aris—in solid or contrasting colors. \$5 a pair.



10. FLOWERS . . . MUSIC . . . LET'S EAT!

And dinner's twice as festive when there are lovely flowers on the table. Expensive? Not necessarily . . . not while Norton makes crystal centerpieces like the "Lyre Log Tube" that costs only \$2 but permits the most unusual flower arrangements that can be worked out with as little as six blooms!

(For More Shopping News, See Page 88)



The Story of a Love Affair *that lasted a lifetime!*

It's a real, human story. It's got real love in it—the kind that begins in childhood and then bursts out in a flame of romance that's more thrilling than anything in the world. And it's got real drama—so true and powerful it won the Pulitzer Prize as a play. Don't miss OUR TOWN.

SOL LESSER *presents*

OUR TOWN

from the Pulitzer Prize Play by Thornton Wilder

WILLIAM

MARTHA

HOLDEN • SCOTT
FAY BAINTEK • BEULAH BONDI
THOMAS MITCHELL • GUY KIBBEE
STUART ERWIN • FRANK CRAVEN

Directed by SAM WOOD ("Goodbye Mr. Chips")

Released Thru United Artists

Coming soon to your favorite theatre



Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ **ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS**—RKO-Radio

It would be hard to improve, technically or artistically, on this exceptional motion picture from Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play. Raymond Massey is extraordinary as the Lincoln of pre-presidential days, ably supported by Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge. (Apr.)

★ **ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS**—Paramount

Superior jewel-thief story with South African mining background, in which the ingratiating George Brent and John Loder appear to advantage, but which doesn't offer much opportunity to Isa Miranda as the lady crook who goes straight against her will. (Apr.)

★ **BAKER'S WIFE, THE**—Marcel Pagnol

She ran away with a handsome shepherd, and the baker (Raimu) was so upset the villagers had to combine efforts to bring her back. It's farcical, but so true to type it seems a real slice of Provencal village life. It's French, with John Erskine's English subtitles. (Apr.)

★ **BARRICADE**—20th Century-Fox

A hodge-podge—but Alice Faye, Warner Baxter and Charles Winninger do beautiful jobs with their material. It's about a forgotten American consul in China whose station is used by brigands, a reporter and a girl evading a murder charge. (March)

★ **BLACK FRIDAY**—Universal

Put Boris Karloff in the role of a doctor who transplants the brain of a criminal into the cranium of his professor-friend, Stanley Ridges, and you'll have a trend of events that will keep you enthralled. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty. (May)

★ **BLONDIE ON A BUDGET**—Columbia

Blondie has a yen for a fur coat, Dagwood wants to join a club he can't afford. Toss in a girl-friend to make Blondie jealous, and let *Baby Damppling* turn on his charm. There you have the latest effort of Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms. (May)

★ **BLUE BIRD, THE**—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple reveals her maturing art in a genuine characterization, as the rather naughty Maeterlinck heroine who sets out on a search for the fabled bird of happiness. Little brother Johnny Russell accompanies her through a Technicolor dreamland which is, on the whole, conceived with imagination and taste. (Apr.)

★ **BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940**—M-G-M

It's a dancing field day for Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy—and it makes the best screen musical in some two years. Fred and George are a dance-hall team, until George gets a Broadway bid to co-star with Eleanor, and the fun—lots of it—begins. Frank Morgan provides much of the humor. (Apr.)

★ **BROTHER RAT AND A BABY**—Warners

This rib-cracker makes for delicious comedy. Wayne Morris, the "fixer," gets Eddie Albert a coaching job, but the baby (remember Eddie was secretly married to Jane Bryan) gums up everything. Priscilla Lane, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and young Peter B. Godd will have you yelling for more. (March)

★ **BULLET CODE**—RKO Radio

George O'Brien is still galloping over the sage brush and righting wrongs. Virginia Vale plays the girl whose ranch he saves from a gang of rustlers. There's plenty of action. (May)

★ **CALLING PHILO VANCE**—Warners

Philo Vance's patriotism is surpassed only by his ingenuity in this mystery which has to do with selling secret airplane plans to foreign powers. Henry Stephenson lacks the savvy we've come to expect of Vance. Henry O'Neill, Margot Stevenson and Edward Brophy carry on in hackneyed roles. (March)

★ **CHARLIE MCCARTHY, DETECTIVE**—Universal

You'll overlook this weak murder-mystery plot if you're a devotee of Charlie McCarthy. Edgar Bergen has his hands full with both Charlie and Mortimer Snerd going whimsical. (March)

★ **CHILD IS BORN, A**—Warners

A re-make of that maternity-ward drama, "Life Begins," with Geraldine Fitzgerald portraying the prospective mother who is released from prison to have her baby. Spring Byington, Jeffrey Lynn, Gladys George and many others are well cast. (March)

★ **CHUMP AT OXFORD, A**—Roach-U.A.

Slapstick comedy within the sacred portals of dear old Oxford, with ex-street cleaners, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy getting their English education the hard way. The humor is forced in spots, but there are some genuinely amusing bits.

★ **CONGO MAISIE**—M-G-M

Gorgeous comedy, with stars Ann Sothern and John Carroll capably backed up by Rita Johnson and Shepperd Strudwick. The scene is laid at the medical post of a rubber plantation, where a former surgeon gets mixed up with a stranded show girl who helps him subdue witch doctors. You'll like this. (March)

★ **DR. CYCLOPS**—Paramount

A weird tale of a mad scientist who finds a radium mine and makes people shrink to the size of rabbits. A fascinating novelty, with Albert Dekker doing a fine job in the title role. Thomas Coley, Janice Logan and Charles Halton support. (May)



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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★ **DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET**—Warners

Edward G. Robinson takes full advantage of the greatest chance of his career, as the brilliant doctor who fired the first effective shots in the battle against diphtheria and syphilis. It's another of Warners' moving documents of medical history, with Ruth Gordon's work outstanding. (Apr.)

★ **EARL OF CHICAGO, THE**—M-G-M

Something new—and it's grand. Robert Montgomery, a Chicago gangster, inherits a title and estates from an English ancestor and goes abroad to liquidate them. Up against tradition, you watch the conflict between the man he is and the man he might have been. Edward Arnold plays the financial adviser Montgomery double-crosses. There's no love interest. (March)

★ **ENTENTE CORDIALE**—Glass

Victor Francen does superb work in the role of Edward VII of England—that royal playboy whose love for Paris brought about the friendly alliance between his country and France. Wise and witty, with Victoria faithfully portrayed by Gaby Morlay. (March)

★ **EVERYTHING HAPPENS AT NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox

Al, the pity of it! Sonja Henie skates only once in this triangle story—this time it's Ray Milland and Robert Cummings who chase her all over Switzerland's icy mountains. (March)

★ **FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Paramount

A subdued Martha Raye, but still amusing, gets caught up in the cross-fire when a Broadway producer sends his gold-digging girl-

With Randolph Scott and Miriam Hopkins representing the South, and Errol Flynn, a Union Intelligence Officer, Warners' "Virginia City" gives us a page from history of one of the most exciting events in the war between the States

friend to a barn-theater to get her out of town. You'll get plenty of laughs from Martha, Charlie Ruggles and Gertrude Michael. (May)

★ **FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE**—United Artists Film

Inspired by Paul de Kruif's book of the same name, this Pare Lorenz documentary film about the heroic work of the Chicago Maternity Center in the face of almost insuperable odds is unsparingly realistic, possibly shocking, but undeniably powerful and moving. (Apr.)

★ **FIGHTING 69th, THE**—Warners

The story of New York's famous regiment has Jimmy Cagney giving a memorable performance as the toughly who cracks up under shell fire. George Brent is excellent, but it's the performance of Pat O'Brien, as the beloved Father Duffy, that will leave a lasting impression. Jeffrey Lynn, Alan Hale, Dick Foran, Dennis Morgan, William Lundigan, "Big Boy" Williams, Frank McHugh and Sam Levene help make this more than just an evening's entertainment. (March)

★ **FREE, BLONDE AND 21**—20th Century-Fox

Like "Hotel for Women," this has a woman's hostelry for background. Mary Beth Hughes gets herself into a murder jam; Lynn Bari holds out on men and lands a millionaire; and Joan Davis is wonderfully funny as a chambermaid. Henry Wilcoxon, Robert Lowry and Chick Chandler make life interesting for the girls. (May)

★ **GHOST COMES HOME, THE**—M-G-M

Frank Morgan's incomprehensible English and Billie Burke's vapors are okay for comedy relief, but it's all too much in this story of a man who is nagged by his wife into becoming an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast, too. (May)

★ **GRANNY GET YOUR GUN**—Warners

May Robson is cast as an indomitable old woman who fights for the safety of her granddaughter (Margot Stevenson), when her divorced husband (Hardie Albright) is murdered. It's much ado about people who aren't very nice. (March)

★ **GRAPES OF WRATH, THE**—20th Century-Fox

Steinbeck's unforgettable Joad family lives and breathes with startling reality in the screen saga of migratory workers who fled the Oklahoma Dust Bowl in a vain search for jobs among the orange groves. Fine acting of Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and the entire cast is on a par with the uncompromising newsreel quality of the whole film. (Apr.)

★ **HALF A SINNER**—Universal

Schoolmarm Heather Angel goes on a glamour spree; finds adventure in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse and handsome John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comedy. (May)

(Continued on page 8)

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER

From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer had to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so many reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!



Included in the notable supporting cast are

FREY LYNN • BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris

ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.

ARE HONORED TO OFFER

'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY

Rachel Field

HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox

Joel McCrea, Nancy Kelly, Mary Boland and Cesar Romero are gay as all get-out, but they can't do much to lift this out of the doldrums. Nancy divorces Joel because of his penchant for horse races, alimony trouble sets in, and Mary, as a screwball matron, adds to the confusion. (Apr.)

HENRY GOES ARIZONA—M-G-M

Vaudevillian Frank Morgan inherits an Arizona ranch when his half-brother is murdered by a gang who wants the property. Virginia Weidler bosses the ranch while Frank sees that justice is done. There you have it. (March)

★ HIGH SCHOOL—20th Century-Fox

The first of a one-school-picture-a-year plants Jane Withers in San Antonio's famous Jefferson High where her uncle is principal. She thinks she's big potatoes till the kids snub her down to her size. Joe E. Brown, Jr. adds to the film's merits. (March)

HONEYMOON DEFERRED—Universal

This murder mystery has Edmund Lowe as an insurance-claim investigator who resigns to get married, disappears on his honeymoon to help a pal. Margaret Lindsay, the bride, follows in a state of high indignation, and the outcome is swell.

★ HOUSE ACROSS THE BAY, THE—Wanger-United Artists

As a gambler's wife, Joan Bennett is whirled from the heights of luxury to the depths of despair when husband George Raft is sentenced to Alcatraz. Then Walter Pidgeon enters the picture. The social problems of a convict's "widow" make for compelling drama. Gladys George is excellent as Joan's friend. (Apr.)

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE—Universal

Hawthorne's famous classic comes to the screen with Vincent Price as the man sent to prison for a murder he didn't commit. Ever-faithful to Price is his sweetheart, Margaret Lindsay, who suffers George Sanders' continuing menace until her lover can return to her. The atmosphere of evil is well created. (May)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—RKO-Radio

Charles Laughton is the hunchback of Victor Hugo's imagination and emerges as the pitiful bell ringer who found in his warped soul a quality called compassion. Maureen O'Hara is pretty as the gypsy. Edmond O'Brien and Sir Cedric Hardwicke do excellent work. (March)

★ INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS, THE—Universal

It's fascinating, this monstrosity of a plot in which Vincent Price is to be executed for the murder of his brother. A doctor (John Sutton) uses a

formula to make Price totally invisible. What happens after that will give you a permanent up-couffure. (March)

INVISIBLE STRIPES—Warners

What happens when an ex-convict returns to the living and finds he isn't wanted is graphically portrayed with George Raft wearing the invisible stripes. The story has new twists—and Jane Bryan. William Holden plays George's weak younger brother. (March)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—M-G-M

With lesser stars than Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr—cast as a doctor and his wife, for whom he deserts his poor man's practice—this second-rate story might have been passable. As it is, Verree Teasdale contributes the only brightness to a dull film. (Apr.)

LION HAS WINGS, THE—Korda-United Artists

Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson and other British players contributed their services to this, which is frankly war-time propaganda showing what the Royal Air Force can do—but it's well-done propaganda and a lesson in preparedness. (Apr.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye and Fred MacMurray do some gallant tramping as a couple of happy-go-lucky waterfront people who help Robert Fulton (Richard Greene) launch his invention, the steamboat, but the net result is an opulent masterpiece of banality about the days when Manhattan was young. (Apr.)

LONE WOLF STRIKES, THE—Columbia

Warren William plays the not-too-reformed crook who steps back into his nefarious practices to help Joan Perry recover a string of pearls—and gets mixed up in a murder for his pains. It's the old formula, but it's still good. (Apr.)

MAN FROM DAKOTA, THE—M-G-M

There's a Civil War background for drama, Wallace Beery and Donald Meek for riproaring humor, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard for romance, and an exciting dash through the Confederate lines for some bang-up suspense. It's all a bit mixed up, but undeniably interesting. (Apr.)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T TALK, THE—20th Century-Fox

In this remake of "The Valiant," Lloyd Nolan does excellent work as the confessed murderer who refuses to reveal either his name or his reason for the crime. Jean Rogers is sympathetic and appealing as the sister who tries to make him talk. (Apr.)

MARINES FLY HIGH, THE—RKO-Radio

An overdone melodrama of two marines, Richard Dix and Chester Morris, after the same girl, Lucille Ball, who needs them to save her plantation from bandits. (May)

★ MARRIED AND IN LOVE—RKO-Radio

This is the story of a married woman trying to get back an old sweetheart, and his struggle to keep faith with his unglamorous wife. Helen Vinson is the other woman; Alan Marshal the man, and Barbara Read the wife. It's unpretentious—and superior cinema. (March)

★ MEXICAN SPITFIRE—RKO-Radio

Pure slapstick, with no compromise. Lupe Velez comes from Mexico as the bride of Donald Woods, scion of a rich family who give Lupe the lorgnon treatment. Leon Errol is excellent in a dual role of an English lord and Donald's eccentric uncle. Elisabeth Risdon and Linda Hayes play the nasty aunt and previous fiancée. (March)

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY—RKO-Radio

Guaranteed to tickle the Penner fans. Joe has a complex that results in hiccups when any pretty girl kisses him, and plenty want to do it. Linda Hayes is the one who finally cures him. (May)

MUSIC IN MY HEART—Columbia

Tony Martin returns to star as a Broadway understudy who's threatened with deportation just as he gets his big chance. He crashes into Rita Hayworth's taxi—comes love—and the result is a pleasant little musical with nice tunes and Andre Kostelanetz to play them. (Apr.)

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

Mae West is the little flower of the frontier, and W. C. Fields masquerades as a bold bad bandit and shoots Indians with a sling shot. The result is just about what you'd expect—ribald but genuinely comic, with both stars at top form. (Apr.)

★ MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U.A.

Adapted from Howard Spring's best seller, this is a superb study of an adoring father who gives his son everything, and of the boy who ruins the lives of all those near to him. Brian Aherne, as the father, and Louis Hayward, as the son, are superb. Laraine Day's performance forecasts stardom for her. Madeleine Carroll, Henry Hull, Josephine Hutchinson, Bruce Lester and Scotty Beckett are all good in their roles. (May)

★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

The first half of Kenneth Roberts' book, the journey of Rogers' Rangers through the wilderness to attack the Indians at St. Francis, is filmed in Technicolor to bring you a picture so beautiful that it can be labeled epic. Spencer Tracy has never given a finer performance as the man whose indomitable will conquers all. Robert Young is excellent as his young aide. (May)

OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE—Universal

A slap-happy little ditty in which traveling salesman Tom Brown gets mixed up with heiress Peggy Moran, gangster Allen Jenkins and a tourist camp.

You'll remember Betty Jane Rhodes singing the title song. (March)

★ OUTSIDER, THE—Alliance

Tearful but compelling is this story of the hopelessly crippled daughter of a brilliant London doctor who goes to a publicity-mad bone specialist as a last resort. Mary Maguire is the girl, George Sanders the specialist suspected of quackery, and the interplay of character is beautiful to watch. (Apr.)

★ PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO

Collodi's fable of the wooden puppet who learns how to become a real little boy and a kind son to woodcarver *Gepetto* comes to the screen as the finest animated cartoon feature ever made. Characterizations, from tiny voice-of-conscience *Jiminy Cricket* to enormous *Monstro*, the whale, compare favorably with the finest human talent. You can't afford to miss this! (Apr.)

★ PRIMROSE PATH, THE—RKO-Radio

Not a pretty story, this, of a family whose nominal head has a weakness for gin, and a mother who supports her family by going on parties with men who can afford the money to buy groceries for her brood on *February Hill*. It's a shock, but a pleasant one to see Ginger Rogers' acting in this simple, honest story, and Joel McCrea is the most convincing he has ever been. (May)

★ RAFFLES—Goldwyn-U.A.

It's the same old story, but it's still swell drama. This time David Niven is the suave *Raffles*, Olivia de Havilland his fiancée, and Dudley Digges the inspector. You remember, *Raffles* decides to reform when he meets Olivia, but her brother (Douglas Walton) is in trouble, so *Raffles* goes on the prowl again. (March)

★ REBECCA—Selznick International-U.A.

The main character, *Rebecca*, never appears in the film, but dominates the whole. She was the first wife of Laurence Olivier. After her death, Olivier marries Joan Fontaine, brings her to his country estate, *Manderley*, and there she discovers—but we can't spoil the story for its success depends on the surprise twists of the plot. The mood for haunting fear is magnificently contrived, aided by the superior work of Olivier, Miss Fontaine, Judith Anderson, George Sanders and Reginald Denny. (May)

★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount

One of the gayest, most amusing films of the season has Bing Crosby, son of a rich ship owner, desert his fiancée at the altar, root out his laziest pal (Bob Hope), and head for the South Seas where, when they team up with Dottie Lamour, peace goes chattering out the window. Crosby's grand and Hope has never been better. Don't miss this. (May)

SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE, THE—RKO Radio

This latest in the modern Robin Hood series gives you plenty of excitement for your money— (Continued on page 96)

"PEPSI AND PETE" . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



BRIDGE CLUB ADOPTS OFFICIAL DRINK

The monthly meeting of the local Bridge Club was held last Friday evening. During the evening, Pepsi-Cola was served—to the delight of all members present. "Pepsi-Cola is so grand-tasting and so economical to buy," said the president, "I move we make it the official drink of the club." The motion was put to a vote and unanimously carried.

"I MAKE SURE EACH BOTTLE HOLDS 12 FULL OUNCES!"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S WHOLESOME AND GRAND TASTING!"



GOOD NEWS FOR HOSTESSES

It's easy and economical to entertain when you have Pepsi-Cola in the house. The handy home carton holds 6 big bottles—and each bottle holds 12 full ounces.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Bob Young and Helen Gilbert for human interest, a white stallion for the title role in M-G-M's "Florian"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 89.

1. She has appeared in pictures with both her husbands, William Powell and Clark Gable:

Joan Crawford **Carole Lombard**
Joan Bennett **Ginger Rogers**

2. A Washington university gave him the degree of "Doctor of Music":

Eddie Cantor **Rudy Vallee**
Don Ameche **Bing Crosby**

3. Which of these actors is the tallest?

Gary Cooper **Brian Aherne**
Carly Grant **Robert Young**

4. Two of these actors have only been married once:

James Cagney **Melvyn Douglas**
Spencer Tracy **Humphrey Bogart**

5. Two of these actors have been married three times:

William Powell **Clark Gable**
Pat O'Brien **Henry Fonda**

6. Her pals call her "Minnie":

Margaret Sullavan **Mary Martin**
Marlene Dietrich **Myrna Loy**

7. She never can pronounce the letter "R":

Claudette Colbert **Shirley Temple**
Alice Faye **Kay Francis**

8. All Hollywood was disturbed when this actor was reported lost in Mexico:

Jeffrey Lynn **Ray Milland**
Eddie Albert **Joel McCrea**

9. Her real name is Gladys Greene:

Jean Arthur **Patricia Morison**
Gloria Jean **Helen Gilbert**

10. He played the title role in "Frankenstein":

Boris Karloff **Bela Lugosi**
Colin Clive **Basil Rathbone**

11. Two of these stars are married to motion picture producers:

Ann Sothern **Merle Oberon**
Hedy Lamarr **Virginia Bruce**

12. In "The Great Profile," this player will impersonate John Barrymore:

Warren William **Fredric March**
John Barrymore **Adolphe Menjou**

13. Two of these players changed their names after they had started their careers in movies:

Bob Hope **Mickey Rooney**
Anne Shirley **Brenda Joyce**

14. Bing Crosby's extra-curricular enthusiasm is:

Collecting rare books **Farming**
Horse racing **Painting**

15. One of these studios issues an annual musical picture:

RKO **Goldwyn**
M-G-M **20th Century-Fox**

16. Clark Gable and Joan Crawford appeared together in which two films?:

Chained **Red Dust**
Gorgeous Hussy **Love on the Run**

17. This popular dancer once worked as a coal miner:

Fred Astaire **Johnny Downs**
Cesar Romero **George Murphy**

18. Harvard University recently voted this actress as the least likely to gain success on the screen:

Joan Fontaine **Martha Raye**
Ann Sheridan **Rosemary Lane**

19. A Western star, he was once civil engineer in the U. S. Army:

Ken Maynard **Gene Autry**
Roy Rogers **Hoot Gibson**

20. This prominent actor is the author of "Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood":

Frank Morgan **Edward Arnold**
C. Aubrey Smith **Thomas Mitchell**

Lady Esther says

"Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"

Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW you have a *new skin* crowding eagerly forward to replace your old skin that is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes. Lady Esther asks, why let these tiny flakes menace the loveliness of your new skin? Why not help your new skin bring new youthfulness to you?

Each unfolding of your skin can bring you Reborn Beauty, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove gently those tiny flakes of worn-out skin beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. Do you feel little rough spots left by your old, dry skin? They're the thieves that steal your loveliness—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly. My 4-Purpose Cream loosens each tiny flake—and other impurities—enables you to whisk them away gently. It helps Nature refine your pores and reveal the fresh youthfulness of your "new-born skin"!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be amazed, if he tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your face cream. But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin...that it helps Nature refine your pores...and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. Use it twice a day or oftener. Try it before you powder. Let my cream help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube FREE!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (56)
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FAMOUS "MAGAZINE COVER GIRL" SAYS:

"Yes, My face is my fortune"

"That's why I use Tangee Theatrical Red Lipstick," says Kay Hernan, beautiful New York artist's model. "It's such a gorgeous color and so marvelously smooth that any girl who wants to be a success ought to try it."



THE NEW
Cream Base
LIPSTICK FOR SMOOTH
PETAL-SOFT LIPS

WHEN you try Tangee Theatrical Red, you're going to wonder how you were ever satisfied with an ordinary "grease base" lipstick!

Here's one that goes on more smoothly than you dreamed possible—"shapes" your lips any way you want—doesn't smear or come off—"sets" more quickly—lasts longer—and never gives you that "wet paint" look that smart women of today avoid.

And what a shade! Clear, glowing, glamorous—a smash hit with brunettes—the perfect touch of drama for blondes!

To complete this modern make-up, use Tangee Theatrical Red Rouge—compact, or the even newer creme—and your favorite shade of flattering Tangee Powder. When you want a more delicate pastel effect, ask for the Natural shade of Tangee.

TANGEE
Theatrical Red
A VIVID RED SHADE



BOOS
AND
Bouquets

M-G-M's own CCC—(John) Carroll, (Joan) Crawford and (Bruce) Cabot—swing gaily along in last season's Broadway hit, "Susan and God"

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE?

NEVER having complained before, I feel I am entitled to do so now. I sat through "Gone with the Wind" twice, thanks to Clark Gable's excellent performance (and he is not my favorite actor). Everyone I have seen since the picture was shown here was highly enthusiastic over his marvelous portrayal of *Rhett Butler*. Now it seems he has been completely ignored, and consideration given to a silly and boring performance by James Stewart in "Mr. Smith, etc." Finally the Academy Award was given to Robert Donat. Nice going! It's a wonder to us that Gable's name was even recalled in connection with the picture, now that the profits are rolling in. Oh, we know that he was well paid, but so are the others.

It is not a matter of begrudging any star what the voters believe he has earned, but it is a matter of giving the public a chance to express itself before these awards are made. We pay for it all, and we (my friends and I) think that both Mr. Gable and Miss de Havilland have been unjustly ignored.

Of the men to select from, just who could or would have given as fine a performance in the role of *Rhett Butler*? Many of us have noticed that when a really big part comes along, such as the leads in "Strange Interlude," "San Francisco," "Men in White," this one and many others, they know where to find Mr. Gable. Well, for our part, it's high time they knew where to find him when thanks are extended!

MARIE ALBERTA CALLAGHAN,
San Antonio, Tex.

P. S. I heartily agree with the sentiments herein expressed.

THERESA ESTELLE MORIN,
San Antonio, Tex.

HOME-MAID

HEDY Lamarr and Joan Bennett certainly do look enough alike to be twins, but when it comes to real glamour Joan leaves Hedy as far behind as if she were still in her native Vienna. La Bennett also (in my opinion) is far the better actress. Hedy Lamarr emotes through picture after picture without being very convincing to me—which goes to show our American gals still have what it takes and, if it were not for the huge build-up most of these foreign stars get when they first come over, no one would even look at them twice.

ELEANOR ROSE,
Sandston, Va.

"IN" WITH THE ARMY NOW

HERE at the Quartermaster Barracks, we have a steady subscription to PHOTOPLAY, so I read it all the time. However, I missed one thing in your latest issue—a picture and caption about Miss Kathryn Adams (remember that name, because there is a girl you will be seeing more of in the movies). She played with Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl," and with Charles Laughton in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Lots of us are so tired of the same old banalities coming year after year from the Dietrichs, Shearers, Crawfords, Davises and Garbos that we yearn for pictures wherein there is less top billing and more top acting.

And, while women may go to a movie so they can get caught up in an emotional rip tide, some of us boys go for entertainment. And we also admire a new personality like Kathryn Adams who gives you a zippy tingle of appreciation of Woman in general.

Of course, many of those who make movies and those who review them probably think a soldier's appreciation of a girl is mostly Sex, capital S. But to us, who eat Army "chow," live often in a boars' nest, and see too many run-of-the-mill male faces, Woman means HOME and her the heart of it.

PAUL T. ROPER,
Fort Logan, Colo.

PAROLE APPLIED FOR

ISN'T it about time Warner Brothers suspended that seemingly endless prison sentence they have on John Garfield? I have just seen the actor in "Castle on

the Hudson" and there is no doubt that he turned in a swell performance as the gangster. But I also have seen Garfield on the stage when he played the romantic hero in "Having Wonderful Time," and the comical taxi-driving brother-in-law in "Golden Boy"—two roles totally different from the type he's been playing in the movies. And he was excellent in both those roles.

Garfield has the powerful personality and acting ability that have marked Paul Muni's rise in films. So . . . why not give him a crack at some of the Muni type of pictures, or even at some "young hero" parts? But please, Warner Brothers, take John Garfield out of the "penitentiary" you've put him in!

GEORGE GILBERT,
New Brunswick, N. J.

PIE IN THE HOLLYWOOD SKY

DOES it occur to you that the only actors today of the good old slapstick comedy, with wigs and false mustaches, are the Marx Brothers?

The time was that audiences rolled in the aisles with laughter, and paid good money to see Charlie Chaplin and the Mack Sennett cops. Recently, one of the studios brought a few of these scenes into a modern film and the younger generation in the theater which I was attending howled (with glee).

Today all our comedians have "gone Hollywood."

There is a gold mine for some studio with a good brace of comedians to become wise to the fact that people will still like to see custard pies hurled and cops fall all over the street; or is there a law against it?

JON H. POUGH, JR.,
Topeka, Kans.

UNRECONSTRUCTED OPINION

THREE years ago, I read a book that word-painted the most moving, intriguing human drama it has ever been my pleasure to read. The author pictured a girl who, from sixteen to twenty-eight years of age, was a shrewd, calculating, fiery, untamed, hypocritical, egotistical, ruthless, courageous, sensuous woman who did not understand her own emotions and could not be bothered with analyzing them. In all, the most dominating fictional character that has yet grown out of the heart-rending conflict that tore a soft-voiced, high-spirited culture to shreds and dragged it in the dust.

I recently saw an interesting, spectac-
(Continued on page 87)

A Quick Dab of Mum makes your "After-Bath Freshness" last all day—all evening long!



Mum every day—and after every bath—prevents underarm odor!

HOW WONDERFUL your bath can be! A quick shower in the morning braces you for a long, hard day. A warm bath when you are tired makes you feel refreshed. And any bath, at any time, leaves you fragrant and sweet... nice to be near for a while!

But no bath—however fresh it leaves you—can guarantee you lasting charm! For a bath removes only past perspiration. It does not... cannot... prevent risk of future odor. Unless you give underarms special daily care, you can offend and never know it. Wise girls face this fact... and make a habit of Mum!

Mum after your bath and before every date prevents underarm odor. With a minimum of trouble... it makes you sure of popularity all day or all evening long. More women use Mum than any other



deodorant... for Mum is so dependable... so gentle... so sure to guard charm!

MUM IS QUICK! Your bath may take 15 minutes... it takes only half-a-minute more for Mum! Just a pat under this arm, then under that with this pleasant cream... and you're through... sure that you're safe from odor all day or all evening—welcome anywhere.

MUM IS SAFE! You need never have a worry about even your finest dress... if you always use Mum! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics—no matter how delicate they are. Even after you're dressed gentle Mum is safe to use! Mum is actually so extra-gentle that you can use it even after underarm shaving, and it won't irritate your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to

At the end of a wonderful evening he hates to say "good night"—for Mum's sure care always keeps you fresh and sweet! Smart girls—popular girls—say no charm counts more than perfect daintiness. And for daily underarm care, they rely on Mum.

stop underarm perspiration, Mum works in advance to neutralize the odor. With Mum you can be sure your after-bath freshness lasts all evening long. Women everywhere use Mum... more of them use this pleasant cream than any other deodorant. (And men like to use Mum, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Why risk offending—even once? Make a habit of Mum. Then you're sure you guard your charm!

* * *

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS! More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle... safe... frees you from worry of offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

\$3,000.00

"LILLIAN RUSSELL"

CONTEST

Mark these TRUE or FALSE:

Fans! Here is your chance to win One Thousand Dollars—or any of 132 other big cash prizes! It's easy! It's fun! The glamorous, fascinating beauty, whose life and loves soon will be seen in the spectacular 20th Century-Fox picture, "Lillian Russell," inspired this Contest! All you have to do is check as True or False the statements in the column at the right. Then write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject:

"WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

Be sure to send in your True or False List with your letter to 20th Century-Fox—and you can be one of the many winners! Read carefully the Contest Rules below, and start immediately!

EASY TO WIN!



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY..... STATE.....

ATTACH THIS TO YOUR LETTER ON "WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL."

1 Lillian Russell was called "The Most Beautiful Woman in America."

True False

2 "Diamond Jim" Brady was Lillian Russell's ardent admirer and showered her with costly jewels.

True False

3 Lillian Russell was given a kingdom by the Maharajah of Rahndigoor.

True False

4 Lillian Russell's exciting life and loves will be seen in a motion picture made by Darryl F. Zanuck.

True False

5 Lillian Russell was discovered by the famous showman, Tony Pastor, when he heard her sing.

True False

6 The pavement outside Lillian Russell's home was studded with diamonds and rubies.

True False

7 Lillian Russell was the daughter of a President of the United States.

True False

8 Celebrated New York men-about-town returned to the theatre week after week to see and applaud Lillian Russell.

True False

9 Alice Faye will portray Lillian Russell in a motion picture soon to be released by 20th Century-Fox.

True False

10 Lillian Russell wore a wondrous evening gown woven entirely of rare butterfly wings.

True False



133 PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE \$1,000.00

2nd PRIZE . . . \$500.00

3rd PRIZE . . . \$250.00

5 PRIZES of \$100.00 each

25 PRIZES of \$10.00 each

100 PRIZES of \$5.00 each

EASY RULES!

1. Check the True or False statements in the space provided. Print or write plainly your name and address on the coupon and attach it firmly to an original letter of not more than 50 words on the subject: WHY LILLIAN RUSSELL IS FAMOUS AS AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOR GIRL.
2. Mail your True or False List and your letter of not more than 50 words to the *Lillian Russell Contest Editor*, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation, 444 West 56th St., New York. You can submit as many letters as you want, provided each is accompanied by a separate True or False printed form.
3. Residents of the United States, Hawaii or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of 20th Century-Fox, their advertising agency and their families. Contest is subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Contest closes June 15, 1940. All entries become the property of 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation.
4. Entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to the True or False List and, in the event of a tie, by the merit and originality of the letter of not more than 50 words. The decision of the judges will be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the Contest.
5. Checks will be mailed to the winners within a month of the close of the Contest. Anyone wishing a complete list of winners may obtain same by writing 20th Century-Fox and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Give her a hand—for Kay Francis beat Hollywood at its own game when she played to the hilt her role in "It's a Date," opposite Deanna Durbin and Walter Pidgeon

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



BY RUTH WATERBURY

DAVID SELZNICK got the Irving Thalberg award at the Academy dinner this year for being the producer who contributed the most to the motion-picture industry during 1939 . . . the award was given for his production of "Gone with the Wind" which is proving itself to be the most successful movie ever made, having already taken in better than sixteen and a half million dollars . . . but now having seen "Rebecca," I think David Selznick has a much greater idea to sell to Hollywood than even the spectacle of his lavish courage in producing the epic of *Scarlett O'Hara* and *Rhett Butler* . . . it's simple . . . yet he seems to be the only producer in Hollywood aware of it . . . to me it's the secret of the success of this man who had never made a really poor picture . . . it's merely this: David Selznick believes that the author of a successful story knew how to write that story, and that, therefore, when the story is transferred to celluloid it shouldn't be changed. . . .

When it came to filming Margaret Mitchell's masterpiece, while it was necessary to drop certain characters and situations due purely to

length . . . every part of the story that could be retained was transferred to the screen just as Miss Mitchell wrote it . . . and the result is sixteen and a half million dollars! When Mr. Selznick produced Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," he produced that just as Miss Alcott wrote it . . . you know what happened to that at the box office. . . .

When it came to Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca," however, he faced a doubly difficult task . . . here was a tremendously successful mystery novel in which the central character never appears . . . I know that if I had been faced with the task of transferring such a story to the screen I would have thought it imperative to show the woman . . . but not Mr. Selznick . . . he had brains enough to realize that, since the public had accepted the book with *Rebecca* absent, the movie public could be made to do the same . . . the film result is an eerie, stirring, utterly "different" picture . . . and, I suspect, several thousand more dollars added to David Selznick's personal fortune. . . .

Yet with the spectacle of the Selznick success due to this policy ever before them . . . no other producer follows it . . . we get a supposed life of Stephen Foster distorted into a silly piece of twaddle called "Swanee River". . . we get a "Lost Horizon" in which the character of a spinster schoolteacher is turned by the scenario department into a prostitute . . . or a "Wee Willie Winkie" wherein the very sex of the leading character is changed from male to female. . . .

THERE'S no sense to it . . . I could give you scores of examples, but those three are enough . . . none of them made the money they were expected to make . . . perhaps they wouldn't have made fortunes if they had been filmed exactly . . . but I'll wager anything that they would have made, in their original form, more than they did in these versions. . . .

The greatest point of weakness in Hollywood today lies in the scenario departments . . . and the fault lies not with the writers hired but in the system under which they have to work . . . there's one studio in town . . . admittedly a small one . . . in which writers are hired to work at twenty-five dollars a week on the story

for a star who gets thousands . . . Hollywood's favorite joke is that writers at that studio are hired on a two-way basis: Writer and janitor . . . but it isn't really funny . . . I have never yet seen a good picture made from a poor script, regardless of the stars or the production lavished upon it . . . and reversely I have never seen a poor picture made from a good script . . . and that goes for the casting and production, too . . . Jimmy Cagney and Eddie Robinson were unknown actors made through good stories . . . so, for a while, was Tyrone Power (let us forget "Day-Time Wife") . . . It was criminal extravagance to waste Clark Gable on a "Strange Cargo," though the studio is righting that wrong now with the story they have given him in "Boom Town" . . . which I have been privileged to read and which I think is just about the best script, for sheer entertainment, I have ever read . . . and a deep bow should be given to John Lee Mahin, who created it. . . .

I MENTION these other stars and other studios because I don't want to seem to infer that David Selznick is the only producer out here who knows a good story when he sees one . . . he isn't . . . but I do think that he is unique in his believing that when the public had proven it likes a story . . . then the public is right . . . and that the story, in filming, should not be changed . . . and I repeat if he can sell our other producers that idea . . . we'll all be seeing a lot better pictures. . . .

Of course, good pictures aren't entirely up to the producer and the writer . . . they can go only just so far and then in come the stars . . . right now a lot of our leading stars are having "art" attacks . . . at the moment it is our glamour girls and if they don't watch out, all they are going to do is wake up one morning and discover they have made the screen safe for Hedy Lamarr . . . here's spring upon us, spring when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and a young girl's fancy goes even further and what are our laugh-producing girls giving us . . . gloom, that's what . . . gloom and shiny noses. . . .

Consider Miss Carole Lombard . . . she of the glorious humor and the shining hair, the
(Continued on page 94)



WHY THE WHOLE WORLD
ENVIES
our Bathing Beauty

Fashion swings to the swing skirt. Interpreted here in a brand new fabric. Rich, dull-surface faille, woven of acetate rayon and "Lastex" yarns. Morning glory print in various colors on blue white ground. Slenderizing treatment in fitted bodice (thanks to that famous stretch) and adjustable shoulder straps. At leading stores everywhere, in company with many other swim suits made with "Lastex" yarn for fit, comfort and control... the suits that rule the fashion waves!

Lastex... THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City



- I T H E E W E D

Photoplay presents its fashion-wise impression of the way Vivien Leigh may look when she becomes the bride of Laurence Olivier late this summer

ONE Shakespearean tour brought them together; it's only poetic justice that another should serve as prelude for their wedding march! For, some time in August (when their respective divorce decrees become final in England), Vivien Leigh will set aside her *Juliet* cap and Laurence Olivier will step off the stage as *Romeo* to become Mr. and Mrs. in real life. To prove that a second-marriage ensemble—or one designed for any informal wedding late this season—can be every bit as entrancing as the first, PHOTOPLAY envisions this lovely bride-to-be in a dinner costume of faille taffeta that will be a stunning addition to any trousseau after the ceremony. Meanwhile, for the bridal tradition, there's "something old" and "something borrowed" about its little fitted peplum and semi leg-of-mutton sleeves reminiscent of grandma's wedding day. There's "something blue" in its navy coloring (though you may prefer black as pictured here). And there's "something new" in the blush pink that faces the gown and fashions the bow on the lingerie blouse of white chiffon and baby lace that's held tightly to a high, snug waistband on the full, rustling skirt. Then there's a wisp of a pink horsehair bonnet piled with shaded pink lilacs, and gloves to match the deepest hue of the latter. We did all this window-shopping for Vivien Leigh at Hattie Carnegie, New York—then rushed to one of our (and your) favorite illustrators so he could show us all just how sweet she'd look!

No modern love story has been more avidly followed than that of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, which soon achieves a happy ending—inspiring Arthur William Brown, the world-famous artist (see page 48), to "dream up" this portrait of the season's most pulse-stirring bride



ARTHUR
WILLIAM
BROWN -
40



The Durkin sisters—Grace, who is married to Bill Henry, and Gertrude, the wife of Jimmy Ellison—made plans together for babies born two weeks apart

HOLLYWOOD BIRTH RATE

Going Up!

The world could use some of the faith and courage Hollywood's young married set are showing in starting a surprising new cycle—babies!

Chaotic conditions abroad upset the plans of Edward Lindsay-Hogg and Geraldine Fitzgerald for the birthplace of their child

BY KAY PROCTOR

THE weeping Willies and moaning Mamies of the country are in for a shock and I have an idea it is going to set them back on their heels for a pleasantly long time. It has to do with the extraordinarily large number of babies due to arrive in the homes of Hollywood's great and near-great within the next few months.

At first glance it began to look like an epidemic was in full swing when, one after the other, the news leaked

out that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Ray Milland, Anne Shirley, Janet Gaynor, Bill Henry, Jimmy Ellison, Geraldine Fitzgerald, John Garfield, Russell Hayden, Johnny Weissmuller, Madge Evans, Pat Ziegfeld and several others were preparing to welcome little newcomers to their families. Laughingly people said a new Hollywood cycle, like gangster pictures, Westerns, and screwball comedies, was running its course.

Then the real significance of it hit, and people no longer laughed. They saw the faith and courage that lay behind it, a faith and courage sadly needed in the world today.

For many years now the self-appointed censors of the other fellow's morals and behavior

Serenity and gratitude envelop Anne Shirley and John Payne in all their plans for the baby expected in July



If it's a girl in the Janet Gaynor-Gilbert Adrian menage, she'll be the best-dressed baby in Hollywood

The John Garfields have no fear of world conditions, as they await the arrival of their second child



have made Hollywood the handy scapegoat for all the real or imaginary ills of the world. From short bathing suits to long fingernails, the battle cry of the critics was the same:

"Blame Hollywood for that!"

In a sense, I suppose, there was some justice to it. Hollywood has set the style for many phases of modern modes and manners. But now comes the joker. If the birth rate among young married couples suddenly hits a new high in the next year it quite probably will be because Hollywood again is setting a new style, the style of having babies. For once the sourpusses will have to put away their harpoons and admit:

"Credit Hollywood for that!"

THE baby question always has been a touchy subject in Movie Town. For years it was believed a screen hero or glamour queen would lose all box-office appeal if they dared marry and raise a family like the couple down the street. For years it seemed to be true, which was why favorites like Barbara La Marr and Jack Holt tried desperately to keep the existence of their children from the public. Not until Norma Shearer and Harold Lloyd not only admitted the existence of their respective sons and daughters but took public pride in them did the box-office slant on the subject change. And although it was proved time and again that having babies frequently meant the loss of considerable fortunes through time away from the screen and changed physical appearance, childless marriages of stars inevitably were censured severely as "deplorably selfish."

If ever young stars had a legitimate "out" for not bearing children and would be free of that censure of selfishness, it is now in 1940 when all around them they hear their elders, thinking men and women, speak hopeless words about the future of civilization itself. Why wouldn't they have a justifiable reluctance to create new lives when on every side they hear embittered adults talk of "a world doomed to inextricable turmoil," and promise they would bear no more sons for an egomaniac's cannon fodder or daughters for a bomber's target?

Most of them were "war babies" themselves, born at the beginning of the bloody world conflict which was to end all wars forever hence. They saw the hope their parents had and the sacrifices they made. They see now, twenty-five years later, how vain were those hopes and sacrifices.

Yet in the face of international chaos, toppling governments, industrial strife and threatened security, the youth of Hollywood wants no part of this ready-made "out." They want children and are having them.

It is, I think, the most significant answer that Hollywood could make to the charges of the Dies Committee and the accusation of radical and subversive attitude toward the American form of government. In having children they are proving their faith in the future of this nation and democracy.

It is an inspiring example for American youth to follow.

There is nothing heroic about the way these young stars are having their babies, however; they are experiencing the same secret thrill, the same great excitement, and the same impatient longing for the big day to arrive that makes it the same glorious adventure for John and Mary Brown of Main Street. They are one with them in plans and hopes, little worries and problems.

First of the new babies to make an appearance in Hollywood was the six-pound son born to Ray and Muriel Milland on March 6. So anxious was the young gentleman to join his parents, he arrived two weeks ahead of schedule and caught Papa Ray out of town on a brief holiday at Sun Valley. Racing the stork in a chartered plane, Ray arrived at the hospital in time to meet a smiling nurse with a tiny bundle in her arms saying, "It's a boy!"

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CAN
HOLLYWOOD
MOTHERS
BE *Good*
MOTHERS?

BY
BARBARA STANWYCK



Barbara, with her son Dion, is proof that a good mother is the same in any community

THERE'S a general conception that Hollywood stars aren't very good mothers. I hear some American women think of the actress' child as a lonely little fellow, guarded from kidnapers and kept from bothering mama by an army of impersonal governesses and tutors. It's a favorite fiction that any baby unlucky enough to be born into a star's home turns into a precocious, snobbish, neurotic, thoroughly miserable youngster, and that it's all his mother's fault.

Thank Heaven, this is fiction and not truth. The picture of a mother is the same in any language and in any community—and I guarantee Hollywood is no exception. Oh, there may be

some out here who could do with a lesson or two on the subject; a few congenitally inefficient mothers happen to every town.

Naturally, the Hollywood woman is not the homebody type; she's a career girl.

When she has a baby it's because she desperately wants one, which means she will love it, inevitably. She certainly doesn't have it for publicity purposes—that's going a long way for a few lines in papers and magazines. Besides, the expense . . . it costs around \$100,000 for a top star to go through the routine of childbirth. There is time out, and salary out; huge hospital and medical charges; and the slump in career

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THE MARRIAGE PLANS OF GINGER ROGERS AND HOWARD HUGHES

*It was once an undercover romance—
now all Hollywood rejoices in the
perfect love of two happy headliners*

BY RUTH WATERBURY

MISS GINGER ROGERS is wearing an emerald as big as a headlight set around with baguette diamonds huge as pears on the heart-warning finger of her left hand these days.

The heart of Miss Ginger Rogers right now is as spirited as her feathery feet. The eyes of the little dancing girl, who proved that she was a dashing comedienne in "Bachelor Mother," and then a sensitive, dramatic realistic actress in "The Primrose Path," those provocative, saucy eyes of hers are aglow with happiness, with that inner fire, with that throbbing intensity that comes only to the eyes of a woman in love.

For that's how it is with her. Ginger is in love. Ginger is to be married the very moment it is legally possible, which will be March 14, 1941, just one year and a day after she sought her divorce from Lew Ayres.

Ginger is in love this time as she never was in love with Jack Pepper, the vaudevillian who was her first husband, nor with Lew, her second; and it isn't such a wonder at that. For she has given her today's heart to Howard Hughes, the multimillionaire flyer, who is very much a man's man, and by that I mean no disrespect to actors, either, but there's a difference.

There's a difference if for no other reason than that a man's man will stumblingly, but nonetheless tell a woman that he loves her, that she is beautiful, that she is the most wonderful creature who ever trod this earth, and all those much too extravagant things that no keen-brained creature like Ginger would quite believe, but which are sweet to hear nonetheless. With actors, they want the woman to say those things about them, and when it comes to making a girl completely happy, that isn't nearly so good.

Moreover, Howard Hughes has adored Ginger Rogers, and made no bones about it either, since 1931, which is a flatteringly long time for a millionaire bachelor to stay devoted anywhere and at least two blissful lifetimes long in Hollywood. It's true that he has dated practically every pretty blonde who has ever hit Hollywood in that interval, except when he dated brunettes. It is true that a season or so ago he was rumored emotion-smitten by Miss Katharine Hepburn, though the intimates of both of them have insisted that they honestly were that stock Hollywood setup, "just good friends."

Now it seems that through it all Ginger and Howard (she the wife of Lew and Howard the one who flew around the world in a very spectacular and fast manner a couple of years ago, only to have his publicity thunder stolen from him by Douglas Corrigan because the latter arrived at where he said he didn't mean to be and got there backwards) have remained intrigued by one another.

There was never any doubt of Ginger's love for Lew Ayres while it lasted. Her marriage to Jack Pepper was one of those foolish, child escapades, but Lew to Ginger was true romance, the breath of orange blossoms, the voice that breathed o'er Eden and all that sort of tender, youthful emotionalism. Yet their incompatibility was always just as evident as her adoration. Lew is all plodding and brooding, all careful saving and looking into the future, where Ginger is all swift facility, casualness and little-girl joy. She has worked, of course, like a glamorous young slave but still she's had fun working. She climbed her glittering, golden pathway to fame. She built her hilltop mansion. And she evolved, from merely a cute kid into an important star. In other words, she grew up. And growing up, she wanted, as every woman wants, a man in her life. Yet he had to be a special type of man, one of position, one of name, but still not a serious, solemn owl. He had to be gay for Ginger. He needed to be all the things that Howard Hughes is.

The absolute rightness of this romance for the two happy people concerned seems so obvious now that I don't see how those of us around Hollywood who think we are so all-fired wise to what's going on could have missed it all this while. But miss it we did and by miles.

Howard and Ginger were quiet as two crocuses under the snow about the fact that they

were seeing each other in 1939 again, after their first casual dates back in 1931 and 1932. Not so much as an inkling of their serious attachment inked out until Ginger got her divorce this spring, and even then Hollywood couldn't guess who the man was, though naturally we knew that there must be a man. For in this town, even as in the rest of the world, a woman who has been long separated from her husband doesn't up and get a divorce merely for freedom (even though she always insists that is the only reason). Hollywood began saying "*cherchez l'homme*" the minute they handed Ginger those interlocutory papers. The only trouble was that we didn't know where to look for *l'homme*.

WHERE we should have looked, it comes out, was into a simple little restaurant down in Santa Monica, the prettiest little cottage restaurant you ever did see, overlooking the blue and placid Pacific and set back in the midst of a great flower garden. It's all done up in chintzes and softly candle-lighted. The food is perfection. The quiet and sweetly sly ones of the film colony know this restaurant. It is here that Joel McCrea and Frances Dee used to steal for their courting in those exciting days before they were wed. It is here that many a hero of movies hides out with his particular charmer of the moment, when he's really talking sincerely and not promoting a publicity romance. But for all that, the cameraboy and the reporters haven't generally discovered it since the management lets its celebrities politely alone. The sum of these reasons is why Ginger and Howard Hughes have dined there nightly now for months.

Still and for all that, there were other signs of what was going on in the hearts of the slim redheaded girl and the more slim, most tall flyer if only we'd had sense enough to read them.

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Back in the early thirties, as the above rare candid of Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes proves, the slim redhead and millionaire oil-man and famous flyer were dating—but it wasn't 'til Ginger applied for her freedom this Spring, that blind Hollywood knew that it was all the "Real McCoy!"



Anita Louise, with Cary Grant and Rudy Vallee, proves she can eat her cake and have a figure, too



Thank heavens, boys, Tyrone Power pays Anna-bella's check—for she's another of the "eating girls"



Rosemary Lane wraps herself around ham and eggs as you would popcorn



Manhattan beaux don't remember what they eat—but they can't forget the checks!

B.L.

GLAMOUR GIRLS

Off Their Diet

Famous girl columnist catches Hollywood fragiles on a calorie spree—with incalculable results for you and the stars alike

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

THERE was a time when I believed the myth that every girl in Hollywood was hungry. I knew, from what I read in the movie columns and magazines, that Joan Crawford lived on three small lettuce leaves a day, that Priscilla Lane collapsed regularly on the set from dieting, and that the poorest Polish peasant was better off at lunch time than Hedy Lamarr. As a girl brought up with the highest devotion to what our set called breakfast, luncheon and dinner, these malnutrition items gave me visions of horror about the cinema town. Poor Dorothy Lamour, shrinking in her sarong, being led into Cedars of Lebanon Hospital faint from lack of calories. Bette Davis kissing Errol Flynn without an ounce of Vitamin A. Judy Garland praying for an ice-cream cone and getting melba toast. An empty stomach, I always thought, was a terrible price to pay for an Academy Award.

Then I began observing motion-picture

actresses at mealtime, noting what they order.

And all I know is, they always eat steak when I'm looking. In fact, after spending several seasons watching Hollywood beauties at work with the knife and fork, I will stack them up against any All-American football team and bet on the girls to make the griddle cakes disappear faster. The more beautiful the star, the better the appetite. I will guarantee that Hedy Lamarr's eating ability would frighten an Alabama tackle.

Anita Louise, who looks as if she subsists on bee's tongues, is another belle with the appetite of a transcontinental bus driver. And Rosemary Lane eats steaks, chops, potatoes, roast beef, and ham and eggs the way you eat popcorn.

I asked a young-man-around-town, who had taken Rosemary out frequently on her trips to New York, what she ate when she was with him.

"I don't know," the beau groaned morosely.

"All I remember is the size of the cheeks!"

I have worked out two possible theories to explain why the celluloid beauties, on their recent visit to New York, have been abandoning those legendary pineapple and rose leaf diets to tear into meals that would embarrass a starving stevedore. I have decided this is due to the fact that (a) cuties are coming back—Lana Turner has more fans at Harvard than Marlene Dietrich, for instance, so the girls don't mind looking robust; and (b) the food in Hollywood is terrible, so in Manhattan they "cram," like kids home from boarding school for the week end.

A casual observer, not bothering about explanations, would take one look around the gilded bistros patronized by the glamour girls and conclude that a diet was something the stars had heard of, but never defined. Let him travel from the Stork Club, where Marie Wilson is munching Welsh rarebit, to Ruby



Eating Champion of Hollywood: Hedy Lamarr, typical of the foreign contingent, and original "second-helping" girl



Runner-up in the tablecloth sweepstakes: Joan Crawford, with Charles Martin

Foo's, where Dorothy Lamour is devouring Chinese seafood, to the Coq Rouge, where Janet Gaynor is tearing into Risotto Milanese, and he will forget that he ever felt sorry for a gal who made \$2,000 a week but couldn't eat it.

And think what this means! Do you grasp the full significance? If the stars, whose very souls are dedicated to glamour, can toss their diets out the window, why can't we? No more anti-waistline campaigns. No more counting to ten before attacking those chocolates.

I always heard Garbo ate spinach. But the first time I ever saw Greta with a knife and fork in her paws, she was eating a giant hamburger.

Mary Pickford is a small woman. But she can wrap herself around wild duck à la presse and show no sign of wear and tear. I have

observed Norma Shearer consume a large plate of fried chicken with the dispatch of a Southern mammy. Betty Grable often drops into Colbert's and orders a baby turkey, which is not my idea of a frugal meal, and Jane Bryan sups on beefsteak with mushroom sauce

THE foreign stars, particularly the British variety, have absolutely no regard for calorie-counting. They are strictly eating girls, and if they have any waistline left by the time they hit the camera's eye, it is wholly a gift of God and has nothing to do with the fact that they ate raw carrots for lunch.

Karen Verne, M-G-M's English import, declared herself gastronomically the minute she got off the boat. She stepped on the pier,

shook hands with the young man sent to meet her, and asked: "Where can I get a good American hamburger?"

I have seen Margot Graham demolish beefsteak and kidney pot pie, hardly a slimming dish, in Bill's Gay Nineties of an evening, and have noticed Ilona Massey, the Hungarian lure, munching the same thing. Ilona also adores calves liver and bacon at "21," and has been known to order it three days running.

Hedy Lamarr, however, remains my idea of the Eating Champion of Hollywood. She comes into a restaurant looking pale and beautiful and as out-of-the-world as if she had never consumed anything more substantial than butterfly's wings sauté, and she proceeds to outeat

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARBARA SHERMUND



Give the Hollywood beauties a knife and fork; stack them up against any All-American football team—and it's a cinch the gals will win



A kiss without an ounce of Vitamin A? Maybe once she munched only on lettuce leaves, but now it's chicken



It's just a myth—that gal who makes \$2,000 a week and can't eat. Little whipped cream whimsies give her that underweight look



Together again—Nelson and Jeanette in "New Moon"

Categorically Speaking

JEANETTE *As Seen by Nelson Eddy*

THE Jeanette MacDonald you know on the screen and through the usual stories written about her has a good many more facets to her personality than you've been led to believe. Since I like to do anything and everything as thoroughly as possible, you may find some categories of mine are not in agreement with those you'd choose yourself. I'll try to explain them as I go along—but if I forget, you'll just have to take my word for it.

Jeanette, if she were food, would be a cold pheasant wing with dry Chablis, rice pudding and toast melba. The last item represents a definite sense of self-discipline; the rice pud-

When is a rice pudding not a rice pudding? It's when that wily Howard Sharpe tricks stars into describing each other in terms of steam engines and steak, Scotch plaid and heather

ding is that simple, hearty, sometimes unglamorous quality she has; and the other portions of the menu speak for themselves.

As a tree—well, just imagine a sunny California hill with golden poppies growing down the slope, and then, right on top, perch a Christmas tree all garnished with baubles and quite incongruously touched with real snow. Snow that the sun cannot melt, no matter how warm the rays.

It's easier to describe Jeanette in terms of a

house. That's a natural. She's an early American place with a Scottish influence in the decorations: The MacDonald is very conscious of her ancestry. Pure early American is not very comfortable, but this house would be. There'd be divans upholstered in plaid, facing a great open fireplace, and the inevitable spinning wheel would be pushed back to make way for a tea wagon. That symbolism is particularly apt. The house would be spotless, the wooden floors scrubbed until they shone, with everything dusted relentlessly. A family bible and a family album would have a conspicuous place on a conspicuous table. The mantle and small what-nots would be covered with little sentimental gadgets and keepsakes.

The whole mood of the place would be one of casual formality, with rules to be observed—but not to the exclusion of comfort.

What sort of game? Certainly not a very energetic one; I should say a parlor game in
(Continued on page 91)



Metamorphose Jeanette into an animal, a flower, a sport! A deer, a nosegay, a jumping rope is the way Nelson does it—but his explanations as to why she is these things tell you more about the personality of his glamorous co-star than anything you have read about her yet

NELSON

As Seen by Jeanette MacDonald

What Kind of Car Would He Be?

If Nelson Eddy were an automobile, I'm pretty sure he would be a sedan, probably light tan in color, with white sidewall tires which would be quite spotless, always. The car would be of good make, a trustworthy make. It would have a governor on the accelerator to keep it from going faster than the lawful speed limit. But this car would have a touch of fancy about it; the exhaust pipe would be attached to an expensive set of musical horns and they would work by vacuum, exuberantly booming forth "The Road to Mandalay," to the confusion of traffic and the delight of people on sidewalks. Crowds of girls would follow the machine down the street.

What Kind of Clothes?

A conservative, dark blue business suit, with matching tie, shirt, socks and handkerchief in various shades. The suit would be neatly pressed, unobtrusively expensive. There would be a boutonniere on the lapel, and when you smelled it a stream of water would squirt in your eye. Yes, you would find—if you looked closely—a mended place where a sleeve had been ripped by overly enthusiastic autograph-seekers.

Food?

Steak, mashed potatoes, plenty of gravy, and iced pineapple.

What Kind of Mechanical Device?

Oh, I should think a platinum-plated steam shovel, deliberately and earnestly and thoroughly doing the work demanded of it, and being extremely entertaining to the groups of

people who have gathered around the railing of the excavation to watch.

What Magazine, or Magazines?

A mixture of magazines, certainly—mostly *Country Gentleman*, with a few pages of *Down Beat*, the musicians trade book; a touch of *Boy's Life*; a glossy covered opera program; some of *Readers Digest*. The issue would have a cover in subdued tones, with the picture of a tree and some dogs and a man smoking a pipe.

What Song?

A marching song. "Home Sweet Home," sung by Nelson himself; "That Dear Old Mother of Mine," rendered with moving sincerity by a

large chorus; a few bars of a raucous barracks ditty heard from the bathroom, to accompaniment of splashing.

What Animal?

Nelson would certainly be an animal with a constructive purpose in life, like a fine watchdog with an especially appealing bark.

Drink?

Hot rum punch on a cold, bleak day. Beer, drunk from a china mug.

Book, or Books?

Of course there would have to be a tome on music. And a collection of essays on how to live intelligently, with control. Anything by Horatio Alger, the writing polished by Somerset Maugham, because his life is like an Alger story except that he has lived it with great distinction and good taste. And a history book, because of Nelson's fabulous memory for details.

Street?

Berkeley Square in Los Angeles, where the Quality live. There are gates at either end (it's only two blocks long), and even the gutters are exclusive. He would be the street the Met is on, in New York, the main drag of any small American town—the Sinclair Lewis Main Street, but with good taste and aplomb—and he would be the entrance drive to a studio city.

Game?

Magic—perhaps because it's one of the things he does well, at every party; but also because he's so darned surprising. He's a guessing game, of course. And Musical Chairs.

Tree?

An oak. Sometimes he's a very young oak, however, easily swayed by a strong breeze. Mostly he knows what he wants and stands very firm against the breeze. And he's intensely staunch in his loyalties.

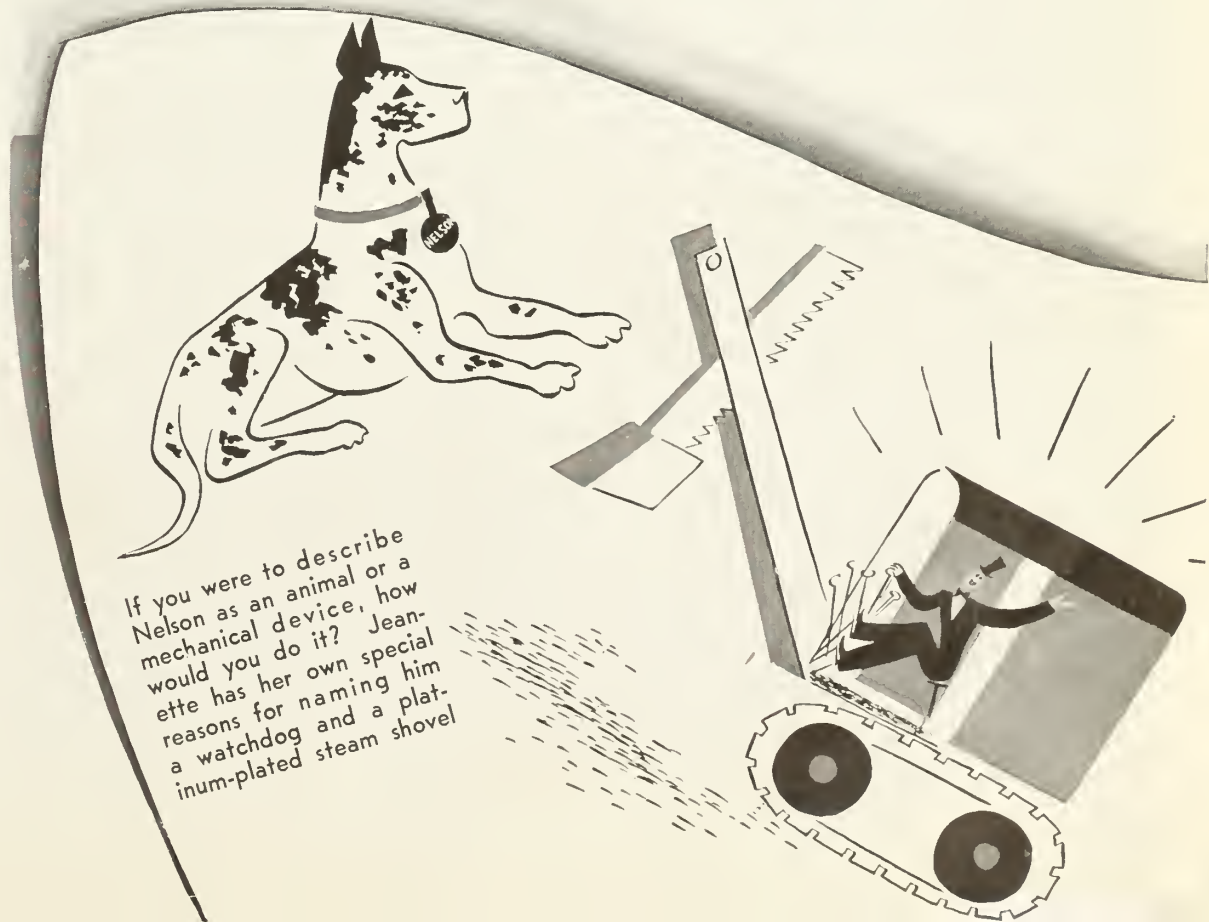
House?

White Colonial. Passionately American, formal with a play cottage removed from the main building, for parties. There would be a pipe organ in the drawing room.

Sport?

Baseball, particularly at the interval when the bands play. There would have to be bands.

(Continued on page 91)



HAWAIIAN

Honeymoon

In a game you may play your shots straight, but in love it's a wise woman who takes the subtle approach

BY HAGAR WILDE

OF ALL the determinedly cheery little crowd preparing to accompany Angus MacBride on a week-end fishing trip, there were only three who looked forward to what should have been a pleasant prospect with anything resembling pleasure. The unsuspecting Angus had asked them all out of the goodness of his heart and had no idea that he was virtually packing his small boat with nitroglycerine. Laurel Crane was glad to tag along for reasons all her own. And Alastair Decker was in a state of gleeful anticipation.

You certainly couldn't say as much for the four others.

Two attractive young people on their honeymoon in fabled islands of romance would be of interest anywhere. Two film stars of the first magnitude on their honeymoon in Hollywood's recently discovered playground, Hawaii, are world news. Simple, isn't it?

But the situation newly-wed David Crawford and Ann Adams found themselves in was far from simple. They had gladly invited their best friends, Randolph Grimes and Caroline Hathaway, to come along. They quite definitely had not invited Laurel Crane, seductively beautiful though she was.

Laurel was David's first wife. She was already anticipating being his third. Just like that.

Where Alastair Decker joined the cast, no one was quite sure. However, since trouble was obviously brewing in this section of cinema society and Alastair's business was the spreading of movie scandals across newspaper pages all over America, they accepted the inevitability of his presence with whatever fortitude they could command.

All except Ann. Oh, she could have accepted Alastair's presence with a philosophy born of resignation. She could even have accepted Laurel's avowed determination to win David back, knowing what that divorce had originally cost the man she loved. What she couldn't accept was David's reluctant admission that Laurel still obsessed all his thoughts. Being the bride in the case, she could hardly be expected to welcome the addition of Laurel to the proposed party. That's why she took refuge in hysterics, the moment they were safe from prying eyes.

HER hysteria over, Ann spent the better part of an hour repairing the ravages. Little Keiko stood beside her holding a bowl of ice and handing her clean soft towels. Ann bathed her eyes in water hot as she could bear it and then wrapped the ice in a towel, pressing it over them until it seemed as though they'd frozen in her head. But afterward there were no traces of tears. Keiko, silent and quick, helped her to dress. When she'd finished, Ann put her arm around the slight shoulders and kissed Keiko's

smooth, cool little cheek. "Thank you, Keiko."

"Please." Keiko bent in agonized, inarticulate sympathy.

"You're sweet," Ann said. "Don't ever be hysterical, Keiko, it doesn't get you anywhere." Keiko hadn't any idea what hysterical meant. All she knew was that the pretty lady she served had not spent the night at home in her own bed and when she had come home there'd been horrible sounds of crying from the drawing room.

As they drove to Kewalo basin where the boat was anchored Ann said to David, "Please forgive me for that horrible scene. I lost my head. I'm sorry."

David said miserably, "Don't apologize. It makes me feel awful. Everything is my fault."

"No it isn't. It's nobody's fault. I've been thinking while I was dressing, David. It can all be done very quietly. When we go back I'll have to start the new picture immediately. I can't get the divorce until after it's finished but the moment I'm free I'll go to Hot Springs or Florida . . . it will be easy. I'll charge you with mental cruelty. You won't mind that, will you?"

"I mind discussing it. I wish it could just be over and we didn't have to talk about it."

"It's really only a discussion of technicalities. So far as I'm concerned we're divorced right now. We have been ever since last night."

"It's hard to imagine life without you, Ann."

"It's harder to live life without her," Ann said. "It's quite impossible for anybody to love two people, David."

"I'm not sure it is," said David. "We all want the whole thing, you know? Excitement and danger and peace and security and laughter and seriousness all mixed up in one person. And if we don't find it in one person we want two or three or even four people to round out our lives."

"The Turks seemed to manage pretty well that way," Ann said, "but I understand it's against the law in this country."

She thought: I didn't want anybody else to round out my life. I was happy just to be his wife. But I'm not a man. Maybe women are satisfied with less.

THE Humuhumunukunuku, a motor cruiser, was moored alongside the dock at Kewalo and Angus MacBride, clad in a pilaka shirt of strange and wonderful hues, sat on a packing case checking lists. As they approached, he was saying, "Beer. Chuck it in, Willi." Willi, a hapahaoli boy with soft brown eyes and a smile which substituted for intelligence, chucked in three cases of beer and followed them through the window of the Humuhumunukunuku to stow them in the icebox. Angus said to Ann and David, "Hello, there. You're the first to arrive." He gestured toward Willi. "The bronze idol whose posterior you see wriggling through the window hasn't a brain or a moral in his whole silly head but he can swim like a fish and fish like a magician. He knows these waters as though he'd dug the channels himself."

Laurel and Alastair Decker arrived together. Laurel's slacks were obviously the handiwork of

a very good and expensive tailor. They were topped by a soft white angora sweater which showed the breadth of her shoulders and the slimness of her waist to perfection. Alastair was wearing a horrible multicolored sweater which was his idea of tropical apparel and made Ann think of an advertisement for an outdoor poster. Alastair said, "Laurel and I had cocktails at the Royal. She's kept me roaring with laughter for two hours." Ann wondered what they'd been laughing about. About her and David? About David's funny, silly marriage? Laurel said to David with a quick, sidelong smile, "I was telling him about the time we fought over the color of the roadster and I left for Reno and you took the plane and caught me at the lawyer's office, remember?"

"Yes," David said. "I wanted to kill you."

Ann swallowed hard, feeling somewhat like a nonmember visiting a very exclusive club. She saw Alastair watching her, forced a smile and hooked her arm through David's trying to give an imitation of the happiest and most understanding wife in the Western Hemisphere.

A taxi door slammed as though the object were to tear it off the hinges and Caroline ap-

ILLUSTRATED BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL



peared in their midst with Randy at her heels. Obviously they were not on speaking terms. "If it were not," Caroline said to Ann, "for my undying devotion to you, I would not stir a step with this hateful and depressing man."

"In case you don't recognize the description," Randy said, "and I can quite see why you wouldn't, she means me."

Alastair said happily, "Quarrel?"

"Joke," Caroline said tartly. "You have no sense of humor, Alastair."

"I have," said Laurel, "and it didn't sound very funny to me."

"We move in different circles," Caroline said frigidly. "In my circle, now, that's considered a

joke. But don't laugh just to get in, you know?"

It didn't take a soothsayer to see that one boat wasn't big enough for all of them. Only Angus MacBride remained in blissful ignorance of the major conflict in progress. He checked happily and Willi, with an imperturbable smile, chucked happily and presently when everything was checked and chucked the Humuhumunukunuku chugged out into the darkness toward Diamond Head.

THERE were three cabins forward with bunks on either side, a long main cabin which served as a combination living and dining room, and three steps below it was the galley which was

big enough to get into but not entirely suited to swinging a cat. A small afterdeck was equipped with two swivel chairs designed for fishing and, directly in front of them, a fish box in which fishermen shot with luck were expected to deposit their prey after knocking it in the head with a mallet. The fish box being big and Ann being small, together with the fact that the fish box had never been used for fish since Angus had only just had the boat built, it served admirably as a place to tuck into and be miserable.

Ann tucked into it, hugged her knees and regarded the receding lights of the Honolulu water-
(Continued on page 82)

David went out to the afterdeck.
Ann stood beside him. "Afraid?"
he asked. "Yes," Ann said soberly





"My Life With

After you finish this disarming interview, all you know about Elaine Barrymore's madcap marriage is what you don't read in the papers

BY IDA ZEITLIN

WHAT sort of person is the real Elaine Barrymore? Is her story to be known as the headlines tell it? Or is there a story behind the headlines? Here for the first time, in an exclusive interview, she speaks for herself about the things that she alone can know. Here for the first time you're admitted within the Barrymore menage. Here you can see two much-publicized people—not hazily, through a barrage of headlines, but intimately, as they see each other.

Elaine, in a blue peaked hat, sat across the table from me. She and John don't see eye to eye, as a rule, on hats.

"He approves of this one, though." Her red lips curved, and glee glinted in her eye. "He thinks

I'm a little like *Pinocchio* in it," she grinned.

I chalked one up for Mrs. Barrymore. The woman is rare who thinks it's funny to be told that she looks like *Pinocchio*.

I had gone to meet her with a set of vague, preconceived notions planted by these same newspapers. I left her with a feeling far from vague which, if I had to put a name to it, I should call pro-Elaine. I'm not out to justify that feeling or to tilt a lance at her critics. They don't bother her, and they're certainly none of my business. Neither am I out primarily to present the other side of a story which has been blared, with small regard for fairness, from the rooftops. My chief purpose is to let Elaine tell you about her life with John. The conclusions are your own to draw.

She sat there in her *Pinocchio* hat and talked. She had nothing to gain from an interview. Publicity was the last thing she needed. Her experience with the press hadn't led her to expect anything extravagant in the way of consideration. If she was prompted by any motive but courtesy, it remained hidden from me.

She looks younger and less sophisticated than her published photographs. Her face is too strong to be called pretty, but when she talks, it becomes vivid and arresting by virtue of the spirited intelligence behind it. Her voice is one of those warm contraltos that's easy on the ears. She's gay and stimulating, and an hour spent

in her company will explain why John likes to have her around.

She is neither coy nor self-assertive. Her manner is casual, friendly and direct. She answers questions straightforwardly and, when she doesn't want to answer, says so straightforwardly. She makes no bid, either open or covert, for your partisanship. Your impression of her is your own affair. Five years have developed a native gift for distinguishing between what matters and what doesn't.

"Five years ago," she says, "I was nineteen and naïve. I thought, if you told people the truth, they'd believe it. I'd give reporters a story and, when it appeared, my hair stood on end. I'd call up and wail, 'But it isn't true. That's not what I told you.' Sometimes they'd print a retraction. The retraction wasn't quite accurate either, and besides it was buried away where no one could see it. I began to realize that my story wasn't sensational enough, so they had to go out and make up their own. There were times when I thought I was going mad. After a while I got a perspective on it. Now I just shrug.

"It's not my object in life to outrage convention. It's just that some things are more important than convention. When I was twelve, I read a book—I don't remember the title though I ought to, if only out of gratitude. It was a sen-

(Continued on page 84)

PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS AS ITS NEW MOVIE NOVEL

Lillian Russell

Lillian Russell
THE LIFE AND LOVES OF
AMERICA'S FIRST GLAMOUR GIRL
AS A BRILLIANT NOVEL
BY ETHELDA BEDFORD
Based on the
20th Century-Fox Production

Alice Faye brings to the screen
a fascinating interpretation of
this beautiful woman of destiny

The Fabulous Story of a Girl Who Was Born for Fame but Who Lived for Love



This stranger, Alexander Moore, made Helen newly aware of herself as a woman

Lillian Russell

Copyright 1940 by Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation

When Cynthia's political aspirations ended in ridicule, her husband and her daughters offered in silence the sympathy they dared not express in words

PART 1

THERE was an air of fashionable repose in the New York of the Elegant Eighties. Men went late to their offices, wearing high, starched collars and hard-crowned hats. Women, respectfully referred to as ladies, were seldom seen or expected outside their homes until noon. When the hours spent on their appearances showed in carefully arranged spit-curls and braids and laced-to-kill figures.

It was common knowledge that it took a good forty-five minutes for a stylish lady to get into her corsets—lacing a little from the bottom, then a little from the top, a little more from the bottom, gradually tightening toward the waist, drawing the tapes, until she could moor them securely about her middle, until there was absolute security against the devastating expanse of a good breath or a square meal.

Even in the heart of the city—Fourteenth Street—hurry was avoided to a great extent. And on sunny afternoons, when carriages and buggies crowded the thoroughfare, there was much sauntering on the walks. Much ogling of the handsome ladies, driving past in great hats and bouffant costumes, or tripping and rustling gracefully along in twos and threes, chattering as though they were unaware of the attentive stares of the sauntering males.

The dull brick buildings, lining the walks, provided a properly somber and unaggressive background for the people, who always welcomed a marching parade—the brass band seemed to voice their suppressed emotions. A fight outside a bar, or an argument in front of Tony Pastor's Theater, always brought men crowding around, yelling. Their fashionable repose, copied from the aristocrats, forgotten in hysteria.

But there was one excitement in which everyone took part. The ladies often fainted—when it was all over, of course. And it was during one of the tranquil afternoons in town that the most pulse-stirring of all occurrences took place.

IN the first second of that fearful moment, Helen Leonard saw, even more than she felt, the quick danger of death, and above and through it she heard her grandmother praying. The horses of their carriage were running away!

It all took place so swiftly, yet Helen's mind cleared through every detail: She and grandma had stepped into a public carriage as a parade, flaunting a "Votes For Women" banner, marched into the street. The coachman swung his whip at the instant

*Men adored her; women envied her;
but even of great beauty Life demanded a payment of sorrow and tears*

This is a fictionalized version of the motion picture which at times departs from the factual, chronological true life of Lillian Russell

the band sounded off with a loud blast! The horses jumped, then charged up Fourteenth Street.

Helen screamed. Her hat whirled off. She bumped painfully into grandma. Tight corsets choked her breath. She could not cry out again, although she knew the horses were out of the driver's control. She grabbed grandma with both arms. If they were flung out on the street, dear God, let her hit first. She was so much stronger and bigger.

The coachman yelled at the wild horses and yanked his lines. Then, Helen saw it happen—the rein broke!

Grabbing at the air for support the driver plunged down over the wheel into the street.

Helen could hear grandma's whispered prayer. "Spare her life, dear Father. Don't let this be the end. She hasn't had her chance at life yet."

"Oh, Grandma! Don't look!"

Helen covered the old woman's eyes with her hand, feeling these were the last seconds left of their lives. There could be but a few more seconds left—unless the girl would leap from the reeling coach. And numb, gaping bystanders lining Fourteenth Street knew the girl would not leave the old woman.

Anything might happen in this very second! The peril was mirrored in the faces along the street.

Now the carriage twisted, almost turned over against the curb. A man lunged forward—then his arm shot out and he clutched the mane of the horse. With a leap, he landed on the animal's back and clung. The charge faltered and slowed and after a block, with the rider whipping the reins, carriage and horses, came to a standstill.

Helen lost consciousness then. The next thing she knew was that the street around the carriage was filled with sounds of strange, excited voices.

"Are you hurt, Grandma?"

"No, but I'm good and mad. That suffragettes'

band would scare the daylights out of anything!"

It was good to hear the old cracked voice. It steadied Helen, who watched grandma get up and shake the fullness of her skirt out about her.

Helen was trembling, half laughing and half crying, trying to hold her blowing hair.

"Oh, my hat! My new horsehair hat! It's gone!" The hat was easier to talk about now than the run-away and of the nearness of bright danger just escaped. Her heart pounded madly against its prison of whalebone.

"Are you all right?" someone asked Helen.

She turned to find a man leaning into the carriage. He was hatless, too, and his hair blew across his anxious dark eyes.

"I—I think I'm all right," Helen answered.

"Won't you let me help you out? See if you are all right?"

Without waiting for her answer, his hand slipped beneath her arm and with one strong movement propelled her to the ground. Her knees doubled without warning. She would have fallen, but the stranger's arms suddenly and deftly circled her.

"Oh—I'm sorry!" she cried, resting her full weight against him.

"You can't fall—I've got you."

Helen looked up into the man's eyes, conscious of his height and strength. She felt small and helpless beside him.

Her loose hair fanned out across his face, hiding it from her, and blushing, she reached up and uncovered him.

They both laughed, and Helen realized suddenly who he was and the full value of what he had done swept through her.

"You saved us!" she cried. "It was you!" Her eyes and voice reached up to him. Gratitude flowed through her like warm wine, shooting quick tears into her eyes and laughter into her voice.

His arms were still around her, holding her firmly against him. She felt his breath, warm and moist.

Helen pushed away, leaned against the carriage wheel, holding her hair back with her hands. Still unable to look away from his eyes.

IN this curious moment of fright and relief, uncertainty and excitement, Helen Leonard had become aware of an emotion unrelated to anything she had experienced before. She had felt a man's arms and had liked the feeling of being pressed against a lean, masculine body. This stranger, who had risked his life to save her, made her newly aware of herself as a woman and the sensation refused to stay hidden warmly within her body. It was over her

more than the fright of the runaway. Standing there, she was laughing and crying, too.

He looked so young and so nice. There was a dignity about him, a simplicity which went to her heart. She flushed and tried to tear her telltale eyes from his. She shook her head and bit her lip.

"You saved us!" she said again, as though to herself.

"It was easy," he said. "When the carriage twisted near me—"

"No," Helen said, "you were very brave."

"And you—you're very beautiful."

She caught her breath. It was as though they were alone. Her eyes closed and she turned her head. They were far from being alone. People crowded around them, asking questions, listening!

Helen, confused, wondered what she looked like, without a hat, flushing like a silly girl.

Suddenly grandma climbed into the carriage and held up Helen's hat.

"Young man, if it weren't for you, we would have been killed."

He looked up and ran his hand through his hair, bowed to the smiling old woman; he reached for the hat and handed it to Helen.

"I've tried to thank him for us," Helen said, adjusting the broad brim over her hair.

The man looked at her, watched every movement she made and his warm, admiring eyes stirred currents through her body. With her arms stretched up to her wide hat, Helen was conscious of the high curves of her breasts. The sweep from her bosom to her flaring hips had the true indentation of an hourglass. She felt as beautiful, as he had said she was. He had brought her pleasantly awake.

Grandma Leonard, reacting to the romance written on the young faces, sighed and sat back in the carriage. She motioned to the coachman, and nodded toward Helen.

"All right, missie," said the old man, touching his high-crowned, dusty hat. "You can get back into the carriage now."

"Behind those crazy horses!" exclaimed Helen. "Do I look like a dunce?"

"No'm," humbly, "it was only them wimmin paraders that frightened 'em. They're all right now."

Then, seeing grandma seated in the coach, Helen said, "You mean you'll trust them again?"

"I have fewer years to live than you do," grandma answered, patting her skirt neatly into place.

"Don't worry, missie," persuaded the coachman. "After that exercise these hosses won't run again for years. They wouldn't have then if them wimmin had stayed home where they belong."

"Where's your nerve?" asked grandma.

The crowd watched Helen. And suddenly she became conscious that the audience was waiting, curiously eager for her decision. Her innate showmanship came to the surface. She turned quizzical eyes about her and knew she couldn't back out now—not after grandma's stand. Helen smiled broadly. The bystanders admired her as much for that as they had for staying beside the old woman during the runaway.

Turning back to the dark-eyed man—she hadn't lost consciousness of him for a second—she held out her hand. He clasped it and her heart pounded.

"I'll have to—I guess," she smiled. She really meant "have to leave you." "Thank you again—and good-by."

In a faraway voice, he answered, "Good-by."

The carriage pulled away, up Fourteenth Street, and the hoofs of the conquered, even-motioned horses beat out and threw back the word "Good-by."

The back of the coach was too high to look over, unless she stood up. Helen, somehow, couldn't quite bring herself to do that. With all the people still watching. She could see him, though, in her mind's eye, standing there watching the coach roll away.

And she saw herself as a leading lady in a play—a play whose stage was Fourteenth Street, right in the busiest part of New York. It was an exciting love story—and he was the hero.

HOW strangely it all fitted in with what had happened earlier that afternoon. The runaway was really like the second act of this love story—but Helen Leonard checked herself there. She knew, deep in her heart, that she had not come to New York to fall in love. She wanted to sing, to go on the stage—in grand opera.

But, still, the runaway was really like the second act. The first act, a few minutes earlier, had been in the tall-ceilinged, red-carpeted studio of Professor Leopold Damrosch. How she had dreamed of standing before the great music master, singing, with her head back . . . but then, when she was before him, nothing went as she had planned.

"Come over here, young lady," he had said in his

gruff voice. So, she had stood beside the grand piano, where he stooped over the keyboard.

"Sing for me."

"The Last Rose of Summer" sounded and lifted to the ceiling. Helen tried to catch it, took a deep breath, looked down at the little man who nodded for her to join in.

How she had prayed for that minute—yet she could not catch and fasten the tone in her throat!

She took a deeper breath and could not let it out. The inside of her mouth was dry, her lips stuck against her teeth. Horses, clop-clopping on the street below, seemed to be marching into her tight, tense throat.

"Pretend you are back home in Clinton," said grandma from her seat on the horsehair couch.

"Sing the way you sing for your Daddy—that's all."

She turned to grandma then, saw her eager, proud face—all the love in her heart shining in the beads of perspiration around her wrinkled lips.

Then, Helen knew she could sing. She could sing to that loving face—and turning from the musician she lifted her head and opened her throat.



The song finished, Helen turned back to the professor and smiled. He looked up through his shaggy grey brows. He did not speak.

Helen waited—and grandma waited. A canary bird, sunning in the open window, trilled. Damrosch turned on the revolving piano stool then and looked at the bird, in the same odd way he had looked at Helen.

He got up from the stool and walked over to his table desk near the window. His back was turned as he looked at the street through the heavy lace curtains by his desk. The bird trilled again and the old man looked up at it and shook his head.

"A very good voice, Hans . . . good, but you will not sing for grand opera, either."

The bird chirped and trilled again, as if to prove it could sing anything it liked. The old man chuckled, turned from his desk, and faced the girl.

Tears ran down Helen's face. She didn't remember to try to stop them. It was grandma who came over and pressed a handkerchief into her hand.

Suddenly Damrosch beat his desk.

"Stop that! What is the matter?"

"G-grand opera was my dream, Mr. Damrosch. We moved all the way from Clinton, Iowa, to New York, just so we . . ."

"What do you mean 'we'? Is she a singer, too?" Grandma's head went up at that.

"I can remember having a rather nice voice when

I was young." "Ja-ja. Everybody remembers having a good voice when they were young."

To keep from showing her tears, Helen walked over to the bird cage and pretended to watch it. She couldn't see anything for her tears.

"I told him he couldn't sing grand opera," Damrosch said watching her, "but he doesn't cry and carry on—like you're doing. He keeps right on singing." The bird trilled and Helen smiled wetly. Then shaking his finger at the bird Damrosch said,

"Hans, you're off key right now. You're flat, you dummkopf, you!"

Helen felt as though this were his criticism of her singing. Perhaps she had been off key, flat—she didn't know. She had dreamed about that time so long—and when it came she had been afraid.

"Come—sit down," the old man said abruptly.

HELEN took the straight-backed chair beside his desk and dried her cheeks. It all had come to seem so hopeless. Why had she ever believed she could sing? Because at a students' concert back home she had sung "Let Me Dream Again," and another time when she had sung "Hast Thou E'er Seen the Land," from "Mignon," Sister Superior told her mother, "Helen has real talent." They had asked her to sing in the choir after that. But had that been enough? Oh, it might have been in Clinton. But this was New York. And it wasn't enough . . . that was what she read in the old man's eyes. Why she cried.

"What's the matter with you? Do you like to cry?"

"You don't have to treat the child that brutally!" said grandma from the middle of the floor.

"Child?" he repeated. "She's eighteen. She told me so herself. Won't you please sit down!"

"Grandma is nervous, Mr. Damrosch," said Helen. "She's—she's disappointed. We're both dreadfully disappointed in me."

"Ja—I know," he said, in a kindlier tone. "So—she is your grandmamma, ja? Your mamma is dead?"

"No, my mother is living."

"Then, why is she not here with you?"

"Well—she happens to be very busy right now. You see—mother is in politics."

"A suffragette—ja?" he scoffed. Then to the older woman, "I suppose you taught her such nonsense?"

"On the contrary. I believe the woman's place is in the home!"

"Ja—you are right." Then to Helen, "Is your father alive?"

"He is—but he isn't," said grandma. "He's my son—a poor man with five daughters and a suffragette wife. I don't know whether you'd call him alive or not."

Damrosch relaxed in his chair. He was thoughtful—but grandma was impatient. Why keep them here, questioning them about everything without more reasons why Helen was not trainable for opera.

"Helen is my favorite grandchild," grandma held forth. "I know she has great talent—a great talent! Much to give to the song of this world. You know, you could be wrong in your decision—just as you were about your canary here. I mean, when you said the little fellow was off key, he really wasn't. I have a good ear for music—and he wasn't flat."

How could grandma say a thing like that to Professor Damrosch! Helen jumped up and ran over to where the wiry, little woman stood.

"Oh, grandma—how could you?"

"How couldn't I!" snapped grandma.

Then they turned to see the professor, staring coldly and angrily at grandma. His small dark eyes were bright points through his shaggy brows. Not straightening from his shouldery piano-players' posture, he stood up.

"This interview is ended, ladies. Good afternoon."

"Very well," said grandma, unruffled. "Come, Helen. Stop sniffing. We'll find you another teacher. New York's full of them."

BUT New York wasn't—and this was the only Damrosch. Helen wished grandma were not so headstrong—marching out of the studio in a huff.

"And it has too many grandmammals!" the old man flung at grandma's back.

Helen turned to him.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Damrosch—"

He touched her arm and looked up into her tear-stained face.

"You will come back then tomorrow at three?"

"At three . . . me? Come back?" Helen echoed.

"Ja—ja—because I like you very much—and—I am sorry for you."

She looked at his small wrinkled face, almost hidden by his beard.

"I'm sorry for you because you are beautiful."
Her face stretched with a smile of relief.

"But, Mr. Damrosch, if that were really true, why should it make you sorry for me?" she said, her words brightening.

His crusty, bent fingers enfolded her hand. He held her eyes with his steady, kindly look. And, Helen Leonard listened to the strangest words she had ever before heard—words which she was to remember throughout her life.

"Because—even though you have great success—and, my dear, you may have success even though you do not sing in the opera, you know—even with great success you will most likely be unhappy. Beautiful women generally are."

Helen drew her hand from his. She felt a quiver run through her body. She did not know how to take this odd, wise little man.

She was frightened, standing there.

"But why—Mr. Damrosch?"

"Because so many men will fall in love with your beauty—you may never know which one really loves you."

He turned away from her then, walked unbelievably fast until he reached the door. Facing around, he said, "Until three tomorrow."

Helen bowed, and walked swiftly past him.

Now, driving beside grandma in the carriage, she no longer was afraid of the professor. She felt a kindness for him as she would for an old friend.

"I'm still mad at that old fool piano player!" grandma snapped. "Takes more than a couple of wild horses to make me forget about him!" Patting Helen's hand, "I'm glad he's not going to teach you. He can't teach a canary—much less you!"

"I—I forgot to tell you, I'm going back tomorrow for my first lesson. He told me to come back."

Grandma's wise eyes crinkled, "After I left he changed his mind! Oh, Helen! Just to think—you're to be a pupil of the great Damrosch! And he is great, my dear! Why, he was famous in Europe long before he came to America."

Not even the runaway had brought tears to her eyes, but now they trickled out on her rice-powdered cheeks and shone in the afternoon sun.

"The old buzzard!" she said.

THE hatless, serious young man stood watching the carriage until it was lost in the bustle of hansoms and Victorias and bicycles.

"Good-by . . ." he had said and let her go like that. Still, he could see her blue eyes and golden hair as clearly as if he were still holding her in his arms. Thinking of her made him a little dizzy. She was so beautiful and young and smelled so sweet. Good-by! Could he mean that? When her image was etched on his heart. Could being a stranger in New York, could being without a job and not even enough money to hail a hansom and follow her really mean he would never see her again?

It couldn't be. Because now he knew why he had come to New York. He could have kept on at his job as reporter in Pittsburgh, but something had sent him to New York . . . something. Now he knew what it was. He had come to find a beautiful girl, who laughed and cried at the same time.

"You are a very brave fellow," a man standing beside him said. The man held out a battered brown derby, which he took with thanks. But he resented anyone breaking in on his reverie.

"I saw you from my office window across the street," said the stranger, who now he saw was small, grey-haired, with the squat squarish figure of an Italian. "And I see now that you like the beautiful girl. I see that, all right."

"She was beautiful—but I didn't even find out her name, but I know when she laughs she has tears in her eyes and . . ." Resenting his lack of fact-finding more than the queries of the man, he turned suddenly. "Do you know her name?"

"No. But I did not save her life. I should hate to save such a beautiful creature—and never know who she was."

Angry at himself for not saying, "You're very beautiful and I would like to know your name" all in the same breath, he muttered determinedly, "I'll find out who she is—someday!"

How could he? That was the way things happened in the books he read—not in real life, even in New York. So he added, "perhaps."

"No 'perhaps!' " the grinning old man exclaimed. "And when you do—come tell me. I want you to bring the young lady to my theater—come as my guests."

Puzzled by the enthusiastic little man, he eyed him with new interest.

"Permit me to introduce myself—I'm Tony Pastor," holding out his hand. "That's my theater over there. Now, what is your name?"

"Alexander Moore."

IT was well known along Ninth Street, where the Leonards lived, that Mrs. Leonard—Cynthia—paid little attention to the bringing up of her family of girls. Nor did she appear any more concerned about her husband, Charles. A strange family, indeed. Mrs. Leonard was hipped on the subject of politics. Talked nothing else. And Mr. Leonard, during the little time he spent home, read books by Robert Ingersoll, the agnostic.

People said that Charlie Leonard had at one time been owner and editor of a newspaper, and had been considered a good smalltown newspaperman. His paper, *The Clinton Herald*, was published in Clinton, Iowa; it was a conservative, living-making sheet. Charlie probably didn't have an enemy in town, although, of course, there were those who questioned why any God-fearing man would dare to publish the works of Ingersoll.

In Clinton, however, Charlie Leonard had been a happy family man—which was before his wife got the suffrage bee buzzing in her bonnet.

Cynthia wanted to establish the right for women to vote—and furthermore, to be elected to an office. And she could quote at length—and did frequently—the exact words of such noteworthy suffrage leaders as Susan B. Anthony and Belva Lockwood.

In the Leonard's little frame house, buried among willow trees and surrounded by a picket fence, down there near the Mississippi river bank, Cynthia's vot-



Helen had dreamed of singing for the great Leopold Damrosch . . . but when she was before him, nothing went as she had planned

ing talk seemed almost a blasphemy. It had, indeed, fretted her editor-husband, Charlie.

Grandma Leonard tried to reason with her son why his wife was so strong for suffrage the night the fifth child was being born.

"If Cynthia has her way you're going to have even a fuller house of girls—and they'll all be suffragettes some day," Grandma Leonard told her son.

"Equal rights for women—that's Cynthia's slogan. And, Charlie, when you figure out what she's gone through, bringing girls into this world, maybe you won't blame her for wanting everything she can get for them."

But Charles never quite figured all that out. He was the kind of quiet, tender fellow who usually could see both sides of most stories and seldom argued about either. He saw Cynthia's side and he saw his own—more clearly. At times her side seemed more forceful, because Cynthia, a broad-hipped, huge-bosomed woman with serene dark eyes and crisp, greying pompadour, was a far more forceful and persuasive person.

CHARLIE LEONARD reasoned that it wasn't just Cynthia's notions about politics, which eventually influenced him to give up his paper and come to New York with his family. Cynthia advanced a strong sales talk about possibilities for him as a newspaperman in the city. And she pointed out also that there, their girls would naturally have better opportunities to make better marriages than they ever would in a small town.

Helen, the youngest daughter, was eighteen before the Leonards were really settled in New York. But the years had not dimmed Cynthia's ambitious interest in suffrage. And it did not take her long

to get right into the swing of city life and have her name and pictures and opinions on suffrage printed in every newspaper in town.

The Leonards moved into a large house in Ninth street. Cynthia selected a large one, not only because the family was large, but she doubted her husband's ability to earn enough to keep the family going. And with the quantity of rooms there was always the chance of renting them out. Renting rooms soon proved, indeed, a necessary aid to the Leonards' finances.

Cynthia selected the location because it would be convenient to her political gatherings. Also, the front parlor of the house offered a room large enough for her meetings and rallies to be held right in her own home!

The location soon proved advantageous in other respects—more transients saw the sign in the window and therefore came in for lodging. Then, too, Rose's Italian Garden restaurant opened right next door. There the Leonards ate many plates of spaghetti in place of the meals Cynthia was far too busy to bother about planning or directing at home.

Mrs. Rose, the buxom proprietress, had in abundance every motherly quality which her neighbor and good customer, Mrs. Leonard, apparently lacked. The equally strong and outstanding traits of the two were: Mrs. Rose wanted to mother the world, which Mrs. Leonard aspired to run!

There was considerable traffic along Ninth Street the afternoon Helen and her grandmother drove up to their address. It took but one look at the Leonard house to know what was going on. Lamps burning in the parlor meant Cynthia was having another meeting. The piled-up bicycles, cluttering the front stoop, testified to that, too.

Inside the hall of the house the smell of burning corn oozed out from the kitchen over everything. Against its sweet, scorched smell came the sound of high, hysterical voices. Chatter! Through these at frequent intervals the strong voice of Cynthia Leonard drove onward. Now she spoke—then she led the chorus of "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

After the song, in the following seconds of breathless quiet, Cynthia said, "And if I am nominated as a candidate for the election as mayor of New York City, ladies—I'll be elected!"

HELEN and grandma listened to the goings on while Helen took off her hat and finding no place to hang it on the hatrack, balanced it on the banister post of the stairs.

"Corn!" sniffed grandma. "Guess Charlie must be home and the girls are trying to cook for him."

Corn was Charlie Leonard's favorite dish and Helen inherited his taste for it. She turned her tilted nose toward the kitchen and whiffed the odor pleasantly.

"Oh, I hope Dad's home. I want to tell him—"

"Tell him all about Mr. Damrosch," grandma said, "Only leave out that part where the horses ran away on account of your mother's parade."

"And another thing—maybe you better not say anything about how you felt about the young man, either. Don't want him to think you're getting boys on your mind instead of singing now. You're the one he's depending on to be sensible."

"All right," Helen smiled. "I'll remember."

Helen tossed her heavy braid over her shoulder and thought that grandma never missed anything.

The old woman rustled her way toward the kitchen then, humming "Brighten the Corner Where You Are." She opened the door and a screech greeted her. It came from the green parrot, Noah, swinging from the ceiling.

"Votes-for-women-equal-rights-ha-ha-ha!" the parrot then screamed over and over.

"Shut your beak!" grandma said, laughing.

Charlie Leonard was having a quiet drink, sitting alone, with his elbows rested on his knees, the way he sat when he had been walking a lot and his back ached. His glass, half-filled with bourbon, sat on the window sill near him. And beside his chair, on the floor, was his battered old hat.

"Meetings, meetings, meetings!" he muttered as Helen came over to him. "Bicycles cluttering up the front of the house—hats all over the hall. Couldn't even find a place in my own house to hang my hat!"

Helen, seeing his flushed unhappy face, filled immediately with sympathy. She sat on the arm of his chair and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Dad—we're going to have corn for dinner. Can't you smell it cooking?"

"I don't care!" he said. "Why don't those women

go home and brighten their own corners—cook their own suppers for their own husbands and let Cynthia alone!”

Just then a loud outburst of applause sounded through the ceiling from the downstairs parlor.

“I wonder what that means,” Helen said, wishing for some way to divert her father into a better humor.

“Let’s listen.”

“I’m not interested.”

But then, as though someone had opened the parlor door, they heard Cynthia Leonard’s voice:

“And now, my friends, with all due humility I accept the invitation of our party to run for mayor of New York City on the Equal Franchise ticket. And if I’m elected—”

“You will be—you can’t lose. You said so yourself!” a strong-voiced woman yelled.

“I shall do my best to make you all proud of your sex.”

Stamping of feet! Cheers!

THE day of the election was fast approaching and since Cynthia was convinced of her need as political leader and, at last, had a chance of answering the call of suffrage, she left no hour of the days and few of the nights without delivering a speech—somewhere.

Helen walked down Ninth Street one afternoon, returning from her singing lesson, to find a newsboy selling papers in front of Mrs. Rose’s restaurant.

“Read all about the suffering cats—they’re sunk,” the news hawker cried. “Buy a paper, miss?” he approached Helen.

She began reading before she was up the steps of her house. There it was, in glaring black type, above a picture of her mother:

**CYNTHIA LEONARD SUFFERS HUMILIATING DEFEAT
WOMAN MAYORALTY CANDIDATE RECEIVES ONLY 84 VOTES**

“Poor Mother!” Helen breathed aloud as she ran up the steps and let herself into the hall. The whole house, so strangely quiet, seemed to feel the same way. Only one hat hung on the hatrack today—Dad’s old battered derby. And no bicycles had cluttered the walk outside. “Poor Mother!”

Now she heard voices from the parlor and pushed open the door. Her father, sitting by the reading lamp, looked up. How odd he seemed there, because in the three years they had lived in that house, Charlie Leonard had never before sat in the parlor.

Grandma sat on the other side of the reading lamp, clicking her knitting needles. Three of the other Leonard girls were also there—two playing checkers over by the window. One sat on the piano stool.

And over in the shadowy corner sat Cynthia, pretending to be absorbed in a newspaper.

Sitting there with the shades drawn and the lamps burning before sundown! They certainly looked like anything except a happy family, Helen thought, her heart tightening with sympathy.

“Come on, sing for me,” Lucy Leonard called from the piano.

“All right—” But she stopped beside her mother, hesitated a second. As Cynthia did not look up, she went over to the piano.

Lucy began to play the music which stood opened on the music rack. Thus, in all innocence, the opening bars of “Brighten the Corner Where You Are” crowded unmercifully into the room.

“No! No! Not that!”

Helen yanked the music from the piano.

BUT it was too late then. Cynthia—everyone was looking at her—lowered her newspaper and let her glazed eyes pass over the group. Without a word, she stood, then walked from the room.

No one spoke. No one could.

They heard her steps down the hall, then suddenly the silence was splintered by a screech from the parrot: “Votes-for-women-equal-rights-ha-ha-ha!”

Then they heard Cynthia stumbling and hurrying up the stairs. They all knew she was rushing miserably to the privacy of her own room.

“Poor Mother!” burst from Helen.

They all began to talk at once and no one seemed to notice when Helen went out.

She tiptoed up the carpeted stairs to her mother’s room. Gently, she turned the knob—and the door creaked open.

In the twilight and miserable stillness, Helen saw the figure across the bed. Cynthia, hearing the creaking door, had raised up on her elbow and now Helen saw her tear-wet face.

“Oh, I thought you were Charlie—” Cynthia said with a terrific attempt to control her sobs.

Helen went over and knelt down beside the bed.

Cynthia, trying to retrieve some of her usual self-sufficiency and dignity, sat up against the feather pillow. She looked down at the kneeling girl, forced a smile over her streaked face.

“You’ve been terribly hurt, haven’t you, mother?”

“Not really hurt, dear . . .” the set smile faded then. “Humiliated a little.”

“But you were crying, Mother.”

“I’ve often cried, dear, but I was never caught at it before.” Then sweetly, “And I don’t want you to tattle, either.”

“I won’t . . .” Helen laughed. Then in a school-teacher manner, she added, “That is, if you promise me you won’t cry any more.”

“I won’t . . .” Cynthia reached over the side of the bed and put her hand under her daughter’s chin. “That is, if you promise me you’ll forget all this stage talk I’ve been hearing lately.”

“Oh, but Mother! That isn’t fair. You wanted me to study music, didn’t you?”

“Yes—if you could reach the top—grand opera, I meant.”

Helen moved her chin from her mother’s hand then. And a little defiantly, she sat back on the floor and looked up.

“I—I might make a success without singing—opera.”

“Yes, I know. I talked to Professor Damrosch about you yesterday.”

“You did, Mother?” Helen leaned over. “When you were so awfully busy—you thought about doing that for me? Oh, Mother! Thank you!”

A little embarrassed, Cynthia said, “He feels you have a great career of a kind. Of course, he thinks you’re beautiful.”

“He told me that—” Then, “But what about my singing?”

“Did he tell you to be afraid of your—beauty?” asked Cynthia, calmly.

“Yes, he did . . . but I’m not.” Smiling, “Because I don’t think I’m beautiful.”

Cynthia looked into her daughter’s eyes.

“Helen, you’re going to find yourself very attractive to men.”

Helen refused the spell of her mother’s serious mood. She threw her head back and laughed, saying, “I won’t mind that, Mother. I really don’t dislike men.”

“Neither do I, dear—if he’s the right one.”

“I’ve never seen anyone I thought I could love—” Helen looked up through her lashes at her mother, “except—”

“Except whom?”

“I don’t even know his name, and I’ll probably never see him again. So you see, Mother—you don’t have to worry about me.” Helen’s words ran together. She was aware that the truth—not knowing his name or that she probably would never see him again—dug into her heart just a little.

“But I do worry about you,” her mother was saying, sweetly. “That’s why I want you to forget the theater—for a while.”

“Mother, don’t mean that. Because—I can’t.”

“Can’t, Helen? Or, won’t?” Cynthia asked.

“Both, Mother.”

The figure on the floor sat ever straighter than that the one on the side of the bed.

“Suppose I should make my request a command, Helen?”

“I’m afraid I’d disobey you, Mother.”

Cynthia took a quick breath and eyed Helen sternly. Helen stared right back, bravely and with equal determination.

A STRANGE, strong current flowed between them. It seemed to take their entire vocabularies with it. Then, something happened. Something struck the house. There was a crash—glass splintered. An object hurled into the room, just missing the head of the bed. It fell on the floor beside Helen—a rock!

Helen got up and ran over to the long window, whose broken pane let in the noise full force. Just then another rock whirled through the broken pane. She jumped back and collided with Cynthia.

“What is it all about, Mother?”

But Cynthia’s pasty face told her. She didn’t wait for further answer. She knew—even before the shouts from below became clearer.

“Where’s the woman mayor?” they cried.

“We want to see the mayor!”

Helen tried to put her arms around Cynthia.

But Cynthia did not go into Helen’s outstretched arms. She held her head up, squared her shoulders.

And in some way, which Helen could not understand, her mother refused the only solace she knew how to offer.

Puzzled, Helen turned away and went back to the window, careful to stand to the side of the curtains, so that the crowd below would not see her.

The street was filled with the half-drunk, boisterous election crowd. Hoodlums gathered to tell off the suffragette, who had dared to think she could have been elected to office. Their cruel shouts derided everything Cynthia Leonard had ever said about equal rights for women. Cat-calls! Snorts! Loud lusty songs about “Suffering Cats.”

Helen could not watch the street longer, for looking at the set misery on her mother’s face. She now stood on the opposite side of the window, where she listened to her name and thwarted ambition ridiculed. By the hysterical mob—which she had hoped to rule!

A crash overhead! Shattered glass rained over them. A brick sailed through the top pane of the long window, cracked into the bureau mirror.

Helen screamed, threw her arm over her eyes protectively.

Then she realized that Cynthia had gone. “Mother—where are you?” she cried.

“I’m going down to speak to them,” came the calm voice from the doorway.

“No, Mother!” Helen ran to her. “You musn’t! They—they might—” She started to say “hurt you” but stopped. They had already hurt her.

Cynthia was leaving the room, as though she did not notice Helen trying to stop her.

“I wouldn’t if I were you, Mother!”

The determined figure moved swiftly ahead.

In the hall downstairs, the rest of the family congregated. Their faces, strained and excited, turned in amazement at Cynthia, hurrying down the steps.

Grandma came up to her first, but was brushed aside. Then, Charlie—seeing the set look on his wife’s face, said, “Cynthia, you can’t go out there.”

“I’m not afraid, Charlie,” she pushed past him.

“They’re drunk, dear,” catching her arm. “I’ll send them away.”

But before he could open the door, Helen rushed up beside him.

“Dad, please. You’re the one person who shouldn’t go. I mean—you’re a man—and they might hurt you—and . . .”

“Let me go, I tell you!” Cynthia caught the knob of the door. She pulled the door open and the sudden rush of noise was like the overflow of a river. Its force left all of them stunned. Even Cynthia.

Helen, edging in between her father and mother leaned against the closed door.

“Let me go, Dad. I’m sure they won’t harm me.” She pulled the door open a little.

“Helen!” cried Cynthia.

Charlie said, “Please, Cynthia—I promise you they’ll stop for her.”

HELEN turned quickly and pushed out through a narrow opening of the door.

There was a hush. It came almost instantly—and Helen looking out across the faces from her stand on the top step, was conscious of a strange power. Her presence had done something to that crowd. Something! She wanted to speak, wanted to tell them—ask them, even plead that they be kind to her mother. Make them understand, but what was there to make them understand? What? What could she say? She opened her lips—but no sound would come from her throat. Strange, wide eyes stared back at her. She turned her head from side to side, searching the mob—for some face which seemed kind . . . some kind face to whom she could talk.

Then, she saw it—out there, across the walk. There stood a tall man, whose dark eyes reached out across the heads of the others and seemed to say, “Say something. Tell us about it.”

“My mother is very tired,” Helen said softly and distinctly. “Do you mind—going home?”

Then she smiled.

The response was a murmur—admiration.

A drunk called out, “Why don’t you run for something, lady? I’d vote ten times for you.”

Then the crowd laughed. Laughed with Helen and started to sing. Several policemen appeared, circulated in the group and began to scatter it.

Helen kept standing there, looking out across the walk, where a solitary figure stood. It seemed that he was just realizing that Helen’s eyes fastened on him. He lifted his derby—because just then he realized that he had seen that beautiful girl before.

Moonlight touched the soft curves of Helen’s face as she smiled. He came over to the bottom step,

still holding his hat.

"Do you remember me?" he asked.

"I should, don't you think?" Then, more seriously, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I—I just happened along with the crowd."

"This is the second time you happened along when I was in trouble. What's your name?"

He walked up the steps, then,

"Alexander Moore," he said, bowing a little.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Moore. And I'm glad to see you again—" She sat on the top step, then, saying, "Won't you sit down?"

"I'd like to, if you don't mind."

Suddenly conscious that the door behind them was ajar, they looked back into grandma's face.

"How-do, young man," she said, nodding. "Glad to see you again." He stood and bowed shyly. She smiled and gently closed the door.

Grandma, Helen thought, understood. She would keep the family quiet, maybe long enough for her to get acquainted with Alexander Moore.

"You were sort of brave, facing that crowd all alone," he said, sitting beside Helen.

"Oh, I knew they were only celebrating," she said. "It won't do them any good—the women will win some day." Then, seeing his smile, she added, "Do you believe in equal rights for women?"

"Well, yes—I guess I do—sort of—"

"What do you mean 'sort of' about women's rights?" Helen asked.

"I think a woman has the right to everything a man can give her," he dropped his voice and looked into her misty blue eyes.

"Don't you think she's also entitled to her own success?"

"It all depends on what she calls success."

"What do you call it?" she asked.

"Happiness."

"Happiness is a state of mind—but it's not *always* success."

Crossing his long legs, he smiled down at her and asked, "What is your ambition?"

"Well, first of all, I want everybody to love me . . ." Hesitating there, she held his eyes, and added, as if her words were expressly said for him, "and yet, I want to love one person so madly that nobody else matters."

His eyes pulled from hers, then. He uncrossed his legs and looked away, ignoring any opportunity for himself in her remark.

"That's selfish, isn't it?"

"You don't understand. I want everybody to love my work—my work on the stage, I mean."

Turning to her quickly, "Are you an actress?"

"I hope to be, some day." Smiling, she asked, "What's your ambition?"

"A job."

"What kind?"

"Any kind right now. I'm aiming to get on a New York paper." It was easy to tell her about leaving his job in Pittsburgh, because he wanted to try New York.

"Oh, maybe my father could help you. He used to own a paper in Clinton, Iowa, that is, until we moved away." But she didn't want to tell him about how disappointed Dad had been in New York—he'd broken his heart, almost.

"That's what I hope to do myself some day—own a paper."

"I'll bet you *will*, too."

"Thank you. But if I don't, I won't mind. I can always go back home—although I wouldn't like to—I don't want to get hurt too much trying here. And that's what I'm hoping for you, too."

Helen drew back, puzzled. Sometimes she felt she had known him always—then, he seemed stranger than anyone she had ever known. They had told each other so much, sitting there, unafraid of expressing the things nearest their hearts. What did he mean about getting hurt?

THE door behind them opened just as she started to ask. Grandma's grey head poked out.

"Helen, it's very late, dear."

"I'm coming, Grandma." But she didn't get up then. She turned to him again, looking at the soft curve of his lips, conscious of his nearness, feeling again the rush of warmth through her body.

His mouth softened and his dark eyes were like large, spreading ink spots near her own. He focused on her carefully, as if he could look down into her thoughts and know—and know that she wished that he would kiss her.

She was glad he could not see her flush or the swift mist of tears in her eyes. He couldn't know that since she had seen him that first day she had

thought of him long and often—longed for this moment . . . when he might hold her again—kiss her.

"Don't go yet," he said— "I mean, until you tell me your name. What is your name—*beautiful*?"

Helen sighed, "Helen . . . Helen Leonard."

They rose, then, from the step, almost as one. His eyes met hers without self-consciousness.

She put her hand in his and he held it, his fingers wrapping her palm were strong and warm.

"I guess we'll have to say good night," Helen said, almost whispered. "I—I hope you find your job."

His fingers pressed closer.

"When I do, may I come around and tell you?"

The grip of his clasp made her quiver. Her eyes touched his forehead, broad and white in the moonlight, caressed his unruly, black hair.

"Do, please, come tell me . . . and," brightening with an idea, "let's make a pact. If you get on a newspaper before I get on the stage—you take me out and we'll celebrate."

"But what if you get on the stage before I get on a paper?"

"I'll take you out! Isn't that fair?" she smiled.

"Well, not exactly. A girl can't very well take a fellow out."

"Why? I thought you believed in equal rights."

"Well, I do—but that doesn't sound right. However, it's a deal—but I'm going to do my best to beat you to a job."

Relinquishing her hand, she backed against the door—heady from his touch, "I hope you do—but, if you don't—remember, I'll expect you to keep our pact just the same."

He stepped toward her, leaned down, held her eyes. The current shot down through her body.

This man wanted to kiss her. She knew it, felt it. Somehow, she raised her hands and then let them float down to her sides in a surrender, which perhaps frightened him, even more than it did her.

He heard her sigh, looked deeply into her eyes, bright with emotion.

"Good night . . . Helen."

Then she saw him turn from her and walk down the steps, heard his heels echo fastly up Ninth. Listening until they were lost in the sound of the orchestra from the garden next door, she finally let herself into the house.

Closing the door behind her she looked right into grandma's eyes.

Helen met her knowing look and could not control the bright flush.

"Oh . . ." Grandma nodded wisely, knowingly, and shared Helen's smile.

PART II

HELEN chose the noon sunshine in which to dry her heavy golden hair. She was too blissful to be indoors and, besides, she could practice her scales out in the bright air of the backyard while the wind dried her hair. She was even more pleased when her father came out and became her audience.

With her hair blowing, she stood near the fence, which separated the Leonard's plot of yard from Mrs. Rose's garden next door. With her heart so full of memories from last night, she could reach the very highest note she aimed for. Then she even sang through "The Band Plays On," giving it every rich, full note in her throat.

Her rich, warm voice lifted over the fence—to where a small, squarish man wound spaghetti to his mouth. The singing made him lay his fork aside. His dark Latin eyes sparkled.

Looking up at the stout Rose, who stood waiting with her arms akimbo, Tony Pastor nodded. The movement of his grey head was most expressive—the way he nodded when spaghetti was flavorful.

"You were right, Rosa—her voice is as magnificent as your spaghetti. Who is she?"

"Helen Leonard—daughter of the suffragette, you know. But the daughter, she is all right. Believe me, Tony—she is beautiful."

"If she is half as beautiful as her voice, Rosa—"

"Come, I show you—here, stand on the chair."

Grabbing a chair, she held it steadily while the little man stood and looked over the fence.

He saw Charlie Leonard, sitting on the back steps, applauding, crying "Bravo! Bravo!" While a tall girl, with golden hair, smiled and bowed.

"That's her father," Mrs. Rose explained. "They play theater like that lots of sunny days. Maybe we could go over, yes?"

"Yes!" Tony climbed down from the chair.

"There's a gate—this way."

Helen, in the bright shadows, not unconscious of

the picture she made, greeted Mrs. Rose gayly.

"Pardon," Tony Pastor bowed, when he had been introduced to the Leonards. "I did not mean to intrude, but I could not resist the sound of your voice—nor the praise of your neighbor Mrs. Rose, in whose garden I have been dining."

"Are you—you're not Tony Pastor's Theater on Fourteenth Street?" Helen asked.

"I am not the theater—but it belongs to me," smiling at her. "And that is where I should like to see you—at noon tomorrow—if you are interested in going on the stage."

"Interested?" Charlie said. "As this young lady's one and only audience, I'm in a position to tell you, sir, she is a star!"

"Dad—please," Helen gasped.

Smiling, Tony said, "Tomorrow at noon, yes?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be there," Helen answered. "Mr. Pastor—" she called as he turned back through the gate, "thank you so much."

AFTER what seemed full minutes, at best, enough time for a girl to wake thoroughly from a dream, Helen turned to Charlie.

"Dad, do you think that really was Tony Pastor? Because he's the biggest producer in New York."

"I know it is. I've seen his picture enough to know—he's the one Nat Goodwin works for—and May Irwin and Pete Daily. All the big stars. And when you're a hit at Tony Pastor's—you're a star from then on."

Helen came over to the steps and sat down beside her father.

"Then, do you think I should really go there tomorrow?"

"Don't you want to be a star?" Charlie smiled.

"More than anything else in the world, Dad—"

"Well?"

"Mother. She doesn't want me to go on the stage."

"I know. . ."

"It's because she's afraid I won't be happy—or maybe she's afraid I won't be a success."

"Nonsense! You'll be a success in whatever you do, Helen, because you're all woman. And there's nothing finer than that!"

Helen gave his cheek a grateful pat.

"That's where your mother's suffragettes are all wrong—they're still going to get equal rights ultimately, and the chance to act like men—maybe—but they're going to lose a lot of femininity. And when they do, they're going to lose more power than they'll get back by voting." Then, with a sly grin, "However, you needn't tell your mother I said that."

WHEN Helen went to Tony Pastor's the following noon, she wore her hair in a single braid, tied with a huge blue bow. Her dress was a paler blue taffeta, with an elegant bustle and a deep flounce. Her wide-brimmed dark hat, with the added bouquet of bright pink roses, was, indeed a frame for her peaches-and-cream face.

Helen was eighteen when she walked out on the stage, with her golden hair shining, and held up head to sing. The theater was empty except for the orchestra and its leader, Edward Solomon (they called him Teddy), a tall, dark man with a thin, intense face. It was to his interested face, to his kindly eyes that Helen sang "Evening Star."

The shirt-sleeved musicians down in the orchestra pit, the stagehands and the partly-dressed performers, hearing her voice, came from their dressing rooms just to listen.

An audition was not unusual in Tony Pastor's where auditions happened every day—but they didn't happen like this one!

And as she sang, Tony Pastor himself, standing in the aisle of the semidark auditorium, smiled as he watched the reaction of the stagehands and performers. He also watched Edward Solomon's eyes follow Helen.

When she neared the end of her song, Tony turned and walked up the aisle, went to his office. He stood there, listening to the wild outburst of applause and shouts of praise.

"Helen Leonard," he muttered to himself. "That's no name for an actress. I've got to think of something better."

Going into his office, Mose, a colored man who had served Tony for many years, came over and poured him a glass of claret.

"Mose, what is your favorite flower?"

"My flower—the one I like best is a lily, boss."

"Lily?—Lillian . . . that would be good . . ." Tony mused. "I never saw Edward Solomon listen like that before—Lillian made him listen."

A knock sounded on the office door. That would

Russell

be Helen Leonard. He had left word for her to come to his office when she finished that number.

"Come in."

Helen walked into his office. Beside her was Solomon—with the expression of one who has prostrated himself before beauty. She stood by Pastor's desk, waiting, taking in the ornate walls of pictured celebrities while Solomon drank in the sight of her. His ears still filled with her sound. She fidgeted, wondering why Pastor did not say something to her. But Tony was writing on a piece of paper and did not look up until, apparently, he had finished. Then Solomon quietly left them.

"Helen Leonard," Pastor said. Glancing up, "I don't like your name." Crumpling the paper under his hand, he threw it into the waste basket.

"You will open at my theater a week from Monday—and to begin with, I will pay you twenty-five dollars a week. All right?"

"Oh, yes—Mr. Pastor."

"But I don't like your name. I don't like Helen. I detest Leonard. What is your mother's name?"

"Cynthia."

"Oh," he said. "We can't use that, either."

"No—I can't use her name, because she doesn't want me to go on the stage."

"Doesn't she know you came here today?"

"No—I didn't tell her," Helen took a step nearer the desk, smiling rather childishly because a naïve thought has struck her. "And if you change my name I won't even have to tell her when I sing in your theater, will I?"

Intrigued by the secret partnership, Tony said, "No, not unless you want to." Then, to himself, "What shall we say the name is?"

Helen sat in the chair beside the desk and the old Negro limped in again, placing a glass of claret by his master.

"Lily, Mr. Pastor. I sho' likes that flow'r the bestest," he said, shuffling out.

"Lily—Lillian . . . Yes, I like that. Lillian what?" Tony Pastor mused aloud. Then suddenly, "I have it! I can see it as plainly as if some mysterious hand were writing it for me . . ." then, as he writes, he murmurs, as if to himself, "Tony Pastor Presents . . ." Then, aside to Helen, "And this will fool your mother completely." Writing more, he read from the paper, "the great English ballad singer . . . Lillian Russell!" Smiling, he said, "From now on, my dear—that is your name! And something tells me it will be an important name. Don't you like Lillian Russell, my dear?"

"Yes—yes, of course, I do! But somehow I already feel lonesome for Helen Leonard." Helen couldn't keep the tears from rolling down her cheeks. She was proud and happy . . . yet she had to cry while she laughed.

THE week before Helen opened at Tony Pastor's was filled with music lessons and costume fittings. It wasn't hard to keep her secret from Cynthia and her sisters. Of course, grandma knew, and dad, and how proud they were, too!

"Lillian Russell! The English ballad singer" spread on billboards over town. Finally Monday night arrived. Finally Helen—that is, Lillian—squeezed into whalebones and petticoats—four to be exact—and then into the flounced and laced dress. It was cut extremely low about the neck—to reveal her shoulders and the tops of her high, firm breasts. Even the six ropes of imitation pearls did not hide the deep curves. Her heavy braid, tied with a large blue bow, hung over one bare shoulder. Her white hat, the largest she had ever seen, was pompadoured with white and blue ostrich plumes, tilted daringly back on her head. It made a frame for the mass of yellow curls about her forehead. An elaborate costume, designed to bring out the best and most feminine qualities of a most feminine figure.

She heard the music as it reached back to the dressing room. Grandma, sitting by her at the wide mirror, met her eyes in the mirror.

"You're going to be all right, Honey, and remember, if you get excited and you can't sing or something, just look around until you find a kind face and sing to that."

"Oh, Grandma, I will! I always do. Even from that first day in Professor Damrosch's studio—it was your face I—"

"I knew it! And the night you talked to the crowd on the steps at home. Didn't you really talk when you saw him standing there, kind of pulling for you to say something?"

Helen sighed. "Grandma, you're so right. How I love you."

The music! That was her piece. The time had ar-

rived. She had to go out there and sing. She must. The stage was bright—bright as the noon sunshine had been the day she met Tony Pastor. She thought of that even looking out over the sea of upturned faces. She closed her eyes, opened her lips. She must sing, but she couldn't. She was afraid until—

"Lillian, Lillian." Looking down, she saw the kind intense eyes of Edward Solomon. His arms were lifted, his long-fingered hands turned up to her from the orchestra pit.

THE music Teddy Solomon loved was playing, softly, softly for Lillian, and during that strange second something happened between the girl on the stage and the leader in the orchestra pit. It was close to magic, because Lillian Russell's song that night made her "an overnight success."

Applause! Shouts! More applause! Somehow, Lillian made her way back to the dressing room. Somehow. She never quite remembered but there she was, her head on grandma's shoulder and her heart out there where they were still cheering and shouting, "Lillian Russell, Lillian Russell!"

A knock at the door. Grandma opened it. "For Miss Russell. For Miss Russell." Flowers in great white boxes, tied with ribbons. "For Miss Russell. For Miss Russell." Lillian started untying the boxes until the room was so crowded she gave up. "We'll just take the cards, Grandma. And, Grandma, will you help me find the card with his name on it? You know, Alexander Moore."

Outside the dressing-room door, she heard the crowd calling her. She heard someone say, "Only one night on the stage and she is already a star!"



"Lily—Lillian . . . Yes, I like that. Lillian what?" Pastor mused. Then suddenly . . . "The English ballad singer . . . Lillian Russell"

"Grandma," Helen sat unpinning her great hat, "Grandma, he didn't come, I guess, and he didn't send me even a flower."

The room filled with flowers, now, was centered with a huge basket of roses. The stage doorman himself had brought that in. "Oh, Grandma, aren't they wonderful, those roses? Only I thought he sent me those. Grandma, I hope he did but there's no card to tell us."

The girl walked over and examined the basket.

"I received a valuable gift once, right after I married your grandfather, and if I had known who it was from, out of respect for your grandfather, I would have sent it back."

"Didn't you suspect anyone?"

"Yes, but your grandfather didn't so I kept it. Years and years later, at our golden wedding, I told him all about it. The joke was on me because he had sent the present and had been waiting fifty years for me to thank him for it."

Suddenly, Lillian reached into the flower basket, and brought out a small, square box. With trembling fingers she opened it. "Grandma, grandma, look! Diamonds! Diamonds and rubies. Isn't it beautiful?"

Sitting before the mirror, Lillian fastened the necklace about her throat. "Oh, now I hope you don't find a card—because if you do I'll have to send this back, won't I?"

"Look," grandma said, "a bracelet to match!"

Lillian took the bracelet and still she said, "No card, grandma?"

"No card. Whoever sent them must be a millionaire!"

"But if I don't know who sent them, I can't send them back," Helen said thoughtfully.

Lillian studied the bright stoned bracelet. "I wonder who he is." Turning to grandma, "You don't mean a fat, old millionaire?"

"That is the sad part of millionaires, dear. They're generally old and fat."

"He—he isn't old. He's just right, but he forgot." Lillian placed her hand to her breast, trying to touch the ache. Her rich, romantic lips parted in a sigh. Why did she have to betray herself, even to herself?

LILLIAN went about taking off her bouffant gown, in a peculiar state of misery—more than grief. She was striving through it all to see reason. Wasn't her love for this man, this Alexander Moore, ill-judged? Wasn't it, she asked her tearful reflection in the mirror, just a passing fancy? Surely real love wouldn't make you feel like this—when you should be your happiest, of your whole life!

Just then a knock on her door.

"May I come in?"

"It's Mr. Pastor," grandma said, from the door, as Lillian hooked up her dress.

"Yes, come in, Mr. Pastor."

Tony Pastor stood in the doorway, his small face stamped with appreciation. "Well, you were successful tonight, my dear. How does it feel to be a success or are you afraid of it?"

"I—I love it, Mr. Pastor." Lillian stood in the middle of the room, tall and elegant, feeling in that second more adult than ever before in her life.

A little later, when Tony Pastor sat between Lillian and her grandmother, as they drove to Ninth Street, Tony said, "A funny thing happened tonight, Lillian. It made me remember when I first saw you—the day the horses ran away with you and your grandmother, in front of the theater."

"You saw us?" Lillian asked.

"Yes, but I remembered best that young man, Alexander Moore, who stopped the horses. I saw him tonight. He was at the theater, and when we came out the stage door he was standing there again, watching you. He probably fancied himself in love with you," Pastor laughed.

Lillian's hands clenched each other in their long, white gloves. It was all she could do to keep from saying, "Probably—not! He didn't keep our pact."

Later, in Lillian's room, she and grandma looked at the necklace and bracelet.

"Whoever sent them must be very much in love with you," grandma said. "Either that or they are a very expensive insult."

Lillian pushed the jewelry into her bureau drawer. "You see, Grandma, he knew I got a job, yet he deliberately broke our pact." Fixing her misty eyes on the mirror, Lillian said, with a toss of her head, "Very well, I'll forget him."

"That may be easier said than done, dear. You fell in love with that young man, but maybe it wasn't real. When it's real, the young man will feel about you as that musician, Edward Solomon, feels. I watched him tonight as he played for you—"

"Do you think Teddy really likes me? I think it's just his music, Grandma. He loves music."

Teddy Solomon did love music but he loved it best when accompanying Lillian's high sweet voice. During the month which followed Lillian Russell's debut, he worshipped her from his orchestra pit every performance. Lillian no longer was afraid. She could look out over the audience and sing now, but always she sang knowing that the dark, intense eyes of Solomon were on her.

One night after the performance, as Lillian started out to her carriage, Solomon stepped up to her. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her out of the theater.

"Miss Russell—Lillian—some day I am going to compose an opera for you. Your voice belongs to my opera. Your voice—and my music belong together." Lillian smiled: "Thank you, Teddy." She was to remember his words many times later—throughout her life.

In the dressing room one night grandma sat beside Lillian, with a forefinger raised for attention.

"Now, look here, young lady, you are a big star now. It's high time you took the bull by the horns and told your mother that you are on the stage, that you are Lillian Russell."

"She still thinks I take my music lessons every night. I told her Mr. Damrosch couldn't give me any other time. I'll never give it up, Grandma, never give up the stage."

"You can't, my dear. That's probably the reason Cynthia is afraid of it. You can't give it up, even

when you yourself grow tired you'll still go on."

Tony Pastor came in, saying in his gay voice:

"This was delivered to my office early today." He held a square, white box. Handing it to Lillian, "I don't suppose it's from that young man who stopped your horses that day." Laughing he added, "He was here tonight again."

"Did he ask for me?" Lillian asked anxiously.

"No, as a matter of fact, he left before the show was over. Well, good night, my dear."

"Good night, Mr. Pastor."

"And another thing," said grandma, "you get him right out of your mind, that Alexander Moore, and—Well, aren't you going to open that package that Mr. Pastor brought?"

Sitting at her dressing-table chair again, Lillian opened the box and there was another necklace, this one of emeralds and diamonds. "I wish I knew who sent this. Maybe I'd like him, Grandma, even if he's old and fat." Clasp the necklace about her throat Lillian leaned close to the mirror to stare at the jewelry. "Even if he is old and fat."

"No, dear, if you knew you'd have to send them back," grandma cautioned.

Helen sighed in agreement.

AT home that night Lillian lay on her bed with the moonlight streaming through the tall windows, her hair spread over the great feather pillow, and fascinated she fondled the sparkling necklace, which she still wore and listened to the orchestra from Mrs. Rose's, playing "Evening Star."

Suddenly, as from a draft, the lace curtains blew out wildly across her bed. The door to her bedroom had opened, and Cynthia was walking across the room. Cynthia had a robe over her gown. Her hair hung in two grey braids over her shoulders. How much older her mother looked, Lillian thought. Perhaps it was her hair, drawn back plainly like that. Perhaps because she was tired.

Sitting on the bed beside Lillian, Cynthia said, "You need not pretend you're asleep. I know you're not."

"You weren't in when I came home, Mother."

"I know. Your father told me you asked for me."

Lillian pulled the sheet up around her neck. Perhaps Cynthia hadn't seen the necklace. "You're tired, aren't you, Mother?"

"Rather," Cynthia said.

"Why don't you give it all up, Mother, your work, I mean? It really doesn't make much difference whether women ever vote or not, does it? There are other ways for a woman to get what she wants out of life, aren't there?"

"It all depends on what she wants. There isn't much to independence when you have to depend on someone else for it." Cynthia sighed. "Did you take your lesson tonight, dear?"

"Yes—yes, I did, Mother. And Mr. Damrosch thinks I'm improving, I think."

"Has he said so?"

"Yes, I think I'm doing rather well and grandma thinks so, too."

Cynthia looked strangely at her daughter who dropped her eyes. "Helen," Cynthia said, and then to the face smiling on the pillow, "yes, it's true. You do look like Lillian Russell."

"Have you seen her, Mother?"

"Almost every night from the gallery, and you're wonderful, dear. Yes, wonderful."

"Oh, Mother."

"I am so proud of you, dear." Lillian, forgetting all else, crept into her mother's arms. It was good to be back with Cynthia again.

Then Cynthia, holding her at arm's length saw the glittering jewelry. "Who gave you that?" Cynthia asked, astonished, touching the necklace as though she half believed the moonlight had tricked her eyes.

Smiling through tear-filled eyes, Lillian said simply, "I don't know, Mother. I got it at the theater—and another necklace, too. There wasn't a note or a card or anything."

TO Cynthia's still-questioning stare, Lillian struggled to explain further. "I couldn't send them back when I didn't know who sent them or where they came from. Could I?"

Cynthia did not answer immediately. Lillian, uneasy and confused a little by her mother's expression of astonishment, cried, "Well, could I, Mother?"

Cynthia had helped crystallize the concern she had felt about the expensive gifts from the very first. It was too hard to attempt to explain how she really felt—that in her own confused way she had tried to believe that since she could not have the spiritual prize she longed for—she had tried to believe that

the material prizes compensated. If she could not have Alex Moore's praise—and, oh, she would have rather had it than all the jewelry in the world!—she could hide the ache in her heart behind the sparkle of someone else's approval and admiration.

But now Lillian knew that it was wrong for a girl to accept expensive gifts. And down deep she had worried about her possessions.

"I suppose I was wrong to keep them," at last she told Cynthia. "What do you think I should do, Mother?"

Cynthia's stern face softened. It was good to feel that her child leaned on her for guidance, sought her judgment now.

"I think that whoever sent them to you did so because he wanted you to have them, because you wearing them would give him pleasure—and, too, because it seems to be customary to offer gifts to famous actresses."

"Then, you think I should not worry anymore—just keep them?" She asked, fascinated by the touch of the necklace.

"Until you learn who the giver is I see no harm in your wearing the jewelry, if you like it. Later, perhaps, when you know who sent it you may consider it wiser to return it."

Cynthia hugged the grateful laughing Lillian to her.

"Mother?" the girl asked. "I will be a success. I'm determined to be. I want it—so much! You do think I can be what you said—a famous actress? If I want to hard enough?"

"I'm sure of it," taking the girl's hand. "Good night, darling." Cynthia leaned over and kissed her daughter's forehead.

"You're not angry because I've gone on the stage, are you, Mother?"

"No, dear. We're going to miss you though—Helen."

"But, Mother, I'm not leaving you."

"Yes, you are, dear," with a sad smile. "And you'll probably miss us, too—but life has a cruel habit of absorbing those it gives success to, and I hate to give you up."

"I'll never leave you, Mother, never."

"You've already left yourself, dear. You're Lillian Russell now—and some day you'll forget you ever knew Helen Leonard."

"No, Mother. I'd rather forget Lillian Russell."

"You can't forget her now. Her name is in lights, in the newspapers and on thousands of lips."

"But, Mother—" Lillian's eyes misted and her throat closed with tears.

"Millions of new faces will soon take the place of the few old ones left behind. Men will offer fortunes just to stand in the shadow of her glamorous career. Women will envy but copy her and even—even kings may applaud Lillian Russell."

Cynthia spoke her lines, giving each word oratorical emphasis but that was one time Cynthia Leonard failed to sway her listener, as perhaps she had planned. Lillian looked from the intent, worried face out into the moonlight. A smile spread over her features. She seemed to visualize her mother's words.

"Oh, Mother, do you really think I'll be that successful?"

"I'm afraid you will, dear."

As Lillian lay there, smiling, Cynthia gently kissed her and added sadly, "Good night."

Lillian knew her mother had not expected her to react so pleasantly to the career she had described. She knew it the second the click of her door said Cynthia had gone to her own room. She started to follow. Then "Evening Star" blew in from next door. "Millions of admiring faces—men will follow her and women will copy her." That would be better, far better, than being Mrs. Alexander Moore. It would. "I do hope I like you, Lillian Russell."

CYNTHIA LEONARD'S prophecy came true. Lillian's name was in lights, in the newspapers, and on thousands of lips. She was a star and billboards, spread over New York, announced her appearance in "Olivette," and the "Pirates of Penzance." Lillian Russell became the idol of all New York, and truly men did worship her—while women admired and imitated her make-up and extravagant costumes, her small waistline, laced to kill, the broad, flaring hips, low-cut gowns, many beads, necklaces and bracelets, ostrich plumes, wide hats! All these fashions stemmed from Lillian Russell.

She spent nearly every cent she made on her wardrobe because, as she soon reasoned with Tony Pastor, "My wardrobe must be replenished every week. I can't sing in the same clothes all the time."

Thus, every time New York's greatest star wanted a raise she received it—twenty-five dollars each time, a scale then unheard of in the theater.

Lillian's beauty and popularity attracted wealthy men from all walks of life. And although Alex Moore did not seek her, there were many others who did. Among these was the fabulously wealthy Jesse Lewisohn. Lewisohn was the tall, thin, rather nice-looking man who frequently gave champagne suppers for Lillian. They created quite a picture together—Jesse with his tall silk hat and long cape, and Lillian, curvesome, and gold and jewel-decked.

The rumor was that Lewisohn wanted to marry Lillian, although everyone knew that Lillian gave almost her entire life to the theater.

Men were eager to be seen with the beautiful actress but she never could quite forget the pact which Alexander Moore had ignored. Lillian was sentimental, and she was ambitious. Romance and ambition became rivals in her heart. She liked the bright lights and the gaiety, she loved the theater.

Her success had been immediate and the only cloud was that Alexander Moore came no nearer to her than the last row of the theater. She could not know that he was without money, without work, and was far too proud to let her know. He was far too proud to admit his failure in the face of her tremendous success. Alexander Moore could not have admitted his failure more poignantly to himself than by returning to his old job as a reporter in Pittsburgh. If she had only known what he suffered, willing himself away from her—how her very name was sacred to him and sounded constantly in his heart.

JESSE LEWISOHN had arranged a supper party for Lillian one night during the run of "The Grand Duchess." Lillian had left Tony Pastor's theater then and was the star of the Casino Theater. And the event of headlined importance that night was that Lillian was going to sing, in the intermission, over long-distance telephone to the White House. Her voice would go directly to President Cleveland.

When Jesse Lewisohn walked into the lobby of the Casino that night he saw his friend, Jim Brady, one of the best-known men-about-town.

"Is it true Lillian Russell is to sing to President Cleveland tonight, in Washington?" Brady asked.

"They're connecting the wires backstage right now and the telephone company claims they can actually do it." Seeing the animated interest in Brady's large, florid face, Jesse added, "Would you like to come backstage and listen?"

"I'd be delighted," Brady said. Turning to the auburn-haired woman beside him he said, "Would you like to listen too, Edna?"

"I'd love to," Edna McCauley replied, running her arm through Brady's. "I hope Miss Russell doesn't recognize this gown. It's a copy of one I saw her wear at Rector's."

Backstage there was much excitement. The telephone, which studded the wall, held everyone's attention. The stage manager stood by, nervous and excited, and near him was Teddy Solomon, standing by the grand piano, waiting for the connection to be made between New York and Washington.

Chorus girls stood on the stairway and on the balcony, some in corsets and underskirts, others wore dressing gowns or kimonos. It was between acts and this marvelous long-distance call had interrupted the usual backstage life.

Everyone was quiet and waiting expectantly.

"Hello, hello," the manager called perspiringly through the phone. "No, I'm not impatient, but President Cleveland expects the call at exactly ten o'clock. Besides, it's intermission of the show—and we can't hold the curtain forever." Turning to Solomon he added, "I'd feel very much easier if Miss Russell was standing by."

"Miss Russell is waiting and ready. Would you like me to sing for the President?"

The manager looked his annoyance at Solomon whose sarcasm was not very humorous to him. "No, thank you, Mr. Solomon, if you don't mind."

"Oh, I don't mind—I love to sing."

This banter amused the spectators who soon forgot they were even living when Lillian Russell entered the scene. She was beautiful, radiant, obviously excited.

"Stand right here, Miss Russell. I really believe we're going to make it," the manager told her.

"I hope we don't," Lillian said.

"What?"

Lillian smiled but her face grew serious. "The idea of singing for the President of the United States frightens the life out of me." Then she

Russell

caught the intense, worried eyes of Teddy Solomon. "Don't worry, dear. Perhaps he won't hear you. I have an idea this is all a waste of time," he laughed.

Solomon, the artist, the musician, was tense and nervous, far more so than Lillian.

"Don't believe Teddy, Lillian," said an off-stage voice, "and don't let anyone frighten you." It was Jesse Lewisohn, making his way toward her, smiling broadly and confidently.

"I have great faith in the telephone and I have ever greater faith in you, my dear," Jesse said, holding her hand affectionately.

Despite her nervousness, Lillian smiled. She could not know how seeing Lewisohn holding her hand and conveying confidence affected Solomon. So many performances she had found the confidence she needed in his eyes!

"I never mind an audience because I always pick out a friendly face to sing to—but how can you sing to someone you can't even see?" Lillian asked.

"That's simple, Lillian," Jesse assured her. "You've got a big audience here and I'll pick out a face even friendlier than mine to sing to."

"How's that?"

Jesse turned and called across the scene.

"Jim, stand over here so Lillian can sing to you. This is Jim Brady, Lillian, the famous Jim Brady." There for the first time, Lillian Russell looked into the Irish eyes of Jim Brady. "I am so happy to meet you, Mr. Brady," she said.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you, Miss Russell. And may I present Miss Edna McCauley?"

The women nodded and Lillian's eyes returned to Brady's face.

"Hello, Washington. We're ready. Is the President ready. Oh—it is."

Now she stood facing the mouthpiece. Everything was quiet, tense, the dramatic moment had arrived and Lillian Russell's high, sweet soprano voiced "After the Ball."

All the while Lillian sang, Edward Solomon's long white fingers picked the melody from the grand piano. His eyes stayed on her face, scarcely leaving it, even though he knew at that moment she did not need him.

When Lillian finished the song there was applause. Nervously she took the receiver in her hand and murmured. "Yes, Mr. President."

She heard the deep, vibrant voice of President Cleveland saying, "Miss Russell, this has been a great privilege and we deeply appreciate the honor of being the first to hear your voice over the long-distance telephone."

"Thank you, Mr. President." Lillian barely whispered the words because her voice choked, almost broke. Tears came into her eyes and Teddy Solomon, quickly by her side, dried her cheeks with his handkerchief.

"Thank you, dear," Lillian said, not realizing that in her emotional moment she had called him 'dear.' Now he held her hand closer—warmly, telling her in a new way how dear she was to him.

WHEN she went to supper at Rector's that night Jesse Lewisohn sat on her right and Teddy on her left. Diamond Jim Brady and Edna McCauley made up the rest of the party. There was an abundance of everything—lobster, champagne, more champagne! There was music and singing and toasts, and suddenly when the orchestra was playing Jim Brady's laugh broke merrily across the table.

"What strikes you so funny, Jim?" Jesse asked.

"I was just thinking of President Cleveland at the other end of that telephone wire tonight, listening to Lillian Russell—when all the time she was really singing to me."

Lillian smiled sweetly at Brady. Edna raised her eyebrows, amused by Brady's ego, but Solomon seemed rather contemptuous.

"I want to thank you again for encouraging me," Lillian said, warmly, holding Brady's eyes.

"I don't think you could have done it without him," Solomon broke in with naïve sarcasm.

Ignoring Solomon, Brady still looked at Lillian. "It was a great treat, Miss Russell." Turning to Jesse, Brady added, "Just to show my appreciation of it, Jesse, I'm going to let you dance with Edna."

Then, "Edna, dear—dance with Mr. Lewisohn."

"I've wanted to dance with Jesse a long while, only I wish he had thought of it himself."

"I thought of it," Jesse said, offering his arm, "but I was afraid of Jim."

Brady laughed. "Imagine anybody being afraid of me."

"If I were a lobster I'd be afraid of you," Solomon

said with the same polite contempt of Brady, but Brady dug into a fresh lobster and laughed again.

"By the way," Brady centered his Irish eyes on Solomon, "you, too, were excellent tonight. You played the piano beautifully. I've been an admirer of yours for some time—in fact, I'm quite familiar with a number of your compositions."

"Why thank you, Mr. Brady, it's nice of you to say so." Solomon was taken aback by Brady's blarney and he came out completely from behind his cloud of jealousy.

"I especially enjoyed that number you wrote for Miss Russell, called—"

"The Silver Line," Solomon supplied the name.

"That's the one. It was beautiful. You should write all Miss Russell's songs."

Leaning across the table, his intense face strangely radiant, Solomon said, "Some day I hope to write at least one that is worthy of her."

Lillian smiled to herself, watching the worldly-wise, supersalesman, Brady, ensnare young Solomon. She saw Teddy then through her sentimental eyes. He was a poor composer, taking in this Irish flattery, smiling proudly. She almost wished to clasp his



"We seem to be alone at last," said Diamond Jim Brady. "I rather enjoyed watching you work it out," Lillian laughed

hand and say something that would give him balance now, but then Brady leaned farther over the table toward Solomon and said, "Will you do something for me? Have the orchestra play 'The Silver Line' and you play it with them?"

Solomon rose, excited and pleased. "You know the weakness of a musician, Mr. Brady. He can seldom resist the opportunity of showing off. Excuse me, Lillian." He hurried toward the orchestra.

TURNING to Lillian, Brady said, "We seem to be alone at last, or aren't you surprised?"

"I rather enjoyed watching you work it out. In a way I enjoyed it. I wondered if that was how you planned your steel railroad cars and all that sort of thing. You see I have heard about you."

"What do you know about railroad cars?"

"I know a lot about Jim Brady," smiling sweetly. "Is it true that you like corn on the cob as well as people say you do?"

"How much do they say?"

"I heard someone say he had seen you eat three dozen ears at once."

"It's a lie," Brady said. "I never ate less than six dozen ears at one time in my life. Do you enjoy corn?"

"I love corn on the cob. It's been my favorite food since I was a little girl."

"How many ears can you eat?" Brady asked.

"When I'm really hungry—I've eaten two or three."

"I can spot you three and beat you by ten."

Smiling, Lillian said, "Listen, Teddy is singing his piece for you." After a pause, "He's really a fine composer. If it hadn't been for his help I could never have become a star. He's a really great artist—"

Lillian's lips were soft and her eyes a little moist, talking of Teddy. She lowered her head and toyed with her bracelets as she listened to the romantic music he said she had inspired him to compose.

Then, suddenly, softly at first, Brady started to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?"

"At myself. I've been waiting two years for tonight—just to be alone with you—and all I could talk about was corn on the cob."

Lillian, watching the bulky Irishman throw his head back and laugh, thought he seemed sad, even though he laughed.

She was thinking then of Solomon—how he was playing to them with his soul and that only she listened. She felt tender and filled with warmth for the dark-eyed man—felt gratitude. She loved the creative thing in him—his imagination, his softness. Even the way he became sarcastic when he was not noticed sufficiently and when someone hurt him—made him jealous. And, of course, he was jealous of her—even of her smile. Yet, she saw it now, he wanted everyone to love her work—and he wanted her to love him. She saw all this now.

Which was, no doubt, why she married Teddy Solomon a few nights later.

Still wearing the blue satin gown and huge white-plumed hat in which she had just sung his ballad, "The Silver Line," Lillian and Teddy were married in her dressing room, even while Jesse Lewisohn and Diamond Jim Brady waited at the stage door to take her out to supper. (The stagehands and members of the company were witnesses.)

PART III

WHEN news of Lillian's marriage hit the city room of the *Pittsburgh Telegraph*, Alexander Moore read it and experienced the kind of misery which goes with the death of a dream.

"Well, boys—this spoils all my plans," said the swaggering reporter at the desk next to his.

"Why, did you figure on marrying her, Jack?" someone else entered into the office banter.

"It's been a toss up with me between Lillian and that new French girl, Anna Held—but Flo Ziegfeld's got her, they tell me—so I decided on Lillian." As the others in the office continued to look at the picture of the new bride in the paper, he added, "And now she ups and marries a poor composer. The chump! She could have had her pick of any millionaire in New York."

"Maybe she loves the composer," Alex spoke, then.

"Sure—and maybe he'll write all her shows and will enjoy spending her dough for her—to say nothing of getting his hands on all that jewelry she takes in from the rich guys she doesn't marry."

Alex got up slowly from his desk and looked at his colleague:

"I didn't like that remark, Jack. I happen to know Lillian Russell." As Jack showed his defiance, "I'll thank you not to speak of her like that again."

"Well, she does get a lot of gifts, doesn't she?"

"Why, she gets more than any other woman on the stage!" put in one of the bystanders.

"I can understand that," Alex said, flushing. "People love her, people who don't even know her but get to feel like they do from just watching her. If I had the money to buy her things worth-while I'd be sending her something every day."

The seriousness of Alex Moore's face, more than his words, removed the defiant banter from the reporters. Smiling, Jack said:

"All right, Alex—if that's how it is with you. I'm sorry—and it won't happen again."

When Alex sat down at his desk, the office boy came to tell him the managing editor wanted him to report to his office.

"Alex, I overheard what you said about Lillian Russell," the boss came right to the point. "How well do you know her?"

"She—she wouldn't even remember me now—" he said. "I met her a couple of times—and I've seen every show she has ever played in since then."

"Did you see 'The Grand Duchess'?"

"That's why I took three days off last month to go to New York—"

"You went all the way to New York to see a performance of her show?"

"Not exactly—I saw three performances. It's a wonderful show."

"She must be," the editor said thoughtfully. "That's why I want a story of her life for our paper . . . and you're the one to get it."

This would mean all angles—include all the stages of her development, perhaps some of her emotional adventures—Lillian, as the daughter of a suffragette, how she struggled for a normal home life in a rooming house. How well Alex Moore could understand what living in a house, which wasn't a home, meant.

That had been the way he had lived ever since he was a little boy—when he sold newspapers after school to buy books to read . . . how later he worked as copy boy in a newspaper office that he could go to night school. That's why he understood Lillian Russell's life so well. How much more he knew and understood about her than the public, who loved her as an actress, had ever dreamed!

The editor was saying, "Show how, while her mother was struggling to secure equal political rights for women, this girl, by her charm and femininity, was bringing the men to her feet."

"That's the truth—she was! And I—"

"And you, too," the editor smiled. "I want you to scoop those smart New York papers. I want the *Pittsburgh Telegraph* to tell them the exclusive story of Lillian Russell. That is your next assignment."

"Go to New York?"

"Certainly. What's the matter? Don't you want to go?"

"Of course—but I wish you had thought of all this before she got married."

WHILE ALEX was trying to find the old Leonard home on Ninth Street, Lillian and her bridegroom were sailing for London. And while Alex stood in the hall, trying to explain to Cynthia Leonard what he was about, grandma listened from her wheelchair in the parlor.

"I can't tell you anything about my daughter," the bitter-eyed Cynthia said. "I haven't seen her much lately, Mr. Moore." Smiling sadly, "The penalty of success, perhaps. I'm sorry—but that is all I have to say."

Cynthia turned and walked up the stairs. Alex watched her martyred back, took in the expensive wallpaper on the hall, the deep Oriental rugs on the floor—gilt-framed pictures. He knew that Lillian had spent much of her earnings on this house.

Maybe he thought as he started to leave he would come back again and find Mrs. Leonard in a more giving mood.

"I'm-sorry-young-man-ha-ha-ha!" a metallic voice screeched out from the parlor.

The wild, harsh laughter made him look in—where grandma sat listening and squinting.

"Were you looking for me, young man?"

"No—not exactly—but I'm glad to see you again."

"Again? Do you know me?" With much of the old spirit.

"Well—we never were properly introduced, but we have met before."

"It's my eyes, young man. They're something fierce—nearly gone out and left me blind. Come closer—so I can try to recall you. My left ear is stone deaf and if I didn't feel so good, I'd think it was old age catching on to me."

The parrot mimicked the cracked old laugh.

"Shut your beak, Noah!"

Grandma stared up at Alex's face through her thick glasses.

"Why, land sakes! You're the young man who saved our lives! I remember it very well—but why didn't you ever come back to see Helen?"

"I did—at the theater, but somehow I didn't have the nerve to come in to see her."

"A hero—without nerve. Nonsense! When I was young and a man saved a girl's life it naturally meant something."

"It did—" Alex said, soberly.

"Then I can tell you—Helen fell in love with you."

"You're just saying that—to be kind."

"No—nothing was more cruel to Helen than to know you did not come back to see her—she was hurt—deeply hurt . . . so that she had to stop even mentioning your name. Oh, how could you ever let a girl like Helen slip out of your hands? You must be a very proud and stupid young man!"

"I was—then. But, tell me, where is she now?" he asked, clasping the withered hand and holding it. "I'm supposed to do a story about her for my newspaper—and I'd like to find her. You see, Grandma—it is the first time I could be proud—do you understand what it means for a fellow to love a girl who has a job—and he hasn't?"

"I understand—but fiddlesticks!" Grandma was impatient. The tires of her wheelchair rolled back and forth as she talked. "And—well, I'd like to help you—only Cynthia, that's her mother, wouldn't want us even to talk about Helen. You see, she didn't like it because she married young Solomon without asking her permission."

"Please tell me—"

"Oh, Solomon's all right. He's fine—but Cynthia is lonely for Helen, since Charlie's death. No—Cynthia's word is law here." Then, in a lower voice,

"She's in London—we got a cable from her this morning. She's already met the Prince of Wales—and she's going to appear in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. But don't you say I said so."

Alex Moore dropped on one knee and pressed his lips to the trembling, withered little hand.

"And when you find her, young man—give her this message for me."

Grandma leaned over and kissed his firm cheek.

"I don't think I'll give that to anyone—I'll just keep it for myself." he said.

"Well, good-by then—and don't stay away so long this time—it might be too long."

ALEX MOORE'S cable, asking Lillian for her story, was delivered to her in The Savoy Theater one fog-thick day. It read:

MY EDITOR WANTS THE STORY OF YOUR CAREER AND HAS ASSIGNED ME TO GET IT STOP IF I COME OVER WILL YOU COOPERATE REGARDS

It was signed Alexander Moore, *Pittsburgh Telegraph* staff writer.

Lillian walked out through the lobby, the yellow paper clinched in her gloved hand. She wanted to think—because those words, after so long, from Alexander Moore had dug into a corner of her heart which she thought had been sealed forever.

She wanted to think and she couldn't gather her thoughts there in the theater, where Arthur Sullivan was playing the piano and William Gilbert was arguing—forever and forever.

In the lobby was a great banner stretched out with the announcement:

Opening November Fifteenth
GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S NEW OPERA
"PRINCESS IDA"
 with
LILLIAN RUSSELL

It had meant a great deal to Lillian to be engaged by the famous team to come to London. It meant a lot to her composer husband, too—but, still, it wasn't exactly his dream-come-true. Teddy wanted to write his own show for her—but meantime, he tried to console himself by working in shows where Lillian starred. In his heart he always believed he would write her greatest triumph.

Lillian had to think of Teddy—dear, emotional, sweet Teddy . . . who really looked a little like the tall, dark-eyed boy who had saved her life in the runaway . . . who had helped her speak to the mob



"I said, I was successful in getting you out of rehearsal—" Teddy told Lillian. "Not only did I get you out of rehearsal—but out of the show too!"

outside her home. Strange, she had never thought of that before . . . not strange, when she came to think how determined she had been to seal up that part of her heart—his part.

She walked, in her high, tight, button-shoes over to the cable office, where she came to her decision. It was embodied in her answer to Alex Moore:

CANNOT GIVE TIME TO YOU NOW THANKS

And she signed the cable Lillian Russell Solomon

TEDDY SOLOMON thought nothing about the decision when she told him about what she had done. He thought far more about her walking in the November air—the thick, moist fog, when she was exhausted from long hours of rehearsal, by the long, wearisome session they both were compelled to sit

through, listening to the endless arguing of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert.

Teddy was so proud in his triumph—of his love for Lillian, of their marriage that he swaggered a little in his new confidence.

He knew now that his peculiar gift for expressing his emotions and impressions in melody would soon be recognized by the world because Lillian recognized it. And with her as his constant inspiration, he would soon be able to compose the real thing; the true lights in his heart and brain would be interpreted in his music!

A little impatient, a little cocksure—one night Teddy came into the Savoy for rehearsal, when Gilbert called loudly from the stage:

"Where is Miss Russell? She's an hour late."

"Miss Russell isn't coming to rehearsal tonight," Teddy answered. "I came to tell you."

Gilbert stalked from the stage, crying, "I want to talk to you, Solomon. Come to me!"

Solomon took his time about finding Gilbert and before the arguable man could begin his tirade against performers who miss rehearsals, Teddy ran his long-fingered hands into his pockets and said,

"I want to tell you I resent your summoning my wife to night rehearsals, after she has spent the entire day working with your company. Lillian Russell may not mean anything yet in England—but she is a great star and I insist that you treat her accordingly! If you question her ability to play the role without night rehearsals—then get someone else!"

Solomon's furious blast temporarily took the wind out of Gilbert. He backed against the wall and rubbed his hand over his face, as one stunned.

"You—you dare to speak to me in that tone!"

"I dare," Solomon said, controlled. "My wife is anxious for a London success—but if she doesn't get it from you, she'll get it somewhere else." With an ironic smile, "I too write for the theater, Mr. Gilbert."

"So—so that is it! Why you barge in here and provoke a quarrel with me! It's not your wife's career you're concerned about—it's your own!" with sudden decision, Gilbert frowned, "Very well—you go tell Mrs. Solomon that her services are no longer required!"

Teddy shrugged his London-tailored shoulders elegantly: "Thank you, sir—we'll manage to get on without you, I imagine." And with the same ease and swagger he walked out.

But when he was faced with telling Lillian what had happened he was not as confident. It was not as easy to make her see the thing as it had really happened.

He found her waiting in their suite.

"I thought I'd have some message from you—perhaps they'd need me anyway," Lillian greeted him with her hat on.

He came over, put his arms around her. He had never been able to hold her enough, had never tired of looking at her beauty, listening to her throaty voice.

"There was no need of a message, darling," he told her. Then kissing her lingeringly, he let her go.

"What happened—what did they say? Tell me all about it, Teddy."

"Well, darling—I was completely successful in getting you off. I—you see—I knew how badly you needed rest before you get back into the routine."

"I know, I know all that, Teddy—but what did they say?" Her voice was a little edgy with impatience and she followed him across the room, to where he sat at the piano.

"I said, I was successful in getting you out of rehearsal—" Then he stood up and looked at her, holding her eyes. "Not only did I get you out of rehearsal—I got you out of the show."

"Stop joking," she said, stepping back from him. He seemed strange to her in this mood. It was the old mood he used to take in front of strangers, when they hurt him—and she always was touched far more than annoyed by it.

"What happened?" she pursued, smiling uneasily. "I told you. You're fied."

She bit her lip, which was suddenly dry as dust. "Simply because of the rehearsal?"

"Well, yes. That started it."

"Started what, Teddy? Tell me, dear." Now she could see he was hurt.

"The argument," he said in the flat tone of one who knows when he's cornered.

"Now, Teddy—you didn't lose your temper again?"

His eyes became defiant as a little boy's.

"Very well—crawl to your London triumph, if you want to! Go on your knees to Mr. Gilbert and

Russell

apologize! He'll forgive you, I'm sure. Tell him from now on you'll be a good girl—or vice versa . . . I don't care which."

"If you don't care—that's what I'll do. I'll go back to Mr. Gilbert and ask him to take me back."

HER heart beat frighteningly, warningly. This was the first serious quarrel she had ever had with Teddy and it did horrible things to her inside. But somehow she knew she could not let him bully her, even in temper. She was silent.

"You won't have to ask twice, I assure you," Teddy raised his voice. "I can even tell you what he'll say—'My dear Miss Russell—of course I want you back, but I don't like your meddling husband. He's crazy, selfish, stupid—and doesn't want anybody to do anything for you but himself.' That's what he'll say to you."

His too-bright, feverish eyes wavered a little, but came back to meet her gaze.

"Unfortunately, Lillian, that's the truth—every word. But I can't help myself, Lillian—that's how I feel about you. I want to write you the greatest operetta of your career. I can do it, if you'll have faith in me . . . I'll start it tonight—this very minute—"

Her heart melted then.

"Come, Teddy—sit beside me." She turned out the lamp and they sat beside the fireplace, with only the glow from the dying embers lighting their faces.

"I've been unfair to you, Teddy," she began. "There's something I've kept from you, dear—something I should have told you."

Teddy sprang up, his hands clenched.

"If it's anything that may come between us, don't tell me now. I'll—I'll never give you up—understand that! Even if you should tell me you loved someone else more—even if you said you did not love me any more. I wouldn't let you go! I—couldn't live without you!"

"Listen, Teddy—there is someone else—" Before she could finish his head was in her lap, his hot tears on her hands.

"Teddy—a baby. I'm going to have a baby."

He caught her hands and crushed them to his lips.

"So, you see, dear—it's just as well that I'm out of the show."

When he rose and walked across the room, she watched him, puzzled.

"Aren't you happy about it?" she asked.

His dark head bent, he stalked the room, his face desperate in the fire light.

"I was never happier—but never more convinced of my own selfishness."

"Why, dear?"

Perhaps she would never understand this man-child, who had come to mean so much to her life—even had the power to change its path. Persuade her to come to a strange country—and then dare get her fired from a show and thus throw them both out of work.

"Why?" he repeated, his voice husky with emotion. "I've risked your entire career—as if it belonged to me. And it doesn't. Even you have no right to jeopardize it, Lillian."

He came over and sat on the couch beside her.

"I'll be proud of our child—dear—but if anything should happen to you—because of it—I'd hate myself—forever."

"What could happen, Teddy?"

"You—you might die. Or, it might change you in so many ways that you'd never really be Lillian Russell again."

Tilting his chin up so that he looked straight into her eyes,

"Teddy dear, you're horribly morbid; but if I should die, I'd consider it a glorious ending to my career; if I live and my career should die—I'd consider it the lovely beginning of a new life." Smiling into his wet eyes, "Now, dear—take me in your arms. Hold me tight—and don't let me go—'til the fire burns out."

He gathered her to him, trying to put into his kiss all the things that were in his heart.

Later, she tried to argue that she soon would be "perfectly all right" but the sensitive artist that was Teddy Solomon argued against her statements. He underwent, lived through, in his imaginative mind every pain, every anxiety which Lillian was to experience during the following months.

While she did everything she knew to calm him, Lillian did a lot of thinking, which she dared not voice. After all, and at best, it would be a year before she could go back on the stage—she knew that.

And then what had been her fame—on the other side of the Atlantic, might have faded out, been forgotten by that time. But still there was more of it to be gained in London, where they were.

The truth was they had accumulated little money during the bright months. They had put so little aside for happier days—because, why should they, when they were living their happy days! That had been their theory. The trouble was in making it work, even though she determinedly insisted that they were happy. Because they had each other.

"Lillian, do you realize that it is expected nowadays that a man be in love with his own wife? Isn't that fitting for me?" Teddy would say. "And some day, some day when you sing my operetta the world will know that I adore you."

How he worked over the piano—all night, all day—never stopping. Seldom sleeping, in his feverish haste—his determined anxiety.

Lillian saw his pale hands become too long, too transparent. And his face, with its delicate bone structure almost showing through. His eyes were burning flames, keeping alive on his love, his dream, his hope of what he was doing for her.

"It will be your greatest success," he would say, day after day.

THE baby—a girl they named Dorothy—was three months old when the London Theater season was getting under way. She was a darling baby—with Lillian's bright gold hair and pink skin and her father's large brown eyes. She was a good baby, too, who responded nicely to the attentions of the French nursemaid Lillian engaged.

Lillian had pawned every piece of her jewelry, so they could keep living in the small hotel suite and afford the nursemaid. Time was pressing in on them horribly—but surely she could not find fault with Teddy's effort and application.

"Did Mr. Solomon drink his eggnog, Marie?" Lillian asked her maid at frequent intervals each day—asked when the incessant playing on the piano in the next room seemed weaker, more stumbling. As if to indicate the composer was striving against every odd to find the melodies and to set them down. At times it seemed that he was racing against time itself—racing with his own health. That he might finish before this fever became too consuming.

"No'm—although I told him it was an English custom never to leave an empty glass," the maid replied. "He doesn't look well. He works too hard."

"He's tired—he needs to go away for a holiday."

"He says it is to be the greatest role of your career—the one he's working on now. It's just for you."

Listening to the music filtering through the cheap thin walls, "I hope so—for his sake."

LILLIAN was dressed in one of the most becoming house dresses she owned. A Lillian Russell blue—satin, with a train, with a flowing, becoming flounce, draped about the neck and falling about her wide shoulders—which accentuated her small, tightly-laced waist. She wore her hair in a high pompadour, with a cluster of curls turned over her left shoulder.

Looking at her reflection in the dressing table mirror, she thought of a certain day in New York, when she wore a blue dress—and a wide hat, which blew off and let her hair go wild. His arms had been around her when she reached up and pulled her hair from his eyes—such dark, thoughtful eyes they were . . . and he had said, a little later, "You're very beautiful."

"Marie," she called, "you'll stay to let the visitor in tonight. He's to call about eight."

"Visitor, Ma'am?"

"How could you possibly forget, Marie? The American newspaperman. His name is Mr. Moore," Lillian managed to keep her voice even. "Show him in when he arrives."

She had cabled Alexander Moore that she would now give him her story if he could come to London.

A FEW minutes before eight, Lillian went into the music room and put her arm about Teddy's bent shoulders.

"You look tired, dear," she said.

"I am tired, darling—but it's fun getting tired from work you love. When I'm finished and you tell me I've kept my promise and written your greatest role, then I'll rest as long as you wish."

"But, you still have so much to do, Teddy—" Then, with sudden determination, "And unless you promise to go away, I'll never tell you I like your operetta—and what's more, I may not even sing it when you do finish it."

That made him laugh. It always did.

"All right, that settles it—we go away. That is, if you get enough money for your life."

"What do you say my life is worth?"

"More than all the papers in the world could pay."

"You're sweet," she told him, her lips against his stubby cheek.

"So are you," he said, turning back again to the keyboard. "Now run along and sell yourself to the newspaperman—and, Lillian, please don't send Marie in here with any more egg-nogs. She always comes when I'm in the midst of a great idea—here she is, pushing an egg-nog down my throat."

"All right—no more tonight."

Lillian couldn't know what seeing her walk into that room did to Alex Moore. He stood as she came toward him, took her outstretched hand, bowed, properly aloof. Through his guard, he was thinking how unkind the years had been to leave his heart, so young in its feeling for her. The sight of her brought back the ache, which was old as forever.

He saw her now as the woman, yet he never had lost his picture of her as the girl. Her blue eyes were deeper—life had dug into her heart. Her figure was more mature—but there was something about her graceful, richly-padded body which would never age. Her voice, vibrated through him. And the sensation of being in her presence was almost unbearable at first—a storm inside him while he stood apart and watched—postponing the second when he must appoint his mind to control it.

This smiling, gracious woman before him was Lillian Russell, a famous actress, beloved by millions. His paper was eager to pay her homage through its columns. He must see her that way. She was, above everything else a woman who loved another man. She was forever beyond his own reach.

The first few sentences they exchanged were not recorded on the memory of either. They did not fasten the thread of conversation for a few seconds, while their eyes and overtones expressed more than the formalities, uttered with mechanical politeness.

PIANO music, reached between and about them. While it came from behind a closed door, from another room, and played in spurts, starts and stops it was strangely suited to their moods.

Alex extracted a folded letter from the large envelope he balanced on his lap.

"This is in letter form, and merely gives our paper the exclusive right to publish your story. You'll have to sign where it says 'accepted.'"

Lillian didn't even look at the proffered letter. Her eyes still held to his face.

"And this—this is your check."

The music sounded insistently loud then. It brought Lillian from her contemplation of Alex. She shook her head, as one coming out from a day-dream, smiled. She took the check and letter without looking at either.

"You'll sign—sign the letter—" Alex said, leaning toward her.

"Why did you break our pact, Mr. Moore?"

He did not answer immediately. He was too surprised. Looking at her, he said, his voice well under control.

"I didn't think you even remembered me, Miss Russell."

"That doesn't answer my question, Mr. Moore."

"I don't think I can answer it without quibbling a little. You see, I made my pact with a girl named Helen Leonard, and when I found she was Lillian Russell, I—well—I got scared, I guess." Taking a quick breath, "Does it seem very long ago—I mean, it does seem a long time ago, doesn't it?"

"I can see it all as if it were yesterday. We had just left Professor Damrosch's and I was so happy because he was going to teach me—and grandma was all a-flutter because she didn't like the Professor at first. Then it happened . . . And you seemed to leap from nowhere and I—I thought you were going to be killed."

"I was afraid you were."

"And here we are—years later—signing a contract for my life story." Her lips parted in a smile. "It would have been a very short one, if you hadn't been so brave."

Alex saw the mist in her eyes as she smiled again. He saw, too, that the acclaim of the world had not erased the simple memories from her heart.

"Maybe it wasn't bravery," Alex spoke, forcing lightness into his voice. "Maybe it was just a newspaperman saving a good story. You—you look very well, Miss Russell."

"Thank you. You haven't changed much . . . and I haven't seen you since the night Mother was de-

feated in the election. Poor Mother . . ." Then suddenly speaking faster, "She's the one your paper should really be interested in. Why don't you write the story of her life? It would be a much greater story than mine."

"I don't think my paper exactly agrees with you—" It was so much easier to talk with her about—about anything other than themselves. "You see, my paper considers you one of the finest women who ever lived—not only because of your success, but on account of the way you've carried it. Everybody in America loves you."

Lillian saw the vein pump in his forehead as she repeated, "Everybody?"

"They just can't help themselves. I—you've got a way of making people love you—I mean—that's how my paper feels about you, Miss Russell."

The music stopped—then started. Stopped with a bang—then started and continued evenly.

Lillian leaned her shoulders against the high back of her chair.

"Well, it's very sweet of you to tell me, Mr. Moore."

Then she tossed her head, her eyes twinkling, and said, "And before your paper discovers how completely different things have been in London for me, I'd better sign this letter."

"Oh, you needn't bother with it tonight, if you'd rather have your attorney or business manager or someone look it over first."

She unfolded the letter, "I'm my own business manager, Mr. Moore—and I don't think we'll need an attorney."

Lillian moved over to the writing table, where the light was.

"I'd like you to read it—if you will—before signing," he said.

"As you say, then—I'll not be long about it."

ALEX walked the length of the room, now strangely quiet since the piano had stopped. Apparently she had been serious when she intimated London had not meant success for her. This room, with its cracked wallpaper, with the worn rug and frayed settee, would never have been the setting chosen by Lillian Russell in days of prosperity.

He remembered too well the expensive new paper in the hall of the Leonard house on Ninth Street—the deep-piled Oriental rugs and gilt-framed pictures.

He walked across to where a group of pictures were arranged on the mantel. He recognized the likeness of Lillian's mother—and there was grandma in a black bonnet primly tied with a bow.

"Do you remember grandma?" Lillian had turned in her chair to ask. He felt she had been watching all the while.

"Oh, yes. In fact, I saw her in New York just before she. . ."

Lillian broke the sudden pause.

"I loved her very much, Mr. Moore. I'll—I'll miss her all the rest of my life."

The sadness in her voice did not linger. As if she fought against it, she turned back to the letter.

"Is this where I sign?" she asked.

Stepping over beside her, he indicated the place. "Right here."

A tear dropped on the letter as she wrote her name there.

Lillian calmly blotted the signature and the tear and folded the letter into its original creases.

"You didn't expect me to seal our contract with tears, did you?"

"I can understand how you feel about her—because I know how she felt about you."

He drew back a little then. And when he spoke again the business tone had returned to his voice.

"This is your copy of the agreement," handing her a carbon of the letter.

"Thank you—but tell me, did you talk with grandma?"

"Oh—yes, indeed. We had quite a long chat." He did not let her see his eyes then, as though to hide the thing he thought and cherished.

"Did she know you were going to write about me?"

"Oh—yes. I told her that was why I was looking for you."

Lillian sighed and smiled mistily.

"I can imagine grandma when she heard that. What did she say, Mr. Moore?"

"Well—well, she gave me some sort of message to give you."

Leaning nearer she asked, "What was it?"

Alex looked at her. Then, after a pause, he spoke: "I've been trying to think of it, but it's so long

ago now. Shortly after that I read where she. . ."

"Yes, I know—it happened just before Dorothy was born."

"Dorothy?"

"Yes—our baby. Didn't you know? She's almost three months old now. I'll introduce you to her sometime."

Alex felt strangely awkward, saying, "I'd love to meet her."

"And I'd like you to meet my husband, too—"

Just then a discord sounded violently from the piano and its vibrations broke through Lillian's sentence. Alex was startled and glanced instinctively toward the closed door.

"That's what you call artistic temperament," Lillian quickly recovered with a laugh. "Whenever Teddy becomes dissatisfied with his work, he slaps the poor piano as if it were all its fault." Then, "Would you like to meet my husband?"

"Well—of course. If it wouldn't disturb him."

"We'll soon find out. If he's really as annoyed as that discord sounded, he'll welcome an interruption—but if he's in the midst of an inspiration,



Alex knew he must not interfere with what the paper had sent him for—a great and important task. The story of Lillian Russell. Her story. Not his, not theirs! Hers

it's hopeless." Then, she stood and called clearly toward the closed door.

"Teddy! Teddy!"

THERE was no answer because at that very moment Teddy Solomon clutched his throat and gasped for breath. He wanted to answer, to call out, more than anything else in the world. But he only had strength enough to lift himself a few inches from the piano and reach for the glass of water beside the music rack. His trembling fingers refused to clasp the glass.

Slumping back in his seat, the weight of his upper body fell on the keyboard, making another discord.

"Lillian—Lillian. . ."

His weak cry was lost in the vibrating noise of the keys, pinned beneath him.

"Lillian—"

But no sound filtered through to the outer room. Lillian looked at Alex and shrugged her shoulders, smiled a little apologetically.

"Doesn't look as though he wanted to be disturbed, does it?"

Lillian sat in the chair again and turned to Alex.

"Sit down and tell me something about your ambition. You know, I remember when you told me you wanted to own a paper. When are you going to own your newspaper?"

"I don't know—yet—although I am working toward it. I didn't get on well in New York and—well, I went back home to Pittsburgh—I've been there on the same paper ever since."

"Married, I suppose?" she asked quickly—left the sentence uneasily in the air between them.

"No—"

"Well! Well—why not? Isn't there a girl?" she laughed coaxingly.

"There's a girl back home I've known all my life—"

"What's her name? Tell me about her."

"Lucille—"

"Why haven't you married Lucille?"

"I—I just never thought seriously enough about it, I guess." He smiled to cover his embarrassment. "Maybe she wouldn't have me if I did."

He didn't want to talk about why he had not married . . . He couldn't—to her.

Seeing that he obviously preferred to change the subject, Lillian shook her head and a smile played in her eyes. "Oh, all right, if you don't want to tell me about—Lucille."

"You're—you're very happy, aren't you?" Alex asked, changing the subject of marriage over to her, to her life with Solomon by nodding slightly toward the closed door.

"Oh, yes—very," but a thoughtful frown puckered her brows. She cleared the air with a wave of her hand, saying, "But we haven't had such an easy time of it lately, and your check is more than welcome. Yes, we, Teddy and I, have been very happy. You see, he is writing an opera for me. Really beautiful music—of course, you've heard his compositions?"

"Yes—yes, I have."

Alex was not to be diverted from the subject of her now that once they had opened it.

"Then, you've really achieved your ambition, haven't you?" he pursued. "A successful career—and a happy romance."

"Yes, I guess I have—although my career has been sort of lost in a London fog lately."

"The baby more than makes up for that, I imagine."

She assured him he was right with a quick nod and smile.

"Won't you have some tea, Mr. Moore?"

"No, thank you—I'm . . . I'd like to begin our work tomorrow if you can give me a little time," he took up his hat from the settee, prepared to leave.

But he could see that she did not want him to go. She shifted in her chair and turned the palms of her hands upward.

"We can begin tonight if you wish, Mr. Moore."

HE couldn't begin tonight. He knew that, although he did not know why. Perhaps it was because just behind the closed door at a piano sat a man, who had not figured in the beginning of the story he was to write. Perhaps—because tonight the beginning of the story was too real and too close. No, he was too close to the forest of his thoughts to single out and focus on a single tree. He did not know why he could not begin tonight—that he did not even wish to stay there and talk with her longer.

Looking down at her, Alex knew he must not interfere with what the paper had sent him for—a great and important task. The story of Lillian Russell. Her story. Not his, not theirs. Hers!

"No—" he spoke, not realizing he had been lost in thought. "No—I've taken up enough of your time tonight. But could we devote the afternoon to it tomorrow? Say from about one o'clock on? I can only be in Europe two weeks, and I have to visit Paris, Vienna and Budapest before sailing back."

He breathed easier when he had told her, so that she might not know what he was trying to hide . . . because he did not want her to know that he was struggling against accepting something he had known a long while, had not really acknowledged as truth. Lillian Russell was completely lost to him.

"Are you going to Paris and the other places you mentioned on business?" she inquired.

"Yes—of course. Yes, I am."

"And I was flattering myself that you had come all the way to London just to interview me." She shrugged and smiled.

The coaxing tone in her voice filled him with a painful delight. She was trying little tricks to prolong his stay. It was mainly because, he told himself quickly, she must be lonely.

"You're the most important assignment, Miss Russell . . ." Again frightened by the revelation of his tone, he added, "This is—rather, that is the way my paper feels about it." He had reached the door, then. "Good night, Miss Russell."

She came over to him, then, but he backed into the open doorway. "Good night."

"No—wait," she touched his sleeve. "I mustn't let you go without meeting Teddy. Don't you think you should meet him before you leave tonight?"

"But—he'll be annoyed by an intrusion—"

"He might be terribly annoyed—if I let you go without meeting him. Do you mind if I take you to him now? It will take only a minute."

Alex came into the room again.

Approaching the closed door, Lillian opened it slowly. Peering through the opening, she called, "Teddy—" softly.

Pushing further into the room, she called again. Then, she came out quickly, closing the door carefully behind her. "I'm so sorry," she half-whispered. "Teddy is fast asleep, using his arms for a pillow right on the keyboard."

"I'm glad you didn't disturb him—"
"No, I wouldn't do that. You see, he's so tired. But tomorrow—you'll meet him tomorrow. We'll have tea, the three of us together."

A little relieved, somehow, Alex nodded in agreement and walked to the exit, Lillian beside him.

She held out her hand and said, "Tomorrow then—and you will keep this pact?"

"You can depend on it."
"And thank you again for everything. You don't realize how much it means to Teddy and me."

Leaning against the door, which she had closed behind Alex, Lillian stood looking about the room for a second. Alex Moore, tall and broad and tender—just as he had been before—just as he had remained in her memory, was still in that room. His simple dignity and sincerity were everywhere.

"The most enchanting memory of my girlhood," she thought. "Yes—that's what it is, a memory—nothing more."

A MOMENT later the vision of Teddy crowded into her thoughts, brought her back to the reality of the present. Poor, tired Teddy!

She walked over to the table and picked up the check. What a blessing it was! To know that now Teddy could have a rest—they could go to the country for two weeks. Maybe longer. She was happy with the bright picture pushing into her mind—of Teddy, resting at last, resting because he no longer felt the cruel pressure of the necessities of their life. The dreary cloud, which had settled over her heart throughout those months as she watched him straining far beyond fatigue and yet had known there was nothing she could do, had lifted.

Just one more week! It was too good to keep to herself any longer. News like that was good enough to wake Teddy for. She sang out his name and when that brought no answer she threw back her head and sounded it again in a running, clear scale.

With the check in her hand she went humming to Teddy's door.

She found him still at the piano, his head on his folded arms. The light, burning on the piano, fell on his head, reminding her how often he had run his fingers through that dark tousled hair, fretting because some melody had sounded in his mind, then eluded him. She could not see his face, because it was turned from her.

"Teddy," she called. "Look—look, Teddy. Wake up, dear!"

She put out her hand and touched his shoulder, but Teddy Solomon did not move.

"Teddy . . . Teddy . . ." Leaning over him she could see his face now—and his wide, wide eyes. Teddy Solomon was dead.

FOR the first time since she had met Teddy she felt lonely and unsure of herself—and now without him, she could not grasp a vision of the future . . . of any life without him. She felt no attachment between her and anything else—or anybody. She was numb with pain. She could not sleep, could not talk—no thoughts anchored in her mind. For the most part she sat bolt upright, staring ahead . . . and after a time she tried to pray, forming words on her lips she had used as a child.

"Dear Father in Heaven. . . ."
She prayed slowly at first. As she spoke warmth returned to her heart. Her soul returned.

In the day that followed Marie protected her from prying questions. Ever since Marie had come into the room and found her bending over him, her face as white as the other face and her eyes almost as staring, Marie had taken everything into her own capable hands.

She had not had to explain, even about the check—only to tell Marie to take it back to Alex Moore at the Savoy Hotel.

"Miss Russell wanted to write you a note, Mr. Moore, but she couldn't," the wiry, red-eyed woman told Alex. It was the afternoon he had planned to begin his interview. "It's been a terrible shock to her—and . . . she felt you'd understand why she couldn't possibly go on with her story."

"I do understand—and I'm sorry." Then he asked the Frenchwoman, "When did it happen?"

"Before you left last night. It was his heart, the doctor says." It seemed he had not heard all she said, "She found him at the piano . . . she had thought he was sleeping as he sometimes did. And

she was alone with him there for hours. . . ."

"How is she now? Is there anything I can do?"
"Nothing—she is in a daze. I can't let anyone see her. But I was praying she would see you—figuring the work on the story would take her mind off things—but she can't . . . she said to tell you she didn't like stories with sad endings."

He watched the woman move away across the lobby and felt a cold blast blow across his heart for the man he had almost met. He felt strangely acquainted with him, and perhaps throughout his life at times he would recall the sound of violent discords from a piano in a closed room. It was the feeling of association which he had put into the news story he had cabled back to Pittsburgh earlier. The story which began—

"Lillian Russell's husband is dead."

On the note, which he sent with flowers to Lillian, he could only say,

"Dear Miss Russell: I'm so sorry.
Alexander Moore."

MARIE brought the small box of pink roses and fern to Lillian. But Lillian did not look or make any motion to take it from her. She kept sitting by the window, looking through wide, dry eyes into the thick fog outside.

"Look, Ma'am, aren't they—these little pink buds—gorgeous?"

"Yes—yes, Marie."

"There's a card with them—don't you want to read what it says?"

"You read it for me, Marie."

"I'm so sorry—that's all, it's from that Mr. Moore."

"That's nice—sincere and simple . . . like him. That's nice."

"It is, Ma'am—and won't you just read some of these cablegrams— You've so many nice friends in America . . ." Eager to keep the small spark of interest alive. "Oh, Ma'am—Mr. Moore telephoned to say good-by. He's leaving for Paris today but he said if you wanted to reach him before he sailed for America, you—"

Lillian sighed.



Lillian caught the tiny Dorothy in her arms . . . Here was her real reason for wanting to make Teddy's dream come true

"America—it seems so long since I've seen America."

It seemed as though she were seeing Broadway again . . . Rector's . . . The Casino . . . the lights and gaiety . . . seeing them, again, through the fog.

"Shall I read the wires for you, then—the ones from America?" Marie coaxed.

When Lillian did not answer, Marie began to slit envelopes and unfold messages. She read, in an odd phonetical voice:

"Dear Lillian—My deepest sympathy. Is there anything I can do for you? Jim Brady."

"Sweet old Jim, always ready to help someone," Lillian said.

"Lillian dear—Am terribly grieved by your sorrow. Can I help you in any way? Jesse Lewisohn."

With more feeling, "He's so real, too. They're my dear friends."

Encouraged by her mistress' reaction, Marie hurried to the next. "Dear Miss Russell—May I ex-

tend you my deepest sympathy and though the time be inappropriate, may I offer you the leading role in my new operetta which is to begin rehearsal shortly. Respectfully—Arthur Sullivan."

Lillian reached for that one and Marie waited while she read it to herself, silently.

Shaking her head, Lillian returned it to Marie and went back to her fog gazing.

"Is that from Mr. Sullivan of Gilbert & Sullivan, Ma'am?"

Lillian nodded.

"Aren't you excited about it?"

"I don't think I could be excited about anything right now."

"But aren't you going to accept the offer, Ma'am?"

"No, Marie—I'm going back to America."

"Without a London success, Ma'am?"

Slowly Lillian turned her eyes on Marie. She blinked against sudden mist . . . She had been touched . . . like Teddy's white, feverish hand clutching her sore heart.

"He would want you to do it, Ma'am," Marie met her bravely. "I've heard him say it time and time again. 'Lillian, I've heard him say, 'you'll bring London to your feet before we're through.' And that's why he worked so hard, Ma'am. He wanted your London success."

Lillian pressed her fingers into the throbbing tense muscles of her forehead. Teddy had wanted her to realize a London success—so terribly much he had used up the flame of his life to reach it for her. There was something to be done, even after death, something which not even death could stop—and that was what she must do for Teddy's dream, she must make it come true—and it wasn't like doing it without him . . . "Dear Father in Heaven, thank you for sending faith back into my heart," she prayed in the still, quiet chamber of her mind. "I will never let it go again."

The baby sprawled on a blanket on the floor. In the large dark eyes of the little girl, Lillian felt she looked into Teddy's eyes. Her heart was warmed and comforted with returned hope.

On her knees, she caught tiny Dorothy to her arms, knowing that she held to her heart her greatest and most precious role. Here was her real reason for wanting to make Teddy's dream come true.

Crying and smiling, too, Lillian said,
"Call Mr. Sullivan for me, Marie—I want to tell him I appreciate his offer—and accept it."

PART IV

THE dream of glory Teddy Solomon cherished of Lillian's London triumph came true—swiftly, forcefully. Her name was on everyone's lips, her pictures emblazoned billboards, newspapers spread her fame in headlines. "LILLIAN RUSSELL THRILLS BRITISH AUDIENCE" and "PRINCE OF WALES AGAIN ATTENDS PERFORMANCE."

She gave the top of her mind and heart to the stage. Her supply of energy seemed endless. She spent hours every day in study—taking dramatic coaching, voice lessons, music lessons. She learned to design her own costumes.

Where Lillian Russell had been a singer and actress, she became an artist, a well-educated human being, a poised, developed woman of the world—a mother. She made a home and no matter how busy her life was she always took time to live in it and give a part of each day to her growing daughter. Life rushed onward—and her fame grew. When there seemed nothing lacking to complete Teddy Solomon's dream of success for her in London, with Dorothy and the faithful Marie, Lillian sailed for home—New York.

New York was brighter and now sparkled with an insistent gaiety. The streets were alive at night under the glare of gas lights and thick with new and old bicycles, Victorias, hansoms and carriages. Many new theaters were opened on Broadway.

Everyone seemed so gay—so busy—yes, so happy. Lillian watched and listened, trying to open her long-closed heart to the joy of living. But even back home, in the city she loved, where old friends cried with delight at the sight of her, still her heart was tight. Still no joy sounded in its void which Teddy had left. Why not? Why not?

She had come back, hoping against hope that she might feel again the old enthusiasm. But the sight and sound of the place brought back anew memories of Teddy—his eyes were before her everywhere she turned. His fingers touched her heart, kept it still.

Teddy . . . through long, sleepless nights she

thought of him, tried to face what tortured her heart. She had done her best to make him enjoy his life with her. She had given him all she possibly could. Loyalty, inspiration, devotion. Marriage. Even a child. But, had she ever given him love? Had she ever been able to give him something she had never felt for him? Was it her fault that he had never sounded that certain chord in her heart? If only she could convince herself that somehow Teddy had never really known, had never really felt the lack of love from her.

DIAMOND JIM BRADY was still the top man-about-town, his great bulk sparkling with precious stones. And while Jim still attended all first nights and was seen at the best-known restaurants with the auburn-haired Edna McCauley, as he had been years before, he and Edna were still unmarried. Everyone still considered them engaged.

One afternoon over a plate of steaming corn on the cob Lillian asked Jim, in her frank way, why he and Edna had not wed. But the scarlet, which spread over Jim's great Irish face as he sat there stammering, made her know his answer was one he could not word.

Suddenly Jim threw his great head back and laughed. Listening, she recognized that note of sadness she had detected years before. Her ears were more knowing now, more sensitive to the things of the heart.

"Why are you laughing, Jim?" she asked.

"I was just thinking that after waiting to tell you something for over five years, I sit here and eat my fill of corn and can't even answer when you ask me why I haven't married Edna."

"We're friends, Jim—anything that's near your heart, you can tell me—if you want to. With you—talking over our taste for corn—I came to know how I felt about—about Teddy—"

At last, she could talk about him. She could tell this big-hearted fellow all the pain, and anguish and longing she had experienced.

It wasn't easy for Jim Brady to listen while the woman he had loved so long told him about her heartbreak over another man—for him to see that her heart had not really mended, that through her constant drive and work she had only cemented the pieces together.

"You're my best friend," she told him.

Jim took care of her moods and what he could not express in words he tried to say through gifts, supplying her with bracelets, necklaces, rings—parties—and even a pair of spanking bays and a carriage. The harness for the horses was gold-plated!

As if he were content to take the role of comforter and confidant in her life, Jim shared her company often with his friend, Jesse.

And during the weeks before her engagement with Weber & Fields opened, each day found Lillian pedaling in Central Park on a bicycle-built-for-three between Jesse and Jim.

Lillian knew in her heart she loved those men, loved them both—that she needed them. She thought at times she could not have lived without their friendship, their loyalty—their attention.

SHE could not know that the afternoon before she opened at Weber & Fields Music Hall, Jesse met Jim as he left Lillian at her hotel. The few words exchanged between those long rivals at last released the door to Jim's heart. At last he could open his heart to Lillian.

"Every time I have a date with Lillian, I find you hanging around," Jim said jokingly.

Jim laughed and Jesse put a hand on his arm,

"I don't think it's so funny—and you don't, either. I know you, Jim. You laugh when you're hurt. You still love Lillian—you have for years."

"Don't you?" Jim asked seriously.

"It's true, Jim. I'm honest with you—I'm in love with Edna."

"Edna?" Jim stared. "You mean—my Edna?"

"I know you and she have been friends for a good many years, that you introduced me to her. But this is the real thing, Jim—we're going to be married this afternoon. Do you mind?"

After a pause, "Have you told Lillian?"

"I haven't had a chance—you're with her all the time. Besides, she doesn't love me, Jim—never did. She's the best friend a man ever had—but she doesn't love me and she doesn't love you, either. And that sort of spoils things for me."

"Why?"

"Because I know how lonely you're going to be without Edna—since you've lost Lillian again."

"You wouldn't want to bet a lot of money on my chances, would you?"

"No—but you can't buy her, Jim. I tried that."

"You never offered to lay down everything you had in the whole world at her feet, did you?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I will—and it's millions, Jesse. Millions."

A determined faraway look settled over Jim Brady's florid face as he walked out of the hotel. He wanted to do something big, striking for Lillian. Something more generous than any of the things he had ever done before. And he did it.

ACROSS the mirror of Lillian Russell's dressing table that night, were these words, in thick grease-paint letters: **LILLIAN, I LOVE YOU.**

"Marie, who wrote that?" Lillian asked.

Before Marie could rest her mistress' blue satin train on the floor and come around to look at the glass, a man's voice replied, "I did, Lillian."

Jim Brady came out from his place of hiding behind the screen and laughed, laughed to hide his embarrassment.

"Jim Brady! What are you doing back here during the performance?" And as Jim continued to laugh, "Why aren't you out front?"

"I couldn't wait, Lillian. I got an idea and the minute I got it—I just had to do it."

"You mean, this?" pointing to the mirror.

"I've been trying to say it for a long time."

She looked into his Irish eyes, saw his heart shining there, and going over to him she pulled his forehead down to her lips.

"Jim, you're sweet—but I'm going to scold you tonight." She looked at him with serious eyes. Then took in the flower-lined room with a sweep of her arms. "I want you to look at all the things you've sent me tonight."

"But I've seen them, Lillian."

"Look at them again—and try to repent your extravagance. Now—that basket of roses—with the bracelet and necklace to match of diamonds and rubies—"

"I sent you one like that the first night I saw you at Tony Pastor's—remember?"

"Oh, Jim—you?" She looked at him, seeing suddenly the crowded years between . . . The deep, darting pain of that first night so long ago came back . . . when she had hoped that Alex Moore had sent the present, which only now she learned Jim Brady had sent.

Jim saw the sentiment creep into her eyes . . . she smiled and cried at the same time.

"Oh, Jim—you!"

"I—I lost my heart to you—then, Lillian, but I couldn't tell you . . . tonight I've many other things to tell you . . . Edna and Jesse were married this afternoon . . ."

"You were fond of her—"

He saw the tears flow then over her cheeks.

"And you—you were fond of Jesse?" He thought that was why she cried.

"I'll miss him—and you'll miss Edna, too."

"I won't miss anything or anybody in the whole world if I can have you—and I'll give you everything I've got in the world . . . if you'll just say 'yes.'" He paused, and when she said nothing he went on again, "And, Lillian, if at the end of a year, you tire of me, I'll walk out of your life and leave everything I've spent my life for."

His big arms went around her, pulling her to him. "I love you . . . Lillian."

Lillian let him hold her in his arms and let her head rest on his shoulder while the tears drenched her face. After what seemed endless minutes of sobbing, which she could not control, she bowed her head and gently pushed him from her.

"Why are you crying?" he asked in a strained, awed voice.

Struggling with words, she told him as best she could, tried to make him understand that she did not love him.

"I wish I did, Jim—and please don't laugh, because I can't bear to hear how this hurts you."

Jim did not laugh. He did not speak. Perhaps he could not. After strange, awful seconds, he touched Lillian's arm.

"Lillian, stop crying—you've got to go on with the show, dear. Say, can't you take a joke? You know I don't care about marriage—never did. And if you promise not to scold me about the gifts I send you, I'll promise never to get serious again."

"All right—Jim—sweet," she smiled up at him.

"Now—how about supper with me tonight after the show?"

"Fine," brightening. "I'll be waiting for you."

The door closed behind him and Lillian turned to the mirror to repair her make-up, when a quick, familiar knock sounded on the door.

"See who it is."

MARIE opened the door to Tony Pastor! And while Lillian went into his wide arms, over his squat, broadcloth shoulder she looked into the eyes of Alex Moore.

Alex held her hand, explaining: "I was in the theater enjoying your show—and I did not want to leave without saying 'hello.'" If only he could tell her that he had never wanted to leave her. Years had not ever mattered.

"Leaving? Where are you going now?" her voice soared. She took him in—a tall man, with grey temples and serious eyes, whose strong fingers clasped hers, held them as he answered.

"I go back to Pittsburgh tonight—you see, I'm here to cover your show for my paper . . . I have a paper of my own now—" How proud he was to tell her that! Her eyes rewarded him.

"The last act, Ma'am," Marie interrupted. "You'll have to change and there's only a couple of minutes left."

Alex backed toward the door—Tony, who had stood in the background, watched.

"I wish you didn't have to go back. I want to hear all about you—your paper—I have to change for the next act . . . I wish—"

"I'll be coming up again soon—" She wanted him—he saw it in her eyes.

"Why don't you wire me and let's have dinner together?"

"I've had dinner with you lots of times."

"You have? When?"

"You wouldn't remember—you weren't there. But now—"

The music was starting. She hadn't changed yet. She did not want to let him go! Why did everything happen at once? Her greatest role, her return to Broadway, Jim's proposal . . . now, Alex Moore!

"Everytime something important has ever happened to me you have come along—" she said. "Do you understand? Is it a coincidence?"

"I think I understand. I don't believe in coincidences. I believe in you . . . since that day in Fourteenth Street. I knew again—in London—"

Had he said too much, he wondered. Did she really hear him? He thought she was listening with her heart—so his heart spoke out. Now it hammered, beating out in bold design the pattern of love held there secretively so long. Too long!

But he could not tell her more. The stage manager pushed into the door.

"Last act, Miss Russell. You'll have to hurry!"

The door closed between them.

Inside the dressing room Marie worked with flying fingers, fastening hooks and tying ribbons.

"Marie! He's been thinking of me all these years. That's what he meant. Grandma told me I loved him. I do! I have loved him all my life! I'm sure of it now! Marie—don't let him get away—go after him . . . I'll get myself ready. You go get him!"

The show had to go on. Lillian had to go with it. It was, indeed, the greatest triumph of her career because that night the audience saw before them not only a great artist, but a woman, inspired, throbbing, newly alive with love. A woman, who had grown, who had lived through great emotional experiences and been enriched and glorified by them.

* * * * *

Later, back in the dressing room again, a certain hush spread over Lillian . . . quieted her heart.

She sat down before her mirror.

Marie was not there. She had gone to bring him back to her—but perhaps, Marie had been too late . . . because *she* had been too late herself . . . too late in knowing.

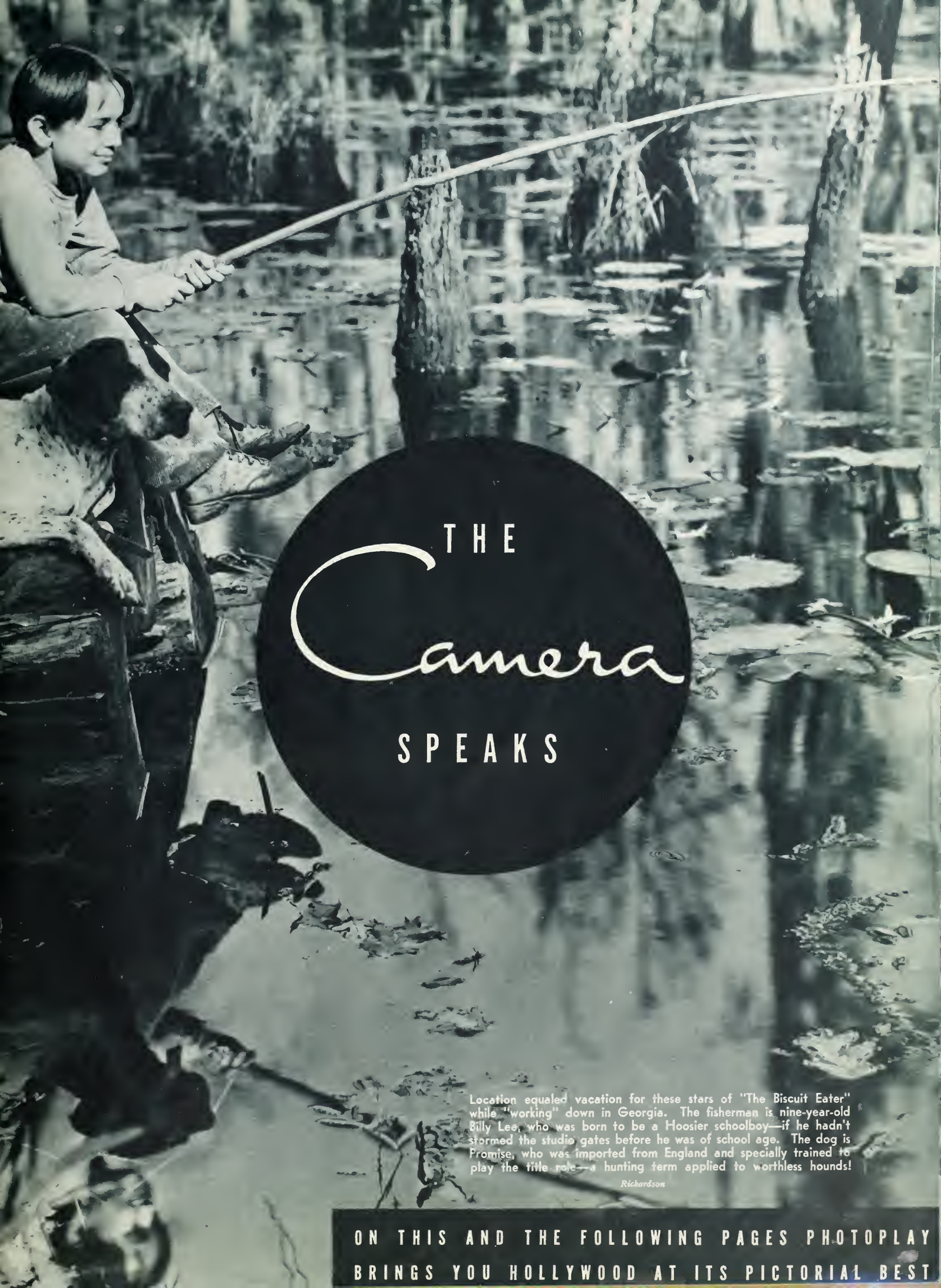
The full pageant of her life flowed past during those still hushed moments. She lived again as a girl, an actress, a wife and a mother. But now—now, she was a human being, a woman in love.

She looked up, saw her face in the mirror—and then, she read the letters written there—read them again—because this time **LILLIAN, I LOVE YOU** bore the signature . . . "Alexander Moore."

Alex emerged from his hiding place behind the screen then and Lillian rose to meet him.

"I—I wanted you to come back, so we could make another pact—" she told him, smiling through a sudden mist in her eyes.

"I've never really broken our pact—Helen," taking her into his arms.



THE
Camera
SPEAKS

Location equaled vacation for these stars of "The Biscuit Eater" while "working" down in Georgia. The fisherman is nine-year-old Billy Lee, who was born to be a Hoosier schoolboy—if he hadn't stormed the studio gates before he was of school age. The dog is Promise, who was imported from England and specially trained to play the title role—a hunting term applied to worthless hounds!

Richardson

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All This---

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As though that weren't more than enough, Warners also give us the incomparable Miss Davis as "Henriette Deluzy-Desportes," deceptively quiet governess who—with the Duke—became storm-center of a real-life murder trial that rocked Europe in the days of Empress Eugenie!

Bette Jov!

Hurrell



Wanda McKay, of "Those Were the Days," wears a B. V. D. classic of cotton, worsted, acetate and rubber with circular bra for uplift



Brocaded white satin Lastex with royal leaf print and a "butterfly" bra fashions the Catalina model worn by Anne Gwynne of "LaConga Nights"



FASHION

The dressmaker suit is trumps in the new ultra-swimworthy offerings that can either go to sea—or be seen! Deanna Durbin, who'll lead the eagerly-awaited "Spring Parade," likes one featuring a swing skirt and a halter that fastens in front, where the blue and red stripes are manipulated to create a pattern



Judith Barrett (another belle of "Those Were the Days") suns herself in a Mabs two-piece bathing suit with front half-skirt and adjustable belt and shoulder straps. Candy stripes are blue and white



But Natalie Draper sun-bathes in a one-piece suit by U. S. Krepe-Tex which has built-in undertrunks, a gored skirt and soft woolen shoulder straps. The plaid's yellow and brown on a white background



A Transvaal Daisy print in tropical hues features a two-way stretch Calcraft knitted suit, as modeled by Carole Landis ("One Million B. C.")



A "Surplice" for uplift and a flared skirt for fashion in a Jantzen model of Velva-Lure—Irma Wislen (now in "Lillian Russell") chooses it in rose



Princess lines with a pantie, a dull-and-shiny rayon satin Lastex with Bermuda stripes—Gantner suit for Lois Ransom, now in "Grandpa Goes to Town"



Patricia Ellis shows you how West Coast Manchester puts a satin suit woven with Lastex in red and white candy stripes over panties of red Matletex

Aquacade

(Thanks to Billy Rose)

Make "Play and Display" this summer's motto—be a sea nymph in one of the new streamlined models worn by these stars, who know that swimming suits everybody!



Rubber suits needn't be snug—see Kleinert's skirted model, worn with matching accessories by Betty Jane Rhodes of "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love"

Typical of this season's sun-suit designs adapted to water is this, in which Ann Sheridan cheerfully belies the title of "Torrid Zone." Trimmings of crisp white (rickrack at the hemline) add to the cool effect





Ex-newspaperman Thomas Mitchell, who wins Academy Awards playing medicos, is "Dr. Gibbs." He says this scene—in which he didn't say one word!—is the easiest he ever played

OUR TOWN

Like a series of vignettes from America's memory album are these brilliant pictorial character studies from the astonishing film version of a memorable prize play

William Holden didn't know how hard acting could be until he had to be fifteen years old in early scenes as "George Gibbs"! Twenty-four-year-old Martha Scott (left), screen-debuting as "Emily Webb," originated the stage role, had no trouble with an age range from fourteen to twenty-seven



Mrs. Gibbs (Fay Bainter) and Mrs. Webb (Beulah Bondi) get the gossip from Mrs. Soames (Doro Mirande), after choir practice (and the trio actually does its own hymn-singing)



Ten-year-old thinker: "Rebecca Webb," portrayed by Ruth Toby

TWO novelties (aside from the human qualities which won it the 1938 Pulitzer Prize) intrigued playgoers who first saw Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." One was the total absence of scenery, the other, the presence of a "narrator" in the person of the village druggist, played by Frank Craven. The Sol Lesser screen production retains veteran actor-writer-director Craven in his original role, but provides authentic backgrounds based—after an extensive New England tour—mainly on Jaffrey and Hancock, New Hampshire. However, chief strength of this screen portrait of a typical American community in the early 1900's will still come from the performances of an exceptional cast—drawn from both Hollywood and Broadway—as mirrored on these pages.

Main love story involves Emily (Martha) and George (William)



Moody milkman: "Howie Newsome," played by Stuart Erwin



Douglas Gardiner, stage discovery, makes film bow as "Wally Webb"



Guy Kibbee—one actor who can set type—is a logical choice for "Editor Webb"



lynne Carver, "a natural to portray sweet, good and simple girls," is seen posing as an "understanding" wife for an I. A. R. Wylie story



Michael Whalen—a Clarence Budington Kelland serial hero

ONE-

Directors' Directory
Studio Guide

It grieved Fredric March (then Fred Bickel), some twenty years ago, to pose as farm hands and such, while—

—Neil Hamilton ("the handsomest and best man model in all my experience," says Brown) portrayed "smart society"



Rose Blondell
BILLINGS 2900
5-14-16

B-33



Henry Fonda was mixing modeling with summer stock when Brown chose him as a model from these 1930 views in the indispensable John Powers directory

Left, a youngster of 1928-29 better known today as "Joan." The artist discovered her in an Atlantic City beauty contest (which she didn't win)

Also from the 1928-29 catalogue, at right: Paulette Goddard, who was one of the first models to demand—and get—as much as five dollars an hour



ROBERT POWERS
CATION
NEW YORK



Harry Uberoff (now Alan Curtis) caught modeling for an Eric Hatch novel

Florence Rice was six when she first posed for Brown, and kept on till film days

The best character model he ever had—the late Flora Finch, in an O. Henry story thirty years ago



PHOTO BY TOM WEBB

MAN STUDIO

How a noted illustrator's methods proved to be the "model" way to film fame!

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

"**F**RED was certainly jealous of Neil. He couldn't understand why he should pose constantly as a farm hand or a subway guard while Neil would be glorified all over the country advertising a new collar or a new hat. 'I'm just as handsome as Neil is,' he used to say, but somehow whenever I had to illustrate a story dealing with a man who was just too good-looking for words, I would always send for Neil. . . ."

The Fred in question is none other than Fredric March, the "too good-looking for words" is Neil Hamilton. The man who remembers them, when both were eager to make an extra five dollars, is Arthur William Brown, one of America's most popular illustrators and a former employer of some of Hollywood's highest-paid stars.

Ninety per cent of the readers of this magazine were yet to be born when way back in the 1900's "Brownie" handed three one-dollar bills to a homely looking woman who struck him as being an "ideal character model." Her name was Flora Finch and the stupendous sum of three dollars was earned by her the afternoon "Brownie" came around to illustrating a story by a man called O. Henry for a popular monthly magazine. A few years later Flora was making a thousand dollars a week in the movies. Still later she ceased to be popular and retired. When she died recently, her name meant absolutely nothing to the present generation of movie fans but her photograph was still occupying a place of honor in Arthur William Brown's album.

(Continued on page 89)

The signature above is more familiar than the face of the illustrator himself. For, like the cinema directors and cameramen whose methods he uses, Arthur William Brown is known to the public only through his work (as seen at right)



Like some of the others, June Collver left quite a gap in the Kelland serials when she left for Hollywood





As "The Invisible Man," Vincent Price's mustachelessness was hardly noted! It's in full view in "The House of the Seven Gables"



Clark Gable fought a losing battle to keep from shaving off his mustache for a 1936 prize-fight film—and hasn't appeared without one since!



It's off-again, on-again for Fredric March throughout his pictorial career, and now it's gone-again for his role in "Susan and God"



For the sake of accuracy, George Brent went without lip whiskers in "The Fighting 69th," but got 'em back for "'Til We Meet Again"



Brian Aherne's another who has an open mind about the question. For instance, he appeared both without and with in "My Son, My Son!"



He rose to first cinematic fame clean-shaven but Errol ("The Sea Hawk") Flynn has not faced a camera that way since 1938's "The Sisters"



Dialogue director Edwin Maxwell watches as C. B. DeMille instructs Preston Foster and Gary Cooper in "Northwest Mounted Police" —while Mary Beth Hughes watches as Cesar Romero bathes in "Rogue of the Rio Grande"

Chance and Change are Hollywood's household gods. Just glance at the reasons behind nearly every movie now in production or preparation!

BY JACK WADE

THE lady in the New York Public Library looked surprised. A man had just asked her what books, next to the Bible, were most in demand by the general public.

"The Swiss Family Robinson," she replied. "Then 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' then 'Deerslayer.'"

The man wrote carefully in his notebook, thanked her, and left. He was Gene Towne, half of Hollywood's new "The Play's the Thing Productions." And as a result, at RKO Studios this month we find hundreds of people working and hundreds of thousands of dollars being spent, filming "Tom Brown's Schooldays." "Swiss Family" came first and "Deerslayer" follows. All that stemmed from a one-minute conversation in a public library!

Every month we cover the studios and find movies being made, on great sets, buzzing with activity, brilliant with lights and color, tense with drama. A little later the world thrills to them in a thousand theaters. But long before that, they really started—maybe by a chance conversation or a caprice of circumstance. For instance—

In Nazi Germany, over a year ago, a Hollywood director was photographing background scenes for "Florian." Suddenly rough hands seized him and his camera was snatched away. "Heil Hitler!" said his Gestapo captors. "Come with us." The director, Dick Rosson, spent the next few weeks in a Nazi concentration camp. From his harrowing experiences M-G-M has vivid, accurate information for its inside Nazi-land picture, "The Mortal Storm."

Because a Hollywood milkman proudly told his customer, a studio executive, "I've got a cute baby girl," Universal is now making "Sandy Is a Lady," starring that cute baby girl. Because "Oomph" was a catchy word, Warner Brothers



"Tom Brown's Schooldays" puts former Dead End Kid Billy Halop in a top hat along with Jimmy Lydon and Freddie Bartholomew — while "Torrid Zone" puts red-headed Ann Sheridan down in the tropics with Jimmy Cagney, Andy Devine and Pat O'Brien

and Ann Sheridan are knee-deep in the sexy, tropical "Torrid Zone." Because, back in 1908 he was in a Broadway play called "The Royal Mounted," we find Cecil B. DeMille bringing his thirty-three-year-old movie production dream to life in "Northwest Mounted Police" at Paramount.

The start of any DeMille epic is always a major Hollywood event. For instance, when we look in on the big, log fort set Paramount has reared on its back lot, Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Henry Wilcoxon, ex-DeMille stars all, have been in to give CB a send-off, and the set is stacked with flowers and telegrams from the fabulous DeMille star family of twenty-seven Hollywood years. It will be like that all day long. Mrs. DeMille, who very rarely looks in on a Hollywood lot these days, is observing her thirty-year domestic custom of visiting her husband's set on the first day.

With old-line competition like that, it's hard for us to collar the great DeMille for some facts and figures on "Northwest Mounted Police." Incidentally, Mr. DeMille is also trying to get Gary Cooper, Preston Foster, Robert Preston, Montagu Love and five or six other actors lined up for a scene. But there's no one cooler or more collected than "Cee Bee."

"I've been waiting twenty-seven years for color," he explains. "What's a picture about the Mounted without red coats?" Although he used color for the first time in Hollywood—away back in 1917 in "Joan the Woman"—he has never made a modern all-color film. This one is a Technicolor "first," too, for Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard.

There's plenty of good color material around to work on, too, we'd say. The set is practically on fire with scarlet-coated stars and extras.

(Continued on page 74)

Photoplay's Fashion Carnival



Join Photoplay's cotton carnival and let the stars, headed by piquant Claudette Colbert, show you how to wear your new summer cottons. Claudette starts the carnival a-rolling with a terry cloth beach robe from Louella Ballerino—a princess coat with giant red lobster sprawled on its dashing hood. In the spirit of the carnival, Claudette, whose next starring picture for Paramount is "Arise, My Love," wears vivid red clogs, carefully matched to her red wide-rimmed sun glasses, as well as to her vibrant red lipstick and her red, red nails



GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor

Associate Fashion Editors: Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

*Prices quoted on these pages vary in different sections of the country.
For additional stores where these fashions may be purchased see page 85.*

PLAY

IS

Country Time



For free wheeling, Judith chooses this Sandeze three-piece play suit with smart boyish knee-length shorts. The reversible jacket has a Talon-fastened closing. Around \$9, matching hat, \$1

Saks 34th St., N. Y.
Shillito's, Cincinnati
Emporium, San Francisco



"Your game's twice as good when your costume's right," says Judith, who'll next be seen in Paramount's "Those Were the Days." That's why she's so fond of this light blue chambray Kaddy Fee golf dress, with its action back, link-button action sleeves, and a plaid belt; around \$6

R. H. Macy, New York
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis



Off to a picnic in a new Ford station-wagon — and pert as can be in a "Nelly Donsemble." Her white jean jumper tops her play suit of polka dot percale, \$3.95. Her Joyce white cape "Papoose" sports shoes, \$5.95

McCreery, New York
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Shillito's, Cincinnati

Alice



"You simply can't improve on an Alice Marble tennis dress and a Spaulding racket," says Judith, taking a lesson from Arrowhead's pro, Frank Feltrop. White piqué frock and bloomers. Around \$7

Best & Co., N. Y.
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Roos Bros., San Francisco



"Your turn next," smiles Judith, knowing that she will wind up champion in her pink linen and spun rayon dress with gathered skirt, green drawstring belt and paddle pockets saddle-stitched in the same green. Around \$14

Tailored Woman, New York
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis



Anchors aweigh, full speed ahead—in a faded blue denim sailing suit as seaworthy as can be. The halter shorts, \$2.50; nickel button jacket, \$2.50; white lisle shirt, \$1; "Bib-n-Tucker" denim shoes, \$3.95

B. Altman, N. Y.
Shillito's, Cincinnati
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus

Piquant as Puck, Judith Barrett takes you on a rollicking round of play at Arrowhead Springs—cotton-clad, of course!

All set for a vagabond outing is our Judith, with a Monarch Silver King bike and red suspender-slacks with a striped cotton shirt, from Travelo; around \$11. Her Joyce shoes are \$4; Elizabeth Arden sun-gogs, around \$3

Lord & Taylor, N. Y.
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Shillito's, Cincinnati



Cottons



1. B. Altman, New York
Shillito's, Cincinnati
G. Forrester, Waterbury



2. Best & Co., New York
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Flowers by Goldfarb



Geoffrey Morris

4. Mary Lewis, New York
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
G. Forrester, Waterbury
Shillito's, Cincinnati

Best & Co., New York

1. A pretty miss awaits her luncheon date in a brown and white seersucker frock that is topped by a brown linen weskit. Around \$16. The crown band of the wide-brimmed hat is wrapped in striped fabric to match the frock. White gloves add final dash

2. It's very good psychology to fill the house with white blooms in hot weather —just as it's good fashion to wear a black and white checked gingham dress with a childlike red drawstring; around \$11. Piqué cartwheel hat, around \$6

3. Week-ending in a "Globe Trotter" three-piece traveling costume. The leaf green fitted jacket has a matching skirt with button-up front, and a flowered blouse. Around \$16. The cocoanut straw sport hat is \$3. Luggage by Hartmann

4. A junior advertising executive studies a layout while she herself is studied and admired for her taste, on a hot summer's day, in wearing a grey plaid gingham frock with belted overblouse that has big breast pockets. Around \$15

For stores in other cities featuring the fashions on these pages turn to page 85

GO TO TOWN



Pigeons and pinafores. Left, a gay little pinafore-dress in white and blue striped Everfast seersucker, with dimity blouse, \$8.95. Leave off the blouse when you want to take a sun cure. Right, sprightly Roman-striped seersucker pinafore with a ruffled dimity guimpe, \$8.95. (Both are on the best of terms with Lux)

You can win horses with sugar, but to win friends wear one of these! Left, a soft white shirtfrock in Celanese Ridgeway crepe with gold buttons marching down the front, \$16.95. Baku mushroom hat, \$6.95. Right, brown and white spun rayon shirtfrock with crossbar checked bodice, flaring skirt, flap pockets—\$14.95. Linen button-hat, \$3.95

These charming frocks are available at L. Magnin, Seattle and California shops



Inside attraction: Wintry polar bears. Outside attraction: Summery frocks. Left, all-around-pleated printed calico skirt with a reversible piqué jacket lined to match, \$8.95. Piqué calot, \$2.95. Right, daisy-print Everfast spun rayon and cotton casual with pleated bosom and cute belt of straw, \$10.95. Linen Breton hat, \$5.95

Marian Stephenson



VARIATIONS IN Rhythm

Follow Carole Landis's lead and reduce your summer evening wardrobe to the coolest and smartest dancing minimum



FOR THE RHUMBA, the blonde Carole Landis, of Hal Roach's "Turnabout," picks a delightfully daring midriff dress in dotted spun rayon shaded from buttercup yellow into a golden brown. Around \$23

B. Altman, New York
Shillito's, Cincinnati
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis



FOR THE WALTZ, just picture yourself as a "southern belle" in this romantic picture frock of embroidered organdy, with a becoming ruffled flounce and a girlish nosegay. Around \$15

Arnold Constable, New York
Koss Bros., San Francisco

FOR "THE LITTLE FOOT," Hollywood's newest dance rage (it's like the old square dance), an ingenue suspender dress of baby pink spun rayon with a mile-wide skirt and jabot-blouse of eyelet organdy. Around \$17

Shillito's, Cincinnati
G. Forrester, Waterbury

FOR THE CONGA (left), Carole swings her "uno-dos-treses" ("one-two-three's," to us) in pajamas of red and white striped Celanese Jersanese, topped with a slimming cummerbund and a simple white shirt. Around \$17

Bloomingdale, New York
H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis
H. Liebes, San Francisco





Animal Crackers



ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILLE CROCUS

THE monarchs of the jungle (now a "circus movie" troupe)

Held a midnight protest meeting, in a mournful little group.

"Just look," the Elephant bewailed, "at these dull tusks of mine;

You'd never guess that they were made of ivory, pure and fine."

The Rabbit twitched his nose and moaned, "Suppose you had pink eyes?"

"Do you think," horned in the Rhino, "a big mouth like mine's a prize?"

The Leopard showed his teeth and snarled, "Who wants a spotted skin?"

"Or such a scrawny neck?" moaned the Giraffe, above the din.

"Humph," sneered the Camel, with a leer, "I have a skin like leather,

But people say I'm careless—and especially in warm weather."

The Monkey swung into the ring and added to the clamor:

"Well, being 'hairy as an ape' is no asset to glamour!"

The Hippo heaved a sigh and let a ponderous teardrop fall;

"Suppose," she said, "you had a waist that was no waist at all?"

They all turned to the Lion; he would help them with his brain . . .

But he was busy snarling at his dingy, tangled mane.

"The Clown," they groaned, "refused to help, for he was worried, too,

Because somebody told him that his make-up looked like glue,

And the Sleight-of-Hand Magician said he had no tricks for beauty. . . ."

So PHOTOPLAY stepped in and said: "Here's where I do my duty!"

A Noah's Ark allegory with a moral for every girl who ever got an inferiority complex from star-gazing!

POOR beasts! They'd have been a lot happier if they'd stayed in the jungle. But, no. They had to go to Hollywood. And it was terribly exciting, at first, playing in Foreign Legion films with Gary Cooper, or Tarzan adventures with Johnny Weissmuller, or madcap comedies with Cary Grant.

But they got a really colossal inferiority complex. Back home, everybody had told them how photogenic they were and that they simply owed it to themselves to get into the movies. What a blow to their pride it was on the set, when they started comparing their own "natural beauty" with the clear complexion of Susan Hayward, the pearly teeth of Maureen O'Sullivan, the graceful figure of Katharine Hepburn, in those same motion pictures!

There isn't much that poor dumb animals can do under such circumstances. How much luckier we human beings are! If we get an inferiority complex, after admiring Hedy Lamarr's luscious mouth or Claudette Colbert's sparkling eyes, we can go right out and Do Something About It All. In fact, we can do the same things

that the Hollywood beauties do!

There's no reason, for instance, why you should have to face the same problem as the Elephant with the tarnished tusks. Why, you can make your teeth look more like ivory than the real thing, just by conscientiously scrubbing them morning and night—not crosswise, mind you, or straight up and down, but with a circular motion away from the gums, using a long-bristled brush and a good dentifrice.

As for the Rabbit—some breeds (don't ask us which!) just naturally have pink eyes. But they don't get them the way we do, from too much work, or even too much play. Meet this problem as Carole Lombard does—use an efficient eyebath and relax. Apply it directly, or saturate little pads with it and place them over your eyelids while you lie down for ten minutes or so. Then plan to make these eye-insurance methods part of your regular beauty regime, so that you won't have to anticipate further troubles. Nature thoughtfully gave us the sort of mouths that we could do a great deal to change, once we discovered the secret of applying artificial color for a natural effect. That isn't much help to the cavern-mouthed Rhinoceros—but it means that we can look at the stars and learn. The Hollywood method of applying lip rouge with a brush is just about the most effective way ever devised to give a mouth whatever size or shape is most becoming to your own facial contours, and it's now available to every girl. You can, like Ginger Rogers, use the brush to make up your entire mouth with a paste or liquid rouge, or simply to paint the outline and then fill it in with your pet lipstick.

However, nature did give the animal kingdom one lucky break. Their hides are adapted to the changing seasons, while human skins (which require constant care because of the artificial conditions under which we live) need extra help at such times. Maybe the Leopard

(Continued on page 90)

COTTON IN THE MAKING



DRESS SMARTLY—LET PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN AND FABRIC FEATURE HELP YOU

3740—The current Hollywood vogue for light tops finds its way into your outdoor wardrobe. It needn't be the perennial sweater-and-skirt, either, as proved by this two-piece design featuring a white blouse in Everfast's piqué and a red skirt in Everfast's "Caribbee"

3771—Combine spicy sophistication with the welcome coolness of summer fabrics by teaming plaid-and-plain in a hooded blouse and skirt design for evening—using Everfast's white dimity and their seersucker "L'Amour, L'Amour" for the hood and swirling skirt

3734—Accent your tiny waist with a flaring skirt and dig-down pockets! We like this best—don't you?—in Everfast's piqué with red and white checks. You'll find many uses for this practical frock, which can go shopping in town, playing in the country, or pack neatly for travel



Fresh as the daisies that dot her costume is Rosemary Lane in this Freshy playsuit of Cohama's red, green and blue rayon crepe. For public appearances Rosemary keeps on the button-front skirt—for a private romp she strips to the one-piece playsuit beneath. \$6.95 at J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Saks 34th St., N. Y.; Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore, Md. Rosemary stars next in Warners' "An Angel from Texas"

Welbourne



Penny Wise

The idea of a cotton shopping spree
 Filled Miss Penny Wise with glee.
 "I'll pick a charming little dress
 For fourteen ninety-five or less!
 I'll choose the newest cotton finds
 Styled with the very smartest lines—
 Some with ruffles—some with collars.
 I'll get big values for few dollars."
 We think every dress a great success
 And we hope your answer, too, is—yes!

*Penny Wise Fashions
 are featured at:
 Russcks, New York
 Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
 Skillito's, Cincinnati
 H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis
 G. Forrester, Waterbury*

Fashions
 (Trademark)



6.

5.

1. CALICO plays a stellar role in this blue and white canvas-striped frock with its flyaway skirt, quilted jacket bodice, and piqué ruffles. \$6.95. There's a matching calot to pin to your curls, too

2. LINEN, in buttercup yellow, fashions a princess frock with green rickrack braid edgings 'round its sleeves and square yoke, and with four-leaf clovers embroidered 'round the width of the skirt. \$12.95

3. SEERSUCKER in a rainbow plaid, for a dirndl of youthful spirit. \$7.95. Just as young and merry are the Breton sailor with jaunty yellow quills, and the red and yellow Paris Fashion moccasin shoes

4. GINGHAM, checked in black and white, makes a love of an afternoon frock, with organdy ruffles and a velvet ribbon drawstring. The skirt's front fullness is contrasted by the straight back. \$7.95

5. DOTTED SWISS is cleverly teamed with broad bands of crisply starched net in this midnight blue dinner dress iced with white piqué collar and garnished with a cluster of lush red cherries. \$14.95

6. DIMITY, dotted and demure, swirls out into a gown with the tiniest of waists and old-fashioned, off-the-shoulder ruff of white organdy that will make you as bewitching as a Hollywood star. \$12.95

Geoffrey Morris



Lively contrast in a frock of white imported linen with bands of navy braid worn by Joan Bennett who will next be seen in Wanger's "The Son of Monte Cristo." Her halo beret is headline news this summer. Both are from I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Cal.

Cal York's Gossip



OF
HOLLYWOOD

What's going on—and where?

Who's doing which—and why? Fol-

low filmland's almanac and find out!

Entering the Grove, George Raft and Gary Cooper look forward to the 4-A Benefit ball, but Norma Shearer has eyes only for Sandra Cooper's shamrock-shaped earrings

A Hollywood Bride Tells of Her Happiness:

// CAN'T tell you the peace and happiness that is mine now." One has only to look at blonde and beautiful nineteen-year-old Lana Turner, Queen of the co-eds and wife of Artie Shaw, King of the Jitterbugs, to know she speaks the truth. Radianee fairly lights her way.

"My happiness is proof that love that comes suddenly and overwhelmingly is best. Long engagements tend to detract rather than add to real love. Too many quarrels and misunderstanding before marriage are not the best foundations upon which to build lasting happiness.

"It's true Artie and I did not get along during the making of 'Dancing Co-Ed,' six months ago. It's true I said I disliked him. But now I know it was because I did not understand him and mistook his earnestness for arrogance. But I will say this—I felt a strong attraction for him even when we were at our *misunderstanding* best.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

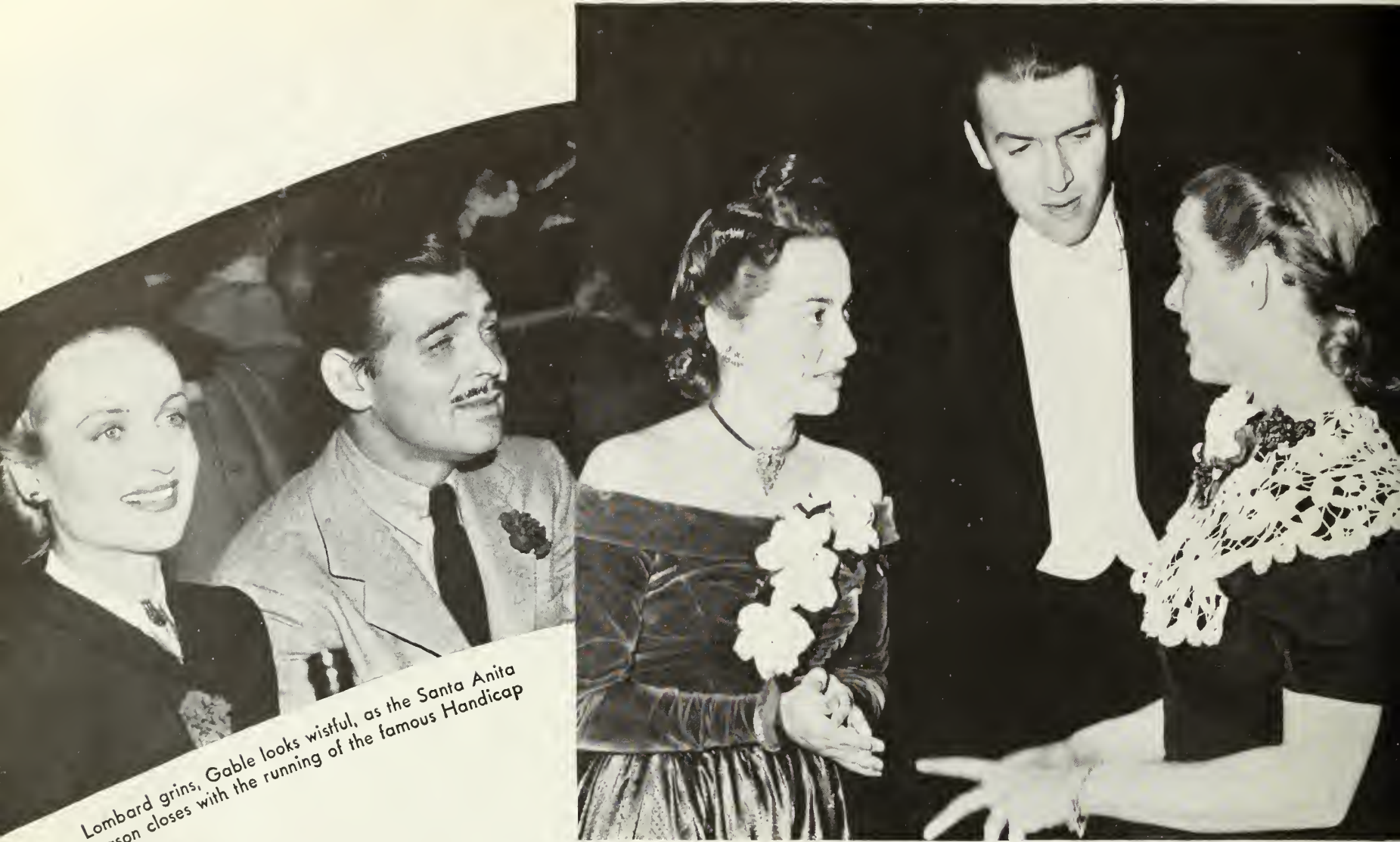
"This marriage has given me new ambition to go ahead. I have wonderful competition in my husband and we are determined to top each other in our careers, to keep on top and go along the highroads together."

That Lana turned Hollywood over on its ear by suddenly eloping to Las Vegas with the King of Swing, when for three years her only beau had been Attorney Greg Bautzer, is understating for a fare-thee-well.

"I didn't even think of that," the bride told us over a morning cup of coffee in the M-G-M commissary. "There was no sudden quarrel between Greg and me; no rebound love, as has been hinted. I simply went out on a date one evening with Artie, and we drove along the

beach and talked quietly. Gradually, I knew that all I had dreamed of and hoped for in love and marriage and companionship had come to me through Artie, and so—well, we saw no reason for delay. I have new ambitions now in my career and intend to work hard and advance. I know my studio bosses realize this, for shortly I have been promised a new type of role. Artie has new plans too."

The nineteen-year-old Lana and twenty-nine-year-old Shaw, twice married before, had a honeymoon cottage all waiting for them in Artie's newly-purchased Beverly Hills home. The three years that have elapsed since Mervyn LeRoy spied the beautiful Lana on the Hollywood High School campus and established her



Lombard grins, Gable looks wistful, as the Santa Anita season closes with the running of the famous Handicap

Olivia de Havilland (with Jimmy Stewart) and Bette Davis (with an ultrasmart corsage idea), Coconut-Groving for the 4-A (Associated Actors and Artistes of America) dance

in pictures has brought many surprises into the life of Lana Turner. But nothing, not even her first role in "They Won't Forget," has brought her the happiness that her marriage to Artie Shaw has brought.

And we have the bride's word for it.

Rah for the Irish!

MAUREEN O'HARA, that colleen discovery of Charles Laughton's from Ireland, is not only making movie history in Hollywood (you'll love her in "A Bill of Divorcement"), but creating something of a local one-woman riot by her outspoken frankness.

For instance, in a recent conversation with Columnist Harrison Carroll, the subject of important Irishmen arose and Maureen said, "Well, I'll give my list of the ten most interesting contemporary Irishmen, and I don't mean some of these phony Irishers that are called by that name." (Ouch!)

"First I'd choose Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles. Then I'd choose in order:

2. Eugene O'Neill, the playwright.
3. John Ford, the director.
4. Gene Tunney, the retired heavyweight champion.
5. James Farley, the politician.
6. James Cagney, the movie actor.
7. Joseph Kennedy, America's ambassador to Great Britain.
8. Frank Murphy, justice of the Supreme Court.
9. George McManus, the cartoonist.
10. George M. Cohan, the actor.

"Yes, but what about that famous Irish actor here in Hollywood, one—" Mr. Carroll asked. Maureen's eyes widened. "You mean you haven't heard about him?" she said. "Why, he's an *Orangeman*."

Set Capers

THERE'S never a dull moment on the set of "Lillian Russell," when Alice Faye and Don Ameche are at work together. The other day when we walked on for a look around there was consternation and much to-do in the air. For Alice had lost her rats and the hairdresser couldn't dress her hair for the scene. Besides that, those very same rats and sundry switches made to match Alice's fair hair had set the studio back a pretty penny and had taken time to manufacture. We joined in the search, knowing from the glint in Don's eye that there was a gag in the offing some place. Then someone thought to search the portable dressing room of the smirking Ameche. And, sure enough, there, hanging from the ceiling, were the missing hair pieces with a large sign attached—"Faye, scalped by Ameche." Incidentally, the corset situation on the set is gradually getting the chorines down. Alice has solved her problem by leaving the armor-like foundations on the entire time she is on the set. But, the chorines have a terrible time getting laced into their stays after lunch and after they have had a breath or two between scenes.

Recovery Program

THERE was no one in the hospital corridor but one nurse, as a pair of very long legs tore down the hall and paused a moment before a door marked, "Do not disturb."

"You want something?" the nurse said.

The long legs whirled around. "Yes. My wife. How is she, please?"

"Just a minute," the nurse announced. "I must have her name, you know."

"It's Mrs. Aherne," the tall man replied obligingly. "I'm her husband."

The nurse did a double-take, swallowed twice and quickly ushered Brian Aherne into the room of his bride, Joan Fontaine.

He'd flown 3,000 miles from New York to be with Joan during the operation. A few nights later, when her picture, "Rebecca," was previewed, he sat in the theater beside her mother and watched the miracle of a little girl who had just been trying to get somewhere in pictures for several long years, become a great star.

The news he carried back to her bedside had much to do with her recovery and all Hollywood rejoices with them.

Crazy Like a Fox

THE job of being a movie star's wife isn't easy. There's competition (innocent or otherwise) from every glamour girl he's thrown with in a picture! But Cal knows one wife who has kept her man for a good long time—Billie Cagney. And he knows a little story which illustrates one of the novel, yet wholly, effective ways in which she's done it.

A few years ago a certain screen ingenue who was in a picture with Jimmy fell madly in love with him. The fact that he was happily married meant nothing to her. She was out to get him any way she could. All of which was apparent to everyone, with one exception—Jimmy himself. Being a decent chap and in love with his wife, he saw the young siren only in the role she chose to play for him, that of a misunderstood, helpless female, alone in a bewildering world—meaning Hollywood—in need of masculine advice and aid. So he spent a good deal of time on her, giving her the advice she asked, helping her with her screen problems, playing the gallant male, generally.

Until, one summer's day, after the picture was finished and the Cagneys had left for the East,



Kay Francis and Arthur Hornblow enjoy a laugh at Ciro's, while we get a fashion tip from the clever cut of Kay's collar



Study in suspended animation: Ernst Lubitsch in mid-speech with Leiland and Maggie Sullivan Hayward



"The Affairs of Anatole"—starring Director Litvak and (this week—only?) Madeleine Carroll; the supper setting is Ciro's



Joan Bennett (more like Lamarr than Lamarr, since Hedy's haircut), with Walter Wanger and Claudette Colbert at the 4-A's

things got a bit thick. The young lady actually followed them and invaded their retreat in Martha's Vineyard to ask more "advice" from Jimmy. She arrived right after lunch one afternoon. Jimmy, slightly bewildered, but still courteous, welcomed her, but his welcome was nothing as cordial as Billie's. She practically gushed. "Come right in!" she cried. "I'm so glad you are here, because I am going away today and Jimmy needs company."

Whereupon, while Jimmy stood by with his mouth open, she did just that. She got into the car and drove away, leaving the nonplused Mr. Cagney and the visitor behind. She stayed away until after dinner that night. When she finally returned, Jimmy met her at the door—alone and in a state.

"Why in blankety did you leave me that way?" he growled. "Stuck with a strange female! I didn't know what to talk about all afternoon. I—" he mopped a beaded brow—"had a helluva time!"

Which was good insurance that the young lady in question would never be a threat again, even if she had been in the past. Which was, of course, what Billie Cagney had gambled on.

Still . . . it takes nerve to leave your husband alone with a siren. Could you do it?

Littlest princess at "Rebecca" première: Pat Hitchcock, with Papa Alfred (who only directed the film itself) and Mama Alma



At the American Legion fights, Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby endorse the casual hat for a more than casual interest in sports



Tid Bits and Knick Knacks:

Cal wishes you to get a new's-eye view of:

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who has bought himself a new home and who has invited his friends to a *swimming pool warming!* Charlie has had his pool steam-heated, believe it or not.

Lili Damita shopping at the Farmers' Market, spied a young goat for sale and promptly bought it for Errol Flynn. "Hmmm," hmmmmed a friend, "she's returning Errol's goat that she got last month."

(Continued on page 92)



★ THE BISCUIT EATER—Paramount

HERE'S unexpected distinction in a picture none thought would amount to much. Charming, sentimental, with superb performances. Made in Georgia, home of blue-blood hunting dogs, it describes the patient effort of a little boy to make a capable pointer out of the runt of a litter. The boy is Billy Lee, the pup is "Promise"—an inspired combination. With the help of a little colored boy, Cordell Hickman, Billy sets out to make Promise the winner of the field trial. Young Billy comes close to earning stardom; Cordell, the blackest little Sambo you ever saw, is also the most amusing. Richard Lane, as Billy's father and Helene Millard, as his mother respond perfectly to Stuart Heisler's sympathetic direction.



BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO-Radio

THIS is a study in sweetness and light, as enervating a sermon upon what will happen to you if you aren't good as ever went under the guise of entertainment. The first third of the picture shows three lonely business men befriending a boy and a girl who are adrift in the big city. Then the three men die, but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boy, a singer from Texas, makes a success on the radio—but is lured from the straight and narrow by Helen Vinson, actress, who gets him a starring part in her show. She is supposed to be a soulless strumpet, rejected from heaven by God. The piece displays naïveté. Richard Carlson, Jean Parker, Charles Winninger, C. Aubrey Smith, Maria Ouspenskaya and others are in the cast.

THE Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ IRENE—RKO-Radio

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S famous stage success, "Irene," has finally hit the celluloid, with Anna Neagle, of all people, as the little Irish nobody. We say "of all people" because Miss Neagle has been impressed on your minds as calm Nurse Cavell and dignified old Queen Victoria; and in this she sings and dances and bounces about in the gayest manner. Anna is a salesgirl who meets a millionaire, Ray Milland. Milland, struck with her beauty and charm, buys controlling interest in an exclusive dress shop in order to give his new find a job as a model. Along come the conflicts when Anna is assigned to wear a fabulous gown to a ball and ruins it before the evening begins. Worried sick, she puts on a blue satin gown of her mother's and everything turns out all right—about the dress, at any rate. The girl has you worried for a time, because she shows signs of preferring Milland's rival, Alan Marshal, to Ray himself. That little blue number is the inspiration of the haunting melody, "Alice Blue Gown," which duly haunts the entire production, giving it especial charm. The film has a lilting quality throughout; it is a happy thing, despite the simple problems which appear as tragedy to the naïve Anna. Even the *Cinderella* theme, which emerges after the ball is over, is saved from the stigma of its antiquity by the method of presentation. Anna is mistakenly sponsored as *Lady O'Dare*, an Irish debutante, and is set up in style for the benefit of the shop. Billie Burke, May Robson, Roland Young and many veteran troupers assist the principals.



FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS—M-G-M

HERE'S a star cast in a no-star picture, because the direction is no better than the story. Getting underway with a large dose of the wide-eyed Cantor pathos, the offering gives promise of being significant, with Eddie in his true-life role as a humanitarian. You will note with relief that the outmoded, stupendous Cantor girl revue seems to have been avoided, only to find the girls have been given a picture-long recess in which to romp. Eddie draws tears when, broke and jobless, he becomes father of a baby by proxy; Rita Johnson didn't *really* mean to abandon her child. Come the tears again when he's in police court on account of stealing a bottle of milk for the kid. Frank Morgan, as judge and ex-schoolmate, gives Cantor a position teaching in a school for girls. There the picture ends and the froth begins. Forty tittering school-girls are too much for Eddie, or any audience, to handle. The girls reveal great imagination in scheming to rid themselves of the sad-eyed new prof, while Madame Judith Anderson and her aide, Nydia Westman (a precious little mouse), are in great consternation over Eddie's seemingly odd behavior. He's hidden that baby out in his quarters, you see. The rest of the film is gagged with the usual gags about diapers, but the complications end happily for all concerned. Miss Anderson, as the mistress of the school, is hilariously ascetic. Youngsters Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis (Mrs. William Powell to you), Martha O'Driscoll and Louise Seidel, among others, are excellent.



★ THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE—Columbia

WHEN you speak of "fabricated stories" and "typical Hollywood product" you mean this. You can just picture the story conference over at Columbia. "We can have 'em married," says one; "And still *not* married," says another, "so the romance will keep." "Give 'em careers; that'll create situations." "What about the Mistake That Changes Their Lives?" tags the first writer—and they're set. Well, Ray Milland is a doctor, Loretta Young a novelist who has an overnight best seller in her book glorifying the spinster. By the error of a "just married" sign on the wrong car, the papers give out that Loretta and Ray are married. She can't deny it and have a scandal; so they pretend and she starts another book, glorifying the married woman. Meanwhile the situation is fine for Milland, because his new status fits him for a professorship which is much coveted by his colleagues. There is a fiancée to make the risqué setup more so, and there are the usual bedroom scenes and night-club sequences. The new vogue for showing the hero at a disadvantage is here pursued to the point of having Milland in his underclothes; he is quite cute. With all this recognizable studio flam-doodle, it's surprising enough that the film is amusing and worth the money. Loretta is stunning, Milland overplays occasionally and underplays the rest of the time, Gail Patrick (the fiancée) is well cast and Reggie Gardiner is Reggie Gardiner; as ever was and always is. The professors who straggle in and out are a dull bunch and don't matter.



★ **TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY—M-G-M**

GEORGE MURPHY, Joan Blondell and Lana Turner have in this turned out the sort of musical for which you have been waiting. It has all the stuff: Good music, good footwork, and, praised be, an intelligent story. Murphy starts things by opening a wedge for dance-partner Joan Blondell to follow him to Broadway. She arrives with her little sister; it's the lovely Lana. George can't believe she's grownup—but Kent Taylor, producer of the show, needs only one look for proof. You'll get a lump in your throat as Joan is relegated to cigarette-girl status in order to further little-sister Lana's career. There's an excellent dance scene featuring George and Lana, with the veteran Murphy, of course, taking most of the honors.



★ **THE DARK COMMAND—Republic**

THE number of the fair sex who help shape history mounts. Here it is the blonde Claire Trevor who affects the destiny of territorial Kansas. John Wayne seeks her favor by running for Marshal of the frontier town of Lawrence. Walter Pidgeon, defeated candidate, woos power and Miss Trevor by becoming the ruthless guerilla leader of a band of raiders who terrorize the countryside until Wayne and his men step in. Director Raoul Walsh has caught the rich flavor of frontier life in this action-filled film, and a roster of fine actors make it A-one fun. John Wayne scores as the virile Marshal, Walter Pidgeon is a villainous villain, and Claire Trevor has the necessary charm. Outstanding support is offered by Roy Rogers and Marjorie Main.



★ **'TIL WE MEET AGAIN—Warners**

THERE is a tendency lately to dramatize the philosophy that there are worse things than death. Well, in this cheery story both George Brent and Merle Oberon are doomed from the first reel. He's an escaped murderer and she's got coronary thrombosis or something equally lethal. After a very symbolic beginning, with both drinking the same Paradise cocktail, they travel about on boats: George with his captor, Pat O'Brien, and Merle with her ailing heart. A deathless love develops between them and although each discovers the other's secret, each pretends. The piece has moments of extraordinary drama. Brent and Miss Oberon do splendid work, as do Geraldine Fitzgerald, Binnie Barnes and Eric Blore. See it for a good cry.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Biscuit Eater

Irene

The Doctor Takes a Wife

Two Girls on Broadway

The Dark Command

'Til We Meet Again

A Bill of Divorcement

Buck Benny Rides Again

It's a Date

Star Dust

Virginia City

Double Alibi

Human Beast

It All Came True

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Billy Lee in "The Biscuit Eater"

Cordell Hickman in "The Biscuit Eater"

Promise (the dog) in "The Biscuit Eater"

Anna Neagle in "Irene"

George Murphy in "Two Girls on Broadway"

John Wayne in "The Dark Command"

George Brent in "'Til We Meet Again"

Merle Oberon in "'Til We Meet Again"

Maureen O'Hara in "A Bill of Divorcement"

Ellen Drew in "Buck Benny Rides Again"

Jack Benny in "Buck Benny Rides Again"

Deanna Durbin in "It's a Date"

Kay Francis in "It's a Date"

Walter Pidgeon in "It's a Date"

Jean Gabin in "Human Beast"

Ray Milland in "French Without Tears"



★ **A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT—RKO-Radio**

DO you remember how exciting it was some years back when a tall, lean girl named Katharine Hepburn went floating around the screen in "A Bill of Divorcement"? Maureen O'Hara plays the role in this re-make of the same story. It's a somber film at best, dealing as it does with hereditary insanity and the ruin of a young girl's life. Learning of the pathological strain in her ancestry, young Maureen courageously spurns her betrothed and decides to spend the remainder of her life (so long as she's sane) to caring for her neurotic father. The father, you see, has escaped from his asylum and come home, confident that he's got his wits about him at last. Maureen can't very well depend on her mother, Fay Bainter, because that lady has obtained a divorce and wants to marry Herbert Marshall. Adolphe Menjou has the role of the neurotic, previously done by John Barrymore, and is good—but the comment is made with reservations. One feels the character is an excellent conception of a maniac, rather than the real thing, and Menjou's devices sometimes are obvious. Fay Bainter and Marshall carry on admirably, somewhat oppressed by the roles and oppressing in portrayal. It's the fault of the story. Miss O'Hara is enchanting at times, managing to fuse a spirit of youth and hope with the burdensome nature of her part. The film's preachments about divorce are dated today. On the whole, "A Bill of Divorcement" is another in the run of dismal psychological studies, well-done, and dripping with quality. But not for the masses.



★ **BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount**

BUCKETY-BUCKETY through the sage brush goes Jack Benny on his hobby horse, and you get to see the best adaption of radio personalities to the screen so far done by Hollywood. This cigar-smoking incorrigible does some pretty amusing nip-ups as the Young Man Who Went West, but he has his picture stolen in spots—lots of spots—by that valiant valet, Rochester, by Carmichael, the Polar bear, and by Ellen Drew. The script writers started at home: They created a story about a radio comedian who falls in love with a member of a "sister team." This would be Miss Drew. He thinks she ought to be satisfied with his gags and nice disposition, but what she wants is virility. So Phil Harris persuades Benny to travel out West, to a dude ranch. It's a dilly of a ranch, with a tame Indian on it. The intrepid Benny is in the process of being scared clear back to Waukegan when Ellen shows up. With his arts of persuasion, and with wallet in hand, Buck bribes the ranch hands to let him sock them around during a framed hold-up. Thus, he thinks, Ellen will see, be impressed, and quiver with ardor. It is when an honest-to-Pete robbery comes off that you understand what it is all leading to. Rochester offers his impression of an Indian and with it will knock you in the aisles. Carmichael is cute, and comes in handy. Ellen, as we intimated above, is better than you'd expect, giving so much to her role it's obvious she should have better ones. The dance routines are pretty, the music pleasant.

(Continued on page 95)

ROUND-UP

BY SARA HAMILTON



Maligned by Hollywood, but glad to be back—Erich Von Stroheim of "I Was an Adventuress"

NO place in all the world offers to its people that dreamed-of opportunity of stepping, even for just a little while, into another world, as does Hollywood; of becoming, through a screen role, another being; a new personality who thinks and dreams and feels as another being. There's always the hope, you see, of that one role that will suddenly lift an actor or actress from the most stubborn of routines into a bright new limelight again.

Perhaps it is this coveted dream which keeps the newcomers constantly pouring in, with a certain bright eagerness to join the parade of veterans, some of whom *have been reborn* through strange channels. One, for instance, as the symbol of Christ-in-all-men, one as the unseen voice of a tiny conscience, one black and shiny as the servitor with the white and shiny heart. And so goes the parade, the newcomers and the veterans, ready to step out of rank when the call comes, into a solo of special achievement. And so, may we present, ladies and gentlemen:

Cliff Edwards—that still, small voice.

No doubt your grandmother as well as mine, constantly warned of that still, small voice within. But never in our wildest dreams did we imagine it would turn out to be Cliff Edwards. Cliffie (alias "Ukulele Ike"), as *Jiminy Cricket*, the conscience of "Pinocchio," is the most amazing conscience we have ever met. For that matter, he's the only one we've ever met, face to face.

For one year and seven months Edwards read lines through a recording microphone at the Disney Studio, without knowing in the least what they referred to. "Break it up, boys," or "Well, it's about time," Cliff would read, while

he wondered, as he says, "What in hell was going on." It wasn't until Edwards was in New York, after a personal appearance tour, that he saw "Pinocchio," and when it was over, he sat there, tears rolling down his cheeks, awed to those tears of reverence at the genius of a man who could take transcribed words and create around them, the living personality of a being, yea an insect, called *Jiminy Cricket*. Cliff Edwards is prouder of his unseen achievement as the Conscience *Jiminy* in "Pinocchio," than he is of any previous glory in his years of show business. *And he waited almost thirty years for that chance.* It could happen only in Hollywood.

I wish I could tell you where Cliff Edwards first saw the light of day. But you see, Cliff himself doesn't know that. I wish I could even tell you the age of this living, breathing conscience. But like all consciences, he has to be ageless for even Cliff himself doesn't know.

Something about Hannibal, Missouri, runs through his mind and he thinks someone once told him he was born there. But his parents died when he was so young and there seemed no special reason to stay in the house in Chicago after they were gone, so he ran away so very young, none of the facts, not even his age, remained in his memory. He went to St. Charles, Missouri, because he thought he had an aunt there, only he hadn't; so he sold newspapers, went to school up to the seventh grade, worked in shoe factories, stamping heels (he's stamped quite a few in Hollywood since then), and then joined a quartette of boys who went on a vaudeville tour, and "has been mixed up in the show business ever since," as he puts it. Mixed up is right. For instance, it was while



Constancy, thy name is Nan Grey—up-and-comer of "Sandy Is a Lady"



Ian (never-gets-the-girl) Hunter rates those cheers he's getting in "Strange Cargo"



Muriel Angelus of "Down Went McGinty" picked the right man for a headlong collision

OF *Pace Letters*

A fast track for some, a torturous one for others, but they've crossed the line—winners, at last

he was on tour with a school act, four bad boys and a teacher telling mildewed jokes, he spied a banjo ukulele in a tiny corner hock shop in St. Louis. He bought it. He couldn't play it, but he adored it, and soon taught himself how to strum it fairly well. For a while he played the trap drums in Joe Frisco's band and in a Chicago night club he'd mingle among the customers, after the orchestra had gone home, strumming his uke for the small change it brought him. One of the waiters would yell, "Hey, Ukulele, play over here." Finally someone tagged "Ike" onto the nickname and he's been "Ukulele Ike" ever since.

The government turned him down when he tried to join the army during the World War, because it too could find no record of his birth and was afraid he was too young. But Florenz Ziegfeld enlisted him and from 1919 to 1927 Cliff was a Ziegfeld star. M-G-M tested him in New York and, when his Orpheum Circuit tour brought him to Los Angeles, signed him to a contract. "Singin' in the Rain" in "The Hollywood Revue" brought him movie fame. He's been with M-G-M off and on ever since. He isn't married—at least not now—and for years he has had the same colored boy, one Clarence Curry, who still can't pronounce "ukulele." Clarence calls it "You-lay-lee." Schwab's Drug Store in Hollywood is Cliff's office, when he's in Hollywood. "I'll see you at eleven-thirty at the office," he'll say. So at eleven-thirty one shows up at Schwab's to meet Cliff.

And here's a secret. Cliff claims he can't play that damned ukulele yet. At least not the pieces in sharps or flats or minors or things. He loves "Star Dust," and "Say It with Music," and can no more play them than a rabbit. Yet

he's made a career of ukulele playing.

His tour as *Jiminy Cricket* with the voices of *Pinocchio* and *Donald Duck* is bringing him the greatest happiness he's had in a long time. Cliff gets a bang out of being some other fellow's conscience.

"Tsch, tsch, mustn't do that," he'll say.

Blonde and British

Blonde, English Muriel Angelus, the unemotional *Maisie* in "The Light that Failed," will probably be remembered by fans as the girl who didn't want Ronald Colman at any price; the girl who would rather have a career than a husband any day.

To her close friends, here and abroad, Muriel is known as the girl who never talks about her career away from the screen and stage, who thinks people in the every day workaday world the most interesting, and would gladly, yea willingly, give up her career for the man who may one day become her husband. So, you see how very wrong one can be if one judges from a screen character.

Natural, genuine, easy of manner, Muriel, who has been in America two and one-half years, adores it, has that intuitive something that links her affection and heart to things American; its people, its manner of speaking, the idea that a boy from the slums can become the man in the White House, its eagerness to know, these have won her heart.

From some impish fairy godmother on a spree, Muriel must have inherited her theatrical talent, for certainly she couldn't have attained it from Father Angelus, an analytical chemist, or from a forebear of her mother's who actually



1940 edition of what the young woman of means is doing—Janice Logan of "Dr. Cyclops"



He has a message for his fans, this newcomer—Victor Mature of "One Million B.C."



Cliff Edwards has reason to be proud of his unseen achievement in "Pinocchio"

A song in her heart paid dividends to Hattie McDaniel with "GWTW" honors and a grand role in "Maryland"

invented chloroform. You can't get a song and dance out of that, no matter how hard you try. Yet as a child, Muriel was chosen to play a fairy at the old Drury Lane theater, dancing in Fokine's ballet for "Midsummer Night's Dream." Two years later she'd been promoted from a fairy to an angel in a Sybil Thorndike play, and at fourteen she awoke to the hard cold necessity of becoming a chorus girl in a review. She had won medals at the school festivals for her singing, so musical comedy seemed her forte. Once, between jobs as she tramped about discouraged, her dancing slippers and frock in a bag over her arm, she ran headlong into a tall man going in the opposite direction. Out of the bag rolled the slippers and out of Muriel, under his kind imploring, rolled her tragic story. Taking her arm, the tall man led her back to the theater and the next night she danced with wings on her heart in the chorus of "The Mid-night Follies."

Incidentally, the fairy prince who got bumped, was our own James Whale who directed some of our better films.

The life of Muriel Angelus can best be told by the people she meets in her own studio (Paramount) commissary. Nigel Bruce comes trotting over with, "Muriel, I haven't seen you since you were my wife in the picture, 'Red Aces,' in London."

Ray Milland is next. "Remember that test we made together in London for this very studio and both got turned down cold? Weren't the type, they told us."

Her chance at English movies came when a producer spotted her in the chorus of the English company's "The Vagabond King." In no time Muriel was playing leads, but the stage seemed more profitable and Muriel left pictures to replace Pat Paterson, now Mrs. Charles Boyer, in the second lead in "Sons o' Guns." The lead in "The Jolly Roger" at the Savoy followed. Next came the starring role in the stage version of "Balalaika," which brought her to the attention of Vinton Freedley, New York producer, and the next thing Muriel knew, she was playing on Broadway in "The Boys from Syracuse," with a contract for Hollywood and "The Light that Failed."

She loves her last picture, "Down Went McGinty," with Brian Donlevy. Lives with her mother on a Hollywood hillside; has an American beau who flies her all through the Western skies; has that English peaches-and-cream complexion that had even Gary Cooper doing a quick double-take toward our commissary table. And no wonder; her ash-blonde hair is natural, her figure rounded but lovely, her speech unaffected, her heart ready for life and love, with courage to take both in her very beautiful hands.

Mature by Name—Not by Nature

Victor Mature, the young giant signed recently by Producer Hal Roach, had plenty of practice for his role of the primitive caveman in "One Million B. C." For Victor, believe it or not, has spent the greater part of the last five years—in a tent. No, sorry. Victor isn't a fresh air fiend or a cultist or a circus performer. The truth of the matter is, Victor simply had no place else to live. So with borrowed canvas from the Pasadena Community Theater storehouse, Victor pitched his home on the far corner of a friend's garden in Pasadena and there abode he, all six-feet-three of him.

It was Victor's fault, really, that he arrived in California from his home in Louisville, Kentucky, with empty pockets, for you see Victor arrived by the running-away-from-home route. Shortly after his arrival he wired his father—"Dear Dad: Arrived in California safe and sound with eleven cents in my pocket." But instead of the money order he expected, all Vic-

got was a return wire from his father saying, "Dear Victor: Happy you are well. When I arrived in New York from Austria I had six cents in my pocket and couldn't even speak English. You're five cents up on me." That's when Victor pitched his wigwam.

Gilmore Brown of the Pasadena Community Theater had faith in Victor and soon he was given a fellowship in the school and became a working student. He played like fury in everything that came his way, doing exactly 136 plays in the four and one-half years he was there. Once, while on a visit back East, he was given a job touring with Cornelius Otis Skinner in "Hedda Gabler," but when that was over, here was Victor back in Pasadena playing the lead in "Autumn Crocus." The flaming posters showing Victor in his role for "To Quito and Back," finally had Hal Roach sending for the persevering young lad from Pasadena. Roach liked him and signed him for his first picture, "The Housekeeper's Daughter."

He's twenty-four now, has more hair, black and curly, on his head than the law should allow, is not married, has melting brown eyes and is a vegetarian, mainly through necessity. Now that he can afford meat he occasionally in-

Beginning Next Month—

The blazing biography of a great Gallic actor whose genius blossomed dangerously early—and whose career almost ended just as it was really beginning. Follow this romantic cinema hero as he retraces his real-life path from Figeac—through Paris—to Hollywood!

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF CHARLES BOYER

in JULY PHOTOPLAY

dulges in a steak burned to a cinder. His early life was one constant parade through one school after another, with St. Joseph's College and Kentucky Military Institute among them. Victor claims he ran away because his father wanted him to work in his refrigeration plant. Victor couldn't "took it," for acting was in his soul. He's all over the billboards now with "One Million B. C." behind him and the grand lead in "Captain Caution" ahead.

His clothes, loose and tweedy, are the floppy kind, he never wears hats, and has asked as a very special favor that we tell the many kind fans who have written him for pictures that he's tickled pink and he will send them as soon as he pays his back debts. He's kinda' strapped right now, so *please understand*, he begs.

And you're welcome, Victor.

A Young Modern—in Hollywood

A 1940 edition of Katharine Hepburn, though not quite so startlingly dynamic, is one Miss Janice Logan, America's answer to what the well-bred young woman of means is doing for herself these days, and incidentally, she's Paramount's answer to the new-face problem in pictures. Janice's face, of course, is new only to the public. She's had the same one herself some slight twenty years, not a pretty one to

be sure, but an arresting one with firm square frame, freckles, blue eyes definitely on the slant, and brown hair brushed till it shimmers. Not the doll type, by any means, Janice looked not unlike an animated toy as one of the little people in the picture, "Dr. Cyclops." Reduced to doll size by radium (according to the picture), Janice was colossal. She did all right for herself in "Undercover Doctor," and "What a Life," in which she played a very efficient secretary.

On May 29th, Janice was born in Chicago. Her father, Stuart Logan, was prominent in Midwestern investment circles, and life for Janice was a succession of smart schools for smart young ladies, the last being Sarah Lawrence College.

They laughed when she sat down to a dramatic career. A visit to her older sister in Hollywood brought her in contact with the movies. Gregory Ratoff, a friend of her sister's, arranged for a test at Twentieth Century-Fox that turned out to be definitely on the baddish side. But she did manage to squeeze into Paramount's training school and over at Selznick's for a test for *Scarlett O'Hara*. It was that test that finally interested Paramount. At the exact moment the training school went out of existence, Janice stepped into a Paramount contract.

Now that she's made the grade, her family is delighted at her success. Where they once glared at her with nostrils aquiver, they now applaud. She writes short stories—just for the practice—loves good music, has all the earmarks of 1940 gentility. Night clubs and hot spots never see her. Janice is all a part of that Hollywood the outsider seldom sees—the intelligent, quiet, hidden away, yet vitally alive part that makes the very echoes of this city vibrate round the world.

Genius Comes Home

Erich Von Stroheim, the man who made cinematic history with his directing, writing and acting in such pictures as "Foolish Wives," "Blind Husbands" and "Greed," is back in Hollywood once again, after ten years' absence.

This time, Erich, the irrepressible, is acting in "I Was an Adventuress," for Twentieth Century-Fox. It took a man as daringly unafraid as Darryl Zanuck to bring Von Stroheim back to Hollywood. Tales of Von's extravagances when he was on top of the heap had just about washed him out of the picture. When he openly spoke his mind in the wrong direction, the washout was completed, and for five years Von Stroheim walked in endless circles, trying to find some answer to his jobless condition. France finally came as that answer, and for the past three years Von made pictures abroad, among them the unforgettable "Grand Illusion." It was from France that Zanuck summoned him home.

His attitude is still one of defiant hurt. Like a small boy trying to conceal his wounds, he lets fly in all directions his tirades against Hollywood, brands the story of his extravagance as lies; and what's more, he produces facts and figures to bear him out. As far as we can ascertain, then, this man's chief crime seems to lie in the fact he was at least a good fifteen years ahead of his time.

Stocky, sturdy, head-shaven, he smiles as he says, "Hollywood calls me that German, bull-necked, head-shaven so-and-so." In one respect Hollywood is wrong there, for Von is an Austrian who came to America in his youth, joined our army because soldiering was the only job he knew, and when that was over, became ditchdigger extraordinary.

A chance finally came to become prop boy to D. W. Griffith and later his assistant, and at last Von emerged in all his Prussian glory as

(Continued on page 80)



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GOSH, SUE, I LIKE TO BE NEAR YOU—YOU'RE SO **SWEET** —

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 52)

Preston Foster makes a super slick-looking "Mountie," with flaming jacket and fur forage cap. On the other hand, Gary Cooper is back in his slouchy old Texas rags, with drooping cartridge belt and six-guns and tilted sombrero.

The plot of "Northwest Mounted Police," DeMille cautions us, is no mere always-get-your-man stuff. It goes back into history—to the Riel Rebellion of 1885. That was when the Canadian government sent a handful of mounted police into Saskatchewan to divide up the half-breeds' land for settlement. The half-breeds, several thousand strong, objected—with bullets.

The scene we watch is very simple. Gary and Preston Foster are being properly introduced in Inspector Montagu Love's office. They don't like it a bit, but they salute, turn and leave. After about the fifth take, DeMille is still worried about something. He stalks across the set to his corps of research bookworms. They knit their brows furiously. Then three or four of them dash off the set. DeMille turns and addresses his cast.

"There's some question," he says, "whether a Mountie in 1885 simply turned and left his superior officer—or about-faced in a military manner. Naturally, we can't proceed until we find out!" Naturally. So the picture is temporarily suspended.

WHETHER it's good business or bad business making propaganda pictures, one thing is obvious—Hollywood is doing it, and pulling no punches.

"The Mortal Storm" comes from a novel by Phyllis Bottome, dramatically detailing the disintegration of a German family under Nazi persecutions. Besides Dick Rosson, who learned about the inside of a real concentration camp, M-G-M is reaping the benefit of technical advice eagerly supplied by the scores of refugees from Germany.

It doesn't seem like Hollywood when we arrive on the snowy, German village square set where Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Young, Robert Stack and William Orr are at work.

"Maggie" and Jimmy are a familiar Hollywood studio duo to us by now. But handsome Bob Stack and Bill Orr are new at M-G-M, which borrowed Bob from Universal and Bill from Warners.

Bob and Bill march now at the head of a squad of young storm troopers after Jimmy Stewart, who won't join up. From the other side of the set appears Jimmy, seeing Maggie home. When they waylay him in front of her house, the script calls for a terrific fight.

The whistle blows and the red light flickers. The troopers start chanting. Jimmy and Margaret come into the scene—and the fight begins. It's a lulu, too—while it lasts.

Suddenly Margaret cries, "Oh!" and flies over backward in what Hollywood used to know as a "high and gruesome." Jimmy Stewart jumps down beside her. But she's as cold as a pickle.

"I didn't see her," Jimmy croaks. "I thought she was another trooper, and—I—I let her have one!"

Margaret has stopped seeing fireworks by now. She sits up and rubs her jaw. "Lucky you got me on the button, Jimmy," she grins ruefully. "A shiner wouldn't be so good."

"I'm sorry," whispers Jimmy. "I'm a clumsy lug!"

"I think you're simply devastating, Mr. Stewart," says Margaret, touching

her chin tenderly. "And how!"

Nothing, however, could be more devastating to us than the idea of "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante," the current Mickey Rooney embarrassment M-G-M is brewing this month. Marvelous Mickey pitted against a Brenda Frazierish glamour gal in the toils of love, is something we wouldn't miss for all the holly in Hollywood.

Judy Garland has been switched into this *Hardy Family*, for an added attraction; also Diana Lewis, the very pretty Mrs. William Powell. Of course, Ann Rutherford, as *Polly Benedict*, goes with the *Hardy Family* lease.

The idea behind "Andy Hardy Meets a Debutante" is a rash boast by *Andy* that he's just "like that" with New York's Number One Society Siren. A Manhattan trip and circumstances force him to make good his boast.

The scene we see shows Mickey in

Joan Crawford was M-G-M's final choice for this Gertrude Lawrence part of a featherheaded wife who gets religion and proceeds to sell it to all her idle rich friends, thereby thoroughly messing up their lives. As if to make her simple do-unto-others creed the more ridiculous for the selfish characters in the script, Cukor has surrounded them with a set that simply drips luxury. But even more lavish is the off-stage, Hollywood side.

In one corner a Ping-pong ball is being swatted vigorously by Bruce Cabot and Rose Hobart. In another, Guilaroff's hairdressers and Adrian's dressmaker's are shuttling up and down, laden with thousand dollar gown creations. On a side of the stage, long rows of gilded chairs, neatly labeled "Mr. Cabot," "Mr. March," "Miss Crawford," and so forth, are lined up in military order. Behind them cluster rows of personal maids, chauffeurs, flunkies and stand-ins.

On the set itself, Cukor seems to be having a mild fit. He isn't, of course. It's just the way he directs. Outside camera range, la Crawford herself, in a quilted bathrobe, is rehearsing her lines. She keeps running onto the set, crying, "It's all a matter of divine guidance!"

After Joan has rushed in crying "It's all a matter of divine guidance" that many times, we're ready to believe it really is! But Cukor is still doing the guiding here. He smiles craftily. "Fine!" he cries. "Splendid! That's the first time you made me believe it. All right—let's start all over!"

WE pass on to the comparative sanity of Hal Roach's mixed-up movie, "Turnabout."

"Turnabout" is another fantastic Thorne Smith idea, which Hal Roach seems to fancy. It's based on the cute idea of a man and wife switching their sexes, thanks to an all-seeing and wise little god named *Ram*.

A real Hollywood wife and husband, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, have important jobs in this, with John Hubbard and Carole Landis, two Roach discoveries.

The set we see is an ultramodern New York penthouse boudoir, glittering with mirrors and chromium and shiny bric-a-brac. All this has been gathered just so it can be wrecked.

The wrecker in this case is *Josephine*, a Malayan sun bear. Hubby brings her home as a pet and *Josephine*, the script says, tears the joint into little shreds. Roach hopes for the best, as he lets *Josephine* loose in all this finery. But to his dismay she trots right over to a little dressing table and sniffs a bottle of perfume ecstatically! It turns out she's simply nuts about honey, and as long as there's anything sweet around there's no chance of a satisfactory wreck job. So they stopper everything up. The cameras turn and *Josephine* kicks over, rips open or smashes everything in the place very effectively.

It doesn't seem to make sense, but Hal Roach, whose property *Josephine* has just cracked up to the tune of a few thousand dollars, beams happily and gives her a lump of sugar!

Well, it's pleasant to get back to normalcy at Twentieth Century-Fox, where Darryl Zanuck's movie-of-the-month is "Maryland." Everyone knows about the Derby, of course, but the annual Maryland Hunt Club race is much more obscure, though much, much more

(Continued on page 76)



Signs of the season: Bill Powell in a raincoat—his wife, Diana Lewis, in summer furs, print dress and hat consisting of one enormous flower

court. Sixty hard-bitten Hollywood extras are sitting around on the benches, yawning. Mickey is supposed to arrive in the courtroom in place of his dad, Lewis Stone. The extras are to register surprise. Director Seitz explains it to them as Mickey stands by.

"Just murmur," instructs Seitz, "a conversation-buzz of surprise—like you would if you saw a little boy suddenly walk up to the judge's bench." Mickey is nudging him in the ribs and frowning. Seitz bends an ear down—then corrects himself. "Er—" he says, "rather, like you would if you saw a young man walk up to the judge's bench!"

"Susan and God," the really A-1 picture of the M-G-M month, is nearby. It has Joan Crawford, Fredric March, John Carroll (M-G-M's white hope), Rose Hobart, Ruth Hussey, Bruce Cabot—and all sorts of attractions, not to mention a reduced Director George Cukor, minus seventy-two pounds!



Linda Darnell
Starring in the 20th
Century-Fox Picture
"STAR DUST"

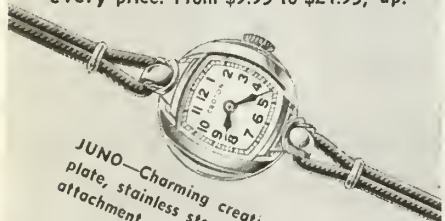
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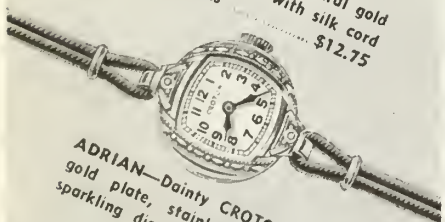
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With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

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QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:

Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"



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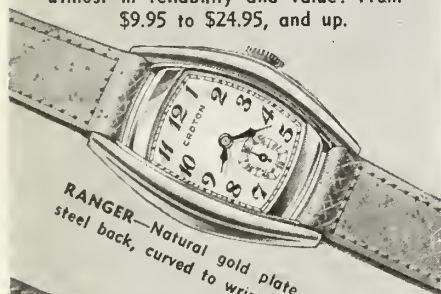
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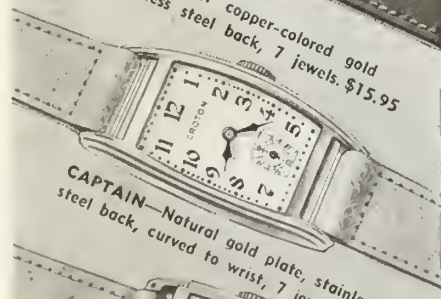
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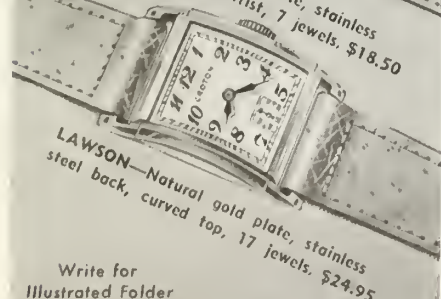
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swanky. The plot of "Maryland" is woven about this gentleman jockey steeplechase.

John Payne, Zanuck's new fair-haired lad, gets himself another big break in "Maryland." John, Walter Brennan, Fay Bainter and Charlie Ruggles are all grouped around a red plantation house, as Henry King directs Johnny's homecoming scene.

Johnny, returning from abroad, is about to inform his horrified maw that he's going to devote his life to horse-flesh. The sad news hasn't broken yet, though, so the scene is gala. Walter Brennan, the old trainer, Charlie Ruggles, Fay Bainter, and black servants, rush out to greet son John, as he drives up and starts dishing out presents.

Up near us, by the camera, stands a girl looking on quietly and not saying a thing. We recognize her through her smoked glasses as Brenda Joyce, John's love affair in this. The call-sheet doesn't have Brenda down. We're surprised to see her.

"I've never met Mr. Payne," explains Brenda. "And since the first scene we have together is a love scene, I thought I'd just drop around quietly and size him up!" These modern girls!

Mary Beth Hughes, another TC-F modern maiden, is getting a much better chance to size up her man, Cesar Romero, when we look in on the "Rogue of the Rio Grande" set, down the studio line. Cesar's in a bathtub.

"Rogue of the Rio Grande" is standard Cisco Kid drama, so we won't go into that. The set we invade is an old-fashioned Western hotel room, where Cesar is supposed to be using Mary Beth's tub—the only one in town. The tub is hooked to an ancient fire engine outside the stage for heating.

Mary Beth is a sexy, twenty-year-old blonde charmer. The scene is where she finds the Kid sneaking a wash job in her private pool. Several times she slings open the door, very unladylike, and screams, "Get out of my tub!" Cesar just grins and keeps on scrubbing. At the fourth take when Mary Beth yells, "Get out of my tub," Cesar surprises everyone, including Director

"Lucky" Humberstone, by obliging, very nimbly.

It seems the fire engine heating plant has backfired, and the water temperature has shot from 80 to 140 degrees. Luckily, Cesar's wearing shorts.

RKO found Jimmy Lydon, a freckle-faced kid with a wonderful grin, to carry the title role of Thomas Hughes' classic, "Tom Brown's School Days." We find Freddy Bartholomew (so tall now!), Jimmy, and Billy Halop, the ex-Dead-Ender, having a grand time smashing old flashlight bulbs and scaring the set half out of its wits.

It is the original boys' school plot the movies have filched time and again; that is, the school, infested by holy terrors, gets set right by the new spirit. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the headmaster who does all that, Josephine Hutchinson, his patient wife. The scene we see is a bit of discipline. Billy and Jimmy have been scrapping, and they're up on the carpet, bloody-nosed and black-eyed, with their foppy clothes ripped and torn.

Sir Cedric gives them such a scorching dressing down that Billy Halop bursts into tears and goes to pieces. We expect Billy to be a hysterical wreck when it's over. But the minute the "Cut!" sounds—"Boom!" and "Bop!" go a couple of old flashlight bulbs. He's dropped them behind Jimmy Lydon and Sir Cedric, and when they jump a mile, Billy's tears are vanished in a burst of happy haw-haws. He may be dolled up in an Eton jacket, but we're afraid Billy is still a Dead End kid at heart!

THAT infantile movie confession, "Sandy Is a Lady," is our first set stop at Universal, where we find pictures being made in a slightly cockeyed manner, due to Baby Sandy's language limitations. Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert, Gene Pallette and Edgar Kennedy, a quartet of Hollywood's surest fire funny men, are grouped around the personality tot. Tom Brown and Nan Grey play Mama and Papa, and the two musical kids who made a hit in "The Under-Pup," Billy Lenhart and Kenneth Brown, have been worked into the story.

Naturally, directing a baby consists of

keeping on the alert for whatever happens. Director Charlie Lamont tells us he has found out two things—"Tiger Rag" is Sandy's favorite piece, and the word "Cut!" starts her gurgling and smiling. So they reverse things. When they want to start a scene with Sandy, they yell "Cut!" It's a little confusing to the camera crew—but we can testify it works with Sandy.

The long-heralded red-hot mama picture for Ann Sheridan, "Torrid Zone," holds the spotlight at Warner Brothers this month. Down on the "Thirty Acres," a Central American banana plantation has sprung up, with row upon row of real, transplanted banana trees.

"Torrid Zone" is the story of a hard-boiled café entertainer (that's Annie) who shows up in banana land. There she's used by a fruit king (that's Pat O'Brien) to lure back his cocky plantation manager (that's Jimmy Cagney).

Director Bill Keighley gives us a ride on the 1875 vintage railroad to the transplanted trees. Everybody's used to the terrific, stifling smell of ripening fruit—except us—and possibly Annie.

We watch with compassion as Ann hides in a loaded banana car. The cameramen are turning now, and Jimmy Cagney gallops his horse down the rows, hot after Annie, the stowaway. She's supposed to elude him in the script—but she doesn't do anything like that. Instead, there's a blood-curdling scream and Ann Sheridan comes tumbling out the sidedoor pullman shouting bloody murder.

It takes a few minutes to calm her down. Then she explains that some horrible furry beast crawled over her neck. The prop man grins and pops in the car. In a minute he's out holding a squashed tarantula. "That makes five since the picture started," he says. "They're frozen, and when they thaw out they start going places."

"You're a success, Ann," grins Jimmy Cagney, wickedly. "You're hot enough to thaw out a spider."

From the look Ann throws Jimmy, we'd say she's also hot enough to shrivel a Cagney!

The Marriage Plans of Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes

(Continued from page 18)

There was, for instance, Mr. Hughes' giving a champagne party to the camera boys. Just a sort of thank-you dinner, said Mr. Hughes. Of course the boys ate the dinner and imbibed the champagne. The joker came out when a few nights later the young sportsman asked the lads if they'd mind, please, not photographing him when he came into night clubs. The reason was, he explained, that his oil business associates didn't like him pictured as a playboy.

Oil business indeed! How do you suppose Ginger felt referred to as an oil business! Amused, I'll wager, from all I know of the girl. The night after the cameramen all solemnly swore they certainly wouldn't photograph their flying pal, she and Howard first appeared in a glittering spot together—Ciro's, of course, the time being now—and what could the cameramen do, poor things, having drunk all that Hughes' champagne, except not to snap them?

There was the sign, too, big as a billboard in Howard and Ginger being out alone together. For both of them have always run in packs up until now, Howard going in for foursomes, and

Ginger favoring clusters of eight or ten. But what has been happening lately is Ginger and Howard out, blissfully dancing, just they two; either that, or sitting at her home looking at movies in Ginger's projection room.

For their love of movies is one of the great things they have in common. Howard has been a producer in the past, you remember, putting "Hell's Angels" and Jean Harlow over with a bang, and he may return to producing again this fall. He has always chosen glamour girls for his companions, so there is no question of Ginger giving up her career for love. Reversely, Ginger won't have to worry over her husband-to-be getting too deeply into film competition with her. Producing is simply an amusing sideline with Howard Hughes. The oil business is his real business. Flying is his hobby (Ginger loves flying, too) but he is no stunt flyer though he is a past master of this art. He is serious, there, working ceaselessly for the advancement of aviation.

Ginger shares this flying enthusiasm. One of the mad delightful factors in this exciting courtship (and one of the

ways that they have kept the glaring eyes of Hollywood from watching their love affair) has been the impulsive way they have made use of Howard's speedy plane. Whenever the whim has seized them they have hopped in his plane to flash down to San Diego for lunch or up to San Francisco for dinner; to make a delightful swoop toward Mexico or way up North to the snow country. If you don't think that's romantic, kiddies, then you are just so many sticks in the mud.

The seriousness of their future plans can be judged by the fact that Ginger is trying to sell her house, and that Lela Rogers', Ginger's mother, who adores her, has given Howard Hughes her blessing.

Of course, we admit that a year is a long time in any Hollywood hogan and no one can be considered married out here until everything is signed, sealed and delivered (and not always then). But, really, the illumination in the eyes of Miss Rogers and Mr. Hughes as they look at each other these evenings, across night-club tables, does seem to be that true-for-ever-and-ever glow.

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Can Hollywood Mothers Be Good Mothers?

(Continued from page 17)

which comes whenever a star is absent from the competitive picture business. There are too many other actresses waiting to fill the vacancy.

Anyway, the Hollywood child is a desired child. Hollywood women want children so much they adopt them, if necessary. The kids of the movie stars are happy and healthy and normal, and when they grow up they have a good chance to turn into respectable, progressive, socially valuable men and women.

For years, of course, parenthood was taboo in the picture industry. At one time all the stars denied having children, if they did have them; now they proudly announce the approach of the stork.

LET'S observe the actress on the job as a mother. I speak as one—I've a son named Dion, who's eight this year.

In the beginning, the Hollywood mother has her children under the most modern medical circumstances, so that the baby has the right start in life. Then she sets about bringing the youngster through its infancy in the best possible manner. There is a nurse, a baby specialist, and, of course, scientific feeding and approved methods all around.

Next comes the school period. I shall never forget the first day of kindergarten for Dion. Joan Blondell was going to start her youngster, Norman, in the same school and we all went down together. Of course as soon as Normie and Dion discovered we were going to leave them they set off into frightened tantrums.

That was at eight o'clock. Joan and I sat huddled in a little anteroom, peering through a whozit in the wall at our young, until one o'clock, when the place closed. Dion and Normie were still yelling. At ten I had turned to Joan determinedly. "It's brutal," I fumed. "They won't be able to eat or anything else. I don't care if Dion never learns anything, I'm going in there and take him home."

"So am I," Joan said, and we turned purposefully. The headmistress was standing just behind us.

"If you do," the headmistress said, "you'll never get them to school again. They'll be all right in a day or so. It's the same with all children."

Joan and I looked at each other. We went back to our observation posts.

We stayed at them from eight until one every school day for two solid weeks! Fortunately, neither of us was working at the time. Dion lost three pounds and went on strike about his ten o'clock milk, but on the fifteenth day he came home with a frightening concoction of paper and crayon marks and glue he'd made, and he was beaming all over.

Now he's reached the age where he wants to stay after school and play football. This coming term, when he goes into the public school in Beverly Hills, he'll be able to do that every afternoon.

THE swank private school is not very popular among Hollywood mothers. I know a couple of stars who found their kids boasting of the big-shot parents the other boarding-school students had. Out came the kids and into public grammar school.

I think the charge that stars' children are snobbish is founded on very weak authority. You must remember the youngsters in Hollywood aren't awed by actors or actresses. Dion

knows simply that Mr. Power and his wife, or Mr. Gable and his wife, are coming to dinner. He knows them as individuals, not as famous names. And goodness knows, Dion isn't impressed by me. He's seen me only once on the screen.

The picture was "Banjo on My Knee," I remember. When we came out of the theater I asked him what he thought. He said he liked the fight between Joel McCrea and that other guy.

"Didn't you like me?" I asked, somewhat wistfully.

"Well, your dress was pretty."

And that was all.

Now about this supposition that because Hollywood women work all day they never get a chance to see their children. Suppose we observe the average mother's day with her little boy. This was an average day at my sister's. She raised our small nephew when his mother died.

Busy with her household tasks, she gets him up at seven-thirty, hands him breakfast and bundles him off to school. He takes his lunch, so she doesn't see him at noon. By the time he comes home, at three o'clock, she's busy preparing dinner—and he wants to play with the kids, anyway—so she gives him a piece of bread and butter and he tears out to play. She calls him in to dinner, and talks with him through the meal, if he isn't too tired to talk to her. Say for forty-five minutes. After dinner, she has more work to do and Junior has homework, so after admonishing him to wash his teeth, and reminding him that he has to get up early for school, she kisses him good night.

Well, I see Dion at breakfast, too. When I'm finished at the studio at six he's waiting in the car, to ride home with me, having been given his dinner earlier. Then until seven-thirty every evening, we talk—about his day and what he thinks and what his problems are. At seven-thirty he goes to bed. That is, when I'm working. He loves it

when I'm working, because otherwise his bedtime is seven.

There's a difference, you see, between the relationship of the ordinary mother and the Hollywood mother. We get fifteen minutes or a half-hour extra with our children. And on week ends and layoffs and vacations we have even more.

AS for spoiling the kids in Hollywood... I've gone to children's parties where little gilt-edged trust funds toddled about, not very impressed by the circus, the clowns, magicians, the color movies or the banquet; and I remembered my own childhood. I didn't get any parties at all. Generally speaking, very few stars had plushy early days or came from rich families.

Thus it's only natural to feel, "I want Junior to have all the things I didn't have." That's understandable, but it's not intelligent. I had to learn that. Had to realize that giving a child a surfeit of things now, dwarfs his perspective later on. I've had to discipline myself to insure his future happiness! I'm not going to rob him of the excitement and triumph of a right perspective on possessions—and other Hollywood mothers discipline themselves on this matter as I do. Christmas before last Dion got thirty or forty expensive presents, from Bob and me and from our friends. No child of seven can cope with so much. Last Christmas I told Dion he could have just five things he wanted.

And that's what he got. The rest were sent to the orphanage. Dion really appreciated his presents then, and has taken care of them.

That is one form of discipline. Hollywood mothers don't spank their children, but they demand, and get, respect and obedience. I made sure Dion knew right from wrong as soon as he could talk or understand; now, when he does something he shouldn't, he's punished by being deprived of something he wants very much. He can't go skating, or he can't exercise other valuable privileges.

He had a date, for instance, to go with his little friend, Joanie Benny, to see "Gulliver's Travels." He was bad for a whole day, and knew he was bad, and didn't care; so Joanie went to the picture and Dion stayed home. It broke his heart, and mine, but it's going to be several weeks before he can see "Gulliver." He knows why, too.

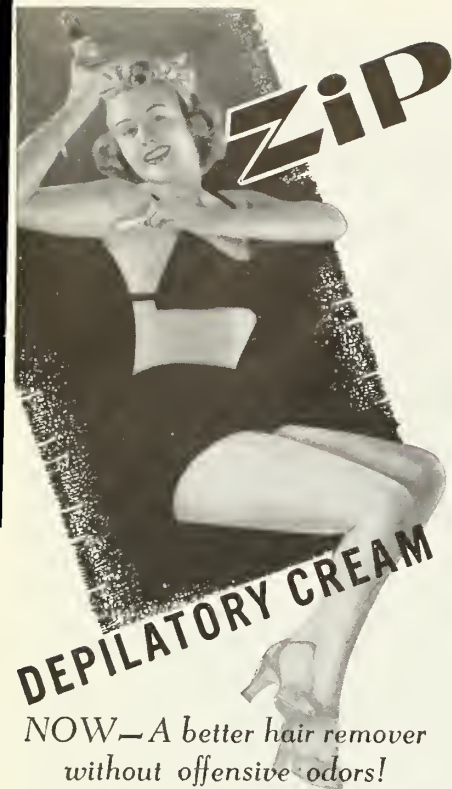
I SUPPOSE the best answer, finally, is in the children themselves when they grow up and show the world how Hollywood's method of child-raising works.

I think it has presented some pretty good examples, which all towns produce. Look at Tim Holt. Look at Lon Chaney, Jr. Look at Noah Berry, Jr. Look at Harold Lloyd's daughters. Look at the dozens of others I could name, if there were space. They're healthy, talented, good-looking, well-mannered.

After all, sociologists continue to remind us that rich, physically strong, intelligent people should have more children than they do. Well, Hollywood seems to be taking the advice to heart. In the face of wars and the rumors of general catastrophe, Hollywood women are taking time out to bear strong, beautiful children, or to adopt them. And whether the rearing of these children is good, bad, or indifferent, at least they'll exist and they'll have healthy bodies, tans, straight teeth, and minds filled with the ideals of American Democracy.



Standing with reluctant (?) feet where the movie chalk lines meet—Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart rehearsing for "Sandy Is a Lady"



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	AGE	

Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 72)

the actor and director who first introduced to the screen "frankness in sex," as he terms it. Today, after all these years, taxicab drivers, writers, icemen, remember the monocled menace of those early pictures.

He became an American citizen years ago and loves this country. Across one brow, romantically enough, he wears a saber cut and on the back of his shaven neck, he very unromantically wears a wound where a horse kicked him.

His smile is news. It completely wipes away the frown, the hurt, from his eyes, and brings out a dimple in his left cheek, revealing the man Von Stroheim that was meant to be. Let's lift our lamps higher that this genius may, once again, find his way home.

Mammy Goes to Town

From the north, east, west and the very deep south come letters, messages, congratulatory newspaper clippings, to a round-faced, humble, but gifted Negress, named Hattie McDaniel. With that Oscar in her hand, won for her role of Mammy in "Gone with the Wind," Hattie at last comes into her own. For all God's chilluns ain't got Oscars, have they, Hattie? Nor do they have that swell role in "Maryland," which Hattie has just completed for Twentieth Century-Fox.

For the beauty of her soul, the humility in her heart, the spark of genius within, Hattie should have won some award even without the Mammy role.

Born of a Baptist minister in Wichita, Kansas, Hattie, the thirteenth child, has made her way through this world with a song in her heart and on her lips. When the family moved to Denver, Hattie took to singing and reciting with gestures. She ended up winning the gold medal at the Temperance Union meeting for her absolutely amazing rendition of "Convict Joe." She toured the Pantages Circuit with George Morrison's band, all colored, and later branched out into her own little act, written by herself. When bookings were slow, Hattie took to someone's kitchen. Once in Milwaukee when Hattie was down to two dollars and no job, she found a woman who gave her a room on time, and finally a job as maid in the ladies' room of Sam Pick's roadside café. After the orchestra had gone home nights, Hattie in her white apron would come out and sing to customers who showered her with applause and greenbacks. Hollywood found her next. Small jobs here and there came her way, but in between, when the going was bad, Hattie took in washing, still with a song in her heart. Gradually, during her ten years here, the cooking and the laundry jobs grew fewer and fewer and more and more Hattie was seen on the screen.

She didn't talk about how much she wanted the Mammy part. "Long ago I learned to keep my mouth shut," she says. "Too much talking is bad in Hollywood." Everyone in town tested, and then came Hattie's turn, and Hattie just opened her heart and let the tears flow out. There were no more Mammy tests after that, for Selznick put her under contract at once.

With her niece, she keeps her little house in Los Angeles. Every Sunday morning, there sits Hattie in the front row, God love her, at the Independent Church of Christ, her face beaming with the joy of the message.

To her we give PHOTOPLAY's special

award of esteem to a great heart that will never die.

Opportunity Knocks at Last

On a Santa Monica hilltop overlooking a temperamental Pacific ocean lives Ian (pronounced E-an) Hunter, his wife, and two young sons. The man who scored so unforgettably in "Strange Cargo," is a natural, genial Englishman, voted by all Hollywood as tops.

Most of his stories deal with his boat. Mrs. Hunter, pert, English and a good scout, accompanies him on his thirty-five foot sailboat, and the two spend all their spare time sailing the Pacific.

Ian spent the first fourteen years of his life in Cape Town, South Africa, where he was born on June 13th. When the war tore apart his part of the world, his three older brothers enlisted in the English army, and Ian followed them to England. He failed to fool the recruiting sergeant with his age, however, and entered Aldenham College for two years until he grew old enough to enlist, and for two years he lived under fire in France. When the war was over, there were but three Hunter boys, and the two older boys decided definitely on the stage. Ian, as usual, tagged along. In 1919 Basil Dean, well-known English theatrical figure, gave Hunter his first big opportunity and Ian proved a hit in the stage plays "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Best People," and in Broadway's "The High Road."

Hollywood was only 3,000 miles from Broadway, and Warners soon placed the tall, blue-eyed and quite handsome actor in a dozen or so movies where he never quite got the girl. Ian was that actor that everyone said of, "I like Hunter. Seems like a good fellow."

In "To Mary—with Love," for Twentieth Century-Fox, the town suddenly changed the lyrics to, "Say, that Hunter's a damned good actor, no fooling." On loan to M-G-M (where he is now under contract), he made steady progress until his unforgettable portrait of that soul in all men, *Cambreau* of "Strange Cargo."

He collects etchings, builds elaborate bridges for his ship models, swims in the ocean and not his own swimming pool, plays the piano, loves to listen to good stories and good conversation, trains his two dogs. In short, Hunter is the hero in every good book or story we've ever read, only in Hollywood, for some unfounded reason, they never let him get the girl. Let's start a campaign!

A Real Winner—With a Photographed Finish

Blonde, nineteen-year-old Nan Grey, Universal starlet, has been in love with the same man (Jackie Westrope) for seven years, has been married to him

for one, has acted in pictures seven years and came into her own in "Three Smart Girls," followed by "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." Nan is still growing up in the midst of life while most youngsters are preparing for it.

At twelve, Nan left her native Houston to visit friends in Hollywood with no thought of pictures. Her father was an official of the Motion Pictures Operator's Union in Houston, so naturally Nan had heard movies discussed from the behind the camera angle all her life, and felt none of the thrill of it most youngsters do. Nevertheless, an agent friend of the family was so impressed with this natural young beauty from Texas, he secured her a contract at Warners, with Nan nonchalantly expanding her thirteen years into sixteen and playing a bit in "The Firebird," with Verree Teasdale and Ricardo Cortez, and "Mary Jane's Pa."

Her year at Warners completed, she moved to Universal and has been there ever since. She's made a full dozen or more pictures there, including "Tower of London," "The Invisible Man Returns," "Sandy Is a Lady," and "The House of the Seven Gables." Radio has also taken up her time.

Contrary to most girls, Nan married her childhood hero. With Houston newspapers screaming the achievements of Jockey Jackie Westrope at the Epsom Downs track (the Texas Epsom Downs), Jackie, at fifteen, was the rage of the town. Just before she left Houston Nan met her idol, and shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, Jackie appeared to ride at the California tracks. There has been no one else in her heart from that moment, seven years ago. Nor in Jackie's either.

Together Jackie and Nan ride bicycles, roller skate, ride horses (well, naturally) and play golf. With her own hands, Nan bakes wonderful eggless, milkless, non-baking powder cookies, which Jackie consumes by the jarful, and then he must steam off the resulting poundage. It's true love, believe me. They take their careers sensibly and as matter-of-factly as most young moderns. Between pictures, Nan flies to wherever Jackie is riding, always making it back in time for the broadcast.

Sports clothes are her forte, and the other day while helping her husband pack his belongings for the Tanforan track, she perched his jockey cap atop her blonde head, and instantly got an idea. She's going to popularize feminine jockey caps for sportswear. That will be me coming in next to last around the home stretch, my jockey cap flying to the breeze.

In that number, we wouldn't even make show money.

Gracie Fields and Monty Banks had reason for smiling at the 4-A Ball; not so many hours later, the British star and producer (the latter a popular comedian of silent screen days) were quietly wed—and then sailed back to England!



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*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Hawaiian Honeymoon

(Continued from page 25)

front, the waves slipping away under the stern of the boat, the bulk of Diamond Head looming ahead, the monstrous, upturned cup of the sky covering them and though everything was beautiful she found no comfort in it.

Through the main cabin door she could see Angus MacBride studying a map. In the entrance to the first cabin, Laurel was twisting and tying a bright bandanna over her sleek black hair, leaving enough framing her face to make it more a beauty than a utilitarian measure.

Caroline sat in a wicker chair on one side of the main cabin with a look denoting thorough disapproval of everything. On the opposite side, in an identical chair, Randy sat with a look denoting exactly nothing.

Angus put down the map, opened the icebox and brought out seven bottles of beer. He opened them and, as he did so, handed them one by one to Alastair. Alastair relayed one to Randy who took it without comment, one to Caroline who took it with the comment "I don't want any," handed two down to Laurel, one for her and one for David, who was in the second cabin forward. Alastair said to Caroline, "Where's Ann?"

Without looking up, Caroline said, "Funny, she was chained to my wrist a moment ago. She must have gnawed off her hand and escaped."

"I'm in the fish box," Ann said mournfully. Laurel was not in view. Was David kissing her now? Were they looking into each other's eyes and thinking, "Soon we'll be free to belong to each other openly"? Or were they just sitting on bunks opposite each other, drinking beer? Oh God, how awful it was to be a woman and not belong to anybody!

Alastair came out with her beer. He loitered. "Lonely?" he said.

"Yes, it's awful being on a desert island," said Ann. "Just the rustling of the wind in the trees, you know? And thinking about civilization and eating clams. I'm getting very sick of clams but then, one has to live, hasn't one?"

"You're getting so you talk just like Caroline." There was a note of resentment in his voice. He took a big swig of beer.

Ann said, "Come back when I'm really up in the part. I'll show you something."

Inside the cabin Angus picked up a ukulele and started strumming it and Alastair wandered back to listen. Laurel and David came and stood on the steps side by side.

Angus sang, with a rather nice voice,

*"Whe-en Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop
There's no-ot a bit of use for a traffic
cop
For ev'rything and ev'rybody comes to
stop
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop.*

*She does her very best to satisfy
She shakes her holoku and she winks
her eye,
You'll always find the fellows hanging
round her lanai,
When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop."*

"What," said Randy, "is her holoku?"
"Dress, libertine," said Caroline.
"Oh," Randy went back to his beer.

*"That wahine has an opu with a college
education,
There's no motion she won't go through,
She doesn't leave a thing to your imag-
ination. . . ."*

"Opu?" Randy said, with a stir of interest.

"Stomach," said Angus.

*"O-oh, Hattie's sure to die from too
much gin*

*But she will never pay for her life of
sin . . .*

*St. Peter's going to take a look and say,
'Come on in.'*

When Hilo Hattie does the Hilo Hop."

"Very misleading, this language," Randy said.

Caroline threw down her magazine and came out on the afterdeck. She discovered Ann in the fish box and sat down in one of the swivel chairs. "What's that huddle in there on the steps?" she said. "And what are you doing out here? Aren't you woman enough to protect your own interests?"

Ann said, "Lay off me. Just because you're mad at Randy."

Caroline said tartly, "This Mormon village that's springing up right under Alastair's nose is going to look sweet in print, isn't it?"

"What do you expect me to do, go in and sit on their laps?"

"I expect you to get her out of his lap," Caroline said.

"Sorry," Ann said, "I'm an actress, not a magician."

Abandoning the subject abruptly, Caroline looked thoughtful for a moment. "Where," she said, "is Diamond Head?"

"Behind us," Ann said.

"Right behind us so you could reach out and touch it?" Caroline said. "Or is that a wave?"

It was a wave big enough to obscure Diamond Head. And that, in any man's language, is a wave.

Caroline put her hand on her head. "I'm beginning to feel odd, really I am. If I'd known we were going to ride steeplechase, I'd have brought a horse."

THE *Humuhumunukunuku* nosed gallantly into another mountain of water, struggled to the top and took a belly dive into space. She groaned as she hit the trough, shook herself and seemed to have a moment of indecision about which direction to take. This decided, she attacked the next liquid Mt. Everest. "I feel," Caroline said, in the voice of one hypnotized, "like an ungrateful rat, but I don't like this. I want to go home."

She rose, groped her way into the

main cabin and collapsed in a heap on one of the long bunks, emitting low, piteous moans. Randy hovered over her.

"Try to think of something else," he urged.

"Try to mind your own business." Caroline's equilibrium had gone but her spirit hadn't entirely taken flight.

THEY were pitching in earnest now. Leaning out, hanging fast to the fish box and looking toward the prow, Ann saw endless walls of water rolling up out of the darkness with seeming gluttonous intent. There was nothing behind them except limitless black, rolling, pushing water. David and Laurel had disappeared. They must have, she decided, gone forward again. Ann shivered a little. She was wet through from the spray. She climbed out of the fish box feeling desolate and, clinging to the swivel chairs in order to keep her feet on the slippery deck, made her way into the main cabin. Even with her eyes closed, Caroline wore a look of singular and admirable determination. As Ann leaned over her, she opened one eye. "If anybody asks, later," she said weakly, "my relatives all went down on the Titanic. We have a way, we Hathaways, of picking the most inconvenient form of death."

Ann looked across the cabin. Angus was jiggling keys and pushing buttons on the radio telephone. She went over to him. "What're you doing?"

He frowned. "Trying to reach shore. I didn't tell anybody we were coming out." Abruptly he abandoned the effort. "Can't get a rise out of them."

"Is there anything wrong?"

"Of course not," said Angus. "Have another beer, Ann?"

"No thanks. It's pretty rough, isn't it?"

Willi, at the wheel, gave her a peculiar look and made a little hissing noise through his teeth. Angus said, "It's rougher than usual."

Ann felt her way down the companionway.

Laurel and David were in the second cabin. Ann stopped in the doorway saying, "May I come in? There aren't very many places one can go on a small boat, are there?"

Laurel was sitting on the bunk opposite David, smoking. She said, "I'm glad you came down. David and I have been talking."

Ann slid up onto the bunk beside David, careful not to sit too close and thereby seem to be establishing a claim.



Very proud papa! Deprived of an opportunity to be with his wife, Frances, when their second child (and first son) was born, Henry Fonda hurried from the "Lillian Russell" set to New York, where the two celebrated at La Conga

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COTY

"Things might as well be talked out now as any time," Laurel added, with a businesslike air.

"What things?"

"Oh . . . details," said Laurel.

David was staring at his shoes. Ann had seen him look just this way before, when he was considering whether or not to sign a contract for a picture.

Ann said, "What details? It seems to me everything is settled. David is still in love with you and I'm going to divorce him so he can remarry you. Have I left anything out?"

Laurel smiled winningly. "Nothing of importance," she said. "But unimportantances have to be discussed too, unfortunately."

"For instance?"

"Well," Laurel said, "for instance, David tells me you haven't discussed a settlement."

Ann felt a slight pressure from David's elbow. Had she imagined it? He was still staring at his shoes.

"Money?" Ann said.

Again the winning smile. Laurel's voice was very gentle and friendly. "It's customary," she said, "when two people get a divorce, to make certain financial arrangements. I want to know . . ." she laughed a little, ". . . as David's former and future wife, just how much money you expect from him. I want to know where we stand."

"Why?" Ann said. "Isn't David enough?"

There was a flash of hatred in Laurel's eyes for a moment, but only for a moment. "You mustn't be bitter," she said. "I'm only being . . . as everybody has to be sometimes . . . practical."

"I'm not bitter," Ann said. "Just curious. I don't see what money and settlements have to do with love, that's all. I was only asking."

David said, "I think you're being a

little hasty, Ann. It's only natural that Laurel should want to know what to expect in the future." He looked at Laurel. "When we were first married," he said, "I was earning well over fifty thousand a year, wasn't I?"

"Fifty-three, to be exact," Laurel said, "with the agent's commission deducted."

"Mmm." David looked at his shoes again. "I'm getting a lot more now. But you've no idea how income tax eats into those figures."

"I know," Laurel said sympathetically. She turned back to Ann. "What do you think would be fair, Ann?"

Again that slight pressure. This time Ann knew she hadn't imagined it. "I'll have to discuss it with my lawyer," she said. "I hadn't thought about it really."

"Of course," Laurel said, "it isn't as though you didn't have a huge income of your own."

"No," Ann agreed. "I have a very good salary. But of course an actress can't count on more than . . . well, ten years at best."

"Oh, but you'll marry again," Laurel said patting her knee. "Then it will be your husband's place to see that you're taken care of. A girl as attractive as you are. . . ."

"That's very kind of you," Ann said. "But at the moment I'm just counting on the money I earn myself."

Laurel laughed. "You're making at least two thousand a week."

"Yes I am," Ann said. "I'm making more."

ANN looked at David. He wore a different expression now. He seemed to be listening to something. Ann said, "What is it?"

"Does it strike you," David said, "that there's something missing?"

"Missing?"

"The motor seems to have stopped," David said. "Excuse me a moment." He got up and left the cabin. Laurel and Ann looked at each other. Laurel smiled. "I hope we're going to be very good friends afterward, Ann. I've really grown quite fond of you."

"Have you really?" Ann said.

"Yes. There's something about you you're so . . . so . . ."

"Simple-minded?" Ann said.

"I don't think that's a very nice way to accept an offer of friendship."

"I don't either," Ann said. "That is, I don't, if one wants the friendship. But I don't want yours, you see. You're not my type, Laurel." She followed David out of the cabin.

Above, she found David, Willi and Randy leaning over the gaping aperture made by lifted deck sections. Angus was at the wheel. He said, without regard for courtesy, "Get out of the light."

Ann stepped aside and made her way carefully to the bunk where Caroline was lying. The *Humuhumunukunuku* was pitching like a bucking horse. The sound of the waves crashing against her prow was louder and more menacing.

Laurel came up from below and said to Angus, "What's happened?"

"Nothing," Angus said.

"The engine's stopped," Laurel said, as though Angus had with deliberate malice thrown it overboard.

"Yes," Angus said quietly, "the engine's stopped."

"Is it broken?"

"If it weren't, it wouldn't have stopped." This was a different Angus. Ann realized for the first time, watching him, that they were in a serious situation unless Willi, diligently poking into the engine's interior, was successful.

Willi dashed that hope when he straightened up and said into space,

"It's no good. The block has cracked."

Angus said, "Take the wheel." Without a word Willi threw down his wrench and took Angus' place. Angus, rubbing his arms, leaned against the table and looked around. "I'm sorry," he said, "but without a motor we can't get to Molokai. I'd like to be able to say that somebody is on the way out to pick us up but I can't seem to get through to Honolulu on the radio telephone. And nobody knows we're out here."

Caroline sat up. "What's going to happen?"

"We're going to drift," said Angus.

"Unless," said Randy, "we capsize." David went out to the afterdeck. Ann followed and stood beside him. She realized for the first time how big the Pacific Ocean is and how little she was. David, hanging to the rail, cupped his hand against the wind. "Afraid?"

"Yes," Ann said. Soberly she watched the massive waves rolling behind them.

"I'd like to say," David said, "that the money discussion down there was not my idea. I hope you know that, Ann."

"I do," Ann said, and then in her ears rang the same words spoken at another time and meaning something quite different. She put her hand out on an impulse and took his arm.

"Oh David!" she said.

"What, dear?"

"Nothing. Just . . . oh, David."

They weren't divorced. He might be divorced from her but she would never be divorced from him. She knew that now.

"'Til death do us part" was Ann's vow—and, every moment, death seems more imminent than divorce, despite Laurel's stranglehold on David. Strange things happen in the crippled boat, adrift in an angry sea; follow its course in July PHOTOPLAY!



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"My Life With John"

(Continued from page 26)

timental novel, most likely, and it had one of those mawkish deathbed scenes. But it said one thing which seemed to me wise then, and still does. The heroine was a woman who lived in the future. One day she woke up and found herself dying, with all of life un-lived.

"I made up my mind then and there that the only thing I'd ever regret was not having lived my life to its fullest. Today is all you're sure of, so take what today offers—whether it's a walk in the park or love or pain even. If I were to pass out this minute, at twenty-four, I will have lived twenty-four years completely, and I have every intention of living the rest of my life the same way.

"AS for my life with John, it's built on two things—love and similar tastes. And I think the second is more important. It was my passion for the theater that brought us together.

"I was majoring in journalism at college, and we had an assignment to do an interview. I'd read that John was in town. I'd been nutty about him from childhood—about all the Barrymores, in fact. I had scrapbooks filled with pictures and clippings. I thought, what a marvelous scoop if I could get an interview with John Barrymore." Her face turned impish as she murmured, "Longest interview on record, I imagine. Lasted five years.

"I wrote him a note, and when he phoned, I thought it was a gag. Then I recognized his voice and almost keeled over. When I got to the hospital, he

started interviewing me. I told him about my mad love for the theater. I told him about the scrapbooks, which amused him. I told him I'd had some auditions with NBC, and he asked if I'd like to bring the script over next day and read it to him. He talked to me about Shakespeare. Have you ever heard John talk about Shakespeare? Then you'll know that I sat enthralled. Figuratively, I soaked my head in water. I said to myself, 'He's bored to death at the hospital, you sap. Once he gets down south, he'll forget all about it.'

Not till John phoned from Florida did Elaine begin to take the situation seriously. He had planned a five weeks' cruise on his yacht. He was back in ten days. It was a whirlwind courtship in the most dazzling romantic tradition. They were married the following November.

The most fundamental of the interests they share is an exhilarating zest for life. The notion has got abroad that John is a thoroughgoing cynic. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"That's what makes living with him such fun," says his wife. "He's a terrific enthusiast. He'll decide one morning that he can't live another minute without going through the Museum of Natural History. That doesn't mean let's do it tomorrow or next week. It has to be now. I may have my whole day planned, but I might as well call it all off, and I do. If anyone had ever told me that I could be fascinated by stuffed animals and geological exhibits, I'd have said, 'You're crazy!' But that was before

I'd seen stuffed animals with John.

"He never does anything in a mild way. Suppose he wants to read a book. It wouldn't occur to him to pick one off the shelf. He has to buy out the bookshop. Before I knew him, I'd never read a mystery. He adores them, especially these honest-to-God horror stories. Now he's got me going, and it's a race as to who can find the most gruesome.

"WE both loathe routine, we both loathe set hours. It's usual for people to get up in the morning and have breakfast and lunch and dinner and go to bed. That's not our way. If we feel like talking half the night, we sit round the fire and talk half the night.

"Last night, for instance, he started reminiscing about the old musical comedy halls. That's the kind of talk people pay money to hear. And there I had it all to myself, for nothing. Then we got into a wonderful argument about the acting technique of Hayes and Bankhead. Which reminds me of another thing. People always treat John's acting with reverence—the great John Barrymore. He hates hero worship. Being on a pedestal makes for no fun in his life. His acting isn't sacred to him. He's human and makes slips. I may be brash, but I'm also an average playgoer, so I criticize him as such. He likes having someone around who'll see him honestly and give him an honest reaction.

"My husband will clamor for food in the middle of the night. It's never anything casual he wants, like scrambled

eggs, that I could throw together myself. No, it has to be oysters or game out of season, so I start phoning restaurants. Sooner or later we're bound to track it down, so that occasionally you'll find the Barrymores breakfasting at the normal hour—but on lobster thermidor, not bacon and eggs.

"The other Sunday night John was reading the paper. Dinner was about to be served, when he leaped up. 'Look, here are two pictures we've been perishing to see.' We hunted up the schedule and found that by dashing right out, we could catch them both. We saw 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington' first, grabbed a bar of chocolate to eat in the movies, hopped into a taxi, and saw 'Goodbye, Mr. Chips.' We had a wonderful time and ate at twelve.

"JOHN has some cute tricks around the house, too. He fancies himself a cook and tosses little masterpieces together, the point being to use every condiment in the kitchen. The stuff's so hot, it's as much as your life's worth to taste it, but you can't hurt his feelings by turning it down. Then, periodically, he'll get ideas—that the coffee should be made with eggshells, for instance. He generally pulls that one the day we get a new cook.

"He loves to go shopping with me. We agree mostly on dresses, but never on hats. They'll bring out an import worth hundreds of dollars, I'll catch that certain gleam in my husband's eye, and shudder. It takes more than a shudder, however, to stop John. He'll go into a

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WHEREVER SHE GOES



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lengthy and picturesque discourse on the subject of women's hats in general and this horror, quotes, in particular. "It takes a stick of dynamite to get him to the tailor's, but once he's there, his imagination soars, and he orders by the dozen. Oh yes, and he has his own peculiar way of acquiring shoes. Theoretically, they're made-to-order. Then he gets annoyed by the idea of fittings, and phones his measurements in. They're always wrong. The shoes are made up at some outrageous price, they arrive, they don't fit, he slings them into the closet and goes out and buys ready-made shoes."

ELAINE was enjoying herself. I was afraid to inject a word, lest she stop. She went on. "There is also the matter of animals. John's insane about them—from dinosaurs on down. I have visions of his bringing home a baby elephant some day. He would see nothing extraordinary in it. 'It's a cute thing I picked up,' he'd say. I remember a certain seal named Flipper who was in a picture with him. I'd wake every morning not at all sure that I wouldn't find Flipper draped over the bed like that seal of Thurber's."

"As for dogs, there's something uncanny about it. We have three in California and two here. We had to find a place with a terrace for the Great Dane. That was as important to John as his bedroom. He seems to have a certain language with them. I'm not in on it, because he whispers to them mostly."

She likes New York better than California. "For one thing, my friends are here. For another, John worked all day in Hollywood and I was left pretty much to myself. You can see just so many movies, you can read just so many books, and I don't like driving to nowhere. If you're the outdoors type, you can go forth briskly, play thirty-six holes of golf in the morning, and tennis after lunch. I'm not the outdoors type. I ferried between Magnin's and Bullocks Wilshire, looking at the clothes."

In New York she and John are appearing in the same play—a comedy success called "My Dear Children." Even before she knew him, she had dreamed of his returning to the stage. She felt it was a pity that neither she nor any of her generation had seen him in the theater. He was willing, provided a suitable script could be found. They decided that "My Dear Children," with changes, would do.

Elaine's opening night was a nightmare. Now the play's an established routine which she loves. She and John have a light meal at home and reach the theater a little after eight. They generally go home between matinee and evening performances because she feels that John can rest better there. His birthday was an exception. As a birthday gift, she'd had his dressing room redecorated, and spent the devil's own time trying to keep him out. She told him the pipes had burst and the room was flooded. He was bent on a prompt

investigation, and she had to hold him back by the coattails. Somehow she managed. They had dinner that evening in a beautiful blue and gold dressing room—John's favorite colors.

They usually go home directly after the show,—"and then we really eat. Oh, what a blessed feeling—to get into a housecoat, sit down at a table in front of the fire and smoke and lounge and talk. And there you have us up-to-date—except for a couple of interludes," she added, with a gamin's grin.

Which emboldened us to inquire about the interludes. She explained them with the same candor that had distinguished her throughout.

"No two people, unless they're both endowed with angelic dispositions, can adjust themselves to marriage within six months or a year. Our case may have been aggravated by the fact that we both have definite minds and no hesitation about speaking them. But the point is, we weren't left to ourselves to make that necessary adjustment. If you have a difference of opinion with your husband, you make up and no one's the wiser. Our differences became a matter of public interest. Everyone interfered. The newspapers raised such a howl that the whole thing fell out of perspective."

"We're wiser now. We know what the papers can do and we're not going to let them do it again. We know how miserable we are apart. We're not so foolish as to believe that we'll never again argue about anything. Differences stimulate, and make for variety. But I've reached the conclusion that my life with John is more important to me than anything else, and I'm ready to do my best to keep it. He's twenty men in one," she added on a lighter note. "Where could I find another like him?"

ONE fact seems to have been lost sight of in the melee. Barrymore has consorted with the great of the earth, and could still take his pick of them. He's a man of wit and charm and sophistication. "I've been married four times," he said once, "and this is the first time I've known what it's all about." Since he chose Elaine, it's reasonable to suppose that he, too, would have had to go far afield to find another like her.

Her maid is a quiet, self-effacing, middle-aged woman—the kind you'd expect to find in an English country house, if you read English novels. She spoke to me while Elaine was phoning to John. I could hardly have been more astonished if the table had spoken. Her voice was soft, but its tone was scathing. "You know," she said, "sometimes I feel like taking these newspaper people and knocking their heads together. The things they say about Mrs. Barrymore! She's not like that at all."

What she is like, you may have gathered. Blunders of youth and inexperience she may have made. They're of no consequence, stacked up against her basic honesty, courage and kindness. She carries her head high, because that's the way it comes natural to her.

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— and appeal to "him"—
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LEFT
KAY GRIFFITH, 20th Century-Fox Player in "Maryland", wearing the new "Hour Glass"—a soft, shimmering creation of beauty and distinction tailored in *Water Velva*, Jantzen's new fabric sensation, \$6.95 in U.S.A. Other Jantzen styles \$4.95 to \$10.95.

RIGHT
IRMA WILSEN, 20th Century-Fox Player in "Maryland", wearing the "Mademoiselle"—slenderizing suit of youth. The fabric is *Velva-Lure*, soft, rich, velvety, \$5.95 in U.S.A. Other Jantzen styles \$4.95 to \$10.95.

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Harzfeld's, Kansas City	H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis
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Prices on this merchandise may vary in different sections of the country.

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(lower left) The "Dry Seal" really stays on without strap. (lower right) The popular Lane "Stay-Dry" in Aviator style. Plenty of other styles, too.

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Hollywood Birth Rate—Going Up!

(Continued from page 17)

Never have I seen so proud a father as Ray, nor a home where a baby was wanted with such desperate longing. For both Ray and Muriel it was a dream of eight years miraculously come true, for in all those years, since their marriage in 1931, a child was the one thing they wanted and the one thing which seemed destined to be denied them.

"How could I help but have faith in the future?" Ray asked. "We ourselves can give our son everything of love and comforts. We have insured his financial security insofar as it is humanly possible by planning and saving for the tomorrow in which he will live. And, as for his liberty and freedom, his inherent right to build a life of his own making, American liberty will guarantee it tomorrow as surely as it does today. That is the great heritage I am giving my child."

Ray and Muriel used to live in Coldwater Canyon, but when they learned of the baby's coming they immediately called in architects to start work on a new house with emphasis on the nursery. A lovely room it is, too, in dainty pinks and blues and equipped with every comfort and convenience. Crisp white curtains hang at the six windows of the room, tied back with bows of blue and in one corner stands the old-fashioned crib in which Muriel's own grandmother slept as a baby.

Close on the tiny heels of the Milland baby came the first child of Douglas Fairbanks and his lovely wife, Mary Lee Epling. Unlike Ray Milland, Doug was on hand to welcome his little one, having reserved a room for himself in the hospital before the arrival of daughter Daphne, who weighed in at seven and a half pounds.

Her coming was the signal for the gathering of members of both Mary's and Doug's family—Mary's mother and sister; and Doug's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Whiting, and his grandmother, Mrs. Sully. As another family link with the past, little Daphne was carried home from the hospital wrapped in the same quilted blanket in which her mother was wrapped twenty-six years ago.

A spankin' new home awaited the baby in Pacific Palisades. The house was bought several months ago and re-decorated from top to bottom, but Doug and Mary refused to move in until they could take possession of it as a family.

NOT all homes of Hollywood babies are as lavish or complete as the Millands' and Fairbanks' babies will occupy. When the baby of Bill and Grace Durkin Henry arrived home a few days after the Fairbanks', it was to find a nursery in readiness but a living room and dining room strangely bare.

Bill frankly admitted, "We're on a strict budget. We've got the house all paid for, but we're doing the rooms one by one."

"But you could afford the baby?" I asked.

Bill and Grace beamed. "You bet!" they said. "What are a few sticks of furniture compared to our baby!"

They have level heads on them, those two. They know that contentment fills those two rooms bare of furniture, while the breakfast room and small library, complete with books, easy chairs and lamps, meantime gives all the creature comforts two young people in love need. They are building for the future in the real sense of the word.

Each was twenty-one when they mar-

ried four years ago. That means they were born in 1914, the year of the outbreak of the World War.

"People were making the same prediction of a disastrous future then as they are now," Bill said. "Yet look at the fine lives we have had, lives that would have been denied us if our parents had paid any attention to the caterwauling of the pessimists of that day. As I see it, the boy of today will have no graver issues to face in the future than any other generation before him. And the girl of today will have opportunities in her future far greater than any her mother or grandmother before her possibly could have known."

While Grace and the baby still were in the hospital, Bill gave himself the added thrill of picking out the nursery furniture, simple pieces in washable cream-colored wood, and personally supervised the installation. Grace already had prepared the room with wallpaper in fine pink and blue stripes, crisscross curtains of white and blue and white linoleum on the floor. Place of honor in the room was reserved for the mahogany cradle with its old-fashioned foot pedal for rocking in which Bill's grandmother once was cradled.

Almost duplicating the Henry nursery was the one into which the baby of Jimmy Ellison and Gertrude Durkin was carried two weeks after the Henry baby arrived. It's not surprising, for Gertrude and Grace are sisters and had a great time comparing notes and making plans together in the months of waiting for their babies.

MAY flowers will be blooming along the Hudson when the eagerly awaited child of Geraldine Fitzgerald and the Hon. Edward Lindsay-Hogg is born.

Geraldine wanted the baby born in their house in Ireland. Chaotic conditions abroad making that impractical, she has chosen to join her husband in New York where his work with the Irish Emergency Fund keeps him busy.

No name will be given the baby until after the traditional family conference; such an event is not treated lightly in either Geraldine's or her husband's family for it involves the bestowal of an ancestral name as well as one of her own choice.

Radiant with happiness and completely indifferent to the physical discomforts of prospective motherhood, Geraldine is almost militant in her antipathy towards women who can have children and do not do so.

"A woman always can find a dozen excuses if she doesn't want to have children," she charged. "Actually there is but one valid excuse, when the parents are not mentally or morally equipped to be parents. Blaming it on fear of the future and world conditions is so much bosh. It is the handy alibi of the defeatist."

Actually it takes less physical courage to have a baby today than in our mothers' time, she added. Science today offers both mother and child so much greater protection and care and can do so much to alleviate pain and suffering which heretofore had to be borne as a matter of course. Even that retreat for the escapist no longer is open.

New York also will be the birthplace of the second child of John and Robbie Garfield which is due in July. John currently is appearing in the stage play, "Heavenly Express," and does not plan to return to Hollywood until some time in the fall. Although young by modern

standards to be the parents of a two-year-old daughter—he is twenty-six and she twenty-four—both view world conditions today through coldly analytical eyes. Before leaving Hollywood recently, John said to a friend:

"In all honesty, I cannot see where the world or humanity is any worse off today than it has been in the past and why bringing children into it should raise any new problems or fears. Both Robbie and I grew up among poverty and trouble on the East Side. We had only those advantages we made for ourselves. Why, then, should we have fear for our children when they have the same heritage we had, plus the advantages of added comfort, education and security we now can give them in America? How great that heritage is you never realize or appreciate until you compare it with the virtual slavery that exists in other lands today."

JULY will be a busy month for the Hollywood stork. Three other stellar babies are due in that period, including those of Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian, Anne Shirley and John Payne, and Russell Hayden and Jane Clayton.

While happy beyond words at the prospect, Janet and Adrian steadfastly have refused to make any plans about the event; both entertain a nameless superstition, not uncommon among parents-to-be, that plans of any kind may rob them of later joy. Naturally they are entitled to respect for that feeling.

It will be Master Clayton Michael Hayden or Miss Sandra Ann (Sandy Ann) Hayden who arrives late in July for the Russell Haydens. He is *Lucky* of the "Hopalong Cassidy" series. She is the former "heart interest" in the same series. They were married in October of 1938 and are the two most excited youngsters in town about their coming baby.

Everything down to the last detail of godfather (Russell Harlan, cameraman on the "Hopalong" pictures) has been settled. The nursery in their new home in Cheviot Hills will be done next month. Already Jane has completed half of the layette which she is making by hand and the christening dress which her grandmother wore is freshly laundered and ready.

Youngest of the prospective Hollywood mothers is twenty-one-year-old Anne Shirley who will bear twenty-eight-year-old John Payne's son or daughter late in July. Serenity seems to envelop them and gratitude for the happiness which has been given them.

The name for the new baby will be a "brand new name." Oddly enough, they are reserving the name of John Payne, Jr. for their second child to come some time in the future. The nursery will be the transformed guest room of the house, done in delicate pink and cream. They plan to build a new home in the next few years when there will be need for more room.

Latest baby thus far scheduled on the 1940 Hollywood calendar is the Weissmuller child due in September. Both Johnny and Beryl Scott feel it is too soon to begin concrete plans, but in several weeks they too will be chin deep in talk of nurseries, names and layettes.

There will be others to follow them before the year is out. Hints of it leak out every day to be confirmed as news as the months wear on. Having babies definitely is in style. A heartwarming style Hollywood has needed—and wanted—for a long, long time.

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 10)

ular screen drama, beautiful from an artistic standpoint, that made a farce of the "Old Guard," whitewashed the civil conflict between the states, and gave us a pretty ingénue whose fragility could never have stood up against the harsh, heinous reality; who supposedly did withstand it and conquer it almost unscathed, after twelve years of endurance; who was an amusing, unconvincing little girl, dressed up in her mama's clothes—after she had torn to bits the conventions of a sweet aristocracy, trampled men's hearts, bearded cruelest realities and sold her soul for a mercenary god!

The book will remain with me always. The picture leaves me untouched.

It's just as well; we certainly don't need another Civil War.

LOUISE PORTER,
Apalachicola, Fla.

NO MORE "CONQUESTS"

I AM writing you because I am sure you have influence in Hollywood and, if you tell the movie producers what we fans desire in the way of movie entertainment, they might listen to you.

I am referring in particular to my favorite of favorites—Greta Garbo. After "Ninotchka," please can't something be done about keeping Garbo out of another "Conquest"? That was such a terrible picture (not Garbo but the picture—her acting was flawless, as always) that I fully expected it to win the Academy Award. And now I hear that she is to make "Madame Curie." I want to enter a great big protest! There is no one else in the movies who can wear modern clothes like Garbo, no one else who is quite as modern as she, and all these heavy, old-fashioned dramas are killing her popularity. "Ninotchka" was delightful, funny without being silly, the most entertaining picture I've seen in a long, long time—and I see them all. All of which means that I want to see Garbo in more "Ninotchkas" and in no more "Conquests."

I suppose this is asking too much, but I would like to see Spencer Tracy and Greta Garbo in a modern love story with a happy ending.

LOUISE NORELL,
Salem, Ore.

CHECKING UP ON US

SEVERAL years ago, in your "Close Ups and Long Shots" department of PHOTOPLAY—the issue of January, 1933, I believe—it was stated that PHOTOPLAY could conceive of Boris Karloff still being a star ten years from then, when many of the outstanding stars of that time would be forgotten.

Here it is 1940 and Mr. Karloff has just finished "Black Friday," his twenty-third starring vehicle, his first being "The Mummy." I believe it's about time for a story with pictures on Mr. Karloff in PHOTOPLAY. How about it?

FREDRIC HEALEY,
Charlestown, Mass.

IT'S A FAMILY TRADITION

THIS snapshot (below) might well be entitled, "When Mother Was a Girl." It was taken about twenty-five years ago, and should prove to movie fans that even in those days a young lady who wanted to be "in the swim" perused PHOTOPLAY diligently for news of her favorites.

I have no inkling of who the siren of the silver screen decorating the cover of PHOTOPLAY that month was, and probably couldn't have identified her anyway, since I have but recently celebrated my twenty-first birthday.

But the other beauties in the picture are my Aunt Helen, now Mrs. F. G. Roth, holding that precious copy of PHOTOPLAY; my mother, Mrs. J. A. Hoffman, standing beside her; and a girl friend, who is now Mrs. J. Drwall, seated on the arm of the wicker chair beside the owner of the magazine.

MISS B. R. HOFFMAN,
Winona, Minn.

They read Photoplay just as avidly twenty-five years ago! Miss Hoffman's letter identifies the eager readers of this June, 1915, issue; siren on the cover is Mary Fuller



use **IMRA**... *odorless, painless*
cosmetic depilatory...

Flowers that bloom in the Spring may envy skin made beautifully *hairfree*, by IMRA*, the sweet new way to de-fuzz! *Odorless, painless*, IMRA is a pure, snow-white cream that goes on easily...stays on just a few minutes...washes off quickly, taking disfiguring hair with it.

It's a new type of formula, innocent of disagreeable chemical odor, lightly scented with a pleasant perfume. Add IMRA to your regular beauty routine...and *keep skin* on legs, arms, under-arms, hairfree as alabaster! No unsightly stubble!

Legs will be lovelier in sheer hose...arms more attractive in short sleeves. You'll have greater respect for your own charms!

Try IMRA today. With this new type of depilatory, it will be both easy and pleasant to keep skin attractively *feminine*! Two generous sizes, 65c and \$1.00, at fine drug and department stores. *Or send coupon for trial tube*.

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Now at good beauty shops! Professional IMRA treatment. Also special giant professional tube at \$1.25.



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Please send me the generous trial tube of IMRA.
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GANTNER

Floating Bra

MIRACLE CONTROL... a real inner uplift, creating soft young curves of new and startling beauty! Floating Bra robs your waist of wrinkles... adds them to dynamic high glamour of your bust!

Look lovelier in a Gantner... one suit that banishes Susy-Droopy slump! \$3.95 up at smarter shops. Send for style book.

GANTNER-of-California, Dept. PH
1453 Mission, S. F. 1410 Bdwy., N. Y. C.

Clover velvet with "Lastex" yarn... \$6.95
Terry moss brightened with daisies! \$5.95

Princess panty flare suit... in dull and gleaming stripes! \$6.95



SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 4)

11. A SILENT BUTLER

The very thing to give to every home-loving friend you have. To every June bride as well—and to yourself, of course. Actions speak louder than words, and in a twink the chromium silent butler empties the over-loaded ash trays, storing the debris till the evening's over. \$1.19 wins you great gratitude from your friends.



12. BEDTIME BEAUTY BOOK

Du Barry's "Bedtime Beauty Story" will send you to sleep in the pink... your skin really cleansed of the grime of the day... exhilarated with Skin Freshener and lubricated against whatever ravages tomorrow may bring. A \$3.50 beauty routine in a special but limited edition at \$1.95. A book with a happy ending for your skin.



Remember—for the name of the store nearest you that carries the items you want, please write to:
Fashion Secretary, Photoplay
122 East 42nd St., New York City

13. FLOWER FRESHNESS

Yardley brings you the loveliness of "Lotus Lavender," of "Fragrance" and of "April Violets" in three sweet new bottles housed in a handsome flower-sprinkled hexagon. Every bottle wears a bright new plastic cover, and the three together add up to nearly four fragrant ounces at the trifling sum of \$1.50 for the trio.



14. HOW'RE YOUR HANDS?

Don't blush for your hands. Make a ritual, instead, of using Campana's Hand Cream. It's new... smack out of the laboratories where they brew Italian Balm, the Campana lotion you love so well. Rub in the cream, then watch your hand grow white, smooth and sweet-smelling—a hand you're proud to extend to friends. In 10c, 25c and 50c jars.



15. SOMETHING THE BRIDE WILL KEEP!

You know the fate of most wedding presents! The blushing bride exchanges them for something she can really use. But not this little treasure! Oneida has something here! A four-piece coffee service with table, that converts itself into a tray at the flick of a wrist. \$30 complete—believe it or not!—in Tudor Plate's Haddon design.



16. NEW! THE DRAWSTRING SHOE

Can you think of a cuter trick than to borrow the drawstring-neck of this season's smartest sports dresses for this season's smartest sports shoes? Grinnel did it—adding tassels to "Leona"—a walled-last moccasin in white or beige Nurocco Kid (it looks like pig) with a contrasting crepe rubber platform and sole. \$4 to \$5.



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breasts high and separated
waistline intriguingly slender
hips trimly tailored

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Schiaparelli
PARIS

**PERFECTLY CORSETED,
YET "CORSET-FREE"**

Achieve the fashionable Scissors Silhouette... look right—hip-line smooth and waist in, yet be "corset-free" to move with easy, poised gracefulness. This seemingly impossible achievement comes true for you the instant you step into a

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by
Formfit

PANEL-ART GIRDLES
\$5 to \$12.50

THRILL BRAS
\$1 to \$3.50

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK

One-Man Studio

(Continued from page 49)

"I remember the day I took it," he says pensively. "It rained all morning and we were sitting and waiting for the sun to come out. There was no such thing as floodlights or klieg lights, at least not in my studio, so we had to hope that the sun would come out, sooner or later. Nowadays, when some of the models get as much as ten dollars per hour, I would go broke in no time at all if I had to wait for the sun, but in those days the very best models were satisfied with earning from three to five dollars a day.

When Brownie says "the very best models," he means men and women like Norma Shearer, Joan Blondell, Paulette Goddard, Jack Mulhall, Henry Fonda, the self-same Fredric March, Neil Hamilton and many, many others who are known today, not as models, but as motion picture stars. No other illustrator in the world feels as much at home in Hollywood as that quiet, soft-spoken man who used to wait for the sun to come out. He refers to Joan Blondell as "Rose" because when he spotted her in an Atlantic City beauty contest her name was still "Rose."

"Never saw such an ambitious kid in all my life," he adds. "The other girls thought of dates and clothes and boy-friends but she was always trying to learn something. Reading books . . . Taking a secretarial course . . . Studying French and German . . . Small wonder she succeeded. . ."

Norma Shearer? He certainly remembers her. To him she will always remain a frightened Canadian who was badly scared by New York. . .

Jack Mulhall? "About the nicest kid that ever came from Brooklyn. . ."

Florence Rice? "She was six when she first posed for me. I was illustrating Tarkington's 'Seventeen' and I thought she was a natural for *Jane*. . ."

June Collyer? "I nearly dropped my camera when I heard that kid say, 'Some day I am going to Hollywood; then watch them mistake me for Garbo!' . . ."

Is Arthur William Brown the only illustrator in America whose models try to "make" Hollywood? Not quite. But he is the only illustrator in America who employs an out-and-out motion picture technique while illustrating serials, novels, novelettes and short stories. He talks about his "camera" because he was the first artist in America—probably in the world—who understood that he would spare himself lots of grief if he would follow in the steps of the motion picture directors. Instead of making his models stand in the same pose for hours and hours while he was painting a picture, he decided to rehearse them in a scene—just as a motion pic-

ture director does—to photograph them, then to paint a picture from the "still." That is why the people in his illustrations look so real and that is why a "good" Arthur William Brown model is more likely to have the makings of a motion picture player than any other illustrator's model. The following is a play-by-play description of the way he works:

Assigned a story by an art editor, Brownie reads it carefully. Then he begins "casting." He does his best to find models who look and act like the story's characters. He calls up one of the large agencies, such as John Powers, that represents them and makes an appointment. When they arrive, he explains to them what the story is about.

"And now," he says, "let's rehearse the first scene. You, my dear, are supposed to be *Mary White*, a girl whose husband does not love her. He is drinking heavily. You plead with him. . ."

The girl and the boy go through a regular rehearsal. Brownie watches them critically. Rehearsal over, he fixes his camera, arranges the lights and says, "Attention, now . . . Resume your positions. . ."

He does not yell—"Camera, cut . . ." since he is his own cameraman but—let's repeat once more—he follows the motion picture technique from "A" to "Z." It goes without saying that he supplies the clothes required by the story. All in all, he is a one-man picture studio.

The photographs taken, developed and printed, Brownie selects what he considers the best "still" and then he ceases to be a motion picture studio and becomes an illustrator.

On page 15, is PHOTOPLAY's presentation of the Arthur William Brown method. For the beautiful drawing of Vivien Leigh as a bride, our fashion editor, Gwen Walters, found a wedding dress of the type she thought Miss Leigh might wear on her Day of Days and a model who was a double for the future Mrs. Olivier—and very much of a bridal atmosphere was created for artist Brown to work with.

It naturally pleases him tremendously when one of his models gets signed by Hollywood, but at the same time it causes him many a headache. Nine times out of ten, his protégés leave him while he is in the middle of a serial. Then he has to find a girl or a boy who looks and acts and photographs more or less like the one who left for Hollywood. His philosophy is a simple one:

"If Clarence Budington Kelland," he remarks stoically, "does not mind having his hero change his face and figure somewhere around the fourth installment, why should I?"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Carole Lombard | 11. Hedy Lamarr (to Gene Markey);
Merle Oberon (to Alexander
Korda) |
| 2. Bing Crosby | 12. Adolphe Menjou |
| 3. Brian Aherne (Six feet two-and-
a-half inches tall) | 13. Anne Shirley (from Dawn
O'Day); Mickey Rooney (from
Mickey McGuire) |
| 4. James Cagney, Spencer Tracy | 14. Horse racing |
| 5. William Powell, Clark Gable | 15. M-G-M (Broadway Melody) |
| 6. Myrna Loy | 16. Chained, Love on the Run |
| 7. Kay Francis | 17. George Murphy |
| 8. Eddie Albert | 18. Ann Sheridan |
| 9. Jean Arthur | 19. Ken Maynard |
| 10. Colin Clive | 20. Edward Arnold |



DRAKE Folding Top Card Table. Late 18th century. Made of mahogany with interestingly figured mahogany top bordered with satinwood. \$37.50*

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HOLMES Lamp Com-
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influence. Made of
mahogany with matched
swirl mahogany drawer
fronts. \$24.75*



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NORTON Coffee Table. Designed in the Duncan Phyfe manner. Made of mahogany with figured mahogany top. \$14.75*

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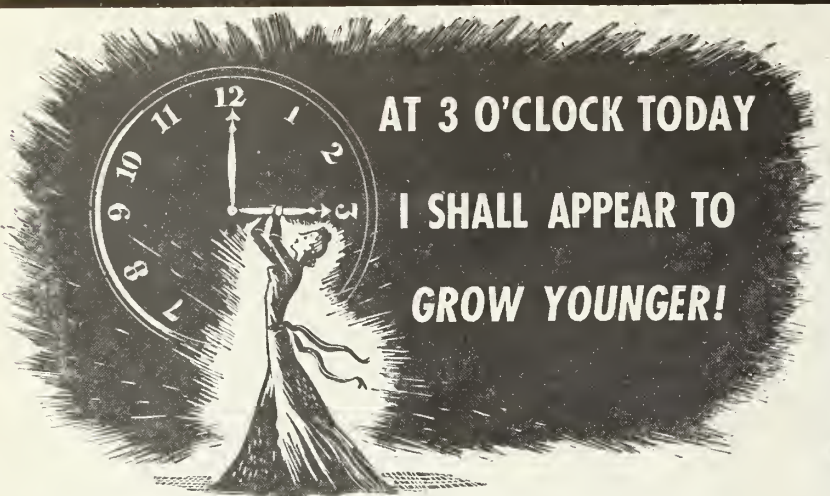
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Please send me your new illustrated booklet on "THE CHOICE AND USE OF TABLES," for which I am enclosing 10c.

My name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from page 59)



AT 3 O'CLOCK TODAY
I SHALL APPEAR TO
GROW YOUNGER!

I shall begin by entering my beauty salon. There, trained eyes will inspect my dull brown hair, note every streak of gray. Soon, a shower of foam will bubble around my head, and I shall shut my eyes, relax every tired nerve in my body. When I open my eyes again, it will be to see what appears to be a new face in the mirror—my face, framed by sparkling, lustrous hair that has the soft appearance of youth. I will straighten my body. My eyes will come alive. I shall walk out, feeling 15 years younger. I shall have had an Eternol Treatment.

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RECONDITIONS, TINTS, CLEANSSES
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AT ALL BETTER STORES

Presenting one of the season's style treats

In Beige or White

The LEONA SHOE OF THE MONTH

Let the Leona carry you into a season of outdoor fun. From its fetching drawstring tie that snuggles to your ankles, to its high-walled crepe soles, the Leona is a happy beginning for anklets or sun-tanned legs. See for yourself, at your dealer's, how gayly this Shoe of the Month reflects the mood—and the mode—of the season.

For name of local dealer, write
GRINNELL SHOE COMPANY, GRINNELL, IOWA

Grinnell
SPORT SHOES **4 to 5**

can't change his spots. We can, by keeping our skins scrupulously clean, inside and out. Massage with cleansing cream will do both, by stimulating circulation and by removing every trace of surface soil. Keep away from your eyes, though, for those delicate, easily-broken-down tissues should never be rubbed or pulled.

At this season, that drying summer sun robs your skin of natural oils and lays a foundation for future wrinkles. Here's where we females literally "get it in the neck"—and there's nothing like a crepey neck to make a girl feel as conspicuous as the Giraffe! It's never too late (or too early) for you to start taking care of that troublesome area with a special cream and gentle, invigorating massage. Upward, ever upward, of course, as with all facial manipulations, for those muscles simply mustn't be encouraged in their tendency to droop.

Alas for the careless Camel! He can't even keep himself clean, since what little water he meets up with in his life has to be stored up in his special, patented contrivance to sustain him in the desert. Fortunately, we human beings have plenty of water and cleansing agents, but we do need to do something about perspiration odors, particularly during increased summer activity. The stars, working under the hot studio lights, have always taken special care. Today, there are so many excellent deodorants for all types of skins that nobody has an excuse for carelessness any more.

The same thing's true about depilatories. Frankly, we think the Monkey would look rather weird, to say the least, without his blanket of hair. But womankind looks almost as weird with any suggestion of such a thing, particularly when summer exposes us so mercilessly in our cute new play suits and swimming togs, even though we don't have to face the all-seeing eye of the camera. If you've been shaving, shame on you—especially when you have such a choice of products designed to do the job gently, as well as effectively.

We sympathize particularly with the huge Hippopotamus, whose overwhelming lack of contour has made her very name the antonym of shapeliness! All excess fat cries for attention to diet, but flabby waistlines call for rigorous acrobatics, too. The new theory, inspired by and adapted to the ultrafeminine form so fashionable today, is that all anti-waistline exercises should be designed

to keep the ribs and pelvic girdle as far apart as possible. Remember that, in choosing from among your repertory of exercises. Select the ones that make you stretch, and concentrate on those with a backward pull.

ARE you a Lion? With an untidy mane of hair which simply doesn't have the sheen you crave? Or are you being a little lamb and following a regular system of brushing every day? You should give your mane at least a hundred licks daily—and double that if you have long hair like Dorothy Lamour's—to awaken that tired scalp and distribute the natural oils evenly from roots to tips. Again, as with massage, the movement is upward, away from your scalp, never down toward your shoulders. It's one of the most refreshing beauty treatments you can give yourself, and so effective if you use the right brush—one with bristles long enough to reach every millimeter of your scalp.

No girl likes to be told that she looks like a clown. It's an accusation you'll never have to face, if you take advantage of the color-harmonized cosmetics you can get today, now that Technicolor has thrown such emphasis on matched make-up. By keeping all your cosmetic tones in the same key, you can avoid that startling contrast of shades which makes the Clown's make-up so gaudy. And by testing the texture of face powder on the smooth back of your hand before you buy, you can guarantee that you'll never have that flour-barrel look.

We even have a trick or two to show the Magician, who must keep his fingers as smooth and supple as a beautiful woman's. However, beautiful women themselves don't have too easy a time keeping their hands that way. Summer simply adds to the problem, because it means you'll have your hands in water so much. Whether you swim or not, you wash even more frequently than at other times of the year—which means more drying. So don't forget that hand creams and lotions are just as essential as using a towel.

Aren't we the lucky ones, though? The beauty problems that looked so insurmountable to the animals in our little fantasy are no problems at all to human beings—not so long as we have the Hollywood stars to point out the road to charm, and so many easy-to-use preparations to open up that highway to happiness for us all!

(If you wish to know the names of the products referred to in this article write to the Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.)



Look (as the Robert Youngs are doing) at the beard Joe E. Brown raised in the hospital! It was on display at the Turf Ball at the Ambassador

Categorically Speaking

Nelson as Seen by Jeanette MacDonald

(Continued from page 23)

Jewel?

A little boy's pet marble—the kind they call an "aggie."

Window Display?

Military boots, shiny and new, with spurs on them; sheet music in the background; a wing fireside chair with an open book left on the cushion.

Painting, or Picture?

A Currier and Ives print.

Bird?

An albatross with a nightingale's voice. Contrary to the opinion of most people who have never lived in the

South, the nightingale is a baritone. And the albatross is large and blond and deliberate on the wing.

I dislike summaries of any sort—it's like pointing a moral—but Nelson Eddy is difficult to describe in any fashion because his personality is so integrated, his character is so particularly normal, his abilities so defined that any flights of fancy ill become his portrait. Nelson has arrived. He has what he wants from life, and his future is settled for him. I count him one of my favorite people almost without reservation—one of the reasons being the fact that I don't have to worry about him, as I do about so many of my friends.

Jeanette as Seen by Nelson Eddy

(Continued from page 22)

which you guess things. Post office, maybe, should be added here; and a delicate feminine type of horseshoes, where the players sit and toss light cardboard shoes at stakes not very far away. Jeanette likes to win at games. So it should be something that's quickly won and over with.

Jeanette is a Viennese Waltz with just an occasional fox-trot step worked in, slyly; she's a tall glass of very cold lemonade under a shade tree—and the lemonade would have three or four maraschino cherries in it, instead of one, and a double portion of sugar.

She is a nosegay set in a lace paper ruffle, with Bouvardia—you know, that strong little white flower—and with a rare gold and flame orchid in the center. So far as books are concerned, Jeanette MacDonald cannot be described in the title of just one book. She's an entire case of them. Let's say the Jeanette Bookshelf (only one edition, very rare) would start with a Prayer Book in a white satin cover, and contain an album of music, "Etiquette" by Emily Post, "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," "Joe Miller's Joke Book," "The Wizard of Oz," a collection of Peter Arno cartoons, "Madame Bovary" and "Alice in Wonderland." And perhaps a copy of Voltaire. We must not ignore that somewhat surprising sophistication, always bound by good taste, which is an angle of Jeanette's nature; nor her deep religious sense, nor her insistence on convention, nor her love of a good anecdote. But no heavy reading, ever, may find room on that shelf.

If Jeanette were a mechanical device she would be a metronome in rare teak, tuned to tempo by a special committee composed of Caruso, Toscanini and Elizabeth Arden.

Jeanette, as a jewel, is a cameo; as a metal, gold, yellow, 24-carat, in the shape of an old-fashioned wedding ring. As a perfume, cologne, and heather. I say cologne rather than perfume because the personality here is a more fragile thing than any essence of musk and myrrh.

Don't strain your eyebrows over this, but in terms of clothes Jeanette is a handmade princess slip, without embroidery. And an ostrich-feather bed jacket, in case the doorbell rings. She is a music box playing "Here Comes the Bride" in swing tempo; and if she were a sport it would be jumping rope—very brisk action for a moment, then a period of rest.

Suppose she were a car. It would be one she could drive herself occasionally, but by dint of mild effort a window would roll up between the driver's seat and the tonneau, whereupon the machine would become a limousine with a chauffeur and possibly a footman.

Metamorphose the girl into an animal and I think you'd find a deer—suspicious, distrustful, gentle, lovely; but capable of being tamed. Make her a song and she'd be any coloratura aria, "The Star Spangled Banner," "Coming Through the Rye," a potential lullaby, and any popular song.

Jeanette is a formal miniature in a jeweled frame, suspended by a velvet ribbon. She is a combination of a Cathedral thrush and a young eagle—you know what I mean by the Cathedral thrush, and the young eagle signifies strength, an unsuspected fortitude. Eagles put branches and rocks in their nests, instead of down, so when the youngsters once start to fly they won't have any impulse to come back. Jeanette doesn't try for a soft life; she gets a kick out of forcing her way past obstacles. There is also a Redheaded hummingbird. How about that?

You see? I warned you. My portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Gene Raymond, in all probability, does not approach the one you had in mind. But I must say this about Jeanette: She is an amazing woman, possessed of unbelievable personal strength—a feeling for living life smoothly, like a silver spoon cutting into frozen custard—a determination which surpasseth all understanding—a canny Scotch money sense, in the tradition of those gentle American Capitalists who pride themselves on their ability to live on the income from an income—an intense sophistication which breeds a subtle but distinct form of delicate cynicism—a driving ambition which is not matched by her physical capacity for hardship, so that she drives herself further than she should to get what she wants—a fine, genuine sense of music, and a talent (shall we say genius?) for translating it in terms of her own magnificent voice—a hoydenish strain of happy-chappy humor, never too old-lavender-and-lace to snub a laugh even if it's bred in lower minds than hers—a kind of beauty—a heigh-ho-little-girl-does-your-mother-know-you're-out?—thing that's hard to describe.

And a capacity for making friends which, thank heaven, has seen fit to include me among them.

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Follow through with KURLENE, the scientific oily-base cream. Makes lashes and brows gleam with beauty—also gives that dewy look to eye-lids. \$1.00

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Free: "TIME ON THEIR HANDS"—the story of watches carried by famous men and women of history. Write: Harvel Watch Co., Dept. 500, Rockefeller Center, New York.

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safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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Poise**

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Betty Barrett

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 67)



Wardrobe variety: Freddie March in country loafing clothes, Joan Crawford in a smartly quilted robe—in "Susan and God"—and Florence Eldridge March, in the perfect "casual" suit, visiting them both

It may be of the puppy-love variety, but it's the staunchest and cutest romance in town—naturally we refer to the crush Billy Halop has on Georgianna Young, Loretta's youngest sister. Such ice-cream soda-ing—mercy on us.

Cal, the Bearer of Good Tidings:

WE think Bette Davis is a young lady who heeds her fan mail. Or maybe Bette has been snooping into Cal's particular little pile of letters that deery the actress' plunging headlong into so many character roles.

At any rate we grabbed an opportunity on the "All This, and Heaven, Too" set to bring up the subject.

"They're right," Bette said, in her positive, forthright manner of speaking. "I feel too many heavy characterizations, such as the ones in 'The Old Maid' and 'Elizabeth and Essex,' are not good for me. While I'm young, I want to be young," she said, her arms flinging wide to express the vim and joy of youth. "I intend, and you can tell everyone I said so, to play only young parts in the future like *Judy* in 'Dark Victory.' I've proved to myself I can play those other heavier roles. My inner self is satisfied, but now I see no reason to disfigure myself for more such roles. So I'm going to stay young on the screen."

And somehow, the way she said it, had us stepping two feet high and twitting to the birdies.

Rumor Refuted

THEY really should change the name of movietown to "rumordom," the way the whispers fly thick and fast. For instance, after the Dolores Del Rio-Cedric Gibbons separation (after ten years of marriage), rumors had it Gene Markey and his bride, Hedy Lamarr, were on the verge of parting; the "rumorers" basing their supposition on the fact that if one beauty, Dolores, left her husband, another great beauty, meaning Miss Lamarr, may very well leave hers.

All this has been most distressing to Gene and Hedy who have recently adopted a baby whom they love devotedly, and who may find itself minus a home, if too many false rumors bring

unfavorable attention to the Home from which he was adopted.

Let Cal say here and now, that while Dolores and Cedric have reached an amiable agreement of separation, Hedy and Gene are extremely content and happy together.

Glamour Pets?

YOU'D rather expect a real glamour girl to have glamorous pets, if any. Perhaps most of them do, but we know one whose pets include—three Texas terrapins and a rooster! Meaning Miss Linda Darnell, Twentieth Century-Fox's gorgeous young starlet, acclaimed by many connoisseurs as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.

But she's also the most loyal. These pets were given her when she was a child (of course, she's not much more than that, now) and she loves 'em. In fact, she loves them so much that she brought them to Hollywood with her and the quartette occupies an honored place in the Darnell menage.

The terrapins are Red Leg, Shellback

and Terrapin Tommy. They're about eight inches in diameter and look exactly alike to us. But not to Linda. She knows them apart and insists they have distinct personalities. They have one thing in common, though. Although they are land turtles, born and bred on the Texas desert, each can swim. Linda taught them to—in the family bathtub.

As for the rooster, his name is Weedy and he was an Easter gift to Linda from a Dallas newspaper man. He is a white leghorn, really, but when Linda got him (in his extreme youth) he was dyed Nile green.

Linda has taught him to curb his natural urge to crow at the crack o' dawn, to eat from her hand, to ride complacently in the family automobile, to come when called. She spends a lot of time on his grooming, trims his tail feathers regularly and—it's the gospel truth—paints his toe nails red!

Recently the terrapins helped with the tail-feather trimming. They pulled out nearly all of them and Weedy was so disgruntled he stayed under the front porch for three days.

True Love's Course

BOB TAYLOR seems jinxed when it comes to his screen love-making. In "Camille," for instance, he was pouring forth his soul to Greta Garbo when a light fuse blew out and caught Greta's dress on fire—which, as you might guess, kind of spoiled things. While he was in the middle of his screen wooing of Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy," they found themselves ankle deep (more or less) in water because some one had left the tap on in Joan's dressing room, and a small flood had resulted. During a love scene with Greer Garson in "Remember?," played (of all things) in a ditch, he caught cold and began sneezing at the tenderest moment. And in "Waterloo Bridge," just as he was making ardent love to Vivien Leigh, a couple of lights fell down from the rafters with a crash resembling Judgment Day!

An Academy Award Winner Speaks Her Piece:

"I'm not ready for *Juliet*."

Miss Vivien Scarlett Leigh sat on the "Waterloo Bridge" set, her knitting needles clicking, and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" open on her lap.

"No, I'm really not," she said, in answer to our look of surprised amazement. "I feel I shouldn't play *Juliet* for at least another six years. I have so much to learn yet. But I promised I'd go on this tour with Mr. Olivier and I'll have to go. But oh, there's so much to learn first."

And this is the young lady who just won the Academy Award for the best actress of 1939 for her work in "Gone with the Wind!"

'Til We Meet Again

HE walked into the commissary of Twentieth Century-Fox for the last time after twelve years of trouping for that studio, and not a man or woman there but failed to call out, "Warner, you will come back to see us?"

And Warner Baxter smiled, a bit misty-eyed, at these men and women who had been so closely associated with him through the years—before the camera, behind it in executive, writers' and producers' offices, script girls, camera-



Just a candid camera shot at Ciro's—but it proves that Claire Windsor is every bit as beautiful today as when she was a "silent movie" queen

men, make-up men, all whom he knew so well and was now leaving behind.

When Warner left Twentieth and movies behind him (although he may be lured back for an occasional film in the far future), he set out on a small boy's dream come true—a pirate cruise for buried treasure. With him and his wife will go Frank McGrath, his stand-in, and Mrs. McGrath, three sailors and a cook. The cruise is Warner's idea, the buried gold, the stand-in's dream. With three maps in his possession, Frank is sure he'll strike gold. Warner is just going along for the ride.

Hollywood and movies will sorely miss Baxter, who hit the top of his career, stayed there, and is leaving there with many true friends and fans always to wish him well.

Who Has Red Faces Now?

ATTENTION, all you young things who have been writing those reams of admiring lines to William Holden! We have made a discovery, and we feel it only our duty to tell you of it. Bill's mother took over his fan mail job and (here it comes), reads all the letters. Awful, isn't it?

But don't fret too much. Bill's all on your side. He says, "When Mother looks down her nose too much at some of the—er—more familiar letters, why we have a good heart-to-heart talk about it. I have to lecture her about it and for berating fans who criticize my performances. Gee, the letters Mother wrote back to them before I discovered it, were pips."

Now don't get the idea curly-headed Bill is a mama's boy, but Mother wanted the job and Bill doesn't feel he can hire a secretary to help.

Anyway, kids, we thought we'd warn you, before Bill creates new havoc in feminine hearts, after his starring role in "Arizona." Maybe you'll want to reword those fervent ideas before writing again, eh?

Yes Girl

SONJA HENIE'S romance with Dan Topping, ex-husband of Arline Judge, has so changed the little blonde skating star that her friends can talk of nothing else. "Did you notice how Sonja listened and loved it?" they say, knowing full well that hard-working Sonja, smart business woman that she is, never allowed anyone to tell her what to do and what not to do.

But now the change is startling. Sonja listens, while Dan, who is definitely head man in her heart, does all the bossing—and—Sonja loves it.

On the Record

ADDING to the brightness of the musical situation is "Road to Singapore." Bing Crosby, the hero himself, does what is known as a very showmanly record job on three of the songs he features in the film. For the love interest, there's "I'm Too Romantic," and "The Moon and the Willow Tree"; for novelty: "Sweet Potato Piper" (Decca 2998-9). Dorothy Lamour shows what she can do with the aforementioned pair of romantic ditties (Bluebird 10608). Ray Noble has whipped up four tantalizing waxes in dance-time which include Bing's and Dottie's three melodies plus the ultracate "Captain Custard" (Columbia 35385, 35392).

With La Lamour wandering from one lot to another, it is no surprise to hear her pop up with "This Is the Beginning of the End," from "Johnny Apollo," the 20th Century-Fox opus wherein she collaborates with Ty Power. "Your Kiss" is her other offering (Bluebird 10630).

RKO's "Irene" is another musical



"My son-in-law"—Brian Aherne with Mrs. Fontaine, mother of Joan, his wife, and of Olivia de Havilland, as well! Super-snapped at Ciro's

which shows great promise. The title song has been recorded by Johnny Green and for "Irene's" partner, Johnny has recorded "I Walk With Music," an attraction of the stage's "Three After Three" (Royale 1848). Trumpet-playing Harry James sets the gates a-swingin' with "You've Got Me Out On a Limb"—also from "Irene"—and "How High the Moon" (Varsity 8221).

Glenn Miller has put his boys to work on "My! My!" and "Say It" from the new Jack Benny starring venture, "Buck Benny Rides Again." (Bluebird 10631).

Emergency Call

BOB HOPE'S wife, Dolores, still doesn't know what the taxi driver thinks about it all, but anyhow she heard Bob's program, which was the important thing to her. The Hopes have just moved into their new home, and while they have various and assorted radios, for some reason or another they were all jiggled out of kilter in the move—and, came time for Bob's program, Dolores couldn't find one that would work. So what? Well, after discovering that Bob had taken the car with the radio, she phoned the cab company to rush a taxi over—and then had the astonished driver go around the block once and pull up to the curb while she listened in on the broadcast!

For the Honor of the Series

CREDIT the funniest wisecrack of the month to Laraine Day—the gal who plays Nurse Mary Lamont to Lew Ayres' Dr. Kildare in that series. This is the fourth picture they have



Two highlights in a scene at Ciro's: The ingenious way Loretta Young uses a flower pin and narrow ribbon to form a necklace—and the fact that her partner is Phil Plant, Connie Bennett's "ex" from 'way back

made together and when Laraine went into the office of Harry Bucquet, the director, she grabbed for the script in a breathless sort of fashion. "Let me see it quickly," said Laraine excitedly, "I've got to find out if I marry Lew in this one—and I better had, because Mother is beginning to ask questions already!"

Girls, Quick, to the Vocal Teacher

DIANA LEWIS, the so-youthful bride of William Powell, claims she won her handsome husband with a song. "We were having dinner at a local restaurant and suddenly I began singing to Bill. I didn't sing the new Hit Parade tunes at all. I sang the old numbers, the sweet and sentimental tunes. And when I had finished, Bill said, 'I love you, Diana.'"

So there's how you do it, my beauties. One quick, easy lesson on how to win a husband, and not a red cent does Cal ask for the tip.

Hollywood Says:

THAT boat trip (a freighter, if you please) through the canal made by Cary Grant was not so much a trip for rest as Mr. Grant gave out, as a chance to untangle the meshes of his heart and definitely ascertain just where Miss Brooks stands in the picture. It seems the two just can't stay apart, despite the bitterness that lay between them when they parted, for at parties they just naturally gravitate toward each other and to the surprise of worried hostesses, who fretted over asking both Cary and Phyllis, there they are dancing together, his very dark head bent over her very blonde one.

Whatever it is that stands between these two, we hope it will be ironed out satisfactorily, and Cary can see through the tangled mesh of his emotions to a newer clearer path.

Anyway, they say there's nothing like a boat trip to stir the old heart—so don't be surprised at whatever happens between these two swell people.

Honeymoon in China

FAY BAINTEr has made up her mind! Rocking back and forth in her special rocker on the set of "Our Town" (Earl McKee, the Sol Lesser prop man, worked with Fay two years ago and remembered her partiality to rockers), she told us that Hollywood is just going to have to get along without her for about six months in 1941. In answer to our upraised eyebrows, she explained that 1941 marks her china anniversary and that she and her husband and son are going to do the thing right by packing up and having their celebration of the event in CHINA!

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Glamour Girls Off Their Diet

(Continued from page 21)

everybody in the joint. From the moment she picks up her first fork until the moment Gene Markey picks up the check, she is really a sight to see.

Lunching at the St. Regis, she prefaces a full-course table d'hote with an order of caviar large enough to feed a Russian battalion. At "21," she follows oysters with two portions of ham à la king, a salad, and dessert. At the Stork, three nights in a row, she downs breast of pheasant Lucullus. If you don't think this is substantial eating, get plump trying it some time.

Joan Crawford, whose reputation and waistline indicate that her food is measured out daily on a jeweler's scales, is my choice for runner-up in the tablecloth sweepstakes. Once she gets off the train, Joan is a pushover for a menu, and I have seen her nibbling frogs legs Provençale at Colbert's, minute steak at "21," and blinis, one after the other, at Fefe's Monte Carlo.

In case you think blinis are something to reduce with, here is the recipe—wheedled along with some others from the elegant, worldly, and so-wise chefs of Manhattan's best known hangouts for Hollywood's hungry:

BLINIS

Use prepared buckwheat flour. Add a little milk and cream, and make the batter as you would for griddle cakes, but make the cakes a little bigger than a silver dollar.

When ready to serve, heat the cakes in a pan with butter. Top with butter, caviar, and sour cream.

DOROTHY LAMOUR is another flicker siren whose teeth are used for more than smiling. She usually washes down a thick "21" steak with two glasses of milk. Her interest in fattening food is so acute that she often passes up dinner at one of the more platinum goldfish bowls to put away a meal at the Villanova, an unpretentious Italian restaurant in the west Forties, where her idea

of a snack is Italian spaghetti with plenty of sauce (no grated cheese), ravioli, breadsticks, and a healthy portion of spumoni.

Anita Louise would send any calorie expert howling into the night. At the St. Regis, where she usually stays in New York, her room-service order included either French croissants or brioche at breakfast time, chicken with cream sauce or crabmeat à la Newburg at night. She achieves that underweight look by ordering for dessert little whipped cream whimsies most girls haven't tasted since they realized you can't have your cake and a size twelve figure, too. Anita has been known to eat, for example, this anti-slimming dish, just as the chef whispered it to me:

FROZEN MACARON CAKE WITH EGGNOG SAUCE

One sponge cake about nine inches in diameter, cut in three layers.

Place one layer in bottom of cake ring. Make a mixture of one pint of vanilla ice cream and one-half pint of whipped cream. Cover the layer with half of this mixture and add a few macaroons. Sprinkle with rum and cover with second layer. Cover second layer with remaining mixture and put third layer on top.

Place cake in refrigerator and let remain until well frozen. Take out of cake ring and mast with sweetened vanilla-flavored whipped cream. Sprinkle crushed macaroons on top and sides. Serve with eggnog sauce.

EGGNOG SAUCE

1 pint light cream
6 yolks of eggs
4 oz. sugar
Vanilla

Cream sugar with yolks of eggs, boil the cream and add to above. Bring together on fire to thicken but do not boil. Put aside to cool and add rum to taste. Strain through sieve. Serve cold.

Barbara Stanwyck, at Leon and Eddie's, let go of Robert Taylor's hand long enough to do away with an order of Chicken Mexicaine. (Chicken with vegetables, condiments, and rice.) Barbara usually waits until Bob has decided what he will have, then orders the same thing, which means in the ordinary course of events she annihilates many a steak, for Bob is strictly a chop-house man.

Paulette Goddard has the kind of a figure that looks as if it could be achieved only by torture, but I know better. Maybe she suffers in Hollywood, maybe she eats carrots every day of the week and spinach on Sunday, but in Manhattan she lunches at the Colony on the famous Chicken Encore. This, friends, is no diet dish, as the chef proudly stated.

CHICKEN ENCORE

Cut a very thick slice of bread, and trim it to the shape of a box. Brown in a hot oven until golden brown, then scoop the inside out. Fill this toasted bread box with creamed chicken hash, put a little cream sauce and grated cheese on the top. Brown top slightly.

WHEN Annabella came to the Algonquin Supper Club with Tyrone Power, she ate, not orange peel, not lemon-soaked lettuce, not devitalized sole, but a huge plate of macaroni cooked with ground beef, butter, onions, mineral oil, chili, eggplant, bread crumbs, and green peppers!

So from now on, until I see a doctor's certificate of pernicious anemia, I will not believe that Shirley Temple is starving herself, or that Marlene Dietrich is subsisting on ice water until she gets down to 102.

From now on, I will only believe my eyes, and the girls' dinner plates. And so far as I am concerned Hollywood is wasting its precious time promoting the Legend of Hollow Tummy.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

delicious figure and the lightsome smile . . . so you go to the theater and you get Missy Lombard in "Vigil in the Night," an oh, so-worthy film that is about as warm and friendly as a buzzard resting in a dead tree . . . it's true that Carole's performance is a triumph of acting . . . every word Carole said in her correct English accent was sincerely rendered . . . but jeepers creepers, what fun is it to see Carole suffering, loveless, without one crumb of powder on her aristocratic little nose? . . .

Comes Miss Ginger Rogers in "Primrose Path" . . . you remember Miss Rogers of the dancing feet, the enchanting husky voice, the saucy comedy . . . remember her, and sigh, for you'll not find her in the "Primrose Path" . . . herein you will see another "artistic" performance . . . Ginger hides her glamour behind a sweat shirt, a shapeless skirt, dirty sneakers and tight dark pigtales . . . even as Carole, she does her role magnificently and even as Carole, she does it powderless . . . but I do wonder why she prefers being morbid to being merry. . .

Then there's Joan Crawford in

"Strange Cargo" . . . another non-powder role . . . if Joanie, as I suspect, wanted to show versatility by doing such a character, she succeeds . . . she is very sincere as the water-front no-account who gets religion . . . but still, and for why, dirty Crawford up? . . . what are these beautiful girls up to? . . . are they trying to persuade the world that a well-groomed exterior denotes a low moral character and that souls are found only beneath dowdy dresses? . . .

THE month was made happy for me, however, by the "comeback with a bang" of Kay Francis, an ex-glamour girl, in Deanna Durbin's "It's a Date" . . . give this Francis woman a hand . . . she's the most charming example I've ever been privileged to see of an actress who beat Hollywood at its own cruel game . . . a year ago, she was taking a terrible beating . . . she was supposedly through in movies . . . so what did she do . . . she did that most difficult of all things when the breaks are going against you . . . she remained a lady . . . she didn't pull hard

cracks at any one or alibi either . . . and she did the best she could . . . she did a supporting role in Carole Lombard's "In Name Only," and now the mother to a very grown-up (and very endearing) Deanna Durbin . . . she is beautiful, humorous and alluring . . . and a most exquisite object lesson in what the word "dignity" means. . .

And the case of Kay, and all these others, too, also illustrate what Hollywood is . . . and why it always retains its charm . . . in "Rebecca," little Joan Fontaine renders a performance that makes her a star . . . in "It's a Date," you behold Deanna Durbin moving with as much surety toward her maturity as she moved through the shoals of adolescence . . . while in "Rebecca," the brilliant Laurence Olivier seems a little disappointing . . . one can never be sure, you see, until one goes to see the finished picture just what will be in it . . . and that's why for us out here, when the preview searchlights flash out against the sky, nothing can keep us at home . . . in a town of unending drama, it is impossible ever to be bored. . .

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British

WHEN this was a play it had rather good success both in London and New York; now it's a movie and all right entertainment. Ray Milland and Ellen Drew head the cast. The story concerns a school in France where aspiring English diplomats study French. Then Ellen comes into the picture; she is predatory in a nice way, holding staunchly to the viewpoint that all men were created to be her playthings. One of her catches is a Commander, another is Milland. The latter has never done better work, Miss Drew plays her assignment with assurance and the others—Roland Culver, Jim Gerald and sundry unpublicized English names—are good.

★ IT'S A DATE—Universal

MEMO to PHOTOPLAY Audiences: Here-with top Hollywood product of month.

Memo to Producer Joe Pasternak: This makes seven Deanna Durbin hits in a row. Can this be genius?

Memo to Deanna Durbin: How do you do it?

Memo to Kay Francis: This is what is called a comeback de luxe.

... and we mean it. This is a great picture. It is full of charm, good music and superb performances. Deanna has grown up. She plays the young but precocious daughter of a famous actress; both are approached by a producer to star in a play. To the mother, Miss Francis, the role means the triumph of her fading career. To Deanna it means the beginning of everything. There is also a man, Walter Pidgeon. Deanna thinks she is in love with him, but he is in love with her mother. The unraveling of this mess is done in the most entertaining fashion imaginable. In sum, there just doesn't seem to be anything the matter with this picture.

★ STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

THEY say that this movie was taken from a portion of its star's own career. Linda Darnell gets a better chance than before to display the charm which captivated you in "Hotel for Women," and John Payne has a role worthy of his talents. Hollywood stories have a tendency to seem unreal and exaggerated, but this one appears authentic. Linda, of course, plays a girl trying to get a break at the studios. Roland Young is very amusing as an ex-star and Charlotte (Legs) Greenwood emerges from long obscurity to bring you hearty laughter.

★ VIRGINIA CITY—Warners

THE Warner Brothers' annual historical-western is out again, called "Virginia City" this time, instead of "Dodge." The film is a darn good, expensive, adventure movie, with Errol Flynn the hero in the traditional manner. There is a chase, an attack on a wagon train, a hairbreadth rescue by the U. S. Cavalry; there is a Sutherland gal, played by Miriam Hopkins, who falls in love with Errol, and there is a Confederate captain, Randy Scott. The photography is fine. The direction is capable. Take a bag of peanuts with you: They just seem to go with this sort of thing.

FLORIAN—M-G-M

IT'S hard to find a basis for any clear-cut criticism of "Florian." It has so

many elements of entertainment, such as lavish and professional production, such sweep and color. . . . On the other hand, it is curiously mixed up; the story starts, stops; the cutting is bad, the dialogue indifferent. *Florian* is a stallion, champion of the Lippizans, Austrian animals bred for the Royal house. Robert Young is his trainer, and is in love with a Duchess, played by Helen Gilbert. The magnificent horse's life and his influence on the lives of people, forms the theme of the film. So long as *Florian* is on the screen, any audience must be enchanted. There is a side intrigue between Lee Bowman, an Archduke, and Irina Baronova, a ballet dancer. This is La Baronova's American debut: She is a beautiful dancer. Charles Coburn is cast as a philosophical veterinarian, and Reginald Owen plays Franz Josef. Young performs well, as do the others—however, Miss Gilbert seems to be remembering incessantly that she must act like a Duchess, even in the most emotional moments.

★ IT ALL CAME TRUE—Warners

PHOTOPLAY's March Movie Book, the fine novel by Louis Bromfield, makes a good movie. In the beginning you'll think it's another gangster melodrama, but then the pace picks up and it all ends on a gay musical note. Ann Sheridan contributes oomph and also a good performance. She is the stage-struck roomer at an old and very shabby boardinghouse, run by old and very shabby women. Another roomer, with musical ambitions, is Jeffrey Lynn. Into the scene comes gangster Humphrey Bogart. He knows something or other about Ann and Jeffrey and buys sanctuary with his silence. The idea is that the boardinghouse can be turned into a night club if they all work very hard. All the performances are nicely turned, with Lynn looking particularly clean-cut beside the menacing Bogart. However depressing the piece gets in spots, it is saved by a recurrent touch of humor. ZaSu Pitts, Una O'Connor, Jessie Busley and others fill out the cast.

★ DOUBLE ALIBI—Universal

FOR once a film dealing with murder and newshawks is not tiresomely botched. Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to hunt down who-did-it. Against City-editor William Gargan's wishes, Margaret Lindsay starts snooping around, teaming up with Morris. The story moves swiftly and directly to an unusual terminus. Gargan is well-cast but his new mustache isn't. Miss Lindsay was probably meant to benefit from co-starring with Morris; at least both are very good, which is all that matters. Roscoe Karns is in there, and the direction is superb. You'll have a fine time trying to dissect the plot and should duly appreciate that it does not insult your intelligence.

★ HUMAN BEAST—Juno Films

THIS is screen fare not designed for the pleasure of six-year-olds; and there will be grownups, too, who will find it too grim for their tastes. There is nothing to relieve the steadily mounting mood of tragedy in Director Jean Renoir's mature treatment of pathological tendencies. A family of drunkards has

produced Jean Gabin, who is powerless to conquer an insane lust to kill. A warped childhood gives the woman he loves, Simone Simon, no strength to help him overcome the curse of his ancestry. A brutal climax is inevitable. Jean Gabin, superb French actor, creates a powerful study of a tortured human mind, while—Hollywood, please note—Mlle. Simon proves that she can act. A third star performance is given by Ledoux, the jealousy-maddened husband of Simone Simon. Here is stark realism that will grip you from the opening scene to the final reel.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN—M-G-M—British

THIS forceful story, written by A. J. Cronin, and produced in England, exhibits all the British production niceties and faults. The photography outdoes any recent American efforts; the individual cast members are fine; the trouble is in the development of plot. It is not lucid. True, the subject matter of this grim tale—coal mines and miners—has ever been packed with confusion; but Hollywood would have given the piece a fluency which would have made its import more powerful. Michael Redgrave plays the idealistic schoolteacher who tries to combat all the social injustice. A counter theme is the sordid marriage of Redgrave to Margaret Lockwood. The film concludes without heroic rescues, moral victories, or any promise of government action.

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M

POSSIBLY you read Alice Duer Miller's story, with the above title, some months ago and thought at the time that it would make a swell movie. Well, here's the movie, and it's pretty good. Laraine Day, the prettiest newcomer in Hollywood ("My Son, My Son!") plays the younger sister who suffers and suffers. Jean Muir surprisingly enough is cast as the glamour gal, who lets playboy Robert Cummings take a prison rap for a manslaughter she herself committed. Laraine it is who, beauty shining through without benefit of make-up, sticks by Robert and works for his release. Billie Burke is the mother.

THE COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

SECOND in this newest series, "The Courageous Dr. Christian" presents its main personality, Jean Hersholt, in the role of small-town philanthropist. He tries for better housing in the shanty district and meets opposition from civic leaders. Undaunted, he carries on, supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Tom Neal and others. The picture obviously was prepared with attention to detail and sincerity.

VIVA CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

SINCE the *Cisco Kid* series apparently has been doing well, the producers are relaxing—and you'll see the results in this one. Cesar Romero, sideburns and all, spends most of the footage rescuing Jean Rogers, who's very pretty and extremely good in her role. She seems to have a lot of trouble with her Pa, Minor Watson, who isn't all he ought to be; still, the *Kid's* honorable *Robin Hood* attitude remains staunchly the same.



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at least three murders, and George Sanders in a dual role (because a diamond-smuggler goes around impersonating him). Helene Whitney is the girl in the case. (Apr.)

SEVENTEEN—Paramount

Tarkington's famous story of teen-age love, with all the troubles left in—tuxedo, the horrid little sister (Norma Nelson), etc.—gives Jackie Cooper an opportunity to strut his stuff. Betty Field is perfect as the siren from Chicago. (May)

★ SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, THE — M-G-M

This is a gem, packed with the inimitable Lubitsch touch. It's a simple story—about a boy and girl (Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan) who are working in a gift shop and find romance by writing to an unknown sweetheart through a correspondence agency. Of course they discover they are writing to each other. Frank Morgan is superb in a straight role. (March)

★ SIDEWALKS OF LONDON—Mayflower-Paramount

Vivien Leigh is a Scarlett O'Hara character (to Charles Laughton this time) in the story of a girl who, by ruthless determination, succeeds in rising above the lowly "busking" (those London sidewalk entertainers) profession. There are fine scenes between Leigh and Laughton. (March)

★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE—Wanger-U.A.

Murder and comedy all mixed up, this has Pat O'Brien as the attorney plotting the downfall of political boss Edward Arnold. When Arnold's sweetheart, and then Pat's secretary are killed,

things look bad for Pat. You'll be mad about Ruth Terry, the little singer who pursues Pat. (March)

SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

Popular singing cowboy Gene Autry breaks into the Big Time as a Federal agent who sets out to foil a foreign-inspired revolution in South America. It's the best picture Gene has ever made. (Apr.)

STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M

This weird, allegorical preachment has to do with escaping convicts in the jungles surrounding a tropical prison camp. A deglamorized Joan Crawford turns in a superb dramatic performance as a brothel gal who is kicked off the island. Clark Gable seems a little embarrassed with his role, but Ian Hunter is praiseworthy as a Christlike figure who brings regeneration to these unfortunates. (May)

★ SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

Here's the life of Stephen Foster, song writer, with Don Ameche playing the role of composer, Andrea Leeds contributing to romance and Al Jolson doing a grand minstrel man. (March)

★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio

Towne-and-Baker's first production adds a new opening theme to the childhood classic, with Thomas Mitchell packing up his family (Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, et al.) and moving them out of the London of Napoleonic days. But their famous adventures on the desert island on which they're shipwrecked are here in toto. (Apr.)

THOU SHALT NOT KILL—Republic

Religion is usually taboo on the screen, but this deals with a minister who takes the confession

of a murderer when a priest can't get there to do it. Charles Bickford plays the minister. (March)

THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH—Warners

Thomas Mitchell plays the blustering Irish cop, ready to fight at the drop of a pin. His beat is taken over by a young Scotchman, who falls for one of Casey's lovely daughters. A good homey comedy with plenty of laughs and a dig or two at the politicians. Dennis Morgan as the Scotty, Priscilla Lane as the daughter, and Alan Hale as Casey's right-hand man take the other acting honors.

★ TOO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia

Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas worry over the problem of bigamy when Jean remarries, thinking her first husband has been drowned. But the fun begins when he returns and Jean can't make up her mind which she wants to keep. Full of fairly suggestive slap-happy scenes, played with flair. Dorothy Peterson is swell as the secretary. (May)

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

Plot revolves around a boy and girl convicted of a murder on circumstantial evidence. Robert Paige and Ellen Drew have top roles and Judith Barrett's a heavy. Plenty of suspense. (May)

★ YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M

A biographical film—the story of Thomas Edison during his early youth, up to the time he left home to become a telegraph operator, but with Mickey Rooney playing the role, the character could have been named John Smith, so warm, so sympathetic and completely entertaining is his interpretation of the great inventor. Fay Bainter, Virginia Weidler and George Bancroft are excellent. (May)

Casts of Current Pictures

"AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Clark. Based on the story by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by Robert B. Sinclair. Cast: Ridley Crane, Robert Cummings; Kate Lattimer, Laraine Day; Helen Lattimer, Jean Muir; Mrs. Lattimer, Billie Burke; Gertrude Hunter, Ann Morriss; Margaret, Esther Dale; Stephen Harridge, Charles Waldron; George Olcott, Frank Milan; Joe Havens, Rand Brooks; Arthur Prince, Paul Stanton; Zillah Torrington, Ruth Toby.

"BEYOND TOMORROW"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Adele Comandini. From an original story by Mildred Cram and Adele Comandini. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Cast: Michael O'Brien, Charles Winninger; James Houston, Richard Carlson; Madame Tanya, Maria Ouspenskaya; Jean Lawrence, Jean Parker; Arlene Terry, Helen Vinson; Allan Chadwick, C. Aubrey Smith; George Melton, Harry Carey; Josef, Alex Melesh; Phil Hubert, Rod LaRocque; Officer Johnson, J. Anthony Hughes; Sergeant, Robert Homans; Radio Station Secretary, Virginia McMullen; Jane Taylor, James Bush; David Chadwick, William Bakewell.

"BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Based on the stage success of the same name by Clemence Dane. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: Sydney Fairfield, Maureen O'Hara; Hilary Fairfield, Adolphe Menjou; Margaret Fairfield, Fay Bainter; Gray Meredith, Herbert Marshall; Hester Fairfield, Dame May Whitty; John Storm, Patric Knowles; Dr. Alliot, C. Aubrey Smith; Dr. Pumphrey, Ernest Cossart; Basset, Kathryn Collier; Susan, Lauri Beatty; Abbie, Louise Cabo.

"BISCUIT EATER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Stuart Anthony and Lillie Hayward. Based on a story by James Street. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Cast: Lonnie McNeil, Billy Lee; Tex, Cordell Hickman; Mrs. McNeil, Helene Millard; Harse McNeil, Richard Lane; Mr. Ames, Lester Matthews; 1st and 2nd Thessalonians, Virginia, Virginia Dale; Peggy, Lillian Cornell.

"BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William Morrow and Edmund Beloin. Based on an adaptation by Zion Myers of a story by Arthur Stringer. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Cast: Buck Benny, Jack Benny; Rochester, Eddie Anderson; Joan Cameron, Ellen Drew; Phil, Phil Harris; Andy, Andy Devine; Virginia, Virginia Dale; Peggy, Lillian Cornell.

"COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Original screen play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Ian McLellan Hunter. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: Dr. Paul Christian, Jean Hersholt; Judy Price, Dorothy Lovett; Roy Davis, Robert Baldwin; Dave Williams, Tom Neal; Mrs. Hastings, Maude Eburne; Mrs. Stewart, Vera Lewis; Harry Johnson, George Meader; Jack Williams, Bobby Larson; Ruth Williams, Bobette Bentley; Sam, Reginald Barlow; Martha, Jacqueline de River; Tommy Wood, Edmund Glover.

"DARK COMMAND, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Grover Jones, Lionel Houser and F. Hugh Herbert. Based on the novel by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: Mary McCloud, Claire Trevor; Bob Seton, John Wayne; William Cantrell, Walter Pidgeon; Fletch McCloud, Roy Rogers; Doc Grunch, George Hayes; Angus McCloud, Porter Hall; Mrs. Cantrell, Marjorie Main; Buckner, Raymond Walburn; Bushropp, Joseph Sawyer; Mrs. Hale, Helen MacKellar; Dave, J. Farrell MacDonald; Hale, Trevor Bardette.

"DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by George Seaton and Ken Englund. From the story by Alec Leslie. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: Jane Cameron, Loretta Young; Dr. Timothy Sterling, Ray Milland; John Pierce, Reginald Gardiner; Marilyn Thomas, Gail Patrick; Dr. Lionel Sterling, Edmund Gwenn;

Slapovitch, Frank Sully; O'Brien, Gordon Jones; Jean Rovere, Georges Metaxa; Dr. Streeter, Charles Halton; Dr. Neilson, Joseph Egerton; Dean Lawton, Paul McAllister; Johnson, Chester Chute; Charlie, Hal K. Dawson; Burkhardt, Edward Van Sloan.

"DOUBLE ALIBI"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Harold Buchman and Roy Chanslor. Based on a novel by Frederick P. Davis. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: Stephen Wayne, Wayne Morris; Sue Carey, Margaret Lindsay; Walter Gifford, William Gargan; Jerry Jenkins, Roscoe Karns; Chick Lester, Robert Emmett Keane; Captain Orr, James Burke; Dan Kraley, William Pawley; Inspector Early, Cliff Clark; Lennie Nolan, Frank Mitchell.

"FLORIAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Noel Langley, Geza Herczeg and James Kevin McGuinness. Based on the novel "Florian" by Felix Salten. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: Anton, Robert Young; Diana, Helen Gilbert; Ilofer, Charles Coburn; Oliver, Lee Bowman; Emperor Franz Josef, Reginald Owen; Countess, Lucile Watson; Trina, Irina Baronova; Victor, Rand Brooks; Max, Soke Sakall; Archduke Franz Ferdinand, William B. Davidson; Borelli, George Lloyd; Bantry, George Irving; Editor, Charles Judels; Auctioneer, Dick Elliott; Ernst, Adrian Morris; Ring Master, Jack Joyce.

"FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dorothy Yost and Ernest Pagano. Based on a story by Jean Guittou. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: Gilbert Jordan Thompson, Eddie Cantor; Madame Granville, Judith Anderson; Marian Edwards, Rita Johnson; Doris, Bonita Granville; Judge Joseph M. Williams, Ralph Morgan; Marcia, Diana Lewis; Mademoiselle Cliche, Nydia Westman; Eleanor, Margaret Early; Janelle, Martha O'Driscoll; Lois, Charlotte Munier; Betty, Louise Seidel; "Chum," Baby Quintanilla.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by A. DeGrunwald and Ian Dalrymple. From the stage play by Terence Rattigan. Directed by Anthony Asquith. Cast: Alan, Ray Milland; Diana, Ellen Drew; Jacqueline, Janine Darcey; Chris, David Tree; The Commander, Roland Culver; Brian, Guy Middleton; Kenneth, Kenneth Morgan; Marianne, Margaret Yarde; Chi-Chi, Tony Gable; Professor Maingot, Jim Gerald.

"HUMAN BEAST"—JUNO FILMS.—Based on the novel "La Bete Humaine" by Emile Zola. Directed by Jean Renoir. Cast: Jacques Lantier, Jean Gabin; Severine, Simone Simon; Roubaud, Ledoux; Pecqueux, Carrette; Flore, Blanche Brunoy; Dawvergne, Gerard Landry; Philomete, Jenny Hella; Mme. Misard, Germaine Clasia; Grandmorin, Berlioz; Cachuca, Jean Renoir.

"IRENE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Alice Duer Miller. From the musical comedy, "Irene." Based on the book by James H. Montgomery. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: Irene O'Dare, Anna Neagle; Don Marshall, Ray Milland; Mr. Smith, Roland Young; Bob Vincent, Alan Marshall; Granny O'Dare, May Robson; Mrs. Vincent, Billie Burke; Betherton, Arthur Treacher; Eleanor Worth, Martha Hunt; Jane, Isabel Jewell; Lillian, Doris Nolan; Freddie, Stuart Robertson; Princess Minelli, Ethel Griffies.

"IT ALL CAME TRUE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Michael Fessier and Lawrence Kimble. From the novel by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: Sarah Jane Ryan, Ann Sheridan; Tommy Taylor, Jeffrey Lynn; Grasselli (Chips) Maguire, Humphrey Bogart; Miss Flint, ZaSu Pitts; Maggie Ryan, Una O'Connor; Mrs. Taylor,

Jessie Busley; Mr. Roberts, John Litel; Rene Salmon, Grant Mitchell; The Great Boldini, Felix Bressart; Henri Peppi de Bordeaux, Charles Judels; Mr. Van Diver, Brandon Tynan; Mr. Pendergast, Howard Hickman; Monks, Herbert Vigran.

"IT'S A DATE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by William Seiter. Cast: Pamela Drake, Deanna Durbin; Georgia Drake, Kay Francis; John Arlen, Walter Pidgeon; The Governor, Eugene Pallette; Freddie Miller, Lewis Howard; Sidney Simpson, Samuel S. Hinds; Sara, Cecilia Loftus; Oscar, Fritz Feld; Carl Ober, S. Z. Sakall.

"STAR DUST"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Based on a story by Jesse Malo, Kenneth Earl and Ivan Kahn. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: Carolyn Sayres, Linda Darnell; Bud Borden, John Payne; Thomas Brooke, Roland Young; Lola Langdon, Charlotte Greenwood; Dane Wharton, William Gargan; June Lawrence, Mary Beth Hughes; Mary Andrews, Mary Healy; Sam Wellman, Donald Meek; Miss Parker, Jessie Ralph; Napoleon, Walter Kingsford; Ronnie, George Montgomery; Bell Boy, Robert Lowery; Wellman's Assistant, Hal K. Dawson; Maid, Jody Gilbert; Announcer, Gary Breckner; Lab Man, Paul Hurst; Clerk, Irving Bacon; Cameraman, Billy Wayne; Secretary, Fern Emmett; Girl, Lynne Roberts.

"TIL WE MEET AGAIN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Warren Duff. From an original story by Robert Lord. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: Joan Ames, Merle Oberon; Don Hardesty, George Brent; Steve Burke, Pat O'Brien; Bonny Coburn, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Countess Capricci, Binnie Barnes; Achilles, Frank McHugh; Sir Harold, Eric Blore; Jimmy Coburn, George Reeves; Herb McGillis, Victor Kilian; Captain Stoddard, Cy Kendall; Mrs. Hester, Marjorie Gattson; Dr. Cameron, Henry O'Neill; Assistant Parser, Frank Wilcox; Tommy, Herbert Anderson; Bartender, Frank Orth; Policeman, Chester Gan; Junior Officer, Jack Mower; Louise, Doris Lloyd; Bout Bartender, William Halligan; Joan's Friends, Maris Wrixon, Jane Gilbert and DeWolf Hopper; Sailor, John Ridgely.

"TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov. Based on a story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: Pat Mahoney, Lana Turner; Molly Mahoney, Joan Blondell; Eddie Kerns, George Murphy; "Chal" Chatsworth, Kent Taylor; Buddy Bartell, Richard Lane; Jed Marlowe, Wallace Ford; Ito, Otto Halm; Judge, Lloyd Corrigan; Announcer, Don Wilson; Bartell's Assistant, Charles Wagonheim.

"VIRGINIA CITY"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Kerry Badorer, Erol Flynn; Julia Hayne, Miriam Hopkins; Vance Irby, Randolph Scott; John Murrell, Humphrey Bogart; Mr. Upjohn, Frank McHugh; Olaf Severson, Alan Hale; Marblehead, Quinn Williams; Marshall, John Litel; Major Drewery, Douglas Dumbrille; Cameron, Moroni Olsen; Armistead, Russell Hicks; Cobby, Dickie Jones; Union Soldier, Frank Wilcox; Gaylord, Russell Simpson; Abraham Lincoln, Victor Kilian; Jefferson Davis, Charles Middleton.

"VIVA CISCO KID"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long. Suggested by the character "The Cisco Kid" created by O. Henry. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: Cisco Kid, Cesar Romero; Joan Allen, Jean Rogers; Gordo, Chris-Pin Martin; Jesse Allen, Minor Watson; Boss, Stanley Fields; Moses, Nigel de Bruhier; Gunther, Harold Goodwin; Proprietor, Francis Ford; Pancho, Charles Judels.

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