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PHOTOPLAY

J U L Y
25 CENTS



JOAN
BENNETT
BY
TCHETCHET

LYING the "HONEYMOON EXPRESS"
Victor Mantz's Inside Story of Escaping Star



The handiest daily
Beauty Exercise is **DOUBLE MINT**
gum. Enjoy it whenever and
wherever you want to. The result is
immediate—more life and
loveliness to your
eyes and lips.



NBC



Now look what you've done, JOAN BENNETT!



YOU'VE GIVEN ME A JEALOUS HUSBAND



I'M AND I HAVE BEEN MARRIED SIX YEARS AND I THOUGHT HIS INDIFFERENCE WAS JUST BECAUSE WE WERE GETTING 'SETTLED DOWN'. I DIDN'T SUSPECT THE REAL REASON UNTIL JOAN BENNETT, WHO'D BEEN A FRIEND OF MINE AT SCHOOL, CAME TO SPEND A WEEK-END WITH US,
AND --

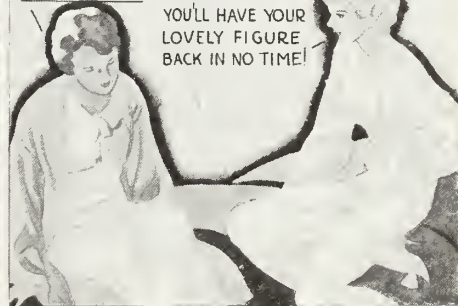
YOU'RE AS SLIM AND LOVELY AS YOUR PICTURES, JOAN.

SPEAKING OF PERFECT FIGURES, JOAN, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE MOST UNPOPULAR GIRL IN TOWN-- WITH THE WIVES.



I DIDN'T DREAM JIM EVER NOTICED FIGURES, JOAN WHAT HE MUST THINK OF MINE!

MY DEAR, ALL MEN NOTICE FIGURES. BUT CHEER UP, I'LL TEACH YOU THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT THAT SO MANY FAMOUS STARS USE TO STAY SLIM. YOU'LL HAVE YOUR LOVELY FIGURE BACK IN NO TIME!



LATER

JANE, YOU'VE BEEN GETTING YOUNGER AND PRETTIER EVER SINCE JOAN BENNETT WAS HERE. WHAT DID SHE DO TO YOU?

SHE TAUGHT ME, THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT, THAT INTRODUCED ME TO THIS DELICIOUS RY-KRISP!



BEAUTIFUL WIFE YOU HAVE, JIM, SHE'S SURELY POPULAR!

JANE BLAKE HAS TWO CHILDREN BUT YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT TO LOOK AT HER FIGURE!



HEY, JIM- DON'T BE A SELFISH HUSBAND. I HAVEN'T DANCED WITH JANE.

GOSH, HONEY, YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR BEING JEALOUS OF MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE, CAN YOU?

WHY, JIM- HOW ROMANTIC YOU SOUND (TO HERSELF - WHAT A LOT I OWE TO JOAN BENNETT FOR TELLING ME ABOUT RY-KRISP)

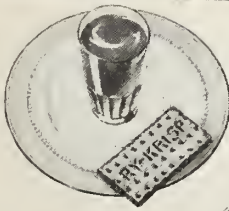


"GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT AND HAVE A FIGURE YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENVY AND YOUR HUSBAND WILL ADMIRE!"

says lovely JOAN BENNETT

now appearing in "PRIVATE WORLDS" A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION FOR PARAMOUNT

TAKE a tip from Hollywood's loveliest stars T—if you want a slender, youthful figure. Get the Hollywood Habit—exercise regularly, eat sensibly, and use Ry-Krisp in place of heavy, starchy foods. You *don't* starve and you *do* reduce, because Ry-Krisp is filling but not fattening. Brittle-crisp and delicious, Ry-Krisp is a safe, natural aid to reducing and a wholesome, healthful food all the family will enjoy. Genuine Ry-Krisp comes only in red and white checkerboard packages. Look for the name RY-KRISP on each wafer. Ralston Purina Company, Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Missouri.



SERVE RY-KRISP WITH TOMATO JUICE

...as a tempting way to start the day—a delightful beginner for lunch or dinner. Appetizing, healthful and delicious.

SERVE RY-KRISP WITH GREEN SALADS

...for instance, a shining green pepper—piled high with cole slaw flecked with scarlet pimento. Or tossed lettuce—or a mixture of crisp vegetables.



RY-KRISP tastes so good

*GET THE HOLLYWOOD HABIT—EXERCISE REGULARLY, EAT SENSIBLY, USE RY-KRISP INSTEAD OF HEAVY, STARCHY FOODS—WATCH YOUR WAISTLINE WASTE AWAY



"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

JOAN CRAWFORD · ROBERT MONTGOMERY
NO MORE LADIES

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES · FRANCHOT TONE · EDNA MAY OLIVER

Directed by Edward H. Griffith



WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY
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FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF
THE YEAR

- 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"

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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

VOL. XLVIII NO. 1

JULY, 1935

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Eugene Robert Richee

THIS picture will probably inspire all girls who see it to go out and buy Roman-striped scarves to tie around their heads. And if you have red-gold fly-away curls like Elissa Landi's, and that same come-hither twinkle, plus a peach-and-white skin, it's sure to be a success

the new Grace Moore picture!



Grand melodrama set to glorious music! A new triumph for the star of "One Night of Love"!

Alluring **Grace Moore**
in
LOVE ME FOREVER
 with
LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman
 Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

hear her sing the
**"MUSETTE
 WALTZ"**

Letters

It's the movie-going public who determines the trend of the screen. Letters you write today will affect the pictures of tomorrow



The swimming pool on the estate of Warren William reflects the images of the star and his dog



Bette Davis enjoys a smoke on the set between scenes of her latest Warner picture, "The Girl from 10th Avenue"

ON SONG HITS

WONDER why song hits from current motion pictures are allowed to be broadcast over the radio long before the pictures are released to the general public? I believe most of us would enjoy our movies more if we were greeted by fresh, new songs instead of worn-out tunes that have already become daily nuisances.

BERTHA LAMBERT, San Jacinto, Calif.

COMEDIAN RAINS

IT was a pleasant surprise to find that Claude Rains has a natural flair for subtle comedy. I have never seen a finer performance on the screen than the one he gave in "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." For real acting, he un-

doubtedly is number one. While admitting he was perfect in "Crime Without Passion," and "Edwin Drood," I would prefer to see a man with such an evident sense of humor in less morbid parts.

C. W., Albany New York

THE BRAVEST ACTRESS

SALUTE the bravest actress of all cinema land, the screen's best "bad girl"—Bette Davis. From sweet, young innocents to spirited, dynamite devils; from dear little sisters to acid-in-your face portrayals are dangerous steps to take. But this young actress has bridged the wide gap successfully.

Yet, one wonders if such vicious rôles, no matter how brilliantly acted, will poison her chances for permanent screen stardom. Will

the public cherish an interesting villainess as a screen favorite?

Anyhow, hats off to Bette Davis, courageous trouper and great actress!

JACK LONG, Oak Grove, Missouri

TO THE STUDIOS

A WORD in appreciation of the recent fine efforts of the studios to make pictures which escape the wrath of the censors and at the same time remain interesting and entertaining.

Notable among these are "David Copperfield," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and "The Little Colonel." They are three of the best pictures that ever came out of Hollywood, relying neither upon sex nor unwholesome situations, containing not one thing to which the most discriminating movie-goer could object.

MABEL K. REID, Lafayette, Rhode Island

NELSON EDDY

IT seems that college students enjoy semi-classical pictures such as "Naughty Marietta." But Nelson Eddy, the "belling bari tone" and wise-cracking captain, was subject to boos.

Had not Frank Morgan been there to display his wonderful acting, most people would have fallen asleep. Jeanette MacDonald's acting was also wonderful.

JOE GIACOLETTI, Indiana University, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



George Murphy and an Albertina Rasch dancer practice a step for "After the Dance." His mask keeps the girl's mind on her dancing



STILL *her* ADORER

LISTERINE halts halitosis (bad breath)

Deodorizes Longer

THE years are adding up . . . soon their children will be grown . . . yet he is still her adorer . . . she holds him as completely as when they were first married. More women should know her secret.

* * * *

How wise is the woman who realizes the importance of keeping the breath always sweet, wholesome and agreeable! After all, nothing mars a personal relationship like halitosis (bad breath) whether occasional or habitual. It is ridiculously easy to keep the breath inoffensive. Simply use Listerine, that's all—a little in the morning, a little at night, and between times before social engagements. Listerine instantly halts halitosis; deodorizes longer than ordinary non-antiseptic mouth washes. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

*INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—RKO-Radio.—Romance, humor, pathos suitable for the whole family in this story of the orphan (Anne Shirley) adopted by O. P. Heggie and his sister, Helen Westley. (Jan.)

AUTUMN CROCUS—Associated Talking Pictures.—A schoolmistress (Pay Compton), touring the Alps, falls in love with a young inn-keeper (Ivor Novello) before she learns he's married. A little slow, but beautifully done. (Jan.)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, undersea adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **BROADWAY BILL**—Columbia.—Many unforgettable scenes in this. Warner Baxter breaks with paper-box making, his domineering wife (Helen Vinson) and her father (Walter Connolly). He stakes everything on a gallant race horse—and Myrna Loy. (Jan.)

★ **CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA, THE**—Columbia.—Board ship and meet Captain Walter Connolly, tippling reporter John Gilbert, detective Victor McLaglen, Tala Birell and other favorites. It's sprightly and comic. (Jan.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN LONDON—Fox.—Warner Oland (*Charlie Chan*) has three days to prevent execution of Drue Leyton's brother, accused of a murder he did not commit. Alan Mowbray involved. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—A mystery and crook picture, with comedy and gags. Fay Wray is the girl crook, and Henry Armetta, Hugh O'Connell are the comics. Has a snapper twist. (Jan.)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*, Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

★ **COLLEGERHYTHM**—Paramount.—A bright, tuneful collegiate musical. Footballer Jack Oakie steals girl friend Mary Brian from Lanny Ross. Joe Penner puts in plenty of laughs. (Jan.)

★ **COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—United Artists.—A thrilling film which builds steadily to the dramatic courtroom climax. Robert Donat is *Dantes*; Elissa Landi fine, too. (Nov.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a loveable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (March)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family, until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, *David*, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaptation of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

ELINOR NORTON—Fox.—A completely boring attempt to depict the quirks of a diseased mind. Claire Trevor, Hugh Williams, Gilbert Roland bogged down by it. (Jan.)

ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

ENTER MADAME—Paramount.—Spotty entertainment despite Elissa Landi's brilliant performance as a capricious prima donna. Cary Grant, her bewildered spouse, has a brief relief in a quieter love. (Jan.)

★ **EVELYN PRENTICE**—M-G-M.—Myrna Loy thinks she has murdered a man, but Isabel Jewell is accused. Then Myrna's lawyer-husband is engaged to defend Isabel. Another Loy-Powell hit. (Jan.)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his two lady friends. (March)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

FIREBIRD, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez, actor, is killed when he tries to ensnare Verree Teasdale, Lionel Atwill's wife, in a love trap, catching instead Verree's daughter, Anita Louise. Good adult entertainment. (Jan.)

★ **FLIRTATION WALK**—First National.—Colorful West Point is the background of the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler charm. Pat O'Brien's a tough sergeant. Take the family (Jan.)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

Preview Flashes



FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!



Warner BAXTER and Ketti' GALLIAN

in a fiery romance

'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

TITO GUIZAR

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling



HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank!

• But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skillful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FUGITIVE LADY—Columbia.—Florence Rice makes a successful film debut as a woman on her way to jail, double-crossed by a jewel thief (Donald Cook), when a train wreck puts her into the rôle of the estranged wife of Neil Hamilton. Plenty of action. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

GAY BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Chorine Carole Lombard, out for a husband, becomes involved with gangsters who bump each other off for her pleasure. Nat Pendleton, Sam Hardy, Leo Carrillo pay while Chester Morris wins. (Jan.)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN—First National.—Franchot Tone is one of four college pals trying to find a job today. Jean Muir, Nick Foran, others good. It has reality. (Jan.)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead, and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GIRL O' MY DREAMS—Monogram.—Much rah-rah and collegiate confusion, with Sterling Holloway's comicities unable to pull it through. Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent do well. (Jan.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall lead the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouper, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

★ **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**—Universal.—Dickens' charm preserved by George Breakston as orphaned *Pip*, later by Phillips Holmes, Florence Reed, Henry Hull and others. (Jan.)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

GREEN EYES—Chesterfield.—A stereotyped murder mystery. Charles Starrett, Claude Gillinger, Shirley Grey, William Bakewell, John Wray, Dorothy Revier are adequate. (Jan.)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

HEART SONG—Fox-Gaumont-British.—A pleasant little English film with Lilian Harvey and Charles Boyer. (Sept.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HELL IN THE HEAVENS—Fox.—A gripping depiction of a French air unit in the late war. Warner Baxter is an American with the outfit. Conchita Montenegro is the only feminine influence. (Jan.)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley George E. Stone. (June)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as Wellington, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

I SELL ANYTHING—First National.—Pat O'Brien talks you to death as a gyp auctioneer who is taken by a society golddigger (Claire Dodd). Sadder and gabbier he returns to Ann Dvorak. (Jan.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

JACK AHJOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey as custodians of a young heir, Spanky McFarland, mixed up with a Kentucky feud, moonshine and roses. It's hilarious. (Jan.)

★ **KID MILLIONS**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—A Cantor extravaganza complete with hilarious situations, gorgeous settings, catchy tunes and a grand cast. (Jan.)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LAST WILDERNESS, THE—Jerry Fairbanks Prod.—A most effective wild animal life picture. Hasn't bothered with the sensational and melodramatic. Howard Hill deadly with bow and arrow. (Dec.)

LEMON DROP KID, THE—Paramount.—A race-track tout goes straight for marriage and a baby. Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, William Frawley, Baby LeRoy, Minna Gombell, Henry B. Walthall. (Dec.)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen re-creation of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

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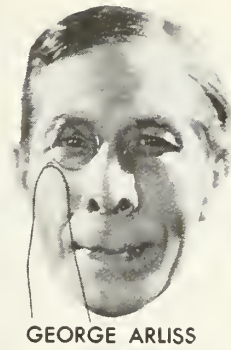
Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment Make this your reference list.

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They
HAVE ALL GONE 

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures.
 ¶These stars are now with GB . . . because
 GB Productions have individuality,
 glamour, and a tone all their own.



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JACK HULBERT



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CLAUDE RAINS



WALTER HUSTON



MADGE EVANS *



PETER LORRE



* MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



LUPE VELEZ



RICHARD DIX



CONRAD VEIDT



C. AUBREY SMITH



HELEN VINSON



CICELY COURTNEIDGE



BARRY MACKAY



TOM WALLS

Watch For These Pictures!

THIRTY-NINE STEPS

THE CLAIRVOYANT

THE TUNNEL

THE KING OF THE DAMNED

THE MORALS OF MARCUS

RHODES

KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE

PASSING OF THE 3RD FLOOR BACK

MODERN MASQUERADE

SECRET AGENT

DR. NIKOLA

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

TOPS 'EM ALL



*By courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Letters

On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

I HAVE just seen "Naughty Marietta" for the third time in two days! Of all the many pictures I have seen there is none to compare with "Marietta." And don't let Nelson Eddy escape from the screen, and let lovely Jeanette MacDonald play more rôles like *Marietta*.

MRS. KENNETH HARDIN, Knoxville Tenn.

I'VE seen "Naughty Marietta" five times and I've been in a trance for days.

Nelson Eddy!
What a voice!
What a man!

ARLINE THAYER, Dayton, Ohio

WHERE has this lad Nelson Eddy been all my movie life? And where is he going from "Naughty Marietta"?

His voice is not only grand, but his quiet and effective acting is just as good. I hope we see a lot more of him.

WINIFRED WISHARD, Larchmont, N. Y.

HAIL the new singing star, Nelson Eddy! I was still under his spell four days after seeing and hearing him sing in person when I went to see "Naughty Marietta," and after viewing the picture, the spell threatens to become permanent.

Nelson and Jeanette MacDonald certainly make a stunning pair.

LOIS WILLIAMS, Dallas, Texas



You asked for Ann in another singing-dancing rôle. You got it! Miss Dvorak as the night club dancer in Warner's film "G Men"



Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian enjoy a Spanish ditty between scenes of "Under the Pampas Moon," out at Fox



Fred MacMurray set all the girls agog in "The Gilded Lily." "Men Without Names" is his next for Paramount

TO JEAN HARLOW

MY vote will always be for charming Jean Harlow. But she should have a sympathetic rôle, although I shall never tire of her comedy. Her picture, "Reckless," should break all box-office records.

JACK GUARD, Laurium, Michigan

CHAMPIONS CROMWELL

THAT fine young actor, Richard Cromwell, always seems to be cast the same in every picture—as the youth who is weak in character and easily led into crime.

Mr. Cromwell shows anything but weakness of character. The seriousness and determination he puts forth in every part he plays proves that he is an ambitious young

man swayed not by dishonest methods to gain his aim but willing to work hard against all odds.

RALPH J. SATTERLEE, Muncie Indiana

FILMS AID CHILDREN

TEACH in the primary grades. Recently we were studying *ay* words in phonics, once a very dull subject. Each pupil was to give a word containing the phonogram *ay*. One little girl jumped up and shouted she knew two words, Fay and Wray.

This indicates that, contrary to many critics, children—even very small children—glean something besides bad habits from the movies. Vocabulary, for instance.

MARY C. MCCARTHY, North Andover, Mass.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts



CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW

Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender
 Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



Can't chafe

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn.

Can't fail

A special center layer in the heart of the pad is channeled to guide moisture the whole length of the pad—thus avoids embarrassment. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use. No twisting.

Can't show

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex' ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always.

I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow... easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort... and the low price.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder... QUEST, for personal daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold.

Letters

Don't say it. Write it! You can tell only a few what you think of a film, but thousands read these pages



Ruby looks worried about something. But it can't be golf. For she's one of Hollywood's feminine experts, and the game is her favorite hobby. Maybe Ruby's and Al Jolson's new son wants to go into the movies already

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

MAURICE CHEVALIER

I WOULD like to get up on the housetops and shout about "Folies Bergere." I have seen it twice to date and I know I could enjoy it more and more. This is really the first time we, on the other side of the silver screen, have really seen the versatile star at his very best.

EDITH BLEZ, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MY compliments to Maurice Chevalier on the wonderful work he did in "Folies Bergere." It was his best since his earlier films, and why? Because it was the kind of part Maurice loves to play and because it gave him a chance to show the public he can do more than one type of acting. He gave us the real Maurice we all like to see.

MRS. GLENNA RILEY, President, Chevalier-MacDonald Club, Newcastle, Ind.

ASKS AWARD FOR GARBO

HAVING read the article in the May PHOTOPLAY about the hullabaloo stirred up by the Motion Picture Academy Award, I would like to know why a foreign-born actress never got it.

I am thinking and writing about Garbo. She is a genius. Bette Davis' characterization of *Mildred* was grand. But Garbo is always that and more. She's the most marvelous actress on the screen today.

HOWARD C. ANDERSON, Mollenauer, Penna.

JOAN OF ARC

ELISSA LANDI has been unduly neglected. She is sadly in need of a good picture. Miss



Two smash hits in the last year have put John Beal 'way up on top. First "The Little Minister," then "Laddie." And next it's "Break of Hearts," Katharine Hepburn's latest starring picture



Marian Marsh wants a corner on the Hollywood golf market, too. She took her first lesson a few weeks ago. Did very well according to her teacher, the handsome Mr. George Murphy

Landi possesses a decidedly interesting flair for sophisticated comedy, but her ethereal radiance burns to a bright glow in an historical picture, say "Joan of Arc." If the producers are thinking of letting Katharine Hepburn or Greta Garbo bring to life *Joan of Arc*, I'll yell for that lovely enchantress—Elissa Landi.

LILLIAN DORIS, West New York, N. J.

GRETA GARBO'S work on the screen is truly admirable. As a dramatic actress she is indisputably superior, achieving what no other Hollywood star does—triumph over poor stories by giving them beauty and distinction.

She would be the ideal choice for *Joan of Arc*. No other star possesses the same appeal. MRS. M. G. SORENSON, So. Weymouth, Mass.

COMPLIMENTS OF JAPAN

I AM a fan of Miss Takiko Mizunoe of Shochiku Girls Reviews of Japan. In Japan where men are not used in Reviews, Miss Mizunoe, known as *Taki*, takes their parts and among those who do portray the male characters, she is by far the most popular. There is no one who can pretend to be as good as she and for the past several years has stood out as unexcelled and still stands alone and above all the others. Her personality so vital and so magnetic draws the audience and holds it.

But it is not only personality for she makes most handsome men. She is exceptional in all ways.

Letters

Here PHOTOPLAY readers enjoy a frank exchange of opinion regarding movies and the stars who are in them



Looks like a good fight! Certainly Pat O'Brien is excited. The fighting figures are silhouetted against the back wall. The fights are Pat's favorite sport. He seldom misses one



Jean Hersholt has long been loved for his genial, human rôles on the screen. But he was never cast more ideally than in the part of the music master in RKO-Radio's "Break of Hearts"



Lucky puppy! For his owner is Tala Birell. If you've always thought of Tala as one of the most vampish of screen ladies, this picture is proof that she is a real out-door girl as well

There is a magazine produced by her backers and admirers called "Taki" and in the New Year number there is a photograph of Taki looking through a PHOTOPLAY, of which she is an enthusiastic and constant reader.

CHIVO KASHIO, Kamakura, Japan

Alice Faye, SINGER

THE statement "Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Film's new glamour girl. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights," is every bit true.

All actresses can memorize their parts and act them. If they couldn't they would not be in Hollywood. But, can they all sing? No, of course not. If they do sing, can they sing

like Miss Faye? I have never heard them. When better singing is done Alice Faye will do it.

AMEDEE DUGAS, JR., South Bend, Ind.

CLAUDETTE MOST HUMAN

IT is really a relief to see an actress retain naturalness and ease in her rôles, despite the characterization she has to portray. I refer to Claudette Colbert, who I find the most human of all actresses. Miss Colbert just "lives" her rôles.

I can't help feeling that her honesty and frankness on the screen are also characteristic of her private life.

A. C. SOLOMON, Detroit Michigan

MOVIES WHOLESOME

SHOULD an industry that spreads so much cheer and delight be so severely criticised because of a few undesirable pictures? No because the wholesome, inspiring and educational pictures out-number the undesirable ones so many, many times. Thank Heaven for the art of motion pictures!

MARY W. STELZEL, Houston, Texas

BRAVO COLUMBIA!

THE decorum and prestige that the public affiliates with any player who exhibits positive proof of his histrionic skill is slowly surrounding Edward G. Robinson whose brilliant dual performance of gangster and clerk in Columbia's "The Whole Town's Talking" is a scintillating town topic.

Columbia has, in the straight course of its own spectacular voyage to stardom, thrown life savers to many an established star who was drowning from lack of a vitalized and original script, but never have they rescued a more worthy victim than Mr. Robinson.

HELEN E. ROWLEY, Earlville, N. Y.

WITH PARDONABLE PRIDE—

FROM the time I started to read your wonderful magazine, it made my soul different. I'm perky nowadays. No weary days for me now. I'll write to you always. There is much more I could say, but I'll stop. Sincerely with best regards, with love, yours,

JUDITH YURIKO KANEKIYO, Makaweli, Kauai P. S.—I give my best regards of the year to my dear friend, PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wabby story gives Tullio Carminati and Lillian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE—RKO-Radio.—A mystery built on a murder that didn't happen. Ben Lyon and Skeets Gallagher are amusing. Pert Kelton is a fan dancer. Story at fault. (Jan.)

LIMEHOUSE BLUES—Paramount.—Gruesome for the kids, old stuff for the adults. Lurking Chinese, thugs, dope, Scotland Yard, George Raft, Jean Parker, Kent Taylor, Anna May Wong. (Jan.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather, Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LITTLE FRIEND—Gaumont-British.—The tragic story of a child victim of divorce. Outstanding is the performance of Nova Pilbeam, British child actress. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Professor Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*. (March)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

★ **LIVES OF A BENGAL LANGER**—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE—Monogram.—Eddie Nugent, William Cagney, differ over June Collyer. Enemies, they are up in the air fourteen miles and the balloon goes haywire. For the youngsters. (Jan.)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Sruenice* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

LOYALTIES—Harold Auten Prod.—An overplayed adaptation of John Galsworthy's play based on an attempt to degrade a wealthy Jew, with the Jew victorious. Basil Rathbone the Jew. (Jan.)

MAN OF ARAN—Gaumont-British.—A pictorial saga of the lives of the fisher folk on the barren isles of Aran off the Irish coast. (Jan.)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam of "Little Friend" fame, Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sabbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their rôles. (Feb.)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a snifle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century-United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman *P. T. Barnum*, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Raiston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

★ **MUSIC IN THE AIR**—Fox.—Gloria Swanson returns in this charming musical as a tempestuous opera star in love with her leading man, John Boles. Gay and tuneful. (Jan.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont-British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday, both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

NORAH O'NEALE—Clifton-Hurst Prod.—Dublin's Abbey Players, famous on the stage, fail in their first movie. Lacks their spontaneity and charm on the stage. (Jan.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outstick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **PAINTED VEIL, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo as the wife of a doctor (Herbert Marshall) in cholera-ridden China. A betrayed passion for George Brent reaches her real love is her husband. Powerful drama. (Jan.)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife, Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (March)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

RETURN OF CHANDU, THE—Principia.—A Hindu secret society must have an Egyptian princess (Maria Alba) for a sacrifice. Spookily thrilling. Bela Lugosi is *Chandu*. Good for the kids. (Jan.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-I direction by William Keighley. (May)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]




Bert Longworth

Latin Glamour

Dolores Del Rio is one star whose glamour does not dim when she's out of her screen setting. A cameraman caught her unawares this time, when she was resting between scenes of "In Caliente." But had she been specially posed for a portrait, Dolores couldn't have looked more alluring





The Verdict

Cameras and powerful lights are trundled nearer to the bed for close-ups of a tense scene in M-G-M's "Public Hero No. 1." Doctor Lionel Barrymore examines the patient, Joseph Calleia, while the crew looks on and the romantic leads, Jean Arthur and Chester Morris, exchange significant glances. Director J. Walter Ruben is at the foot of the bed, the light on his face



Otto Dyar

"For remembrance"

"Rosemary for remembrance," sings the poet. But Rosemary Ames stands not only for many pleasant screen remembrances of the past but happy promises in the future. Her latest film is with Shirley Temple in "Our Little Girl." You knew, of course, Rosemary is Mrs. Abner Stillwell

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

NOEL COWARD, playwright, actor, and man of the world, proves to be, under the merciless scrutiny that the screen always offers, not merely a celebrity but a personality. Probably none other could more adequately play the title rôle in Ben Hecht's and Charlie MacArthur's latest picture, "The Scoundrel." And certainly no one outside those two notables—unless it be Coward himself—could have written this film. Indeed, one may reasonably draw the inference all three had a hand in creating the script, for the player seems exceedingly to enjoy uttering the lines his rôle calls for. However that may be, the work is a typical Hecht-MacArthur conceit, shot through and through with their originality and daring.

I AM not alone in my suspicion that the pair have been a bit waggish—pulling a fast one on the public—with Coward aiding and abetting them. Many will accept this piece on its face value as pointing a moral, showing that the wages of sin are repentance and death. Others may detect a satirical note—as, for example, in the dialogue between the arch-villain *Mallare* (Coward) and one of his girl victims—a note that pokes a little fun at the conventional movie heroine in similar situations. And both these classes of film addicts will merge into a third, who don't know quite what the film is all about.

But whatever the underlying motives or purposes of the authors, one thing is pretty certain—this picture is going to be widely discussed and at this time—just a few days after its release—promises to be excellent box-office.

Hecht's and MacArthur's offering is so fresh and unusual as to suggest that the cinema has by no means exhausted its possibilities, and the dialogue is, at times, scintillating.

THIS is their second release as joint-producers, authors, and directors, and again they prove they know how to adapt their superb skill as story technicians and playwrights to the exacting requirements of the screen. Made at the Astoria studios, Long Island, "The Scoundrel" is practically free of the Hollywood influence.

Over and above excellent craftsmanship, it is in its genuine sophistication that this picture may claim distinction. It is the answer to all criticism that the screen lacks appeal for the intellectual.

AFTER seeing Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman," I can understand why Paramount renewed her contract. Most of the critics on the Coast lambasted the picture vigorously, and Eastern reviewers alluded to Dietrich's "coy" acting. Personally, I found the picture much better than represented. The rôle she plays

is a difficult one, that of a temptress who gives her lovers nothing. She sustains this rôle admirably in the earlier scenes. Whatever both she and the picture may lack is due, in my estimation, more to improper direction than to any other factor. And whatever you may think of her recent films, I prophesy Dietrich will again become her old dazzling self.

DEATH riding in an unknown car, driven by an unknown woman, brought sorrow to the thousands who are entertained and cheered by motion pictures, and grief more poignant to four families. The disaster in the Southern California mountains that killed John Coogan—father of Jackie—Junior Durkin, and two others, and injured Jackie Coogan, was the more appalling, because it was so sudden, so unexpected.

Junior Durkin's passing was particularly sad because the young actor, though still not twenty, had been on stage and screen for over seventeen years, and seemed to be defying the unwritten law that juveniles must quit their careers with approaching maturity.

In the past five years he had excellent rôles in more than a score of films, including "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "So Big," and "Little Men." At the age of two he first appeared on the stage and in the Winter season of 1933 starred in the Broadway stage play "Growing Pains." Junior had the winning, boyish type of personality that had great appeal for all audiences.

WALT DISNEY has the word of the League of Nations for it that his fantasies are universally regarded as "works of genius." The League, it seems, goes into other matters besides trying to keep its members out of war. Its Nations Child Welfare Committee has presented a study of "Cinema for the Young" in which are summed up the picture preferences of youth of eleven different countries. And "Nordics," Latins and Americans are unanimous in the conclusion that "Mickey Mouse" and the "Silly Symphonics" are tops.

According to the League's report, masculine and feminine youth show remarkable similarity of tastes in such various countries as the United States, Italy and England. The girls lead off with romance; the boys with Westerns. The average girl's choice indicates that, after romance, she prefers, in their order, comedy, Westerns and tragedy. Sports, adventure, educational and war pictures are at the end of the procession. Boys follow up their first choice with other types of adventure, comedy and mystery. War, romance, tragedy and educational films, with them, come last.

From the report, apparently some of the scenes of a morally questionable nature that trouble censors are unobserved or ignored by children. It is not at all surprising that American children lead the world in their attendance at motion pictures, while only one per cent of Japanese high school pupils visit a picture theater oftener than once a week.

Discussion of the report brought out the point that there are still few pictures made with a youthful audience distinctly in mind. The findings of the Nations Child Welfare Committee may suggest an idea to some enterprising Hollywood producer. A tremendous box-office awaits the one with the right idea.

THAT chap Darryl Zanuck seems to ring the bell every time he fires his target pistol. He takes his time about loading and aiming but when he lets go you know he is sure of himself. He has given Twentieth Century half a dozen big successes, each one more distinctive than its predecessor. Profits aren't eaten up by a lot of mediocre films that must be paid for by one box-office hit.

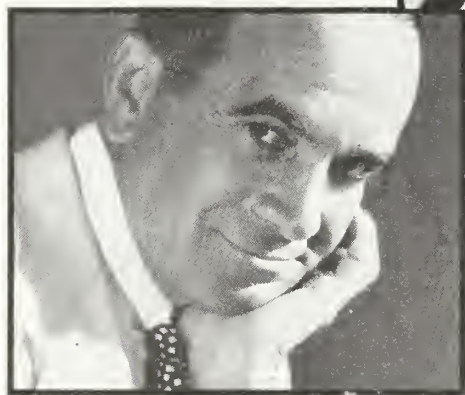
"Les Miserables," his latest, is running true to form. Unsupported by stage entertainment or other inducements it thrilled Broadway for weeks at an admission price unheard of since the depression. Zanuck not only knows how to make pictures. He knows the public, too. He is that rare combination—a fine artist and a splendid business man.



Stephen McNulty

WE'VE always heard that Hollywood gardens are wonderful, and now we believe it. Our cameraman, snooping over a garden wall, got this picture of Virginia Bruce casting an appreciative eye over her flower beds. At the studio she's completing "Masquerade"

AND NOW THERE IS Al Jolson, Jr.



Al Jolson brought tears to the eyes of the world singing "Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy," to a little shaver in the movies. Al has his own youngster to croon his lullabies to now



RUBY KEELER stood in front of a nursery window at "The Cradle," home for adopted babies at Evanston, Illinois. Through the pane glass, a uniformed attendant held up a sleeping infant—just two weeks old. He had about as much hair as Guy Kibbee, and his eyes had that vague unfocused gaze of a new-born baby. But there was something about the tiny contour of his face that reminded her of her favorite actor—(Al Jolson, to you!)—and, instinctively, she knew that here was the "blessed event" she and Al had been anticipating for almost six years.

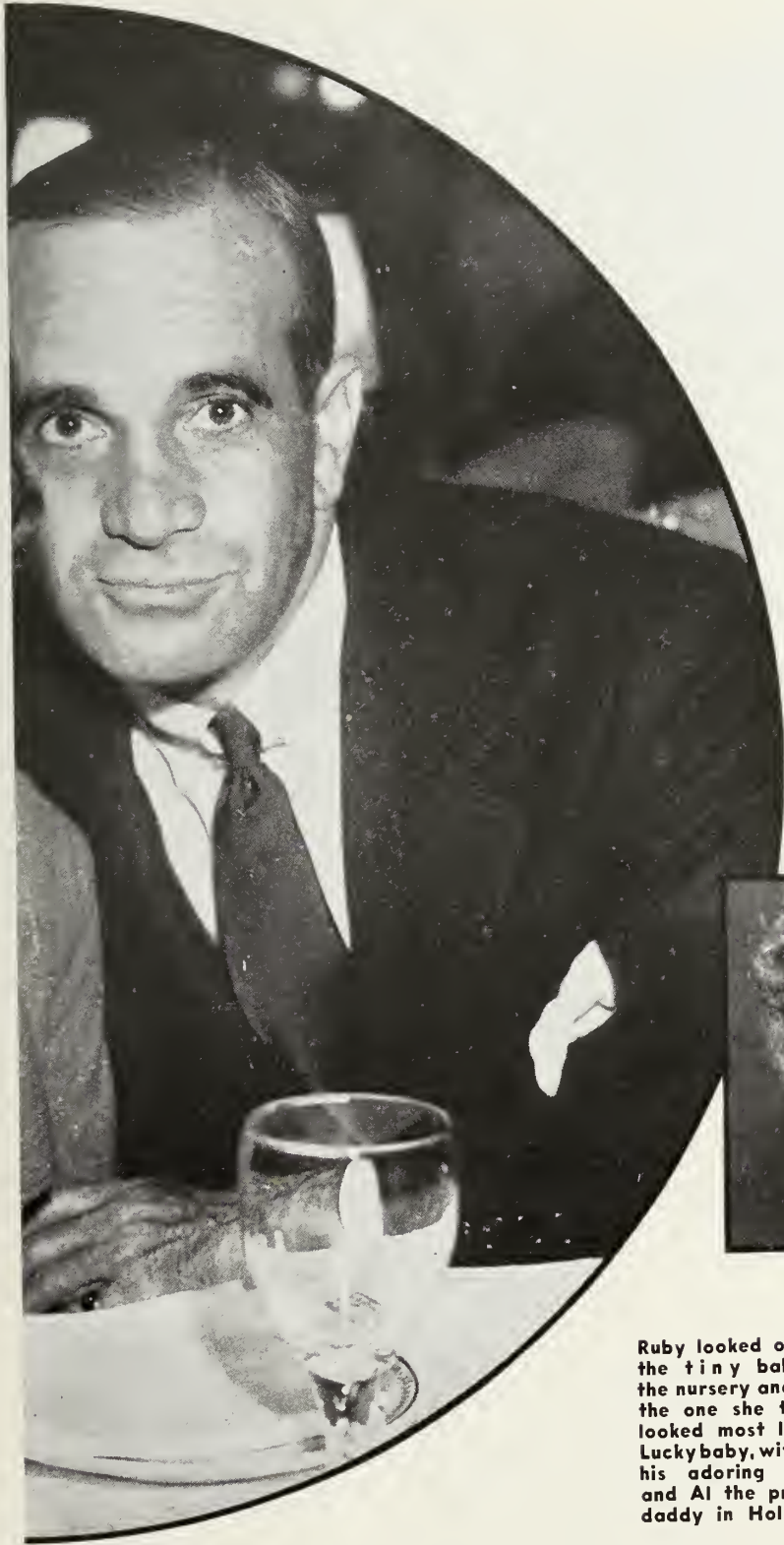
And so, little Al Jolson, Jr., left "The Cradle" to become the adopted son of the world's greatest entertainer and his beautiful, flawless Ruby.

If, as Shakespeare says, "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," it is certainly true in the case of Ruby Keeler.

Three months ago, her nineteen-year-old sister, Anna Mae, died. And it was out of the infinite pain of her tragic passing that Ruby turned to the solace and comfort of a baby.

"Not that little Al, or anyone, can ever erase the memory of my adored sister," she told me, when I called on her at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel to express my sympathy. "But I realize that not only I, but my whole family need an outlet for the affection we can no longer lavish on Anna Mae."

Her large blue eyes filled with tears, and her voice was too choked to continue. Looking at her lovely pale face, made whiter by the contrast of her mourning frock, I knew that this first shadow on her shining world would leave an irreparable scar. She seemed to find an emotional release in talking, so she went on, "Al has always longed for a son. You can't have sung 'Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy,' as often as he has, without



The family circle of one of Hollywood's most famous couples is now complete! Al Jolson and his wife, lovely Ruby Keeler, have been anticipating this "blessed event" for more than six years

By RADIE HARRIS



Ruby looked over all the tiny babies in the nursery and chose the one she thought looked most like Al! Lucky baby, with Ruby his adoring mother and Al the proudest daddy in Hollywood

celebrate our sixth wedding anniversary on September 21st), we ought to think of settling down in a permanent home, instead of commuting between hotel suites and rented houses every few months. So Al bought a five-acre ranch at Elcino, about twenty miles from Hollywood, and only twelve minutes from the studio at Burbank.

"It is a glorious site, covered with orange, lemon and walnut groves. In the midst of

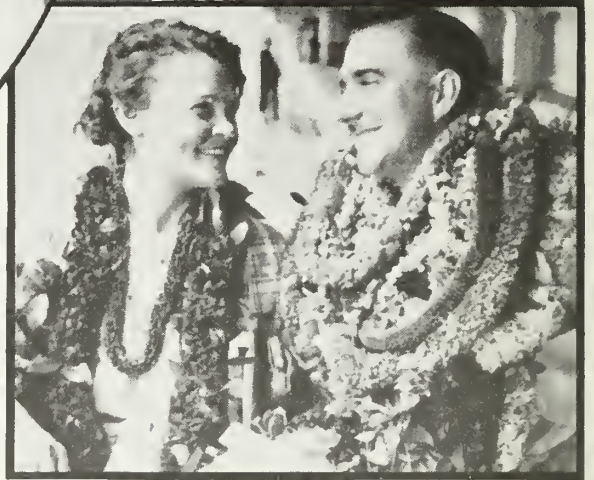
feeling the reaction! As for me, I have known such happiness in my own family life that I could never be content with a childless marriage. We had decided long ago that, if we weren't fortunate enough to be blessed with a baby of our own, we would adopt one. Last year, when Al re-decorated our home in Scarsdale as a surprise for me, he furnished a complete nursery. It was adorable—even though the baby's crib was so large, it looked as if we were expecting a junior Carnera!

"But we didn't adopt little Al then, because we were called back to Hollywood to start production on "Go Into Your Dance." We decided to wait until after the picture was over. In the meantime, we agreed that, as an old married couple (we

these, we are building a rambling New England farm house, an unpretentious place, just big enough for Al, the baby and me. Adjoining it, we will build a small guest house. Right next door there is a five-acre grapefruit grove that I'd like to buy. It will protect us from neighbors, and it is a good investment, besides!"

Ruby managed a smile at the thought of herself as a "property owner."

As soon as "Go Into Your Dance" was completed, Al had to leave for New York to start a series of radio broadcasts. Ruby remained in Hollywood to stay with Anna Mae, who had been rushed to the Good Samaritan [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Happy landings! Paul Mantz, the "Honeymoon Pilot," brought bride Lola Lane and her husband, Director Alexander Hall, back from their knot-tying

Mantz, besides being Hollywood's number one Flying Cupid, is nationally known in aviation circles. He's with Mrs. Mantz at Hawaii, advisor to Amelia Earhart

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

FLYING THE

CUPID wore wings and so, quite appropriately, does Paul Mantz.

Paul Mantz is Hollywood's Flying Cupid. He hasn't chubby cheeks, nor a rosebud mouth nor curls, and he doesn't work his medicine with a bow and arrows—he uses a stick. To be specific, he packs matrimonially minded movie stars into his swift Lockheed plane and zooms them the two hundred and seventy-five miles or so to Yuma, Arizona, or Las Vegas, Nevada, beyond reach of California's three day "gin-marriage" law.

Any hour of the day or night—and ninety-five out of one hundred times the scene is well after decent bed time—comes an insistent jingle from the telephone at the Mantz ménage.

"Yeah," says Paul Mantz sleepily.

"This is so-and-so," says a voice, "and we wanta get married."

"Okay," yawns the Honeymoon Pilot, shaking the sleep out of his eyes. "that's your business. Which'll it be—Yuma or Las Vegas, and when do we start?"

"Yuma," they usually say, because for some reason the tiny town that sprawls out on the Arizona desert is the favorite hitching post of Hollywood. "How about twenty minutes?"

"Make it a half hour," compromises "Mendelssohn Mantz" obligingly. "And don't forget the ring."

They meet him at his hangar at the United Airport in Burbank, ten miles out from Hollywood. The blushing movie bride and the nervous movie groom standing on one foot while Mantz warms up the famous "Honeymoon Express" which has carried more stars via the stars to the altar than any other one bridal carriage in town.

Paul Mantz is discreet. He tends to his business and watches the motor rather than the snuggling embraces of the movie lovebirds about to brook their better judgments. But there's one thing he has noticed—invariably movie honeymoon couples are in an awful hurry, and that puzzles him.

"How fast can we make it?" they always ask. And he tells them. "An hour and twenty minutes to Yuma, if we're lucky, in the fast plane—a little longer in the other cabin job."

They always pick the fast one—the "Honeymoon Express"—even though it costs one hundred and forty dollars to the one hundred and five dollars fare in the slow ship.

Sometimes he warns. "It's not too safe—plenty of fog." But that doesn't mean a thing when screen stars sniff the enchanting aroma of rice. "Fog!" they cry. "Can a little fog



The Honeymoon Express itself, poised for a quick getaway. Right, Evelyn Venable is about to take it with husband-to-be (now is) Hal Mohr, as pilot Mantz smiles

Paul Mantz has piloted many stars to the altar, yet he rarely knows their names because he never sees a motion picture



HONEYMOON EXPRESS

cool our love, darling? Contact!" Love not only laughs at locksmiths but old Jupe Pluvius the weatherman as well, on occasions.

Besides, there is a well-founded belief around Hollywood that with Paul Mantz at the controls you're going to get there—all in one piece—nor wind, nor rain nor sleet nor snow—the male (and the female) go through—to Yuma's marrying judge.

There's a hundred per cent record of safety to back this belief—in over four thousand hours of flying—in exactly thirty-three honeymoon sky-rides. But Mantz and his Cupid-cargoes have had their moments.

One night he hurtled the "Love-in-bloom Limited" through pea-soup vapors four thousand two hundred feet high, carrying a Columbia studio executive, Jerome Safron, and his actress bride-to-be, Nancy Cornelius, to Yuma.

But let him tell it—

"We shot over Yuma and you couldn't see your hand in front of you—it was that dark. The field at Yuma is small and unlighted, so if you come in at night, you have to be an owl to find a place to sit down. I threw over one flare, but it didn't do any good. I was too low to waste another when I

saw if I kept on I'd smack right into a concrete culvert.

"We had been riding a tail-wind, but often down there in the desert the wind on the ground blows in just the opposite direction. I didn't have time to explain—I just did a ground loop, pulled her back from that culvert and sat down.

"My goodness, what was that?" they gasped when it was all over.

"Just a fast turn,' I said, but I don't think they believed me. Anyway, the next morning I read in the paper where I had 'landed on my back' and cracked up! That's just what I had kept from doing!"

As a matter of fact, Paul Mantz, like Will Rogers, (who, by the way, called on Paul to take him up the other day to see Wiley Post drop his landing gear when he made the stratosphere attempt with his *Winnie Mae*) has to depend on the papers to find out about the movies and usually the celebrities he flies to be Yu-mated. Although he got his Hollywood start stunt flying for air-thrillers, and still flies for aerial photography, he never goes to movies.

Half the time he doesn't know who his romantic passengers are.

One night a couple called and said they had honorable



Wally Beery, an expert at the controls himself, talks shop with Frank Clarke, movie stunt flyer, and Paul Mantz. He helped Wally to perfect his technique. Paul himself has stunted daringly for the movies in his time. He still holds the record for breath-stopping outside loops with a stock plane—forty-six

intentions. Mantz flew them to Yuma, witnessed the knot-tying, dropped the newlyweds off at Caliente and flew home to a welcome bed.

The next morning with his orange juice he read that he had Cupided Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak. The man had said his name was Fenton, and he had a pretty bride, but that was all the significance Mantz had attached to his fares.

Another night a striking blonde and a short man with a toothbrush moustache drove up to the hangar. They said they were in the market for a sky-jant across the state line, and, as usual, they were in a hurry.

"The slow ship is the only one in the hangar," they were told. "The Lockheed won't be in until later."

"How fast can you make it?"

"Couple of hours each way."

They said they'd rather wait in the air than in Hollywood, and glancing nervously behind as if they expected a posse to come over the horizon any minute, they climbed into the cabin.

Screaming bold-faced headlines announced to Paul Mantz the next morning that Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson had eloped by air.

Most stars and their to-be's, for some strange reason, try desperately to keep their wedding flights a secret from the press. What a difference a few hours makes isn't quite clear (could it be a better publicity break?), but all assume the attitude of fugitives from justice. The very word "reporter" or "photographer" is enough to make them dart glances over shoulders and speak in hoarse whispers.

Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton were in the same nervous

hurry, and Director Al Hall and Lola Lane played tag with the press.

They can't beat the game, of course, because the Los Angeles papers have correspondents in both Yuma and Las Vegas who stick as close to the marriage bureaus as fly-paper to a rubber heel. Maybe it's fun—like hare and hounds—anyway, they resort to all sorts of tricky ruses to keep secret news which if kept out of the headlines the next day would probably send them into a relapse.

When Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr decided to do something about it recently, they planned the romantic exit coolly and carefully. In fact, it's the only marital excursion Paul Mantz can name as being arranged for ahead of time. But instead of making arrangements themselves, they sent out a friend who said *he* was getting married. And just to throw everyone, including Paul Mantz himself, off the track they arranged for a daylight flight!

Paul Mantz tries to make his customers as comfortable as possible in his splicing special, which, by the way, is exactly the same kind of plane as the one used by Amelia Earhart to span the Pacific from the Hawaiian Islands. In fact, Mantz accompanied her to Honolulu as technical advisor. She makes her headquarters in his hangar when she's in town.

But inside his air wedding wagon, which is devoted to less epic but just as sensational uses, he has all the comforts of home so the fugitive lovers can't blame him for any headaches that might possibly follow. The seats are big and soft, and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Here's Paul in a top flight. Next to him are Roscoe Karns and George Palmer Putnam, publisher husband of Amelia Earhart (top). Nice smile, Myrna Loy. Amelia Earhart makes her headquarters at Mantz's hangar when she's in Hollywood. In fact, his fast plane is the one Amelia spanned the Pacific Ocean in



Marlene Dietrich en famille—husband Rudi Sieber, Maria, holding her fascinating mother's hand. If Marlene does not gain new inspiration, revive her enchanting freshness now, it will be her own fault

What Is Dietrich's Destiny?

Will this still potential great star at last return to the heights without Von Sternberg?

By WARREN REEVE

HOLLYWOOD'S greatest *Svengali-Trilby* alliance is ended—and Marlene Dietrich remains the screen's premier problem actress and its major mystery star.

The problem is what to do with her in pictures. The mystery is her destiny on the screen.

Josef Von Sternberg spent five years trying to solve the first and attain the second. In that time he dedicated his entire art and energy to the task. But now the Von Sternberg-Dietrich saga has been sung. It was the saga of an intelligent, artistic man's unbounded faith in the promise of a woman. It was the story of a woman's reverence for her *maestro*.

When Von Sternberg recently said bluntly to a dazed Dietrich: "We have gone as far as we can together, I shall direct you in no more pictures," it was as if he had confessed, "I have failed to steer you to the fulfillment of the promise I saw in you when I found you in a Berlin musical show and dropped everything to guide you to greatness. I have failed to discover the jewel which I know hides somewhere within you. I don't know which way to go with you from here. Five years have proved that I am not your man of destiny. Let us forget these years and start over again—with someone else."

There are two sides to the pathos of the situation: There is the pathetic spectacle of an artist cheated of his masterpiece. There is the sad sight of a pupil repudiated by her teacher.

And then there is the tragic picture of a potentially great

career wavering helpless on a precarious ledge in the shadow of the summit.

Stars are rare in Hollywood. You can count the great screen stars on your fingers. Marlene Dietrich from the start has been a potential great motion picture star. Von Sternberg recognized this when he first saw her in Berlin. After he had worked with her in "The Blue Angel" he was sure of her promise.

He brought to Hollywood a lovely, Dresden doll Dietrich as fresh and as exhilarating as the first breath of Spring. He knew what he had—the chance for a supreme creation—the opportunity to mold his screen masterpiece.

He has been sincere and untiring. She has been loyal with an unquestioning devotion. Circumstances made this teacher and his pupil closer than any such ordinary professional alliance. He was practically a countryman of hers, the only one whom she could depend on in a foreign and critical land. She leaned on him for help in her tiniest problems. He found houses for her, helped her adjust herself to the new life. He coached, tutored, advised and jealously guarded her. She was tucked under his wing completely. Dietrich has made but one picture without him—Rouben Mamoulian directed her in "Song of Songs."

If Von Sternberg, after being professionally wedded to Dietrich for five years, still does [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

DIAMOND JIM

Binnie Barnes and Arnold in a daguerrotype pose as Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady for Universal's picture. Brady once offered Lillian a million dollars if she'd marry him, but, of course, she didn't



The famous Jim Brady, who dazzled Broadway and squired Lillian Russell, lives again, and brilliantly, in the person of Edward Arnold

Now at last that day has come, with Edward Arnold in no less a part than that of the huge Diamond Jim himself. Seeing Mr. Arnold in make-up, I was amazed, for from head to foot he was to the life the same renowned New Yorker I had met, curiously enough, at the same Empire Theater.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Arnold, "in this picture 'Diamond Jim Brady,' I have the biggest part I've ever played. And it's the strangest thing that ever happened to me, for when Miss Barry-

more, and then Miss Elliott, introduced me to the man himself I never dreamed that one day I'd be playing him. My only feeling on both occasions was that of paralyzed awe. When Diamond Jim suddenly loomed up before me I just stood there cockeyed."

Since that distant time Edward Arnold has gained assurance as one of the finest character actors in Hollywood, though he still confesses to confirmed shyness. A man of good sense and good cheer, he is an actor of wide range. From an alcoholic millionaire to Secretary of War, he has given one the power of a dynamo, the other all the persuasiveness of a skilled diplomatist. Reigning as a gangster overlord or an imperious *Louis XIII*, he has held full sway.

But a deprecating smile playing across the table of a Hollywood cafe was his only answer to my opinion of his uncommon gifts. They might well, it seemed, have run in his family.



○ DD how things come about.

One night in New York when "Mid-Channel" was running there Diamond Jim Brady, in all his dazzling splendor, went back-stage at the Empire Theater to see Ethel Barrymore and was introduced by her to a shy young man serving as assistant stage manager. Into that great paw of Broadway's most picturesque figure slipped a trembling hand to be squeezed against precious stones encrusting all four fingers, not to mention a carbuncled thumb. Meanwhile staring eyes were fixed on blinding studs that turned an expansive shirtfront into a glittering jewelry display.

A year or so later the same diffident youth was again presented to the coruscant Brady, this time by Maxine Elliott, at whose theater he was playing the juvenile in "The Chaperon."

"Well, young man," boomed the patron of out-shone stars, "I hope that some day you'll have a big part."

COMES BACK



Edward Arnold admits he's not as good as Brody, who could eat three dozen oysters, then order and consume a full meal. However, he's doing his best to live up to Diamond Jim's reputation—for the film

Mr. Arnold, between scenes of the film, is here carrying on a custom the real Diamond Jim made famous on Broadway: surrounding himself with attractive show girls (extras here) who drink a toast to him. He never drank liquor

By CHARLES DARNTON

"No," he remarked with a glint of humor, "the only one in the theater was an uncle who played bass fiddle at Tony Pastor's."

Somehow, that amusing bit of intelligence strengthened my feeling he was German.

"Of German descent," he said, "and born down on New York's East Side. My full name was Edward Arnold Schneider. But like the dog of that name I had the tail cut off."

"Not so good for an actor?"

"A good name and my own, but somewhat wanting in dramatic fire," he chuckled. "Not that it mattered at first, for I started out to be a stationary engineer. That is, I tried to work my way through Columbia at that job for sixty dollars a month. But one day I let the engine run hot, and they threw me out. I'm afraid I wasn't keeping my mind on my work. You see, I'd already had a taste of amateur acting at Settlement House in East 76th street, where, with all the fervor of my fourteen years, I played *Lorenzo* in 'The Merchant of Venice.' So, at a friend's desperate suggestion—he probably was afraid I'd starve to death—I went back there and acted for coffee and cakes. After a year or more Ben Greet took me into his Shakespearean company at twenty-five dollars a week and I went on the road. I spoke my first line on the professional stage at Trenton, New Jersey, as *Philstrate* in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—a momentous event for me, but not for anyone else."



Lightly as Mr. Arnold dismissed his early efforts, he now had heavy work to do, and I wondered how his weight compared to that of Diamond Jim.

"Brady was two hundred and twenty, I'm two hundred and twelve pounds," he said. "But unlike him, I never ate three dozen oysters for an appetizer, then went to Churchill's for a full dinner. However, I'm doing my best in the picture to live up to him in the matter of clothes, for I have twenty-one changes. Getting measured for those suits was a big job in itself. Diamond Jim as you know, was a most extravagant dresser. It was an important part of his scheme of life to look overpoweringly affluent. He once said to a friend of mine, 'I wish I was rich enough to be taken for a sucker.' He probably meant that he would then 'take' the other fellow. Certainly he was far from one himself. He proved that by the wholesale way he sold steel cars and other [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

You Can't Get On These Sets!

To PHOTOPLAY'S knowledge, this is the first candid picture of Greta Garbo taken on her set. In "Anna Karenina," Greta plays croquet with Fredric March, and enjoys it so much, she plays it between scenes. It's a mean game!



GRIMES



All visitors, while the vital scenes of "Anna Karenina" and "The Flame Within" are being shot, are forbidden, or, at least, kept distant

Take one! Greta Garbo's first scene, with Basil Rathbone, for "Anna Karenina." Director Clarence Brown is in a pensive mood. He has done six of Garbo's pictures, which is a world's record. But Cameraman Daniels has handled nineteen of Garbo's twenty films!

The emotional scenes in "The Flame Within" are being photographed to the tempo of the musical score, instead of scoring the picture after it is completed, as customary. Edmund Goulding (in white trousers) directs a scene with the aid of Jerome Kern, dean of American composers (with script in hand). In the scene are Margaret Seddon, Herbert Marshall, Maureen O'Sullivan, Louis Hayward, a stage "find," and the blonde Miss Harding



THE LADIES SAY,

"He's Got What It Takes!"

Nelson Eddy, opera's gift to the screen, has captured feminine hearts with his "wooing" voice and the charm of his sturdy masculinity

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

I KNEW him first when he didn't have a movie fan-mail letter to his name, when he was just an ambitious young singer trying to get along on concert's small-time trail.

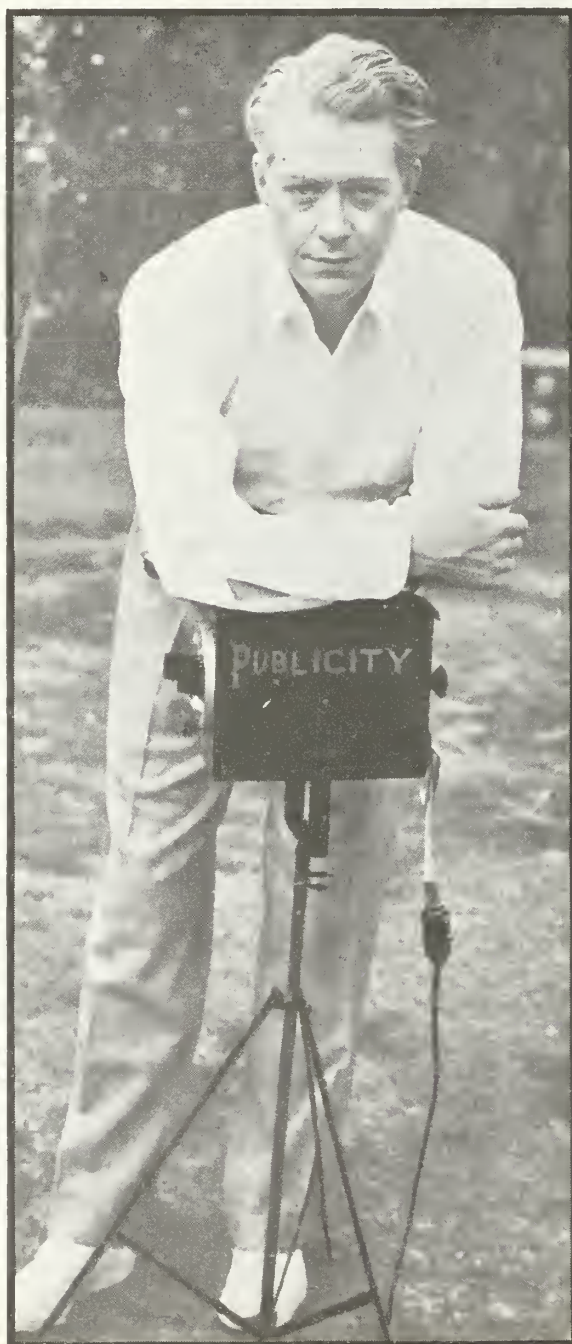
San Diego, California, was the place. San Diego would hate those words, "small time"—especially this year when the great fair makes her one of the crowded capitals of the world—but the fact remains that the city of aviators and theosophists is the one place in Southern California where young singers and players are glad to go when they can't quite "make" Los Angeles.

"You must hear him," said a woman friend of mine. "He's got what it takes."

How often have I heard women say that of him since! But this first time in San Diego, the remark meant little to me because I hadn't seen Nelson Eddy.

Since I *have* seen him, I have been able gradually to break down that most common of all feminine remarks about him into understandable terms of personality, temperament, presence, physique, vitality, poise, voice technique. It's not difficult, so far as it goes, because Eddy has them all in clearly defined, easily recognizable quantities. But none of these things accounts for what the blond young giant did to the crowd of sophisticated women who had gathered languidly from homes and hotels in San Diego and Coronado and La Jolla to hear an almost unknown singer on this softly beautiful California night.

The boy had something else, something I must find out about. He had to have it to "get" me, along with the



women; for I don't care much for itinerant opera singers; especially I don't care for ambitious ones trying it out on the concert dog. The program notes, an institution designed to tell concert-goers why and how they should like the performers of the evening—fortunately, this device has not yet reached the motion picture theater!—did not reassure me. According to the program, Mr. Eddy was exuberant, expansive, vivacious, eager. It looked like a terrible evening. Then, suddenly but without undue exuberance, expansion, vivacity or eagerness, there strode out from the wings the most disarming young male person these old eyes have ever seen.

From down in front he looked eight feet tall. He is six. In the glaring stage lights his hair looked almost white. It is whitely blond. His dress coat, superbly tailored, hung almost loosely from his massive shoulders. His wide, white tie gleamed brightly below his clean-cut, slightly florid, indubitably masculine features.

He stood thus for a brief moment of what seemed a conscious effort at friendly communion, during which those boyish blue eyes smiled ingratiatingly down on us in a contagion of enthusiasm. I thought he was going to croon. But he didn't. Instead, he opened

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]

Actually, in person, movie-dom's latest singing sensation appears to be a most disarming young man. But when he sings, he puisates with the authority of a great artist not to be denied. In the pictures at the right can be seen his strong personality. That's June Knight with him





Wallace Reid, his wife, Dorothy, with their baby son lived happily in this home which they had lovingly planned and built. After Wally's death, Dorothy lost the property, and for a long while couldn't bear to go past the empty house where so many of her dreams were buried. Since then various occupants have come and gone

HEART-BREAK HOUSES

HOLLYWOOD has more of them to the square mile than any other city in the world . . . Houses of broken dreams.

Houses that once were homes, that sheltered romance and love—even peace and contentment. Now deserted and forlorn, they have that tragic look peculiar to lonesome houses. Or they are lived in by strangers who know nothing of the dreams that were drawn with the plans.

There are depression houses everywhere—built by the stock market and sunk the same way. At least one must be in your town and you are familiar with its history. You pass by it often, perhaps you once went to gay parties there, in happier days—and it always revived memories and a sigh.

In Hollywood, a seasoned villager can drive past *twenty* such houses in an ordinary day. But these are not places vacated by high finance—they are homes broken by swiftly changing emotion!

If you came here for a season and inspected houses to rent, you would be amazed at the agent's frequent "this is where so-and-so lived when she (or he) was married to so-and-so."

There are few houses without histories in all the town of Hollywood.

In every gathering of old-timers, when the reminiscences begin to run riot, they invariably start with some such statement as "remember that big party at King and Eleanor Vidor's house—the one Jack Barrymore bought—etc., etc."

And now Dolores Costello Barrymore has just moved out of the same house—anticipating her husband's return to Hollywood after a long absence. Speculation goes the rounds, as always on these occasions. The gossips say Jack sent word to her to leave. . . . That the divorce is only a matter of minutes.

And the palatially comfortable big house that rambles over a mountain and was enlarged to contain the Barrymore treasures from all over the world—what happens to that? Will Jack return there to live? Or will new and alien voices mingle with the echoes?

Out on Sunset Boulevard is the place Rudy Vallee bought three years ago to be his honeymoon house with Fay Webb. That marriage ran its course so rapidly they never lived in it, even for a day!



No domicile was ever more famous than the home Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford built. At Pickfair Hollywood's famous visitors were entertained, and the elite of filmdom gathered. To be married from here was regarded as the perfect beginning for long happiness. Yet, of all the marriages performed here, only one lasted, Sonny and Verna Chalif's



Hollywood is full of homes built with happy dreams and broken by swift and tragic changes

By RUTH RANKIN

"Before I had time to come back to Hollywood and move into the house, my marriage went on the rocks," Rudy told a friend.

So all this hundred thousand dollar roof has ever sheltered is a caretaker in the servants' quarters.

The house had just been built and the decorations were not completed when Rudy signed the papers. He chose decorations to be suitable background for the exotic Fay. He thought they were coming to Hollywood to remain permanently. But he made one picture for RKO at that time, "Vagabond Lover," and it was not a success. He returned to New York, to his broadcasting and night club work.

Fay commuted between New York and her parents' home in Santa Monica. Then came the definite separation and Fay signed an agreement to accept a hundred dollars a week from Vallee.

With such a sum it would be impossible to keep up an establishment of the size Rudy had bought. The idea of Fay taking the house over would obviously have been absurd. And even if Rudy had a divorce *and* the house, it is probable he would not

want to live in it with another wife, should he marry again.

So there it stands—a house that has never been lighted. A magnificent mausoleum for a lost love.

We drive on out through Beverly Hills to the picture colony's most celebrated residence—Pickfair.

Probably no private domicile ever became as internationally famous. Certainly no other in Hollywood has succeeded it in social prestige. Belonging to the "superlative" era when all America had a Sweetheart, and the Sweetheart was Mary Pickford, her home became a magnet to attract distinguished visitors from all over the world.

Many say Doug and Mary were happier in the less pretentious place at the entrance to Laurel Canyon, before their "big house" days and before their home became a sort of hotel for titles. But for many years, Pickfair presented at least the outward appearance of a serene and happy home.

Since Doug and Mary were the ideal couple, to be married from their house was regarded as the perfect beginning for lasting happiness. . . . Several ceremonies took place there—but only *one* of them still holds!



Victoria and Tom Mix lived happily until she insisted on their building this palatial home. Shortly after, their romance broke up. Tom said there was no place in the house where he could put his feet up and read his paper

Mary's brother was married twice at Pickfair, the first time to Marilyn Miller, the second to Mary Mulhern. (Previously he had married the unfortunate Olive Thomas.) Eddie Sutherland and Margery Daw (now Mrs. Myron Selznick) were married at Pickfair. And Sonny and Verna Chalif (he is Mary's cousin) who were married with the blessings of the house have been the only pair whose marriage did not meet disaster. Doug Jr., and Joan Crawford were married in New York, contrary to the general impression that they were married at the home of Fairbanks Senior. . . . So there is one which cannot be counted up against the house!

Just before the separation of Mary and Doug became public, Pickfair was put up for sale. In fact, it was the house which "broke" the story of a rift between filmdom's most famous couple. At that time, Mary's plans were unsettled, Doug was away, and Mary consulted a real estate dealer to see whether or not there was a market for the place should she decide to sell it. The dealer assumed a great deal, and immediately put the story in circulation that the house was actually for sale. The *dénouement* followed.

For a time it was a sad and lovely place, full of ghosts and echoes . . . but recently its spirit has considerably revived. Mary is living there now, permanently, she says, and she does not want any one to get the idea she is languishing with a broken heart.

On the contrary, there is a new festive atmosphere, a great deal of activity. Every week sees a large dinner party for fifty or more persons. Almost every person of consequence who visits Hollywood is again entertained at Pickfair. *But* there is

a conspicuous absence of titles among them. The recent exception was Lord and Lady Byng—Canadians who knew Mary as a child actress when Lord Byng was Governor-General of Canada, and Mary lived there.

Pickfair is one of the few "broken dream" houses that have, in a measure, redeemed themselves. Several others could have the same thing said of them. . . . The house Florence and King Vidor built together and left—separately—is now the harmonious dwelling of Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders. The famous old Ince estate, sold by Mrs. Ince when Thomas Ince met with tragic death, is now the Laemmle home where Junior and his father entertain lavishly.

Nazimova's once-celebrated *ménage*, a point of interest for every sightseer, became the site of an apartment hotel, the Garden of Allah, where Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan and many other stars live. The big comfortable place at the entrance of Beverly Hills, where "Polly" Frederick once reigned supreme, was later occupied by the Irving Thalbergs when they were first married. It is now the home of Harpo Marx—with a harp, illuminated by Neon lighting, in the front window!

The Charles Ray house, with its exquisitely fragile French decorations and its gold dinner service, was once a Hollywood show place. So much has been written about the footmen back of each chair in the dining room, the black-and-gold Chinese playhouse, that you know all about that sad story. The house was bought several years ago by a middle Western family named Smith, who are not associated with pictures.

Valentino's lonely "Falcon's Lair" stands unoccupied since his death. There were legal entanglements involving the estate. Recently, Pola Negri was supposed to have bought the place. She found it so badly in need of restoration—termites had undermined an entire wing—that no deal was made. Just the other day we passed by it and saw Valentino's brother and his wife out working in the yard. It was the first sign of life seen around the place in years.

The beautiful house in Bel Air [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



Randy goes over a script with Nigel Bruce. They are unshaven for their rôles in RKO-Radio's "She"

By ELLEN GRANT

The RISE of RANDOLPH SCOTT

Hollywood turned this Virginia gentleman into a cowboy. But he's back in the drawing-room now.

ALL the Cinderella stories don't happen to little girls. Sometimes they happen to great big, blond six-footers. For instance, once upon a time—if you'd like it that way—there was a lad named Randolph Scott and he lived in Virginia with his very fine, cultured family. He went to Georgia Tech, he played football, he took out girls, he enjoyed life, and practically any time he was ready to go to work for his father who had a large, flourishing business. However, he never got to do the latter because along came the magic fairy with her wand, and Orange, Virginia, became Hollywood, California, through the medium of Randy's best friend who had once been to movieland and wanted, more than anything else, to get back there. So Randy went with him and they both had themselves loads of fun which included dabbling with the movies—in a strictly social fashion.

Then came a game of golf with Howard Hughes, the million-
aire playboy producer, and they told him they thought it would

be interesting to see a studio before headin' for the old South again. Hughes thought so too. He called up Fox and had the two young men all lined up for a day's extra work, so they'd have something to tell the folks back home.

Next morning, bright and early, they got themselves buttoned up in swanky Austrian uniforms, had greasepaint daubed on their faces and joined the mob of extras. Here we pause to allow the aforementioned magic fairy to appear again. This done, we now allow both the Fox studio and Mr. Cecil B. DeMille to see the big, blond, handsome Randy in the smartly fitting uniform and both, simultaneously, to ask him to take a test!

The Southern gentleman, in the midst of his mingled joy and surprise, took both. Fox, on seeing it immediately offered him a part in a picture then ready to leave on location. But the great C. B. made him such glorious prophecies he declined the Fox offer. But the prophecies [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

CALYORK'S GOSSIP

CLOSE friends of Janet Gaynor's are worrying about her and prescribing—of all things—a nice romance!

Janet, for the first time in a long time, is making a picture without a romance in her life. She and the New York doctor decided to call it quits a few months ago and since then she has been, and still is, "heart whole and fancy free."

But her friends say she's not half as sparkling and peppy without romance as she is with it—so they're looking around.

HENRY FONDA, Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband is playing with Janet in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—and there have been whisperings that perhaps he and Janet would drift into love-in-bloom. Just because of these very whisperings, both Janet and "Hank" have been steering clear of each other warily—but those who know say if people wouldn't talk about it all the time and give them a chance to get together in their own way—that might be the right combination.

It has possibilities.

(Right) When Eddie Lowe gives a party the stars turn out! Here are Bruce Cabot, Adrienne Ames, Anita Louise, and Tom Brown hiding behind Anita



(Left) It's a boy at Andy Clyde's house! And his name is John Allan. This family group picture of John, his mother, the former Elsie Tarron, and Papa Andy Clyde, was taken on the day the heir to the estate was just ten days old

SOMEBODY out at Warner's told us in all seriousness the other day that Ross Alexander has goats. The only answer we can think of is, *whose?*

WINI SHAW has announced her engagement to Louis Stone—and it keeps her pretty busy explaining how he isn't the M-G-M actor, but a Detroit linen merchant. And anyway, our *Lewis* is spelled *that* way, which should be distinction enough for all you observing good spellers.

PITY poor little Micky Rooney, a tough guy who has his own baseball team. He had to submit to having a curl put in his hair and lip-pouge on his mouth for his part in a recent picture. "Hey," he yelled in despair, "you're making me look like a sissy!"

OF HOLLYWOOD



ALL the rumored unpleasantness about her husband's estrangement didn't keep Dolores Costello Barrymore away from the annual Dominos frolic, nor did it keep her from being just about the most beautiful lady there.

Dolores appeared with a brand new and completely stunning coiffure a la Empress Eugénie. She was with the Arthur Byron party which included Edmund Breese and Joseph Cawthorn, all old stage veterans. Discreetly, there were no young men in the party to allow any speculation whatever to arise.

AT first Mae West was amused, then she became a little irritated—and when this was written she was pretty much on the warpath about her supposed past marriage.

Quoth Mae to me: "Last year they had me married to Jim Timony, my manager, this year they have me married to several guys named Wallace—I suppose next year they'll have me arrested for bigamy!"

Which sort of sums up her attitude on the subject.

(Left) Eddie's hungry—at his own party. That's Sally Blane by his side and Marian Marsh. Eddie's party was in honor of the very social Countess of Warwick

Don't know who owned that bottle of soda pop first, but Leo Carrillo and little Colleen McInerney are certainly sharing it in a friendly fashion. Colleen is an admirer of Carrillo's. They were together at the Hollywood polo games

KAY FRANCIS embarked for Europe, to be gone two months this time. By the strangest coincidence (or is it?) Maurice Chevalier is also over there—as he was on the occasion of her last trip.

There is also an Italian count, I hear tell, who is in the running. Well, gentlemen, at least she meets you on your own ground!

THE Countess of Warwick did a few days' extra work on "Black Sheep" with Adrienne Ames and Eddie Lowe—just to prove she had been to Hollywood no doubt. She lined up every evening, along with the extras who needed the work, to get her check. It was a gay lark, a charming caprice, but an extra girl with a three or four days' check can live on it for a month—if she has to. And frequently she does have to.





Merle Oberon and David Niven are lunching together on the sunny front porch of her little Santa Monica Beach cottage between scenes of "The Dork Angel"



Pippo, the cot, throws a nifty left hook—but it's all in fun. Skippy the Scotty is really a pal of hers. They are the pets of Phillip Reed, young Warner Brothers' ployer doing nicely

Don't know what Norman Foster sees, but Solly Blone is certainly looking at Norman! The two young ployers have been seen going around together sociably quite a lot recently



WE heard Pat O'Brien chatting with a chatterer at a party not long ago . . . like this: "But why did they separate?" the chatterer wanted to know of a certain much-discussed divorce. "Nobody knows," said Pat, playing on the safe side. "Oh, how terrible!" answered the gossip, and Pat is still wondering if he said the right thing.

IF you can figure how a man can keep a three-day beard for ten days, communicate with Clark Gable. He's that dithered about it. And all suggestions about a slight going-over with the lawn mower every morning are out. It's for a sequence in "China Seas" with Jean Harlow—and the beard must look three days old no matter how grown-up it gets.

THE future of Barbara Stanwyck has at last been settled. She'll start a new career at RKO-Radio after having had her ups and downs at Warner Brothers for years. Barbara has never been able to get along at the Burbank studio, which has a reputation of being awfully good for the careers of male stars, but often awfully bad for those of women.

The vast following that once belonged to Barbara is still loyal, but they haven't had much of a chance to see her at her best recently. Maybe with her new deal and hoped for harmonious surroundings, she'll come back to the old Stanwyck of "Illicit." Let's hope so

THOSE who have been pulling for Jack Mullah, favorite actor of the silent days, to stage a screen comeback will be happy to know that Warner Brothers have recognized the smiling Irishman's charm which adversity has never defeated. He's got a brand new contract and is all set to go places.

WHAT is one star's temperament is another's good fortune—or something.

Anyway, when Myrna Loy disappeared right in the middle of production of "Masquerade" and hied off to lose herself in the mountains without even letting Irving Thalberg know where she was, the executives went into a huddle and the result was that Luise Rainer was put into the big part.

Think of what a chance it was for the little Viennese actress' first part in Hollywood—to play with Bill Powell in a big part ordered for Myrna Loy.

Miss Loy, who has become more and more Garbo-ish and retiring of late, is saying "yes" and "no" to a lot of things lately. But this is the first time she has run away right in the middle of a picture.



IMPORTANT fashion note! Perfume for dogs! All the lighter floral scents—hyacinth, rose, lily-of-the-valley, violet—all the flowers, in fact, but dogwood. For the smaller dogs we suggest any of the aforementioned scents. For mastiffs, perhaps a spray of hydrangea would heighten his personality. These perfumes are manufactured by a Hollywood concern. Another company, not to be outdone in canine fripperies, has put out a pink paw-nail polish!

Try this on your piano. A blonde beauty inspires song-smiths Nacio Brown (at piano), Arthur Freed (in striped suit) and Dave Gould, dance director, at M-G-M



YOU'VE heard a lot about Palm Springs. It's the desert hot spot of the stars. But one of the best stories to come out of the *cholla* cactus belt is the one about Lou Alter, who earns his daily bread writing songs for the movies to make the nation sing.

Mr. Alter, who likes the Great Outdoors, was camping with some Hollywood pals out on the open sand. During the night he couldn't go to sleep because of the brightness of a full desert moon.

It gave him an idea and he wrote a song—"Moon Crazy."

Several hours later clouds piled up and rain routed him out of his pristine peace. "I Was Taken by Storm" was the result. It's in Marion Davies' "Page Miss Glory."

ONE Sunday morning at nine Fred Astaire was driving down to Palm Springs . . . that is he started to, but he never got there. A dance step suddenly flashed into his mind, and immediately, before anything would interfere to blur the vision, he turned back—pell mell for RKO and practiced until four in the afternoon. That is typical of how the dance genius creates his numbers. Sometimes, however, he works an entire day and gets no results, which proves that his work is truly inspirational.



Whatever Alice Faye and Phil Regan are saying, they have an interested audience in Mickey Rooney! The three were at the Pantages Theater for a benefit performance

Without famous moustache, cigar or goggles—but Groucho Marx still makes eyes at the blondes. The girl is one of the beauties with the Marx Brothers on their coast tour

"**A**MERICA'S Sweetheart" playing charming hostess to "America's Boy Friend." Such is the Hollywood social note of the month.

For Buddy Rogers and his mother have been the guests of Mary Pickford for some time now at "Pickfair"—and Buddy can look forward to re-adopting Hollywood as his permanent address. RKO, refusing to believe that Buddy

was all washed up, made a test of the handsome ex-star band leader and promptly signed him to a comeback picture. It will be a musical and as such should be right down Buddy's alley.

Incidentally, there seems to be no indication that his proximity to Mary Brian will start up the old romance. They're just friends.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

HAPPINESS FOR Every Type of Girl



Sylvia (left) has no patience with women who believe they are handicapped by their appearance. "Change it!" She advises

Lacking the ravishing beauty of a great many actresses, Katharine Hepburn has pushed herself to the top rung of the ladder, leaving a lot of girls with classic features way down at the bottom

HOW many times I've heard girls complain: "If my eyes were as beautiful as hers, I'd be able to have a lot of boy friends, too," or, "If I had a beautiful figure like So-and-So's I'd look grand in a bathing suit!"

Your waistline may be too high or too low. Your eyes may be small. Your mouth may be too wide. You may be able to walk down the street without having a dozen sculptors chasing you like Marathon runners, begging you to pose for them. But no matter what your defects, no matter if you have as many as Garbo has eyelashes you can—and you *must*—be attractive.

You can remodel your figure. If you don't, then you deserve to be spanked and sent to bed without your supper (and that's not a bad idea). The spanking would help reduce your hips and a few of you fat girls could miss a meal or two without doing yourself a bit of harm. Help yourself to my routine of sensible eating and exercises and you can be free from lumps and bumps. You can make your figure rival—and even excel—that of your favorite movie star. How do you like that?

Furthermore, you will be healthy. That is the main thing. You will be attractive and happy and so full of vitality that when you walk into a room every head will turn to look at you.

But first I want you to look at some of the Hollywood girls who are really attractive—girls who have had handicaps and defects to overcome but who, in spite of them, give the illusion of loveliness.

Take Norma Shearer, for instance. When she arrives at a party you know that somebody is there. Men and women both flock around her. She is one of the most attractive women in any room. Yet Norma is far from an artist's idea of perfection.

She has overcome many obstacles, and bravas to her for being honest and genuine enough to admit to her public that she has handicaps and that she must constantly work to rise above them if she is to keep her place in the realm of beautiful women. Believe me, many of our "gigantic," "colossal," "stupendous," "terrific," "glamorous" Hollywood stars could take a lesson on that score from Norma. Many of them detest



Claudette Colbert's beauty is great but it is not perfect. She has overcome her defects by the sheer force of her personality and vitality. Today she is known as one of the screen's loveliest actresses

being told they are flesh and blood and have to work at being beautiful just like you and you and you. But, take it from me, they have to be beautified. If it gives you any hope or is of any comfort to you girls who are striving for beauty remember this: The stars work for beauty, just as you work for it. Just being in the movies doesn't mean that you automatically become a gorgeous touch-me-not and God's gift of perfection to an ugly world. Because, babies, fat plays no favorites and it creeps up on movie stars with just as much devastation as it does on anyone else. Ask the box-office man!

So if you envy the beauty you see on the screen, make up your mind that if those girls can achieve the beauty you would like for yourself—so can you!

Now look at Claudette Colbert. She has handicaps, too, but she overcomes them by the sheer force of her personality, her alertness, her vitality. I want to impress upon you that vitality creates ambition and ambition gives you your rightful

Sylvia says no matter what your defects are, and no matter how many handicaps you have you can be attractive and charming

By SYLVIA



When you see Grace Moore you think she has everything. And she has! But Grace didn't always have the beauty and charm she possesses now. She worked hard for it. It's more than mere physical perfection

place in the world. And it will get you a salary raise quicker than whining to your boss that you are over-worked. Vitality is the keynote of good health, happiness and success.

Katharine Hepburn! What a personality! She is bubbling over with vitality. You know she's on the right track—Lacking the ravishing beauty of a great many actresses she has pushed herself to the top rung of the ladder, leaving a lot of girls with classic features 'way down there doing nothing but admiring themselves in the mirror [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

The RANCHO in



Ranching is no mere hobby for Joel and Frances. It's work, a career! With several hundred hens on the place, egg-gathering is a bit more than chore

Joel himself milks the finest bovine in the herd for the milk that year-old Baby Joel drinks. Bet you never before saw a movie star milking a cow!

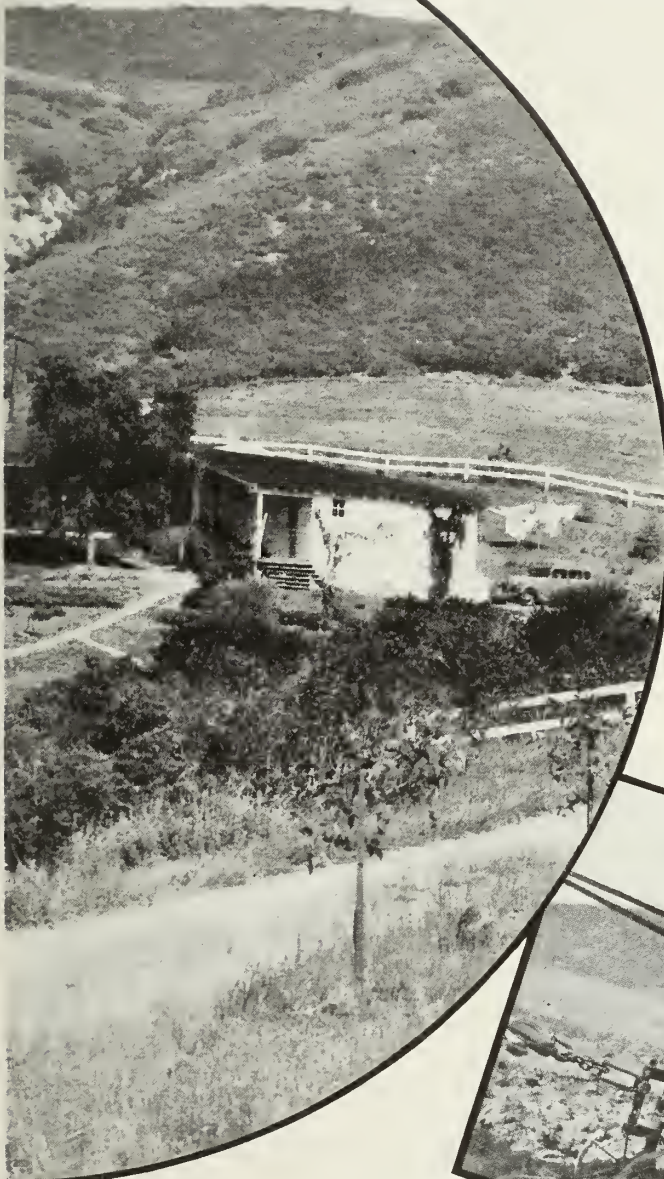
"There's no greater thrill," says Joel, "than to own land and work it." He was preparing the land for spring planting the day we dropped in



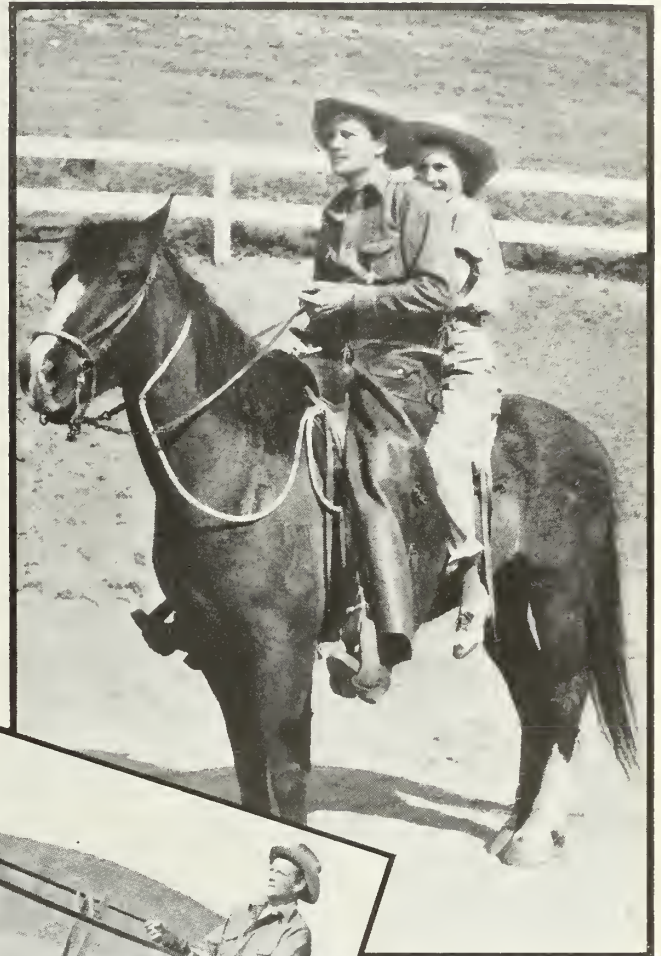
The ranch house, a ten-room dwelling, constructed on simple lines, and yet built for comfort



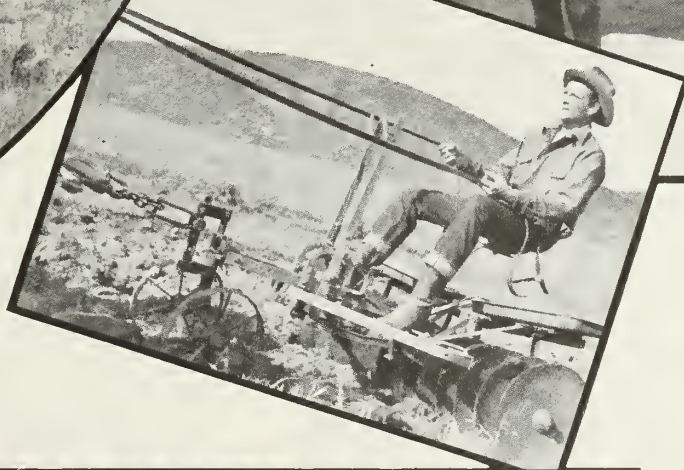
the MOUNTAINS



The permanent home of the McCreas, it commands a view of their three thousand acres



When Jael and Frances decide to go far for the mail sometimes, this is how they travel. They must ride many miles before they reach the post-office



The son of early California ranchers, he has an honest love of the soil. Here is Jael discing land in preparation for a long and very extra dry summer



Millions of pappies bloom in the McCrea's front yard. Frances gathers fresh bouquets each morning. Her watch-dog suspects the cameraman!



"I WANT To Be A CLOWN"

That has been Bob Young's plea — while Hollywood kept him weeping. But he's dried his tears now

By MILDRED MASTIN

EVERY time they had a script that called for a juvenile who had to weep, they gave me the part. Especially if there was a mother in the picture. Half the women on the Metro lot have been my parent at one time or other. I often didn't know who papa was, but mama was always there!"

It was Robert Young speaking. It was Robert Young complaining. The boy who, for four years, has been forced to face the cameras with tears in his eyes while his heart was bursting with laughter.

But all is changed now. And Mr. Young is on the way to being happy. Hollywood yielded to his plea. "I want to be a clown!" Now you may see him in his first rip-roaring comedy rôle—that of the young scalaway in "Vagabond Lady."

Bob Young's trouble began because he made a success with his first important rôle—that of the son in Helen Hayes' film, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Hollywood, like history, repeats itself. Bob had clicked right off the bat as a serious young juvenile, so he was cast in those rôles over and over and over. With each picture prophecies came: "Robert Young is rapidly climbing into the star class . . ." "Robert Young moves another notch toward stardom . . ." But somehow, Bob didn't get there.

He had none of the alibis most ambitious young actors at a stand-still have: poor rôles, too little work, unimportant pictures. During those four years he's been cast in twenty-four pictures—an average of one film every two months. And most of them were important productions, cast with Hollywood's leading dramatic stars. For he has played in films with Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding, Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young, Myrna Loy, and a number of others.

No, his difficulty was that he couldn't convince the studios that serious juvenile stuff was all wrong for him, and that he would never have real success until they permitted him to

Bob and his high-school sweetheart, Betty Lou, now Mrs. Young. She'd rather have Bob play the clown than the hero

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

DON'T LOVE ME!

People believed she was like her film characterizations: "The other women in my pictures played the girls engaged to men I lured away. Sometimes they were long-suffering wives."

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

SHE was a nurse. Two men came under her care. Gregory Cooper loved her. Sam Werks coveted her. Cooper asked her to marry him, and he'd live. She married him, out of compassion. But Cooper died under suspicious circumstances.

Her name was cleared on Werks' testimony, but when she was handed a \$10,000 check by Werks, also Cooper's lawyer, he asked her to sign it over to him—for the giving of false testimony. She tore up the check and ran away—to Hollywood, and a break in the movies.

The director assigned to her, the most famous in Hollywood, tried to inveigle her into his home. She refused, and

waited outside while he went in for coats. He never came out, but she saw a mysterious woman enter. Soon, chilled and angry, she went home.

The next day she learned the director had been murdered. She met her new director, Scott Deering, and Lanny Barnes, sound technician. Deering drove the cast, even through an earthquake. Lanny Barnes was injured by a falling light. She saved his life only to learn Scott Deering knew her identity. But he said he would protect her. Then her picture was previewed. "It's in the bag, Darling. In the bag," Deering said.

"HELL RAMPAGES" was only the first of the pictures in which Scott Deering directed me. There were five of them in all and they met with mounting success. There was something about Scott's delicate handling which softened the outlines of what might have been merely cheap and sensational sex stories and made them seem rather lovely poetic dramas. George Fitzmaurice did the same thing with Mae Murray in the silent days.

"Sohlki never could have done with you what Deering gets away with," was Uncle Lou's comment on my success. "Honest, we ain't been censored but just a little, even in Ohio and Pennsylvania."

I was featured at first and then starred. If you don't know the difference, it's all in the way the billing reads. When it says "'Worlds Without End'—with Rochelle Adair" that means that I am being featured. But when it reads "Rochelle Adair in 'Dusk to Dawn'," that's starring.

For leading men during my first year I was teamed with three of the male stars on the Inter-Stellar lot and two loan or exchange players borrowed from other studios. The other women in my pictures were almost invariably character actresses or colorless ingénues. The latter always played the parts of the girls engaged to the men I lured away from them. Sometimes they were long-suffering wives.

I'm sure that Scott Deering always directed those "vamp operas" with his tongue in his cheek. No man of his intelligence could have done it any other way. And no one but a dead-pan Englishman could have gone about the business of gilding tarnished Lilies as he did without ruining the sound track occasionally with hoots of derisive laughter.

He attacked his job with a sort of twinkling seriousness that endeared him to me. Without saying so outright he gave me the feeling that he was sharing a delightful joke with me—a joke which I fear was on you and you and perhaps even you. If I had ever had any inclination to strut a little and graduate to a larger head-size in hats his expression of amused tolerance when he worked with me would have deflated me like a pin in a toy balloon.

"In this scene," he would say, "you turn on about five hundred watts of allure, Miss Adair. Just a *soupcou*, you

might say,—not enough to give Mr. Hays the slightest uneasiness, but still plenty to keep you from ever being invited to any of the best homes in Dubuque."

All this would be conveyed to me in a very low voice as he sat teetering back and forth in his director's chair. No one else ever heard what he said except the actor working in the shot with me or the man at the microphone. The days of megaphones and shouting are gone forever—except in the case of C. B. DeMille who, when he directs a big spectacle, uses a sound amplifying system such as is employed in convention halls.

Deering was a really great director. He made you feel what he wanted done without any lengthy explanations. Often I had the sensation of being merely an extension of his own personality—when I said a line it was sometimes as if he were using my lips to speak. It is a little hard to explain and perhaps only actresses who have worked with men like David Belasco on the stage or Frank Borzage on the screen will know what I mean. There is a fine sensitiveness set up between a directorial genius and the puppets he works with which is similar to the relation between a symphony orchestra conductor and his musicians. As I have admitted before, I was a pretty dumb actress but Scott Deering certainly made me do things that came close to winning the Academy Award for both of us.

His influence extended to the other members of the cast and to the technical crew. With the latter, Deering got results without bluster. The men idolized him. One of his very staunchest admirers was Lanny Barnes, entirely recovered from the injury to his leg and returned to active duty with Adair productions.

My relations with Scott Deering were almost entirely professional. He seldom took me places off the set. I noticed it a little because I would have liked him to pay attention to me. The recollection of his easy, careless courtesy the night of the Long Beach earthquake was very pleasant. He had said I would be safe with him and I was—always.

Once I invited him to dinner at my house in the hills. He accepted, but he seemed preoccupied and unhappy. When I asked him again he made excuses.

"Why?"



"I can't tell you why," he said, almost impatiently. Then seeing my look of disappointment he added, "You're not exactly what you seem to be yourself. Allow me the same privilege. I'll tell you what—I'll take you to dinner at the Clover Club instead."

I didn't think he really wanted me to accept, so I declined. Apparently he didn't mind working with me at the studio or being with me anywhere that there were crowds. It was only intimacy that he shied away from. That made him exactly the opposite of almost every other man I had ever met. I wasn't hurt—because I felt pretty sure he understood and liked me—but I was puzzled.

I wasn't in love with him—at least not in the ordinary sense of the word. I proved that to myself by the discovery that I didn't mind seeing him around at the night spots occasionally with other women. My feeling was rather one of deep devotion, something like the loyal affection that Louella lavished on me. If he did not want me for the companion of his holiday hours I had no complaint.



"Too much talk," Scott said. "The sequence needs action—comedy action." He put his hand over Sylva's face and pushed. She fell into the pond, splashing around, making weird noises. I didn't wait to listen to her curses. I started the car and backed it to the drive

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Between pictures Scott Deering disappeared completely. That troubled me also.

Lanny Barnes explained it. "Mr. Deering never drinks a drop when he's working."

"But makes up for it when he's not?"

"Something like that."

"I've never heard about it," I doubted.

"He goes away somewhere—hides out. What he needs is a vital interest to steady him—like marriage."

"Have you suggested that to him?"

"No. I thought I'd speak to you about it first."

"Thanks, Cupid. But Mr. Deering never thinks of me that way."

"Then he's crazy."

"No, Lanny—it's just that he's a fine gentleman."

"And you're a fine lady, Miss Adair."

He said it with a little boyish jerk of his head. I liked it. Maybe because no one had ever made exactly that remark to me and meant it.

Even if Scott Deering did seem to forget my existence outside working hours I couldn't complain that I lacked invitations and escorts for my spare time. I had too many of them. Whenever a visiting celebrity arrived in town I was dragged out to meet him—usually because he asked for it. I always felt like a freak on exhibition in those cases.

But I trotted out and did my little bag of tricks because Uncle Lou wanted me to.

"Garbo has got a patent on hiding," he said. "You got to be different. I'll have a man with a candid camera trailing you wherever you go, and some day we'll get a picture of you and the President of the United States maybe, or anyhow the Prince of some country or other."

I didn't really mind so much being on exhibition at parties, previews and things like that. But it did get a little embarrassing to be recognized everywhere I went. Like most women I like to shop whether it is for a new hat or merely a soup-bone. Try to do that out here if you are fairly well known. Some of the stars wear dark glasses almost constantly. I experimented with that.

Louella, who imitated me unobtrusively in nearly everything I did, also took to wearing them. The effect was indescribably funny. Take away the whites of the eyes from a colored lady's expression and you leave nothing but a flat black mask. So, partly for her sake, I abandoned the disguise.

The scenario writer from whom I rented the shack in Hollywood came back and I had to move. It was about time anyway. A lot of money was wandering into my bank account every week and Uncle Lou wanted me to live up to it. So I bought a house in Beverly Hills, complete with tennis court and swimming pool. It was not far from the place where I had waited so long outside William Sohlki's front door the night he was killed. That seemed an age ago. Time is recorded with a high speed camera in Movieland.

A new car seemed indicated to go with the swank mansion. I selected a moderately expensive one of American manufacture. The Rolls-Royce era in the picture colony seems to be in temporary eclipse. Louella found a chauffeur for me—a young man of her own race—by the name of George Lincoln Washington.

I asked him how Lincoln got into the line-up and he answered, "My mammy, she called me just plain George Washington, but I didn't want nobody to think I was figgerin' to be president, so when I grewed up I stuck in Lincoln myself just to throw 'em off the track."

George was a couple of shades darker than Louella, which made it practically impossible to see him after nightfall, but he turned out to be a good chauffeur, and he could substitute for the butler in a pinch, although I could never quite trust him to mix cocktails without supervision. He seemed to think that all the other ingredients were superfluous as long as there was plenty of gin. George's mixed drinks had authority but they lacked finesse.

My move to Beverly Hills took place the same season that M-G-M produced "The Thin Man" and Columbia burst out with "It Happened One Night." Marie Dressler died, leaving a vacancy that can never be filled. Charles Chaplin started making a picture called "Production Number Five" and is still at it. The Purity Seal began appearing on screen plays—even mine.

It was during that season also that Dr. Khanandi mysteriously arrived in Hollywood and began predicting the future with such uncanny accuracy that he became the rage among studio people. Professionals of the stage and screen are notoriously superstitious and easy marks for any kind of fortune-telling racket. It became an apprehensive fashion to call on him regularly before making any important move. I did not go myself but from what I heard his vogue was based partly on the fact that he did not always tell his clients pleasant things about themselves. It was a novel variant of the usual method

and even the morbid visited him to learn the worst. He forecast several suicides and the customers went out and obligingly made his predictions facts. Strangely enough, this only increased his business.

I made a lot of friends during that year and a few enemies—mostly women. There were exceptions among my own sex of course.

Sometimes I was invited to Lanny Barnes' home for Sunday dinner and I always went. Lanny's mother, after she discovered that I meant her boy no harm, thawed out to me I got her recipe for sour cream doughnuts.

I mention such a homely and commonplace occurrence and friendship to show that life was not all hectic—even for me. The background of people in the motion picture business is about the same as that of any other rather small community. Most of the homes and the people in them are as conventional as those in your own town.

Uncle Lou Mueller himself lives in a sort of an overgrown palace that doesn't seem to fit him, but his family life is about the same as it must have been when he was selling ready-made clothing in a little shop years ago. He adores his roly-poly wife who is exactly the same size as Uncle Lou himself and he has two sons going to school who fill his heart almost to bursting with pride when they spend their week-ends at home.

All in all, the history of Hollywood would be very dull and uninteresting reading if it were not for a few people like me who, either by intention or by accident, get into scrapes that make front page copy for the newspapers of the world.

Not that the newspapers have ever published all the facts in regard to the next thing that happened to me. I think that some of the reporters on the assignment guessed pretty close to the truth but they were either muzzled or were too good sports to tell all they suspected.

CHAPTER XX.

It was between pictures for me and I had been at Palm Springs for ten days accumulating an expensive but becoming coat of tan. It was in the latter part of December when most of the studios are purposely inactive so that shooting schedules will not be upset by the holidays and the hangovers thereafter.

I came back to Beverly Hills a week or so before Christmas to do a little shopping. There were a lot of parties to which I was invited; some of them quiet in the English manner and others hilariously noisy. I guess I was lonesome, having no family of my own, and I threw myself into the festivities with a sort of feverish abandon.

Freddie Gay gave a cocktail tea which started out at five o'clock one afternoon and continued until noon the next day. Freddie himself said "Good night" along about eleven o'clock and went away, forgetting that he was in his own house, but a friendly policeman brought him back in a couple of hours and scarcely anybody had missed him.

Scott Deering arrived at the party shortly before midnight. He was, I think, pretty tight—I'd never seen him that way before—and with him was Sylva Velasquez. You may have forgotten Sylva—many people have. She was one of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties along with Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson and Louise Fazenda. She graduated from the custard comedies to the playing of vamp rôles in the Theda Bara manner. When that style of passion went out and flappers came in, Sylva didn't have the right kind of legs, I guess. Some critic said she had thighs all the way to her ankles. Sylva could doubtless have found a spot in the sun playing character parts, but, like a good many others who have lived even briefly in the spotlight, she could not be cured of the rôle of American Beauty. She still tried for the love interest, both on and off the screen, and people secretly laughed at her.

She felt that the breaks had gone against her and that it was only a question of time until she would make a glorious comeback. A chance—that was all she needed. To provide that chance she cultivated directors and producers. She once had been a star and because, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

MID-SUMMER

Fashion

FORECAST

Opinions of Adrian and Bernard Newman,
Based on Important Productions

WHENEVER Hollywood fashions are mentioned, the names of Adrian, M-G-M stylist, and Bernard Newman, RKO-Radio designer, whose clothes in "Roberta" drew oh's and ah's from the audience, male and female, flash flatteringly through conversation. These men know how to take a few yards of fabric and from it create fashions that leave an impression and a yen in the feminine heart. They know what women can wear, what women like, and combine the two ideas with facility.

With forthcoming M-G-M productions in mind, Adrian has chosen the following style notes as important fashion. From "No More Ladies," with Joan Crawford: [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

This white crêpe dinner gown was designed by Adrian for Joan Crawford in "No More Ladies," and is typical of the fashions to be seen in this picture. Unusual, box-like neckline





MID-SUMMER PAGEANTRY

with

Carole Lombard

Carole Lombard, "best dressed" star of Hollywood, brightens the Summer scene in a sports frock of heavy ribbed silk, buttoned down the front, and a nasturtium linen coat, with full, pleated back. Smart, those shoes of braided kid

Fashion looks upward. An air travel costume, suggested by Miss Lombard. Beige silk gabardine three-piece, swagger coat, blouse, trousers. Pig-skin belt and buttons and a beret complete an idea that is as original as practical

The genius of Travis Banton is evident in every detail of Miss Lombard's dinner gown, designed for her personal wardrobe. The upper part is entirely one-piece, skirt is tiered, with a tie neck and belt and great pearl buttons



Tahitian influence in a costume of navy-blue linen. Tie-aboutskirt banded with white and red linen. No sense, of course, to that wicker coolie hat, except that it adds a filip to a tropical theme

Extreme severity for extreme chic! Beach costume of navy-blue with white dots, sweeping white linen coat with blue revers, broad-brimmed Leghorn sun hat, for an outfit to command much attention





For "OUR

Good morning to you, Miss Shirley Temple, up there on your seesaw. We like you in that white broadcloth dress with its gay do, re, mi's hand-painted in red. It's an idea that should make a very young lady sing with joy. A dotting grandmother or aunt might want to embroider the first bar or so from a favorite song, perhaps for a birthday!

It was like René Hubert, Fox Film stylist, to use as much imagination and fine designing in Shirley's clothes for "Our Little Girl," as he does for grown-up stars. Blue and white linen, for example, cut in bolero effect with back and front panel, a neck drawstring of braided wool with cuddly balls, the touch to delight any very young lady of six



The alphabet broke loose over Shirley's white broadcloth dress, spilling the various colored letters any old place, so that Shirley might give a little serious thought to her P's and Q's. Horizontal pleating forms the yoke and extends beyond for the perky sleeves. Inverted pleats at either side give plenty of room for romping, which we are told is a favorite pastime with our favorite young Hollywood star

LITTLE GIRL"



Shirley's affections are torn between the two play costumes shown. Right is a pink-checked broadcloth frock boasting its own pink jacket. In center, pleated skirt and maize sweater with tie and buttons. Above, we find Shirley looking very formal, obviously with some place to go. The top-coat and poke bonnet are pink flannel with red-checked ribbons, and the coat collar and cuffs are red-checked gingham. The small gloves, adored by all very, very sub-debs, are white, matching her childish shoes and socks

Vacation Schemes



Net for evening, pink, of course, and a harem note in the skirt. Miss Angel likes the detachable cape, a frou-frou of net ruffles, and the fine tucking all over the gown. Easy to pack, for wrinkles shake out and net's durable. A very wise vacation bag selection

A real inspiration in linen and an idea for the country morning costume. Red linen forms the jumper with monogram and white linen neckerchief. The skirt is red and white checked, with small slits here and there on jumper and skirt. A bit of exceedingly clever designing

No color combination could be better than white and navy-blue or navy-blue and white. White crêpe, two-piece, opposite, a Heather Angel selection. Nice touches in the half stitched down pleated peplum, the heavy neck cording and the blue pompon and buckle



Holiday Thoughts—
Tahitian Ideas
Net for Evening
Linens for Day

BY COURTENAY MARVIN

An insouciant lounging affair with an atmosphere of the Left Bank. Very roomy white piqué slacks topped by a scarlet shortened smock with wide bars of white and two great white buttons. Miss Angel thinks this is a bright vacation idea for all gay young things

And how would the old-fashioned duster theme go with your new roadster? Grand, if you want something amusing and with practical uses, too, as Miss Heather will tell you. Of red and yellow plaid with a gay matching hat, generous pockets, wood buttons

A flowery beach outfit with a trick or two in that third member that Miss Heather is holding. About your shoulders, it is a cape. About your hips, a skirt, sarong style. Vivid blue ground with large flowers. All costumes are from Connie and Marian's, Hollywood



Nautical

INFLUENCE



For an evening of informal dining or dancing, Patricia Ellis wears this crisp navy-blue dotted Swiss organdy with white trim and generous skirt godets to swirl as you turn in the dance. Cool and fresh

Anchors aweigh! And away to a very nautical idea, when you find yourself garbed in white pebble crêpe with navy-blue tie-on collar, cord and anchors to spare. These designs all from Catalina Frocks

Opposite, a suggestion of the middy blouse in Miss Ellis' dotted Swiss organdy, white with red, and red touches, of course. Cool thought for a warm evening. The wide choker and the wristlets are of ivory

Opposite, Miss Ellis, next to be seen in "Stranded," illustrates a clever idea in a sports frock. White pebble crêpe with a tie-on yoke and other accents of navy-blue. Embroidered sea horses, a salty touch

MORNING-
AFTERNOON-
EVENING



This is the Summer of tailleurs. Ann Dvorak, now appearing in "G Men," wears white in an acetate fabric with a brown satin blouse. Buttoned-on pockets, mannish detail

Gray cotton lace, smartly designed, pink piqué bows with jeweled clips, and Miss Dvorak starts out for her tea engagement, cool, lovely, chic. Small black hat with field flowers

Miss Dvorak's gracious gown scatters blue tulips over a green ground and ties with a heavy blue cord. Miss Dvorak's costumes are from Martha Deane's Shop, Beverly Hills, Cal.



"Hooray for Love!" Everybody's saying it. Above, Maria Gambarelli, famous dancer and her ballet saying it with dancing. Left, Gene Raymond laughing while he tells Ann Sothorn, who isn't sure at the moment whether she'll join in the cheering or not! Even the chorus girls at RKO-Radio shout it—and they certainly make it look pretty inviting too!





When ebony-faced Bill Robinson and little Jeni Le Gon tap it out, you're sure to be convinced! "Hooray for Love" is an eyeful and earful of sparkling enthusiasm for what a young man's fancy lightly turns to in the Spring. Lower right you see Maria Gambarelli conferring with the dance director, Sammy Lee (seated), and his assistant, Sam White





LONG recognized as one of the most beautiful stars in films, Loretta Young is at her loveliest as the famous English queen of the Middle Ages, *Berengaria*, in Cecil B. DeMille's production, "The Crusades." With light from the tall candle on her long golden hair, and wearing a filmy, white robe-like gown, Miss Young is a picture of rare beauty in the Paramount drama

Time Out for TWINNS

The wife of the world's most famous crooner is back at work, to make a career of her own

By
REGINALD TAVINER



Above, Dennis watches his twin brother Phillip get finger-printed. It's one sure way of telling the twins apart. Left, Dixie Lee with her oldest child, Gary. His second birthday is in June. The twins will be one in July. And Dixie still looks like an ingénue, and can act one, too



Of course, everybody knows that Dixie Lee has another youngster besides the twins—and that makes it all the more remarkable. To look after Bing Crosby and the three little ones would be about enough for most women, without a screen career of their own.

But then, Mrs. Bing Crosby is different—in many ways

You wouldn't expect, for instance, that the wife of the world's most famous crooner would hand him the surprise Dixie handed Bing. You wouldn't expect that three youngsters would be exactly an asset to a movie leading lady. You wouldn't expect that the mother of such a family would look—and act—like an ingénue.

Well, for the matter of that Paramount didn't expect Dixie to step out and go to town like she did in "Love in Bloom," either. And Bing thought that wife was all settled down. Most women would be, what with a famous husband whom she had and all the rest of the girls wanted, a beautiful home, lots of money—and twins. That would have settled almost anybody: in fact, it even settled Bing.

But Dixie Lee had really only taken time out for those twins. All those things that Hollywood wouldn't expect began quite a while ago, when Dixie first came here.

Dixie came to Hollywood for a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Here's your chance to express
your choice at the ballot box**

FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Broadway Bill	Madame Du Barry
Bulldog Drummond	Men in White
Strikes Back	Merry Widow, The
Catherine the Great	Mrs. Wiggs of the
Chained	Cabbage Patch
Cleopatra	Music in the Air
Count of Monte Cristo,	Nana
The	No Greater Glory
Death Takes a Holiday	Now and Forever
Evelyn Prentice	Of Human Bondage
Flying Down to Rio	One Night of Love
Gallant Lady	Operator 13
Gay Divorcee, The	Painted Veil, The
George White's Scandals	Queen Christina
Great Expectations	Sadie McKee
Handy Andy	She Loves Me Not
Here Comes the Navy	Thin Man, The
House of Rothschild, The	Treasure Island
It Happened One Night	Twentieth Century
Judge Priest	Viva Villa
Kid Millions	We Live Again
Life of Vergie Winters,	What Every Woman
The	Knows
Little Miss Marker	Wild Cargo
Lost Patrol, The	Wonder Bar

Affairs of Cellini, The
Age of Innocence, The
Barretts of Wimpole
 Street, The
Belle of the Nineties
British Agent

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

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"

IT'S voting time again—time for you, the movie-goers of the nation, to choose the best motion picture produced during 1934.

Each year the readers of PHOTOPLAY decide which film of the hundreds released shall be honored by receiving the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. During the course of the year critics and small groups give various honors to stars, to films and those who made them. But the final verdict, the grand prize, is the Medal you, the picture audience, awards.

Think back over all the 1934 pictures that you saw and enjoyed. List the ten or twelve that you liked best. Then after considering carefully, choose one of them and send in your vote. In selecting the Gold Medal film, you will, of course, remember outstanding performances by one or more of the film's stars. But you will also consider the expertness of direction, the beauty and effectiveness of photography, the settings, the screen story, and the work of the supporting cast.

Above is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released in 1934. This list will help call to mind many of the year's best pictures. But your choice is not limited to these. If you want to refresh your memory on all the pictures released during 1934, here's a tip: Each issue of PHOTOPLAY contains brief reviews of all pictures reviewed for the past six months. Thus if you get out your January, 1935, issue, beginning on page ten you will find brief reviews of pictures released from July, 1934, through December. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



The Colonel in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" gives a good idea of what Sir Guy Standing might be like, for his own life has carried him into tight places. In reality, he is reserved, kindly, and devoted to his hobby—painting

THE Trackwalker WHO Was Knighted

Guy Standing literally fought his way up. But it wasn't from a desire for a life of adventure, it was from a desire to eat!

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.



"H M-M! It's a nice day," said the Englishman looking at the sun-dappled downs, "let's go out and kill something!"

We were sitting around the fire in Sir Guy Standing's mountain home chewing the rag to shreds. I had just accused him of having been an adventurer—in the nice sense of the word—all his life. He snorted from the comfortable depths of a huge chair. He always snorts in a deprecating manner when his innate modesty is imperiled.

"You don't even know what adventure is. You think of it in terms of Spanish galleons and princesses in distress. That old jibe at Englishmen going out to kill something comes nearer the truth than you'd imagine. They don't have to take life, actually, but there is adventure in the hunt."

He swung up on one elbow, suddenly intent. "Real adventure is something you seek, something you have to go forth and hunt. It never comes to you. Give a sportsman a gun, a good dog, a pipe and fifteen miles of country and he'll have a jolly good time by himself all day. He's as apt to come in without having fired a shot, pour himself a B. and S., give

his dog a pat and say, 'A good day's shooting, that, eh, Laddie?' and mean it.

"Some people wouldn't be satisfied with that, it wouldn't be thrilling enough. But then, they haven't lived enough to know that adventure is all in the point of view. Hang it all, a man doesn't know he's having an adventure half the time! He may be doing some stupendous thing, but while he's doing it he's just meeting a situation that came up in the every day run of life. Who ever heard a man say 'Dash it, but this is adventure!' while he was piloting a plane through a heavy snow a couple of hundred feet above a mountain range—and the everlasting life scared out of him? Nobody! But in a year or in ten years that man looks back on that situation as the greatest adventure of his life.

"That's why adventure is over-rated as an accomplishment. It's not like winning a fortune in the Sweeps. It's doing your job when somebody pulls the strings. You called me an adventurer. In a sense I am. I have had an adventurous life. But I wasn't an 'adventurer' while it was going on. I was trying to earn a living" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

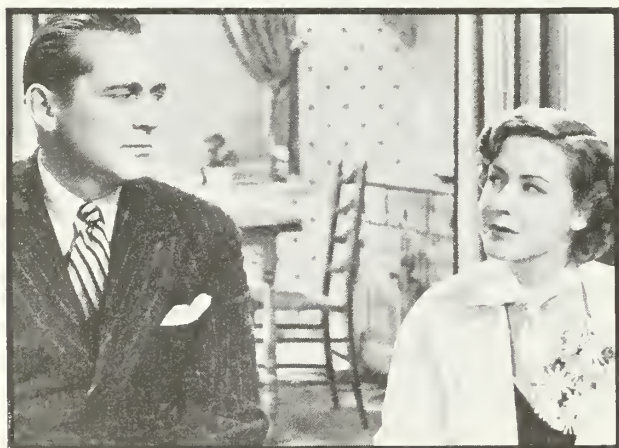


★ THE SCOUNDREL—Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount

BEN HECHT and Charles MacArthur have made an exceptional, magnificently executed character study picture with this practically flawless drama of a super-cynic who scoffed at everything decent until death taught him.

It's arty, but if this is art, let's have more of it! It's fantastic, but you won't find yourself challenging logic. Some will say it's too sophisticated, but that's a matter of personal viewpoint. The fact is that Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded.

Julie Haydon is lovely and moving. Hope Williams, Martha Sleeper, Stanley Ridges and Alexander Woollcott are stage-perfect. But it is Noel Coward who affords the new screen experience which you must not miss.



★ THE DARING YOUNG MAN—Fox

THERE is plenty of refreshingly different material and comical dialogue to make this picture stand as a most satisfying piece of entertainment.

The main story thread concerns itself with the romance of Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke, a swell pair of kids, who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly get themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips! Fancy, please, how you would feel if your beau left you waiting at the church while he dashed off to track down a newspaper yarn!

William Seiter has directed this with a feeling for lightness and mirth, and many individual players, Warren Hymer, Jack LaRue, Sidney Toler and Arthur Treacher, are excellent. So, too, are the leads.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE INFORMER—RKO-Radio

IF you wish to see some of the finest performances, direction and photography ever achieved in Hollywood, don't miss this. It's a dramatic, unforgettable experience for a thoughtful and intelligent audience.

Victor McLaglen as *Gypo Nolan*, "the informer," gives an Academy performance—and every player in the superb cast was born to play his particular rôle. Written by Liam O'Flaherty, the picture maintains the integrity of his Ireland—the Ireland that is—and plunges one into the midst of the Irish rebellion.

Gypo, a big slow-witted giant, betrays a pal to the English for the twenty-pound reward. Between then and dawn, never has a man suffered remorse and shame more vividly. And McLaglen's portrayal is stirring. Through drink and battle, he tosses away the blood-money and relentlessly his doom catches up with him. *Magnificent* is the word for this performance.

The entire production, which was directed by John Ford, dares to be different and powerful. Deserving of more than this mention are Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Margot Grahame (going places, this one), Una O'Connor, Joseph Sauer, Heather Angel and others. Photography by Joseph August is superb. If you are not satisfied with mere amusement, this one was made for you. And you may be sure it will be a film long discussed and remembered.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE INFORMER THE DARING YOUNG MAN
 CALL OF THE WILD OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
 THE SCOUNDREL G MEN
 DOUBTING THOMAS

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Victor McLaglen in "The Informer"
 Margot Grahame in "The Informer"
 Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel"
 Julie Haydon in "The Scoundrel"
 Pat O'Brien in "Oil for the Lamps of China"
 Josephine Hutchinson in "Oil for the Lamps of China"
 James Cagney in "G Men"
 Mac Clarke in "The Daring Young Man"
 Ernest Thesiger in "The Bride of Frankenstein"
 Charles Grapewin in "One Frightened Night"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 117



★ OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA
 —First National

THIS fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory.

Pat O'Brien is the American oil company employee who subordinates everything—his wife, his home, his friends, even his own life—to an inordinate loyalty to "the company," and dedicates himself to supplying oil for the lamps of China, firm in the belief that the Company "takes care of its men." But his wife, Josephine Hutchinson, has more practical ideas. It is their superb acting and Mervyn LeRoy's direction that lift this picture well above the average level. Subordinate characters played by Arthur Byron, Lyle Talbot, John Eldredge, Jean Muir and Willie Fung are A-1. This picture leaves you with a lifted faith, and as such is well worth your time.



★ CALL OF THE WILD—20th Century
 —United Artists

JACK LONDON'S novel, "Call of the Wild," comes to the screen a vigorous, red-blooded picture that you are sure to enjoy. The refreshing backgrounds of deeply gleaming snow, towering mountains and wild, rushing rapids, are exciting in themselves. And when you put four fine actors—Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and Reginald Owen against these backgrounds, you have top-notch entertainment.

The familiar story has been changed in spots, but the revisions make for stronger screen fare. And all the humanness, the drama, of the novel have been retained.

You will rise and cheer when *Buck*, the dog, in an almost death-dealing race, pulls one thousand pounds of sled for one hundred yards, winning one thousand dollars for Gable, who trained him, so he can outfit himself for a trip to the fabulous mine where untold golden riches are.

The romance in the film is between Gable and the lovely Miss Young. And it's a tenderly told story on the screen. Reginald Owen plays perfectly the rôle of the heavy obsessed with the idea of killing the faithful dog, *Buck*. And, Jack Oakie is one rip-roaring howl after another. (You will tell your friends about those scenes when Oakie rolls the bones!)

The direction of William Wellman deserves high praise, and Charles Rosher's photography is top-notch.



★ G MEN—First National

AT least twenty more rounds of ammunition are fired in this than in any previous picture. If it's action you want, this is your dish. You will get Jimmy Cagney's finest performance since he has first been shooting from the other side of the fence, in this first Department of Justice picture to be released. You've read it all in the headlines, but the resumé is well motivated, fastmoving and packs a wallop.

Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak are well cast. Robert Armstrong gives a grand performance as the hard boiled "G" breaker-inner; Regis Toomey, Barton MacLane, Edward Pawley, Russell Hopton, William Harrigan and others are A-1. Not for the kiddies, but it is a page re-lived out of current American history. See it—if your nerves are good.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

DOUBTING THOMAS—
Fox



ONE of the best Will Rogers' pictures, and a howl from start to finish. This time Will's wife, played by Billie Burke, gets the acting bug. The "little theater" stuff will slay you. Will cures her by turning *crooner*. Alison Skipworth, Frances Grant, Frank Albertson, Sterling Holloway and the others are all excellent.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN—
Universal



BORIS KARLOFF rises from the flames again and *Dr. Pretorius* talks Frankenstein into creating a mate for the restless what-is-it. The production reaches a peak in fantastic imagination and photographic effects. Ernest Thesiger, as *Dr. Pretorius* and Karloff contribute impressive performances. Elsa Lanchester, O. P. Heggie, Una O'Connor, Valerie Hobson

THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE—
First National



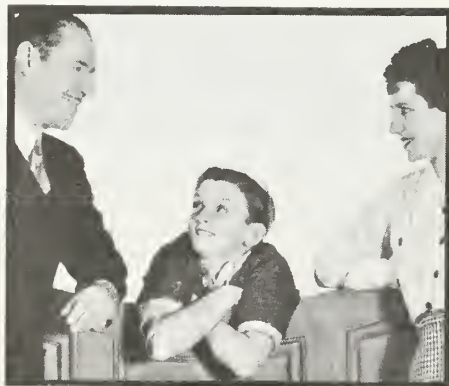
WARREN WILLIAM is the lawyer and amateur sleuth who loves—of all things!—to *cook*. Margaret Lindsay is the bride whose curiosity is aroused when a husband she thought safely buried, turns up after she marries another one. Everything is handled in the casual manner movie audiences enjoy. Claire Dodd, Allen Jenkins, Donald Woods.

THE COWBOY MILLIONAIRE—
Fox



AN hilarious light comedy with Western trimmings in which George O'Brien displays a brand new talent for delightful nonsense. Edgar Kennedy (graaand performance) and George "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock is the snooty English girl, Maude Allen a swell, snorting aunt. Entire cast help to make this Western for sophisticates a joyous evening

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER—
Columbia



RACING men usually have strong superstitions and Jack Holt's are orphans. Little Jackie Searl plays the crippled orphan who wins everyone's affections around the race-track, but the boss himself blames the youngster for his streak of bad racing luck. Scenes around the turf are very good. So is the cast, including young Searl, Mona Barrie, and Mr. Holt.

LADIES LOVE DANGER—
Fox



HERE is a murder mystery that is sprightly, thanks to Samson Raphaelson's screen play. It's fun with plenty of chills, too. Gilbert Roland is the playwright, who, solves the mystery and wins the lady of his heart—all with sophisticated ease. Miss Barrie and Roland play with a fine casual charm. Herbert Mundin, Donald Cook, Adrienne Ames are good.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



EIGHT BELLS—
Columbia

TAKE a boat trip in this one—from San Francisco to Shanghai—and watch Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, save the day in a maritime crisis. Of course, he wins pretty Ann Sothern when his manliness shows up her fiance. Just “medium well done” as they say in the better restaurants. But you’ll find it worth an evening’s entertainment.



DINKY—
Warners

THE youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper and a group of young actors in this one. Jackie, in a snooty military academy, moves into the orphanage next door when his mother, Mary Astor, goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor is excellent as the young lawyer and Jackie’s pal. Henry Armetta lends splendid comedy relief. For the family



PARTY WIRE—
Columbia

YOU’LL have a world of healthy laughs at this unpretentious little picture. It’s about the havoc gossip can stir up in a small town by people who “listen in” on party lines. Jean Arthur takes the tongue-wagging “rap” from a host of small towners. But Victor Jory gives them a dose of their own medicine. Helen Lowell, Charley Grapewin, Maude Eburne.



VILLAGE TALE—
RKO-Radio

A SOMEWHAT sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves. Randolph Scott is the “good blood” of the hamlet, Robert Barrat is the “bad blood.” A group of rustics team with him against Randy and Kay Johnson, another farmer’s wife with whom he is in love. Good performances by Edward Ellis, Arthur Hohl and Guinn Williams



ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT—
Mascot

WHEN grumpy old millionaire Grandpa (Charles Grapewin) picks out a wildly storming night to dispose of his millions he lets his heirs in for murders, missing heiresses, creepy music, banging doors and the usual fol-dorol of mystery stories. This particular one, however, doesn’t quite click. Only Grandpa Charley Grapewin comes through.



SPRING TONIC—
Fox

JUST so-so entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve and getting mixed up with animal-trainers, bootleggers and what-not, in the persons of Walter King, Mitchell and Durant, Tala Birell, Jack Haley and ZaSu Pitts. All the actors are valiant, but the situations whip them. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Mitzi grins joyfully —with Wally on one side and Mr. Gable on the other. Wouldn't any lady smile with Clark and Beery seated beside her? Mitzi was visiting them on a set at M-G-M



Burning the Bright

DEAR JOAN:
Yoicks, female, I went and done it! Popped a party! Good? Now, child could *I* be the one to say it was a humdinger!

Lessee. There were the Pat O'Briens, Lyle Talbot, the Jean Hersholts, Ted Healy, Marian Marsh, Eddie Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. George Converse (Anita Stewart), Mady Christians and Paul Cavanagh amongst the fifty or sixty whom you would know. It all started because my dear mama was telling Mrs O'Brien about some grand Russian dishes she cooks, and Mrs O., with tongue practically lolling out, said please to ask her for dinner some night soon. So, we gave the dinner, but in the course of things managed, somehow, to invite half a hundred ladies and gents.

An exquisite basket of flowers came from Louise Fazenda who couldn't get over. Louis B. Mayer, who was at Palm Springs seeing his wife, sent an enchanting silver vase with many dozens of yellow roses. I hung the cards in a prominent place, I was that stuck-up!

The prominents I mentioned in paragraph two were all a bunch of piggies, much to mama's delight. They gobbled up rolled cabbage and sundry delicacies, not once, but many times. And you can make shamey-shame at Mrs. O'Brien. She took home a big bag of home-made coffee cakes so Patrick could dunk next morning!

I skipped from card-table to card-table and ate a bit from everyone's plate, just to be sociable-like. Eddie Lowe and Marian Marsh who were having a very fine time, being awful

fond of each other, saw me right through two skewers of flaming *schashlik* (a Hungarian tidbit) and many melting sighs. These were erased, though, when Mister Healy, standing at the piano, made everyone hysterical with impromptu songs and dances.

I would say, under coercion, that everyone had themselves a high time. I would also say that it must have been four in the ante meridian when Mrs. O'Brien came down the steps with hat and coat. And Pat, waiting for her, took one look at her jaunty little white silver cap and piped: "Heave to, my lads, the Admiral is coming!"

Next day I set sail for the "China Seas," which picture is being made at M-G-M. But first I had food with brother Jack (he produces at M-G-M) in the studio commissary. In the midst of a dirt-dishing session about the party the night before, my attention was caught by the most ecstatic red mouth of the century, Irene Hervey's. But it was a very expensive mouth, Irene told me forlornly, since the luscious lipstick had come in a fitted dinner bag, had no name, and when it wore out she would have to purchase fifteen dollars' worth of pocketbook before she could replace the lipstick!

I finally got under way for my destination but hove-to at Director Van Dyke's office. This happy chappie had just returned from his first holiday in several years, during which time he had got himself married to the lovely Ruth Mannix niece of one of the Vice-Presidents of M-G-M. This happened in New Orleans and was supposed to be kept a secret, but you know "the best laid plans of mice and men," etc. Van, himself, inadvertently spilled the Bostons when he gave the officiator at



When Paul Cavanagh gives a tea, it's full of fun and frolics! Elissa Landi, Gertrude Michael were among the guests

The cameraman cornered Virginia Pine and Jean Hersholt at Harry Green's big party. Five hundred people attended

Lights With Mitzi

It's been a giddy social whirl in Hollywood this past moon, with life getting merrier day by day

the ceremony the largest tip he'd seen in his life. The dazed gentleman went about telling everyone he "wished Van Dyke would get married every day in the year."

If you're quivering to know how the much sought-after but hard-to-get Van met and fell in love with the lady, I know the details. Here they are:

The then Miss Mannix did some extra work in one of his pictures and Van's secretary, who knew her, introduced them on the set. Mr. "Esquimo Thin Man" Van Dyke decided to give the charming girl a bit to do when, to his surprise, he learned that she had left the set and gone home! Figuring that she was a spoiled lady who was in the habit of suiting herself, the irate director phoned her and ordered her back to work immediately. She came—pronto! And apologized. Sometime later, Van learned that one of his assistants had told her she was through and might go home, but the nice Ruth, rather than have the man get into trouble for his mistake, took the blame herself. And that, little kiddie, is what started Love.

Up anchor and really set sail this time for the "China Seas" set. Clark Gable, in rubber trousers, hip boots and sweat shirt

had just finished a scene and came down the gang-plank. He joined me and Mr. Wallace Beery on a couch in the sunshine. Clark was teasing Wally about the Hindu Princess who was fond of him. She came all the way from Bombay to see him!

"She may come from a hot country," laughed Wally, "but I call her 'No, No, Nooky of the North!'"

"To a princess!" I cried, shocked.

"She loves it!" laughed Wally. And then he told us how he'd been a guest at one of her dinner parties and when the Indian rice and curry was brought on, the Princess blushing told him she had prepared it with her own little jeweled fingers. "Fine!" said Wally, and took a healthy mouthful, and nearly burned the lining out of his throat! He coughed, sputtered and grabbed for water, then furtively looked around to see how the other guests were standing it. There they sat, all those Hindus, calmly eating, with tears rolling down their cheeks!

Wally has a certain whistle that summons little Carol Ann. She was around the corner of the set listening to her nurse read "Little Red Riding Hood" when she heard it. She hopped up from her chair, excused herself, and flew around to Wally's arms. There was no special reason for the summons. Mr. Tough Guy Beery only wanted to kiss her. Then back she trotted. Wally's dressing room is filled with her books and toys, and the tiny Carol Ann, who has her first part with daddy in this picture, even shares the star's dressing room!

It was very touching when her little double, who was standing in front of the camera while it was lined up, burst out crying because she had to step aside while [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



A short session with olive oil before Marian Marsh faces the sun and salt water. She applies it with cotton, a good way to use your sun-tan oil or lotion. Do use something, whether you want to prevent tan entirely or acquire a rich, satiny tan

Florence Rice thinks that your only jewels for the beach should be gaily lacquered fingers and toes. And very rightly. Practically all sandals are toeless and demand a jewel touch, and of course your fingers must match

WHY is it that when we put on a bathing suit or beach costume for the first time in the season, if we are frankly honest with ourselves and our figure is reasonably good, we must admit that we make a nice picture? Then later on feel that that same picture has grown so every-day, so like every other one we see?

This change of thought undoubtedly is caused by transformation in the skin. That which at first was smooth, clear, fine, a compliment to any costume, by a few exposures has become discolored, coarse, a little too masculine for feminine appeal. The whole answer to this predicament is to protect yourself

BEAUTY AND

with one of the good oils, creams or lotions perfected for just the purpose of keeping you smooth and lovely yet allowing a warm, even tint from the sun. The trick is to apply these to every part of the body that is exposed. Many of you know that insteps and thighs burn as painfully as shoulders, that it is no fun to go around with every movement of your clothing sheer



A great white beach towel with waving green palm fronds permits Geneva Mitchell to take her tan where she wants it, or prevent it entirely. Timing your tan in this manner gives you a tone, without burn, that others will sincerely rave about

"A modest powder puff," says Ida Lupino of this fluff concealed in a sports handkerchief, and not too conspicuous when you're concentrating on golf or tennis. It's easier, lighter to carry on such occasions than your usual compact



THE BEACH

agony and that there is no reason to mar your skin. Marian Marsh uses a square of cotton to spread her oil or lotion, and this is an easier method than the fingers. If your skin is very sensitive, when you come out of the water find a shady umbrella or wrap yourself in one of those giant beach towels, such as Geneva Mitchell is rolled in. Freckle types need all the pre-

ventive cream they can absorb. Apply what the skin can take, let it be absorbed for a little while, then apply more.

In spite of precautions, if you do get a mild burn, especially on your face, cleanse with cream until the sensitiveness is gone, and meanwhile use plenty of nourishing cream together with a mild bleach cream. This general treatment will soon correct the skin by not drying it, by resupplying the oil that it needs and by bleaching away the signs of discoloration. Most modern sun preparations are as easy and pleasant to use as they are effective in warding off too many signs of Summer.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Florence Rice, introducing you to a grand sachet idea, four silken peach pillows, guaranteed to retain their fragrance for one year. A smart gift thought for either hostess or yourself

These grapes are deceptive. Actually, they're guest soap. Each globule is cellophane covered, and each guest may detach her own grape for personal use. A clever find by Nancy Carroll



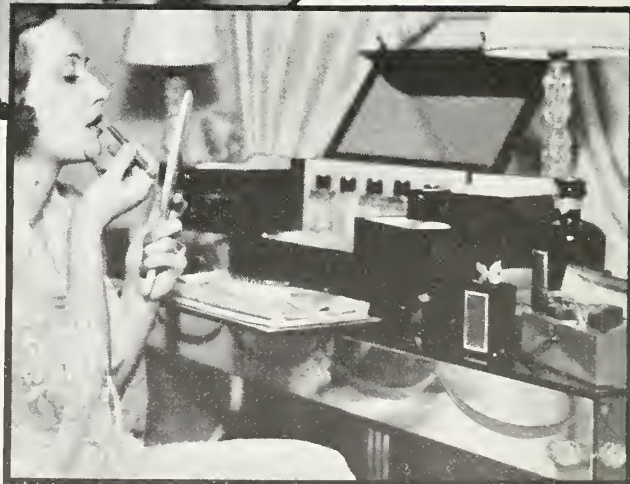
Tala Birell, deftly employing a lipstick pencil for a perfect outline, to be filled in with the correct shade of lipstick. This pencil comes in three shades, aid to perfect lips

At this point, I assume that your Summer calendar is filled with week-end invitations and vacation plans. The idea of the hostess gift has grown in popularity in the last few years, and it is one of those social thoughts that does seem the perfect compliment to the one who is entertaining you.

This gift is usually something simple, but chosen with a very personal thought for the one who is to receive it. All kinds of things, from books on up and down come to mind, but because this page is very cosmetic-conscious and because things for the dressing-table and bath are usually adored by all women, let's stop here.

Sachet, guest soap and a lipstick outlining pencil are illustrated. The sachet and pencil are suggested for the hostess who is your old friend, in which case you will naturally know her preferences and interests. When you are not quite sure, guest soap and individual powder ensembles are always a good choice. Every hostess needs these little hors d'oeuvres to perfect entertaining.

If there are small children in the family which is entertaining you, concentrate on them. The joy of any small child at opening a package is alone worth the small effort it takes you, between trains or planes perhaps, to pick up some gadget.



The perfect guest, also let it be emphasized, travels with her own accessories—complete, so that it is not necessary to borrow from a busy hostess a curling iron, or powder or the other knick-knacks we must have to appear comfortable and attractive. For week-ends, stroll through a department store to see the complete little kits and boxes, assembled by smart manufacturers for your little visit needs

HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

FEW can approach the moment for donning the bridal gown, the veil, without strangely mixed emotions. These undercurrents affect the face, usually blanching it of color, leaving eyes bright, starry, wide. And so the bride's face is the canvas to which a few pastel touches make her appear radiant, poised, beautiful.

Hair, of course, has been curled to perfection, some faint, lovely flower fragrance has been lightly rubbed over her skin or sprayed on her satin underthings.

The sparing use of a make-up base will help give the face that vellum look, traditionally correct for our lady in white. It is particularly helpful if the day is warm, inclined to produce moisture on an excited brow. If the skin tone is clear, both foundation and powder should match exactly. For dull or sallow skin, both foundation and powder should contain a faint peach or rose tint.

Creme rouge, applied after foundation, before powder, will give a truer, more lasting tone than the compact type. But only very little must be used, just enough to suggest a faint glow over the upper cheeks. Your lips must be rouged lightly with a steady hand. If smudging begins, wipe off with cream or lotion

and start afresh. For this day, keep as true a line as possible and if too much lipstick is applied, gently blot up the surplus with a cleansing tissue held between the lips. Powder should be used all over the face and neck, any surplus brushed away, so that not one point looks more powdered than the other.

Eyes might well benefit by a mere suspicion of shadow, the tone that you generally use, a slight penciling of the brows if

Rosalind Russell, lovely reminder that the modern bride is not pale, but a vision in subtle pastels, achieved by artful touches that give her a cool, luminous loveliness. Thus the medieval and modern traditions compromise



they need it and a very little mascara to the upper lashes. By using these aids as lightly as possible and employing a most critical eye, you may avoid any semblance of looking made-up, decidedly wrong for this moment, yet add to your countenance the outline and tone to make you glow with the cool, lovely light of a star.

(For more beauty tips turn to page 82)

Ask THE ANSWER MAN



Marilyn Knowlden, who has so intrigued the movie-going public with her quaint maturity in "Les Miserables," actually has made twenty-seven pictures in three of her eight years!

A VERY sweet little Miss has stolen into the hearts of the movie public and they want to know all about her. This old Answer Man fell hard, too, when he saw her in her most recent picture, "Les Miserables."

The lady in question is Marilyn Knowlden who gave such a grand performance as the child *Cosette*, in the above mentioned picture.

She was born in San Francisco eight years ago. Has gorgeous gentian-blue eyes and chestnut hair. She made her screen debut at the age of five playing the rôle of Eleanor Boardman, as a child, in "Women Love Once." Her success in this placed her in great demand and in her first six months in the picture colony she appeared in six pictures. In the past three years she has been in twenty-seven pictures.

Marilyn has appeared in child rôles, as Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women," Madge Evans in "David Copperfield," and Rochelle Hudson in "Imitation of Life" and "Les Miserables."

When she is not appearing before the camera you will find her diligently caring for her dolly, who is her constant companion.

DOUGLAS CARLSEN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Hope you and your family will continue to buy PHOTOPLAY now that you have started. And



thanks for the nice words about me. The famous picture which first teamed Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell was "7th Heaven." Later they appeared together in "Street Angel," "Sunny Side Up," "Lucky Star," "High Society Blues," "Happy Days," "Merely Mary Ann," and "Tess of the Storm Country." Charlie uses his own name on the screen.

H. R. F.—Lilian Harvey was twenty-six years old on January 19th. It has been reported and denied time and again that the fair Lilian is married to Willy Fritsch, German actor. How about it, Lilian?

ANNE CARMINE, ATLANTA, GA.—Thanks for your nice letter, Anne. I am glad you didn't think I was an old "meanie" for not answering your questions while that contest was still open.

I am sure all of my other friends understood my position in the matter.

THEODORE BRAUM, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The picture "Doctors' Wives," featuring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett, was taken from a novel of the same name by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. I am sure your local book-dealer can get it for you. Ask him!

NETTA COLLINS, ANDERSON, IND.—Jean Parker is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Culver City, Calif. Address her there for a photograph.

AUDREY ILLGEN, FARGO, N. D.—Lillian Gish and her sister Dorothy recently left America for a vacation in Italy.

ANTHONY COLACINO, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Charles Laughton was the chap who gave his boss the "razzberry" in "If I Had a Million."

HELEN WOOD, NEW YORK CITY.—George Raft was born in New York on September 26, 1903. Baby Jane and Juanita Quigley are one and the same person. The studio decided her real name was much too big for such a cute cherub, so they shortened it to Baby Jane.

MARY JANE WAGNER, HARLOWTON, MONT.—The lad who played the rôle of *Corporal Teddy May* in "Hell in the Heavens" was William Stelling. I have no address for him at this writing. Dorothy Wilson is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "When a Man's a Man," in which she appears with George O'Brien.

HELEN HANCOCK, DANVILLE, ILL.—Herbert Somborn, second husband of Gloria Swanson passed away in January 1934.

EDITH COPELAND, WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.—PHOTOPLAY did not publish a fictionization of "The Unfinished Symphony." You can probably get the information you want by writing to the Gaumont British Corporation 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Found on Alice Faye's memo pad



"Have Mabel Lux my Blue Organdie"

"DO I USE LUX?" says Alice Faye. "I insist on it! One of the first things I tell a new maid is that she must never, never use anything but Lux for my stockings or sweaters or any of my personal things.

"If a thing is washable at all, Mabel Luxes it. She says then there's no 'luck' about it. Things keep their 'brand-new' look so much longer."

Never are Alice Faye's lovely things rubbed with cake soap, or subjected to ordinary soaps with harmful alkali. These things might easily ruin delicate threads or fade colors. Lux has no harmful alkali!

There's no end to the applause *your* precious summer frocks will get if they're cared for this way. Just test a bit of the material in clear water first—if it's safe in water, a whisk through Lux completely recaptures its crisp perfection.

You'll be wise to follow this care for stockings, too. Lux is especially made to save elasticity. Then threads *give* instead of breaking into runs so easily. Stockings fit better—wear longer!

Specified in all big Hollywood studios

"All the washable costumes in the Fox studio are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says wardrobe supervisor Royer. "It protects colors and materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

Hollywood says —

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK—TRUST TO



"Freshly Luxed feminine frills will melt any man's heart," says ALICE FAYE, petite Fox star, appearing in "Argentina."





Ann Sothern in a Brown Derby cubicle, enjoying a Chinese dish very much, thank you

Chopsticks take a little practice, then you frown at a fork or spoon, according to Ann

FROM the BROWN DERBY'S CHINESE KITCHEN

Unusual Concoctions That Add Zest to Luncheon, Dinner or Supper

THE Brown Derby is *the* Hollywood rendezvous. It is the westward Mecca for those Coastward bound. The Brown Derby serves delicious, substantial dishes. It is the place in which to see and be seen. Seat yourself in one of its roomy cubicles, and sooner or later Hollywood parades by.

The Brown Derby now boasts an accomplished Chinese cook who has been generous to us with his Oriental recipes, which in turn have been pronounced palate-perfect by Ann Sothern, seen above, adroitly plying her chopsticks.

In all cities and many towns you will find Chinese shops selling the necessary ingredients.

Chicken Chop Suey, Derby Style: Serves four.

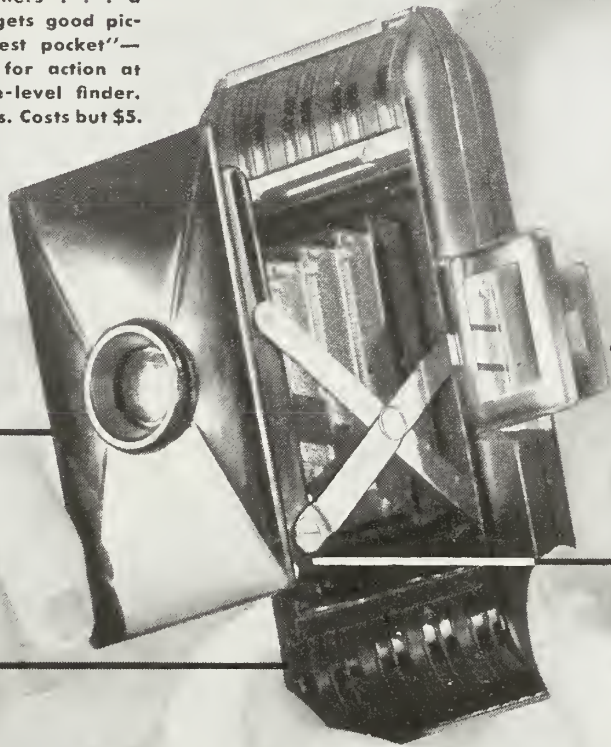
- 1/4 lb. Chinese green peas
- 1/4 lb. fresh peeled water chestnuts
- 1/2 lb. Chinese cabbage (stems preferred)

- 1 medium size heart of celery
- 1/2 of one whole sweet green pepper
- 1/4 lb. Chinese black mushrooms or 1/2 can imported French white mushrooms
- 1 1/2 lbs. chicken meat (boneless white meat preferred)
- 2 cups pure chicken soup
- 4 teaspoons Chinese soy sauce
- 3 or 4 drops Chinese sesame oil
- 1/2 teaspoon Chinese rice gin
- 2 tablespoons Chinese starch

Cut up all ingredients into slices about one inch long and one-third inch wide. Heat frying pan until very hot and put in eight tablespoons of cooking oil (imported Chinese peanut oil preferred). Add two teaspoons table salt.

First, fry the chicken for three [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

JIFFY KODAK V. P.— gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes 1⁵/₈ x 2¹/₂-inch pictures. Costs but \$5.



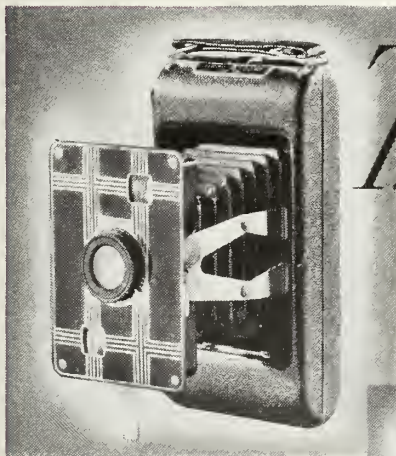
EYE-LEVEL FINDER

MODERN STYLING

ACTION FRONT

MOLDED CASE

These newer Kodak features
show what your old camera lacks



JIFFY KODAK—Works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. Extra smartness in its etched metal front. For 2¹/₄ x 3¹/₄-inch pictures, \$8. For 2¹/₂ x 4¹/₄-inch pictures, \$9.



BROWNIE—Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, the Six-16 and Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Six-16 Brownie makes 2¹/₂ x 4¹/₄-inch pictures, costs \$3.75 . . . the Six-20 makes 2³/₄ x 3³/₄-inch pictures, costs \$3.

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera—any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from \$5 up; Brownies as low as \$1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little? . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*



"LA BELLE"

Coiffure Created
By Denis Phillips
for
Blanca Visher

The sunburn-freckle situation is probably serious at this point. Our leaflet, newly revised, "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan," contains some practical helps, tells you what to use, and is yours for a stamped self-addressed envelope. Other problems are helpfully solved for you, too, at request. Please write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Denis Phillips created Blanca Visher's hairdress especially for Photoplay, because he considers it an ideal Summer coiffure. Hair is kept well off the face, except for that forehead curl because it feels and looks both cool and smart



The side views show you a neat and attractive arrangement, with curls in banked perpendicular manner, instead of a lateral roll. For keeping curls in place, Mr. Phillips suggests the net cap above. Arrange the curls, slip on the cap and sleep in comfort. Light and porous for your scalp health



RUBY KEELER, *Starring in*

Warner Bros. "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



*** POWDER...** *Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Ruchelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours and hours.*



*** ROUGE...** *Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Creamy-smooth like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.*



*** LIPSTICK...** *Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof...it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.*

Ruby Keeler

Enhances the Radiance of

Her Beauty

with

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

YOU are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too...but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized

in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...Face Powder, Rouge

Lipstick In Color Harmony



For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up", mail the coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood.

Mail for your **COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK**

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood.
 Send Please Size Box of Powder and Rouge Samplers in my color harmony shade.
 Also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48 page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" FREE.

NAME _____ 1-7-31
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
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
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
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.

"I want my sleep to be so I never let stale cosmetics

You can use all the cosmetics you wish, yet guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way . . .

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins, tiny blemishes appear, enlarging pores—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Guard against these warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin Carole Lombard's easy way. Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks quickly, deeply into the pores, gently car-

ries away every trace of dust and dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Hollywood's Beauty Care

Use all the cosmetics you wish, of course! Rouge and powder need not harm even delicate skin if they are *removed* the right way. If you'll follow this simple rule, you'll *protect* your skin—keep it always soft and smooth.

Before you put on fresh make-up, during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap. This is the same gentle soap 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have made *their* beauty care.



beauty sleep —
choke my pores all night"

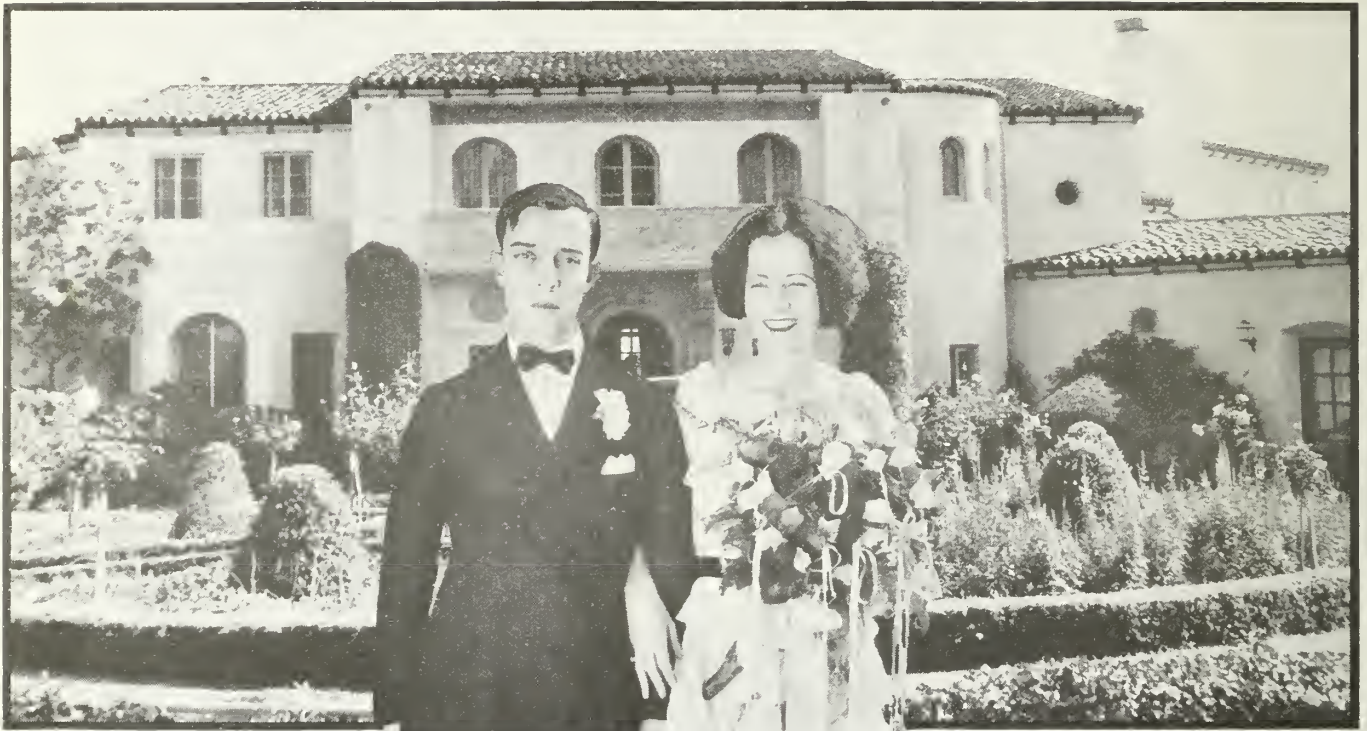


STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"

says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

Heart-Break Houses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]



where Colleen Moore and John McCormack lived, when Colleen was skyrocketed to fame as First National's great star, has been leased to various tenants for the past several years. Marlene Dietrich is living in it now.

The house Mary Miles Minter built for her mother, 'way up on top of a mountain in the "Out-post" section of Hollywood, was under litigation for a long time. It was redeemed and rejuvenated by Joan Blondell and George Barnes, who have made it a very happy home.

The Conrad Nagel place was a nine days' wonder when Hollywood was permitted the first view. It looked so much more like a real home than most of the Babylonian palaces that went up around that time. It was built for permanence and seemed most likely to endure. . . . The house is still there—Conrad isn't. When that marriage dissolved, following closely on the Pickford-Fairbanks break, all that was secure in the town trembled to its foundations.

The house Wally Reid and Dorothy planned and built so lovingly to be their shelter forever, has met a varied fate. Dorothy lost it, a few years after Wally's death. For a year she couldn't bear to go by the place. The best of her life was wrapped up in it. The house faded . . . I really believe houses know when they are not loved any more, or does that sound too sentimental for you?—anyway it was a terrible jolt to Dorothy when she was told a group of gamblers had moved into her once-treasured home and were running an establishment there. . . .

Actually it was good for her. It snapped

The Keaton-Talmadge marriage promised to be an ideal match. But Buster and Natalie hadn't lived in their Beverly Hills mansion any length of time when the marriage came to an end and their lavishly furnished "dream" home stood vacant

her out of a hopeless and tragic mood, made the house seem less personal. The gamblers, by the way, were soon ushered out the place redecorated, and it was later leased by the Clive Brooks who restored the homelike atmosphere.

There are many cases—and not only in Hollywood—of perfect happiness so long as a couple have remained in their modest first home. The move to the large estate breaks up the closeness, scatters some precious quality which kept them together. Tom and Victoria Mix were perfectly happy and comfortable in their little Carlton Way home. Victoria

wanted to move to Beverly Hills. Tom didn't—but he moved, anyway. Into drawing-rooms, tennis courts, swimming pools and acres of ground. The romance ended soon after. Tom complained that he was "supporting" a bunch of lounge lizards, that there was no place in the house a man could put his feet up and read the paper. The "big house" which caused all the trouble is now vacant, Tom and Victoria have been divorced, each married again. Tom is on the road with his circus; Victoria divides her time between Washington and South America, her husband being a diplomatic attaché.

The Buster Keaton house is just below the Tom Mix place. Buster and Natalie hadn't lived in their magnificent new Beverly Hills home any length of time when they broke up.

Jack Gilbert lives the life of a hermit in his mountain retreat, a lonely hacienda within his empire. Jack was really happy with Leatrice Joy when they lived in a vine-covered cottage on the edge of Hollywood with an old Chinese houseman as their only servant.

Jack has lived in the big Spanish hill-top place with two wives—Ina Claire and Virginia Bruce. He lives there now—alone.

There are dozens of other heartbreak houses—Betty Compson's beautiful white house with the green roof, on Hollywood Boulevard, now half concealed behind a huge sign in the front yard.

The H. B. Warner house—monument to a collapsed marriage. The Belle Bennett house in Toluca Lake, rented by Mary Astor after Belle's death. And now the Mary Astor-Dr. Franklyn Thorpe house they built together, out there. Who will live in it next?

If some of those walls could only talk . . .

The Ladies Say, "He's Got What It Takes"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

his mouth and gave us tull in the teeth the glorious opulence of that exciting and, at the same time, wooing voice.

The effect was electrifying, not only on the audience but on the singer. As he sang, there was a sudden lusty stir in him, a strange new accent of command. Underneath the man's Nordic blondness glowed an almost tropical vividness. His sturdy, huge body, which had hitherto radiated chiefly health and vitality and a sort of bathed-and-scrubbed masculinity, pulsated with the style and authority of the great artist—the artist who cannot be denied.

From that moment, it made no difference how exuberant or expansive or vivacious or eager this blond singing god chose to be—and he did choose, especially in his humorous songs, when his ingratiating smile became an impudent grin, throwing off a rich, expressive, devil-may-care liveliness. In such moments, his long husky body seems to unlimber itself. And so does his voice. The diction, style, authority are still there; and the musicianly, well-balanced control; and the marvelous breathing; but somehow there's an irrepressible boyishness about the song and the singer which makes him seem much younger than he is.

HE'S thirty-four, you know—and twenty of those thirty-four years have been spent in work; fifteen of them in grim preparation for the triumph he achieved that night in the little San Diego theater, for the triumph he achieved every night in "Naughty Marietta" in the greatest motion picture theaters of the world. The intervening five years covered a variety of commercial undertakings that ranged from answering the telephone in a plumbing establishment through writing obituaries for a daily paper to writing soup advertisements for the monthly magazines.

From most of these jobs he was eventually



Our Gang has its own Ukulele like now. The newest recruit of the comedy kids is "Alfalfa" Switzer

It's time for Pabst-



If you are his fishing pal, let him fuss with tackle, rod and bait. You see that Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale get into the boat. Along about noon, when he's hot and thirsty, surprise him, with a bottle of cool, refreshing Pabst. From then on, he will be telling you that he would rather go fishing with you than with anyone on earth—

—and after he pulls in his day's catch—IT'S TIME FOR PABST. How well Pabst goes with a delicious meal of freshly caught fish! For that matter—IT'S TIME FOR PABST at mealtime anywhere. Pabst Blue Ribbon is wholesome, refreshing, satisfying—backed by a ninety year reputation for highest quality. Look for the Pabst Blue Ribbon sign—a quality dealer displays it.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale



fired. And not without reason. For his mind and heart were set throughout most of this period on becoming a great singer. The thought was not a new one with the young man. In fact, it may be said that the musical portion of Nelson Eddy's life dates from the supposedly carefree days of his New England childhood. In a way it began before he was born.

His family was of the good old God-fearing New England type. His father, William Darius Eddy, made submarine gadgets for the navy; his mother kept the modest Eddy house. But they were both musical. His grandmother on his mother's side, Caroline Kendrick, had been a well known singer in her day. So when young Nelson, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and spent most of his childhood in New Bedford and Pawtucket, began to pipe a shrill soprano in the Grace Church choir in Providence and play a mean trap drum in the grammar school orchestra, no one, least of all Nelson himself, was very much surprised.

HIS first appearance as an actor on the amateur singing stage, as the *King of Greece* in a play called "Marriage Tax," occurred in Philadelphia, a city to which many famous Americans, including Benjamin Franklin, have eventually migrated. He sang that first rôle with a breaking heart, for the printer had inadvertently left his name off the program. Imagine his surprise, therefore, when the next day every critic in town was full of praise for the mysterious unknown who sang the part of the *King*. David Bispham, one of the ascendant opera singers of those days, who had been in the audience, did more than praise. He sought out the young actor while he was still in his grease paint, and offered to teach him all he knew.

When Bispham died, Eddy continued his studies here and abroad with such eminent teachers as William V. Villonet and Edouard Lippe. There is nothing to the press-agent story about Eddy being phonograph-taught. The boy took no short cuts. He learned to sing easily the hard way, the way all great singers have learned, by long years of faithful and skilfully directed practice, followed by grinding years of actual performance, often in small and thankless rôles, on the comic opera and grand opera stage.

Nelson Eddy went through all that, and more. He not only worked with the Philadelphia Operatic Society, with the Philadelphia Civic Opera, with the Savoy Opera Company, but he did any kind of musical work whenever and wherever he could get it. He sang in the four-a-day, in prologues and tabloid operas at the movie houses, in obscure radio studios. He tramped the continent from Canada to Mexico, from Coney Island to the Golden Gate. He learned to sing in French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. He mastered thirty-two opera rôles. He added steadily to his concert repertoire until it contained twenty French, twenty-five Italian, thirty-five German, and more than a hundred English songs. He had done all this before he came to San Diego that Spring evening in 1933.

His big chance in Los Angeles followed almost immediately. The San Diego notices were raves. So were the despatches to Los Angeles. They enthused over his clear resonant voice, his perfect control, his luscious tones, his flawless enunciation, his musicianly poise—and then one and all, old men and youths, they let themselves go on the Southern Californian's favorite topic, personality. It was, so they said, as fascinating to watch this exciting person as it was to listen to him. And while the

solemn big-wigs of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Society were pondering these bits of musical news from the provinces, their hearts were suddenly saddened by word that their own soloist for the succeeding evening, a famous tenor whom they had engaged at great expense, had cancelled the booking because of a sore throat.

Would Mr. Eddy please come up from San Diego and substitute for the great man? Would he please? Huh! He caught the afternoon plane. It happened that I caught it, too



He may be a prime minister, but who'd want to meet him on a dark night? Gustav Von Seyffertitz is dressed for his rôle in "She"

There he was, all sprawled out in a discreetly striped blue and black suit, a red and blue plaid tie, plain dark blue shirt, heavy-soled black shoes, soft gray hat pulled well down over his thick, wavy hair, white silk scarf with ends flying and a great loose tan overcoat which made his shoulders look even more mammoth than they are. He was much handsomer, I told myself, off than on—and that is an opinion I still adhere to, even after his heroic appearance on the screen in the

glamorous wigs and periwigs of *Captain Richard Harrington*.

That night he won Los Angeles' sulky sophisticates as quickly, as completely as he had captured San Diego's languid ones. An audience of music lovers accustomed to the greatest names in the concert and operatic world and ignorant almost to a man and a woman of the identity of the young giant who stood before them, rose to its collective feet and gave Nelson Eddy eighteen encores.

Even Hollywood heard the cheers.

You know the rest. But perhaps you don't. Test followed test. Glittering contracts were spread before him. One, which he signed, was for twenty-eight weeks; it brought him more money than he had earned in two years previously. Money, but no work. Not much fun, either. He tried living in a hotel, and loathed it. Then he brought his mother out from Philadelphia, and together they moved into a small home in the Hollywood hills. That was better. He began to go about a bit: played tennis with his friend Gene Raymond; whom some people think he resembles; went to musical teas at Doris Kenyon's; sang at the big dinner for the late Marie Dressler; avoided Hollywood critics.

In disgust, not at the cuties but at the idleness, Eddy went back to his concert touring and his now profitable radio work. But, as so often happens, Hollywood called him back. This time, M-G-M stuck him tentatively into "Dancing Lady." He did a small bit, as did Fred Astaire. As you may remember, the movie critics thought little of either of them! Then the same company put a moustache and sideburns on him for another small bit in "Student Tour." Here, in spite of the awful disguise and the more awful picture, he began to click. People wrote in to know who the unnamed actor was who sang the song. It was like the time he played the *King of Greece*. And the result was much the same, so far as opportunity for study was concerned, and development under expert guidance in his newly-chosen art.

[I]t is too early of course, to pass a critical judgment on Eddy's work as an actor on the singing screen. So far, he has played only one important rôle, that of *Dick Harrington* in Victor Herbert's immortal "Naughty Marietta." It's a great part. Carl Brisson would have been excellent in it; Dennis King, magnificent; Lawrence Tibbett, terrific. Many a lesser singing actor would have been acceptable. It is in fact, a rôle that is actor-proof.

That Eddy was a success as *Captain Harrington*, does not, therefore, necessarily mean that he is a great actor. And besides a great part to play, he had great songs to sing, and a great star to sing them to. He had a great director in W. S. Van Dyke. He had a great supporting cast headed by that splendid actor, Frank Morgan. It is not too much to say that with Herbert's score and Van Dyke's direction, and Morgan to carry the acting burden and Jeanette MacDonald to sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life!" the picture would have been a great success even without Nelson Eddy.

Why is it, then, that practically all the discussions of "Naughty Marietta" in the lobbies on the sidewalks, in the homes, on the park benches, concern nothing and nobody but this six feet of blond excitement which is Nelson Eddy?

Well, if you went with me in your minds to that concert in San Diego, if you watched the heavings and the sighings of the women in that audience as Eddy squared off to give

them, full strength and one hundred proof, the robust glories of, say, "The Song of the Toreador," you *know* why Nelson Eddy dominated "Naughty Marietta" just as Clark Gable has dominated every picture in which he has ever appeared. He gives women what they most want from men—excitement.

I AM sure that Jeanette MacDonald felt that quality in Eddy when she was playing with him. She felt it in that first love scene in the woods, in that last delayed kiss in the boudoir—and, I daresay, every woman in the audience felt it with her. Never before has Jeanette MacDonald been so artistically stimulated, so romantically stimulating. We have seen the same thing happen to the feminine stars whose sometimes slipping footsteps have been supported and whose drooping artistic fortunes have been saved by the excitement which is in Gable. Has Connie Bennett been so good in years, has she ever been so softly appealing, as she was in "After Office Hours"? The thing these two men—alone, I think, of all the leading actors in Hollywood—do to the women with whom they play, they also do to the women *for* whom they play, the great majority of the motion picture fans of America. And therein lies the secret of their success.

THERE are many things about this blond Eddy which remind one of black-haired Gable. Both boys went to work at fifteen. Both took any kind of job that offered while they applied themselves nights and Sundays to achieving their real goal in life. Both toured the tank towns for years before attracting the attention of Hollywood experts. Both finally crashed the studio gates by virtue of sterling performances on the Los Angeles stage. And I have an idea that the resemblance will not cease now that Nelson Eddy has made his first great movie success. I believe that he, like Clark Gable, has cracked down on Hollywood for a good long stay. I believe that he, like Clark, will reach the heights with his head firmly on his shoulders and comfortably in his hat.

He is a good guy, Nelson Eddy, as straight-shooting and straight-thinking a human as ever lost a game of tennis or sipped a Scotch and soda. Simple without the affectation of simplicity, reserved without the paraphernalia of secrecy, he moves unspoiled among the spoilers. He has proved he could get it. I believe he will prove he can take it!

CORRECTION

On Page 62 of the May issue of PHOTOPLAY credit for the bathing suit worn by Maxine Doyle, caption 1, was given to Jantzen. This was an error. Credit should have read: A Catalina Swim Suit

YES... THE RIGHT FACE POWDER

can make this change



Silk-sifted Evening in Paris face powder tones down reflections—flatters like a soft-focus photograph

Like a hard-focus photograph, unsifted powders throw back harsh reflections from the face

New Evening in Paris powder — sifted 3 times through silk — makes features look softer by subduing harsh reflections!

MEN like you to be feminine, delicate, young looking. Yet perhaps you, like so many others, are hiding these very qualities that make you most appealing by using unsifted face powders. They give your skin a flat, hard surface that throws back harsh reflections, makes features look sharp and overbold.

The first time you wear Evening in Paris powder, you see a change that seems almost magical.

For Evening in Paris powder is sifted 3 times through silk. It has a new texture unlike any other face powder. It's infinitely finer and softer—and gives your skin a soft depth, never a flat, hard surface. It *absorbs* light and cannot throw back harsh reflections... thus subduing rather than high-lighting prominent features and other bad points.

Try it before your mirror! See your face grow softer, more delicate, more appealing!



Evening in Paris Face Powder, \$1.10

FRAGRANCE AFTER THE BATH

Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne

A stimulating, sparkling freshness that makes you glow all over. **\$1.10**

Evening in Paris Bath Powder

Cool, refreshing and downy soft. **\$1.10**



Evening in Paris + **BOURJOIS**

BOURJOIS—makers of the world's finest face powders

EVENING IN PARIS • SPRINGTIME IN PARIS • KARESS • FIANCEE • MANON LESCAUT • JAVA

Blazer Bodices
streamline grace in a
two-piece suit - solid color
trunks and blazer striped
upper - \$5.95



"Bib Front"
"Gulf Stream" stitch with
fashioned uplift and contrasting
straps adjusting to new high-
neck "bib" front - \$6.95



"Accordion Rib"
B.V.D.'s new accordion stitch
in smart full-fashioned
Maillet model with adjustable
neckline - \$10.50



"Sea Satin"
A shimmering satin-like
Laster fabric that shapes and
holds the figure perfectly
\$9.95 - Also in skirted models



"Builder Upper"
the self-service uplift brassiere
makes you the sculptor of your
own silhouette - \$8.95

Caste
on the Modern Beach
by **B.V.D.**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D." ● Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. ● From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B. V. D. ● The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

Happiness for Every Type of Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

For months Barbara Stanwyck had a plaster cast on her back. But does that suffering show in her face? No! Because she has wiped out those lines with her own will-power and vitality.

Una Merkel certainly isn't a raving beauty, but her body registers energy. And her personality has put her right at the top.

And Grace Moore. Well, she has everything now, but she didn't have it always. She had to fight for what makes you spend your good money to see her when her pictures come to town.

"But how," I hear you asking me, "am I to acquire the things that make me attractive? Where am I to find this energy and vitality?"

Hold on I'm telling you.

You must work for perfect circulation of the blood. If you have the slightest trace of anemia, you must correct it. In other words, darlings, you've got to have health.

And listen to me. I want no more alibis. It's Summer. You can get all the fruits and vegetables you need. Don't ask me for a substitute for turnip tops. Nothing quite takes their place. Get the greens. Put them on the stove covered with cold water. Bring to a simmer and allow them to cook for about fifteen minutes, then press them through a sieve. Pour off the juice and drink a glass of it a day. It will make you feel as peppy as Shirley Temple—and almost as young.

Summer makes even the most energetic of us feel sluggish. So in Summer you have to make a double effort to keep lean and full of pep. Do not eat too much heavy meat. Cut down on everything sweet. Eat lots of fruits and vegetables (vegetables cooked in plain water with butter put on cold after the food is off the fire).

Being attractive depends upon your personality. You must develop your personality by being definite. If you have any wishy washy ways, drop them. Make up your mind about everything. Don't mentally straddle the fence. *Be* somebody. Be a definite, forceful person. You'll get a lot more notice that way than if you're one of those little soft, cuddly blondes with fluttering eyelashes and a line of baby talk. You'll notice that all of the girls I picked as being attractive in spite of handicaps are definite, vital, forceful personalities.

Take a lesson from them.

You can change your personality and create variety for your face by changing your coiffure every now and then. It will give you a new lease on life. Notice how often the picture stars burst forth with startling new ways of arranging the hair?

It's a grand idea and keeps you from getting bored with your face. Boredom is the beginning of stagnation. Another thing—keep well groomed.

And, of course, remember that you can never

hope to be attractive unless you have a lovely complexion. You get that by proper care of the skin both externally and internally. For the external part use the best beauty preparations on the market. Take care of the internal with my special complexion diet. I'm going to give it to you now because Summer is the best time to take it, since you need make no substitutions.

Once a month, for five days follow this routine: Boil slowly a quart of raspberries or cherries in a little water for an hour. Then pour this into a sieve lined with a double layer of cheese cloth. Let the juice drain through over-night. In the morning, when you first get up drink a glass of the liquid. Two hours later, have a glass of skimmed milk, and keep on drinking a glass of skimmed milk every two hours until you've had six or seven glasses. Just before going to bed drink a glass of grapefruit juice. After five days you'll look at yourself in the mirror and say, "I look marvelous!"

Don't mind the conceit. You can indulge yourself in that luxury, because you *will* look marvelous.

When you've been five days on the liquid diet go back to regular food—but don't have it rich—and begin the day with a glass of water—hot or cold, but not iced—into which the juice of half a lemon has been squeezed. Include blackberries or strawberries on your breakfast menu.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I'd love to try your reducing exercises but I've always heard that exercises make muscles. So don't you think it would be better if I just went on your diets instead?

P.R.T., Lexington, Ky.

You silly girl! Do you believe what you've "always heard"—and from whom I don't know—rather than someone, like me, who has studied the science of reducing for years and proved the fact that my routines reduce in thousands and thousands of cases? I'd like to shake you, but since I can't do that, I'll tell you, as calmly as possible, that my reducing exercises cannot make muscles. They're for the purpose of pounding the muscles down. Every time I give an exercise I plainly state that it should be taken when the body is relaxed. Do not tense your body as you're taking the exercises. Keep relaxed and limber as you're exercising. And don't forget this—my diet and exercises go hand-in-hand. Nothing can be accomplished by diet alone—or by exercise alone. You'll have to go the whole way with me, or not at all!

Dear Sylvia:

Is it true that extremely high heels are bad for one's health? I want your honest opinion on this.

Mrs. W. R., Laramie, Wyo.

You'll get my honest opinion. I always give it. I have never written a word which I did

LETTERS, letters, how they flood in!

But why not, girls, when two little stamps may bring you a lot of happiness and health? You'll never owe anything to Aunt Sylvia for whatever advice I gladly give you. I've helped plenty of people whose problems may have seemed worse than yours. Merely write Sylvia care of **PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

SYLVIA

not believe. Here's your answer. For daytime and for walking a medium heel is correct. Extremely high heels throw you off balance and give you a wrong posture. And that, naturally, is neither good for your health nor your general attractiveness. However, in the evening high heels are attractive and, since one doesn't do any long distance running at a social gathering, it will not hurt you to wear them.

Dear Sylvia:

I'm on your building diet, but milk seems to disagree with me. What shall I do about it?

G. D., Chicago, Ill.

In the first place, be sure that it is the milk which disagrees. Or is it that you're bolting

your food or slumping in a chair after you eat, thereby causing the stomach to contract so that it is unable to do its work of digesting the food? Never curl up in a chair after you eat. Walk around for a little while and give your stomach a chance. But also remember this. Milk will agree with you if you drink it slowly, if, in fact, you actually chew it. Yes, I said chew it, as you would a beefsteak. Never, never gulp milk. That is the principal reason why people complain that it does not agree with them.

Dear Sylvia:

I'd like to reduce my ankles quickly and I haven't much chance to exercise at home. Is there some ankle exercise you can give me that I could do sitting down in a spare moment at the office?

C. D. Y., St. Paul, Minn.

Of course, I can! Sit in a chair. Push the spine against the back of the chair. Stretch the legs straight out in front of you at an angle of forty-five degrees from the body. Certainly, it's a strain on the knees, but who cares when you're reducing those thick, ugly ankles? Then point the toes as far as you can, making a straight line from hip to toe. Quickly point the toes upward, toward the ceiling. Just do that over and over again quickly, back and forth and back and forth. Do it as many times a day as you can. Do it a hundred times a day if you like. And watch yourself getting beautiful, slender ankles.

The Trackwalker Who Was Knighted

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

And earning a living when young Guy Standing started out was no easier than it is today. Forty years ago he was just another young Englishman valiantly storming the gates of Broadway, keeping body and soul together by selling water-color sketches of his own for fifty cents apiece. And worse, he heartily detested his profession. It wasn't until the war that he came to regard the stage as an important influence in life—and, as a result, an adventurous calling.

But in those days he lived on crackers and milk. "Not very sustaining for a two hundred pounder, but neither is ten cents a day!" That was no adventure, but he came upon one quite by chance though he didn't recognize it as such until years later. He met an old friend of his family's on Broadway—a theatrical man and therefore one who could spot the pinched look of hunger with ease. He surveyed young Guy and casually invited him up to his apartment for dinner the next night.

WHEN Guy got there he was glad he'd spent a few cents on cleaning and brushing up his clothes. It was quite a fashionable party—well-fed and prosperous people. One, a man who had earned the title of an empire builder in the days of a fast-growing nation, was holding forth at dinner in much the same way as men do today.

"Unemployment? Nonsense! As long as this country abounds in untilled soil there'll be jobs for everybody who *really* wants to work," the empire builder said. "Trouble with this younger generation is that it's fastidious. It doesn't want to sweat. It wants to pick and choose, or, blast it, it'll not work!"

Far down the table sat a most hungry young man saying nothing at all. He was eating—and listening. The speaker was head of companies, too numerous to mention—railroads, ships, mines, foundries. He ought to know what he was talking about, thought Standing an amused glint in his eye.

Next morning he walked six miles down Manhattan Island to the Great One's office and sent in his card recalling the meeting of the night before. His entrance was brief but to the point.

"I want a job."

"What can you do?" sniffed the Great One.

"Anything. You said there were plenty of jobs."

"So there are. Jobs of WORK!"

"And I," said Standing, "want work."

Without trying to hide his sardonic amusement the Great One replied, "I'm building a railroad in Idaho. We can use big men on the rails. Pay's one dollar and seventy-five a day less fifty cents for keep. Want it?"

Young Guy Standing did. He was given a card to one Riley, foreman of a track gang headquartered one hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest town. Riley was boss of the toughest bunch of bohunks ever to drive a spike into shivering timber. Riley shifted his cud, spat abruptly and allowed his small eyes to rove speculatively over the big frame of the young dude. A suspicion of a smile hovered on his long, Irish upper lip.

"So it's a worrukman ye'll be wantin' to be, eh?"

Guy nodded.

"Know anythin' about railroadin'?" . . .

Well, yon bawx car'll be ye're home. There's thirty men in it to keep ye company. Kape ye're back to the wahll and watch out for the knives . . . Get along wid ye . . . Breakfast at four in the mornin'." Riley grinned as he filed away the work card and watched the dude stride toward his new home.

That night proved eventful. Even Riley heard it as he lay peaceful-like in his rolling office a hundred yards away. Guy's roommates were a playful and energetic lot. No word of greeting was spoken in the smelly, dimly lit bunk car, but thirty pairs of black eyes sized him up with varying degrees of unfriendliness as he stowed his duffle into a bunk. Warily, Guy seated himself and waited.

In a few minutes two of the biggest began wrestling, arm-bending and performing various feats of prodigious strength. 'Seppe of the close-cropped hair, beady eyes and vast chest was easily the victor. Two more challenged him and were defeated. Then came the climax which they all knew was on its way from the moment the clean-limbed Englishman invaded this Latin stronghold.

"I leeka ev' man in thees car!" bellowed 'Seppe, his fist thudding against his matted chest. "Me, 'Seppe Tontorelli, top man thees road . . . No?" His voice was at once gently inquiring and pleading as he peered toward each man in his bunk. His beady eyes swung on Guy. With the grace of an ape he swung forward, insolently. "Ha! W'y you do not say somting? You theenk maybe 'Seppe not so good like you, ha?" With an oath he reached for Guy's coat.

Where it ever came from none of them could ever tell you, least of all 'Seppe Tontorelli, but a rock-like fist swept out of the dark and 'Seppe lost all interest in being top man on any railroad with appalling suddenness.

For an instant the car was deadly quiet, and in that instant Guy got his back to the wall. The next half hour he likens to the sensation one would have of being sewn in a gunny sack full of wild cats. Three things saved him from the twenty-nine active knives—a long reach, the fact that, once hit, his assailants abruptly left the fight except to howl encouragement to their mates—and the cogent advice of Mr. Riley concerning walls.

For three days this brawl went on in spasms and for three nights Standing slept with one eye open. As suddenly as it started it was over. They decided to like him. He worked hard, he fought harder and ate beans, bread and beef with the best of them. "Dot Standing, 'e's wan line fellar," said 'Seppe and threatened to knock the block off anybody who argued with him.

BUT peace didn't bring a clean, sweet smell to the bunk car. The blankets crawled with vermin and the atmosphere was almost palpable with sweat, smoke and chewing tobacco. Guy started in by astounding the whole crew. He actually washed out his blankets and cleansed his mattress. Soap and a bucket of water cleaned his bunk while the crew looked on aghast.

The conversion of 'Seppe was a lot harder. 'Seppe didn't want to be considered effeminate by his fellows. It was all right, he argued for this strange Englishman to clean his bunk; the English were crazy anyway as everyone

knew, he said. But eventually Guy won his point. Reluctantly 'Seppe agreed that no man could call him effeminate if the whole crew did the same thing. They'd all be in the same, though clean, boat. There were a few ardent protests—even Riley was approached by the most indignant of the laborers, but he just grinned and stayed out of it—and 'Seppe would growl deep in his chest.

It took a month to get disinfectant and whitewash up from the rail-head, but two days later that bunk house was as clean and sweet as a ship's sick-bay. It took nearly two months for the road gang to get over looking sheepish whenever they came into these spotless quarters—and Riley shifted his cud and marveled.

Guy had been on the road four months and added nearly forty more pounds to his bone and muscle and a couple of hundred dollars to his reserve when he asked Riley for his time card and pay. He'd licked the job and was getting bored—and anyway he was sort of anxious to look the Great One in the eye back in that New York office before he went back to the stage.

The day before he left, 'Seppe worked close at his side; he was almost like a huge and affectionate dog. When Guy started toward the bunk-car for some water, 'Seppe intercepted him and got the brimming cup himself. At the end of the day 'Seppe again intercepted him and asked to talk alone while the rest headed back, trying to stifle their broad grins. Guy suspected something was afoot, but got no satisfaction from 'Seppe who had suddenly grown more inarticulate than ever. At length the dinner gong rang. Instantly 'Seppe dropped his temporizing and, grinning like a six-year-old, led his friend back to the camp—trying hard not to trot in his eagerness.

THAT gang, which had welcomed Guy Standing with hatred and knives, were scrubbed and combed until they shone. Even Riley spat an appreciative cud in his surprise. "Gorry! Ye'd think it was their first communion instid o' vittles they was goin' to!" But Standing could hardly eat that night. A lump kept rising in his throat and he couldn't swallow. He had to try, though. Instead of beans and beef and bread, the gang had chipped in and secretly sent to the rail-head for delicacies—even a cake!—and a cake in a railroad camp was synonymous with *čavīar*, only more expensive.

There weren't any speeches. There weren't any toastmasters, but the silence at that scrubbed and beaming table in place of the usual hilarious jabbering was more eloquent than a dozen silver-tongued orators. But at the end, after the last morsel of cake and cheese had been washed down by scalding coffee, 'Seppe fidgeted and finally rose, red and gulping, to his feet. He started to speak—you could tell that by the straining muscles in his great throat—but his lips were petrified, immovable. He got redder and started to sweat in the dead, expectant silence.

Suddenly he whipped around, his hand outstretched to young Guy Standing who couldn't see very well just then. Their hands met in a bone crushing grip as 'Seppe found his tongue for a moment.

"'E's wan fine feller," bellowed 'Seppe, "my frand Standing!"

Time Out for Twins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

screen career, and as far as she's concerned she's just resuming it. Don't think she's one of those girls who put career before husband, or family, and all that—she isn't. They have come first, and they always will. There's a little matter of a daughter still to be attended to, but outside of that Bing and Dixie could very justifiably put up one of those stickers in their window—you know, "We do our part." So Dixie thinks it's time to get on with the career again.

"Why, that's what I came here for," she says simply.

YOU remember, of course, that Dixie was playing in "Good News" in New York when Fox scouts first saw the handwriting on the wall in the shape of her feet twinkling on the boards and brought her West to twinkle, twinkle little star in the cinema instead. You remember, too, how Dixie, then playing ingénue leads at Fox, went to the Coconut Grove one night and first met Bing. Bing hadn't clicked then; he was just one of the Three Rhythm Boys—and go to the head of the class if you can name the other two. But there was romance in the Grove that night as the toy balloons came floating down, and Dixie and Bing started going around together.

When the high moguls at Fox heard about that they called Dixie into the Front Office. You always put the Front Office in capital letters because that's the sort of place it is.

"Listen, little girl," said the high moguls in that fatherly way of theirs, "that guy's only a crooner, and if you don't watch out you'll ruin your career running around with him. And as for any thought of *marrying* him—"

What d'you suppose they would have done if they could even have suspected those twins?

BUT Dixie is one of those girls who can paddle their own canoes, so she told the high moguls to go and park their Rolls-Royces up some other alley. And make no mistake about it, Dixie would say that. As it happened just about that time, the high moguls got an idea that the movies had grown up, so they brought Jeanne Eagels and a lot of other big stars from the Big Time to make pictures with, and closed their younger players out. Dixie was one of the youngsters. and, twins notwithstanding, she still is.

Those big stars got five thousand dollars a week, each, and that's a page in its history that Hollywood turns over very quickly whenever it looks over the book. For those stars, with no exceptions, were gosh-awful box-office flops.

So Dixie married her crooner and had the twins. Hollywood mentally washed Dixie up. She was a mighty talented little girl who had settled down very sedately—and that let her out. Bing's star began to rise, became a comet and zoomed. When the blue of the day meets the gold of the night, or whatever it is, was as

nothing to what the gold of Bing's pictures did to the blue of Hollywood's depression days. Bing in a picture was money in the bank.

Incidentally, Hollywood gives Dixie Lee a lot of credit in connection with that. Hollywood points out that Bing in the old days didn't sing as he does now and that Dixie used to croon on the stage. There's a heart-touching tenderness that Bing has acquired—and Hollywood says that he acquired it when he acquired Dixie. It's obvious from the Bing who is and the Bing who was that it does come from the heart, anyway, because Bing's mighty fond of Dixie. You'd never know him now as the playboy who used to tra-la-la through the still night air in one of those Paul Whiteman roadsters.

Dixie doesn't have anything to say about her part in that, whatever it was. She isn't picking any golden oranges off Bing's tree for her own basket.

"GETTING married to Dixie was the best thing I ever did," says Bing "and boy, that's no foolin'!"

"He doesn't sing much around the house," Dixie says with a little smile, "he just whistles. You know how he whistles—"

Yes, you know how he whistles, all right. Who doesn't?

Well, the whistling went right on in the big new house at Toluca Lake, before and after

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!

A Visit to the Polo Grounds
New York

Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**
America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette

the arrival of the twins, and Bing, looking for new fields to conquer, bought a couple of racehorses. Between times Dixie poked holes in his old sweaters so he wouldn't wear them any more, but the more holes she poked the better Bing liked the sweaters. When she hid that frightful cap of his one time and sent one of the sweaters to Japan he went right down town and replaced both—with worse ones.

Nobody could do anything about Bing's clothes, so Dixie decided to amuse herself some other way.

SHE told him since now the house was running itself and the three children were getting along fine she hadn't anything to do any more, so please could she go and do some bits in pictures?

Bing humored her in that idea as he does in everything. Hollywood says it's been mighty good for Bing to humor Dixie, and it looks as

the producers didn't suspect was that she was going to pack 'em as Dixie Lee.

That's why she won't let Bing have a thing to do with her pictures or even let him come on her set when she's making them. Bing knows all about that by now. For when she was making "Love In Bloom" he ambled over on the set the first day. They were shooting a scene with Dixie and just as soon as she caught sight of Bing she stopped short.

"You get out of here," she suggested politely, "and I'll get along all right."

It was the same when she made some records from the songs she sings in the picture. Bing—whose records are so copious that you can hardly turn on the radio without hearing his tweet-tw-double-eee-tweet on one of 'em—thought he might stand by and give the little girl a hand. But Dixie would have none of it.

"You get out of here," she suggested again "and we'll make the records."

crooner, and so now that she's married him and had the twins she's leading lady in "Redheads on Parade"—at Fox. Of course, at the time, film executives believed that the romantic interest of any player was ruined if it was so much as whispered that he or she was even married, but now it doesn't seem to make any difference even when the lady is the mother of twins.

"It does make you feel good," said Dixie, "to be back on the same lot where you started and have a break like this."

Now those Rolls-Royces seem to be up her alley, you might say.

But looking at Dixie, you'd never dream in the world that she could possibly be the mother of those twins. She looks just as she did when she first came to Hollywood, except that she's even younger looking and perhaps a bit thinner. But she's still got that sort of giddy ingénue look about her, like a fluffy young miss who has just stepped out of the bon-bon box in the last musical number. She still has that same coquettish curl to her eyelashes, the same sort of half-shy brown eyes, the same breezy run of chatter.

Her toes tap just as lightly and she looks always as though she just wants to turn on the radio and dance.

IN other words, Dixie is quite a contradiction, in person.

Bing used to sing to a guitar played by Eddie Lang, who afterwards married a girl named Kittie. It was Bing and Eddie then, but Eddie died. Now Kittie is Dixie's stand-in at Fox, and it's Dixie and Kittie. That shows you more just what, underneath that ingénue exterior, the real Dixie is like. Nobody's success could go to her head—not even Bing's.

Between themselves, and as far as careers are concerned, Bing and Dixie have figured things out very nicely. That's why Dixie won't accept a long-term contract anywhere, although Paramount, Fox, Warners and Columbia have already asked her to sign for from three to five years. They refuse to let their production schedules get crossed, so Dixie's pictures have to jibe with Bing's. When he isn't working, she won't work because they like to go places and do things together. In pictures there's competition in the family now, what with both mamma and papa being crooners in a big way, but they croon together to the twins.

BING used to come home tired after a day at the studio and want to stick around the fireplace with the slippers and the pipe, except that of late Bing's taken to cigars. Dixie, who had been home all day, naturally wanted to get out and do something exciting. Now they are both working, and both want to stay at home at the same time, and between pictures they go to the races and to the fights together. It seems that a career fixes the domestic schedule right up.

Hollywood may have thought that Dixie had forgotten that career, but Dixie hadn't. She was happy to stay home and raise the family while Bing was the big breadwinner and so on, but always in the back of her mind was that career of her own. It wasn't altogether that she had too little to do and the time hung on her hands. After she had helped her husband to success in the hundreds of ways that a good wife can, she decided that the time had come to step out and make a success of her own.

Dixie had the idea all along—it was only time out for the twins.



One of the most dramatic scenes in Cecil B. DeMille's historical movie-play, "The Crusades," is that in which the Christian women are sold as slaves in the market place to traders in Jerusalem

though Hollywood is right again. For Dixie went to Paramount to play a bit, and emerged with "Love In Bloom" on a platter with a bouquet around it.

And Hollywood had been thinking of Dixie only as Bing Crosby's wife.

"I wasn't trying to show anybody anything," Dixie remarked casually, "because Bing has plenty of talent for one family."

That's why she insisted, of course, that she should use her own name and not try to trade on Bing's when she went back to work. It is expressly stipulated in every contract she signs that she shall be billed as Dixie Lee, and not Mrs. Bing Crosby. She knows, and the producers know, that as Mrs. Bing she'd pack every movie house in the country; but what

But the best of all was when they put Dixie on a radio program one night recently—and Bing has some reason to think he knows something about radio.

He wanted to go to the studio with Dixie, but she put that little foot of hers down as firmly as ever.

"Nothing doing," she told him flatly. "I'll get along."

"**W**ELL," asked the irresistible Bing, "well, honey, would it be all right if I turned on the radio and listened?"

Now, of course, Dixie is making "Redheads on Parade"—and at Fox. Mark that—at Fox. That's where they told her that her career would be ruined if she went around with a

What Is Dietrich's Destiny?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

not know what to do with her, how to guide her toward the greatness she has always promised but never attained—if he, *Svengali*, must throw up his hands and admit defeat, how can anyone else confidently take up the task?

Hollywood knows no sure answer for that—yet. But it shares Von Sternberg's sustained faith that Marlene Dietrich, while no longer fresh and new to the screen, has a destiny that is yet unfulfilled.

For the past year or so anyone whom you might ask would assure you that Marlene Dietrich was slipping. "One more picture like 'The Scarlet Empress,'" they said, "and she's through."

She made that one more picture, "The Devil Is a Woman," which was exactly what they meant when they said "Another like 'The Scarlet Empress'"—that is, Dietrich deadened against a heavily artistic Von Sternberg background. Then her contract ran out.

Now, inevitably when a star is known to be "slipping" in Hollywood around contract time there is only one thing to expect. If she is re-signed at all, it is at a smaller salary, which is logical, because she's worth less at the all-important box-office.

BUT when Marlene Dietrich slipped she slipped into a sea of offers from other studios and Paramount had to argue with her for weeks before she decided to stay. One of their major arguments, which undoubtedly helped keep her at Paramount, was a new term contract calling for \$250,000 for two pictures a year—and under the terms of the agreement, she can make a good deal more than that.

That's not bad for a star who is "one picture away from the ash heap." And it wasn't sentiment which made Paramount so generous, either.

The fact is that, good pictures or bad, Dietrich carries a prestige second only to that of Garbo. It's an international prestige. More visiting big guns from Europe, Asia or Timbuctoo seek to meet Marlene than any other actress. Not long ago when a radio-telephone service was inaugurated between Japan and America, the editor of a leading Tokyo newspaper wished to talk over it to a Hollywood actress, by way of adding a little touch to the occasion. The actress he requested and spoke to was Marlene Dietrich.

East, West, South or North means little to a favored few stars. Garbo, Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald are others who can turn the foreign balance in their favor to make up for an occasional lightweight popularity in this country.

But the more important reason why Marlene Dietrich had to worry about too many good offers when the big break came was that Hollywood still feels she is a discovery not yet actually discovered!

And she's been right in Hollywood for the past five years!

It seems unfair to blame Josef Von Sternberg wholly for this, or to indict him with the charge, often hurled, of using Marlene Dietrich as a professional guinea pig for his artistic screen experiments. No one was more sincere than Von Sternberg in his search for the right



STEICHEN

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mirror to reflect her true brilliant beauty. He realized that Dietrich was potentially different from any other star and he was convinced that for her he must go off the beaten path—that he must find something new, completely different. In his efforts he leaned over backwards.

The result was the chain of pictures which were the real grounds for screen divorce: "The Scarlet Empress," "The Devil Is a Woman."

If you remember Dietrich in "The Blue Angel," "Morocco," or "Shanghai Express" you remember her at the stage of her greatest appeal.

What changed her? Perhaps the pictures themselves hold the answer, for Marlene Dietrich, although no longer the frightened, shy little foreign actress hiding in the folds of the *maestro's* cape, is just about the same today as she was in the days of her triumphs.

"THE Blue Angel" was dramatic. "Morocco" and "Shanghai Express" were essentially melodramatic. They moved—they had action, drama, plot, suspense. Dietrich punctuated their spirited, contrived drama perfectly with her beauty and screen spell.

But the action and the drama were as necessary to Dietrich's effect as Dietrich's charm was to the picture's effect. All her best pictures indicate that Dietrich must be kept moving. She is not enough alone. She is too phlegmatic, her beauty and her personality both are too quiet to lend life to a heavy background.

Von Sternberg, however, was impatient with the lessons of those early successes. They made his star popular, they brought in the money, but they didn't lead beyond themselves to the destiny which he was convinced the future held for his *Trilby*.

He refused to make any more of that formula—and Dietrich has never been the same since. Their professional divorce will justify Von Sternberg's sudden honest decision, if only

because it will give them both a clean slate and a fresh start.

Marlene, at last, has become reconciled to it, although at first she flatly refused to believe her director was in earnest. Her bewilderment was pathetic and touching. She kept repeating, "I shall never work with another director."

But that is over now. She has said that she would like to make a picture under Ernst Lubitsch. Recently she named Frank Borzage as another choice. There are several directors in Hollywood who would like a chance at her—each one with something new and fresh to bring to this star who has never fulfilled her promise.

Von Sternberg knew her, understood her and believed in her. But he wasn't the right man. And he was man enough to admit it, and man enough to do the only thing that could recreate Marlene Dietrich. She would never have deserted him.

What does this New Deal, dealt her against her will, promise Marlene Dietrich?

Pages from Hollywood's past records of *Svengali-Trilby* set-ups would indicate a gloomy, even fatal future.

D. W. Griffith and Lillian Gish were the first and most famous star-director inseparables. Gish was tops as long as she was with the pioneer, but when they split she made two or three indifferent pictures and then left the screen for good. Both Lillian and Dorothy "retired" to the stage after the Griffith era.

Carol Dempster, Griffith's second *Trilby*, on whose professional education he spent two million dollars, quit pictures the minute he ceased producing.

Mary Philbin, freed from the directorial tyranny of Erich von Stroheim, lingered on at Universal after her mentor had left. But she was never the same. Von Stroheim had discovered her in a beauty contest, taken her under his wing as Von Sternberg took Dietrich, and built her into one of Universal's loveliest stars. She dwindled to eventual extinction when her *maestro* left her.

The only star in Hollywood's history who has survived the dissolution of a directorial dictatorship is Dolores Del Rio. But it cost her two years absence from films. Edwin Carewe discovered the screen's most beautiful exotic at a ball in Mexico City and persuaded her high caste family to let her undertake a screen career. After the colossal failure of his epic effort, "Evangeline," Dolores didn't face a camera for two years. Then "Bird of Paradise" launched her on a new and even greater screen career.

Incidentally, the man who directed Del Rio in "Bird of Paradise" was King Vidor. Vidor is now a Paramount director, and one of the several men mentioned to assume a rôle in Marlene Dietrich's rejuvenation.

HISTORY, however, does not necessarily repeat itself in Hollywood. New precedents are established every day. Certainly from the looks of things Marlene Dietrich has everything to give her unqualified backing in a fresh start. Lubitsch, himself, now the busy head man at Paramount studios, will drop everything and direct her personally if he finds the right story.

There is no reason for Marlene Dietrich to follow in the footsteps of the other *Trilbys* of which she is the greatest example. If she does not gain new life, new inspiration and revive the old enchanting Dietrich freshness, it will be her own fault. Von Sternberg has moved away from the Paramount lot. He plans to produce independently, and while everyone assumes that he and Dietrich will still see one another, he has stated flatly that he will have nothing even in the way of advice to offer her concerning her new career.

The road has never been more open to the destiny of Marlene Dietrich in which Hollywood has believed and continues to believe in.

Still no one can tell where that destiny lies, what it is, nor how to reach it—but from now on Marlene Dietrich and Hollywood will spend a lot of time trying to find out.

Diamond Jim Comes Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

railroad equipment. He knew the business from the ground up. I met a man who got him a job with the New York Central. It was in the baggage department. He'd been a hotel clerk after working in his father's saloon where Diamond Jim was born in a room over the bar. He surely moved up fast, for when he hit Broadway he was fairly rolling in money. He offered Lillian Russell a million dollars cash, put right in her lap, to marry him. But she said, "Why spoil such a lovely friendship?"

"There was an early romance, I believe," resumed Mr. Arnold. "Brady was in love with a young woman in the South. Then, you know, he was devoted to that other beauty and Miss Russell's chum, Edna McCauley, for several years, when, to Broadway's amazement, he and Jessie Lewisohn switched their affections. Diamond Jim's interest in chorus girls was just part of his business build-up. He would give a big dinner to prospective buyers of railroad accessories in his gorgeous apartment on Central Park West, as I remember, and have twelve or fourteen pretty girls up on swings and serving food from their laps. A lot of people think that James Buchanan Brady was a super-salesman. But I don't think he ever really sold a bill of goods. What

he sold was himself. He capitalized his personality—which was much easier than selling goods. Diamond Jim was an exploiter of himself, and the imposing 'front' he put up was his ivory tower."

"How do you feel about playing him?"

"If I can do Diamond Jim as well as I did that millionaire 'drunk' in 'Sadie McKee' I'll be happy," replied Mr. Arnold. "That part is the best I've done. And Joan Crawford is one of the best troupers I've ever worked with. That girl just hands it all to you on a platter and you can't go wrong. I knew it was a good part they'd given me, but I didn't expect to get the response it brought. The reviews made me feel so uncomfortable that when I went back on the same lot to do another picture I sneaked through alleys to avoid meeting Miss Crawford. But one day as I was passing the dressing-rooms I heard someone call, 'Hello, darling!' Looking up, I saw Joan. I told her I hadn't expected the notices I got. She said, 'If you hadn't got them I'd never have spoken to you again.'"

"Are you usually so concerned about a star?"

"I WAS scared stiff," he confessed, "when George Arliss sent for me to play *Louis*

XIII in 'Richlieu.' To make matters worse, an actor who had been in one of his pictures warned me, 'Don't forget to go to the barber's every day and have the back of your neck shaved, because that's all they'll ever see of you.' I went to Arliss shaking. He looked at me and remarked: 'I must apologize. I don't remember ever having seen you on the screen.' I told him, 'I don't go to see all your pictures.' With a dry smile, he replied, 'I don't blame you.' We got along beautifully. Arliss is a charming man and very generous. He taught me what not to do."

AT that moment a man stopped at our table to say, "I saw a preview of the Arliss picture last night, Eddie, and it's *your* picture."

"Oh, that's too good to be true!" blushed the good and modest actor.

Regaining his seat, if not his composure, Mr. Arnold assured me:

"I can get along with anybody. Nothing upsets me while I'm working, because I feel I'm doing the best I can. But one day, when I was playing the doctor in 'Rasputin,' I saw Lionel Barrymore get fearfully upset. He doubled up, groaning, 'I can't do it! I can't go, on!' He was in a scene with John, who simply

sauntered off, sat down calmly and began reading a newspaper. Charlie Brabin, who was directing the earlier part of the picture, believed Lionel to be terribly ill and advised him: "Go to your dressing-room, old man, and lie down till you feel better." Lionel tottered off, apparently in great distress. Over two hundred of us waited. We waited for an hour and a half. Then Brabin got him on the telephone and anxiously inquired, "How are you now?" "I'm all right, why?" said Lionel. "I thought you were sick." "No." "Then what are you doing?" "Playing the piano." "But why in the world did you leave the set?" asked the puzzled director, realizing that thousands of dollars had been wasted. "Didn't you see?" demanded the irate Lionel. "That brother of mine was stealing my scene!"

"Funny things happen in pictures," I brilliantly observed.

"And out of them," added Mr. Arnold. "Not long ago I had a letter from the secretary of the Pinochle Club of the Perth Amboy, New Jersey, Lodge of Elks, asking me to settle a dispute. He wrote that at the last meeting of the club there was no game because the members threw down their cards over an argument as to whether I was drunk or sober when I played *Jack Brennan* in 'Sadie McKee.' I answered that I was on the water wagon at that time because of just getting over an attack of gout, and that I'd played it all in slippers."

We had a cocktail. Over it I asked, "Did you feel that letter to be one of the penalties of being a character actor?"

"ONE of the blessings," he substituted. "But there are penalties, at any rate in the theater. After eleven years in stock I got to New York and was given the lead in 'The Storm.' Then I played the brother, with Dick Bennett and Pauline Lord, in 'Beyond the Horizon.' That settled me. There were no more blue-shirt leads, and I was out of work for a long time. Coming to Hollywood three and a half years ago I was darn near typed in pictures after playing gangsters in 'Okay, America,' and 'Whistling in the Dark.' I got away from parts of that kind just in time. There's a wide variety in other character rôles. What's more, movie audiences help you. People always know what's going to happen to the lead—that no matter what he goes through he will in the end get the girl—but they never know what will happen to the character man—whether he'll turn out to be a drunk, kill himself, or be hanged."

These delightful possibilities seemed to fill Mr. Arnold with a deep contentment as he leaned back and sighed restfully.

"Then you've nothing to worry about?"

"Not any longer. But I did have until B. P. Schulberg, to whom I'm under contract, decided that hereafter I'll do only five pictures a year. There's great danger in being seen on the screen too often. People get tired of you."

As one who had felt there was no rest for the weary movie fan on this account, I agreed.

"Everything, then, is going to suit you?"

"It's going better than I'd ever hoped," was his grateful reply. "This is the first time in my life I've had any dough. Better still, I have a wife and three children. We live simply and comfortably on Beverly Crest and stay home every night except for going to an occasional play or symphony concert. Mrs. Arnold was Olive Emerson, a New York church singer, and happily I share her love of music."

Here, by all the signs comparatively rare in Hollywood, was a thankful actor.

"Yes," granted Edward Arnold. "And I thank God I'm a character actor!"

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

THE famous Honeymoon House which Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale built atop a Los Feliz hill will have to be remodeled.

When Adolphe and his bride carefully and meticulously planned the monument to their married life, they neglected to account for life's little surprises.

They forgot to allow room for a nursery.

Now the little surprise, we understand, is due to arrive in the fall. And Adolphe and Verree are so happy they're willing to tear down the house and build a whole new one!

THOSE who pine for the dear dead days of the Gay Nineties, have another pine or two coming.

The authority for this is Hugh O'Connell, who with Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes, has just finished recreating the exploits of fabulous "Diamond Jim" Brady for the screen.

O'Connell, called upon to bounce a few gay Gay Nineties on his knee, showed up the next day on the set hobbling about on crutches. He explained that bouncing a modern lady is no trick at all—but the gals of that era were too hefty to juggle without serious results!

CHARLES LAUGHTON is most painstaking in studying up for a part. When he learned that he was to play *Captain Bligh* in "Mutiny on the Bounty" he read over one hundred books, and many manuscripts and other documents of the British Admiralty archives, learning all that he could of Bligh, the individual, as well as the sailor. Then, to cap the research, Laughton entered the establishment of a very old firm of London tailors, in Bond Street.

"I am Charles Laughton," he said to the elderly "clerk." "Once you made a uniform for Captain Bligh. I should like to have it duplicated."

"Captain Bligh? When was that, sir?"

"About 1789," said Laughton.

"Very good, sir. Just a moment . . ." said the tailor calmly, as though such requests came in, a dozen a day. He retired to a back room, and emerged presently with an old book wherein was entered every detail—cloth, buttons, measurements, braid and cost of the original suit.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S birthday party—which was on the very same day as that of William Shakespeare, by the way—was intended to be a get together for all the lucky youngsters of the writers in Hollywood. Forty or fifty tots were to assemble in the Sun Room at Fox Studios to have a feast, see a Punch and Judy show and receive gifts from Shirley—but, tragedy of tragedies, Shirley took down with a bad cold and the party was off.

IF Charles Laughton remains in Hollywood anything is quite likely to happen.

Charlie dropped all his hair for "Ruggles of Red Gap," and now he has abandoned no less than fifty-five pounds of flesh for "Mutiny on the Bounty."

A women dietician turned the trick.

DID you know Jimmy Gleason joined the army when he was sixteen? And for twelve years he was an expert marksman with a pistol—shooting from either hip, we assume. He

was with the field artillery and the cavalry. We can't understand why Westerns didn't get him when he went into pictures.

TO his great surprise, George Burns found himself elected to the office of Kentucky Colonel—for "extreme and unusual courage, above and beyond the bounds of ordinary duty."

"Oh well," was Gracie's reaction, "you may be the kernel—but I'm the nut!"

THE chauffeur of a prominent movie star was complaining of a distressing misery. He had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I don't know what it can be," said he, "unless it's the high attitude out in Beverly Hills."



A cute costume and a pretty girl! When Cecilia Parker does her gardening she puts on denim slacks and kid gloves with cretonne cuffs

THE call went out at Universal to find a Lillian Russell for the production, "Diamond Jim."

Finally, after weeks of hunting for the right actress, the casting department announced it had no definite results.

Whereupon it was discovered that there actually was a Lillian Russell working right on the studio lot!

She was a stenographer for an executive, and while she, unfortunately, doesn't look enough like the storied actress of the past for the part, she did do a bit of acting once in her career, before turning to the safer medium of the keyboard.

RIGHT now the whole town is pronouncing and mispronouncing the title of Garbo's picture—"Anna Karenina."

You'll be faced with the same problem soon, so Cal herewith presents the version of a Russian technical advisor. He says it's "Ah-nah Kah-ray-noon-ah"—with the accent on the "ray."

THERE has been an undercurrent of real concern among the many worshiping friends of W. C. Fields.

The laugh-master's prolonged siege of illness has left him in a condition of precarious health. "Bill" almost had pneumonia recently, and he can't seem to completely shake off the after-effects and get back to full health again.

He has been absorbing all the sun and storing up all the rest he can at his San Fernando Valley orange ranch home—and everyone in town has been asking everyone else, "When is Bill Fields going to be back in form? Tell him I said to hurry up and get real well."

No one has more friends in Hollywood than W. C. Fields—and no one deserves more. His place can't very well be filled, so let me add my voice to those of the multitude,

"Hurry up and get well, Bill—we need you!"

IF you think that Connie Bennett and Gloria Swanson and all the big stars have anything on "Slickup," the studio bootblack at M-G-M you're mistaken.

"Slickup," who does all right shining shoes for the stars, has joined the luxuriously elite.

Nowadays he arrives at the studio each morning driven by a chauffeur in uniform. The car isn't exactly the latest model, but it's big and the chauffeur gets out and opens the doors and everything. Sumpin'!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is to have a twelve-weeks' vacation and she will make her first ocean voyage. With her parents, Shirley will sail for Hawaii—not only her initial voyage, but the first time she has ever been out of the state of California.

WELL, there's bound to be a deep dark past in the life of every man, and now we discover the facts about Roger Pryor's early career. Roger used to tell bed-time stories over the radio! His life is full of friendly persecutors since the discovery—and some of the more determined entered his Hollywood house and covered two rooms with Mother Goose wall-paper!

SINCE Carol Ann Beery made her picture debut with her daddy, practically all her thoughts and words are about acting. It's the number one interest in her life now. She talks about her "career" and is very, very serious about it all—as no doubt she should be.

Even when she drinks her milk or eats her spinach, Carol Ann says proudly—"See—I ate it all up—now I can be a great actress."

THE actor-society romantic combine of Jack La Rue and Connie Simpson has started up again. They're going places. But just to balance the ledger, Felix Chappet, who was engaged to Genevieve Tobin not so long ago, has betrothed himself to a Los Angeles society girl.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Burning the Bright Lights With Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

C. Ann did the scene. The wee Miss Beery threw her arms around the other infant and comforted her as best she could. She was so genuinely sorry that she, too, burst into tears, and Daddy Wally had to comfort both babes while production was held up!

By the way, my chickadee, me and Mr. Gable has a secret, and we won't tell you, or you, or you! We both know of a luxurious ranch in the desert. He goes there for hunting. I go there to rest, to sigh over the sunsets and pluck wildflowers. I remember telling you about it once before. David Manners has a house next door. Only twenty guests can be accommodated. And those, pardon the elcvation of my nose, have to be recommended. But, just so the place won't be over-run, we've pledged each other to deepest secrecy. It's ever so much more beautiful than the popular desert resorts, the food is superb and the price is very reasonable.

"But price," I said to Mr. Gable, "wouldn't bother you."

"WOULDN'T it!" exclaimed Clark. "Why should I pay twenty-five dollars a day to see the people I see every day of the week, when I can get more fun, just as good food, a whole lot more seclusion and swell hunting for a quarter of that?"

I know it's mean of me to hold out on the name, so I'll be a biggie and give you a clue. Some years ago, after a heavy rain, stains appeared on the dining-room ceiling. The famous illustrator, Tony Sarg, while there on a holiday, utilized the shapes of the stains and made them into ships, giraffes and giants. Now, Joanie, it's simple, isn't it? Find that ceiling and you've found our ranch!

Ooh, ooh, how my top-knot is spinning from the giddy social whirl this last moon! I've tea-ed with the Eddie Robinsons; breakfasted with the visiting Broadway columnist, Louis Sobol; partied at the Stephen Ames (Raquel Torres); and went to Paul Cavanagh's tea! For sixteen cents I'd change places with Rip Van Winkle, I'm that in need of shut-eye!

And now, I shall be methodical, start with number one, which is Eddie Robinson, and tell you what lovely people they are. Joan, they stuff you with divine *crepes Suzette* for tea (the millionaires!), and they've got about the loveliest home I've ever seen. It's filled with incalculable art treasures. They're always collecting, those folk, and between exquisite china, fine old glass, pipes and paintings, you can't catch your breath long enough to say "Gosh!"

I arrived just as Mr. Robinson was hanging "Daughters of Revolution," a painting that has aroused a deal of controversy recently. He bought it two years ago, but it had been exhibited extensively in New York and Chicago and had just that minute arrived in his home. The actor was as pleased as Judy's husband over this new and famous addition to his art collection. Personally, I felt pretty spiffy being present at its debut. With that, and the tremendous colored window depicting Mrs. Robinson's family crest that Eddie had installed as a gift, I was so impressed I could hardly gobble my tenth *crepes Suzette*!

Then in toddled the Robinson treasure of treasures—small Mannie. He greeted me

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gravely, then toddled off with his Nana to the nursery for dinner. *Little Caesar* looked after him with idolizing eyes as Mannie called out, "See you in the morning, Daddy, for shaving."

"He has a toy razor," Daddy explained, "and I lather his little face. He stands beside me and imitates every stroke I make."

I had lunch at M-G-M. The beauteous Countess de Maigret (her name may be changed) a composite of Dietrich and Garbo, who has just been signed by the studio, came over to chat. She was a sophisticated and glittering vision in a skin-tight, silver sequin gown. At the high waistline a stiff, sequin ruffle stood out all around, almost like a shelf. Of course, it was an Adrian model, and we envied the Countess both for her sumptuous shape and the alluring gown.

[T'S so relieving to be saying nice things behind people's backs when they sneak up and listen to you. The famous designer himself suddenly popped his head around the corner, from where he'd heard every word, and grinned delightedly.

"The Countess looks like Garbo, doesn't she?" was one comment.

"No, like Dietrich," thought someone else.

"You're both wrong," said Adrian, "she's the picture of Mickey Mouse!" And the Countess purred with delight!

I had met the lovely lady shortly before at a party. We all sat around and listened delightedly to her accent. The poor thing had been having hairdresser troubles in this new Hollywood, and Norma Shearer was helping her out, recommending the right shops. Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy sat by and listened, and her husband too. (For about five minutes!) Also Cary Grant (for about as long) and the attractive tennis champ, Paul de Ricou, whom Mervyn had met on the boat to Europe and signed up.

Remember the party the comic, Harry Green, tossed? I told you he sent out five hundred invitations and everyone was sur-

prised to find he was the guest of honor? It was simply dandy when the guests all started comparing notes! Harry threw the thing at the Colony Club and people kept coming and going all day. I couldn't stay long, but I did get in hullos to Paul Kelly, Jean Hersholt, the pretty Reine Davies (Marion's columnist sister) and Virginia Pine. Virginia was wearing a handsome tailored suit and a cheery-looking chapeau which, she told me, she had had copied from her favorite riding hat.

Virginia's baby daughter is crazy about George Raft, the boy-friend. The other day he took the wee one to the studio, for the first time, and showed her the sights. When she came home she was terribly glum. It took an hour's coaxing before she would reveal the reason. "I wish," she wept, "that I looked like Shirley Temple!"

Whee-ee-ee! I was in and out of Paul Cavanagh's party quicker than that! Not because it wasn't full of fun and frolics, but because I didn't have any more time. Paul's an old friend, and he's grander than thirteen marshmallow sundaes. There were British Lords and Ladies and consuls all over the place. (Paul now lives in the house Nelson Eddy formerly occupied and which belongs to Lois Moran.) Among the "cheerios" was the thoroughly American Tom Brown with his happy grin. Ida Lupino, the spectacular cutie, was present. Also Gertrude Michael and Elissa Landi.

[AM going daffy practicing the high kicks and whirls every morning now because Miss Landi told me her mother thought I was a ballet dancer from the Russian Monte Carlo troupe! At these words I turned my most toothsome grin on the lady. She smiled back so sweetly that her daughter exclaimed, "Look, you can live with your mother twenty-five years and suddenly realize what a beautiful smile she has!"

No, this is not a "boost Van Dyke" club, or anything like that, but I'm going to talk about

that man again! We sat together and munched squab at Mrs. Stephen Ames' (Raquel Torres) party the other Sunday night. We had a ducky time. (Shame, Mitzi!) The conversation was about "White Shadows of the South Seas." That was Raquel's first acting rôle, and Van Dyke's initial directorial job of importance. The luscious, black-eyed maiden said, "Van's a wonderful director. I was green and scared, but he made me feel at home. And he turned out a perfectly beautiful picture."

"That," said our hero, looking at the vibrant Raquel, "was because I had excellent material to work with."

WHAT? You want to hear more about the party? So long, Van! The other well-known guests present were Peggy Fears, Jack LaRue Constance Collier, Renee Torres, Mona Rico and Fred Perry, the racquet champ. It started out to be a tennis party. But have you heard of the California sunshine? The liquid sunshine? We had it. In buckets-ful. So instead of watching tennis, we sat around and watched Mr. Perry dodging telephone calls and reporters who wanted to know just what his part had been in the Joe Benjamin fracas at the Trocadero the night before. Perry kept saying nothing, but next morning the papers said that Benjamin said that he said (pause for breath!) American champs were dreadful, or something equally silly. So, they exchanged socks. It made the party lots of fun.

Hey, I gotta date and I gotta scoot! But 'arf a mo', matey! Here's one about the sad-faced Sterling Holloway that might amuse you. Sterling went with a pal to the dentist, to lend moral support. And, every time the dentist drilled the friend it was Holloway who groaned and Holloway winced. The climax came, however, when the extraction took place. The dentist heaved, the friend (a stoic) sat tight—and Holloway fainted!

Bung ho, lassie

MITZI

From the Brown Derby's Chinese Kitchen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

minutes, then add all vegetable ingredients, stirring until all is thoroughly mixed. Add chicken soup, cover and let boil for ten minutes. Season with soy sauce, sesame oil and rice gin and thicken with the starch diluted in two tablespoons of water, stirring thoroughly and watching carefully until the starch is thoroughly cooked, forming a thick brown gravy.

Chicken Chow Mein, Canton Style: Serves four.

¼ lb. fresh peeled water chestnuts
¼ lb. imported Chinese bamboo shoots
½ lb. Chinese cabbage (stems preferred)
¼ lb. Chinese black mushrooms or ½ can imported French white mushrooms
1 medium size heart of celery
½ of one whole sweet green pepper
¼ lb. Chinese peas
½ lb. bean sprouts
Few slices of Spanish onion
1½ lbs. chicken meat (boneless white meat preferred)
2 lbs. fresh egg noodles

Cut up the vegetable ingredients (except peas and bean sprouts) into very fine slices, each not exceeding one and a half inches in length. Cook in the same manner and with the additional ingredients as the chicken chop suey.

In a separate pot, cook the noodles by boiling for two minutes. Remove and put in a hot frying pan containing four tablespoons of cooking oil (imported Chinese peanut oil preferred). Spread noodles evenly and let fry brown, turning to brown each side. Watch carefully and add more oil if required. Remove noodles and cut into small pieces about one inch square. Arrange on individual plates and cover with the cooked concoction.

Cantonese Rice, Brown Derby: Serves six.

½ cup brown rice
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup strained tomato
2 tablespoons chopped onion
2 cups soup stock
1 cup cold diced chicken or veal

Cook rice in butter for two minutes in a frying pan. Add tomato and onion and cook two minutes longer. Add stock, meat and salt and pepper to taste. Cover closely and let simmer until rice is tender and liquid has been absorbed, about one hour, ten minutes.

Ham Noodles, Peking: Serves eight.

1 package (six ounces) wide egg noodles
2 cups chopped ham
3 eggs
1½ cups milk

Butter

Boil noodles until tender, drain and add ham, eggs well beaten and milk. Mix thoroughly. Turn into a buttered baking dish, dot top with small pieces of butter and bake in moderate oven for one hour at a temperature of 350 degrees. Serve with tomato sauce.

Rice Pudding, Shanghai Style: Serves four.

4 tablespoons rice
1 quart milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg
1 cup chopped almonds

Wash rice and to it add other ingredients with exception of almonds. Pour into a baking dish and bake slowly until thick and creamy, stirring occasionally during the first hour. Cool and stir in the chopped almonds. Serve with molasses sauce.

Molasses Sauce, Shanghai Style

1½ cups light molasses
1 tablespoon butter
¼ teaspoon ginger
¼ cup cream

Mix the molasses, butter, ginger and cream and cook slowly to the consistency of thick cream. Serve hot over Rice Pudding.

Mid-Summer Fashion Forecast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Daytime Clothes

In this picture, Joan Crawford wears a suit in rather sheer tweed, navy-blue in small herring-bone design with enormous lapels that push upward toward the throat, not smoothed out. A style definitely for the slender woman, and one to be worn off and on throughout the Summer and well into Autumn.

Sports Clothes

One of Adrian's outstanding contributions to the sports picture is a white wool bathing suit, with criss-cross of bright blue wool down the front and with a voluminous, detachable cape of white with graduating blue stripes. A tip for manufacturers, this smart beach ensemble idea.

Evening Clothes

Joan's evening clothes from "No More Ladies" offer a wealth of ideas.

Adrian has designed a very short evening wrap, two inches above the waist, lavishly trimmed with silver fox. The idea could be adapted in all fabric or fabric with less expensive fur. For Summer dinner and evening dresses.

Then, there is a sunburst pleated evening gown of silver tissue, which used exactly thirty yards of material—at \$18 a yard! The dress could be adapted with much less yardage, be more practical and just as lovely. Adrian thinks sunburst and accordion pleating is the most graceful type of evening fulness. The neckline, of course, is close-fitting with fulness flaring below.

One of Joan's Adrian-designed gowns to claim applause is the white crêpe late afternoon or dinner creation shown. The box neckline is a very new note, achieved by a straight length of material, generously shirred, which shapes itself into a square. Shirring also on the short sleeve cuffs and for the back half-belt, caught with two mirrors at back instead of buttons.

Bisque-colored stiff satin makes another evening gown, with a huge jeweled belt buckle, rather like a stomacher, of emeralds and rhinestones. The back is very low, but from the neckline there falls a cowl drapery of satin lined with jewel embroidery, which holds it softly out from the back.

Adrian says that we will wear wide circular skirts and there will be a feeling of drapery in all afternoon and evening clothes.

When "Anna Karenina" is released, Adrian thinks Greta Garbo's decidedly feminine clothes will have a decided effect on fashions. The clothes are fussy, but so flattering and feminine. They belong to an era when to be over-dressed, as we now consider it, was to be well dressed. Ladies wore fur, feathers, flowers, ribbons and laces, all at the same time. Good taste now decrees few of these fripperies—at one time. Adrian thinks that Garbo may bring about the return of these adornments—many or all at the same time, and change modern opinion to a return of the old that they are in good taste. He anticipates a return to furbelows as never seen before in the memory of the present generation. Even swooning and smelling salts may become fashionable again to go with these styles.



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RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Bernard Newman went to Hollywood from Bergdorf-Goodman, New York, and made the world sit up and take notice by the smart clothes he created for "Roberta." He is also responsible for Katharine Hepburn's clothes in "Break of Hearts." His fashion views are practical, to the point.

Sports Clothes

Mr. Newman likes sleeveless boleros for sports dresses. They offer enough coat to keep the wearer from feeling undressed or incomplete in a shirtwaist or other tailored frock, and are comfortable.

Dresses for active sports and beach wear will have detachable skirts and shorts beneath.

Navy-blue with white and white with navy-blue are still the two best color combinations, he thinks. Pale yellow also is very good.

Apparently, the less said of hats, the better. Mr. Newman thinks they get funnier and funnier, and he prefers not to mention them. By late Summer he thinks we will have to borrow a monkey and a hand-organ to make the costume jibe with the hats.

Evening Clothes

On evening clothes, however he is more voluble, and says the tailored evening gown with bright stripes is an excellent late Summer number. All thin fabrics, tailored and with a bright handkerchief touch will be good.

There will be, of course, the usual organdies and organzas—with this decided difference: long, full sleeves and decidedly shorter skirts. Off the floor all around for these!

Mr. Newman does not subscribe to the new, full bell skirt or the harem effect. He says one woman in a thousand can wear them well, and does not think them important because they are ugly.

He still likes a sleek-fitting skirt and always will. Three cheers for Mr. Newman! He doesn't like drapery because nine times out of ten he thinks it looks messy.

He likes smooth, *clean* lines.

Mr. Newman's great fashion battle cry is: Things to wear must be wearable, not freakish!

Flying the Honeymoon Express

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

there are two pairs of head-phones so they can listen to him talking back and forth to the ground, or enhance the mood with broadcasted sweet music. A speaking tube connects with his pilot's compartment, discreetly walled off to bar all normal noises.

On one trip, however, when he was piloting a Los Angeles playboy and his actress intended to the Arizona nuptial oasis, he heard what he thought was a shot, followed by a bullet-like thud.

"Good heavens!" he thought, "He's murdered her already—or vice versa." He looked around to face two wide grins. A few minutes later another shot sounded and the thud seemed uncomfortably close to his ear. This time a pair of even wider grins. It happened two or three more times, but after all he had to fly, so he didn't look back again until just before he landed. To his horror, a pair of limp bodies lay stretched back against the seats!

MANTZ landed, jumped out and wrenched open the door. Then he saw his "shots." Empty champagne bottles still rolled about on the floor. They had been popping the corks at him, but using the bubbles themselves!

He had to pour the prospective groom out of the plane and prop him up at the wedding. And after he had winged them back to Hollywood, the happy husband rewarded him with a rubber check.

It's such things as that which make for never-a-dull-moment in the life of Hollywood's Flying Cupid. Mantz usually officiates as best man, witness, and partner in crime to thwart newspapermen before he gets through with a movie nuptial flight. He not only has to fly the plane, but he must dig the veteran Yuma marrying Judge Freeman out of bed, arrange for "John," the airport manager, to trundle the blissfully incapable charges into town in his sand-blasted flivver, and do all kinds of odd jobs, not to mention occasionally risking his very excellent health.

After Director William Wellman and Dorothy Coonan had said "I do" to the parson in Las Vegas, Wellman, who is an old friend of the aviator, had an idea.

"Let's don't go back to Hollywood," he said. "Let's go to San Francisco!"

"Wait a minute," argued Mantz. "It's not the best flying weather, you know, and to get to Frisco from here we have to cross the High Sierras, Yosemite and Death Valley.

Any one of them is poison in case of trouble." "That's all right," said the director. "Will you go?"

"Why—sure," said Mantz.

"Well—I'll go anywhere you'll go," declared the director. Mantz thought such confidence must be deserved, so off they hopped, and, of course, made it.

Another time—Mantz laughs as he tells this—he was flying producer, B. P. Schulberg, back East, not to be married, but on a strictly business trip. They were nearing a speed record when they hit the country around Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and despite ominous radio reports of "zero-zero" ahead they kept on. In the thick and dangerous weather, Mantz got off his radio beam. He was flying completely blind and in a desperate situation which grew worse every minute. He knew he had to land, and that any landing in these sightless conditions would probably result in a fatal crack-up.

Taking his courage in his teeth he side-slipped down through a low, black cloudbank and by expert and daring maneuvering skimmed a lane of trees and sat down on a narrow road.

He climbed out with a prayer of thanks. Schulberg climbed out. Mantz, realizing his good fortune, expected ardent congratulations.

The producer yanked at his watch and frowned.

"Well, there goes our schedule all shot to the devil," he said.

BUT if he was mortified then, think of the time when he made a hurried midnight flight to Yuma so an oft-wed director friend of his could try it again, only to have the rueful groom call him in a few weeks and bawl him out for letting him get married!

Paul Mantz has stunted daringly for pictures in his time. He has flown airplanes through low hangars with scant feet to spare from his wing tips. He still holds the record for outside loops with a stock plane—forty-six. Every week witnesses drama and high adventure in his business.

Recently he raced with death from San Francisco to Rochester, Minnesota, and had a patient on the table for a delicate brain operation at the Mayo Clinic in thirteen hours. The other day he carried a miner crushed by falling shaft timbers over the mountains to medical aid. He has flown through smoke and flame to drop food and water to trapped forest firefighters.

But of all his adventures—and this includes the mad hops of the Honeymoon Express—the most intriguing, exciting and maybe the maddest took place the day a Los Angeles newspaper man called him excitedly

"Get her ready," he cried, "for a real honeymoon trip—at least I think that's what it is."

"Okay," said Mantz.

They hopped in the usual direction—toward the Arizona line. The pilot was too busy to ask questions.

AT Needles the reporter beckoned him down. He jumped out and quickly back in.

"They're on the highway," he yelled. "Let's follow it."

They glued themselves to the ribbon of concrete which stripped the desert.

Below a car ran ahead. "There they are!" shouted his passenger. "Land ahead of 'em!" Mantz did. A big limousine swept unchecked past the reporter's excited signals.

They hopped to the tiny town of Bagdad, a name as fantastic as the mad chase itself.

"Just left," shouted the reporter as he climbed back in the plane. "Get down low."

Mantz hugged the highway, ten feet from the ground, roared over a car from which two heads popped out, looking "kind of scared."

They sat down in front of the speeding auto again, and again. The car swept on. Barstow loomed ahead. Their quarry was securely and officially halted at the fruit inspection station. The newspaper man dashed to it with a glint in his eye while Mantz waited.

When he returned, Mantz asked him, "Well are they married?"

"They say they aren't," crowed the newspaperman, "but yes or no, have I a story?"

"By the way," Mantz wanted to know, "who have we been chasing?"

"Garbo!" the reporter exulted, "Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian!"

"Oh," said Mantz, "I've heard of her. She's pretty well known, isn't she?"

No, Paul Mantz doesn't go to the movies, he just does his job as the Flying Cupid of Hollywood and doesn't try to keep up with what's what on the screen.

And in all the thirty-three flights he has made across the state for marriage purposes, there was only one time when he had a chance to kiss the bride.

That was when the habit finally caught up with him, and he flew himself and his own bride to tell it to the marrying judge at Yuma.

The Rise of Randolph Scott

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

never materialized. DeMille was casting for his first talking picture and he decided that he couldn't take a chance casting an unknown, totally inexperienced lad.

But the movie bug had bitten him. He decided to hang around and become an actor. But as so often happens in Hollywood, the bite didn't quite take. It looked as though it might, however, when Jimmy Ryan, the Fox casting director, saw in Randy a future Western star on the type of Gary Cooper. He had Randy study lines from "The Bad Man" and tested him in a cowboy suit.

It was a good enough test, but still nothing happened. Randy decided, therefore, that the way to become an actor was to do a little acting, so he toted his six-feet-two to the Pasadena Playhouse where for the next eight months he acted to his heart's content. Suddenly, out of the blue, came a call from Mr. Ryan telling the hard-working Thespian that Sol Wurtzel, a power at Fox, had finally seen the test, was much interested and wanted another one made immediately. This time in a specially tailor-made cowboy outfit!

SO Randy hurried into Hollywood, got himself measured and shortly afterward slid delightedly into a finely fitting cream-colored, buckskin suit. Now all would be dandy. The test would be taken just as soon as Mr. Wurtzel gave the word, the happy prophet Ryan assured him. So, Randy hung the suit in the wardrobe with a contented sigh. And there, providing sustenance for generations of moths, it still hangs!

Even a six-foot two-inch worm will turn, so Randy turned to Honolulu where he expected to acquire a good coat of tan and forgetfulness. But what about this Cinderella stuff? Wait a minute! The good fairy was not in Honolulu that season. No, she was still in cinemaland. As Scott was walking up Vine Street on his way to book his passage a feminine voice hailed him. The young lady, George Fawcett's daughter and an old friend, wanted to know if Randy was interested in doing a play, "Under the Virginia Moon," in which her mother was starring. As easily as that, Randy became the juvenile lead.

Next he played in "The Broken Wing," with Dorothy Burgess and Leo Carrillo. In the midst of this came a tremendous surprise—a studio wanted to give him a test! This time it was Paramount, and the test resulted in a six months' contract! With jubilation in his heart, the husky lad went up to San Francisco with the company for a six weeks' run, then returned to Hollywood and a career.

But once again Randy just hung around doing nothing. By this time Gary Cooper was out of Westerns and a cowboy star was sadly needed to take his place. Someone thought of Randy, surprisingly enough. And so another test was taken! This time by John Cromwell who had directed Cooper in "The Texan." And Randy was It!

It took just a very little while and then the youth of America gathered Randy to their eager little hearts. He represented to them all the romance of the open range.

But when "Roberta" came along, the studio needed a football hero for one of the leads



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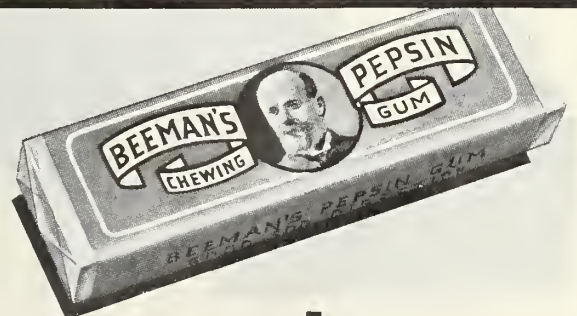
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They hunted about for the right type, tested dozens of stalwarts, but none of them seemed to do. Then some bright soul remembered Georgia Tech Randy who had all the physical requirements. You guess what happened? Right! They took a test! Dozens of tests!

Randy went into "Roberta." The rest is history. The ladies of the land now have a new hero to dream over. But pity the poor kids, they've lost an elegant cowboy forever.

So much for the facts of the case. But what's he like as an individual? Cary Grant, his best friend, says he's the grandest guy in the world because he's easy to get along with, thoughtful, tolerant and extremely conscientious about his work.

But Mr. Scott has his idiosyncrasies. For instance he goes on vegetable sprees about three times a week.

But when Randy isn't vegetating, the Southern cook that his mother sent him makes

him cornpone and hot biscuits and fried chicken. Then Randy reverts to his geographic origin, and honey, he sure does go fo' dem digestibles. On the cook's day out he makes biscuits himself. One rule stands—good or bad, he has to eat them.

On the slightest provocation he'll strum a guitar. And he's the sort of fellow who lets things accumulate—books, magazines, old hats. Especially old hats. He never discards them. He is "crazy over horses." Another steadfast rule: no matter how late or how hard he has been working he keeps in condition by a daily work-out at the gym.

Now he is going from one picture to another with hardly a day between. He has just finished "Village Tale," with Kay Johnson, and he is now working in "She" opposite Helen Gahagan. So, the entire scheme of his life radically changed, Randy has changed too. He deeply regrets his very limited stage experi-

ence, so he studies at home constantly. After the day's shooting is over and he's made a trip to the gym, he has a late dinner, then next day's lines are carefully studied. No parties, no girls, no play. It may sound dull to you, but to Randy it's the most exciting work in the world. He's so tired out by eleven o'clock that he sinks into the specially built over-long bed that Howard Hughes (a tall boy, too) presented him, and which, being made of plain unadorned iron never matches the other furniture in his room. If he doesn't fall asleep too soon he probably reflects with that wonderfully engaging grin of his that he's traveled a funny road—a Virginia gentleman that Hollywood dangled disinterestedly for years and then created into a first-class cowboy. And now she has waved the wand again and Mr. Randolph Scott has turned an abrupt about-face and gone into the drawing-room—where he belongs.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

MARY JANE'S PA—First National

ONE evening a train whistle proves too enticing for the wandering feet of Guy Kibbee, and he ups and leaves his family to get along the best they can.

Then after eleven years a little child (his own) leads him back to rescue his wife, Aline MacMahon, from a disagreeable situation. The picture goes pretty coy for a while when Kibbee dons a cook's outfit and gets a job in his wife's kitchen. It's below par.

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio

AN outdated, melodramatic story with poor direction. Preston Foster is the gangster who gets sent up for income tax evasion. While in prison his brother (Buster Collier) tells him that his attorney (Melvyn Douglas) is going for Foster's ex-wife. There is, of course, a jailbreak, pistol-shooting and a happy ending Melvyn Douglas hands in an intelligent performance.

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia

IF you're a baseball fan, you might have a full evening's fun and a cry or two out of this simple, and obviously timely take off of the great "I-Am" guys of the big leagues. But aside from the diamond stuff, it's not much and you may want to scream when Wallace Ford, the loudmouthed hero, is made to go blind for the tear-jerks. Wally, however, does a great job, despite the hackneyed plot twists. Barbara Kent is the romance and you'll probably be glad to see three old timers again—Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn.

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National

GOOD tunes, bright comedy and a talented cast make this enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. The massive ensemble numbers are so colossal they're a bit boring. But if you go in for that kind of thing, here's your meat. The romance is between Dick Powell and Gloria Stuart. Comedy situations are expertly handled by Alice Brady, Joe Cawthorn, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh and Adolphe Menjou.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists

A MUSICAL comedy version of the familiar story of young *Brewster* who must spend a fortune within six months in order to inherit a greater fortune. Jack Buchanan makes a gay and convincing *Brewster*, Lili Damita and Nancy O'Neil are good as the feminine elements. Lively tunes, and some nimble dancing by Buchanan. But the story loses something by being set to music and given a British background.

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham

A REAL horror thriller based on Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' novel, "The Lodger." The film captures the thrills and suspense of the famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes on which Mrs. Lowndes' story was based. Ivor Novello gives a convincing performance as the quiet young lodger who is really the fiend, and Elizabeth Allan is good as *Daisy*, his unsuspecting sweetheart. Not for the children.

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films

WITH Merle Oberon and Robert Donat in the cast, directed by Leontine Sagan of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, and adapted from Anthony Gibbs' novel "The Young Apollo," one has reason to expect this to be superb entertainment. But it is sadly lacking. With flashes of real promise, it keeps you waiting and hoping for something that never develops. It is our guess that the film suffers chiefly from over-cutting, which has made it jerky and incoherent.

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia

IT'S a certainty you won't love "I'll Love You Always." Nancy Carroll doesn't look at all well and she goes dramatic all over the place. George Murphy, as her husband, does as good a job as possible with the material. Murphy is sent to jail for stealing. He's not a thief, but just desperate. To keep it from his wife, he has letters mailed to her from Russia. When he wants to bow out and save her name the stork flaps its wings and all is love and sunshine again. The story is dull, the direction poor and the dialogue and photography uninspired.

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal

ANOTHER good old Universal shocker with Henry Hull doing an effective "Jekyll and Hyde" as a werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. It's chock full of screams and howls and murders, which provide most of the blood-curdling excitement. If you like to be subjected to chills and the creeps, you'll enjoy it, but you'd better leave the



They seem to please each other, all right! It's little Jean Parker, strolling along with Pinky Tomlin. Both of them are going places, too

children at home. Henry Hull carries most of the story which is none too clever, and Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson and Spring Byington do as well as could be expected with unimportant rôles.

KENTUCKY BLUE STREAK—Talisman

SOME interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight of this independent picture. Eddie Nugent is the reporter who saves jockey Junior Coghlan from the machinations of the heavy, played by Cornelius Keefe. Patricia Scott, new ingénue, has much to learn.

The Best Picture of 1934

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

And the July, 1934, issue will give you a similar list of all pictures released for the first half of the year.

One other point: while the picture must have been released in 1934, you need not have seen it during that year. If you saw the film during 1935, that is quite all right.

There are no rules, no restrictions. All you need to do is vote for the picture you like best. The film receiving the most votes will win the Gold Medal.

For your convenience a ballot is printed on page 66. But you can send your vote in on a post card or scrap of paper if you wish.

The Medal to be awarded is made of solid gold. It weighs 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, and designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

On page 66 are the names of films given the award in previous years.

What movie do you want added to this Honor Roll for 1934?



Edna May Oliver dons old lace and a white wig for her Fanny Townsend rôle in "No More Ladies"

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And Now There Is Al Jolson, Jr.

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25 |

Hospital, suffering from another attack of what was destined to be a fatal disease. For three weeks, Ruby never left her bedside—never gave up hope—that this sister whom she so adored would be spared. But “Heaven gives its favorites early death.” And so, one March afternoon, Anna Mae quietly slipped away from the family circle, who, for nineteen years, had given her their unselfish devotion. To them, she is not gone. For to live in the memory of those we love, is not to die.

After the funeral, Ruby tore herself away from her bereaved family to join Al in New York, where his radio contract detained him. “He needs me too,” she told them—and they understood.

On the train, she decided that now was the psychological time to adopt a baby. In between trains, in Chicago, she visited “The Cradle” and found little Al. She arranged that, on her way back to California, three weeks later, she would bring big Al with her, and if he was as crazy about this “sonny boy” as she was, they would arrange for his legal adoption, and take him back to Hollywood with them.

As one of her dearest friends, Ruby had confided her plans to me immediately upon her arrival in New York, but she swore me to the utmost secrecy. Neither she, nor Al, wanted this “blessed event” to be ballyhooed with the

usual fanfare announcing the Hollywood adoption of a child.

“We hope to have a baby of our own some day,” Ruby explained. “And we don’t want everyone to point out Al, Jr., as the ‘adopted one.’”

I hugged the Jolson secret to myself for days. Keeping faith with Ruby, I refrained from using it on my broadcast or in newspapers until she wired me the final okay from Chicago. But I had a hunch that the news would leak out before then. It did. There was no peace for poor Ruby, after that! Every time she moved, she was trailed by a flock of reporters, who were sure she was on her way to the baby’s hiding place.

One afternoon, she arrived at her brother’s home in Jackson Heights, Long Island, to find the entire front porch littered with camera men. They had seen her cousin enter the house with her fourteen-months-old baby, and were convinced that he was the new Jolson heir!

Ruby isn’t wading deep in parent psychology magazines or lying awake nights, planning her son’s future. All she wants is for him to be a happy healthy, normal youngster who will always reflect credit on the famous name he bears. If he wants to be an actor, she and Al will be delighted, but if he prefers to be a plumber, that’s all right too—just as long as he’s a good one!

Will Ruby give up her career for motherhood? She doesn’t know yet. She still has two more pictures to make under her Warner Bros. contract. After that, *quien sabe?* (the “Latin from Manhattan” influence!)

She loved “Go Into Your Dance” while she was appearing in it. She found co-starring with Al an ideal working arrangement.

“It was the first time we were on the lot together at the same time, and it was such joy having the same working schedule,” she told me. “We’d start together in the morning, and come home together at night. We’d be tired or peppy at the same time, depending on the day’s work. We’d look at our rushes, and plan little bits of “business” for the next day’s scene. The sequence in which Al plays the piano for me, while I try to convince him I’m a dancer, was my own suggestion, and I’m so proud of it!”

She should be—it’s one of the high spots of the picture.

But the success of “Go Into Your Dance” is an empty glory to Ruby now. She won’t even go to see it, because Anna Mae used to visit her on the set every day, and appears briefly in one of the earlier scenes.

It is said that sorrow often makes one bitter—it has only served to make Ruby gentler, sweeter and more lovable . . . if such are possible!

Letters

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 |

COMEDY FOR GRETA

WHY does M-G-M give Greta Garbo so many gloomy parts? Don’t they realize that she is an actress of many moods, and as such should not be confined to playing tragic and heavy dramatic rôles?

The opening scenes of “The Painted Veil” and glimpses from many of her previous films have shown us that Greta Garbo can play a gay, carefree young woman, full of the zest of living, with absolute ease and abandon. But we want more than mere glimpses. It would be a great pleasure to see her in a character representing the joy and not the sorrow of living.

She has a fund of delightful humor that ought to be properly exploited, and which would enable her to score a terrific hit in light comedy.

INDRA, Princess of Kapurthala, India

JOKE ON THEM

POP and Mom and I decided we would see a movie a week. Somehow, Mom and I thought Pop would like sweet little Janet Gaynor’s pictures, so we took him to see them. But one week, Pop was feeling kind of blue, so we thought we would shock him out of it, so we just up and took him to see Mae West in “The Gay Nineties.” Well, the joke was on us. Pop came out raving and Mom and I were shocked out of our wits.

J. M., Yoakum, Texas

SHOULD BE GRATEFUL

WHEN I think of all the pleasantness the movies bring into the lives of its patrons, it makes me bristle to hear people blackball the actors who play in them.

I believe most of us go to see a picture to enjoy a release from our own thoughts or everyday experiences. Because we don’t approve of the private lives of the players doesn’t make the picture any the less enjoyable. Not any more so than a view of the Bay of Naples would be ruined because a ship had been wrecked on the shores.

The stars of Hollywood are constantly before the public eye by popular demand, but I am sure one would find just as many undesirable qualities among the citizens of any city or town were their private lives printed as widely over the country.

I am of the opinion people should be grateful for the entertainment the players give us. After all, a fine performance by any other name would still be a fine performance.

MARIEL ANDERSON, Racine, Wisconsin

TO MR. BLACKMER

WHY, oh why, can’t the producers, just sometimes, give us fans what we want? My kick is that a man like Sidney Blackmer appears so infrequently on the screen, and when he does, it’s only in supporting rôles. Mr. Blackmer is an actor of great charm and finesse and always handles his parts with

consummate ability. It is a treat to watch him.

I, as one of Mr. Blackmer’s Canadian admirers, take off my hat to him.

R. W. BERTON, Montreal, Canada

ROSS ALEXANDER

A FEW months ago I saw “Flirtation Walk” and “Gentlemen are Born,” introducing to the movie-going public a new player, Ross Alexander. I liked this young man’s acting very much and hoped I would be seeing more of him on the screen in the future. I think he is the best bet of all the new players on the screen at the present time.

PAUL PRINCE, Birmingham, Alabama

ALL FOR COLOR

WE have been viewing black and white films ever since the motion picture industry was in the cradle, and I think it’s time for a change to more colorful films. But recently I saw the color short, “La Cucharacha,” and it was beautiful. It didn’t disturb my eyes once.

C. J. CALDERON, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FROM YUGOSLAVIA

I AM very sorry indeed that American films are not more plentiful in Yugoslavia. They are rich, shining and multiplex, beautiful, smart and brilliant.

YGOR POLENSKY, Osijek, Yugoslavia

"I Want to Be a Clown"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

clown. He was still being forced in film after film to cry "Mother!" with a tremble in his voice when his desire was to kick up his heels and grin.

Bob Young had never intended being a serious dramatic actor.

His first job in motion pictures was back in 1927 when he was night watchman at Associated Studios, guarding the costumes being used in von Stroheim's lavish production, "The Wedding March." Bob used to watch for a few hours, then roll up in a satin shawl, put his head on a bustle and go to sleep. And the dreams he dreamed were of Robert Young, actor, master of farce, ace comedian. There wasn't a tragic note in them.

THE first money he earned as an "actor" was playing an extra's rôle in a mob scene in a Ben Turpin comedy. The five bucks was nice, but the real thrill was seeing Ben Turpin in the flesh, watching the comedian do his stuff before the cameras.

When you meet Bob Young you have a feeling that his natural talents would be for comedy rather than dramatic rôles. He has flirty eyes, full of twinkles, and a kind of sparkle that he must continually repress before the cameras when playing a serious rôle. He's a gay, carefree, active person. He says himself that serious rôles are desperately difficult for him to play, and comedy is natural and easy.

"A single sentence that must be spoken gravely, dramatically, throws me into a cold sweat," Bob groaned. "Usually there have to be re-takes and re-takes. It wears me out. But comedy—ah! That comes easy. I never had so much fun in my life as I did making 'Vagabond Lady.' I actually looked forward each day to getting back on the set.

THERE was a kind of spontaneity and eagerness that I was never able to feel in playing a dramatic rôle. Things went like clockwork. The pay-off was the day we made the scene down in the janitor's office, when Frank Craven, as old *Spiggins*, was trying to argue me into marrying his daughter. I am swinging a mashine, nonchalantly, and giving Frank—who, incidentally, is a swell golfer—little attention.

"There's a golf ball on the floor and across the room a brass cuspidor. The idea was that when Frank reached the climax of his argument I was to hit the ball, landing it into the cuspidor. I'm a poor golfer, and was sure it would be impossible to do it, so we decided to make the shot, let the ball fly where it might, then cut to a shot of the ball in the cuspidor—what is known as a 'trick shot.' The scene went along beautifully—cameras grinding. I hit the ball. It sailed smoothly across the room and *plop*, dropped right into the cuspidor! The crew and cast almost ruined the 'take' with gasps of surprise.

"And it seemed as though everything went along with just that much ease. Everything but the gumdrops! You'll remember that Evelyn Venable and I are inveterate gumdrop chowers in the film.

"One scene in particular, that where we eat a bagful. It just happened that that was one of the few scenes in the film that required a number of re-takes. Evelyn and I chewed gumdrops all afternoon.

"We tried 'faking,' pretending we were chewing them, or starting to chew them then depositing them in a waste basket. But these 'fakes' were all obvious, and Director Sam Taylor wouldn't let us use them. Nope! We had to swallow! Evelyn and I were both ill that night. But fortunately we didn't have to start on another gumdrop sequence the next day.

"People who have seen the film tell me it is hilariously funny," Bob continued. "And I certainly hope it is. The idea, you know, was to play it as light comedy-drama. But after reading the script I said to myself, 'Mr. Young, here's your chance to do some real farce—'clowning. Don't let 'em talk you out of it.' It took quite a lot of arguing to convince those concerned that it should be played as farce rather than straight high-comedy. And, of course, the film's success is of vital importance to me.

"Evelyn Venable was my staunch supporter—she too has always wanted to do comedy and has spent most of her two years in Hollywood playing serious rôles. The crazier we could play a scene the better we liked it—and the easier we found it, too."

LOTS of people have a mistaken idea that comedy is always easier to play than tragedy. As a matter of fact, most artists find it just the opposite. Claudette Colbert, for instance, once said to me, "Comedy is very difficult for me to do. Serious drama is much, much easier. In a dramatic scene I'm playing a certain part as I, Claudette Colbert, feel it would be enacted in real life. But in comedy I have to play it in a way thousands of people in different walks of life will consider funny and convincing.

"It puts a terrible strain on an actress, I think!"

It's easy for Bob Young because he has a natural talent for it. However, Bob may want to clown before the camera but he takes his career very seriously. As a matter of fact, he has taken his acting seriously since a child of five or six, when the ambition to be a great comedian was first formed. His parents were poor, and the problem of a career, financial security, was no light matter to the youngster who ran errands after school to earn a little money.

When he was graduated from high school, in Los Angeles, he got a job clerking in a drug store. But he spent every minute of his spare time at the Pasadena Playhouse.

He had rôles in over forty plays there before any of the studios in Hollywood even gave him a tumble.

TODAY life looks pretty rosy to him. As soon as he was well-established in films, he married his high-school sweetheart, Betty Lou Henderson.

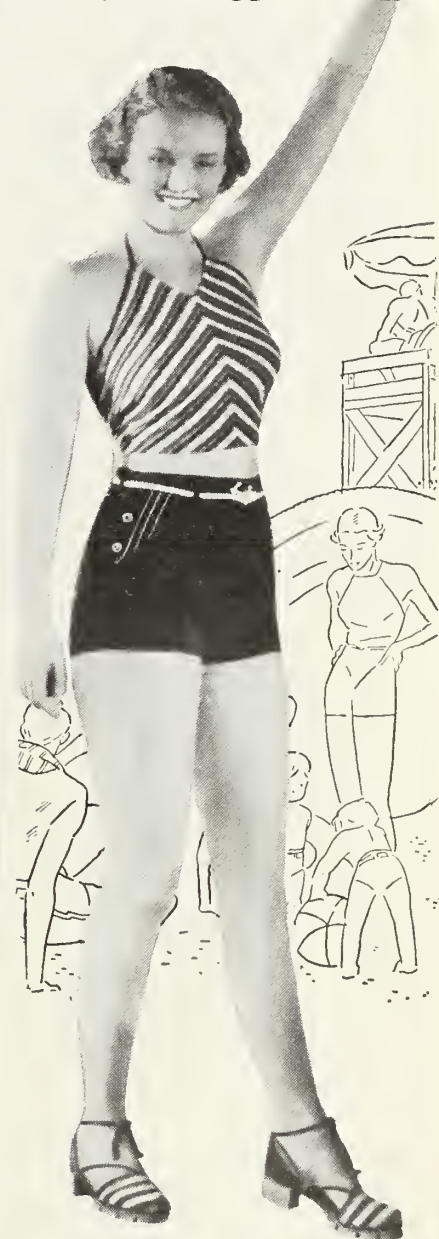
Baby Carol Ann is a year and a half now, and the Youngs' marriage is considered one of the happiest in Hollywood.

"All I ask for now," he says, "is bigger and better clowning rôles—more comedy. I'm sure it's my only chance for important movie success."

So, some day you'll be saying, "Isn't Bob Young a marvelous comedian? Remember back when he was a juvenile, turning on the tears in every reel?"

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

STEPIN FETCHIT moved fast for the first time in his career—but unfortunately, the camera didn't get it. For a scene in "Charlie Chan in Egypt," Stepin was lighting the way—supposedly for Warner Oland—to the bottom of a tomb, down a long flight of stairs. Well, Stepin missed a step—and saved himself all the trouble of walking down. Pretty soon a sad voice drifted up: "I'se down here, boss, with all dese other mummies!"

STEPIN FETCHIT after falling down the long flight of stairs wailed that he was "all black and blue"—but he couldn't prove it! The painful area was painted with iodine by a doctor. But *he* couldn't prove it! Stepin has what is known in the biology books as "protective coloration."

And now Stepin, who wears shorts in the picture, is complaining of *sunburn!*

PERHAPS you haven't noticed it, because Shirley Temple occupies so much of the limelight—but little Jane Withers out at Fox has had an even more rapid rise than Shirley had! She first went on the lot last November, and now—about six months later—she is to be co-starred.

Of course, Shirley is the "Garbo" of the lot. But there's nothing like a Garbo to make a Dietrich, eh?

GREATER love hath no woman when she eats two lunches just to please her husband. Mrs. Stephen Ames (Raquel Torres) was nearly finished with a big meal at the Brown Derby one day when she decided to call her husband who was at home.

"Darling," he told her, as excited as a kid "I've been having a great time. I just cooked a pot of spaghetti. You'll love it! It's swell!"

"How sweet," cooed the black-eyed Raquel. "I'll be right home, dear!"

And out she dashed while the wide-eyed waitress cleared away the crumbs that were left from her steak and potatoes!

RENEE TORRES is a very popular girl in town. The romance with Paul Ames, briefly interrupted by his marriage to June Knight, has been resumed. Eddie Sutherland is wasting no time, and Fred Perry, the tennis champion, is around too.

THERE are compliments and compliments. Two young players at a recent Hollywood party watched the arrival of Billie Burke. Impulsively, one of them broke out with, "I think she's a *really* attractive woman. She always looks so *well-scrubbed!*"

SINCE Marlene Dietrich returned to Hollywood from her trip East, the studio doesn't see much of her.

Marlene used to eat in the studio commissary every noon of her working days, regularly. Now she seldom enters the place.

The recent split-up with Josef Von Sternberg seems to have had its effect on her disposition also. People she used to be nice to, she seldom notices now. And she's begun finding fault with this and that much more than in the past.

In fact, the whole thing is a bit suggestive of a possible high-hat attitude in the future. It

may be that her digestion isn't up to par and then it may be that she has decided to start her new deal out right—by snooting Hollywood Garbo did it—and it seemed to pay.

JOHN BARRYMORE denies. Dolores Costello evades, and various lawyers and relatives keep mum or second the two principals, but the opinion of all Hollywood's close observers is that John and Dolores are headed for divorce.

Funny how early those things start in



Walter C. Kelly, prince of comedians, just signed a long-termed Paramount contract. You'll see him next in "The Virginia Judge"

Hollywood. The rumor of their unhappiness broke almost a year ago. Only now does it reach a head.

John is said to have started all the rumpus because Dolores wished to resume her screen career, while he wanted her to remain Mrs. Barrymore. The odd part of it is, if they're divorced, she'll certainly re-enter pictures. Not so much a cause as a result.

GLENDA FARRELL'S father's name is Charlie—and he's thinking of doing something about it.

The autograph hunters and romantic young things are getting him peppery because—it's only natural—they think "Charlie Farrell" is a too, too divine young man who is a movie star. He's had to take his name off the mail box.

THEY were discussing the era of brunettes and the end of the platinum blonde which color films are said to augur.

Said Jack Oakie: "Brunettes are okay, but I'll take a platinum blonde anytime—especially right now—they look so much cooler for Summer."

THEY took Jean Muir to the ostrich farm the other day to shoot some pictures. But no pictures were shot. The ostriches, instead of hiding their heads in the ground, as Jean had always been led to believe they did, galloped around the place in terrifying fashion and Jean was so afraid that she couldn't make a scene.

Finally they had to give up when Jean threatened to hide *her* head in the ground.

IT would come off when a reporter was on the set.

Shirley Temple's false front tooth had been doing nicely for five or six months and not a soul knew that the tiny chopper was other than her own until the day, in the middle of the scene, when it popped to the floor—right before the eyes of a newspaper man.

Shirley, in that stage of life when a tooth is quite likely to waggle and jump out any minute, has been wearing a tiny tooth capped over the start of an honest-to-goodness one. Bet you can't even guess which tooth it is—that's how perfect Hollywood dentists have become.

Shirley wears the biter all the time, because when it isn't in she says "thitlter" and "thoap."

ANN HARDING has been mystifying Hollywood recently by running out of town to unannounced destinations.

Usually she goes by plane and nobody knows about it, which makes it all very intriguing for everybody to guess her destination.

One of the mystery trips, I happen to know, was to El Paso, Texas, to the army post there. Ann always flies with Paul Mantz, Hollywood's famous "Honeymoon Pilot."

Recently there has been much talk about the romance and impending marriage of Ann and a dashing major with whom she dined and danced on her recent trip to the Hawaiian Islands. Ann denies it and the major just won't talk.

TWICE a week, regularly, ever since Binnie Barnes came back to Hollywood from London, she puts in a trans-oceanic telephone call to her husband, an antique-book dealer in the British capital.

She spends hours on the set, patiently writing out what she's going to talk to him about.

But when the call goes through, she's so excited and so worried about the high cost of every second that she invariably says, "Hello dear. How are you? Is everything all right? Yes, I'm fine—everything's all right here—Good-bye!"

So it's not such a success. She thinks she'll have to give it up and write letters.

THOSE rancheros, chicken raisers and Van Nuys hide-aways—Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak—have indicated that their back-to-earth farm is at last going Hollywood.

They're going to raise Passion Fruit!

BESSIE LOVE, in the years that she has been out of pictures, and devoting her time to a lovely home, husband and child, has frequently been offered screen contracts. Miss Love constantly refused, until recently. Now

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Don't Love Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

in its heart, Hollywood is kind and bears well in mind the fearful admonition, "There, but for the grace of God, go I," Sylva's obvious tactics were tolerated. Most men I think, tried to avoid her but, once caught, they listened to her and, when they could, gave her small bits in their pictures.

AS I have said, Scott was tight. Otherwise I scarcely believe that he would have brought Sylva over to me right after they came in. I didn't need any trouble—there were half a dozen men around me already, most of them slightly unmanageable. One of them was trying to get me to join a nudist colony with him, and the others were sore because they hadn't thought of it. I was used to situations like that, however, and could usually handle them.

"I've never met Miss Adair before," Sylva said when Scott introduced us, "but I did see one of her pictures." She turned to me: "You were wonderful, but who wouldn't be with the direction you had?"

I started to acknowledge my indebtedness to Scott when he rallied unexpectedly to my defense.

"A director can only bring out what is in the star herself."

"Oh," said Sylva, "then Miss Adair is really like that. I wouldn't have believed it possible."

That trick of speaking of me as if I were in some other room began to get under my skin. There is just enough of kinship with the men who came from Kilkenny in my character to make it difficult for me to keep my temper when anybody deliberately tries to make me lose it. I longed for a handful of Sylva Velasquez' hair. I guess I would have had it in a minute if the gang hadn't rallied so quickly—my gang, I mean. The half a dozen men who had been trying to take me away from each other suddenly joined forces when I was

threatened with annoyance from another woman. Like a well-rehearsed football play my friends surrounded Sylva in an admiring huddle and began to pester her with compliments. She was so hungry for the bait that, for a moment, she forgot all about me and, by the time she remembered, I was safely out of harm's way, steering Scott past the bar out into the open. My theory was that fresh air would do him more good than alcohol.

Scott, drunk, I discovered, was mentally alert but physically bogged down. His body made a botch of taking direction. I helped him down the steps and into his roadster which was standing, not in the driveway with the others, but on the lawn, with the front wheels in a shallow goldfish pond.

Scott explained it: "Wanted to give my faithful charger a drink."

He started to sit in the driver's seat but I pushed him over and took that place myself.

"We goin' some place, Moppet?" Scott inquired.

I treasured that nickname, "Moppet." Strange, I had never felt so close to him before.

"Not unless you say so, Scott."

"I'll go places with Moppet—any places. I didn't want to run into you tonight but now I have seen you I don't want to do anything else."

He spoke slowly with obvious and meticulous effort to guide his tongue over his usual distinct, clipped syllables.

"MAYBE we'd better go home," I suggested.

He laughed. There was bitterness in it. "I have no home, Moppet. My father told me that. Sour Britisher, my father—idol worshipper, though—the regiment! the king! and the Empire! Showed me the door, he did—advised me to look at the inside of it for the last time. A bit of old school melodrama but



No, Florence Rice isn't twins. They did it with mirrors. When a girl is as lovely as Florence, a chap is happy to be seeing double. Her latest picture is Columbia's "The Awakening of Jim Burke"

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he meant it. Couldn't have done it better if I'd directed him myself."

I don't know how much more Scott would have told me about himself. He got no further opportunity at that time.

Sylva burst out of the house and came running to the car. She arrived first at the side where Scott was sitting. She stepped onto the running board and leaned over toward me, her face livid, a picture of drunken fury.

"You're always trying to take my boy friends away from me, aren't you?" Her tongue was loose and she lashed me with it, using many abusive words. She concluded finally, "Always find you waitin' for 'em in their cars—waitin' and waitin' and waitin'."

"So that's where I've seen you before," I said coolly.

"Where? When? What you talkin' about?" She was suddenly sober, apprehensive.

"Nothing. Skip it."

Scott interrupted. "Too much talk. This sequence needs action—comedy action."

He put his hand over Sylva's face and pushed.

She splashed into the pond, making weird noises.

I didn't wait to listen to her curses, I started the motor and backed out carefully to the driveway.

In another moment we were in the street.

I WAS thinking about the sodden, disappointed, desperate woman we had left in the goldfish pool. By her incautious angry accusation she had practically identified herself as the murderess of William Sohlki. I wondered if there was anything I should do about it, if there was anything I could do.

Finally I must have shrugged my shoulders. "That's what I say." I turned at his voice and found Scott looking at me quizzically. "Let it ride," he added. "Okay for sound," I said quoting Lanny Barnes' often reiterated check from the mixing room.

"Okay for acting," Scott added. After a pause he said, "I've missed you, Moppet." "Where do you get this 'Moppet' stuff?"

"From back home. In England that's what we call immature sprats like yourself when they first begin to put on the airs of ladies. It takes them down a peg."

When we arrived at my new house I looked back and, just as I expected, I saw, lumbering after us, my own car with George and Louella in the front seat.

I laughed. "You don't have to trail me, Louella, when I'm with Mr. Deering."

"That's right, Louella," concurred Scott. "My intentions are strictly honorable—worse luck"

"I know that, Miss Rochelle, honey. We jus' come home to make you folks a cup of coffee."

Louella went in and George took my car around to the garage.

"LET'S sit outside a minute, Moppet," said Scott.

He knew I'd do anything he said. "I wasn't fooling when I told you how much I've missed you." Scott had a little trouble lighting a cigarette—his hand shook. So I helped him. "Thanks."

He held my hand when he had finished—not tightly, just quietly as if it steadied him. "Have people told you anything about me?" "Nothing but nice things. Lanny Barnes said—"

"I know. He thinks we ought to get married. Fussy, gossipy busybody, isn't he?"

"The nicest boy I know."

"And head-over-heels in love with you himself."

"Nonsense."

"Don't stop me. You're apt to hear things I wouldn't say if I was-er-on the set. Are you in love with Lanny?"

"No."

"With anybody?"

"No."

"I knew that. You look like a bonfire and act like a cold-storage warehouse." He reflected a moment. "I was in love once. No fun. It was back home. We were married. It didn't work out. She's trying it again next month, I hear."

"Is that why you—?"

"No. I drink because—let's see—I can't just remember why I'm drinking this week. It'll come to me in the middle of the night some time and I'll call you up and ask if I can come over and explain it to you. Will that be all right with you?"

"You know anything you do is all right with me."

He sighed. "I was afraid so." He put my hand over in my own lap. "Hasn't anyone warned you what directors do to little girls who trust them?"

"Yes."

I think I must have shivered a little. Anyway he sensed the chill that contracted my heart.

Scott always knew every emotion that rippled across my soul—if any.

He laughed. "Moppet, darling, I'm not about to propose any passionate immorality. It isn't in me—any more than it is in you. What I was going to ask was if it would be just as convenient for you to be my wife as it is to live down here by yourself? Lanny Barnes might be right. We do have a lot of fun working together. God knows nothing else amuses me. Maybe even you wouldn't if we were together all the time."

"Would you let me know?"

HE considered that. "No, Moppet."

"But you think I could tell?"

"I don't believe so. I'm a better actor than you are. What do you say?"

I thought it over carefully. "Scott, you're pie-eyed."

"Not up here." He touched his forehead.

I knew that was true. "Listen, Scott, dear. I'm not in your class."

He laughed. "Moppet, my sweet, there is nothing any lower in the social scale than an English officer who has been cashiered from his regiment. Do you want to know any more about that?"

"No."

"They didn't even give me back the broken pieces of my sword."

So that was it.

He was eating his heart out for the faded glory of a uniform.

I put my hand back in his.

"That wouldn't matter to you?" he asked.

"Everything that hurts you would matter to me."

"Then we'll forget it. I had to tell you. Is it a deal? Shall we make a try of it?"

"We'll think it over. Tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow I'll be here with a ring that'll make Peggy Joyce wish she'd seen me first. I've been wondering what to do with my bonus from our last picture."

I called George and instructed him to drive Scott home.

Scott protested but I proved to be right. George had to put him to bed.

CHAPTER XXI

Scott Deering did not show up in the morning, which was just as well because I hadn't slept until nearly daybreak. There was so much to think about. That woman at Freddie Gay's party. Scott's own story so sketchily revealed in his cryptic remarks about his home life—his regiment. I didn't care what he had done to deserve the harsh punishment which he had been meted out, but I did wonder who he was. The younger son of a titled family perhaps—certainly a cultured English gentleman. I wondered what his wife had been like—he was certainly a little regretful about her. Maybe he had been hoping all this time that she would relent. And now she was going to marry someone else. Perhaps that was why he had made that impulsive proposition to me—just to spite her.

I WAS in the midst of pondering those matters when Scott drove up—under his own power and apparently sober.

He had a ring in his pocket. "Just a trifling sparkler," he explained. "The jeweler is getting the Kohinoor for you to replace it later."

I pretended extreme surprise. "I was trying to remember what it was we were talking about last night."

"You'd better remember. It was the most important event of the week in Hollywood. I lay awake all night thinking about it."

"I'd believe that if my chauffeur hadn't told me that you were asleep before you got home. You may not know it but he undressed you and put you to bed."

"Moppet, I dreamed it was you."

He'd remembered the nickname! I must have smiled.

"Does that become one of my duties?" I asked.

"Then you're going to take on the job?"

"I didn't say that."

He was very gay and very amusing. We argued back and forth over my breakfast which he shared with me.

I accepted the ring but with the proviso that we keep the arrangement a secret for a while—just in case.

AS it happened, the secrecy part was a joke. Winchell broadcast it the next day. And Sid Skolsky went even farther; he reported in his syndicated column that we had been secretly married for months and were expecting an heir in July. How such things leak out I don't know. In this case I imagine that the jewelry salesman must have told somebody. Maybe he got a five dollar bill for the information.

I didn't mind really except for one thing. I received a telegram from Sam Werks.

It read: "Better luck this time."

I had a bad five minutes. So Sam had known all along where I was. It was inevitable, I suppose, that he should have recognized the pictures of me which had been reproduced all over the world by the newspapers. Finally I put the cold chill resolutely behind me and threw myself into the round of gayety which had for its excuse our approaching marriage.

There was one bad effect from the cocktail parties and dinners which were given in our honor. Scott was moderately tight most of the time. There was nothing I could say—and I'm not at all sure that he could have avoided it. There isn't much a man can do when a toast is proposed to his future bride—except drink the toast.

One of the affairs which we attended was not given in our honor. It was the Marion Davies Christmas party for poor children, which is held annually in one of the studio sound stages. The vast interior is beautifully decorated and there is a noon-day dinner and presents for a thousand youngsters, more or less.

We were invited because Scott was an amateur magician of considerable skill and could do tricks for the guests. I just went along. But I had the time of my life and when we finally left I was convinced that it isn't such a bad world after all.

"Did you notice that little five-year-old with the jet black hair?" I asked Scott.

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



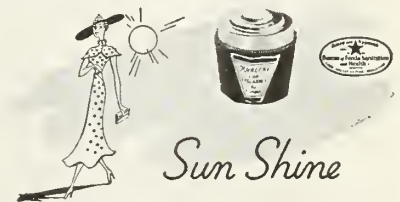
by Jane Heath

EYE THE SUN!

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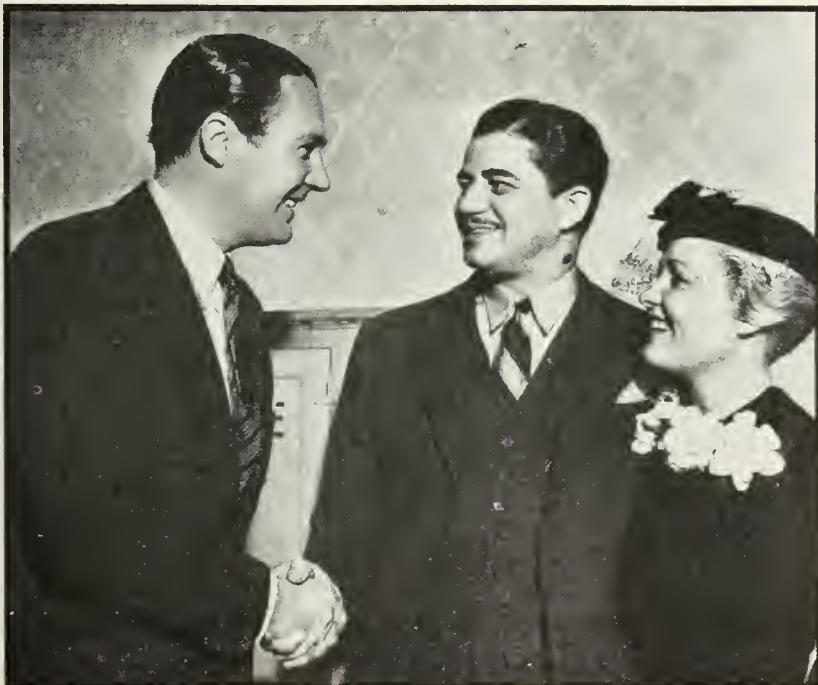
And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHALETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only \$1!



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Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department A-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 5.



Ian Hunter, who was lured from the British stage to Hollywood on a Warners' contract, is being greeted by Irving Asher, manager of Warners' London studio, and Mrs. Asher, the former Laura LaPlante

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"Yes. Homely little beggar, wasn't she?"
 "Oh, but Scott, what a darling! She let me hold her in my arms for a minute when she fell down and skinned her knee. It did something funny to me. Let's have one."
 For a minute Scott didn't say anything. I felt him draw away from me a little. We were driving in his car.

Finally he said, "It's getting colder, isn't it?"
 "I hadn't noticed. Is it?"
 "We'll stop somewhere for a drink."

The Beverly Hills Brown Derby was handy. Scott parked the car and we went in; Scott had a couple of cocktails, sherry for me.

"Don't you want a baby?" I asked finally. He didn't answer so I pursued the subject. "It's one of the reasons why people get married."

"It's a fad this year in Hollywood," he said, dismissing the subject. "Would you mind not having one?"

FEARFULLY, Scott. A little girl like that one we saw today—so sweet and innocent—

—who will probably grow up into a hard-boiled bundle of sex like—
 —like me?"

"You're not like that, Moppet. Don't let's quarrel, darling—not about something that's so far away."

He was right, of course. And we didn't quarrel any more—at least not then. But Scott sank into a moody abstraction I had hurt him some way and I tried vainly to kid him out of it.

Someone was giving a tea dansant at the Trocadero, over on Sunset Boulevard, and we stopped in. I didn't drink anything there except actual tea, although it seemed to upset the management considerably to serve it. Scott switched to brandy.

But nothing seemed to have any effect on him. I think he wanted to be gay but didn't have much success. Once when I was dancing with him I asked, "What have I done, darling?"

"Nothing, Moppet, it's myself. Forget it."

But of course I couldn't. Scott was certainly one of the finest men I had ever known and to see him that way nearly broke my heart.

Finally he proposed himself that we go home. "This party's a washout."

We were in Scott's open roadster and it actually was quite cold now in the early evening. In the clear night air the lights on the Hollywood hills sparkled like stars.

INSTEAD of taking me to my place as I expected, Scott drove to the Grassmere House which is an apartment hotel half way up the canyon. He lived there.

"We can talk quietly," he explained. I had never been to the Grassmere before. The lobby is gloomy and the elevators are automatic. There is an attendant on duty at the switchboard who also handles mail, but no other signs of life on the main floor.

On the fifth floor Scott let himself into his apartment with a key. "My Jap's out," he said.

The door opened directly into a large living room. Scott kicked it shut after us. The place smelled slightly of fresh paint and it was cold, with reason—the windows were open.

"They've been doing the apartment over for me," Scott mentioned. "House-cleaning just finished today. Br-r-r—must have left a couple of icebergs somewhere."

He went around closing windows and then departed toward the kitchen. "I'll get us a couple of drinks."

While he was gone I stripped off my gloves and lit the gas radiator. The gas valve turned hard but there was a small, flat wrench hanging on it which I used. I left the wrench on the valve handle.

The room must have been furnished by Scott himself. The furniture was all heavy and masculine. There was a huge desk by the window. That must be where he worked. I strolled over and sat in the desk chair. It was very comfortable.

I relaxed for a minute. Then my eye caught the top envelope of a pile of unopened mail. It was addressed to Scott Deering and in the upper corner was the usual return address.

The name written there was Samuel Werks!

The letter was postmarked five days back—the date my engagement to Scott was announced in the newspapers.

[To Be Continued Next Month]



They'll have a chance at stardom, these young people selected by Fox. Left to right: upper row, Fred Wallace, Iris Shunn, Lynn Bari, Anita Thompson, Geneva Sawyer, Esther Brodelet, Elsie Larson, Philippa Hilber, Julie Cabanne, Betty Bryson, Paul McVey. Second row, Richard Brodus, Patricia Farr, Dorothy Dearing, Shirley Aaronson, Marion Weldon, Anne Nagel, Mary Blackwood, Fred Sylva

SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

WHAT a lot of difference fifteen years make! In 1920 PHOTOPLAY was campaigning for more open air movie houses, contending that the movie house without a roof would "point an avenue of escape from heat and humidity; from discomfort and discontent." Nobody visualized that within less than a decade sound would prevent throwing a theater open to traffic noises, street sounds. And that all the big houses would be carefully and delightfully air-conditioned anyhow. "Why Bob Your Hair?" was the title of another article. Corinne Griffith advised girls against it. Her contention was that you had to keep it curled, using hot irons on it every day, which was a nuisance as well as injurious to the hair. Not even a movie star could get a permanent wave in those days! The



MARTHA MANSFIELD

film world was mourning the sudden death of one of the younger and most promising starlets, nineteen year old Clarine Seymour. Norma Talmadge, PHOTOPLAY's fashion editor, described some ducky summer wardrobes. One bathing suit, highly recommended, was, to quote Norma, "a lovely glowing red dress with shoes to match and a red cap with perky bows." Get the picture? Those were the days, too, when ladies bought hat frames and covered them, making their own bonnets. Best among the current films were: Eric Von Stroheim's "The Devil's Pass-Key," with Mae Busch; Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman and the Puppet;" Marshall Neilan's "Don't Ever Marry;" William S. Hart in "The Toll Gate." Girl on the cover, Martha Mansfield.

10 Years Ago

EVERY movie age has its mystery woman, its lady of glamour. Ten years ago she was Carol Dempster—shy, avoiding publicity, eager to be alone. She had never married, had few intimate friends. Just six months after this story on Carol was published, she made her last film, "Sorrows of Satan," retired, and in 1929 married. Last we heard, Carol was living quietly, happily, in New York City, as Mrs. Edwin S. Larsen. Betty Compson had Hollywood agog with a new shoe fashion: it had a tiny watch where the buckle ordinarily would be. The gag of the day was asking Betty for the time, obviously. Viola Dana was arguing with directors, trying to get dramatic rôles instead of comedy parts. "Over the Bumps with Raymond," was Mrs. Hatton's inside story of their happy marriage, his



CAROL DEMPSTER

struggle for success. Glad to report, they're still married. Newest Hollywood slang word was "catzy." It meant great, fine, pretty darn good, if you get what we mean. Sally O'Neil coined the word. The engagement of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez was announced. Their marriage ended six years later with Alma's tragic death. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor were among those just married. It lasted two years, winding up with a Mexican divorce. Best films of the month were: Lon Chaney in "The Unholy Three;" The James Cruze production, "The Beggar on Horseback," with Edward Everett Horton; "Kiss Me Again," with Clara Bow, Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and John Roche; "Zander the Great," with Marion Davies and Harrison Ford. On the cover, Greta Nissen.

5 Years Ago

AMONG the new actresses that Hollywood was welcoming and speculating about five years ago were Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck and Grace Moore. "Will they achieve Hollywood stardom?" was the question asked. And you know the answer! Eddie Lowe told in this issue how he would manage six famous Hollywood wives. The women he analyzed were Billie Dove, Lois Moran, Dolores Del Rio, Connie Bennett, Colleen Moore and the late Lilyan Tashman to whom he was married. Eddie admitted, however, that any one of the six would probably manage him—in spite of all his technique. Janet Gaynor was pouting at Fox because they had been casting her in films that didn't require her to be wistful. Since then, for the most part, Janet has had her way!



GRETA GARBO

Portraits in this issue included one of Garbo that many will agree has never been topped: Greta with curls and a perky hat for her rôle in "Romance." Another nice picture was that of Dolores Costello with husband John Barrymore and their month-old baby, Dolores. Adolphe Menjou had returned from Paris and was being welcomed back at Paramount. The divorce of James Cruze and Betty Compson was announced. And the marriage of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon prophesied. Best films of the month included: Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves and Lowell Sherman in "Ladies of Leisure;" Nancy Carroll with a cast of headliners in "The Devil's Holiday;" "The Lady of Scandal," with Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. On the cover was Jeanette MacDonald.



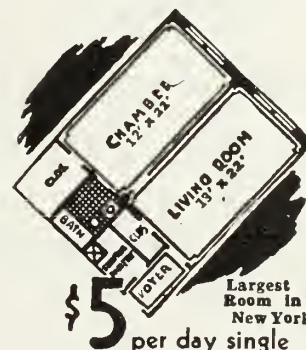
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

ST. LOUIS KID, THE—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney, fast and breezy as the story, is a peppery truck driver in a milk strike. Patricia Ellis is the love motif. (Jan.)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Scott-Merrich Prod.—An hour of howls watching Eddie Lowe, Wally Beery, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor and other veterans in their nickelodeon days. (Jan.)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any little human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is ace high. (June)

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

SWEET ADELINE—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SWEETSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)



The gentleman with the camera is Ramon Novarro, lining up a shot for his own movie, "Against the Current," which he will take on the road soon. Novarro is head of his own producing organization

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND—United Artists.—Its galaxy of stars the chief drawing power. There's a murder on shipboard, not so intriguing, Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond the romantic interest. Radio stars abound. (Jan.)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny, Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling fight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep'n' Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

★ **WHITE PARADE, THE**—Fox.—Nurses in training, with a Cinderella love story involving Loretta Young and John Boles. A heart-stirring picture. (Jan.)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WITHOUT CHILDREN—Liberty.—Bruce Cabot and Marguerite Churchill let a siren break up their home, but the youngsters, when they grow up, reunite them. The kids steal the show. (Jan.)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



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Edmund Goulding, who directs Ann Harding's latest picture, "The Flame Within," demonstrates between scenes on the set at M-G-M a new air cushion seat he recently invented for passenger planes

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THE FAN CLUB CORNER

SO many readers of this department have requested information about forming a fan club for their favorite stars, the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs wishes it known that before such a club can be formed in honor of a star that written permission must first be secured from that star. Naturally, a good many clubs are already formed. Perhaps your favorite actor already has a club. In which case, it would be a simple matter for those wishing to join such a club to write direct to such organizations for all club details. The clubs listed in this department each month are anxious to cooperate with all true fans, and would like to hear from prospective members.

If, however, you wish to start a "General Fan Club," among your friends and neighbors, it is not necessary for you to secure permission from a Hollywood star. Your club, in such cases, must not bear the name of a motion picture star. Meetings, theater parties, corresponding members, etc., are some of the enjoyable features of such "general" clubs.

The Francis Lederer Club announces the change in headquarters of the Chicago Chapter to 3541 W. Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill. All communications regarding this club should be sent to Miss Beatrice Kramer, acting president at that address. A San Francisco chapter of this club has been organized under the leadership of Miss Marie Luchaschewski, 1164 Noe St., San Francisco, Calif. Miss Joan Drummond, 67 Hodford Road, London, N.W. 11, London, is the English representative of Mr. Lederer's club.

Members of the Movie Club Guild of Chicago have been enjoying some splendid social times. Following a successful "Waffle Party" at the home of the Ruth Roland Club, 4822 N. Meade Ave., Chicago, the various clubs of the "Guild" staged a progressive dinner party which took them over a fifty mile route of Chicago's boulevards, through every section of the city, stopping at the homes of each of the club officers. Special busses were chartered for the purpose.

The current issue of "Bodil and her Fans," the club bulletin of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club is dedicated to that deserving fan worker, Jean Betty Huber of Morris Plains, N. J. Mrs.

Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., is president. Write her for details about joining the club.

Members of the Lew Ayres Fan Club are happy to announce a new honorary member of their club. She is Ginger Rogers, popular wife of Lew Ayres. The club is celebrating its first anniversary, and Miss Rogers wrote the club paper, "The Telescope": "Congratulations on the Club's first birthday, and I hope you have many, many more." Helen Raether, 311 S. Mingo St., Albion, Mich., is president. Lew Ayres fans are welcome to write for information.

The Dick Powell Club is launching a new drive for members. The prize will be a beautifully bound, autographed book given by the club's honorary president, Dick Powell. This club now has branches in India, Australia and England. Chaw Mank, 226 Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois, is president.

Miss Lillian Musgrave, 2700 N. Vincent Avenue, Minneapolis, will be glad to hear from fans interested in The John Boles Music Club.

The Fifi D'Orsay Fan Club recently celebrated its first anniversary. Willa Jeanne Wills, Harvey, North Dakota, is president.

Members of the Lanny Ross League may well be proud of their club news. It is filled with interesting bits of club information and entertainment. Catharine Macadam, Box 164, Wilmington, Delaware, is president.

Beatrice Gordon, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn, N. Y., is president of the Vallee Boosters. All fans of Rudy Vallee are invited to join this club. "The Vallee Voice," is the club paper.

Minnette Shermak, 328 East 90th St., New York City, is president of the Jean Harlow Fan Club.

The club dues of the official Norma Shearer Club have been reduced to fifty cents a year, since photographs will no longer be sent with each copy of the club news. Now, every one of Norma Shearer's fans, we expect, will be joining. Many thanks for the nice FAN CLUB CORNER notice in your interesting "Rambles." Hans Faxdahl, 1946 Broadway, New York City, is president of this club. "Le club Norma Shearer" is the name of the Paris branch of the club.



It's tea for two on the "No More Ladies" set, and Gail Patrick and Robert Montgomery seem to be enjoying it. Bob is playing opposite Joan Crawford in the M-G-M screen version of the Broadway success

Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley. Adapted by Douglas Furbur. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Jack Brewster*, Jack Buchanan; *Rosalie*, Lili Damita; *Cynthia*, Nancy O'Neil; *Miss Plimssole*, Sydney Fairbrother; *McLeod*, Ian McLean; *Freddy*, Fred Emney; *Rawles*, Allan Aynesworth; *Grant*, Lawrence Hanray; *Mario*, Dennis Hoey; *Pedro*, Henry Wenman; *Mrs. Barry*, Amy Veness; *Frank*, Sebastian Shaw; *Ferago*, the Mayor, Antony Holles.

"BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Suggested by the story by Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley. Screen play by William Hurlbut and John L. Balderston. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *The Monster*, Karloff; *Henry Frankenstein*, Colin Clive; *Elizabeth*, Valerie Hobson; *The Mate*, Elsa Lanchester; *Mary Shelley*, Elsa Lanchester; *Dr. Pretorius*, Ernest Thesiger; *The Hermit*, O. P. Heggie; *Burgomaster*, E. E. Clive; *Minnie*, Una O'Connor; *Percy Shelley*, Douglas Walton; *Lord Byron*, Gavin Gordon; *Fritz*, Dwight Frye; *Rudy*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Hans*, Reginald Barlow; *His Wife*, Mary Gordon; *Uncle Glutz*, Gunnis Davis; *Auntie Glutz*, Tempe Pigott; *The Buller*, Lucien Prival; also Harry Northrup, Grace Cunard, Joseph North and Helen Gibson.

"CALL OF THE WILD"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Gene Fowler and Leonard Praskins. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Jack Thornton*, Clark Gable; *Claire Blake*, Loreta Young; *Shorty Hooleihan*, Jack Oakie; *John Blake*, Frank C. Conroy; *Smith*, Reginald Owen; *Groggin*, Sidney Toler; *Marie*, Katherine DeMille; *Kali*, Lalo Encinas; *Francois*, Charles Stevens; *Ole*, James Burke; *Frank*, Duke Green.

"CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Erle Stanley Gardner. Screen play by Tom Reed. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Perry Mason*, Warren William; *Carl Montaine*, Donald Woods; *Dr. Claude Millsap*, Phillip Reed; *Wilbur Strong*, Olin Howland; *Tools Howard*, Thomas Jackson; *Spady*, Allen Jenkins; *Doris Pender*, Winifred Shaw; *Fritz*, James Donlan; *Rhoda Montaine*, Margaret Lindsay; *Della Street*, Claire Dodd; *Capt. of Detectives Lucan*, Barton MacLane; *Montaine, Sr.*, Charles Richman; *Gregory Moxley*, Errol Flynn; *Byrd*, Robert Gleckler; *Pender*, Warren Hymer.

"COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE"—FOX.—From the screen play by George Wagner and Dan Jarrett. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Bob Walker*, George O'Brien; *Pamela Barclay*, Evelyn Bostock; *Henrietta Barclay*, Maude Allen; *Hadley Thornton*, Alden Chase; *Persimmon*, Edgar Kennedy; *Doyle*, Dan Jarrett.

"DARING YOUNG MAN, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Claude Binyon and Sidney Skolsky. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Don McLane*, James Dunn; *Martha Allen*, Mae Clarke; *Gerald Raeburn*, Neil Hamilton; *Warden Palmer*, Sidney Toler; *Pete Hogan*, Warren Hymer; *Rafferty*, Stanley Fields; *Sally*, Madge Bellamy; *Cub Reporter*, Frank Melton; *Flaherty*, Raymond Hatton; *Cubby*, Jack LaRue; *Col. Baggott*, Arthur Treacher; *Helen Kay*, Dorothy Christy; *Editor Hooley*, Robert Gleckler; *Muggs*, William Pawley; *Assistant Warden*, James Donlan; *Star Reporter*, Phil Tead.

"DINKY"—WARNERS.—From the story by John Fante, Frank Fenton and Samuel Gilson Brown. Screen play by Harry Sauber. Directed by D. Ross Lederman. The cast: *Dinky*, Jackie Cooper; *Tom Marsden*, Roger Pryor; *Jackie Shaw*, Richard Quine; *Cadet Lane*, Jimmy Butler; *Sally*, Edith Fellows; *Mr. Barnes*, Henry O'Neill; *The Junkman*, Henry Armetta; *Orphanage Supt.*, Joseph Crehan; *Mrs. Daniels*, Mary Astor; *Jojo*, George Ernest; *Mike*, Frank Bernardi; *Sammy*, Sidney Miller; *Mary*, Betty Jean Hainey; *Gerald Standish*, Clay Clement; *Mrs. Shaw*, Florence Fair.

"DOUBTING THOMAS"—FOX.—From the play "The Torch Bearers" by George Kelly. Screen play by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Arthur Brown*, Will Rogers; *Paula Brown*, Billie Burke; *Mrs. Pampinelli*, Alison Skipworth; *Spindler*, Sterling Holloway; *Hossfrosse*, Andrew Tombes; *Florence McCrickell*, Gail Patrick; *Peggy Burns*, Frances Grant; *Ralph Twilley*, Johnny Arthur; *Nellie Fell*, Helen Flint; *Teddy*, Fred Wallace; *LaMaze*, T. Roy Barnes; *Jenny*, Ruth Warren; *Slage Hand*, George Cooper; *Mrs. Sheppard*, Helen Freeman.

"EIGHT BELLS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Percy Mandley. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Bruce Manning. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Marge Walker*, Ann Sothern; *Steve Andrews*, Ralph Bellamy; *Roy Dale*, John Buckler; *Aunt Susan*,

Catharine Doucet; *Williams*, Arthur Hohl; *Grayson*, Charley Grapewin; *Finch*, Franklin Pangborn; *Carl*, John Darrow; *Sparks*, Emerson Treacy; *MacIntyre*, David Clyde; *Walker*, Spencer Charters; *Mike*, Pat Flaherty; *Second Engineer*, Herbert Hayward; *Seaman*, Frank Meservy; *Engineer*, John Irwin

"G MEN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gregory Rogers. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Brick Davis*, James Cagney; *Kay McCord*, Margaret Lindsay; *Collins*, Barton MacLane; *Gerard*, Russell Hopton; *McKay*, William Harrigan; *Bill*, Monte Blue; *The Man*, Raymond Hutton; *Venke*, Harold Huber; *Jean Morgan*, Ann Dvorak; *Jeff McCord*, Robert Armstrong; *Hugh Farrell*, Lloyd Nolan; *Leggett*, Edward Pawley; *Darfee*, Noel Madison; *Bruce J. Gregory*, Addison Richards; *Buchanan*, Regis Toomey.

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Robert Lord and Peter Milne. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The cast: *Dick Curtis*, Dick Powell; *Amy Prentiss*, Gloria Stuart; *Nicoleff*, Adolphe Menjou; *Betty Haves*, Glenda Farrell; *Louise Lamson*, Grant Mitchell; *Artine Davis*, Dorothy Dare; *Mrs. Mathilda Prentiss*, Alice Brady; *Humboldt Prentiss*, Frank McHugh; *T. Mosley Thorpe*, Hugh Herbert; *Wynny*, Winifred Shaw; *Head Walter*, Andre Beranger; *Schultz*, Joe Cawthorn; *Haggarty*, Thomas Jackson; *Dancers*, Ramon & Rosita; *Tap Dancer*, Matty King.

"I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lawrence Hazard. Screen play by Vera Caspary and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Leo Bulgakov. The cast: *Nora*, Nancy Carroll; *Carl*, George Murphy; *Charlie*, Raymond Walburn; *Jergens*, Arthur Hohl; *Mae*, Jean Dixon; *Joe*, Robert Allen; *Clegg*, Harry Beresford; *Sandstone*, Paul Harvey.

"INFORMER, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Liam O'Flaherty. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Gydo Nolan*, Victor McLaglen; *Mary McPhillip*, Heather Angel; *Dan Gallagher*, Preston Foster; *Katie Madden*, Margot Grahame; *Frankie McPhillip*, Wallace Ford; *Mrs. McPhillip*, Una O'Connor; *Terry*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Madholland*, Joseph Sauer; *Tommy O'Connor*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Rat Mulligan*, Donald Meek; *The Blind Man*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Donahue*, Leo McCabe; *Daly*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Flynn*, Francis Ford; *Madame Nelly*, May Boley; *The Lady*, Grizelda Harvey.

"KENTUCKY BLUE STREAK"—TALISMAN.—From the story by C. B. Carrington. Screen play by Homer King Gordon. Directed by Ray K. Johnson. The cast: *Marty Marion*, Eddie Nugent; *Johnny Bradley*, Junior Coghlan; *Mary Bradley*, Patricia Scott; *District Attorney*, Cornelius Keefe; *Mother Bradley*, Margaret Mann.

"LADIES LOVE DANGER"—FOX.—From the story by Ilya Zorn. Adapted by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Rita*, Mona Barrie; *Ricardo Souchet*, Gilbert Roland; *Tom Lennox*, Donald Cook; *Adele Michel*, Adrienne Ames; *Phil Morton*, Hardie Albright; *Giffins*, Herbert Mundin; *Lieutenant Roberts*, John Wray; *Helen Lopez*, Marion Clayton; *Haskins*, Ray Walker; *Jose Lopez*, Henry Kolker; *Melvin*, Russell Hicks; *Sergeant Bender*, Nick Foran; *James*, Leonard Carey; *Lewis*, Snowflake; *Conchita*, Rita Rozelle.

"MARY JANE'S PA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edith Ellis Furness. Screen play by Tom Reed and Peter Milne. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Ellen Preston*, Aline MacMahon; *Mary Jane*, Betty Jean Hainey; *Linc Overman*, Johnny Ardrey; *Wagner*, Robert McWade; *Murvin*, Minor Watson; *Sheriff*, DeWitt Jennings; *Jones*, Louis Mason; *2nd Watchman*, Jack Kennedy; *1st Watchman*, Edward McWade; *Sam Preston*, Guy Kibbee; *Lucille*, Nan Gray; *King Wagner*, Tom Brown; *Fred*, Robert Light; *Gene*, Carl Stockdale; *Police Chief Bailey*, Oscar Apfel; *Bill*, Milt Kibbee; *Morgan*, John Hyams.

"MEN OF TOMORROW"—LONDON FILMS.—Based on the novel "The Young Apollo" by Anthony Gibbs. Directed by Leontine Sagan. The cast: *Julian Angell*, Robert Donat; *Isobel d'Anunoy*, Merle Oberon; *Jane Anderson*, Joan Gardner; *Allen Shepherd*, Maurice Braddell; *"Horners"*, Emyln Williams; *Mrs. Oliphant*, Annie Esmond; *Senior Proctor*, Charles Carson; *Tutor*, Gerald Cooper; *Mr. Waters*, John Traynor.

"OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Stephen Chase*, Pat O'Brien; *Don Wellman*, John Eldredge; *Jim Barnes*, Lyle Talbot; *Bunsy*, Ronnie



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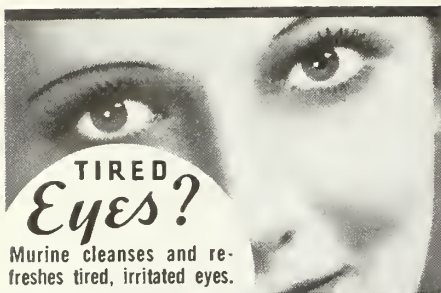
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"ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT"—MASCOT.—From the story by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: Jasper, Charles Grapewin; Doris, Mary Carlisle; Arthur, Arthur Hohl; First Doris, Evalyn Knapp; Joe Luvalle, Wallace Ford; Laura, Hedda Hopper; Dr. Denham, Lucien Littlefield; Tom, Regis Toomey; Sheriff, Fred Kelsey; Felix, Clarence Wilson; Abner, Adrian Morris; Elvira, Rafaela Ottiano.

"PARTY WIRE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Bruce Manning. Screen play by Ethel Hill and John Howard Lawson. Directed by Erle Kenton. The cast: Marge Oliver, Jean Arthur; Matthew Putnam, Victor Jory; Nellie Putnam, Helen Lowell; Will Oliver, Charley Grapewin; Roy Daniels, Robert Allen; Mathilda Sherman, Clara Blandick; Irene Sherman, Geneva Mitchell; Clara West, Maude Eburne; Mason, Ed LeSaint; Johnson, Charles Middleton; Croft, Harvey Clark; Paul, Walter Brennan; Eleanor, Grace Hale; Joe, Joe Marba; Rebecca, Dorothy Bay; Martin, Emerson Treacy; Judge Stephenson, Robert Middlemas; Members of the Quartette, Vester Pegg, Si Jenks, Bob Kerr and Bill Dill.

"PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edward Dean Sullivan. Screen play by Gordon Kahn and Edward Dean Sullivan. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: Vince Falcone, Preston Foster; Catherine Carr, Lila Lee; Maude Stuart, Melvyn Douglas; Ann Griffin, Shirley Grey; Slip Laflin, Rosco Ates; Tony Falcone, William Collier, Jr.; Mary, Sybil Elaine; Duke Ware, Herbert Rawlinson.

"PHANTOM FIEND, THE"—TWICKENHAM.—Based on the novel "The Lodger" by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Scenario by Miles Mander and Paul Roths. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: Angeloff, Ivor Novello; Daisy Bunting, Elizabeth Allan; Mr. Bunting, A. W. Bascomb; Mrs. Bunting, Barbara Everest; Joe Martin, Jack Hawkins; Detective Snell, Shayle Gardner; Lord Southcliff, Peter Cawthorne; Bob Mitchell, P. Kynaston Reeves; Mrs. Cotes, Drusilla Wills; Gladys, Mollie Fisher; Steano, Anthony Holles; Rabinovitch, Andre Malandrinos.

"SCOUNDREL, THE"—HECHT-MACARTHUR-PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The cast: Anthony Mallare, Noel Coward; Cora Moore, Julie Hayden; Paul Decker

Stanley Ridges; Carlotta, Rosita Moreno; Vandever, I'eyden, Alexander Woollcott; Maggie, Hope Williams; Julia Vivian, Martha Sleeper; Jimmy Clay, Ernest Cossart; Rothenstein, Lionel Stander; Maurice Stern, Eduardo Ciannelli; Mildred, Eyerley Gregg; Mrs. Rollinson, Helen Strickland; Massey, Frank Conlan; Luigi, William Ricciardi; Slezack, Harry Davenport; Howard Gillette, Richard Bond; Fortune Teller, Shushina; Felix Abrams, Raymond Bramley; Calhoun, O. Z. Whitehead.

"SPRING TONIC"—FOX.—From the play "Man Eating Tiger" by Ben Hecht and Rose Caylor. Screen play by Patterson McNutt and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: Caleb Enix, Lew Ayres; Betty Ingals, Claire Trevor; Jose, Walter King; Maggie, ZaSu Pitts; Sykes, Jack Haley; Lola, Tala Birell; Matt, Siegfried Rumann; Griffen Nasher, Frank Mitchell; Cambridge Nasher, Jack Durant.

"SWELL-HEAD"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by William Jacobs. Directed by Ben Stolloff. The cast: Terry McCall, Wallace Ford; Billy Malone, Dickie Moore (Courtesy Our Gang Comedies); Mary Malone, Barbara Kent; Umpire, J. Farrell MacDonald; Bessie, Marion Byron; Casey Cohen, Sammy Cohen; The Rube, Frank Moran; Brick Baldwin, Mike Donlin.

"UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by William Jacobs. Screen play by Crane Wilbur. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Howard Chamberlain, Jack Holt; Madeline Chamberlain, Mona Barrie; Gimby, Jackie Searl; Mike, Ralph Morgan; Lucky Palmer, Bradley Page; Charlie Anderson, Frankie Darro; Pot Roast, Sam McDaniel; Jackson, Frank Orth.

"VILLAGE TALE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Phil Stone. Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: Slaughter Somerville, Randolph Scott; Janet Stevenson, Kay Johnson; Elmer Stevenson, Arthur Hohl; Drury Stevenson, Robert Barrat; Amy Somerville, Janet Beecher; Old Ike, Edward Ellis; Lulu Stevenson, Dorothy Burgess; Charlie, Donald Meek; Store keeper, Andy Clyde; Gabby, Ray Mayer; Ben Roberts, Guinn Williams; Goggy Smith, T. Roy Barnes; Sheriff, DeWitt Jennings.

"WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Robert Harris. Screen play by John Colton. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: Dr. Glendon, Henry Hull; Dr. Yogami, Warner Oland; Lisa Glendon, Valerie Hobson; Hugh Renwick, Clark Williams; Paul Ames, Lester Mat thews; Lady Forsythe, Charlotte Granville; Miss Eltie Coombs, Spring Byington; Hawkins, J. M. Kerrigan; Head Cooley, Louis Vincent.



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Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Mary Ellen Brown
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Lois Kent
Jan Kiepura
Elissa Landi
Charles Laughton
Billy Lee

Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Margo
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Maxine Reiner
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Ann Sheridan
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Queenie Smith
Fred Stone
Jane Storm
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blone
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Jane Darwell
Rosita Diaz
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Tito Guizar
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Paul Kelly

Walter King
Rosina Lawrence
Charles Locher
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Munding
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Jackie Searl
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Bruce Cabot
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Raymond Middelton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Ann Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Miriam Hopkins
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
James Blakeley
Nana Bryant
Jack Buckler
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Douglas Dumbrille
Lillian Harvey
Arthur Hohl

Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
Tim McCoy
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Constance Collier
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Dudley Digges
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey

Isabel Jewell
Barbara Kent
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
William Powell
Carl Randall
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Pinky Tomlin
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Ann Devine
Jean Dixon
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Douglas Fowley
Valerie Hobson
Henry Hull
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King
Frank Lawton

Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Joel McCrea
Lester Matthews
Henry Molinison
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Mary Wallace
Irene Ware
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Nan Gray
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Joison
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
June Martell
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Jack Norton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

if they find the right story, we will probably have our charming little Bessie back. Perhaps she will write her own story, for quietly, and very conscientiously, the one-time star has been working on fiction for which she has a real talent.

HE'D stand up to a mad, plunging rhinoceros and plug him fearlessly, but director W. S. Van Dyke couldn't be coaxed or dragged to a height of more than fifteen floors! "It scares me to death!" the intrepid megaphonist of "Trader Horn" and "Eskimo" admits.

While in New York recently a party of friends were going to take him to the Rainbow Room. Van had never been there before, but it sounded good so out he started. Just as they stepped inside the elevator some innocent soul said to the elevator man, "Sixty-eighth floor, please." Out Van scooted like a scared rabbit, never to be seen again that night.

WHEN Rochelle Hudson lost her pup recently, she wished she hadn't named him Jitters.

When she made her rounds hunting the amnesia hound she'd say, "Have you got Jitters?" and people gave her a nasty look.

A DOMESTIC secret of the Al Jolson is at last out.

Ruby and Al are "midnight snackers." It all came to light recently when the plans for the new Jolson ranch house out in San Fernando Valley were revealed.

Between the upstairs bedrooms will be a kitchenette.

HAVING beamed and bewitched most of the beautiful ladies of the screen colony, Gene Raymond is being generous with his charm and spreading it around among the society debutantes and sub-debbies. Gene has been going places with young "Dicky" Dell Doheny, heiress to the Doheny oil millions.

AN absolute ringer for Katharine Hepburn is the wife of Bradley Page, your favorite movie bad man and mine, too. Mrs. Page told me she had been pursued for autographs until the subject is getting to be just a little bit touchy—one of these days she is going to give in and scrawl a large determined-looking "Hepburn" in somebody's book.

THEY don't call her the "grand old lady" for nothing. May Robson has a courage which shakes off her seventy years.

The other day she hopped over to Boulder Dam for a squint at the big water works. Strong hearted tourists go for the bucket ride which swings out over the massive pile of cement and then drops to the river bed.

May climbed in shouting "Fiddlesticks!" at well meaning people who muttered about her "heart."

Up and down a thousand feet in a bucket was great stuff to keep a girl young, she said.

THE difference in attitude toward Tom Brown, on a set, is very revealing. Some of the girls treat him as a kid, others can't make up their minds, some "mister" him. We noticed the other day Adrienne Ames gave him the offhand "Sonny boy" routine—while

Claire Trevor, almost as much of a kid as he is, employs the "mister"—and asks his advice! And Tommy beams.

MY idea of a really noble woman is Jean Harlow. She actually went to the kitchen and whipped up a lemon chiffon pie which



Randolph Scott, hero to the youngsters in Westerns for a long time, is now heart-throb for the ladies, since his latest rôle, in "Roberta"

would make you break down and sob with joy—and never even touched a morsel of it herself! No foolin'—I had a handsome wedge myself.

Women who look like Jean and confect pies like that are more dangerous than all the Borgias!

FOR years you have heard the expression "vain as a peacock"—but Douglass Montgomery accepted the responsibility for *improving* it. First of all, you must have a peacock in order to get any place at all with your proof. Doug has a flock of them out at the family home in Pasadena. The other day, a friend drove in with a shiny new car. In an instant, the car was surrounded by birds in full plumage, strutting this way and that, admiring their reflection in the dazzling surface—and very pleased with the whole effect, too.

MORE news about the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey farm in Connecticut. Joan and Gene own a half interest with Joan's mother, Adrienne Morrison, who has been living on the place. It is sort of an Italian villa effect, which must be startling among the rugged

rocks and pines. Some extensions had to be made which were a long time being finished, so Mrs. Morrison had canvas stretched over and went right on living there. The name of the place is most appropriate, I think. It is "Fun Tomorrow."

THE younger social set of Toluca Lake is going in heavy for tea parties. It's quite the thing.

The gay whirl usually centers around the garden of Virginia Bruce's home and the hostess is Susan Ann Gilbert, who is usually at home to Gary Evan Crosby and Richard (Ricky) Arlen.

THERE is a heartening and withal nationalistic note in the news that every one of the three stars of "China Seas," Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery, observes the tea hour with plain old American "sinkers" and coffee.

Ever since the British invasion it has been very smart for tea and crumpets to make their appearance along about four or five o'clock. But the threat to a good Yankee institution has been given a body blow at last.

You can't say "cawn't" with a dunked doughnut in your mouth.

I THINK one of the funniest stories of the month concerns Gene Raymond's very flattering reception of a piece of paper upon which his name had been written one thousand times.

But it seems that the young lady who sent this apparent tribute to her film idol did it after school under the watchful eye of her teacher who had caught her writing imaginary notes to Gene instead of her algebra problems. Just to teach her to never do it again she made the errant lass write Gene's name until it totaled one grand.

THE business activities of Glenda Farrell have managed to flourish briskly in spite of the move-away jitters which still seize Hollywood. With practically every star in town placing his house on the market, or secretly planning to, Glenda ups and invests in a real estate firm and becomes a bull when the rest of the town has donned bear clothes.

What's more, it's paying out. She's already sold three houses, and is buying some more.

YEARS ago a studio at Sunset and Hillhurst was the biggest and most important production center in Hollywood.

It was there that the pioneer of pictures, D. W. Griffith, made the big successes which lifted motion pictures to a higher plane than ever before.

Today that same studio, almost abandoned in recent years, has been the scene of another pioneer in action.

Ramon Novarro, recently turned producer has rented it and just finished his first picture there, "Against the Current," and made entirely in Spanish.

Ramon does about everything in the making of his pictures, including scoring the musical backgrounds. He may soon be a serious Latin rival of Chaplin, the only one-man screen show in Hollywood today.

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST
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Mae West Talks About Her Marriage



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of mouth and lips*



"I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK"

"**F**OR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

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quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

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A GREAT
STAR and
a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



WILLIAM POWELL ⁱⁿ *Escapade* with LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





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FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF
THE YEAR

- 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"

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AUGUST, 1935

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A. L. SCHAFER

STEALING onto the set at Columbia during the shooting of "Love Me Forever," the cameraman snapped this picture of Grace Moore singing "Funiculi Funicula" in one of the scenes. With Victor Schertzinger directing again and Miss Moore lovelier than ever, another smash-hit is seen

Letters

It's the movie-going public who determines the trend of the screen. Letters you write today will affect the pictures of tomorrow



Joe Breen's party certainly was a gay one. Wallace Ford puts on an act for Thelma Todd, director Edward Sedgwick, and Una Merkel. Thelma's eyes are elsewhere

The man who up to recently was in one of the worst spots possible, Joseph Breen, head censor of all films. Maybe Wally Beery is giving him a load of sympathy

Available records do not say whether that plate of "what is it?" director "Woody" Van Dyke is holding is something prepared by his own little hands. He's got a taker in Minna Gombell, while Bob Young and Mrs. Pat O'Brien inspect it. Joe Sefton, O'Brien, Hoot Gibson just don't care



I HAVE watched carefully Marlene Dietrich's few pictures, wondering just what was lacking in this beautiful performer. At last, however, I think I've found the answer. In "The Devil Is a Woman," in which Marlene was never more lovely nor the settings more realistic, there occurs the line: "She is a woman of fire, but there is ice in her veins."

It was then I knew, for that sentence covers not Marlene but Von Sternberg, her direc-

tor. He has genius and fire, but his pictures lack sympathy, any note of tenderness, and without that he cannot catch a corresponding note of sympathy and understanding from his audience.

I'm sure that all Marlene's admirers look forward to the day that she may have really sympathetic direction and return to her original high favor.

CAROL A. WISEMAN, New Berlin, N. Y.

SO Adela Rogers St. Johns thinks "Queen Christina" was a bad story, a very bad picture, stupidly directed, and that Garbo was at her worst. Well, I must say, tastes sho' do differ. I sat through "Christina" spellbound, thinking I had never seen a more beautifully produced picture, nor one in which Garbo had appeared more utterly, magically lovely. To me, this picture was the highlight of the year, and had I anything to



Back from a swim, Ann Dvorak with her two prize spaniels have lots of fun on the porch of her San Fernando Valley ranch. Lucky dogs! Ann's next picture will be "Broadway Joe," opposite Joe E. Brown

Letters

Don't say it. Write it! You can tell only a few what you think of a film, but thousands read these pages

do with the distribution of medals, Greta and the picture and the director would have received a shower of them.

LAURETTA CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.



Million dollar hands. They have made the world popular music conscious with such compositions as "Alexander's Rag Time Band," "All Alone," "Always," and a score of other hits. Irving Berlin's, right!

WHO said we didn't want John Gilbert? Why the last time I went to see him the theater was packed to the doors. He is truly a wonderful actor, and good to look at as well. I agree with Miss St. Johns that he got the worst deal of any actor I know of. There are six of us living in an apartment and we all admire him greatly, but if the producers insist on showing us stars we do not care about instead of Gilbert, Lederer, Gable, Barthelmess, Lionel Barrymore and others who are also good to look at as well as being great actors, then we'll just stay away from the movies until the producers give us what we want.

LONA REED, Cleveland, Ohio

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS' article in the June PHOTOPLAY must have brought back to the minds of movie-goers one of the most colorful and talented figures ever to have won fame in Hollywood—John Gilbert. We will never forget his "Bardelys the Magnificent" and the soldier boy in "The Big Parade."

Why can't something be done to snatch this fine actor from the oblivion that is threatening his career?

VIRGINIA EDGECOMB, Los Angeles, Calif.

I AGREE heartily with everything Adela Rogers St. Johns said about John Gilbert except that he is through, or defeated. I have been hoping that somehow he would get a break, and after "The Captain Hates the Sea" I was sure he would, but to date I have not heard anything about another Gilbert picture.

Why not all of John Gilbert's fans and old friends come to his defense and show the producers that we want Gilbert back on the screen to stay? We simply can't let him stay away any longer because there never was anyone like him and there never will be.

GRACE PATTERSON, Salem, Oregon

WHY do they persist in miscasting Katharine Hepburn? I was disappointed in



Fay Wray wore a mighty big smile when she stepped out of the plane which brought her back to Hollywood from her recent trip abroad. Fay went to England to appear in a picture, but is glad to be back

her as a choice for the lovely *Babbie* in "The Little Minister." Katie is vital and lovable, but there are some rôles better suited for her than others, naturally. She shouldn't play *Alice Adams*, for instance—Margaret Sullavan is the perfect *Alice*.

MRS. JANE ROBERTS, Denver, Colorado
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, undersea adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good. (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*, Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a lovable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (March)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crossman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, *David*, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this *Ouida* classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothern is the romantic prize. (July)

ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katharine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his two lady friends. (March)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER, THE—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11]

Letters

On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens



Here's one of the rare "nights out" for Glenda Farrell (you know she rarely leaves her young son Tommy). To Glenda's right is Eddie Mirande, on her left is that young matron Joan Blondell and husband George Barnes. They formed one of the groups at the noted Trocadero

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

WHEN stringent censorship of motion pictures was first announced, I, and doubtless countless other American movie-goers, resented it. It implied that I was not competent to pick my own screen fare, and that questionable pictures might harm me. It is human nature to resent being told what one may or may not do or see.

But now I must admit that I owe a vote of thanks to those same censors. In the time since the new codes went into effect, I have seen my favorite characters from novels, history and the musical world come to life. We never have seen anything as worthwhile as we are having the privilege to see today.

MRS. P. J. STELLING, Winter Park, Fla.

HOW I do love to see Mae West slap that 'ol demon sex appeal for a goal and then catch him in her arms where we know he belongs. More power to Mae for giving us a new slant on one of humanity's fundamentals. But I do wish Mae would not gargle her words when she sings, it is difficult to understand what she is saying.

MRS. LUELLA SHEARER, Dallas, Texas

WHY is such a talented actress as Genevieve Tobin given such unsympathetic rôles when she is one of the finest actresses on either stage or screen? I understand Miss Tobin

has had experience on the stage in singing and dancing. How about giving her a chance to use these talents for her many admirers and prove to the rest of the movie-goers that she is worth the confidence we have in her?

MIRIAM MEADOWS, Richmond, Indiana

I HAVE only just seen "One More Spring," and it is a fine picture. Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter are good together, but why can't we have some more of those good old Charles Farrell-Janet Gaynor pictures?

ANNIE V. KNIGHT, Canton, N. C.

RONALD COLMAN was great before "Clive of India," but now he is one of the screen immortals.

Strange what the difference a mustache makes—or the absence of one.

J. WASSO, JR., Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania

WHERE are the trim looking, athletic cinema actors of not so long ago? Also the fascinating, romantic type? And the distinguished personality specimen? Answer—they are still appearing but have lost that spark which attracts both sexes. Because they have become fat. Over-sized waistlines, heavy jowls do not kindle delight in women or admiration in men. The ladies of the screen are forced to remain thin, the male stars should do likewise.

M. I. BERG, St. Louis, Missouri

THERE should be, it seems to me, more expressions of appreciation from high school teachers of the programs that the film companies are offering recently. Not merely an occasional picture but one right after the other is furnishing us with a source of supplementary material as valuable as that in the school and public libraries.

LILLIAN BRIGHAM, Robstown, Texas

PERHAPS in the studios when the director or his assistant says, "Sound O. K.," he thinks that is sufficient. But he is not considering the hundreds of theaters all over the country in which acoustics are not perfect. Voices pitched too low cannot be heard. It spoils the story for the audience.

MAUDE MURRAY MILLER, Columbus, Ohio

I THINK we owe a distinct debt to those responsible for the great improvement in the theater buildings themselves.

JEAN COCHRANE, Tacoma, Washington

WHY all this imitation of prominent stars by beginners striving for shining honors? Don't they realize that the famous ones did not achieve their ambitions by copying someone else, but by being themselves and cultivating and developing their own individual personality?

MRS. CHARLES C. LIMA, JR., New Rochelle, N. Y.

I THINK there have been recently a number of young players in Hollywood who without so much experience are turning out grand performances. But I sincerely believe they are not getting the credit that is their due.

MARY K. EAST, Albemarle, N. C.

IN South Africa, we see more American films than any others—a quite impersonal opinion I may add as we have no bias in favour of any one nation's pictures. Of course, we prefer your films to all others, but, there is so much to be done to make them better.

Your producers know how to put something over on the large scale—exciting, glamorous, clever, terrifically quick scenes that astound us but look to details! Do not become more slapdash.

And remember that when the producers want to put on a frantically hysterical scene we hate blatant emotion. There should be more depth of feeling in a reserved way—controlled, well-finished. No extremes!

Films which star children are not too popular. We do not like precocious children. Noel Coward's plays are well-liked and we would love to see American film versions of them.

We like Jean Parker, Norma Shearer, Anna Sten, Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Maurice Chevalier, Diana Wynyard, Fay Wray, Dolores Del Rio, Elissa Landi, Myrna Loy. We adore Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Katharine Hepburn, George Arliss.

E. LOUBSER, Aberdeen, South Africa

Letters

Here PHOTOPLAY readers enjoy a frank exchange of opinion regarding movies and the stars who are in them



Merle Oberon bought a handful of tickets for the huge benefit recently held in Hollywood for the Jewish Community Center Club-house from Arthur Stebbins, film executive who founded the club-house and playground for the poor



Mary Carlisle climbs the referee's chair for a better view of tennis-playing friends. Girls, here is a very smart tennis costume fashioned from a satin, pin-striped crepe—a favorite sports material



Charles (Buddy) Rogers fans all over the country will be happy to see him again on the screen in his new RKO-Radio picture "Old Man Rhythm." Buddy has been touring the country's theaters with his band

anticipating "Break of Hearts," and also hoping Miss Hepburn will be cast as *Joan of Arc*.

E. CURRIE McCABE, Lexington, Mass.

NEVER have I seen anything more beautiful than the prayer scene in "The Little Minister" as enacted by Katharine Hepburn. Her capacity to give the make-believe such intense and beautiful reality justifies her claim to greatness in the cinematic world.

Taking "The Little Minister" as a whole, it is, from the Scottish heart, a transport to heaven.

H. L. SKAKLES, Whitehall, Montana

JUDGING by past performances, Fredric March is the only actor in Hollywood who

consistently rings the bell, regardless of the rôle, story, or characterization, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Death Takes a Holiday," and "The Barretts" to name a few, and now comes "Les Miserables," greatest of them all! His performance in it smacks of real, sincere genius.

HENRY HANSON, Chicago, Illinois

FREDRIC MARCH has done it again. I am referring to his superb performance in "Les Miserables." If ever an actor was born and destined to be such, it is he, for to me Mr. March is the outstanding male personality on the screen today.

His perfect diction, unaffected, nonchalant manner and stately bearing fit him perfectly for the rôles that none other than he could enact with such charm, sincerity and capability.

M. E. B., Detroit, Michigan

TO hear of a picture with Charles Laughton in it used to be enough to insure my staying at home. Now, since seeing him in "Ruggles of Red Gap," I want to add my applause to that of the thousands who have seen him in this production.

It was a wonderful performance and a thousand pardons to Mr. Laughton for ever doubting his ability to act. Also a nosegay to Mary Boland.

H. COLLEN CROWELL, Pennsboro, Penn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

THINK Katharine Hepburn is unquestionably Hollywood's finest actress. She possesses a rare charm and naturalness, exquisite beauty and truly great dramatic genius—qualities which are not to be found together in any other motion picture star. I am eagerly



EUGENE ROBERT RICHEL

ARLINE JUDGE is a capable young wife, and mother of a two-year-old son, but the responsibilities of home and marriage haven't robbed her of that charming, wide-eyed, little girl look. A screen favorite as a campus belle, Arline is now playing her fifteenth college girl rôle in Paramount's film, "College Scandal." We'll bet she has a suppressed desire to play vampish, sophisticated parts!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skillful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A Clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall lead the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouper, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it, Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymers. (May)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Graham, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor, top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as Wellington, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife, Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture in this love story of Laddie (John Beal) and Pamela (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen re-countal of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as Aunt Jo, Ralph Morgan as Professor Bhaer, and Frankie Darro the boy Dan. (March)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as Babbie and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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★ **LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing head an excellent cast. (March)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others; this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sobbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as Pa who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their roles. (Feb.)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a snifle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century.—United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman P. T. Barnum, in one of the best roles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)



Elissa Landi is a keen horsewoman. She's at the Riviera Country Club to see one of her favorite mounts

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing loverlet than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outstick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-I direction. (July)

ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors, and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a too' barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

PIANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hum, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (March)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)



Beauty from a bird's eye view. Clarence Sinclair Bull, portrait photographer, and Larry Barbier, pictorial editor at M-G-M, take an altitude shot of seven brunettes picked from the chorus of "Broadway Melody of 1935" and given term contracts. The seven are Bonnie Bannon, Claire Meyers, Lorna Lowe, Mary Lou Dix, Mary Lange, Wanda Perry, Diane Cook. They're potential star material

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goode Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A bit of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (June)

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET ADELINE—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Dolores Del Rio was right pleased when Fay Wray completed her two pictures in England and returned to Hollywood. They are close pals

[T really is a pleasure to see and to hear such an actor as Frank Morgan. What this country needs is relief from being bored in these trying times. Frank Morgan gives us that relief in his pictures.

ALAN R. TRUSLOW, New Britain, Conn.

[T'S not *he's* swell nor *she's* swell, but it's *they're* swell. When a husband and wife can put on a show like Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler did in "Go Into Your Dance," I call that a "believe it or not."

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have talent, but Al and Ruby have talent plus personality. I don't just admire them, I love them both. And here's lots of wishes for "Sonny."

MRS. LEE EARHART, Greensburg, Indiana

[N spite of popular criticism, or perhaps because of it, sex and gangster pictures are steadily growing in popularity. Surely from such we can derive nothing but disillusionment and false standards. What we crave is an escape from life's greedy annoyances. And what better escape could we have than the movies, provided we could but raise the standard of the average motion picture program to what it ought to be. Get away from sex and crime, suggestive and irregular love affairs, and all other questionable adventures. After all, what moral lesson can they possibly convey? They merely set exotic, false standards of living for everyone.

MRS. SYBIL DONALDSON, Ottawa, Can

[T was tin can day at the movies. Two tin cans passed any kid in. There were tins of every size, shape, color—and odor. In the midst of it all, a little fellow dragged his small sister up to the box-office and presented three tins. The ticket lady asked where the other tin was.

"Ain't three enough?" he complained. "Two for me, one for sis. She's only half as old and half as big as me"

Letters

The two halves of the world of Photoplay readers may learn what each other thinks

The ticket lady smiled and motioned for the manager. The little boy explained his plight to him. The manager laughed and shook his head. Whereupon, "sis" undid a small bundle she carried, took something from it and thrust the something into the manager's hands "It's for you," she said.

Thus three tin cans and a wilted flower got big brother and little sister into the movies

LESLIE H. LOTT, Hendersonville, N. C.

GLORIA SWANSON played the lead in "Music in the Air" looking as young as ever, thanks to Fox studios. Gloria was the most brilliant of screen stars ten years ago and could be the same today with the right direction and story assigned to her. Wonderful as she was in "Music in the Air," it was not the picture for Gloria to display her great talent in

CHARLES G. MCKEE, Winchester, Virginia

WHY not more of Carl Brisson? We have only seen him twice in Australia, but in both pictures he was delightful. What a treat to see an actor who can really do something. Of course, lots of them can act, but Carl Brisson does more, he can sing and dance, as well as being more than ordinarily pleasing to the eye.

VIOLET INGLIS, Randwick, Australia

[HAVE but recently seen Carl Brisson in "All the King's Horses," and I think he was very good. Besides being a good actor, he has



Rumor has linked the name of the petite Mary Brian with the opera and radio tenor, Nino Martini, but here's something to ponder: Nino is escorting the delectable Astrid Allwyn round about Hollywood!



Arline Judge, perched on the stool, visited the Paramount "Accent on Youth" set to watch her husband, Wesley Ruggles, standing over Sylvia Sidney, direct Sylvia and Herbert Marshall, smiling at Arline. That's Romaine, Wesley's secretary, script on knee

a wonderful voice. He should have an opportunity to make more pictures and sing more songs.

LAURICE SHAPOU, New Bern, N. C.

AFTER seeing "It's a Small World," I've realized that it is a pretty small world after all if the artifice of Hollywood can be so successfully applied to the realism of a rural community. "It's a Small World" is by no means a great picture, because it is lacking in plot and theme, but it seems somehow to have caught something more important than that. The picture seems to contain a newer and more complete element of naturalness, both in acting and in photography. It offers a distinctly different technique, one in which the actors are real people doing real things, like breathing and talking and living. And that, to my way of thinking, is something grand.

RALPH C. BYFIELD, Indianapolis, Indiana

WHY, with such capable little actresses as tiny Helen Mack, do the producers continue adding so-called "new talent" to the fold?

Helen Mack has a depth to her acting that few possess and I, for one, should like to see her given rôles worthy of her ability instead of a part such as was hers in "College Rhythm."

D. H. PIUGREE, Waltham, Mass.



AFTER his triumphant appearance on the screen in three films, Tullio Carminati has turned to London for a vacation, after which England will see him on the stage. On his return to America he expects to resume picture-making. Just how long he will be gone, Mr. Carminati himself has no idea

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]



Wally Beery, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together in a picture again for the first time in five years. They are the tops in M-G-M's "China Seas." Their last production, as a trio, was "Secret Six"

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaugmont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as *Benjie*. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep'n' Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



Little Patsy O'Connor, all dressed up in her best bib and tucker, has a chat with her pal Alan Dinehart. They're in "Redheads on Parade"



*Dangerous
laughter*

The laughing lady is Ruthelma Stevens, and Spencer Tracy, tortured by her ridicule, swears to himself that some day he will laugh and she will suffer. It's a dramatic moment from the Fox version of "Dante's Inferno"



Eugene Robert Richee

Summer Peril

Carole rhymes with peril—and if you don't think Miss Lombard means danger to a man's heart, you don't know your blondes. Carole posed for the photographer just after returning from a grand vacation. She's at work again now, in Paramount's "Hands Across the Table"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Having conquered the hearts of America, Myrna, at this writing, is giving Europe a break. No, Miss Loy hasn't gone in for foreign films. It is just a long-deserved vacation abroad she is enjoying. During the last few years Myrna has been one of the hardest working stars in films

Conquering Lady



Hurrell

There's a Crowd

But it's a nice crowd when the three are Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone. Joan's the object of both these gentlemen's affections in M-G-M's picture version of the Broadway success, "No More Ladies"

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

PREDICT that a certain delectable shade of blue is going to sweep the country. And like so many new fashions we have the screen to thank for it. This shade happens to typify the second great change that has taken place in motion pictures the past eight years. Indeed, "Becky Sharp blue" is symbolic of the revolution that has overtaken us practically overnight.

Just as in 1927 the "Jazz Singer" set scores of writers to banging excitedly their typewriters, so the press is now enthusiastically proclaiming the triumph of the new-color process as it appears in the film "Becky Sharp." The technicians behind this invention have mastered every color from scarlet to green. So if I pick out and emphasize a certain shade as worn by Miriam Hopkins in the rôle of *Becky*, it is because I know women. When they see her blonde loveliness in perfect harmony with her clothes they are going to be enchanted. The effect will be so realistic. And that, I believe, is the supreme compliment to Dr. Kalmus, who has labored many years to bring Technicolor to its present perfection.

IT is an interesting fact, deserving of comment, I think, that when Pioneer Pictures began photographing "Becky Sharp," PHOTOPLAY was the first publication to give the story to the public. That was seven months ago. Not only did this magazine describe the entire technical process, but it also forecast the effect upon the entire motion picture industry, upon the actors themselves and upon picture audiences. Perhaps we were not as omniscient as that statement might make us appear, for the potentialities of the new color art had already been made visible in that miniature but flawless gem, "La Cucaracha," released, like "Becky Sharp," by RKO-Radio. PHOTOPLAY had carried its comment on the great promise indicated by "La Cucaracha," and with the filming of "Becky" it was obvious that a new era in pictures had arrived.

A HAPPY combination of men and circumstances is responsible for this film at this time. "La Cucaracha" had been a trial balloon that proved at the box-office the public's reaction toward color—when that color was in every respect true to what the eye expected. Into the scene came "Jock" Whitney, a young man with his hundred millions of dollars, eager to advance a great art; Robert Edmond Jones, a master of stage settings, who had contributed his fine technique to John Barrymore's "Hamlet," "Mourning Becomes Electra" and a score of other plays; Rouben Mamoulian, master director of Hollywood; Ned E. Depinet, Vice-president of RKO-Radio; and M. H. Aylesworth, President of National Broadcasting Corporation, an affiliate of RKO-Radio. Each man did his part—financial, technical, artistic, with none of the interference of one head with another that too often in picture production has led to a stalemate or a flop.

When you see "Becky Sharp" you'll be sure to note, amid all the brilliance and softness of reds, blues, greens and a score of others, one color I won't have to tell you to look for. You'll find "Becky Sharp blue" for yourself. That is, of course, if you are a woman.

KIDNAP vultures have on several occasions threatened Hollywood, but have never been able to make good their threats. Everyone knows how the youngsters of famous stars are guarded by hefty men displaying formidable "gats." Ann Harding has a very complete system of protective devices about her home and estate to protect her daughter Jane.

The Al Jolsons are also taking exceptional precautions with respect to the recently adopted little Al, Jr. Architects have already designed a "baby wing" to the Jolson mansion. It will be made kidnap-proof. No outsider will be able to approach the baby without setting off alarms. In addition, the wing will constitute one of the most perfect nurseries ever conceived, so far as sanitary conditions, dietary arrangements, etc., are concerned. Al and Ruby are putting more money into kidnap and health protectives for the baby than was spent for the famous Dionne quintuplets hospital.

It took the couple a few years to make up their minds about that adoption but they surely are going in for the idea now in a big way.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S announcement that she is retiring from the stage brings sharply to our attention the fact that the present generation of this famous family of actors has been before the public more years than most of us realize. Ethel, then in her early 'teens, made her stage debut in 1894, as *Julia* in the old Sheridan classic, "The Rivals." Lionel's first theatrical rôle was also in that same play, though a year earlier. His celebrated grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, was also in the cast. John, for a Barrymore, was a little late in getting his start. Not until 1903, at the age of twenty-one, did we find him before a Chicago audience in "Magda." The famous trio vary in age, from John to Lionel, by a little less than four years.

Ethel's retirement is relatively early for the traditions of her family. She is reported as saying that the stage has lost something in recent years. She announces her plan of opening a school of dramatics in Washington. But whether on or off stage or screen, a Barrymore can never be forgotten.

ALLIANCE FILMS, LTD., an English corporation, put on a novel stunt in New York City. They showed previews of ten important films to motion picture magazine editors and film critics—all in five days' time. One each afternoon and evening.

The two that are of special interest to Americans are "Mimi," featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Gertrude Lawrence, and "Radio Parade of 1935," "a satire on English broadcasting, with over forty radio, stage and screen stars," as the invitation announced. That gives us all an opportunity to look over a pretty big slice of British talent, at one swoop.

DOWN in Arkansas a college sorority has announced that it will boycott all of Jean Harlow's pictures because she wasn't "nice to the girls." It seems that the sorority chibbed their pin money together and put in a long distance call to Jean. Jean told the telephone operator that she didn't know any one in Arkansas.

Of course, the girls had the kindest intentions in the world, but they shouldn't blame Jean. If those collegians were as much subject as Jean to the calls of the outside world they would understand, forgive and forget. You'll remember how Clark Gable had to fly all over Texas before he could ground his plane because of the crowds at the landing fields.

"Accent on Youth"

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question — and one of the several possible answers — has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.





Robert Edmond Jones, one of the foremost scenic designers of the American stage, an authority on color, who designed the sets, costumes and directed the lighting for "Becky Sharp." Has he had a hand in making history?



Will "BECKY SHARP" REVOLUTIONIZE HOLLYWOOD?

If ever Hollywood was rooting for a picture, the whole town was rooting for the triumph of "Becky Sharp." To begin with, no more significant production has come out of Hollywood since Al Jolson sang a mammy song in "The Jazz Singer," first of the successful talking pictures that revolutionized the entire industry. The history of motion pictures has been marked frequently by such revolutionary milestones since D. W. Griffith produced "The Birth of a Nation," which proved the limitless scope of spectacle upon the screen.

Now, after more than a year of preparation and the expenditure of more than a million dollars, comes "Becky Sharp," first feature-length film to introduce the new full color Technicolor process. Upon the slim shoulders of this heroine of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," rests the responsibility of hurrying or retarding the next great step in Hollywood progress—color. No wonder all of Hollywood kept anxious eyes on "Becky Sharp," for the future of Hollywood was in this pioneering color film

A no more significant movie has been turned out since the first talkie than this the first feature-length, all-color production

Then, too, Hollywood, good old blasé Hollywood, was intrigued by the organization of the aptly named Pioneer Pictures just as Americans have always been intrigued by the drama of typically American success stories. There was drama aplenty in the story behind the making of "Becky Sharp," drama that encompassed accidents, illnesses, even death. Hollywood knows the whole amazing story and you should, too.

Its beginning might be said to date back ten years. It was

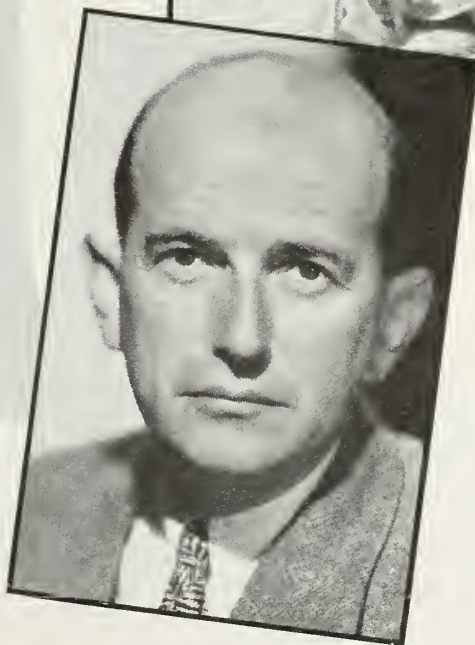
By JACK GRANT



Miriam Hopkins (seen with G. P. Huntley, Jr.) is in the title rôle of the new color film. Upon the slim shoulders of Thackeray's heroine rests much of the responsibility of hurrying or retarding Hollywood's programs



Rouben Mamoulian, directing a scene between Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, sees color as an emotional factor. How far will his ideas go?



Kenneth MacGowan as producer has carried the burden of the hindrances in the year's preparation and the spending of a million on "Becky"

in the fall of 1925 that Meriam C. Cooper with his partner, Ernest Schoedsack, emerged from the Malay jungles with a completed motion picture they called "Chang." That their picture became one of the most successful wild animal films ever made was not the source of as much pride on Cooper's part as might be imagined. He mourned the product of a year's hard work and privation because it was not good enough. The real beauty of the jungle had escaped the camera. Nothing

in black and white could capture or re-create the tropical riot of colors.

An obsession for color photography literally consumed Cooper. He talked color night and day. "We do not live in a black and white world. Why should we have only black and white motion pictures?" he asked.

No one seriously listened to Cooper. Then he met Dr. Herbert Thomas Kalmus, founder of Technicolor, who had been experimenting with color photography since 1915. One of the first color films, "Toll of the Sea," was produced in a two-color process in 1921, but Dr. Kalmus and his associates were still striving for its improvement. The meeting of Cooper and Kalmus marked the crossing of the paths of our first two characters in the drama behind the making of "Becky Sharp." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The PRIVATE LIFE of Ginger Rogers

**She's the riddle of Hollywood
—this incomparable dancing
favorite and madcap girl of
the screen who has gone quiet**

By WARREN REEVE

“Lew and I haven't been to a Hollywood party since we were married,” admitted Ginger Rogers cheerfully.

And by the way she said it, I suddenly knew that a whole lot of pity was being wasted on Ginger Rogers.

The prosaic home life of Ginger and Lew Ayres persists in puzzling a town which just can't understand how a star as gaily alive and glamorous as Ginger can be



There are those in Hollywood who claim Lew Ayres has a hermit complex and keeps his spirited wife too far removed from the bright spots which once she frequented. But Ginger loves her new domesticity. Bride and groom, above, coming out of the Little Church of the Flowers. Then they skipped off.

content with a soda-pop existence when her personality seems to cry for champagne.

There have been rumors and speculations, guesses and gossip about Ginger's happiness ever since she married Lew Ayres. There have been crocodile tears shed in abundance for the spirited, life-loving girl who dropped out of the bright-light circuit when she married a boy with what you might call a hermit complex.

I would like you to see about all this yourself.

But first, I would like to flash back for a bit of a prologue, a bit of a prologue, ladies and gents.

It was the night of their first date. And what a night! They stood together, shaking and uncomfortable in the lobby of the theater after a first act about which neither could remember a thing.

Any particular vibrations their newly acquainted personalities might have cooked up were sadly shamed by the seismic nip-ups of an expiring earthquake, which had decided to celebrate this auspicious occasion by tumbling a few assorted Southern California towns to the ground and panicking Hollywood and environs into a state of hysteria.

He was nervous because he thought she was afraid. She had the jitters because she knew darned well she *was* afraid—and she knew he was nervous.

Their eyes bumped in furtive sidewise glances.

"Let's get out of here."

"Let's," she said.

"What'll we do?" he asked.

They say that at times like these—in critical moments of great natural drama—fires, earthquakes, floods—the real individual comes out—people bare their true souls.

"Let's go somewhere," said Ginger Rogers to Lew Ayres, "and play ping-pong!"

There you are. Of course, it doesn't prove anything. But it and a whole lot of other things endow me with more than a sneaking suspicion that Ginger Rogers rather fancies the way she and Lew Ayres go about their own particular design for living, which is so utterly incomprehensible to Hollywood and which anyone will tell you marks them as Hollywood's most humdrum couple.

In fact, I would go so far as to say that it's every bit as much her idea as his, which—can you take it?—plunges me into a second prologue—or maybe it's just the last half of the first.

It was the eve of their wedding. Inside the Little Church of the Flowers, festooned and blossom-fragrant, they stood before the holy man who had just pronounced them man and wife. The bride, radiant, shimmering and lovely in the too, too exquisite altar creation for which she had travelled six thousand miles, raised her lips. The groom, in the very first morning coat and gray striped trousers of his experience (especially tailored for the occasion), complete with stock gardeniaed lapel and with his damp brow still creased with the red imprint of an unaccustomed topper, lowered his. (Lips, of course!)

Outside, bug-eyed thousands pressed perspiring guards. Beyond at the Ambassador Hotel well wishing friends crowded to the elaborate wedding reception.

They kissed. Everybody sighed. Whispered Mrs. Lew Ayres in her new mate's good ear—

"Let's get out of here!"

"But the reception—"

"Let's skip it—I'll meet you in some *real* clothes."

And the going away outfit of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ayres (née Ginger Rogers) as they fled in a Ford for the mountains, would hardly have made the style section of the Leadville Bugle.

Lew sported squeaking corduroys, a lumberjack shirt and an old battered hat he had acquired at the World's Fair for fifty cents. Ginger blushed properly in beach slacks, sweater, a somewhat age-blackened leather coat and a beret!

That'll be all the prologues. Now down to current cases.

It is true that Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres at home [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



The Texas personality girl with pumpkin-seed hair, fresh out of high school, made all the parties and met all the people when she first came to Hollywood. Now she is a glamorous dancer of stardom. But she reflects the happiness of her new home life, a quiet life. Her pet Siamese's name is "Sime"



THE SEX-JINX

If you have it, advertise. If you haven't, advertise just the same. There's



Peggy Hopkins Joyce said: "I don't think anyone has been really in love with me, but it doesn't matter, because nobody would believe it." Lupe Velez cleverly "sold" her appeal, while Jean Harlow may be "emotionally cool" after all

By MARY

WHEN Elinor Glyn gave out her now famous dictum, the sex-shot that was heard around the world—"You either have *IT* or you haven't it," she forgot one important reservation!

You don't even need it, if you can fool people into thinking you have it!

The "name" for lure-appeal is as good as the "game" at the box-office; and no place in the world is this more true than in Hollywood, where we really prefer to be fooled, if the act is good enough.

I'll never forget something Peggy Hopkins Joyce said when she was in Hollywood for a picture a couple of years ago. Peggy, whose chief claim to man-trapping seemed to lie in a perfectly gorgeous disposition and an almost touching sense of gratitude, let down her braids one afternoon and remarked: "I haven't been in love with anyone for years and I don't think

anyone has been really in love with me. But it doesn't matter, because no one would believe it—and so my box-office goes on just the same!"

I know Jean Harlow pretty well, and it is my personal opinion that she is an emotionally cool girl. Jean is attracted to the type of man who pampers and babies her rather than to the thrill-packing Clark Gables of life, as witness the mature, older-type men she has married. Yet people look at me as though I'd taken leave of my senses when I advance this theory. Jean's reputation for T. N. T. and sex-dynamite is so firmly planted that she could trade on her siren-reputation the rest of her life if she never looked at another man.

Mae West talks the best sex-appeal you've ever heard. The world, the more important, Hollywood, is completely sold on the idea that Mae slays 'em. The result is the pleasant tinkle of silver running through the box-office. Every new husband-

ON STARDOM

the formula that brings success in Hollywood. They believe what you tell them



Robert Young can't get away from the effects of his conventional private life. The public tacks a non-sex label on him. Claudette Colbert turned vamp with startling results. Rumors Charles Boyer was flirting won many admirers

ANDERSON

claim to crop up is just so much fuel on the bonfire of her reputation. So Mae, who has devoted the last fifteen years of her life to her work, can go on her hard-working way unworried . . . with a wise-crack now and then serving the same purpose as a new scalp at her belt!

Merle Oberon, with the generous sprinkling of freckles across her nose, laughed when she said:

"I'm glad the reputation for being a charmer preceded me to Hollywood. Now I don't have to do anything about it. The men will automatically flirt with me and the women will automatically dislike me."

Lupe Velez has lasted for years, and outlasted far stronger talents than her own on the strength of her "bad, bad Lupe" salesmanship. Another way of saying it is, "smart, smart Lupe" . . . smart Mae, clever Jean and super-clever Peggy Joyce

But if the reputation for having sex-appeal can work miracles . . . the reputation for *not having it* can put a blight on the most promising career in Hollywood!

In spite of Hays office rulings and clean-up drives Glamour . . . Lure . . . Personal Excitement are still the open sesame to screen opportunity. Sell Hollywood and you've sold the world!

The system is a cinch; romance rumors to the gossip columnists; a new escort with every new gown; scads of orchids if you have to send them to yourself; a narrowed-eye and a slanting eyebrow, coupled with just the vaguest hint that your new leading man is intrigued . . . and the smarties of Hollywood fall hook, line, and sinker.

On the other hand, you could have the innate, but unadvertised, lure of a Cleopatra, and the acting ability of a Bernhardt or a Mansfield. and if you don't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

I KNOW MYRNA LOY— BUT NOT VERY WELL



In her quiet way, Myrna Loy is proud of her work in "Broadway Bill," with Warner Baxter



Hollywood tried hard to type Myrna in Oriental and half-breed rôles which she disliked



Myrna Loy's shyness permits her to unfold her charm and beauty only before the camera

THERE are three stories going the rounds why Myrna Loy is absent-without-leave in Europe as this is written:

First, that she did a run-out on "Masquerade," retitled "Escapade," because the unsophisticated heroine was not congenial and because she believed she could not do her best work.

Second, that M-G-M replaced her with Luise Rainer in the cast opposite William Powell as a disciplinary step over contract and salary arguments.

The third concerns the insistent rumor that Myrna will become the bride of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., as soon as his legal separation from his wife becomes final in divorce. And Hornblow is now in Europe on business.

But, as is usually the case with anything directly concerning

the red-headed girl who shared box-office honors with Claudette Colbert for the most successful picture of the past year, *no one knows a darn thing about the truth*

of any of it! Simply because they don't know!

If Garbo's isolation has earned her the title of Hollywood recluse; if Dietrich's Teutonic sullenness sets her apart as our leading "mystery," then, surely, our own Montana-bred Myrna is the authentic Miss X of Hollywood—the provocative "unknown quality."

Searching about for story angles on Myrna, the puzzled Hollywood writer is invariably met with the press agent query: "Why not do a story on the angle of *The Star Without Stardom* . . . or those tricks that have come to mean stardom with the average player? Why, she's never been out of the State in ten



Many call her the star without stardom yet they find no explanation for her utter indifference to publicity. She is actually miserable in the spotlight

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Montana-bred Myrna Loy is the authentic Miss X about Hollywood. No one seems to know the *whys* to the riddle of her personality

Despite her success in "The Thin Man," Myrna feels that too many pictures with even William Powell is not a good thing for either

years until recently. Only been in Montana and California in her whole life. Never seen a Broadway play (this was before her recent flight), never been married, never been rumored engaged to a millionaire, never had her name on the front page of a newspaper. She behaves more like somebody's secretary than a famous actress." So you say: "Yes—but *why?*"

That's where you have them.

No one seems to know the *whys* to the riddle of her strange, evasive personality.

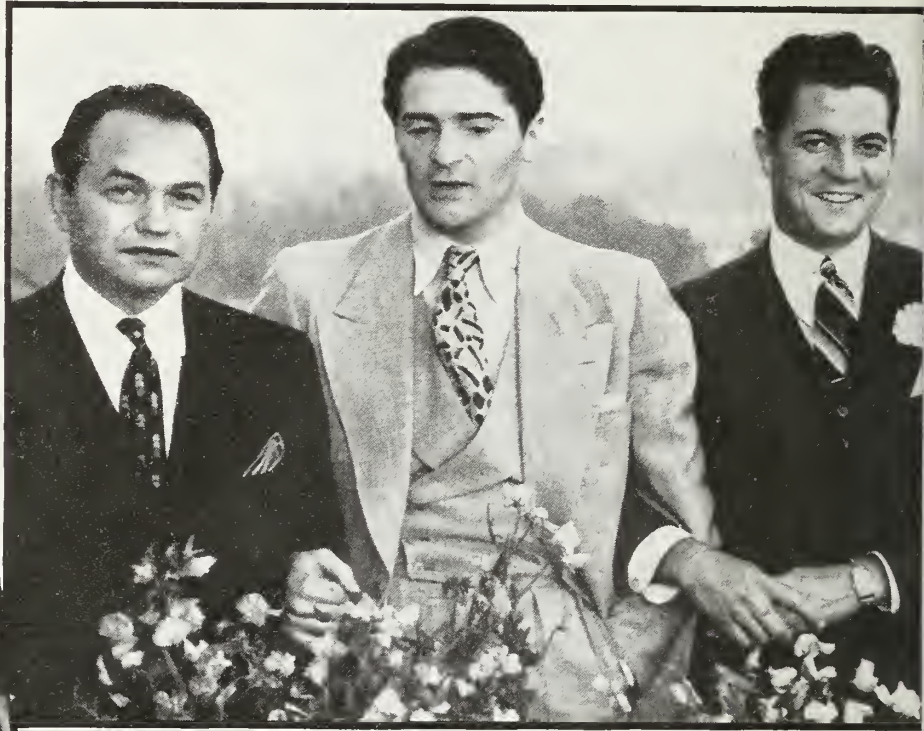
For the past six months Myrna and I have enjoyed the status of tenant and landlord, respectively. Last October she rented my home in Westwood for six months; and it was from the old ancestral manse that she shook the dust of Hollywood, M-G-M and Westwood from her slender heels during business battles (anyway, I hope that leak in the roof had nothing to do with it).

It is typical of the secretive way [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]

CALYORK'S GOSSIP



All alone! Regal Dolores Costello who has finally sued tempestuous John Barrymore for a divorce and a flat settlement of \$75,000 attends a peaceful symphony concert



Ernst Lubitsch and his inseparable cigar were hosts at a gathering honoring Princess Catherine of Greece (left). Also there were Gladys Swarthout (opera star), Jeanette MacDonald and Marlene Dietrich



LELA ROGERS called up her daughter, Ginger.

"The apartment's on fire!" she shouted.

"We'll be right over," said Ginger.

When they arrived the blaze was out. Lew Ayres, carrying his ever present miniature movie camera, was disgusted and bitterly disappointed.

"I wanted to get some fire shots," he explained.

That's how bad the movie making bug has bitten Lew

MAE WEST'S tastes in art are simple.

In her gold-and-white apartment in the fashionable Ravenswood in Hollywood, Mae has but one picture in the front room.

It is a painting of herself a bit *au naturel* and it's labeled "Sex."

Incidentally, Mae's skyscraper ménage is now in the hands of a new majordomo. Daisy is her name. She took the place of Mae's former maid Libby, who succumbed to the lure of the camera. Libby now goes in exclusively for the celluloid drama. She's making a

picture with Walter Wanger, affectionately known in Hollywood as "The Lone Star Wanger."

"MISS DVORAK," quavered an ardent collegiate admirer on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, "will you scratch your name on my new car?"

Ann gasped. Such a nice, shiny new car. "I don't want to do that," she protested.

But he wanted her to—so there you are—another concession to the autograph craze.

OF HOLLYWOOD



Nina Martini, the latest movie "find" from the opera and radio fields, now under the Fox banner, was the guest of honor at a party given by Jesse Lasky. Everybody who was anybody was there. You'll readily recognize this galaxy: Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Bob Haaver and Anita Louise ('tis said it's a romance!), then Frank Morgan, Mr. Lasky, Janet Beecher, and last but not far from least, Nina Martini, in person



Presenting another well-known couple at the Lasky festivities for Nina Martini: readily recognizable, Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson, and a friend

Ann appeared at the University while in San Francisco.

BET you didn't know that Lyle Talbot's name is "Lysle Hollywood Talbot," but, if you do, then you'll know it's no gag when you read here that his grandmother Hollywood has been visiting him.

Grandmother Hollywood is a sprightly little lady from Omaha, Nebraska. Maybe she thought she had better run out and look over these girls she'd been reading about who were toying with her grandson's heart. Anyway, when she arrived a few weeks ago, Lyle took her on a tour of the night spots and held a few gay Hollywood parties for her. She made a big hit with everyone, but she did *not* try to crash the movies. Said Omaha might be a little dull after the visit but it was better for a steady diet



Virginia Bruce's latest escort is a count. Count Carpegna. They are about to join the host of celebrities at the noted gathering place, the Trocadero

CHARLIE FARRELL and Ralph Bellamy started their Palm Springs Racquet Club for pleasure.

Then they discovered, after the season was over, that they'd cleared \$49 on the sandwich stand and had cleared their investment carrying charges.

Next year they're going to expand. Two new courts and a membership campaign.



Do you recognize the gentleman? It's Harold Llayd with Mrs. Llayd, left, and it looks as though Harold is getting off a story for Jean Marsh's delight

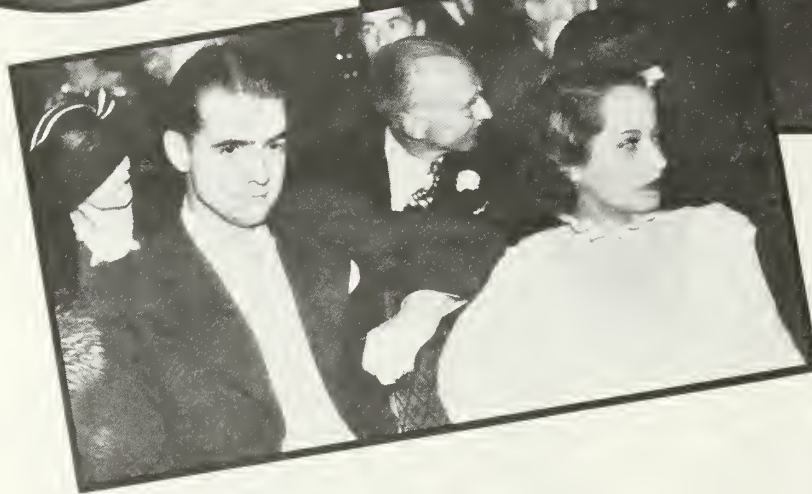


Paul Muni takes time out from his heavy dramatic rôles and escorts Mrs. Muni to the popular Children's Benefit show, in which they take a very lively interest



It was Frank Fay's honor (and he seems well pleased about it) to be Master of Ceremonies at the Benefit. Wife Barbara Stanwyck is quite delighted, also. Frank and Barbara are the closest of family twosomes in all Hollywood. Great pals

Can this be possible? Here's Howard Hughes as escort to the delectable Merle Oberon at the Children's Benefit and looking glum! But Merie seems to be far, far away as well!



Hollywood so far has given them grand support—because most of Hollywood is in Palm Springs during the winter—that is, outside of working hours.

RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI, the famous foreign director, was a bit late on the set that morning. To make matters worse, he was holding up a horde of extras.

As he finally entered, one of the \$7.50-a-day boys, unaware of his nearness, said, "What does that Russian so-and-so mean, holding us up like this?"

Boleslawski stepped up and bowed. "Pardon me," he said, "you mean that Polish so-and-so."

YOU won't have much trouble running a popularity contest at Warner Brothers since Marion Davies moved in.

Whenever Marion is hungry or thirsty on

her set she assumes everyone else is too. So instead of ordering sandwiches for herself, she orders mammoth trays. And instead of orange juice in glasses, she commands buckets for the entire crew.

Nice lady.

IN Copenhagen, capital of Jean Hersholt's homeland, Denmark, there is a meeting place for all good Americans known as the "State Park."

There they gather on Fourth of Julys and such to ease their nostalgia. About the place hang flags of every state in the Union—except Oklahoma.

Recently Jean approached Will Rogers and asked him to send a flag of his native state where it was sadly lacking. The gift would be most welcome and appreciated, he said.

"Dern," said Will, "I don't even know what the state flag looks like."

Volunteered a nearby helper: "They're all in the dictionary, Mr. Rogers."

"That doesn't help me," said Will, "I know less about the dictionary than I do about state flags!"

ANN DVORAK'S comeback trail has been a rough one. The girl who zoomed starwards after "Scarface" has never recaptured her promise since she deserted films for her honeymoon with Leslie Fenton.

But now in "G Men"—the reverse English on the "Scarface" picture—Ann has apparently hit her stride again. When the picture was released, she was billed third, beneath Margaret Lindsay. But so many people wrote to Warners protesting that she should be right next to Jimmy Cagney that they've changed the order. And that changed her status at the studio. Now she's a Number One leading lady.



Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March (the beautiful Florence Eldridge) were a small part of the throng of great and small which turned out for the Benefit which will provide aid to many underprivileged children about Hollywood

Above, Stephen Ames is obviously a great deal more interested in wife Raquel Torres than in what is going on on the stage of the Benefit. Can you blame him, say we?

Here's a foursome you see frequently polling around: Sandro Show and handsome husband Gary Cooper, exotic Dolores Del Rio and husband-director Cedric Gibbons

YOU'LL never know just how happy the double arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix's sons made Hollywood's most expanding proud papa.

Rich has been praying for a son ever since the stork flapped his wings. Nothing against daughters, at all, for Rich is devoted to his daughter. But daughters change names, and it just happens that there are only two Brimmers (his real name) in the country—Rich and his father. And now there are four.

Incidentally, the Dix's hadn't decided on names for the two husky "football players" when I talked them over with Richard. But when he was a kid, his nick name was "Pete."

So the monikers, *pro tem*, are "Pete" and "Re-Pete."

THE Gene Raymond-Ann Sothorn "orchid feud" put a crimp in Cupid's arrows—but it did all right for art.

Gene and Ann, working together in "Hooray for Love," started a romance, which looked verra, verra promising to Hollywood. Then a columnist, doubtless twisting his black moustache, wrote that Gene sent Ann orchids daily. Gene denied vehemently, saying he wouldn't send orchids to *any* gal. And this burned Ann to cinders.

Well—the air was a bit frigid the rest of the picture—and what made it worse was that the big love scenes hadn't been shot!

Just to show you that everything's backwards in Hollywood—when they were made, they turned out to be the best love scenes either Gene or Ann had ever made!

But it didn't patch things up privately.

AN ardent press agent at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released to the waiting world the news that Clark Gable was planning to cut short a glorious career as a star in 1940

Immediately Clark was besieged by anxious inquiries about his "five year plan."

Said Clark with honest humility: "I haven't any such plan. How do I know I'll even be here in 1940? How do I know I'll last that long on the screen? I'll have to wait until 1940 to tell you about my plans."

THE erection of Connie Bennett's Holmby Hills house was a drawn out saga in Hollywood. Connie busied herself about the building for the many months that the carpenters toiled on it.

It was practically a career.

Then when it was finally finished, after a labor of love, she went down town on one afternoon off from the studio and bought all the furniture for the whole house—in four hours! It was auspiciously warmed with a very fancy and official housewarming

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Rochelle did not know Rogers in Claremore, Oklahoma, but now he calls her "Ro-shelley" and she always calls him "Uncle Bill." He is grand to her, too



On the Set With WILL ROGERS

As told by

ROCHELLE HUDSON

to REGINALD TAVINER

After making four pictures with her fellow townsman of world fame, this pretty ingénue tells us how Will behaves in the studio

WELL maybe all Will Rogers does know is what he reads in the papers—but you should see the stacks and stacks of papers he reads!

I've watched him reading them now while playing with him in four of his recent pictures—"Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch," "Judge Priest" and "Life Begins at 40"—and although reading newspapers isn't all Will Rogers does on the set by a long shot, his newspaper reading would be considered a career in itself by almost any other man. And all he knows is undoubtedly the reason why Vice-President Garner sent him the telegram he did.

It seems that each year, according to an old Washington custom, the Vice-President has to give a dinner to the President and his Cabinet. It seems also that Garner had never been known to stay up until nine P.M. and that presidential dinners ordinarily begin then. And President Roosevelt, well aware of all this, was "ribbing" his running-mate a bit.

Anyway, it was while we were making "Doctor Bull" that Will—who will hereinafter be called Bill because that's what he's always called at the studio—told us on the set that when the usual time came for the presidential dinner and Mr. Garner had apparently decided to skip it so that he could go to bed at his accustomed hour, Mr. Roosevelt wrote him a letter asking, in effect, "What about that dinner you're supposed to give me?"



"Uncle Bill is the exact opposite of a lens hog," says Rochelle. He lets her have all the breaks in photography. But he likes to do the talking himself



The next day Bill got the telegram from Mr. Garner saying, "What do I do?" Bill immediately wired back to hold everything—he'd fly right over. He did, and in Washington he arranged for a bang-up bill of talent to come and entertain at the dinner, and among the acts was a juggler from New York, to whom Bill gave certain instructions.

Bill fixed everything beautifully. President Roosevelt and all the Cabinet ministers, all waiting for Mr. Garner to nod off in his chair so that they could give him the works, never got the chance. Bill kept his eye on the Vice-President constantly, and every time he suspected Mr. Garner might be getting sleepy he gave the juggler a wink. Whereupon the juggler would start juggling, let a few dinner plates and so on come down on the floor with a crash.

Vice-President Garner stayed awake until the wee small hours of the morning and that is why, when the dinner was given this year, we had to finish up "Life Begins at 40" so that Bill could attend. Mr. Garner wired him again to come without fail—and to be sure and bring the juggler with him.

That's just one of the stories Bill loves to tell when he grows reminiscent on the set and when Bill grows reminiscent the cameras wait.

Nothing is photographed at such times, of course, because we're not in front of the cameras. Just the same, there are millions of feet of priceless Rogers film left on the Fox cutting-room floors because of Bill's habit of ad libbing his dialogue as he goes along. Nobody ever knows just what he's going to do or just what he's going to say.

Incidentally, my own four pictures with him are probably some sort of a record for an ingénue in Rogers films. You never know when your cue is coming or whether you're going

to get it at all. I know that in my own case listening for cues that never came had me ad libbing to myself in my sleep long before my first picture with Bill was finished.

Just occasionally, however, Bill himself goes "up" in his lines. I remember in particular one scene in "Life Begins at 40" which we took fifteen times, and that's a record for a Rogers picture. In the scene Bill and I were walking down a street and he had one of those long philosophical dialogues of his to say. Bill always rewrites his script so that yours is quite useless and even after he's rewritten it he changes it some more with every take.

Previous to taking this scene I had been following him around the set asking him, "Bill, what are you going to say?" and when George Marshall, the director, called us I still hadn't the remotest idea. I told George so.

"Just sit tight," he replied, "and we'll see what happens."

What actually happened was that we took it twelve times, over and over, each time Bill stubbing his tongue somewhere. By some miracle I managed to come in just right each time. Then, on the thirteenth take, Bill got his long speech off perfectly—and I blew up.

I just stood there with my mouth wide open, staring at him, and couldn't say a thing. The whole scene, of course, was ruined.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



MAE WEST TALKS

"I'm a single gal with a single track mind, and it doesn't run to matrimony," Mae soys, emphatically



Mae West is not only an ardent fight for (seen here at a bout), but a scrapper in her own right, as eight men who phoned and called her "wife" know to their own sorrow

"Every time the postman rings," says Mae, "I get a dozen proposals. I ought to sue 'husbands' for alienation of propertians." She's with Poul Covonogh, "Goin' to Town"

"MARRIAGE," said Mae West, "is wonderful!" "Of course," she added, "I'm just guessing, but it must be wonderful. Already I've got for a husband a dozen guys I've never met. Peggy Hopkins Joyce can't tie that."

Hollywood's Number One bachelor girl, grass widow or spouse (you name it) flashed her famous upper row of ivory and then curtained it quickly with serious lips. Her arched brows lowered.

"Look here," she said, "you say you want to know the truth about my 'marriage.' Well, if you want to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I'm beginning to get just a little burned up about this whole marriage business. It was funny for a while—even to me. Then I got a little annoyed. Now I'm getting just plain sore. I didn't mind it so much when it was just one marriage—but now it's practically bigamy!"

We were talking, of course, about the completely crazy-quilt pattern of mixed dates, double identities, confusing coincidences and controversial claims which have made the marital (or un-marital) status of La Belle West on a puzzling par with the eternal hen-egg-egg-hen dispute. Did she or didn't she? Is she or isn't she? Newspapers have even printed editorials congratulating Mae on pushing Hitler's jingoistic jitters and the Veterans' Bonus off the front page.

It was the first time Mae had unbossed herself on the subject which she had just confessed, was giving her fits. Up until now she had contented herself with a rapid fire volley of telephonic "no's" to all questions, ranging from the laughing, amused "No" to the dangerous, now-you-lay-off-of-me "NO!"

"There's a saying," she reminded, "that when a woman says 'maybe' she means 'yes' and when she says 'no' she means 'maybe.' But not me. When I said 'no'—I didn't mean maybe!"

Just picture a penthouse—or anyway an apartment—way up in the sky. All in white and gold and satin and silk. With a couple of polar bear skins spread out on the floor to lend their cooling effect to the heated lady of the house in a mood to slam the door on the Fuller brush man's foot. And all because a scattered crop of Mae Wests and Frank Wallaces had apparently put the Marrying Mdivanis to shame—and put all the answers up to Mae.

"Since the first of the year," Mae revealed, "eight different guys have called me up to tell me I married 'em. In Oshkosh or Oscaloosa, in Tulsa or Toledo. Now it's Milwaukee and points East. They've been traveling men, singing waiters dance men, reporters—but not a single millionaire—darn it!"

"Which makes it bigamy—and big o'me, too, if you'll stand for a punk pun. The point is," pointed Mae, "I like a laugh, like anyone else. I've got an elastic sense of humor—but if you stretch it too far, it snaps. A gag is a gag—and if this one gave the guy a chance for a job, then it's all right, with me. But the gag has gone too far."

The determined jaw of Battling Jack West's daughter settled back into place. She smiled.

"It's all right to have a man around the house," she explained, "but when you wake up every morning to find a new husband with your grapefruit—say, I'm beginning to feel like the Dionne quintuplets. When you come up to see me now you have to look cross-eyed—or use mirrors."

"Getting down to one particular lord and master," I said "what about this Frank Wallace in New York?"

Mae dropped a stitch with her eyebrows. "Well—*what* about him?" she repeated. "I'm like Will Rogers—all I know is what I read in the papers, and I've quit reading about Wallace. I never went much for the comics, anyway."

"He says you married him in Milwaukee."

ABOUT HER "MARRIAGE"

To
KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"It was funny for a while—even to me," says Mae. "It wasn't so bad when it was just one marriage, but now it's practically bigamy!"



Frank Wallace of New York might have paraphrased the title of one of Mae's pictures, "She Done Him Wrong." He claims that Mae's denial has made him suffer



Genial Jim Timony, Mae's manager, has not escaped the "husband" touch. They labeled him such last year



Mae's "Belle of the Nineties" (with Roger Pryor) could apply to the number of males who are yelping that she deserted them

"The only thing I know about Milwaukee," said Mae, "is that they make beer there. It's pretty good beer—but it never was good enough to make me get married and then forget about it."

"Then," I rallied, "he says you played Omaha."

"Wrong again," said Mae, "I picked Nellie Flag. Us girls have got to stick together," she explained. "I wish I had played Omaha," she sighed wistfully, "on the nose."

"Pardon me," I said, "but I mean the town."

"Oh," said Mae, "I thought you meant the horse. Well, either way, it's a horse on me. I never played either one."

"This Wallace quotes certain figures," I began.

"I've heard some favorable quotes on mine," interrupted Mae.

"Let's take a look at his figures—" I began again.

"You wouldn't be interested in taking a look at mine, would you?" queried Mae. "I think it speaks for itself. What do you think?"



All these so-styled ex-husbands of Mae's have quoted heart-balm figures. "But," says Mae, "I've heard some favorable quotes on mine." And these two pictures can well bear that out



"I'm not thinking," I assured her. "Do you mind if I open a window?"

"Not at all," said Mae, "but don't fall out—and don't shout for help."

"Hardly," I replied gallantly. "Now about these husbands—"

"Husbands," said Mae airily, "are all right in their place."

"But you never placed one?"

"Listen—" said Mae, poking the polar bear rug with a determined French heel, "let's get this settled once and for all. *I'm not married. I never have been married.* Not to Frank Wallace. Not to Jim Timony, my manager—they used that one last year. Not to that fellow in Texas—what was his name—Burmeister? Nor to the guy in Illinois, nor to anybody else. Shall I draw a diagram? I'm a single gal with a single-track mind—and it doesn't run to matrimony."

"Well—that seems to be that," I gasped. "You wouldn't be kidding me?"

Mae's glance missed me and killed a fly on the wall.

"And another thing," she proceeded in the same tone of voice, "if I ever do get married, nobody is going to have to dig around into a lot of records to find out about it. After a girl has put a lot of time and effort into getting her man, she's got a right to brag about it. Believe me, I'll brag plenty."

"I can say then," said I, "that you consider marriage a commendable condition?"

"Marriage," quoted Mae, "is a great institution. As I've always said, no family should be without it. What's the matter, don't you feel well?"

"I was just wondering," I ventured, to explain that vacant look, "how come with your-uh-appeal, you've managed to stay in that well known state of single blessedness as long as you—uh—say you have?"

"Stop wondering," said Mae. Her eyes became serious, "In the first place, I've never felt up until just recently that I could

get married, if I'd wanted to. My folks made a lot of sacrifices for me when I was a kid. We were a family that was close together. I had obligations as long as my mother and dad were alive. My life hasn't been any bed of roses. I never felt anything like secure until just recently. I've never felt free to get married."

I knew the story of Mae's devotion to her parents. It was a pretty fine thing, as anyone in Hollywood knows

She shook off the serious mood with a grin.

"Besides," she said, "maybe I've never met the right guy—one that I liked well enough to tie up with for life."

"No chances?"

"What do you mean, 'no chances'?" Mae bridled, "say, every time the postman rings twice I get a dozen proposals from guys who must have gone to school at a mail order college. Not bad, either. Of course, there was the widower who said he'd let me mother his six kids, but then there was another from a gent in some foreign country who wanted to make me a duchess, or a maharanee—maybe it was a queen. And that reminds me—since the papers have been full of this marriage stuff, I don't get as many offers [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



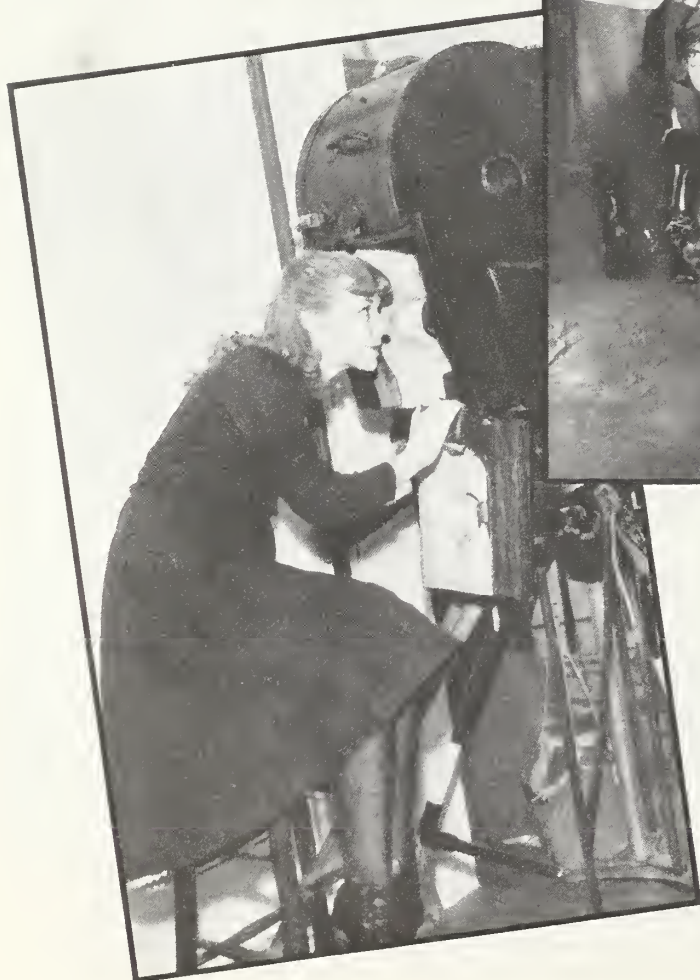
CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL

NO wonder Irene Hervey photographs beautifully. She's had a lot of practice at it. Irene's father was a picture-taker in Santa Monica, and his daughter grew up around cameras, so she doesn't scare. She is considered one of the most promising young actresses on the Metro lot

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS TO MOVIE CHILDREN?

Here's the answer to that question by the mother of one of the few really "gifted children" in pictures. It's the true story of little Anne Shirley

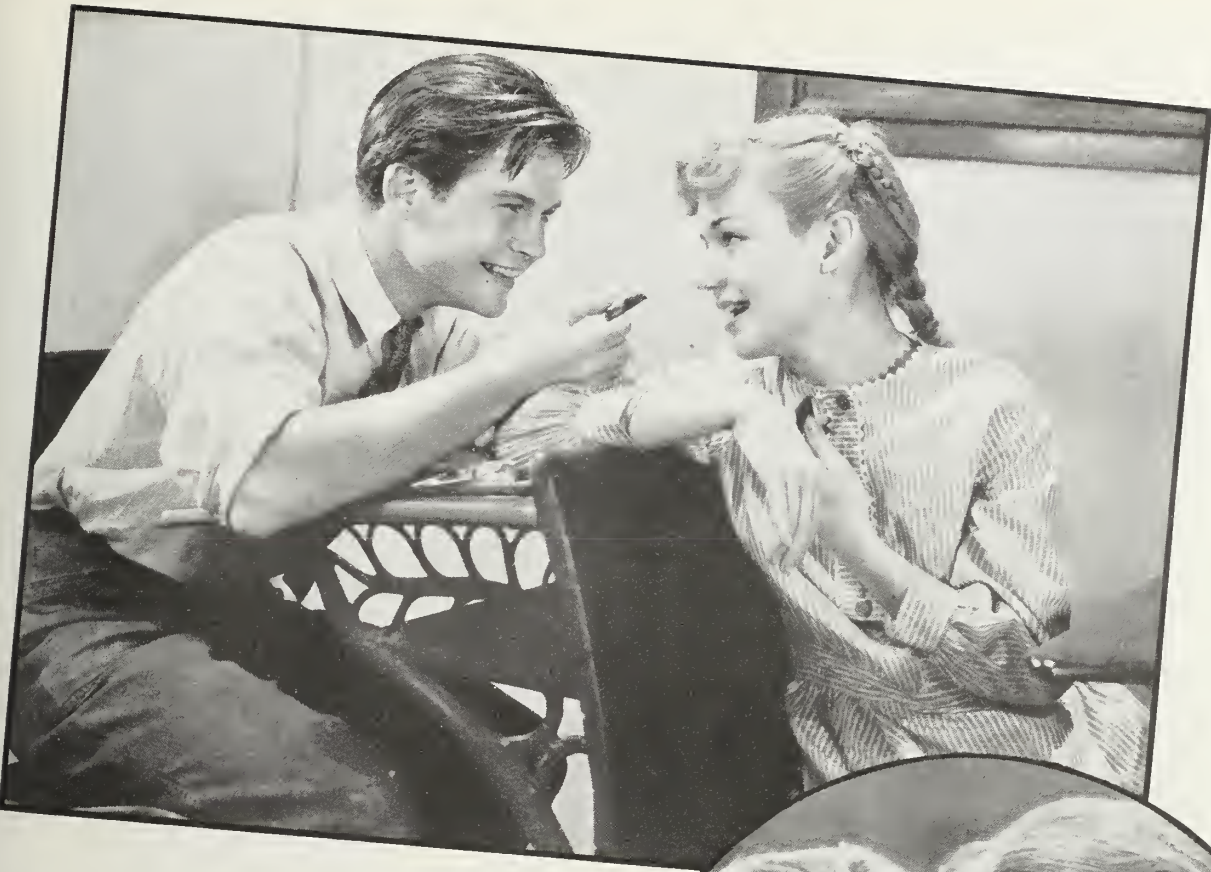
By HELEN WHITFIELD



The Anne of today and the Anne of only three years ago. She's growing! At left she's taking a cameraman's eye view of the set. Above (down front, second from right) as the Czar Nicholas' youngest daughter in "Rasputin and the Empress"

THIRTEEN years ago a frail, travel-stained woman, carrying a heavy three-year-old child, stood beside a meager pile of luggage in the Los Angeles Santa Fe station and wept.

Hurrying passengers stared curiously for a moment and then rushed on. She was, obviously, one of the swarm of movie-struck mothers who, along with their inevitably pretty progeny, had laid siege to Hollywood ever since Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan had tripped over a few pots of gold so unexpectedly the year before.



The simple naturalness of her acting in "Anne of Green Gables" brought new fame to Miss Shirley. Tom Brown is the boy in the picture

Though Anne has been in pictures for some thirteen years, Mrs. Shirley begs mothers to keep their children away from the studios



No one stopped to question the woman's unchecked tears, because the townfolk were wary of a hard luck story and a touch for carfare to the film suburb.

But the other day Mrs. Mimi Shirley, mother of Anne Shirley, Hollywood's sixteen-year-old talent find of 1935, told me why she sobbed on that soot-darkened platform thirteen years ago.

"I had come from New York to put my baby into pictures, and I wept because I could find no other way of surviving in a world that has no work to offer a mother who insists upon keeping her child with her.

"I had in my handbag two letters to two prominent directors and those bits of paper represented my final hope of keeping a single roof over both our heads, and the certainty of two quarts of milk a day for Anne. And I let those tired and bitter tears fall because I had to trade my baby's beauty for such necessities."

But there were many months during the thirteen years that followed when this child's immature talent and loveliness did not earn even the scraps.

And although Anne Shirley signed a featured RKO contract six months ago following her first grown-up rôle in "Anne of Green Gables," her mother refuses to discuss or consider the eminent possibility of her child's belated stardom or its golden sequel of comfort and security.

It is about those barren months, those thorny thirteen years that Mimi Shirley wants to talk, and talk loud enough for every mother in America to hear her

"I want to tell the truth about what really happens to the average movie child and its family in Hollywood," she told me. "If only it were possible for me to speak directly and personally to all those mothers who are now looking with envious eyes at the rocketing fame and salary of little Shirley Temple, I know I could save hundreds, perhaps thousands of homes.

"Whenever I see a newly-arrived, hopeful mother leading her child to the studio gates, I want to shriek out at her, stop her by force and make her listen to me. I want to ask her if she can go three days in a row without food, manage to keep a landlady waiting a year and a half for the rent, work twelve hours a day on her feet in a grocery store to keep her baby from starving between studio calls.

"I want to scream at her that my own child with excellent personal introductions to the biggest directors was able to earn only an average of seventeen dollars a week during the best seasons And I want to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Vote for the one you think
should win. Your ballot counts.**

FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Previous Winners from 1920
to Now

- 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"

Affairs of Cellini, The
Age of Innocence, The
Barretts of Wimpole
Street, The
Belle of the Nineties
British Agent

Broadway Bill	Madame Du Barry
Bulldog Drummond	Men in White
Strikes Back	Merry Widow, The
Catherine the Great	Mrs. Wiggs of the
Chained	Cabbage Patch
Cleopatra	Music in the Air
Count of Monte Cristo,	Nana
The	No Greater Glory
Death Takes a Holiday	Now and Forever
Evelyn Prentice	Of Human Bondage
Flying Down to Rio	One Night of Love
Gallant Lady	Operator 13
Gay Divorcee, The	Painted Veil, The
George White's Scandals	Queen Christina
Great Expectations	Sadie McKee
Handy Andy	She Loves Me Not
Here Comes the Navy	Thin Man, The
House of Rothschild, The	Treasure Island
It Happened One Night	Twentieth Century
Judge Priest	Viva Villa
Kid Millions	We Live Again
Life of Vergie Winters,	What Every Woman
The	Knows
Little Miss Marker	Wild Cargo
Lost Patrol, The	Wonder Bar

HAVE you cast your vote for the best picture of 1934? Ballots are pouring in, and if you haven't sent in your choice, do it now and help award the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

The Gold Medal is the supreme award of the year for a motion picture. It is the only honorary distinction that movie-goers themselves have a chance to bestow on a film. The entire movie world watches and waits for your decision with great interest, because your choice indicates, not what an individual or a small group think, but what the motion picture public considers best.

Think back over all the pictures you saw and enjoyed during the past year. Consider them carefully, then choose one of them, and send in your choice. Before making your final decision, consider critically the film's outstanding performances, the expertness of direction, the effectiveness of photography.

Above is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released during 1934. This list will help you recall many films you enjoyed. But your choice is not limited to these.

There are no rules for you to follow, no restrictions. All you need to do is vote for the picture you liked best. A ballot is printed on this page for your convenience. But you do not need to use the ballot—a scrap of paper or a postal card will do as well.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

3 Men On A Horse



Screen is screen and stage is stage, but often the twain meet. This page of pictures is a case in point. The lively comedy, "3 Men On A Horse," had a big turnout. Here's the Warren William (above) getting a good laugh



The grand old lady May Robson, who has a good sense of humor in her own right, enjoyed the hilarities of the play to the full. And isn't she looking smart?



Paul Kelly took the comedy quite seriously, but Mrs. Kelly had some quiet fun out of it. Paul and his wife (Dorothy Mackaye, a writer herself) once wrote a play. Paul's from the stage, you know



Director Lloyd Bacon and Cameraman George Barnes and wife, Joan Blondell, had a long chat between acts. But they can't be talking comedy!

There is no doubt that "3 Men On A Horse" is right up Bill Gargan's alley. Mrs. Gargan is taking it quietly, but you can see a twinkle about to break



WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND Cary Grant in Hollywood

This charming person has built around his inner self a dam of isolation that is impenetrable!



Possibly "Wings in the Dark," which he did with Myrna Loy, is a fitting title for Cary

This was once a triangle without a rift—Cary, his wife Virginia Cherrill, and Randolph Scott—but then Virginia sued for divorce

THIS is my first and last story on Cary Grant. For I know our friendship will never survive a second pen and ink vivisection of his soul. And not, mind you, because there are any secret corners in this tall Englishman's past that would flare up painfully under a thorough biographical probing.

Cary suffers from the strangest of Hollywood phobias.

At the risk of sounding hopelessly trite, I must somehow make you believe that honestly and sincerely, he cannot bear to see his name in print.

This malaise, naturally, is not stirred up by good or bad reviews of his pictures, art in magazines or routine news items concerning his picture work. But I have seen Cary look appalled and liverish for days following the publication of what most players would consider an innocuous enough interview.

A misquotation or a misstatement of fact in a newspaper which is considered all in the day's work by the average Hollywood celebrity, can make him actively ill.

Call it what you will, an act, a fetish, a Garbo pose. But I know that Cary carries this burden honestly, and what is really admirable, he keeps taking it on the chin in absolute silence. Only a handful of his closest friends have discovered this superfastidious streak that makes him cringe from any public revelation with a self-consciousness that is torture.

I experienced repeated head-on collisions with Cary's peculiar aversion dating from the day he signed his Paramount contract in 1931.

Because I was, at that time, in charge of magazine publicity for the same studio, I received must-go orders to get a story on Grant published in every motion picture publication. A large order, but I considered the job a cinch with a new personality to present, especially a personality that was six feet, two inches tall, handsome and undeniably charming.

But the Cary Grant publicity campaign proved to be the greatest flop of my press agent career. I worked like a fiend for months. I dragged scribes in droves to his dressing-room onto the set, into his home.

My efforts were rewarded with a mere dribble of stories concerning the facts of his birth, education and stage career and then things came to a complete and dismaying standstill.

I did not know then that Cary was running a campaign of his own, and directing it more skilfully than mine. His graciousness to the press was as flawless as it was disarming. He showered reporters with sincere hospitality. There was always lunch, tea or cocktails awaiting them as well as an avalanche of talk that never quite got around to Mr. Grant's opinions on anything less abstract than the Versailles Treaty. And the adjective jerkers never failed to leave him smiling broad smiles that vanished abruptly enough when they sat down at their typewriters to turn out a Cary Grant yarn.

And because Hollywood publicists die very, very hard, I stooped to pumping his few close friends, even his cook and John, the negro house boy. And I garnished the few ill-gotten crumbs with appetizing bait and fed it to a press hungry for intimate news on Cary. But when the first of those distinctly personal items flared into print, my studio-toughened conscience felt its only painful tweak in a full decade.

I saw, for the first time, Cary's eyes lacerated with a soundless writhing.

I thought then that time and Hollywood would teach Cary as it had other reticent Britishers before him, to ignore film-land's peep-show publicity. I recalled my lively jousts with Clive Brook and Herbert Marshall and felt assured that Cary's complete cure was just around the corner. But I was wrong.

Cary Grant will never know peace as long as his name spells



Not even Randy Scott, his closest pal, has the key to Grant's nature. This is in happier days: Vivienne Gaye, Randy, Virginia, Cary



By JULIE LANG HUNT

news. His fixation, or complex or mania (it is difficult to find the exact words for Cary's hyper-sensitivity) was planted during his childhood, and it was unwittingly nurtured during a strangely solitary youth.

He was only ten the winter he was called home from school because his mother had died suddenly. At that age a boy is very close to his mother.

He found himself unexpectedly bereft of a single outlet for all his boyish confidences. There was no one in his small world to listen with sympathy and patience to his imaginative secrets and immature philosophies.

The average hobble-de-hoy of ten would rapidly fill such a breach with boon companions, but Cary unfortunately (or was it really fortunate) was never the robust, commonplace, game-loving English schoolboy.

He recalls but a single chum during his entire term at school, a Horace Phillips. And the tie between them has never been broken although many years and endless miles have separated them since they were twelve.

During his final years at school, Cary remembers that he spent most of his game and play hours studying because he had to win scholarships to pay his tuition. There was no time left to join the rowdy cliques that gathered nightly in the dormitories for the natural adolescent recreation of snickering confessions and boastful bullyragging.

You see, he missed all the elementary lessons in the art of expressing to outsiders his hopes, his dreams and his despairs. Next to Horace, his closest companion was silence.

Perhaps all this explains the few women who have played any serious part in his life. Recently Cary told me that in spite of all his splendid [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Locked up in his own past, present, and future, Cary Grant is somewhat of an enigma—no one can get over the outside barriers into what he thinks

THE FIGHTS



The American Legion's fights drew a host of movie stars. Above, Pot O'Brien and his wife are absorbed in the movements of the fighters. Leaning out, Pot senses a knockout



Chester Morris with his beautiful wife, Suzanne, study the program for the next bout on the schedule



Clark Goble takes his eyes from the fighters in the ring long enough to light up. Countess di Frosso of his right. Clark's wife was in the party



There is considerable yelling to do at the fights, so Bert Wheeler wants Joe E. Brown to give him a few pointers. But Joe turns bashful, only giving Wheeler a grin



George Raft knows what the fighting game is all about. He did some of it himself in the old days. But now he enjoys most of the bouts held around Hollywood. His lady friend is Virginia Pine



Cameraman Fink catches three ordent fight fons enjoying themselves at the American Legion's fights. Ann Dvorok and hubby Leslie Fenton look right hoppy, as does Charlie Ruggles, of left

DON'T LOVE ME!

(synopsis of preceding installments)

SHE was a nurse, and two men came under her care. Sam Werks coveted her, Gregory Cooper loved her. He faced a serious operation, but told her if she'd marry him, he'd live. She married him, and he lived, only to die under suspicious circumstances. On Werks's testimony, she was cleared in the death, but then Werks demanded her to turn over to him a \$10,000 check left her by Cooper. Werks said he had falsified his testimony to clear her in Cooper's death. She ran away, to Hollywood, and a break in the movies. But then her first director, Sohlki, the most noted in Hollywood, was murdered—as she waited outside his home in his

car. She had seen a mysterious woman enter the house, and not leave, but she remained silent in the subsequent investigation because it would mean her career. Her second director, Scott Deering, fell in love with her, but remained strangely aloof until the night of a party, at which she learned the identity of the mysterious woman who had entered Sohlki's house. That night, Scott proposed. Less than a week later she was seated at Scott's desk, in his apartment, happily content with Scott, when she noticed the return address of a letter to Scott—it was from Sam Werks! Did he intend to blast her first peace and happiness?

I WAS staring fascinated at the fateful envelope when Scott came back with two steaming hot toddies. That's what had taken him so long—boiling the water—and probably lapping up a couple of quick ones for himself in the meantime.

It was too late now to put the letter in my bag and run away with it. Besides, I wasn't sure that was what I wanted to do. Did it matter what Sam Werks had to say to Scott? I some way felt that my fiancé would not believe it. Or, if he did believe it, that he wouldn't care.

Scott swept Sam's letter and everything else onto the floor to make a space for himself to sit on the edge of his desk facing me.

He handed me a goblet. "Drink that, Moppet. We're going to play the last sequence of our picture and you'll need a stimulant." He sat facing me, but not looking directly at me.

"You've had too much yourself already," I said, putting the steaming drink on the desk.

"Don't be prim, Moppet," he admonished, gulping down half the contents of his own glass. "I haven't had nearly enough Dutch courage. I know, because I'm still afraid of what I've got to tell you."

I started to get up from the swivel chair. He gave me a push back into it.

"Sight tight, Rochelle. As usual we're going to play this scene around you." He laughed, bitterly and a little uncontrollably. "The camera moves, the actor moves, but you just sit the way you always do—merely looking your own damnable desirable self."

Scott grinned, his most sardonic, exasperated grin. "I've laughed myself sick when I've done this on the set—watched poor saps go slowly crazy while I directed you to look at them the way you're doing now and ordered you not to let them touch you."

"But Scott, you can touch me."

"No I can't. That's not in the script."

"Please—take me in your arms." I rose from the chair again and put my hands on his shoulders.

He looked at me strangely—his eyes were level with mine as he sat there on the edge of the desk and I stood before him.

He shook his head. "You'd only be sorry—and God help me, so would I."

"Is it because of what you think I've done?" My mind was on that letter lying on the floor. Perhaps it *had* been opened.

"What *you've* done! My dear, what have you ever done except look like an angel from hell? Why do you think I never touch you—why I've never really kissed you?"

I tried to remember back. He never had embraced me except casually—as a friend might do. I had liked being with him for that reason. It was the English reserved manner, I had thought.

The effort of trying to recollect must have clouded my eyes. Anyway, he misinterpreted it.

"You see," he said. "It isn't what you've done—it's what I am. Once—that day when I asked you to come and live with me—I hoped that it wouldn't make any difference. We have so much fun together that I thought companionship would

be enough. But when I saw you this afternoon with those babies and you held that little one close—"

I smiled. "She *was* sweet wasn't she?"

"—then I knew what you were put on earth for." He finished his drink. Slowly he said, "My dear, I can't have any babies."

My expression must have been one of dazed incomprehension. But he went on: "You've been a nurse and you've lived in Hollywood for three years—

surely I don't have to draw you a diagram."

"It wouldn't matter," I started to say.

He interrupted. "Not at first. I know that. But later, when you began to grow old, when you were no longer the poster idol of the public, you'd begin to wonder why life had cheated you. You see, a man like myself understands—he understands too much. If you don't want this toddy I'll drink it before it gets cold—no good when they're cold."

My next move was wrong. I did finally understand what he was trying to tell me and a great wave of pity surged up in my breast. He was like a child himself and my impulse was to pillow his head on my shoulder and comfort him.

But when I made the gesture he repulsed me.

"Get away from me," he ordered, and pushed me aside with a wide sweep of his arm.

There was a huge bookcase at that side of the desk. I fell

No man can strike me, even when he's drunk. "Damn you," I cried hotly, "if you want me to hate you, I do—and you'd better look out!" Then I noticed Scott's man at the door

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

against it with a crash that shattered the glass in both of the doors.

No man can do that to me even when he's drunk. I picked myself up. There were no punctures, although I would not have known it if there had been.

"Damn you," I said hotly. "If you want me to hate you, all right. I do and you'd better look out—"

Scott started to laugh. Then he stopped—and I followed his gaze toward the door.

It stood open and on the sill stood a Jap—Scott's man, I supposed.

"What are you doing here, Tamaki?" Scott demanded.

The boy hesitated. "I come back for top-coat. Cold night. Door she is unlock."

"I left it that way. Get out and stay out. This is a private fight." Scott threw an empty glass at his servant. It broke against the closing door.

Scott yelled with laughter. "What a swell topper for our scene, Moppet! I'm sorry I shall never direct it."

He was drunker than I thought. My anger melted instantly. "Let me put you to bed," I suggested.

"Not going to bed," he declared. "Going to have a drink—all by myself, as usual."

He started, weaving a little, toward the kitchen door.

But he didn't make it. Instead he toppled, like a falling tower in the newsreel shots, and lay inert upon the floor.

I tried to move him, to drag him to the sofa, but he was too heavy. So I compromised by bringing some of the pillows to him and arranging them under his head, and putting a blanket from the bedroom over him.

He opened his eyes and looked up at me dully. "Thanks, Moppet. Nice to have seen you. Good-bye."

I watched him for a minute. He was sleeping very soundly.

So I cried a little. I don't often do that. I wasn't sure that I knew whom I was sorry for—both of us, I guess. I had never cared that much for anyone before.

And he seemed very gone away from me.

Finally I turned to go. My gloves were on the desk. I put them on and turned out all the lights but one.

Then I let myself out of the apartment.

CHAPTER XXIII

The switchboard attendant, in the lobby, was reading and paid no attention to me when I let myself out of the elevator and went out to the street.

I recollected when I stood on the sidewalk that I did not have a car but, fortunately, a cruising taxicab swung in toward

the curb and the driver held the door invitingly open. When he inquired, "Where to?" I didn't know the answer. I had no desire to go home—not yet anyway.

"Sunset Boulevard," I decided. "I'll tell you where later."





I relaxed my body against the seat cushions but my mind climbed tirelessly against the glass walls of the pit into which I seemed to have fallen.

In a way I loved Scott. And, in much the same way, I

imagine, he loved me. It seemed as if he needed me. And yet perhaps I only drove him to deeper depths of despair. I didn't know what to do—never see him again or go back as soon as I had composed myself and try to make him think

that everything was all right. Perhaps he would awaken with no recollection of the nightmare of our recent interview.

I wished desperately that there was someone to whom I could turn for advice. I tried to think! Uncle Lou. He was in New York. Freddie Gay. He would laugh at me—it would be a boisterous joke to him.

Perhaps someone who did not even know me—an impersonal father confessor. I don't know why or how the name of Dr. Khanandi flashed into my brain. Perhaps it was because I had been hearing it so often recently. His success as a psychic consultant was at its heights. He had helped others—so they said; maybe he could tell me what to do.

I tapped on the glass window to the driver.

"Do you know where Dr. Khanandi lives?" I asked.

"Sure. I've been there a coupla times."

"Take me, please."

I have told elsewhere in this narrative of my visit to the turbaned soothsayer, of his warning to me that death was the inevitable fate of men who came into the intimate circle of association with me, and of my departure from his office with his heartfelt wish that he would never see me again ringing in my ears

A BREA Avenue, where Dr. Khanandi's sanctum was located, is not a very good place to pick up a taxi.

I got all the way to Hollywood Boulevard without seeing any but private conveyances. There would be a cab-stand at the Roosevelt Hotel, so I turned in that direction.

The Boulevard was very gay. I've said that it was just before Christmas. All the shops were open late and the street itself was brilliantly illuminated with colored lights. Every lamp-post during the holiday season bore a shield or a star-spangled device of some sort and on it was painted the likeness of one of the motion picture stars. There was one of me just the other side of the El Capitan Theater. Across the street, Grauman's Chinese Theater was showing an all-star picture in which I had a part. My name was in electric letters strung across the highway above the traffic. Red flannel Santa Claus suits, stuffed with weary men, stood on the corners.

I wasn't seeing any of this but I knew it was there. Actually my mind was in the throes of a terrible fear. Khanandi had said that men who loved me must die. Of course I didn't believe that he knew anything about it, but I wished I had not gone to talk to him. Instead of comfort from the interview I had gained only added trepidation.

He had been right about my past. Gregory Cooper had loved me. He had died. William Sohlki had tried to make me his mistress. He was dead. Scott Deering!

SCOTT loved me—in his own way perhaps, but it was the nearest to affection of which he was capable.

All of a sudden I wanted to be by his side. I felt somehow that if I were there nothing could happen to him.

So I quickened my pace.

In front of the Egyptian Theater a man turning out from the forecourt nearly bumped into me.

He started to apologize and then said, "Hello, Miss Adair."

It was Lanny Barnes, grinning from ear to ear under his funny stubbly little moustache.

I could have hugged the boy. Here was a friend at last.

"Lanny," I said "have you got a car anywhere near?"

He laughed. "It ain't much of a car but it's parked right around the corner."

"Will you take me to Mr. Deering's apartment?"

"Sure will," he answered evenly, although I am positive that his bushy eyebrows elevated slightly as he remembered how late it was.

I laughed a little. Lanny had such a high opinion of me. "I'm worried about him," I explained. "He was tight and we quarreled. I want to see if he's all right."

Lanny was reassuring. "Sure, he's all right. Can't faze that Britisher."

But he took me to his car just the same and we started off toward the Grassmere Apartments. Lanny's automobile made

so much noise that conversation was well-nigh impossible. There wasn't anything I wanted to explain to him anyway. Not then. It might have been better if I had explained.

At the entrance of the apartment building two cars were standing. One of them had a driver in police uniform. I must have looked closely at him as I passed because he spoke to me.

"Good evening, Miss Adair."

"Hello, officer," I was rather popular with the police force because I'd appeared at a couple of their benefits.

Lanny Barnes took me to the elevator inside and pushed the button.

"Shall I—er—can I do anything else for you?" he asked diffidently.

I read his thoughts "Would you mind waiting, Lanny? I'm not going to stay"

There was no attendant at the switchboard and before the elevator came down from the upper floors a red light popped out on the board and a call began to buzz.

I had that impulse we always have to answer a telephone summons, but the elevator door opened just then and, after a man got out, I entered.

The door closed and I pushed the fourth floor button

When I got out of the elevator and looked down the corridor towards Scott Deering's apartment I was surprised to see that his door stood open.

As I drew nearer I heard voices and when I started to go in a policeman barred my way.

But I could see through the doorway.

Scott Deering lay on the floor just where I had left him, his head on a pillow but the blanket thrown back.

Every window in the room was wide open and a man with a stethoscope was leaning over Scott listening to his heart.

Another man sat at Scott's desk writing notes, while a third was standing in the middle of the floor questioning the Japanese house-boy whom Scott had called Tamaki.

I TOOK in most of this subconsciously. My attention was primarily focused on Scott Deering as he lay there on the floor. The color of his face and the set expression of his slightly open mouth told me more than the perfunctory activities of the doctor.

I must have gasped in horror.

The Jap turned toward the door. When he saw me he began to speak rapidly in Japanese.

"Say it in American," the detective sergeant ordered.

Tamaki realized that his excitement had carried him back to his more familiar language. "Excuse, pliss, Honorable Policeman." Then he pointed at me. "There stands woman who make high talk with my master."

"Oh—quarreled with him, huh?"

"Like I tell you before."

"Let her in, Joe."

I entered the room reluctantly.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Adair," said the detective sergeant, a little less harshly. "What do you know about this?"

"What—what's the matter?"

"Deering's suffocated—dead, ain't he, Doc?"

The doctor, who was putting away his stethoscope, nodded. "We couldn't have saved him if we'd got here half an hour ago."

"Suffocated?" I echoed. "How?"

"Gas," replied the detective sergeant—his name was Clancy. "We found the gas radiator turned on full and all the windows tight shut. Suicide, I guess."

"But I turned on that radiator," I said.

"What for?"

"To heat the room. It was cold when we came in earlier in the evening."

"You have to light those things," the detective observed mildly, "or else they don't do any good."

"I did light it—I remember distinctly."

The detective wasn't paying much attention to my reply. He was jiggling the telephone [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Fashion

FORECAST FOR EARLY FALL

BY KALLOCH
COLUMBIA DESIGNER

THE woman who will appear fashionable this Fall, and at all other times, for that matter, will have a certain *vagueness* about her clothes. She will look as if she doesn't know what she has on. All worry, fuss and study will be over and forgotten with the planning and fitting. The clothes will play up to her. They will launch her. She will never launch them. Hair, too, will follow this idea of *vagueness* or lack of self-consciousness. No fancy coiffures. It will be worn close, restrained, with the feeling of the small, sleek head.

Much fur for trimming any time in the year but especially in the Fall, is one of my favorite ideas.

Our smart young woman this Autumn will wear tweeds. One of my thoughts would be a combination of two different patterns in tweed of the same weight. A dress of the semi-chemise type (loose top and slim, straight skirt) in tiny checked tweed with an enormously wide leather belt. Over it, a plaid or large checked coat lined with the tiny checked material of the dress. With this should be worn a stitched hat of either design of the costume. The fur used on the coat should be either lynx or badger.

There will be some new and interesting innovations throughout the entire Autumn wardrobe:

DAYTIME CLOTHES

Colors: Henna, battleship gray, dark red. Any colors that suggest warmth, coziness and durability are good for Fall.



The star of "Love Me Forever," Grace Moore, in a Kalloch design, featuring the plentiful use of gray krimmer, an Autumn favorite. Hip-length cape is lined with sheer gray wool of the frock. Four-square cap of krimmer and fabric by John Frederics

Fabrics: A return to fur suits in a large way, the best furs being broadtail and leopard. A great deal of stiff Lyons velvet for suits and luncheon dresses.

Line: Extremely short skirts will be worn, fourteen, fifteen inches from the floor, even sixteen if the wearer has good legs. We shall revert to the old [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Grace Moore's

AUTUMN WARDROBE from "LOVE ME FOREVER"



Over this gray sheer wool frock, Miss Moore wears the krimmer cape shown on the previous page. Stitched lacings, bows, belt and pocket flap, with tiny nickel buttons and belt buckle for a metal touch. The matching John Frederics hat has a veil, the ends hanging down at the back

Miss Moore's daytime suit is made of finely checked black and white wool with a blouse of black velvet. Twin nickel leaves clasp cravat and belt. The draped black velvet hat has a suspicion of forehead veil, and the half-moon bag is of black suede with trimming of gunmetal kid





Hunter's green Lyons velvet and leopard combine their richness in an afternoon suit. There is a decided flare in the cut of Miss Moore's jacket and the sleeves are gathered at the shoulder. The hat of costume fur and fabric is the new eyeline type, the bag of briefcase style. Opposite, is the blouse of gold and green lamé



The shorter skirt is evidenced in Miss Moore's restaurant frock of black Lyons velvet. Chalk-white Venetian lace at collar, cuffs and drawn through twin paillette eyelets at front. The jacket back peplum and skirt are scalloped. A John Frederics sailor of black velvet completes the costume. All other fashions are by Kalloch

FAY WRAY *Shops*



On returning from London to Hollywood, Fay Wray replenished her Paris wardrobe with smart late-Summer additions. Above, a red and white printed crêpe, two-piece, with red belt. White hat, fabric crown, shantung brim and flat bow. An unusual white calf bag



For early Autumn, Miss Wray will wear a navy-blue crêpe frock of exquisite lines. Very fine shirring moulds waistline, which is circled by a red patent leather belt in leaf design. Upstanding detachable collar of white piqué, waffle design

Opposite, a dinner gown of printed chiffon that looks as if its flowers were hand-brushed on in water colors. Narrow floral panels form skirt back with slight train. Miss Wray's "flop hat" is natural leghorn with red poppies and facing



N NEW YORK



An afternoon or dinner scene, this large shantung picture hat in a shiny brilliant blue. From the velvet band are scattered colorful field flowers. A flattering fashionable shape for many. All of Miss Wray's hats, gowns, and bags are from Bruck-Weiss, New York

Silhouette for evening. Yards of diaphanous black net, embroidered with huge white flowers, worn over a trim taffeta foundation. At the waistline are two great flowers, one white, one red. A setting for a grand entrance. Miss Wray's bag is a circular frou-frou of black net ruffles

BY
COURTENAY
MARVIN

THE

Youthful



Jean Parker, embodiment of youth, in a style repertoire for the débutante. For late-Summer dining and dancing, a white embroidered organdy, its bouffant sleeves caught with flaming poppies, a wide red belt at the slim waist. Tiny covered button closure

Floral tones on a printed dimity, quaintly styled to complement Jean's curls. Above puffed sleeves, ruffles outline the shoulders; small velvet bows parade down the bodice, and the skirt has the new smartfulness below hips. A lovely late-Summer inspiration

For early Fall formals—gray chiffon with a cluster of pink apple blossoms at front waistline. Tiny capelets below front and back shoulders and a gracious swirl in Jean's skirt. Fashion flashes from Hollywood emphasize gray for both daytime and evening styles

ACCENT



Removal of Jean's loose jacket shows a petal-pink crêpe top, horizontally tucked and with the important new full sleeves. Charming across a candle-lighted table and sophisticated enough for dinner

Fashions from Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Much can be said in favor of Jean's navy-blue silk crêpe suit. Here is the practical aspect for afternoon shopping or other errands. Meet a dinner escort with a correct dinner dress beneath



Above, plaid tie silk, for early Fall. Jean's Royal Stewart plaid has a cravat and belt of navy-blue taffeta, intricate seaming above the waistline and a collar fastening over tie



Jean's year-around-tailleur in a gray wool. A surprise-blouse and slip are one, to assure neat waistline. "Blouslip," in blue taffeta dotted in white, is a grand, new thought

GLEND
FARRELL

At Home



Against Miss Farrell's white grand piano, black chiffon and lace make a striking picture. Bands of lace and chiffon for the graceful kimono sleeves; numerous shirred-in godets for the floating fulness at skirt hemline. Rhinestone clips on the belt for a little sparkle

Studies of Glenda Farrell in her San Fernando Valley home. For leisure hours the blonde comedienne wears a geometrically designed waffle print in turquoise. The cowl cape neckline fastens to the square neckline with magenta clips. From Fashionette Shop, Hollywood



An Oriental trend in Miss Farrell's two-piece dinner gown of heavy striped white crêpe with its enormous buttons of rhinestones and rubies. The type that solves the question of whether or not to dress. Miss Farrell's next picture will be "We're in the Money"

Young

IDEAS



Ann Dvorak, star of "Broadway Joe," caught in a playful moment at Malibu. Ann is holding thrillingly dangerous water skis and wearing a figure moulding Catalina Swim Suit. The suit is designed for comfort and a slim, graceful silhouette for sand and sea



Knee-lengths for the sports girl and for Maxine Doyle, who shows the extreme freedom and comfort of the abbreviated stocking. Elastic woven-in tops finished with a lacy design. Mojud Hosiery, also showing smart navy hose popular this navy-blue year



Our grandmothers' palm leaf fans undoubtedly inspired this coquettish air cooler in glass and cellophane composition. Frances Drake found this in I. Magnin's, Hollywood. The handle and wrist strap are of gold or silver kid. An import, useful as well as ornamental



IT took years of pleading to lure Helen Gahagan from Broadway to Hollywood. The stage star is now under contract to RKO-Radio and working on her first film, "She," in which Miss Gahagan plays the rôle of queen of the mythical kingdom of Kor. In private life she is the wife of Melvyn Douglas

Robert W. Coburn



Manatt

PERT and pretty is Marion Davies, wearing a smocked taffeta jacket for her rôle in "Page Miss Glory." Long known as one of the easiest and most amiable of stars to work with, Marion, in this picture, plays the rôle of a highly temperamental actress. It's her first Warner film



William Walling, Jr.

WHEN Gertrude Michael went on her vacation she spurned the fashionable beach and desert resorts, and chose a secluded ranch in the Central California country. When friends sought her out, they found the young Paramount actress enjoying her sun bathing in a field of sweet clover



When Mr. Muni flees, the only person he contacts is Mrs. Muni. And when he's gone, she's in full charge. While he was doing a disappearing act Bella signed a movie contract for him. Otherwise Paul Muni might never have entered films



By RUTH
RANKIN

THE DISAPPEARING MUNI

Now you see him, now you don't! But if you do, don't follow, for it's ten to one that Paul is vanishing again

EVERY six months or so, Paul Muni gets fed up and walks out.

Well, if it were not for your job and the little woman, wouldn't you? Of course Muni has both—but they're different. They give him time off. They have to. If it hadn't been for that time off, there wouldn't be any Muni on the screen today!

After he made "Seven Faces" for Fox, some time ago, Muni called it quits. That was the end of his screen career, so far as he was concerned. He went through a make-up ordeal in this picture seldom equalled by any actor. Then it turned out that the seven characters he played were so well realized and so different that few persons were aware Muni was playing all of them! To top it all, a fan letter came from Europe saying the writer liked best his characterization of the judge—which was practically the only character Muni *didn't* play

They wanted him to be a second Lon Chaney, and Muni didn't want to be a second anyone. He had other ideas.

He left Hollywood in a fine attack of the doldrums and vowed he would never come back. The stage was his metier anyway and he would stick to it. . . .

And Muni would never have returned—if he hadn't disappeared.

He hasn't discussed the subject before, because Muni isn't much of a discussor of his personal experiences, as you may have heard. This account of his return to pictures came up casually during a conversation.

"I used to go away alone often," Muni was saying. "I think when a man feels he isn't fit to live with another minute, the kindest thing he can do is go off by himself until he gets over it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Seeing Stars with Mitzi

Hollywood's a very merry spot these days! But Mitzi takes time out for a mysterious, tow-headed Romeo and a peep into a gay future



How that Lombard lady gathers the men around her! Here's Carole with Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Ricardo Cortez—a trio most other women just dream of. Ah, Hollywood!

The Countess de Margret and Mr. Cary Grant were cornered for a picture at a birthday party. The Countess de Margret is one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood

HEY-HEY, JOANIE! You know what you are? A little oink-oink! I scribble my fingers to the bone telling you where I've been, and what I've did, and how do you reply? "Tell me more!" Not even a teensy word about your folks, your figger, or your big, tall 'n' handsome. Step into the corner and make shame!

Well, come out of the corner and I'll tell you about my mysterious hero. I don't know much about him, but Glenda Farrell found him in the cards. She says he's strong and handsome and . . . tow-headed! Who do you suppose that could be? Glenda thinks she's such a whiz at the future stuff.

She was taking fashion pitchers one day for our magazine and I galloped in 'cause I wanted to see her new clothes, and also the

new interior decorations that she's been doing all by herself. (Very nifty, and inexpensive, too.) In between posing in her new black dinner dress and slipping into a smartie sports rig, I got to showing her some exercises. Where? On her beauteous white rug in her bedroom. We waved our props and clutched our tummies and wriggled to 1, 2, 3, 4. After these contortions, Glenda slipped into her dress, draped herself languidly in the doorway of her living-room, and Art went on undisturbed.

Of course, food had to come in somewhere. So, after the fashions were on film, we slipped upstairs to her brown, white and copper play-room and et offn card-tables . . . white leather ones with big copper tacks. Then Glenda the Mystic got out her cards. I have a gaily pink future. Money, travel marriage, infants. Familiar? But Glenda did give it a bit of a twist, Joan. To the four winds with the dark, slender Romeos. I get me a hootin'-tootin' tow-head! Whee-ee-ee-e!

Poddon me while I tear off a sigh. Talking of heroes, and



Card sharp—when it comes to telling fortunes. Glenda Farrell is advising Mitzi what the future holds. At the moment it seems that Glenda has found something very exciting. But Mitzi looks dubious about it all

When Billie Burke (right) was guest speaker on a radio program to raise funds for the Children's Home Finding Society, Josephine Hutchinson, one of Hollywood's newest stars from the stage, went down to the station to applaud



big, black-eyed ones makes me rage at that there Carole Lombard who magnetized three of the nicest gents at a birthday party. Cary Grant was one. Ricardo Cortez was two. And Heart-Throbs Gable was three! Wadda wench! All fancied up in floaty gray chiffon that gives one that irresistible allure, she left all of the other wimmen sitting on the edges while she blithely, and hilariously held court.

There was another dame who didn't do so badly, the Countess de Margret in stiff black taffeta, who, we decided, looked so much like Garbo and a little like Dietrich, but is much more fun than both.

While generously orchiding the beauties, a Winchell to Ann Alvarado who is a bit of a luscious herself. And it was good to see stunning Aileen Pringle again. Pixie-faced Buster Collier was there with his fine new bride. Present also were Sally Eilers, Doris Warner LeRoy, Mrs. Gable and Louella Parsons, the columnist. But where were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



★ BREAK OF HEARTS—RKO-Radio

KATHARINE HEPBURN discards her old-fashioned costumes and returns to a modern rôle, giving one of the finest performances of her career.

Hepburn is the sensitive and impoverished young composer who marries a famous symphonic director (Charles Boyer) after a Cinderella romance. Her happiness and her marriage are suddenly wrecked when she overhears two gossips linking her husband's name with another woman. From this point on the film builds up a terrific emotional suspense. Its poignancy is heightened in the telling by being presented against a background of really fine symphonic music.

Hepburn and Boyer give performances of sterling merit. John Beal, as the millionaire playboy who rescues Hepburn and Jean Hersholt as the old music master, are excellent.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ ESCAPE ME NEVER—British & Dominions-United Artists



★ PUBLIC HERO NO. 1—M-G-M

THE second G-men picture to hit the screen, and plenty happens. With a lot of grand humor, and a well knit story, this almost escapes the gangster stigma. It would have been a good picture without a shot fired.

Chester Morris, as *Jeff Crane* of the Department of Justice, has his first real chance since "Alibi" and uses it. Jean Arthur establishes herself firmly as the leading flip-but-serious ingenue with all the answers. Joseph Calleia plays perfectly the rôle of *Sonny*, the Dillinger of the gang. And Lionel Barrymore has a character rôle he can really get his teeth in, as the gang's doctor, a delightful banjo-playing old dipsomaniac.

Paul Kelly, Lewis Stone and others complete the capable cast. Direction is good.

LIGHTED by the magic of Elisabeth Bergner's divine acting, this is a magnificent motion picture. With virtually the same cast that appeared in the stage play in New York and London, and with the story changed but little, "Escape Me Never" loses nothing in the screening and gains much. It is a better film than it was a play.

You have never seen a finer performance on the screen than the one Miss Bergner gives as *Gemma*, the waif who, with her tiny baby, is "adopted" by *Sebastian Sanger*, a young musical genius. Their mad-cap, poverty-stricken existence together, the complications that arise when *Sebastian* is attracted by the wealthy fiancée of his brother, *Caryl*, are woven into a story which gets pretty whimsical in spots but is always vivid and engrossing.

The rôle of *Gemma* gives Miss Bergner a wide range for her talents. And she plays the waifish, comedy bits in the early part of the film and the later scenes of tragedy and heartbreak, with equal brilliance and beauty.

Miss Bergner was fortunate, too, in having excellent support. Hugh Sinclair is always convincing as the egocentric young *Sebastian* and Griffith Jones is perfectly cast as *Caryl*.

Dr. Paul Czinner (Elisabeth Bergner's husband) directed and the direction and camera work are well-nigh flawless. Some of the scenes in Venice and in the Dolomites are breathtaking in their beauty. Don't miss this one.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ESCAPE ME NEVER
PUBLIC HERO NO. 1
IN CALIENTE

BREAK OF HEARTS
OUR LITTLE GIRL
NO MORE LADIES

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never"
Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts"
Charles Boyer in "Break of Hearts"
John Beal in "Break of Hearts"
Robert Montgomery in "No More Ladies"
Arthur Treacher in "No More Ladies"
Edward Everett Horton in "In Caliente"
Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Flame Within"
Jane Withers in "Ginger"
Chester Morris in "Public Hero No. 1"
Jean Arthur in "Public Hero No. 1"
Bette Davis in "The Girl from 10th Avenue"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 110



☆ OUR LITTLE GIRL—Fox

MADE to order for you Shirley Temple fans, Shirley is cuter than ever, refreshingly natural and talented enough to carry the trite story. She is the daughter of a nice young doctor, Joel McCrea, and Rosemary Ames. The doctor's work interferes with his home life—and then arrives Lyle Talbot, the other man. Shirley keeps the home intact, with the triangle problem glossed over in favor of cute youngsters, led by Shirley, behaving with natural charm. No harrowing emphasis on pathos, and the proper spirit is maintained to make it a suitable vehicle for the little star. Erin O'Brien Moore is the doctor's nurse. J. Farrell MacDonald lends good support, plus a Scotty puppy. Human and pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's



☆ NO MORE LADIES—M-G-M

A PERFECT darb of a flossy comedy, with Robert Montgomery at his best and Edna May Oliver a lovely anachronistic grande dame who wears trains all the time and says "scram." Joan Crawford looks lovely though as exaggerated as ever, but she has some grand dialogue, as has the entire cast. It's about a girl who marries a so-called incurable polygamous play-boy, with the idea that it can't last, that they will be absolutely "honest." She cures him with his own medicine. The medicine Joan uses is Franchot Tone and he is very easy to take. Charlie Ruggles decorates the cast with his amiable dipsomania and a sheep-dog named Rover.

Arthur Treacher is a very delightful Englishman-being-English. Reginald Denny, Vivienne Osborne, Joan Burfield, David Horsley, complete the cast which provides a laugh a minute. The picture is elaborately dressed in clothes you will never see anyone wear, the characters live in amazing houses like operating rooms with white net curtains. None of it will ever happen to anyone, but it's fun to see.

While "No More Ladies" is the grandest possible vehicle for Robert Montgomery—as it is a picture that brings out his dashing, care-free qualities beautifully, and thereby perhaps he overshadows Crawford—yet M-G-M's brilliant lady will prove as pleasing as ever. A picture you must see.



☆ IN CALIENTE—First National

HERE'S a bright spot of entertainment, if you're in the mood for musical comedy and lots of foolishness in a gay Mexican setting.

Financier Edward Everett Horton shanghies his pal, Pat O'Brien to Agua Caliente to keep him from marrying gold-digger Glenda Farrell. Down there Horton hires beautiful Dolores Del Rio to vamp O'Brien, and Del Rio, a famous dancer, agrees when she learns that O'Brien is the editor of a magazine who panned her dancing. Things get complicated when Pat proposes to Del Rio and Glenda appears.

There are plenty of laughs, for Horton is at his funniest. Besides the headliners, you'll enjoy Leo Carrillo as Del Rio's villain uncle, the dancing of the famous De Marcos team, and the singing of Phil Regan and Winifred Shaw.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox

A FAST romantic comedy, with Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian. It's all about a man chasing a stolen race-horse and finding a girl. Baxter with his "Old Arizona" accent, vigor and gaucho wardrobe, is the Warner we have missed. A good evening with stirring music and lyrics. John Miljan, Jack LaRue, Rita Cansino, Armida, all excellent



GINGER—Fox

JANE WITHERS is your excuse to hunt this up right away. Despite a thick layer of hokum and familiar story twists—a little slum girl humanizes a Park Avenue family—the performance of Hollywood's latest wonder child makes it grand entertainment. Jackie Searl is at home as the regenerated sissy O. P. Heggie and Walter King top the adults



THE FLAME WITHIN—M-G-M

WOMAN psychiatrist Ann Harding cures her dipsomaniac patient, Louis Hayward, then almost falls in love with him. But the sober, industrious Herbert Marshall wins out. Maureen O'Sullivan gives a brilliant performance as the neurotic heiress. Edmund Goulding wrote and directed. His penchant for masquerades is shown in two fancy dress parties



LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists

A GAIN machine guns rattle as the G-men close in on the underworld. All the thrills of the old gangster pictures but with your sympathies this time for Uncle Sam's heroic sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden, on the side of justice, with Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady lending sentiment and comedy. Destined to be big box-office



THE GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE—First National

THIS is the old, old story of the millionaire socialite who marries, in a drunken moment, the poor little shop girl. Bette Davis gives a good performance as the girl who reforms her husband, braves his snobbish friends and tries to win his love. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth and Ian Hunter top the support. Just so-so entertainment



AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M

THIS is the old divorce question all over again. The sympathy here is with the father (Paul Lukas) and the climax is a courtroom scene where Lukas and his wife, Helen Vinson, battle for little David Jack Holt, their son. May Robson has a dramatic moment that is a highlight. Madge Evans supplies sweet, silent love interest. David steals the picture.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



ALIAS MARY DOW—
Universal

A PLEASANT, interesting little picture which is important because of Sally Eilers' performance. Sally is at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped in the midst of riches, when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Complications are logical, and the cast is well chosen. Ray Milland is an up-and-coming leading man who gets better and better



HOORAY FOR LOVE—
RKO-Radio

THIS back-stage musical is a tuzzy carbon copy of the original "42nd Street" formula. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry a luke-warm love story, but their voices don't quite put over the catchy tunes. Pert Kelton, Thurston Hall, Etienne Girardot.



BLACK SHEEP—
Fox

YOU'LL enjoy this cleverly concocted, smartly produced picture. Edmund Lowe, in top form as a shipboard card-sharp, finds his own son, Tom Brown, caught in the foils of beautiful lady thief Adrienne Ames. He forms a partnership with Claire Trevor, saving Tom but losing his heart to Claire. A nice comeback triumph for veteran director Allan Dwan.



CHINATOWN SQUAD—
Universal

LYLE TALBOT, an ex-detective, runs a rubber-neck bus through Chinatown and solves two murders, in this so-so mystery. To show up his old sergeant-enemy, Lyle sleuths on the side and scares out a confession, landing back on the force and rating Valerie Hobson in the bargain. Direction is skilful and speedy. Competent cast.



THE GLASS KEY—
Paramount

A MURDER mystery with George Raft the loyal Man Friday of political boss, Edward Arnold. When a senatorial candidate's son is murdered, Raft solves and saves in his suave but exciting manner. It's one of his most believable rôles. You'll enjoy George, Edward Arnold in another robust rôle, Claire Dodd, Ray Milland and others. Don't seek it.



PARIS IN SPRING—
Paramount

TUNEFUL, with no outstanding tunes, colorful, with no particular color, this picture presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati. The lovers quarrels and mix-ups of this pair and of Ida Lupino and James Blakeley are smoothed by Grandma Jessie Ralph. Lynne Overman is an enchanting gendarme. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Eddie Robinson is an up-to-date intellectual—hard-working, conscientious to a fault in his work, with a tolerance for his characters born of understanding

An Actor With Strange Ideas

Edward G. Robinson hates hate, loathes all things phony, believes in a universal language—the heart

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

In front of the monkey cage, at the Denver zoo, stood a dark complexioned man, stockily built, with thoughtful eyes and a wide, clever mouth. There were no other people around. He talked to the monkeys.

"You boys," he said, "ought not to be locked up here for dumb humans to stare at. I wonder what you think of us, anyway."

The particular monkey to whom he addressed these words was a quiet, wise-faced prisoner. But all of a sudden that monkey underwent a violent change. It began to make hideous faces. Then it spread itself across the front of the cage in a convulsion of fury, screeching hatred at the man who had spoken.

Looking straight into the monkey's eyes, the man's expression altered swiftly from sympathy to anger. He shook his fist at the animal.

"You ape!" he shouted. "Here am I full of kindness for you—and you insult me! You haven't got sense enough to know the difference between an enemy and a friend. You belong in a cage. You *deserve* to be a monkey!"

From its cage, the monkey spat savage wrath at the man. "And I was so mad," says Edward G. Robinson "that I had to spit right back."

Eddie Robinson told me this story about himself and the monkey in the Denver zoo. He told it to illustrate his belief in Darwinism and the origin of species. I think it is his idea that we surely must be related to the monkeys since we can share, so easily, their primitive likes and dislikes.

But that is not how I interpret Mr. Robinson's performance in front of the monkey cage. To me it is evidence of his authentic rank as a modern artist and modern intellectual.

Understanding is certainly the keynote of modern art, of modern culture. Our current highbrows write tough-baby literature, compose boiler-shop symphonies, paint pretty pictures of garbage dumps and sailor dives. To be intellectual, nowadays, you must be intimately in touch with the egg in all its hard-boiled aspects.

In this respect Eddie Robinson is intellectually up-to-date. He is *modern*. The cry from Denver monkeys to Hollywood studios may be a far one, yet both | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 |



HURRELL

Hoot GIBSON and his buckskin pony, Mutt, take time out for a drink and a chat. Hoot but recently returned to pictures from a two-year absence, necessitated by a very bad airplane accident. Yet now Buck has completed two starring films for First Division, and he's in "The Roaring West," for Universal

SO YOU'RE SUNBURNED!



Frances reminds you that eyes, too, need care after a sunburn. Any good eye wash, lotion or boric acid solution cools, soothes, and prevents swelling. Apply freely with a dropper



Next, Frances generously applies a special cream for cooling and soothing the burn. Lacking a sunburn cream, use plenty of any good nourishing cream to replenish the skin oil. Later, use a good bleach cream

If you become the victim of a painful sunburn, the first curative step is to cleanse gently with cream, not soap and water. A burned skin needs soothing creams and oils. Frances Grant starts correcting a sunburned skin

In spite of the warnings that are broadcast every season by press and by word of mouth, in spite of the truly protective oils and creams in our bath-cabinets, sooner or later comes the time when we all suffer from the sun in some form. It may be a tan that borders too closely on the shade of *negre*, freckles that make you first cousin to a turkey egg or a case of plain redness that is anything but becoming. Usually, these signs of too much Summer result from a hasty escapade on beach, tennis court or other Summer playgrounds, when the protective bottle is not convenient or when we just carelessly take the risk.

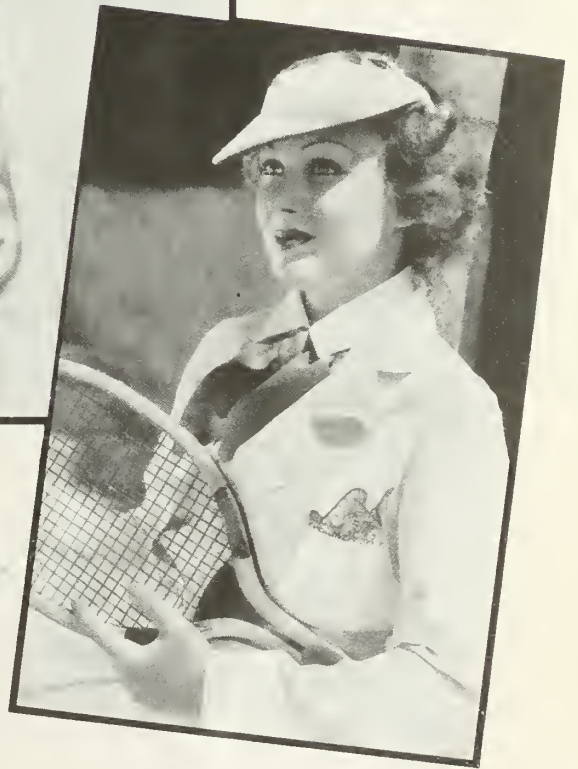
The cure is the same. It will take a little time, but much less time than if you just waited for the skin to correct itself

The first thing you must do after your burn is to cleanse gently with cream. Don't use water because it always makes a burn more painful, and you are burned because the sun, heat or wind has dried your skin. The oily skin, as you know, can stand much more sun without effect than the normal or dry skin. Remove the cleansing cream very gently because your skin may be sensitive. If you can spare even a few minutes, cover it thoroughly with one of the special creams or lotions to soothe after burn, or if you haven't one of these, use any rich nourishing cream. Immediately this type of cream will begin to lubricate your skin, help flaking of the skin later on and prevent the lines that Summer etches on the face of even the



Katherine De Mille, appearing in "The Crusades," is a striking brunette. To encourage a deeper skin tone, she keeps her skin covered with salt water after exposure, using oil of sweet almonds to keep it soft

For redheads, who must not burn. Grace Bradley shows a smart visor for tennis and other sports. Use a sunburn cream or lotion, or lots of foundation and powder, plus some face shading device, and a burn is thwarted



young. If possible, lie down in a dark room, letting the cream remain on as long as possible. If it is bedtime, sleep with the cream on.

Keep on this cream skin diet for a few days until the soreness is gone and the skin seems fairly normal again. After a good burn, there is always a certain amount of flaking away of the burned skin. Do not remove these dead particles with the fingers, as serious scarring may result. A little foundation cream or lotion will make the particles less noticeable, help the shedding.

If, after the first signs of burn are gone, the skin still seems discolored, by all means use a good bleach cream nightly. This

bleaching takes a little time, but persistence in its use will soon bring your skin to its pristine tone.

The same care should be applied to neck and arms if they too, are burned. Nothing is more distracting than a fair, lovely face against a neck that is obviously discolored and weathered.

A word of hope to the oily skins who get burned. A slight burn is often an excellent means of correcting the oily condition and the blackheads and eruptions that often accompany this skin. The sun dries, the oil.

Too much oil is the cause of the trouble and especially after a natural sun peel you will often find the new skin much finer and more flawless than before

Following the body application of toilet water or eau de Cologne, Gail always fluffs dusting powder with a big soft puff for warm weather comfort

Lessons in keeping cool by Gail Patrick. Eau de Cologne sprayed or patted over the body is one method of personal daintiness, for a sultry day



SUMMER

MID-SUMMER is a season that some would gladly check off the calendar and be done with it. Why? Apparently it isn't the actual temperature that worries them. But it is the bodily discomfort that results when the thermometer rises. And certainly that physical dampness of body, to which girdles and clothing stick like glue, is nothing to put a girl in the best frame of mind. The day may be very, very warm, yet if we can retain a certain degree of personal immaculacy and comfort, it goes without undue worry.

Fortunately, there are simple means by which Summer discomfort may be overcome or mitigated to a good degree

First, consider your bath. A tepid bath, tub or shower, is by far the most cooling and refreshing. A very warm bath is always enervating, and only on occasions of excessive tension or nervousness do I suggest it. Now and then, if you can have this hot bath, go right to bed; it may help you sleep. Otherwise, it wastes your energy. A very cold bath is always a shock, and everyone does not respond well to it. In Summer, it may be temporarily cooling but once out of the tub, you will find yourself warmer than ever.

So let's take a tepid bath and let's use a bath brush. There is nothing like this brush for keeping body skin satin smooth. Scrub vigorously with the brush and soap, rinse thoroughly and dry.

Now for a definitely cooling, fragrant touch—eau de Cologne or toilet water. Everyone is using them now, and they are a means for keeping the skin in fine condition, for cooling body



Bath crystals, salts or one of the fragrant bath lotions added to your tub give a cooling, refreshing, perfuming effect. Gail is adding a handful to tub

An amusing ball of a nail brush, which assures immaculate nails and hands. Gail finds it very advisable after golf, gardening, all outdoor pastimes



DAINTINESS

temperature and keeping you fragrant and free from dampness hours after you have dressed. These preparations come in light neutral or flower odors, lend a delicate scent to the whole body. There are too many splendid ones on the market to even mention. Two fragrances that seem universally popular are lilac and lavender. Use them alone or in conjunction with a harmonious perfume.

There are two ways of applying them. Pour a few drops into the palms and smooth over the body. Or, if you want to be more efficient and economical with your preparation, you will buy one of the large size atomizers that come especially for the use of these lotions. The aperture in these atomizers is larger than in the perfume ones, and it sends a cool, sweet mist over the skin, refreshing and stimulating.

If you will use plenty of dusting powder after the eau de Cologne or toilet water your skin will feel heavenly cool and

ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 82

smooth Underthings, even elastic girdles, slip on easily, slide over the skin instead of sticking. And you know, that in spite of excessive warmth, your skin is immaculate and fragrant.

There are two other personal aids that we all need. A good deodorant for underarm use and a depilatory. Strangely enough, these are often considered Summer accessories but the truth is that we need them, especially the deodorant, even more in Winter. Underarm perspiration is normal for everyone. In some cases, it is totally inoffensive, but it can ruin clothing quicker than anything I know. The chemical reaction on fabrics discolors them and destroys. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

"YOU'RE EASY ON THE I COULD LOOK



EYES, JEANIE— AT YOU FOR LIFE"

Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance —and *keeps* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours. It's so easy to protect your skin against this danger with the gentle soap that guards the million-dollar complexions of the screen stars.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps, that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. That's why every day more and more women are adopting the screen stars' beauty care to guard against this modern complexion trouble.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace

of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

To keep skin lovely, follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap. Remember—9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars have used this fine, white soap for years!

USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT





Pat O'Brien is throwing together a combination salad, while Bunty and Annie Laurie yearn for a bit of hamburger

FOOD FOR MEN

Pat O'Brien Goes into a Kitchen Conference on What Men Like to Eat and How to Prepare It

ARE your men friends salad-shy? Pat O'Brien says he never touches anything that starts off with a marshmallow or a cherry on a mound of whipped cream. That is some slight indication of the way most men feel about their salads, and there's no earthly use in trying to tempt them with something *pretty*. Put the prettifying on yourself at dinner-time, and save the fancy doo-dad salads for the ladies' bridge luncheon—because they are simply wasted on papa, who either eats them and develops a martyr complex, or leaves the plate serenely untouched!

There is one good old stand-by salad which has been man's favorite for time untold and will always be until he finds something better—the plain delicious combination salad.

If you are one who has been guilty of distorting this masterpiece with string beans and peas and hard boiled egg, please let Pat and this scribe induce you to reform. There is nothing more refreshing than this association of four simple raw vegetables: A firm head of lettuce sliced crosswise about half an inch thick (so you don't have to wrestle with the elusive leaf), some slices of the best tomatoes you can get in the market, fresh cucumbers peeled and sliced, and young green onions cut in small rounds.

For dressing, the classic olive oil and vinegar, mixed in a bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic. Add salt, pepper, paprika and a pinch of sugar or a little honey on the end of a spoon. Of course you know the proportion—one-third vinegar (or lemon-juice) to two-thirds oil. You can go fancy on this if you want to, using Tarragon vinegar or sour red wine; you can add mustard, onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, even curry powder, according to your preference. Many men are like Pat and prefer a plain dressing with the frills off—so they mix their own.

The majority of the lads we love to cook for will shy at a fruit salad like a startled stag at dawn . . . but here is one that simply slays 'em. Select a ripe—but not too ripe—Persian melon (cantaloupe will do, but the Persian is perfect) and place it in your refrigerator overnight. Be sure and have it in a paper bag so the aroma will not flavor your butter and everything else in the refrigerator. Get some seedless grapes, or Malagas, at the same time. Stem and seed them, if necessary, and have them good and cold. Just before time for serving, place a few leaves of crisp watercress on the salad plates. Then cut the melon, slice the pink flesh in long [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

That wonderful day on the river



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again —
save it with snapshots**

The Barrister Coiffure



Denis Phillips, Fox Film hair stylist, thought out this beautiful arrangement for Shirley Aaronson, reminiscent of the wigs worn by English barristers when in court. Black ribbon is suggested for blondes; shiny white for brunettes

How are your skin and hair standing the Summer? If you are concerned with sunburn, freckles or tan, make-up that will stay in place in spite of heat, write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

JOAN CRAWFORD in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "NO MORE LADIES"



“Most Women”
says JOAN CRAWFORD
“conceal their beauty.” DO YOU?

Lipstick

“You’ll be amazed,” says Joan Crawford, “at the alluring color of Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick. It’s moisture-proof and may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips.



Powder

...and Max Factor’s Powder really enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satinsmooth make-up that clings for hours. You will notice the difference instantly.



Rouge

...“the exquisite color harmony shades of Max Factor’s Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, it blends delicately and remains perfect for hours.”

DO YOU know how to accent the individual beauty of your type the way lovely Joan Crawford and other famous screen stars do? The secret lies in color harmony make-up, the new discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood’s genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge and lipstick blended in subtle color harmony is the secret that can transform you into a radiant new being. It doesn’t matter if you are a blonde or a brunette, or if you are twenty or forty... there is a color harmony make-up that will bring you new loveliness.

Beautiful women who can choose from

all the world, select Max Factor’s make-up because they know they can depend on it to dramatize their beauty. Now you, too, can share the magic of color harmony make-up created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor.

Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis? Would you like a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an interesting illustrated book on “The New Art of Society Make-Up?” All these will be sent to you if you will mail the coupon below to Max Factor, Hollywood. An adventure in loveliness awaits you!

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony



Max Factor’s Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor’s Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar . . . Featured by leading stores.



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor’s Make-Up Studio, Hollywood: Send Please-Save-Box of Powder and Rouge-Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, “The New Art of Society Make-Up” . . . FREE.

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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 <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Oil <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	Wax <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

We Will Never Understand Cary Grant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

training in poise and fluency for the stage, he becomes grotesquely tongue-tied, absurdly flustered and unbelievably awkward when he plays the rôle of Romeo in real life.

"When I go a-courting it's a very sad performance," he said. "I guess it's the deadly combination of intensity and a struggle to translate deep feeling into words."

And because he was stubbornly uncommunicative even at the age of twelve, he was expelled from school for the misdemeanor of another student. It wasn't so much a matter of not squealing on a schoolmate as it was an instinctive recoil from the humiliation of pleading for his rights.

A few months later the mistake was discovered, and Cary was reinstated, but his first encounter with the adult code of justice and fair play had left his childhood a shattered, dead thing.

He ran away. but was found quickly by his father and summarily returned to the academy. He remained a few months and ran away again, this time to join the famous Bob Pender Troupe of Pantomimists and Acrobats.

NOW ten years of Hollywood press agenting has inured me to bizarre and fantastic biography, but the next phase of Cary's life will always remain the most singular real life incident in my lengthy list of human phenomena.

First, you must understand the mechanics of that amazing organization known on the Continent and even as far as New York City as the great Pender Troupe. There is nothing in the American tableau to serve as a likely comparison or illustration.

In a large house at Brighton, Bob Pender kept a group of not less than thirty-five boys in constant training for his spectacular acrobatic and pantomime acts that filled engagements in the music halls of Europe.

The boys were bivouacked like a regiment of soldiers, working, playing, rehearsing and eating with bugle-call regularity. During the theatrical season the troupe made the circle from London to Budapest and back, but at such times the methodical routine of Brighton was relaxed only long enough for the daily performance on some glittering stage.

At thirteen, following his second and finally successful French leave from school, Cary joined these theatrical recruits. Strangely enough, he loved the rigid discipline, and the inflexible sameness of the days. He liked the blessed privacy of his tiny room in the Brighton house far better than the crowded dormitories. He liked the exhausting morning hours in the chilly rehearsal halls where he was taught back bends, nip ups, tumbles and acrobatic dancing. He liked even better the afternoon sessions when he was instructed in the delicate art of miming. For this he possessed a large talent and within a few months of his enrollment, he was selected for important work in all the pantomime numbers for the music hall tours.

For five years Cary lived in this placid monastic seclusion, barely touching or being touched by the world that surged beyond the footlights and the Brighton house. And during those years his only fraternal tie was Bob Pender, but this large-hearted man was too occupied with the direction of his theatrical battalions to offer consistent companionship.



During lulls between scenes with Greta Garba in "Anna Karenina," Maureen O'Sullivan became a devout nature lover, dashing off to lake and mountains for a few days

The boys in the troupe were amiable enough, but Cary would not find a Horace Phillips among them. And so he grew to manhood with all his beliefs and credos, his reveries and his very emotions crowded behind a firm dam of isolation.

When he was eighteen, the Pender platoon crossed the Atlantic to fill its first engagement in America, and during a lengthy run at the Hippodrome Theater, Cary's tranquil orbit was obliterated quite suddenly by the restless, savage rhythm of New York City.

Almost at once he knew that he must stay in America, that he must conquer the mad tempo of this new country with his vast knowledge of miming, dancing and singing, and if necessary his deft acrobatic flips.

THE rest of his story merely repeats the familiar and dreary details of the Broadway saga.

There was the usual procession of hall bedrooms, nights spent on Central Park benches, handouts, backwoods strandings and life-saving jobs in Coney Island concessions.

There was eight years of this sort of thing for Cary, and only once did he share his luckless struggles to fall in step with the mad pace of Manhattan.

During the winter of 1927, he met Orry-Kelly, now costume designer for Warner Brothers studios. Here was another stranger in an indifferent country, recently arrived from Australia to search Forty-Second Street for a set designer's job.

The pair decided to share a crowded Greenwich Village room as a means of solving the rent riddle.

Strangely enough the lowest ebb in the careers of both these famous Hollywood men was touched during the fateful year they bunked together.

At one time they met the threat of certain eviction by painting neckties by hand and forcing them upon unwilling shopkeepers in the Village. The process was one Orry-Kelly discovered years before, and it must have been a good one, for the hand tinted neckwear became a sudden rage, and the pair felt crisp greenbacks in their pockets for the first time in months.

THOSE flamboyant ties were the starting flags for Cary's final sprint to success, but he traveled those last miles alone.

It is true that in Hollywood, Cary finally found a candidate for Horace Phillips' place, in Randolph Scott.

Their friendship has endured the stormy passage of Cary's recent courtship, marriage and divorce.

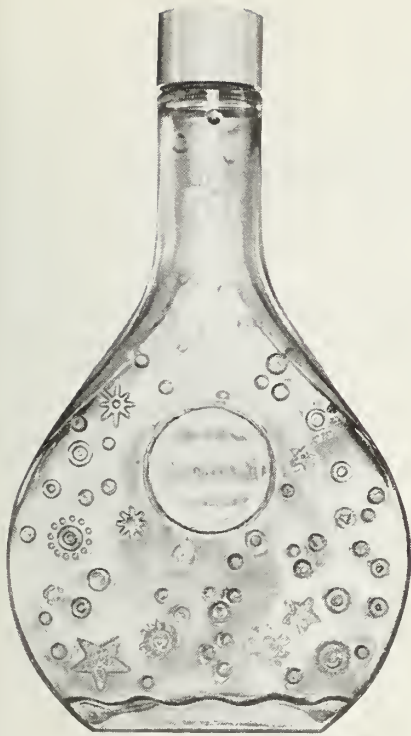
And yet, the other day when I asked Randy if he could explain Cary's frenzied hankering for an impossible privacy, he shook his head.

"I can't tell you why," he told me, "but I've seen him actually lose sleep and weight after reading certain items that touched upon his personal life and thoughts.

"Why, he will probably do the same thing when he reads your story."

And so I wonder, will these words I have written make him writhe and grimace? Will our friendship survive my first and certainly my last article on Cary Grant?

I wonder?



First step toward Summer comfort. A new eau de Cologne, delightful body refreshant, gently scented in one of seven odeurs, exquisitely bottled

Summer Daintiness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

them rapidly. This is the reason that their use is absolutely essential! Deodorants are easy to use, cannot possibly harm, because their function is to stop perspiration where it is least desirable and to distribute the process normally all over the body.

The stockingless mode is more popular than it ever has been. It demands leg skin as smooth and fine as your face. Many depilatories are as easy to use as a face cream. Some may be removed immediately after application, some should remain on a few minutes. But the whole procedure is so simple, so effective, that there seems no excuse for the ungroomed leg



Bath salts for softening and perfuming your tub, and dusting powder for cooling and softening the skin change the prosaic ritual into a true luxury

It's time



baseball and Pabst Blue
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retresning and so satisfying — you can depend upon the brew with a more than ninety-year reputation — good Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale



THE ANSWER MAN

It looks as if the ladies are discarding their traditional interest in dark-haired men and going in for blond heroes. Or, we should say, a blond hero. His name is Nelson Eddy, and the Answer Man is just now digging himself out from under the deluge of mail that has come in clamoring for more information on this chap who crashed to screen success in "Naughty Marietta."

Nelson had already won fame and highest praise as a baritone on the concert stage, in opera, and on the air, when he went into pictures. His musical education began at a tender age, back in Providence, Rhode Island, when Nelson sang in the church choir on Sunday and played the drums in his school orchestra during the week.

Like most ambitious young singers, he traveled a hard road to success—nights of long, tedious study, days of hard work or job hunting so he could pay for his lessons.

Nelson's on top of the world now. "Naughty Marietta" established him as a real movie personality, a big star. He plans on continuing his musical career along with his screen work. Believes the movies teach an operatic singer a great deal, getting the singer away from many of the standard, exaggerated gestures he is apt to use in operatic rôles and giving him smoothness and naturalness so necessary on the screen.

Eddy is thirty-four years old, six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has yellow hair, blue eyes. And—hold on girls!—he isn't married. Not yet!

MARJORIE BRUNSON, ANDALUSIA, ALABAMA.—Joan Bennett has two daughters. Diana, who was seven years old in February, is the child of Joan's first husband, John Martin Fox. Another daughter, Melinda, was born to Joan and Gene Markey in February, 1934. Joan is five feet, five inches tall and weighs one hundred and eight pounds.

FLORENCE ROGERS, MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.—Can't understand why you haven't seen Pert Kelton lately, Florence. Since making "Bed of Roses" Pert has wowed 'em in the following films: "The Bowery," "The Meanest Girl in Town," "Sing and Like It," "Bachelor Bait," "Pursued," and "Lightning Strikes Twice," and "Hooray for Love."

E. R., DENVER, COLORADO.—Here's something for the Funny Coincidence Department. In the same mail with your request for information regarding Carol Dempster came a note from Mrs. Elsie Kersey, Atlanta, Georgia, telling us about Carol.

Mrs. Kersey writes: "So many people write asking what has become of Carol Dempster, a most fascinating star of a few years past. Carol is happily married to Mr. E. S. Larsen, New York banker. He has just purchased for Carol an estate up in Connecticut where plans are now under way for building her a lovely country home. Carol is as beautiful as ever, just as fascinating and charming as when she was on the screen.

Nelson Eddy, the pride and joy of movie-going womanhood from coast to coast, is on top of the world right now, but it was a hard road. Yes, girls, he's still single. Can you imagine!

"She and her husband are an ideal couple, and I want her movie fans to know she's the happiest person one could ever wish to find." Thank you, Mrs. Kersey!

A. M. SMITH, SOUTH OZONE PARK, N. Y.—You're right about Evelyn Laye. Before she made "One Heavenly Night" for United

Artists two Gaumont British pictures were released in this country: "Waltz Time," and "Evensong." Since then Gaumont British has also released her "Princess Charming."

FRANCES GRANT, FT. RILEY, KANSAS.—You're one of many, Frances, who has written asking about Henry Wadsworth. Henry was born in Maysville, Kentucky, and went to the University of Kentucky, at Lexington. He played in stock and on the Broadway stage before going to Hollywood. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet nine and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds.

Little Louise Henry was born in 1914, in Syracuse, New York. Before entering pictures she was on the stage in London for three years. She's five feet four, weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds and has blonde hair, blue eyes And she's going places!

JOYCE, LUMBERTON, N. C. — Sorry we couldn't rush that answer to you, Joyce, but you didn't send a stamped envelope. Here's the dope, and we hope you didn't get tired waiting. Gail Patrick isn't married. Her real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick, and she was born in Birmingham, Alabama. You can address her at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California

JOHN BARRELLA, CAPE HAITIEN, HAITI.—Dolores Del Rio's real name is Dolores Asunsolo. She was born in Durango, Mexico, on August 3, 1905. Her latest film is "In Caliente." She's married to Cedric Gibbons. And did you know that Ramon Novarro is her second cousin?

EDITH, SARASOTA, PA.—Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He entered pictures in 1930. Latest are "Eight Bells" and "Air Hawks." Ralph was married to Katherine Willard in June, 1931.

ADA SAUNDERS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Kitty Carlisle was born in New Orleans (she doesn't tell how long ago) and received her education in Switzerland, France and Italy. She is under contract to Paramount and her latest picture is "Here Is My Heart." Bing Crosby is the hero.

MARGARET HOWE, DES MOINES, IA.—Your girl friend is wrong, Joan Crawford and Fred Astaire are not brother and sister. The birthdays of your favorites are as follows: Jimmy Cagney, July 17, 1904; Myrna Loy, August 2, 1905; and Bill Powell, July 29, 1892. Sorry I do not know the name of the music you asked about

SHIRLEY ZELL.—What, no address, Shirley? We'll take your most important question first, Margaret Lindsay is still single. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, September 19, 1910. Is 5 feet, 6 inches tall; weighs 115 and has chestnut hair and brown eyes.

I Know Myrna Loy —But Not Very Well

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

she conducts her private life that leases had been signed, inventories taken, vans practically in front of the house and the proverbial old first-and-last-month check in hand before I knew who my mysterious tenant was. The thin writing on the pay-off line on the check revealed in childish round letters . . . *Myrna Loy*. It was clear now why the advance guard of business manager and secretary had looked with such interested eyes on the long stretch of vacant property that isolates our place and had insisted that our name remain on the mailbox "because we don't care to put a name there."

When the secret was out of the bag, Myrna's peppy little secretary, Carol Pradeau, who reminds me of Lupe-without-the-cussing, laughed: "Who did you think was movin' in? Garbo?" "Practically the same thing," I replied.

So for six months Myrna lived in my house; and while by no stretch of the imagination could it be said we became friends in that time, there were those moments of getting the plumber, and checking the gardener to see the Sweet Williams were planted next to the garage that presented opportunities for knowing this red-headed, green-eyed, freckled-faced girl far better than a couple of casual interviews had ever revealed.

SHE is, I think, the shyest person I have ever met. It has become a fashionable gag for glamorous ladies of the screen to claim they are really frightened fauns at heart, suffering from top-notch complexes of timidity. Myrna doesn't claim to suffer from shyness. She just suffers.

Sometime in her life she must have been terribly hurt by someone or something. Perhaps her deliberate seeking of the background was inspired in those years when Hollywood so blithely ignored her talents, casting her in rôle after rôle of Oriental or half-breed sirens. Or, perhaps some trusted friend taught her too well that people are not to be trusted. When success came tumbling into her lap two years ago it came too late to undo the self-effacement that is the dominant note in her personality. Something in Myrna cringes from life, from contacts, from people. Only before the camera is she capable of turning on the full strength of her charm and innate beauty—which is the best reason in the world why she has never landed on the front pages of newspapers, married and divorced with regularity, and traveled to strange places to bask in the spotlight of her hard-earned success.

She suffers when any fact of her private life becomes public property. She is miserable in the spotlight.

Several weeks ago it was necessary for her to enter a San Francisco hospital for treatment for a bad case of nerves. When the news leaked out to the newspapers that the registered patient *M. Williams of Montana* (her real name and birthplace) was none other than Myrna Loy of Hollywood, she became so upset she fled back to Hollywood after a few hours of the rest cure that should have taken weeks.

She was dismayed that it was not possible for little Pradeau to take out her European passport under an assumed name. All her personal accounts, telephone, gas, electric, butcher, baker, modiste, candlestick-maker are carried



Like a **SHOWER** *on a* **HOT DAY**

—the cooling mild menthol in **KOOLS** sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork

tips save lips. And a B & W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried **KOOLS**? It's time to—and a good time, too!

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



A cheerful foursome of the "younger set" leaving the Trocadero: Ben Alexander, Paula Stone, Lew and Mrs. Ayres (Ginger Rogers)

under the name of Carol Pradeau, who is not only her secretary but her companion.

If she were not afraid her refusal to grant interviews would be misinterpreted as a "Garbo," it is doubtful if she would ever see the press. She has never given out a story on "My Philosophy of Love"—"Leading Men I Have Kissed," nor has she been revealed by any other star as "My Pal, Myrna, As I Know Her."

The latter idea would be impossible, anyway, for with the exception of her mother and brother, whom she adores—Carol, Arthur Hornblow, a girl who used to be her stand-in, and such professional friends as Bill Powell and Ramon Novarro, she has no intimates.

"Sometimes," confided Carol, who is still having quite a time with her English, "I think I gonna have to spank Myrna. She never go any place, never want to see anybody. Every night we have dinner and then sit in front of the fire and talk. When Myrna workin' on a picture we study dialogue. When she not workin' we just talk. The other day I say: 'What you got all those beautiful clothes hanging in the closet for if you don' wear them?' She say: 'Well, I got to think up some work for you to do. If you don't buy me clothes what you do with your time?'"

[F, by any chance, I've given the impression Myrna is a brooding soul in her solitude, it is a mistaken one. She loves to laugh. The few friends who are close to her are amusing companions. She once kept a very mediocre cook for months because it tickled her to hear him talk. She is a frequent patron of a certain little gown shop in Hollywood because of a little salesgirl there.

As much as she hates parties, now and then she'll go to one and have more fun than any other party-jaded celebrity present. On these occasions she is always stunningly gowned, arriving in state in her swanky town car with its uniformed chauffeur. She appears to have such a good time her occasional hostesses are always amazed when they don't see her again for months. Myrna has merely returned to her favorite costume, blue slacks and white sweater

and her favorite means of transportation—the rumble seat in Pradeau's coupé.

It is only where her work is concerned that a certain slow stubbornness in her make-up asserts itself. No work is too hard, no effort too much if it will enhance the value of her performance. She has never been known to pull a temperamental scene on a set. She is the hard-working darling of all directors. In her quiet way she is proud of the strides she has made in the past two years via the route of "The Thin Man," "Broadway Bill" and other of her "new personality" pictures. But when a report was circulated that a campaign would be waged in her behalf for last year's Academy Award (just as one was waged for Bette Davis

over the trophy eventually won by Claudette Colbert) Myrna was so upset she was ill. Arguments from studio publicity officials were no good.

"But Myrna, 'The Thin Man' broke all records . . .!"

She put her foot down. And in that quiet unobtrusive way of hers it was as effective as a temper scene from any other star of the cinema. When you promise Myrna, you don't break that promise. She is guided by instinct solely. She either feels right about a picture, a part or a person, or she doesn't.

From the beginning she was convinced that the rôle in "Escapade" was not suitable to her. Her long apprenticeship in unimportant rôles over a period of ten years has proved invaluable in one way—it gave her a clear viewpoint on Hollywood values that cannot be distorted. Her success was too slow in coming to allow for giddy mistakes in judgment at the top. In a thoroughly untemperamental way Myrna knows the Hollywood game well.

With her background of experience, she feels that too many pictures with even the debonair Bill Powell is not a good thing for either of their careers. Only one picture or story in hundreds offers equal opportunity to both partners of a team.

SHE is also Hollywood-wise enough to know that if her salary is not satisfactorily adjusted now while she is at the top, it will never be adjusted when the golden days of the harvest are over—as they invariably are for even the brightest of box-office bets.

They promised her adjustments would be made in the rôle. When there wasn't there were no rows, no "big scenes."

Myrna merely packed her bag, boarded a plane and started out on the first vacation of her life.

From behind potted palms, from under pulled-down hats, via aliases on hotel registers, and from behind phony excuses to hostesses who would fete her, Miss X of Hollywood steps forth to see the world for the first time . . . and perhaps puzzle it as thoroughly as she has puzzled Hollywood for a dozen years!



You'll be seeing them soon—Greta Garbo and Freddie Bartholomew as mother and son in M-G-M's version of the novel "Anna Karenina"

What Really Happens to Movie Children

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

plead with her not to deprive her baby of its birthright to a normal world of regulated naps, sunbaths and sandpiles for the million-to-one chance of repeating a Coogan or a Temple triumph."

Strange, isn't it, that Mimi Shirley, for thirteen years a movie mother, has the temerity to tell the world that she violently disapproves of children working in pictures. She begged me to make quite clear in this article the ruthless forces that finally compelled her to proffer Anne's babyhood to the camera gods.

The Shirleys' story is as familiar as it is drab and appalling. The widow left with a sixteen-months'-old child to provide for, in teeming New York. The brave determination to keep the baby with her and earn a living somehow. There was the sixteen-dollar-a-week saleslady job and a six-dollar-a-week char woman to look after child during the day. The subnormal carelessness of the underpaid servant that almost resulted in the permanent mutilation of the baby's right hand, and the frantic mother's desperate decision to find kitchen work to enable her to give the child a full-time mother's attention.

THEN a housekeeping berth in a motherless home, where she cooked, scrubbed, washed and sewed for a father and three children. But she had in return four dollars a week and a warm room to herself, where she could hold Anne close to her during the long nights.

But even this scant security was snatched from them when one night Mimi Shirley was forced to barricade her door, and with Anne in her arms, climb out the window and run two miles to the nearest town for safety and shelter.

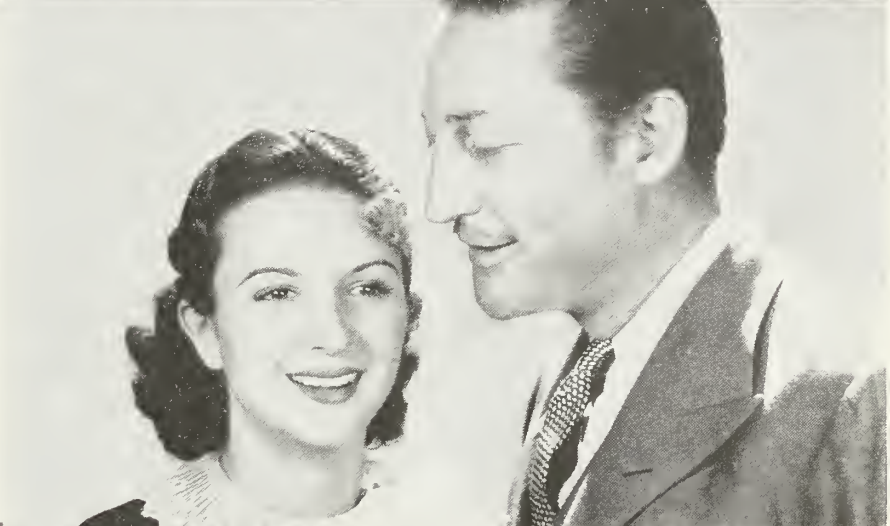
There was a period of a year or more when this buffeted pair managed to keep afloat on eight dollars a week derived from Anne's posing for commercial photographers. Have you any idea how far eight dollars goes in New York City toward rent and food and clothes? And when a summer lull caused the photographers to fold their cameras and silently steal away, and the Shirleys were once more fighting to keep their heads above the waves, the movies flung out a life line and Mimi grasped it for her child with gratitude.

"Through a number of small coincidences Anne was given tiny parts in three pictures made in New York," Mrs. Shirley recounted the fateful steps that brought them finally to the Pacific Coast, "and then Allan Dwan advised us to come to Hollywood, where work was more plentiful. Both Mr. Dwan and Herbert Brenon gave me letters to well-known men in the studios here, so you see I entered this town with really marvelous connections.

"ANNE was put to work almost immediately in a picture starring Betty Compson, 'The Rustle of Silk,' and then Mr. Brenon arrived from the East and used her throughout the filming of Pola Negri's famous picture, 'The Spanish Dancer'.

"Her salary was approximately one hundred dollars a week for these pictures, and I dreamed dreams of a home, a garden and a bank balance for the first time since Anne's birth. Hollywood is such a deceptive place. It is so easy to dream such things out here."

"Only the *Natural Lips* appealed to me..." said **WARREN WILLIAM**



HERE ARE THE LIPS WARREN WILLIAM SAW



And then Mr. William found out he had picked the girl with Tangee Lips

● Suave...sophisticated...those are words to describe Warren William! Yet even this debonair actor whose roles are usually those of a wise, witty man prefers girls who have naturally rosy lips...free from conspicuous paint.

We found him at Warner Brothers Studios. With us were three girls. One of the girls had no lipstick on; one had her usual lipstick, and the third used Tangee. "Which lips, Mr. William, appeal to you most?" It didn't take Warren William long to decide...he picked the Tangee lips. Later he said quite frankly, "Only the natural lips appealed to me."

Tangee makes your lips look natural...makes them rosy, soft, and kissable. For Tangee's magic color change principle brings out your



● Warren William picks the Tangee girl in lipstick test. Snapped between scenes of "The Case of the Curious Bride", a new First National Picture.

own coloring. Tangee never gives you that "painted look"...because it isn't paint. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, \$1.10 and 39 cents. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



PERFECT SUMMER ROUGE!



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY P85
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel
 Name _____ Please Print
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

Anne's first two years in pictures netted an average income of seventeen dollars a week (because of the long payless waits between calls), but her mother was quite satisfied with this.

On seventeen dollars she rented and furnished a four-room cottage, managed to keep the pantry stocked with all the fresh fruits and vegetables necessary for a growing child, and she could even eke out the expensive photographs that must be mailed out every few months to refresh the memory of the very busy men behind the studio casting office doors.

"I met many other movie mothers during those years," she recalled, "and I am almost certain that I was the only one who was not convinced that her child was destined for stardom and millions. I am almost certain that I was the only mother in that group of a thousand or more who had not given up something vital to come to Hollywood. Most of those movie mothers had left husbands, homes, relatives and, in some cases, certain and stable incomes to give their Junior or Sister a chance to make Jackie Coogan look like a bum on the screen.

"BUT I also met during those long waits on the sets, two mothers whose godlike kindness and selfless generosity was to save Anne and me in the years that followed from starvation and the humiliation of county charity.

"Those two women are Mrs. Searle, mother of the famous juvenile actor, Jackie Searle, and Mrs. Wynonah Johnson, whose seven children are well known to every director in the industry."

At the end of their first two years in Hollywood during which Anne Shirley was called to the studios with comforting regularity, her tiny rompers would no longer fit her, and her baby chubbiness was gone and she was leggy and toothless and gangling, for it seems that even a movie child must pass somehow through the awkward age.

And just as suddenly there was no work for her, not even a half-day extra call for the baby that had pleased so many big directors.

FROM the day she was six years old until she was eight, Anne did not earn a dime. But her mother drew all her plucky energy together to bridge the new chasm that opened at their feet, and she managed to make ends meet for six months by renting out three of their four rooms. And when she lost the roomers, she sold the furniture piece by piece, until they were down to a single bed and a cot. And then Mrs. Shirley discovered that she could go three days without eating, because it was a tremendous saving on food money for Anne, but she could never manage the fourth day, she always fainted.

And once again this mother climbed aboard the job hunting treadmill. Once again there was the devitalizing search for housework, office work, store work, any kind of work. And once again the discovery that nowhere is there a self-respecting job waiting for the untrained woman with a young child at her side.

She was forced to accept work as a combined switchboard operator and janitress in a ramshackle clubhouse, where for twelve hours of daily labor she received a small room with running water (cold) and not one thing more not even a bathtub.

And then for the next two years this undaunted pair walked a mile to and from a friend's house every day for a bath, and every

meal was cooked in their room on a single gas plate.

"It was during this dreary interlude that Mrs. Searle and Mrs. Johnson came to our rescue," Mimi Shirley told me. "Whenever Jackie worked, Mrs. Searle sent a part of every check he received to us, and Mrs. Johnson carried huge hampers of food to our room the moment our supplies began to run too low.

Just how and when these two women knew we needed help, I will never find out. Both of them seem to have some divine inner sight guiding them.

"And remember, the Searles and the Johnsons were really struggling to meet their own expenses. But because both these women have husbands with modest but regular jobs in Los Angeles, they feel it their duty to help the mothers and children who are, because of adverse circumstances, caught 'Lotus eating' in Hollywood.

"These women bought clothes for Anne. Mrs. Johnson even sat up nights making new frocks for my child. I am telling you all this because I want you to emphasize in this story the great part they have played in Anne's success today. Without Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Searle, I know we would not be in Hollywood today."

The studios suddenly discovered use for Anne's talent again when she was eight. She worked with fair regularity and Mrs. Shirley no longer had to go on periodic three day fasts to buy Anne milk and oranges. She tried this time to save money against the workless months she now knew would always threaten them, but this was difficult to accomplish.

Everywhere she saw movie families in distressful need, and she quietly followed the beautiful charity of the Johnsons and the Searles and sent part of every pay check to some despairing mother.

FIVE years of comfort followed for the Shirleys because once more Anne's yearly earnings hit the seventeen dollar a week mark. On this dancing lessons, piano lessons and French instructions were managed.

And then came the final and perhaps the most shattering hiatus in their monotonous struggle to survive.

From the age of thirteen to fifteen, Anne was called to work for three days, and the total sum she earned was thirty dollars.

Mrs. Shirley made the round for work again and found a grocery clerk opening in Long Beach where she stood on her feet twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day in an open market and garnered fifteen dollars at the end of every week.

But this economic straw vanished when the depression hit the grocery business, and the pair returned to Hollywood.

"At this time," Mrs. Shirley told me, "I was fortunate to find a kind landlady who was willing to gamble on Anne's chances in pictures, and she permitted us to stay in her apartment for a year and a half without paying one cent of rent.

"The Searles and the Johnsons and another good friend came to our rescue again with food and clothes

"I WENT to the studios and begged for work of any kind for myself and extra jobs for Anne.

"She was able to carry young lady rôles at fourteen, but the casting directors had her etched into their minds as a child player, and the newcomers got all the débutante rôles.

"I discovered then that experience as a child player all but ruins a girl's or a boy's adult future on the screen."

But there was something in Hollywood more difficult to bear than hunger and uncertainty. There was the repeated paralyzing heartbreak of losing promised rôles at the last moment by some insane side-swipe of Fate. And these heart-breaks became torture when Anne grew old enough to share her brave mother's torment.

When Anne was fifteen, she was cast in the rôle of a *Grand Duchess* in "Rasputin" and Mrs. Shirley's lips were grim when she related this story to me. "This employment helped clear away part of our eighteen months back rent and to buy some decent and warm clothes for Anne.

"And then after another period of hopeless daily calls to the Casting Bureau, letters sent to directors we knew and long waits in studio reception rooms for futile interviews with supervisors, Anne was suddenly called to the RKO studios and cast in the leading rôle in 'Finishing School.'

"SHE went to the studio every day for two weeks for wardrobe fittings and for rehearsals.

"This was her first good break in Hollywood and we were both light headed with joy."

But the day before the picture was scheduled for shooting and, ironically enough, the day before Anne's pay checks became realities, the Shirleys read a newspaper item announcing Mitzi Green's arrival from New York to take over Anne's rôle in "Finishing School." Anne was acutely ill following this blow.

But thirteen Hollywood years had made a stout trouper out of Mimi Shirley, and she walked smiling into that studio and asked the director to please keep Anne in the picture in any capacity even for a few days of extra work.

And she got just that—extra work.

And then Fate went into another demented zigzag that ended with Mitzi Green on a train headed back to New York after one week's work and producers frantically rushing Anne back into the part that had been snatched from her.

It seems that Papa Green did not think the part big enough for his offspring. The Shirleys still heap silent blessings daily on Papa Green's head.

After "Finishing School" there was the lead in "Anne of Green Gables" and finally there was the benediction of that RKO contract.

AND although there is at last a balance in the bank and the promise of such things as annuities and government bonds, the Shirleys cling to a crowded, single furnished apartment, refusing to buy an inexpensive car or even the simple luxury of a cheap fur coat for Anne.

For, you see, the Shirleys know their Hollywood. They know that here hunger and privation are the inseparable shadows of glamour and wealth. They know how quickly the imp of chance topples over the best laid studio plans, and they know the stabbing grief of watching Hollywood dreams shiver to ruin at their feet.

They know all this, and yet Mimi Shirley says:

"I am truly grateful to the motion picture industry. It gave Anne and me a chance to survive.

"And please, is there some way we can tell every mother in America with a talented child, that Hollywood offers her just that?"

Mae West Talks About Her "Marriage"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

as I used to. They're all holding off to find out whether I'm in the market or not. I ought to sue some of my 'husbands,' she laughed, "for alienation of propositions."

"That might be a job," I suggested. "It looks like everyone whoever proposed to you is now claiming to be an ex-husband."

"And then some," Mae agreed, "they're coming as often as a chain letter. Maybe if I'd send 'em a dime, they'd stop. But they'd probably expect a diamond instead of a dime. A bunch of sour grapes would be more appropriate."

"From your recent and other experiences," I wondered, "what do you think of men now?"

"Often," confessed Mae. "Didn't you say 'when?'"

"No," I told her, "I said 'what.'"

"That's different," she qualified, "I like 'em. In fact, I'd say they're nature's greatest gift to women. I like some men for class and distinction, some for brains, some for looks, and some for an understanding nature. I like 'em to come up and see me," she insisted, "but this guy and the rest of my 'husbands' must have misunderstood me. They thought I said 'come up and sue me sometime.'"

THE New York Frank Wallace, still insisting in the face of Mae's denials that he was the head man, has tried to put Mae on the spot by asking for a declaratory judgment from the courts stating whether she is or is not his past or present wife. He claims that Mae's denial of their former wedded state has "caused him untold suffering, held him up to the ignominy of his companions, injured his standing in the community and damaged his professional rating." I reminded her.

"Is that all?" said Mae. "Well, that's one way to court a girl. I'll take the old fashioned way. But say," she declared, "I'm getting tired of talking about it. I'm not married. I'm still a bachelor girl—and that's all there is to it. Who brought all this up in the first place?"

"Not me," I said. I told her I thought it was a government "boon dogger" in Milwaukee who unearthed the marriage registration of a Mae West and a Frank Wallace. Then the newspapers hunted up Frank Wallace in New York.

"AREN'T 'boon doggers' these New Deal relief guys who spend their time making something out of nothing?" asked Mae.

"Then this one," added Mae, "can go right to the head of the class."

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

PHOTOPLAY is the undisputed leader in revealing what the stars wear and What They Are Going to Wear

Readers of PHOTOPLAY ARE STYLE LEADERS



Try BEEMAN'S...
Its pleasing flavor
keeps right on
satisfying...

enjoy Beeman's Gum

...AIDS DIGESTION

Don't Love Me!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"What the devil's the matter with this thing?"

"The switchboard operator wasn't at his desk when I came in just a minute ago," I told him.

All the time that I was answering questions mechanically, my conscious attention was on the body of Scott, lying there, grotesquely finished, upon the floor. Why did this happen—how did it happen?

Death had walked with me again!

CHAPTER XXIV

Scott had said during our conversation there in that room that we were playing the final sequence in our picture but I had not paid much attention to his remark except to think that he was being drunkenly dramatic. Now I wondered if he had spoken from a premonition of tragedy—if he had perhaps intended to kill himself.

Clancy at the telephone suddenly got a response.

"**B**OUT time I got a little action around here." He gave a number. "And stick around your switchboard, will you, brother, until I get through with you?" he added.

He got his number in a few seconds and asked for somebody named Floyd.

"That you, Bill? That case I reported about five minutes ago as a suicide might be something else again. Send out the photographers, the fingerprint boys and any other novelty experts you find hanging around at this time of night."

When he had hung up I spoke to him.

"May I do something about Mr. Deering's body? He was my fiancé, you know."

He answered me absently. "We'll tend to the guy. It's Exhibit A in this case."

He looked around the room as if he were trying to locate something. Finally he found it. It was the radiator he was looking for. He went over to it and picked up the flat wrench used to turn on the gas. The detective did not touch it with his fingers but handled it gingerly with his handkerchief.

"This," he said, holding it up, "is probably Exhibit B."

I felt particularly useless. They wouldn't let me touch Scott. I didn't want to stay there anyway. Now I had more to think about than ever.

"May I go, now?" I asked the detective.

HE looked at me as if he didn't quite comprehend. "Go?" he asked. "Oh yes, I guess so. Joe, take Miss Adair to—"

I interrupted him. "A friend, who is waiting for me downstairs, has a car at the door and he will take me home."

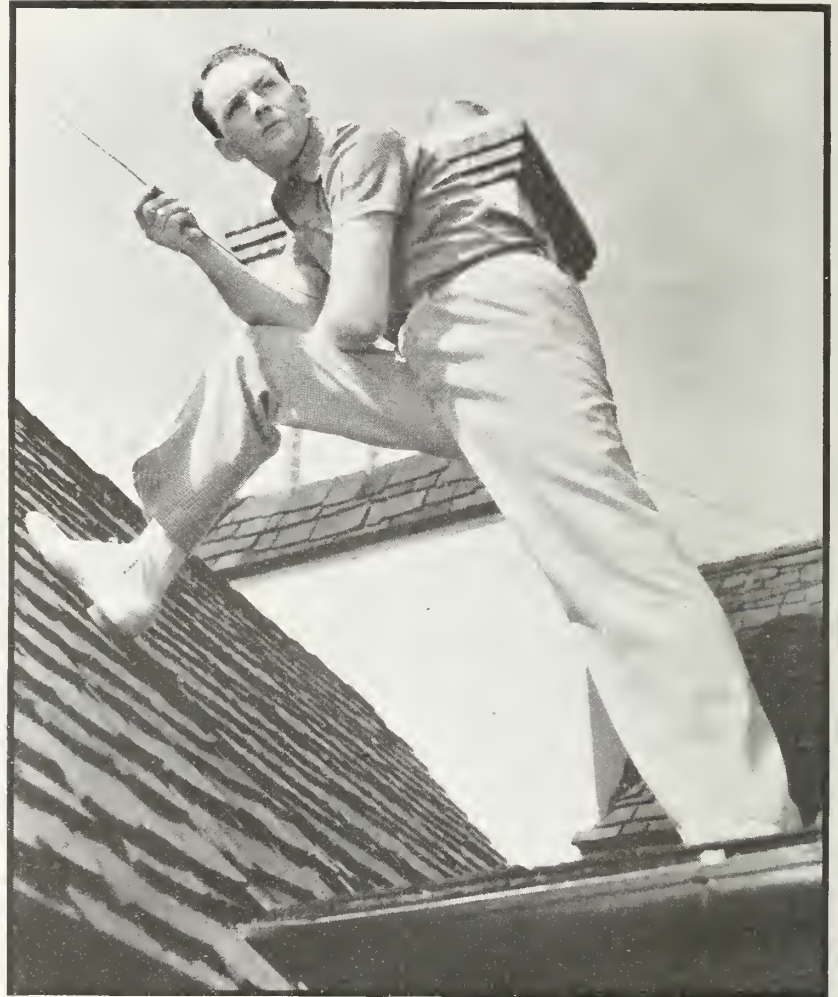
"That's fine—mighty kind of him. But I'll have to send Joe with you just the same. Your friend wouldn't know the quickest way anyhow—not to where you're going."

I knew what he meant but I asked anyway: "Where?"

"To the—er—hell, I don't know the polite word for jail."

"Jail? What for?"

"Well, for now, I'm holding you as a material witness."



William Gargan is a radio long-distance bug. When you don't find Bill glued to his set, look for him on the roof adjusting his aerial

CHAPTER XXV

The newspapers were full of the story by the next afternoon, but they didn't have much to go on until the second day of my detention. Then the late afternoon editions carried an account of the coroner's inquest.

The jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder and recommended that I, Rachel O'Hare, alias Rochelle Adair, be held for trial.

The basis of that recommendation was: First, on the testimony of the Jap Tamaki, I had been quarreling with Scott Deering in his apartment shortly before he was killed.

Second, my fingerprints were on the wrench by means of which the gas had been turned on.

Third, I had previously been connected with the unexplained death of a man to whom I had been engaged.

THIS last was stricken from the records but the newspapers printed it anyway and it was quite as damaging as either of the other two premises which were allowed.

The thing which was conspicuously absent from all accounts and from the proceedings of the coroner's inquest itself was any mention whatever of the letter from Sam Werks to

Scott Deering which I had seen on Scott's desk. What had become of it? I couldn't believe that the police had overlooked it. They must have read every scrap of paper in the apartment. The only conclusion I could come to was that they were holding it as a surprise.

UNCLE LOU MUELLER wired from New York to his own attorneys to handle my case. A representative from their office, an alert young man by the name of Abe Goldgarter, came to see me.

"The main thing is, don't say anything, Miss Adair," he counseled. "Mr. Weiss, who handles all our—er—more delicate indictments is away defending an embezzlement case in San Francisco but he'll be back in plenty of time to take care of you. There is nothing to worry about—positively."

That's what he thought.

"They hardly ever hang a woman in this state," he added consolingly, "and, so far as I know, they never even brought in a verdict of guilty against anybody as beautiful as you are—although it may be a little more difficult if we get many women on the jury."

I could see that he considered that the prose-

cution had a good case against me and that the defense would have to be built up on emotional lines based on my personality. Needless to say I was not particularly pleased with the idea.

Still there was nothing else to do so I told him the truth about what happened the night that Scott Deering died. He seized upon the account of my interview with Dr. Khanandi.

"That might be a good alibi," he decided, "especially if we can get that faker to testify that you were in his office early enough in the evening."

Abe Goldgarter went to check up on my statement that I had been with Dr. Khanandi and to find out if he had a record of the time of my arrival and departure.

I had scarcely gotten back to my cell from my sojourn in the visitor's room when the matron came to get me again.

"Who is it?" I asked, not particularly anxious to see anyone under the circumstances.

"Counsel for the prisoner," she replied.

I supposed that Goldgarter had come back to ask some question he had forgotten so I reluctantly returned to the screened cage.

Standing in the doorway on the visitor's side was Samuel Werks, or his ghost, leaning heavily on a cane.

I say "ghost" advisedly and for two reasons. One of them was that he was certainly the last person on earth that I expected to see standing there and the other was that I have seldom seen a more bloodless wraith of a man.

I DIDN'T need to have a nurse's training to know that Sam was a very sick man. The flesh on his pallid, yellow face had sunk absolutely to the bones, his clothes hung on his body as though there was nothing but the skeleton underneath, and his eyes, always terrier-like in their expression, were now bonfires burning deep in their sockets.

My first impulse was to turn back—I didn't want to see Sam or talk to him—but he made a compelling gesture and I weakened. He motioned me to a seat on the other side of the table which was separated in the middle by a wire netting. He limped to the chair opposite mine.

I greeted him doubtfully. "The matron said my attorney—"

"That's right," he interrupted. "I'm your attorney."

"But I have already made arrangements to be represented by a Los Angeles firm."

He waved that aside.

"A defendant has the right to discharge one attorney and substitute another."

"I have no desire to."

Sam smiled. It was an expression that gave me a chill premonition.

"You will have," he answered cryptically.

"I got you out of a scrape like this once before and I'm going to do it again. The minute I heard you were in trouble I took a plane for the coast."

"Why?"

He looked at me a long time before he answered.

"You know why, Rachel. It's because I want you. I'm going to save you for myself."

I must have laughed. "That's your fee?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"What makes you think I'll pay?"

"You'll have to."

I tried to meet his proposition derisively, as if it were a joke. "Then I'll stick to my present attorneys."

He shook his head. "You can't do that either. I'm going to represent you or else—"

An Intimate Subject....

but women asked me to explain why Kotex

Can't chafe, Can't fail, Can't show



"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times! . . . for Kotex has a special center layer with channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

I'VE discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

Now you need never have times when you're ill at ease. For there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. The new Kotex has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

With these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary sanitary napkins.

QUEST—the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex . . . and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex, only 35c.



WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and Adjustable. Requires no pins.

he paused to let that sink in—"or else I shall be the principal witness for the State. If I go on the stand with what I know, you'll swing, Rachel, as sure as there is a hell. And there is—I've been there ever since I first knew you."

I gazed at him, half-comprehending. "You mean that if you can't have me, no one else ever will?"

He grinned. "Right. You're a bright girl, Rachel. I always said so."

"But why should you want a woman who—er—?"

"Hates me?" he completed. "I'll even tell you that . . . If you want to see all the cards on the table, here they are."

He paused and collected his thoughts.

"You don't dislike me any more than most women do. I'm not misshapen but I might as well be, as far as attraction for your discriminating sex is concerned. Frankly, I'm starved for a woman—a woman of my own. Nobody I'd want would have me. I know that. So I've got to take one as my ancestors did in the cave days.

"If I'm going to take—why not take the best? You are the most glamorous woman of your time, Rachel. That is one of the reasons I have chosen you. The other reason is that I can get you."

I DID laugh then—not very convincingly perhaps—but nevertheless with a fair show of genuine mirth.

He didn't act as if he had heard me. He didn't look at me, even, as he said, "I've been thinking about you constantly ever since you left. The memories of you have been gnawing like rats at my body. That's why I look this way."

He raised his haggard eyes to mine. I could almost feel it in my heart to be sorry for the half-crazed wretch. For I was convinced now that Sam Werks was insane.

No man in his right mind could have made such a bizarre proposition as the one he had just offered me.

"You're ill," I told him.

"I admit that."

"Too ill to appear in court, I mean."

Sam laughed. "No, Rachel. Even if I had to be carried in on a stretcher I will still be a better lawyer than anybody who has ever plead a criminal case in this state since Earl Rogers died." He looked up at me with a wry smile. "And after seeing you again, Rachel, I've got the will to live. Don't worry—I'll not only get you off but I'll be around to collect my fee."

Of course I did not give my consent to his fantastic plan. Neither did he offer any further arguments.

"Just think it over, Rachel," he said as he left. "If you can find any other answer I'll admit that I'm licked."

CHAPTER XXVI

I tried not to think of what Sam Werks had told me—I wanted not to think of him at all. It seemed to me that I had enough to worry me without his disturbing presence. But it would have been just as easy for Trilby not to have thought of Svengali.

A cell is no place to get away from insistent problems. Sam had suddenly become my greatest one—the most disturbing factor. The nightmare of his infamous proposition tortured me until dawn.

If I could have divorced it from my vivid recollection of his face, especially his compelling eyes, I might have thought my way out

Maybe not—I'm not sure even yet that there was a way out.

I decided finally to put the entire proposition up to young Mr. Goldgartner, but when he showed up in the morning we viewed each other across the wire netting with little confidence on either side.

"The alibi blew up," he said. "This Dr. Khanandi took it on the lam the day after the murder. He must have—"

I interrupted him. "You think it was murder?"

"Sure. Listen, Miss Adair, you got to tell the truth to your lawyer and we might as well admit facts.

"We can't do anything with your case if something is apt to crop up that we don't know anything about."

I realized then how impossible it would be to entrust him with the knowledge that Sam

jauntiness which had come to him overnight. He was almost pleasant.

I remembered that he could be, especially when he donned the mantle of professional courtesy.

It was with something like relief that I faced the future. It wasn't very pleasant but at least I knew what it was. I was nearly as confident that Sam would win as he was himself.

He sensed my reaction. "Atta girl, Rachel. Now, let's have the story."

I TOLD him everything, guided by his skillful questions.

When I related the incident of seeing his own letter on Scott Deering's desk he gave a start of surprise.

"You saw that, did you?"

"Yes. And it has disappeared—at least



Maybe it's so, that the romance between Jimmy Blakeley (left) and Mary Carlisle has slightly chilled, but here they are at Raquel Torres' party, with Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee. The reports have it Benita and Jack are engaged, but keeping it quiet. In Hollywood?

Werks might appear as a witness for the prosecution. And if I did not tell him, and that fantastic element came out during the progress of the court proceedings, it undoubtedly would upset any carefully planned defense that he or any helpful member of his firm might build up.

So I gave up. I didn't care much anyway. I felt some way that Mr. Goldgartner did not have much conviction in his optimistic hopes of getting a favorable verdict. His professional manner did not fool me.

I didn't say anything to the young attorney about it but when Sam Werks showed up I merely asked him to make the necessary arrangements to take over the defense. He had the papers all ready—he had been that sure I could find no other way out—and I signed them listlessly.

I MUST admit that Sam had everything that the other man lacked. He seemed absolutely sure of himself. Besides that he had a new

no mention of it has been made by the news papers or the police."

He thought a minute. "I don't believe it matters."

It was my turn to ask a question. "What was in it?"

"Just congratulations from an old friend of the bride-to-be."

I didn't believe him and said so.

He laughed me down. "Obviously I'm right. If it were anything else they would have brought it up at the coroner's inquest."

"UNLESS," I pointed out, "they're saving it for a surprise."

He considered that for a moment. "I don't think so. Take my word for it, Rachel, that letter will never appear."

Nevertheless, at the trial I was to wait, tense, watching for it to rise out of the limbo of forgotten things and confront me like an accusing specter.

[To be concluded next month]

Fashion Forecast for Early Fall

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

chemise type of dress with loose top and slim, straight skirt. Slits are out. For afternoon, a slight drapery look, bi-symmetric, *tailored* drapery, which is correct for the day. Skirts will have the look of a side-saddle riding skirt.

Hats: Fur hats—tiny, precious fur hats, some with a Mongolian influence. No large or off-the-face hats (except on babies). Many veils will be hanging down many backs.

Shoes: There will be a return to Russian boots, to be worn with very short skirts by the more daring women.

Jewelry: Street jewelry will be made of tortoise shell and heavy metal. Great, heavy carved Chinese things, with colored semi-precious stones; East Indian types and Schiaparelli's modernistic jewelry. Pearls are coming into their own as a decoration worthy of respect. Wear them with everything from sweaters to evening gowns. But don't wear any other jewelry with them.

Other accessories: Muffs of any size will be good.

EVENING CLOTHES

Colors: First, black; second, white and pastels; third, navy-blue and brown.

Fabrics: I like gauze trimmed with fur, and the floating chiffon dress, such as I originally designed for Irene Castle, the latter for young girls with lovely figures.

Line: Ankle length skirts in front and shorter at the rear, no matter how far they stretch out. No slits. Panels will be flying. *Much* drapery, especially at the skirt top. There will be the peg-top, pulled-up-in-front look, probably due to the lovely Eastern Princess whose beauty and grace are influencing fashion. The line of classically pure and beautiful drapery, glorifying the body and making it vague, is the highest fashion trend.

Wraps: Hip length, preferably, and spectacular.

For evening, you may wear what you choose to wear at home. Where, in other words, you are sure of your background. If your features or personality lean toward an epoch or period, suggest it by arrangements details, accessories.

The 1830 look, or the East Indian look, or the bustle look. But don't fly out with a crowd of people and stand against a modernistic bar in a bustle.

The idea of a dark evening dress with brilliant accessories and a sparkling wrap, preferably hip length, is the smartest ensemble that can be worn. Every item of the wardrobe should be real or not attempted. Concentrate on one costume, if that is all that can be had, and have it as nice as possible. Attempted finery is very bad.

Lots of luxurious furs—swathed and buried in furs will be the fashionable lady of this Autumn and Winter.



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DEPT. P8

1926 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

The Private Life of Ginger Rogers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

might be any young working couple you could name in Peoria, Illinois, or Waxahachie, Texas. Lew might be the nice young garage mechanic who wrecked your carburetor this morning. And Ginger might be the babe who sang, "Sorr-ray. Mr. Smith is ow-ut—is there a mess-age?" when you called on a matter of life and death.

Their private lives, it's quite true, from a headline standpoint, belong back with the Vital Statistics and the Moon and Tides department.

They live in a rented house with rented furniture like thousands of other rented houses with rented furniture. They drive two small cars—a Buick coupé which Lew bestowed upon Ginger to celebrate their engagement, and a Ford family sedan. They usually try to see who can get to the garage first to get the Ford.

THEIR at home habits are hangovers from the honeymoon flight. If you ever caught Ginger in anything but slacks or linen overalls around the house you would be justified in having your eyesight tested. And the funny part of it is that in her bedroom are two huge closets fairly bulging with beautiful and expensive gowns. Some of them have been hanging there untouched since she went on her trousseau jag in New York. Others are the result of secret "buying sprees" in which she indulges now and then.

It's an odd fact that Ginger's two secret passions in life, besides Lew Ayres, are—clothes and dancing. Yet she never wears clothes and she never goes dancing—well, hardly ever.

THE other day, in between rehearsals, tests, rushes and the things that jam her waking hours these days, she dashed down to Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles' swankiest emporium, and emerged proudly with four new creations. Promptly she hung them up in her gloating closet—regarded each with a sigh of satisfaction, and snatched down four "old dresses." The "old dresses" had never been worn, of course, but they'd been hanging there a few months, so Ginger decided to do something about it.

She called in a girl friend.

"Here," she said, "can you wear these? I'm getting tired of looking at them."

"But," protested the lucky gal, "they've never been worn!"

"I know," said Ginger, with just a faint, wistful sigh, "and they never will be, if they hang around here."

EVEN when she has to run down to the Boulevard to deposit one of those fat checks she's drawing now-a-days, you'd never in the world recognize her, unless you knew her pretty darned well.

I've seen Ginger time after time flopping down the street, her persimmon-colored tresses dangling, uncured to her shoulders, looking like a sailor's sweetheart all set for a big day at Coney Island with white slacks, beach pumps and a treasured navy blue pea-jacket wrapped around her.

As a matter of fact, a day at Coney Island would be her idea of no end of a big event. Lacking Coney Island, the roller coasters, Keno games, shooting galleries and pop-corn

stands of Ocean Park get the nod over the Trocadero or the King's Club when Ginger and Lew feel like kicking up their heels in some fun.

And Ginger's the one who says where to go and when.

Three or four nights a week, lately, they've been bowling, in a little alley in Beverly Hills. Ginger averages a score of 135, and if you know anything at all about your ten-pins, you'll realize she puts her heart in her work. That's a fair to middlin' score for a growing girl. Some evenings, just before dusk falls, they haunt a little public pitch-and-putt golf course out in Westwood. On others, just after supper time, they set out on a cross-country movie hunt.

They'll travel to the remotest neighborhood pill box theater just to see some picture they've missed. And Mr. Ayres may become fidgety when the picture turns out to be obvious and dull—but not Mrs. Ayres.

"I simply *love* awful movies," she says, and insists on sitting through two or three features, newsreels, cartoons and travelogues. Even when a four-year-old child could tell how it's all going to end, Ginger protests:

"I *know*—but I want to *see* it end that way."

OF course, Lew and Ginger do stay home some nights—in fact a whole lot of nights. They stay home, for instance, on "cutting night," when the results of Lew's current miniature movie craze are assembled and edited. Then the front room is draped with film, hanging like celluloid serpentine from lampshade and chandelier. Lew, one of those handy men around the house, is a born tinkerer.

He worked for weeks regulating the spouting pressure of their fountain so it would balance a ping-pong ball perpetually at the tip of the stream!

Such Edison-like activities are all right with Ginger, who merely rises above it, crunches an apple and tries to "catch up on a whole lot of books" or work out a new tune (she's had two published recently, by the way, "I'd Rather Waste My Time With You," and "Used to Be You")—that is, unless some of "the boys" drop in.

Ginger has no real intimate friends, outside of her cousin, Phyllis Fraser, and perhaps Janet Gaynor. "The boys" signifies a unique camaraderie born of "All Quiet On the Western Front." Lew Ayres, Ben Alexander, Billy Bakewell and Russell Gleason have been like brothers ever since they played together. Ben is practically a member of the family, and any one or all of the trio are likely to drop in with or without their current flames. When they do, they all sit on the floor, send out for hamburgers and buttermilk and play "murder," or "Guggenheim" or "kick-it." Or else Lew unreels the latest colossal epic, always prefaced by an explanatory title which comes right after the NRA emblem.

THE audience, apologizes the title, will have to excuse the grade of lighting, sets and costumes, because of a little trouble with "the front office."

Then flashes a full face of Ginger, very stern—bearing the label, "Front Office."

If it's Thursday or Sunday night, which are

cook's nights out, the Ayres, *en famille*, sally forth for sustenance, because Ginger can't cook without "getting lumps in the gravy." This culinary weakness was a touchy issue for some time, because the first time Lew had ever seen Ginger in the flesh was at the premiere of "42nd Street" and he marked well her words as she addressed the radio audience—and remembered them.

"My goodness," Ginger had said to the mike, "if I had known all you people were going to be here, I'd have baked a cake!"

Lew informed her that this was the false hope which had lured him to the altar, but now he knew that she couldn't bake a cake if she tried.

A few nights later, "the boys," Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, Phyllis Fraser, Ginger's cousin, and assorted friends were startled by an excited voice on the telephone.

"Come on over—quick," shouted Lew. "something's happened."

They all dashed over, expecting twins at least. Lew met them at the door.

"Ginger's baked a cake!" he cried.

Ordinarily, however, no such domestic breakdown occurs. Then the Mr. and Mrs. Ayres go out to dine.

They almost always start out with good intentions.

A few Sundays ago, after Ginger had been to church and Lew had read the Sunday supplements, they set out for one of the elite restaurants in the Wilshire district. When they arrived, they parked the car and glanced at one another.

"Lot of people in there," said Ginger.

"Um-hum," said Lew.

"They've got good fried chicken at Carpenter's," mused Ginger, naming a popular drive-in sandwich stand.

A half chicken with lots of shoe-string potatoes on the side sets you back exactly forty cents.

Well—that's where they ate Sunday dinner—in their car at Carpenter's drive-in sandwich stand, with the radio turned on for a touch of musical elegance! Because Ginger liked it that way.

SO that's why I say—if this picture of a humdrum couple's home life impresses you as particularly glamourless—it's your privilege to call them colorless, call them vegetables, call them ribbon clerks on a day off. Weep, if you must, for the poor caged canary who hadn't attended a Hollywood party since she was married.

Shudder at the disgraceful state of Lew's brand new tuxedo which when pried from its dark moorings the other night revealed a gaping hole in the shoulder where moths had feasted.

But waste no pity on Ginger Rogers. And don't blame their lazy, lackadaisical life on a hermit husband who holds her in his thrall. Because, I have another sneaking suspicion that Mrs. Ginger Rogers Ayres is very content to live just as she does.

It's the Ginger Rogers who hit all the high spots that Hollywood remembers and insists on showering with pity because she doesn't hit them any more. But Hollywood, you know, is like that

But that was a different Ginger. She had just come to Hollywood, the first place she had had a halfway right to call home since she left high school in Texas. In her first months here she made all the parties and met all the people who make up this giddy carousel called Hollywood.

She wasn't a glamorous star then with the world at her flying feet. She was just a little personality girl with pumpkin-seed hair who could sing and dance and act a little, too.

When she met Lew Ayres she met her first real friend as well as her first real love in Hollywood. He was the top male star at Universal then, and Fox was luring him to bigger time.

Ginger wasn't so important.

Now the situation is about-faced. Ginger's the important one. Lew does all right, but he's not in her bracket. That trying situation has dissatisfied more than one ambitious Hollywood wife and irked more than one Hollywood husband—even into divorce.

But it doesn't trouble the Ayres. Hollywood has never understood this dreamy-eyed, good looking kid husband of Ginger's whom Fate (retitled "All Quiet on the Western Front") made a big star overnight—against his better judgment.

Lew doesn't really love acting. He never has. It's his job and his living, but his heart has never been in it.

He couldn't be jealous of Ginger's amazing success if he worked at it.

And if you think Ginger has any suppressed ambitions for social life after she gets through with her work at the studio, you may think a few more times. "My social ambitions," she grinned to me, "are about six months' rest." Never in her young life—and she has worked hard since she was a pup—has Ginger put in as many hard licks as she is putting in right now.

SHE slaves because she loves it. She'll always love it. It's one half of her life—and the prosaic, glamourless home life which Hollywood can't comprehend is the other welcome half.

It makes the right balanced diet—with just an occasional cocktail.

Such as the other night when the cash customers of the Trocadero and Clover Club were startled out of their ringside seats by the strange spectacle of Lew and Ginger, bedecked in unaccustomed evening finery, taking in the joints for the first time.

They stayed until two o'clock, when Ginger looked at her wrist watch in horror and remembered she had to work in the morning at nine.

Next day at noon, the telephone jangled in Ginger's dressing room. It was Lew—and his voice was anxious.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," said Ginger.

"Aren't you sleepy? Aren't you pretty tired out?"

"N-no."

"Do you realize when we got in last night? After two o'clock!"

"I-I know," said Ginger.

"And you really feel all right?"

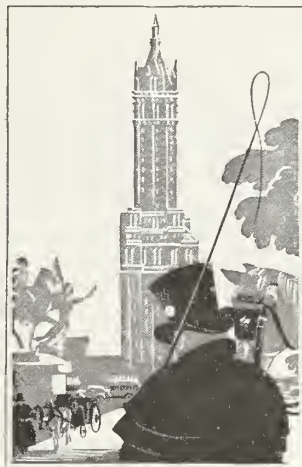
"Y-yes, I think so," said Ginger.

"Well," said Lew, "I can't understand it."

"Neither can I," said Ginger.

But I think I can understand why Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres can be happy though huddled.

I think they both love the way they live—and incidentally I think they both love the one they live with.



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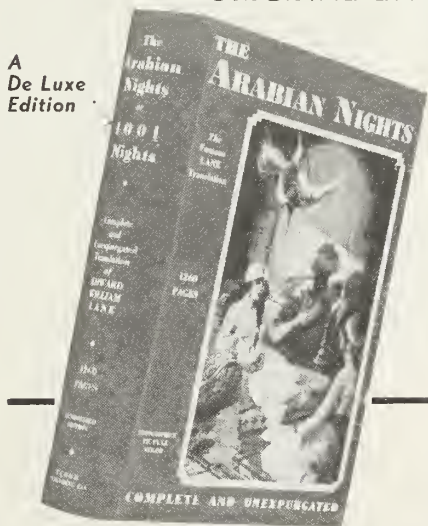
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For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at \$60.00 and upward. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterpris-

Seeing Stars with Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

these four females? In an upstairs bedroom industriously playing bridge! Neither dinner, nor dawncing nor sundry other festivities could interrupt that quartet, who kept at it, and at it, and at it! But let me rush to assure you that bridge was not my recreation. No! A 1000 X No! I had me the fascinating Michael Bartlett, Grace Moore's new leading man in this latest picture, and Mitzi and Mike were much too interested in Mike and Mitzi and their own little game of hearts.

You're always reading about the movie stars adopting infants. Most of them come from the Children's Home Finding Society of L. A. Just last week four fine folks, Billie Burke, little Cora Sue Collins, Evelyn Venable and Douglass Montgomery went down there and played and read to the kiddies. Billie Burke, perhaps because she is a mother, was very touched at the sight of so many unfortunate children. Miss Burke begged for an opportunity to do something for the children. (Between you and me, Joanie, she privately sent the Home a large check.) They were happy to let her be guest speaker on a radio program to raise funds.

WHEN this news trickled into the old ears. I galloped down to the station to see and hear. Josephine Hutchinson, of "Oil for the Lamps of China," was with me. There at the station we saw Miss Burke surrounded by adoring babes. I thought Jo would boo-hoo any moment, but she downed the dampness and played with the kiddies as though her heart wasn't aching for them. Many of them have fortunately been adopted by stars who give them excellent homes, and I hope many more will.

Jo and I tore ourselves away and went to stuff our little innards. Honey chile, any gal what's acted for the New York Theater Guild is a whoopin' fine emoter, and that's what Josephine Hutchinson is. She's quiet, understanding, infinitely sweet and tolerant. Our lunch never got gay as we intended it should, but Life got talked about from every angle particularly our own.

"Countess of Warwick Works as Fox Extra!" This, my wee petunia, is news, so I rushed to the phone and called Adrienne Ames, which lady was her hostess while the Countess was in the City of the Angels. I wouldn't budge off the wire until Adrienne invited me out to Fox, where she was making "Baa-Baa Black Sheep," to meet her Countess-ship, have lunch and watch how a lady of title earns seven-and-a-half bucks per diem.

The Countess is regular. She is also patriotic. She is also a beauty. And being all these things she bemoaned the fact that her left stocking had runs in it. The fastidious gal couldn't stand the untidiness; but Miss Ames' maid, in constant attendance, remedied this, however, and betwixt garter fastenings she waxed psychic and told the Countess what the future held in store for her. (Mystics are in every bush; these days!)

Adrienne is used to unusual servants. She always gets them somehow. Once she told us she hired a new butler who, when the music started to play at one of her parties, went into a shuffle with a tray of fancy drinks in his hand. Then he started getting acrobatic. Adrienne kept one eye on her expensive crystal. The other

on the cavorting butler. When her hysterics had subsided, the lad told her that dancing was his repressed desire. . . . Butting, though, was a better way to earn a living!

Everything flossy again, the gals went back to work. Adrienne had a scene, disembarking, where it is discovered that she is a kleptomaniac. (This time it's the poils!) The Countess hovered in the background as one of the ship's passengers, until lunch was called—when she zipped out two lengths ahead of the field.



A genuine romance, is the report about Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor. But love hasn't spoiled their appetite, because here Irene and Bob are on the way to the commissary

For no sane reason, me and the Ames lady always goes into the giggles together. Mebbe the Countess thought we were sappies, as we tee-heed our way over to the Assistance League; but like a good sport she joined in the twitters even though she didn't know what the joke was. Of course we gorged ourselves, but not so much that we didn't notice Eddie Lowe and Marian Marsh lovebirding in one corner and Anita Louise playing waitress to heart-throb Tom Brown. Tommy was training her right. He'd send her back to the kitchen a dozen times to change his order. Then he'd grumble that the coffee was cold and the rolls not hot enough. Poor lovely Anita! She

could take it, all right; but I'm sure I stretched my pink and shell-like ear far enough to hear her moan: "If this is what married life is like . . .!"

On our way out we bumped into Tom Keene and his sweet wife, and a dozen camera men who took scads of shots of my two famous companions. Then, back to Adrienne's dressing room, where we renewed our curls and our faces. 'Course, I'm not easy to bounce, so I just stayed on and watched them shoot, and chatted with the Countess when she didn't have to work. She may be a great social figure, and one of Britain's pets, but for the nonce I was most impressed with her neat, flat curls. I was told that a tidy coiffure was one of her fetishes and that no matter at what hour she got in each curl was pinned carefully down before Morpheus was allowed to come callin'. If a Countess can go to such trouble, kitten, I guess I'd better swallow my yawns and start tying up my harum-scarum locks.

The day wore on and dire news drifted through the air. The company might have to work that night! Woe and handwringing! Adrienne and the Countess were dying to go to bed early, and the chic and golden-haired Claire Trevor (the lead) was giving a big dinner party. Adrienne whizzed her maid off the set to buy two red apples. Then she and me tiptoed up to director Allan Dwan, who is a darling any way you take him, and held them out with pretty smiles and beguilin' voices. Well, ma'am, how could the gent resist us? He didn't. And with four merry houp-las, we zoomed away, homeward bound!

I'm not a premiere fiend, deah, but I really did yump for joy when the boy friend waved two tickets to the opening of the musical comedy, "As Thousands Cheer." It matters not that my bronze-gold gown nearly got ripped apart in the crush becuz I saw a sight in the lobby which will brighten my life for years to come. There was a mob around my handsome knight, Nils Asther, whose top hat gleamed brightly above the clutching fingers of the fans with autograph books. Suddenly an energetic little lady elbowed her way through the pack and said in a plaintive voice, "Please, Mr. Asther, please, please write in my book." Nils looked down and shrieked in sudden delight, "Ida!" The next moment he swung the little thing up in the air and kissed her. I let out a squeak and nearly fainted. It was my mother! Ain't she the one!

Downstairs, between acts, I sipped a sody at the bar. I coveted, from a distance, a long, voluminous, dramatic-looking cape of powder-blue velvet, tied around the neck with a long, white silk cord. This affair was on the lovely person of Anita Louise, and Tom Brown cooed in delight at everyone within sight, "She designed it herself." Of a sudden the old eagle blinkers spotted Douglass Montgomery (the fair-haired hope of my life). I gave out a dainty yip-eee and like a shot he was by my side! (How gratifyin'!)

"Where you been keeping yourself, you old stay-awayer?" I accused. "Give me ten good reasons."

"When I was a little lad," explained Doug, "I built myself a cabin on the edge of the family domain in Pasadena. That's where I hibernate when I need a rest," he grinned.

And just then came the bell for the curtain and we both hopped like hatters upstairs.

Viva Mexicano! The Latin popped out in me one P. M. so my temporary swain (initial G! No more, Miss Curiosity!), lugged me to a bodega where they play only colorful fandangos. I yearned to sway my svelte hippies (boasting!) to "La Cucaracha" but the place was so jammed we couldn't get us a table. We had to be content with perching at the bar and watching the dark-eyed señoritas and señors.

Suddenly I glimpsed Maureen O'Sullivan and her heart, John Farrow, doing a neat rumba. Breathlessly, I relayed the news to said escort. Quicker than you can sniff a petunia he was at the edge of the floor flagging them. They were just as surprised to see us in that foreign element as we were to see them. Quick they dragged up chairs to their teensy table and we all sat down to talk things over.

Maureen and her John had heard the languorous melodies over the radio. Result? Itchy soles, so they whizzed out to get themselves a tango or two. They forgot the address, but not the street, so for half an hour they had to trot up and down with their ears to every building until they found the one from whence came the tingling tango strains! Maureen with her simple little black suit, flat heels, near-organdie blouse and pushed-back sailor hat looked like an infant from a convent school. Right on top of the table, in front of everyone, she and her gent held hands

I'VE about worn out my little gasoline hossie trotting here and yonder to have lunch, and tea, and stuff with my nice friends. Therefore, thought Oi, a dinner party would be a nice idea. My guests? Anna Sten and her husband, the Harry Greens, Glenda Farrell, Reine Davies,

columnist, Paul Cavanagh, Mady Christians, Edith Fitzgerald, who wrote "The Wedding Night," and her husband, the well-known tennis player, Elmer Griffin, the Purnell Pratts, Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, and my uncle, Louis B. Mayer. Nice party, huh?

On account of becuz my maw is a whiz with Rooshun dishes, that's what they et. I should say, gobbled! By ten-thirty they decided it was time to leave the festive board. So the ladies retired to the drawing-room where coffee was served. (Bring my lorgnette, Bluggs!) We wuz then entertained by miraculous and amazing card tricks by comedian Green which left everybody, particularly the flaxen-haired Sten, in a state of stupefaction. In fact, our little wide-browed star, who was supposed to leave for the mountains or somewhere with said husband at any moment, stayed and stayed and still stayed! Harry told us that when he was in the hospital he disrupted his operation and gave the doctors husterics when he pulled an ace right out of the ether can!

Do YOU want to look like a Princess? Do you want to live like a Princess? Then I suggest, my rosebud, that you step into the peach and heaven-blue boudoir of the exquisite young Jean Parker. She wears a slim, chiffon, high-waisted peach negligée with large, billowy sleeves that are bound about, in three places, with narrow (1/2 inch) velvet ribbons of blue. Around her waist is the same sort of ribbon that ties and falls in long streamers. The negligée has a simple, little soft round collar that is also tied with streamers of azure blue. She wears seductive mules . . . the tips slashed away, and big bows. They're satin. Aha, blue!

Jean's bed is high, four-posted and draped

and covered in billowing peach net. Dozens of quilted boudoir pillows are heaped about and in the back . . . here is an allure secret for you . . . Jean has sewn tiny pockets into which she slips sachet bags!

AND all Princesses have pets. Jean has Tony, a mischievous little pup who industriously tore up every box in the house and carefully scattered the pieces all over the lawn! His mistress tried to reprimand him. But, tsh, tsh, very unpatrician of her! . . . it ended up with dog and girl rolling over the peach rug with mingled shrieks of mirth and barks of joy. Sadly I withdraw from the boudoir . . . from now on my tale would be strictly little-girl . . . and I started out on a Princess

But next month, kitten, I'll tell you about all the movie royalty that went to the last Mayfair. (I went with that Dangerous Jack LaRue!) But now I must sing you a song of farewell. And I cautions you to write Mitzi an epistle of length . . . queeckly! What? You'd rather come out yourself, right to Californy and get a job? All right, Joan, but I hope your eddication is good, cause I know of a certain time, in his early youth, when Bob Montgomery was confronted by his (he hoped) boss-to-be.

"You're a college man, huh?" asked the boss.

"Yes," answered our Robert.

"Clever, huh?"

"Well-ll, I guess so," said the youth modestly.

The boss thought profoundly. Then: "All right," said he triumphantly, "spell me something!"

Yours with a bang!

MITZI

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Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races,
June 1935

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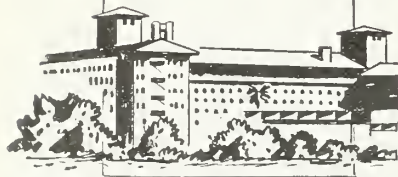
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Food for Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

narrow strips from the rind, and cut into cubes. Arrange on the plates with the grapes. Pour the following dressing over your salads: one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of white grape juice, and two tablespoons of lemon juice. It is better to mix this in advance, too, and have it ice cold. This simple salad is one which will simply establish your reputation as a cook for epicures!

Of course, you can't call a salad a meal—at least, no man ever does—and here is one of Pat's favorite entrées. He hasn't any name for it—calls it a shrimp whatsis—and it's a grand dish for a warm evening. This and a salad practically constitute a dinner. You will need one can of shrimps, one cup of uncooked rice, one cup of tomatoes, one chopped onion, and a tablespoon of butter or chicken fat. Brown a tablespoon of flour in the fat, add the onion and brown. Then the tomatoes and the rice, washed, with enough water to cover. Season with salt, pepper, bay leaf and a dash of thyme. Also a faint sprinkle of cinnamon, if you like it. Boil slowly in a covered saucepan or heavy iron frying pan, adding water if neces-

sary. When the rice is cooked, add the shrimp and mix it all together over the slow fire for about ten minutes. Serve immediately.

And for an easy dessert, how about a strawberry parfait which can be made in your electric refrigerator with the least amount of preparation? Use two egg whites, one cup of powdered sugar, one-half cup of whipped cream, and a box (or pint) of fresh strawberries. Beat the egg whites until you can cut them with a knife, add most of the sugar. Crush the berries and add the remaining sugar. Fold into the whipped cream and egg whites, and mix well.

Place in the freezing cabinet and do not stir while it is freezing. Serve in parfait glasses, with crisp cookies at the side.

Pat says there is nothing so perfect with the combination salad as a thick juicy broiled steak. And here's a hint for steak broiling. Place your steak on a rack near the flame, and the drip pan well below it, filled with a cupful of hot water. The fat will drip into the water and will not catch fire. Just a little tip from that old Cordon Bleu, Pat O'Brien!

Will "Becky Sharp" Revolutionize Hollywood?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

During the next two years, Cooper continued to talk color. He could not forget the beauty he had seen in the Malay wilderness and his enthusiasm never waned. He nearly succeeded in interesting Jesse Lasky. Then came sound and the project was postponed. New problems had to be met and the color-mad Cooper was momentarily forgotten. But he did not forget. He was a bit sarcastic about sound. "Galloping gray ghosts that talk," was his summation of the new trend.

It is impossible to determine Cooper's influence on the initial vogue for color which followed the novelty of talking films. He has been called the father of color among the producers, and it may be true. The 1928 vogue was destined, however, to be short lived, for the color was decidedly poor. Actually only two colors were used, red and green, double-printed on each side of the projection negative. It was far from satisfactory, as it blurred outlines and was incapable of reproducing certain spectrums without color compromise. I well remember when trees and bushes were painted by airbrush because their natural colors would not reproduce naturally. After "On with the Show," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" and a handful of other features, color was judged a fiasco. It died a premature death because of its imperfections and because, as Cooper termed it, "misuse and abuse."

KALMUS continued his experiments and Cooper remained true to his enthusiasms. Yet it was not until 1932 that Kalmus was able to announce the perfection of a three-color process. The announcement was greeted by an astounding lack of interest. Color was a box-office failure and in the mind of Hollywood that is the very worst kind of failure. Only Cooper fully believed from the start.

Walt Disney with his "Silly Symphonies" proved one of the earliest customers for the

full color development. After the amazing success of "The Three Little Pigs," other producers of short subjects became interested. But the beginning was slow. Even at this writing, there are only thirteen new Technicolor cameras in existence. That number until the release of "Becky Sharp" was ample equipment.

COOPER'S devotion to color was to be justified at last by the entry upon the scene of John Hay Whitney, better known as "Jock." Cooper and Whitney are friends of long standing and Whitney agreed to finance a new producing organization. Thus was Pioneer Pictures born. Cooper, having a contract with RKO-Radio, was unable to take an active hand until the completion of his contract. A deal was nonetheless consummated and the new organization was dedicated entirely to the production of color pictures. An agreement was reached with RKO for the release of the product and Kenneth MacGowan was borrowed as active producer.

The fifth member of our behind-the-scenes drama is Robert Edmond Jones, long recognized as a master designer of stage sets and a color authority. With Jones' arrival in Hollywood, an experimental color short was made. Pioneer's first production was the Academy prize winner of 1934, "La Cucaracha," which played to more business than any black and white short ever made.

The stage was set for the start of "Becky Sharp." The picturesque costumes of the Napoleonic era seemed particularly suitable for color. Miriam Hopkins was engaged as the star and Lowell Sherman as the director.

From the first day of shooting, it was apparent that Lowell Sherman was a seriously ill man. He was actually dying on the set, but could not be persuaded to halt work. Nor would he accept the verdict of doctors that his throat ailment was incurable. He sought

quacks who promised a cure. It was not learned until after his death that Sherman had been afraid to go to bed for weeks and had employed a man to watch over him as he dozed in an arm chair. The man's duty was to awaken him if Sherman began to choke.

Hardly had production been resumed under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian that Miriam Hopkins, the star, contracted bronchial pneumonia and the picture was again halted. Later Mamoulian and Frances Dee, playing the second feminine lead, were both influenza victims. Then came a series of strange accidents.

Miriam Hopkins' dress caught fire from a candle on the set; a property man was injured when a large box fell; the side of a set fell on an electrician; one of the soldier extras placed a steel helmet on a generator box, short-circuiting the lights and narrowly escaping electrocution. To cap the climax, a whole reel of completely cut negative burned in a projection room.

To comprehend the loss caused by this final accident, it is necessary to know something of the technical details of the new Technicolor three-color process. As black is also used, it is really four colors, lithographed (to use a general term) upon film.

Three separate magazines of film run through the Technicolor camera photographing simultaneously the three primary aspects of the scene—red, green and blue. Matrices are prepared from these color-separation negatives, a matrix being similar, for laymen explanation, to an engraved plate in printing.

SUBTRACTIVE primary dyes are used in the imbibition transfer upon a properly prepared film that holds the master black. The dyes are cyan or minus red, magenta or minus green, and yellow or minus blue. All three transfers are necessary to complete the color print ready for projection.

In this new process, there is no tampering with colors. What the camera sees, it records and, except for the precision of film printing, the process is fool proof. The errors of the human equation enter mostly into the creation of color values.

With no reflection upon the work of the late Lowell Sherman, Rouben Mamoulian, upon taking over the direction, retook all of the early sequences. The entire mood of the story was changed and night after night, Mamoulian worked with Francis Edward Faragoh, author of the screen play on the job of rewriting the script.

"Color is another emotion," Mamoulian says. "It is a psychology to which every normal person reacts. Colors through associations or customs have come to mean certain things. Look at our traffic lights. Red means danger; green safety.

"**RED** is the color of blood, of fire, of anger. In its different shades, it means different things but always excitement. Green, contrarily, signifies tranquillity. It is the color of nature, the grass and trees.

"The use of color can stimulate or disturb. It must be in keeping with the mood of the story. The error of early color pictures was an unintelligent overabundance of hues, clashing, discordant and eye-straining.

"In 'Becky Sharp,' we have tried to use color as we use music or any other contributing element to drama. We help to build climaxes with it. After all, Shakespeare knew what he was talking about when he said, 'The play's the thing.'

"The opening sequences of 'Becky Sharp'

were first taken against a red-walled room. In retaking it I had the walls changed to gray. One of the several reasons for this change is to make a not too abrupt contrast for a public accustomed to black and white only.

"The scene laid at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo offered the greatest danger of overuse of color. It is essentially a colorful affair, yet it must achieve a climax. We imagined a storm. The wind blows open a window and many of the wax tapers go out. Then the riot with men and women rushing from the ballroom. We progress from a series of sober colors, grays, blues, greens, yellows to the excitement of oranges and reds."

FAR from a perfect picture, "Becky Sharp" is more surprisingly near perfection than any pioneering effort in memory. Consider all of its adversities from accidents, illness and death. Then consider all of the minor inconveniences—take after take being ruined by the sputtering noise of arc lights (the silent incandescent lamps cannot be used because such light is yellow rather than pure white)—the need of creating make-up in natural color tones—the tonal value of scenes—the constant danger of lack of color separation—color emphasis—color restraint—color complements—color juxtaposition—color blotches—all new terms, new problems, new worries. Just as though the making of motion pictures were not complicated enough as it is!

But if the hard luck encountered by previous Hollywood successes since the days of "The Covered Wagon" is any criterion, "Becky Sharp" should make many millions. Strangely enough similar trials and tribulations have been visited upon every great film success in history.

There is small doubt in anyone's mind in Hollywood that color is the next trend in motion pictures. No comparison exists between the first color subjects and the new full color Technicolor. If you have already seen "Becky Sharp" you realize this. "Unless you have seen the new Technicolor," states Mamoulian, "to say you don't like color on the screen is like saying you do not like horseback riding when all you have ridden is a three-legged horse."



Fred Astaire is merely proving that dancing is "light and fantastic" as he takes to a swimming pool and cork floats for a "Top Hat" step

B R I G H T

EYE-OPENERS



by
Jane
Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinted up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only \$1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sun Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETTE (\$1) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. A-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

The Disappearing Muni

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"We had returned to New York from Hollywood, pictures were renounced forever. Then I was approached to play 'Scarface.'

"Well, the circumstances were very annoying. Several tests were made, nobody could decide anything, they wanted me to go to Hollywood to make another one. The idea of all those tests was insulting. They knew what I looked like and whether I could act. I told them if I never made a picture, I wouldn't go to Hollywood and make another test!

"The whole procedure was irritating. They called me long distance, sent endless telegrams. I was tired of answering them. Then it became a petty bicker over dollars and cents and I was fed up.

ABOUT ten o'clock one night, I asked Bella to pack a grip for me. Ordinarily she would have given me an argument, but this time she didn't. She knew I had to get away.

"I left her with the power of attorney to take care of all business matters and told her to do what she thought best. Couldn't tell her where I was going as I didn't know myself, but said I would telephone her later from somewhere."

Muni drove up-state in a pouring rain, not caring where. Every day he called his wife to say "I'm here, don't know where I'll be tomorrow."

Until one fine day she answered, "Maybe you'd better start home now. I just signed a contract for you to play 'Scarface.'

"So?" I inquired. You can ask so much with that little word.

"My whole response was one of tremendous

relief," Muni told me. "It seemed as if my career had been held in the balance. It was good to have it over. Now I am glad I could come back and make good and make money. I am sorry only to miss the theater. Four months a year are allowed in my contract to do a play, but in that time it is impossible to rehearse, present a play and have any run with it. And first, one must find the story. My troubles now are story troubles—on the stage and on the screen."

So—if Mrs. Muni hadn't signed that contract, it is quite likely there would be no Paul Muni on the screen today.

"But most of you fan-magazine writers convey such a peculiar impression of Mrs. Muni," Paul objected. "In one story called 'My Wife Bella' or something similar, the writer has her my nurse, banker, cook, manager, guide, chauffeur, mentor and make-up woman! She told me how to act and bought my clothes for me! Good God, if she were really that way, I'd shoot her tomorrow!"

"You wouldn't wait till tomorrow," Mrs. Muni informed, from the sidelines.

FOR some strange reason, Muni seems to be rather a phenomenon to Hollywood. He is never seen in public places—therefore he must be anti-social—or so goes the popular idea.

". . . not anti-social at all," protests Muni. "My type of sociability is colored differently, that's all. I am not on exhibition. All the exhibiting I do is in my work."

He gives few interviews because they make him out to be "elaborately modest or elaborately extravagant." He wants to talk about his work. when you finally do trap him, or the

new Russian symphony, or a story he would like to make into a picture. He will discuss Simon, the dog, or the advisability of trying to raise oranges out in the San Fernando Valley where he has his ranch home. He will talk readily about anything—but Muni.

He wants above all to give frank and honest characterizations on the screen in stories that present modern problems in a fearless way . . . but he says you can't do that. People won't let you. You have to put on a sugar-coating.

MUNI still takes off to the tall timbers when things get too thick. Both he and the "missis" like to do things impulsively. They have never yet planned ahead of the following day. An hour from the time they first thought of it, they are in the car and off for a month. One day in Monterey they looked out over the ocean and thought of Europe. Two days later they were on the way to Russia.

Once Muni went up in the Maine woods to a little resort. He carried a violin case as a disguise. Up there he took sun baths, went swimming and worked out on a punching bag.

Two weeks later Mrs. Muni joined him there. One of the lady guests cornered her. "We are so curious about your husband," she said. "We know he is not a musician. We are aware that he is a prize-fighter. But what we want to know is—which one?"

Which one is right. There are almost as many Munis as there are prize-fighters.

Now you see him—now you don't. That black haired man with the deep eyes who just roared past you doing sixty may be Muni.

But don't try to catch him. He's on his way somewhere to disappear!

An Actor With Strange Ideas

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

are all in the day's work for Eddie's artistic imagination. By the same power of understanding that enables him to sympathize with monkey tempers and antagonisms, he has been qualified to play so masterfully his gangster parts on the stage and screen. However alien to him may be the character he portrays, he can get under the skin of that character and make it pulse with life.

To explain this, he has a theory of his own. He says that audiences respond to an actor's *sympathy value*. By *sympathy value* he means the actor's ability to make audiences understand and feel concerned about the character's troubles. "There is one universal language," Edward Robinson says, "and that is the language of the heart—the language that makes all men and every animal akin."

SINCE meeting Eddie Robinson, some years ago, I have talked with him sufficiently to become quite familiar with his views on life. They are definitely a part of himself—not derived from his surroundings or his occupation. Were he today a shoemaker or a rabbi, he would still have the same philosophy of life.

Wherever he lived, he would be a *character* in his community. Probably this is why I am

interested in the stories he has told me of his boyhood. It is also why, when Eddie stops making pictures for Warner Bros., I hope to see him make some pictures in his own way, with his own ideas. I want to see how his hatred of hate will illumine an epic—such as he dreams of seeing on the screen. It might be magnificent—a message straight to the heart of every thoughtful human being. I want to see how his loathing of all things *phony*—a pet word of Eddie's—will help to re-create the immortal dignity of Beethoven, the deaf and grotesque *maestro* battling against the petty intrigues of a shoddy prince's court.

In Eddie Robinson's childhood lies the key to much that is significant in his character today. The home, with his six brothers—Eddie known as *Number Five*. The four orphaned cousins, all boys, taken in by Eddie's parents. A family poor in worldly wealth rich in family affection. Eddie's mother . . .

"She has never spoken evil of anyone," he told me.

Tolerance, he says, is all-important in an actor's approach to the character he has to portray. This great truth he learned from his mother—and from the school-teacher who taught him history.

"That history teacher of ours," says Eddie, "never taught us a single date. But he talked to us so vividly about the Greeks and the Romans that they became living people to us. He showed us how our own ambitions, our loves, our quarrels, were not different at all from those of people long dead and long forgotten."

At home Eddie and his brothers did *girl's work*, to help their mother, since there were no sisters in the family. Sweeping was Eddie's job. "And I had to do it as it should be done," he says. "No missing the corners—no neglecting those dark places behind the furniture. Our Ma expected first-class sweeping—and she knew how to get it!"

Ironing shirts was another chore of Eddie's. "I was a swell shirt ironer," he boasts. "Better than any of my brothers."

And he was religious. He studied Hebrew—studied the Talmud. He intended to be a rabbi—wanted to be a great preacher. That was when he was twelve years old. Today he wants most of all to make a big picture advocating world-peace. The sequence of ambitions is not hard to follow.

At thirteen he read Darwin's "Origin of Species." Eddie marks that experience as an

important milestone in his life. From it he contracted the universalism "bug." Man descended from ape . . . Obscure links tying all life together, fishes and bugs and trees and animals and men . . . "From that awakening," Eddie told me, "life ceased to confine itself to my own mortal span of three-score years and ten. Darwin did more for me than any other influence of thought. When I read Darwin I understood that life—the spark of it, the impetus—is always the same, unquenchable, everlasting."

So, when the time came for Eddie to think out his part in "Five Star Final," he argued to himself: "Everybody, at one time or another, has been forced to do something that he didn't want to do—some important thing. If I can show that in my acting, everyone in the audience will understand—because I'll be showing them something they know from their own experience."

I have said already that Mr. Robinson is an intellectual. Usually we are led to think that a person of intellect is not a practical person. I believe it is time for us to learn to ignore critics who use the word *intellectual* as a synonym for *soft-minded*.

The leading intellectuals of today are a pretty hard-working, pretty hard-boiled crowd. There are few pampered darlings among them. For example, consider Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, or Ernest Hemingway, the author, or Diego Rivera, the Mexican mural painter. All of them deal in dramatic realities. They know their world—the best and the worst.

As an actor, Edward G. Robinson belongs with them, I think. He takes his job seriously; is not afraid to find drama in the depths of

human squalor, is not afraid to brave the snickering low-brows when he finds life splendid and poetic.

That is one difference between the intellectuals and the commercials—the intellectuals are not afraid to give their best.

Eddie Robinson is a conscientious workman. During his last visit to New York he saw every play there was to see. He went to the theater every night. On matinee days he took in two shows. That was how he spent his *vacation*—and the total spells work, not fun. After seeing each play he went over it in his mind—pulled every scene to pieces, estimated the theater-value of each line, decided why the actors had excelled in their parts, or how they might have bettered their work. I know how intensely Eddie analyzes a play. Going with him to Sean O'Casey's "Within the Gates" cost me a new pair of suede shoes.

[T costs Gladys Robinson—Eddie's wife—a pair of evening slippers, also. But the experience was worth it. We saw the play together. We emerged from the theater upon a puddled New York—a muddy and drizzling Manhattan.

"Let's walk," said Eddie. "I want to think about this show. I can think better in the fresh air."

Gladys is a pal. I am a pal. We walked. Eddie thought about the play.

We landed in a squall of rain behind the New York Public Library. We couldn't find our way out. In the end we discovered Forty-Second Street, and hailed a taxi-cab. We coaxed Eddie into the cab, and drove home.

He went on thinking about the play.

The Sex-Jinx On Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

give Hollywood the opportunity to stamp you with devilishness, you just might as well frame that first contract.

There may never be another!

Claudette Colbert could tell you a great deal about this . . . the same Claudette who was so recently pulled out of the also-ran class and was salvaged just in the nick of time for the Academy Award.

Several important things happened to Claudette at just the psychological moment when her career had begun to gasp and sink for the third time:

ONE—after years of nice, wholesome-girl publicity with Claudette balking at even negligée scenes on the screen—she did a right-about-face and played first *Poppa* in "The Sign of the Cross" and then *Cleopatra* in a ravishing mood and a couple of glass beads! Which, incidentally, revealed the luscious Colbert figure for the first good close-ups.

Two—the cloak of that "ideal romance" dropped from her marriage to Norman Foster.

Three—a brand new and exciting romance rumor, in the person of a handsome young doctor, cropped startlingly into her private life!

The natives who had begun to be pretty darn forgetful of Claudette in remembering Joan and Jean and Mae suddenly got around to wondering what they had been overlooking . . . and to wonder is to talk in Hollywood. Quite unexpectedly the private life of Claudette became the burning question of the town. And

it's funny how Hollywood whispers that start in the Trocadero or the Brown Derby have a way of wafting towards the front office. As Hollywood talked, *la* Colbert (previously just Claudette) soared in four of the best pictures of the past twelve months.

Joel McCrea's experience with the sex-blight on stardom was just the reverse. Joel started out like a house afire, or a chainletter epidemic, with every star in town bidding for his services. This was back in the days before Frances Dee, when Joel was alternating Clover Club dates with Connie Bennett (before Gilbert Roland), Gloria Swanson (before Herbert Marshall) and Mary Pickford (after Douglas Fairbanks). Maybe it is only coincidental that Joel's temporary elfoldo on the screen began with his love story with Frances . . . and didn't end until he made a fresh start in the rôle of the philandering young doctor in "Private Worlds." On second thought, I haven't seen many pictures lately of Joel and Frances and the baby, who have all probably decided that the best way to be happily married in Hollywood and still retain your professional thrill-voltage is to be quiet about it!

JOEL could probably tell Robert Young, late of M-G-M, several words to the wise on concentrating all personal publicity on a happy marriage. It isn't fair to say that Bob's happy marriage, his nicely regulated life, and his normal personality are responsible for the run of dull parts that drove him to request a release from his contract. After all, Robert

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D.D.D. Prescription

Montgomery, Clark Gable and Fredric March and any number of It-boys of the screen have the same wives they started with in Hollywood. Yet that non-sex label is being tacked on Mr. Young and it's doing him no good at all!

In the beginning of his career, in those first reputation-building days that are so important, Clark Gable was *aided* by the cheerful gossip (it proved to be untrue—but what does that matter?) that his marriage was going on the rocks and that he'd probably marry Joan Crawford, or Jean Harlow, or both, as soon as they were all free.

Crazy, of course, but it served its purpose of stimulating interest in him and keeping it at fever heat.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY weathered an epidemic of rumors and denials of a cream-puff romance of the musical comedy motif with a mysterious Miss X of Hollywood.

Freddy March has a grand flare for managing to be very happily married in the background and judging beauty contests in the foreground.

But Bob Young was *just* happily married! There was nothing to rumor about and practically nothing in his private life to rate even a veiled reference in the popular lowdown columns.

Just how well Robert Taylor will manage in the spot left vacant by Bob Young at the same studio remains to be seen. He is highly amused at being "campaigning" into romance rumors because it's good for him, like spinach or something. But he's going about the business of being "interested" in little Jean Parker, his co-star, with good natured willing-

ness. Jean's nice about it, too. In other words, while Bob would just as soon stick to the acting end of it and try to get along with what honors he can garner in that field—if the daily chatter column stuff is supposed to be part of the stardom racket he's willing to give it a whirl.

From a witness stand in a divorce court Elissa Landi complained that her Hollywood reputation of being a "cold woman" was ruining her film career.

[T was probably a strain on the court to understand why strict adherence to the spirit, as well as the letter of marriage, should ruin a lady's standing in a community. But as Elissa explained it:

"I was *too* careful in sparing my husband the embarrassment of any rumors that might get back to England about my conduct in Hollywood. As a result, I never went anywhere—accepted no invitations from even casual escorts. I believe this mode of life was definitely harmful to my career. Hollywood began to criticize me as 'the woman of ice.' Reviewers pretended they saw my cold attitude reflected in my work. It became the regular thing to read: 'Miss Landi gives her usual frigid interpretation of the rôle.'

"Naturally, this influenced producers who believed I could not play warmer, more exciting rôles."

WHEN the court recovered its honorable breath it granted Elissa a divorce, obligingly removing the sexless blight on her starring escutcheon. Elissa began stepping out and into a new Paramount contract. In "Enter Madame" she made her *début* in a rôle that

would have been peppy even for Lupe. But the transformation was probably too quick. Hollywood didn't believe in a red-hot Elissa—and there hasn't been a rôle for her since, even a chilly one.

Charles (Head Man) Boyer made three trips to Hollywood before he managed to even stir a ripple. The first time we West Coast glamour-lovers got a glimpse of Charles he left us cold. Most of his time was spent pal-ing around with his good friend, Maurice Chevalier. The second time, when he arrived on the scene for "Caravan," he met and fell in love with and married Pat Paterson.

This was downright discouraging. But this third time!

[N "Private Worlds" the fascinating Frenchman did himself all right. But it wasn't until the report leaked out that Katharine Hepburn was actually flirting with him on the sets of "Break of Hearts" that Mons Boyer really went to town! It didn't matter whether there was an ounce of truth in the idea. It never does. The good actor of yesterday became the personality of the hour! It was the piquant sauce of sex-appeal that almost always turned the trick.

Mr. Boyer should be practically set from here on in. Without worry he may make the evening trek up the hill to home and Pat Paterson every night and settle down to his pipe and books, happy in the knowledge that Hollywood thinks he's a very devilish sort of guy.

For Hollywood, unlike *la belle* Glyn who originated the idea, doesn't care whether you have it or not . . . if you only can make 'em think you have!

The Shadow Stage

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 |

THE NIT WITS—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case are at their funniest. The gags and giggles and roars are so fast you have to hang on or roll in the aisle. They use every device for laughs known to man, including a truth machine. It is rowdy, hilarious, and not a dull moment. Betty Grable is the girl. Hale Hamilton, Evelyn Brent, Fred Keating and others.

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount

DON'T let the title fool you here. No merely merry campus hi-jinks but a clever, swift-paced double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash and a capable cast of young players act out a sometime illogical but always thrilling crime problem. You won't guess the answer until the very end, Watson.

THE ARIZONIAN—RKO-Radio

A REAL he-man named Richard Dix inflates his chest and follows it slowly toward the big bad villains, scaring them speechless. This is a perfectly swell Western with stagecoach hold-ups and all the trimmings. Margot Grahame is a lovely *Kitty Rivers*, Preston

Foster a dashing reformed bad man, Louis Calhern the crooked sheriff, James Bush the hero's brother. A good stirring evening.

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M

[F this took place on Gilbert and Sullivan's 'H.M.S. Pinafore, the audience would know what to expect, but on one of Uncle Sam's battleships, it's unbelievable and unintelligent. Robert Taylor looks good but goes "melo." Jean Parker doesn't register, Una Merkel is cute and Mary Doran splendid in a bit. But it is Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton who save the film from a sad fate.

THE HEADLINE WOMAN—Mascot

A WELL-PACED and entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue and old-timer Ford Sterling, plus many other familiar faces. Dialogue is above par and the amusing story involves murder in a casual manner. Roger takes care of the editor's daughter when she is suspected, and it all works out fine.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE— Select—RKO Release

THIS American classic has suffered from the censor's scissors, but emerges an interesting effort. The locale is a St. Louis gambling

house in 1870. Helen Morgan is the well-cast *Frankie*, Chester Morris is the great lover—and Lilyan Tashman is *Nellie Bly*. It is a simple, unsophisticated story in this version. Negro spirituals and Southern atmosphere lend color. But not a note of "Frankie and Johnnie"!

THE HEALER—Monogram

RALPH BELLAMY, "the healer," is content to work modest miracles with crippled children until Judith Allen comes along and lures him into a big nassy sanitarium. But a roaring forest fire shows him the error of his ways and he returns to Karen Morley, Mickey Rooney, J. Farrell MacDonald, and the others at his old stand. A trifle labored and obvious

KLIU—Bennett Pictures

THE film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey is a fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama. Primitive tribesmen of little known Indo-China supply the cast, together with the marquis himself. He photographs remarkably well. "Kliou" means "Tiger," and the action concerns mainly a tiger hunt by a native Nimrod. Exquisite scenery paints some beautiful pictures with Technicolor. It's silent. You'll enjoy it very much.

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

HOW the year rolls around. But speed makes for pleasure when it concerns the coming of the next annual convention of the fan clubs throughout the country. Chicago seems to be the lucky spot again, and the dates have been set as August 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, for the 1935 convention.

The Movie Club Guild of Chicago, sponsoring the big fan club get-together of the year, announce that they are completing details for the program of events to be offered the delegates. Many entertainment features will please the fans as well as the regular business sessions to be held during the three days in Chicago.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the convention last year know well the happy time and profitable experiences to be gained from such a meeting of movie-minded fans. It is hoped that many who were unable to attend last year's convention will be on hand for the one this year.

Clubs wishing to send delegates are invited to correspond with the headquarters of the Movie Club Guild, 4822 North Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure to get your reservations in early.

Congratulations to Chaw Mank, down in Staunton, Illinois. The poetry corner he is encouraging in the Movie Fan Friendship Club news is really something for a club to brag about. The club, by the way, is to celebrate its tenth birthday soon. Chaw also has the Dick Powell club. Although it is only two years old, this club has a membership of over a thousand. Why not drop Chaw Mank a line, if you want a line on these clubs?

Minnette Shermak, president of the Jean Harlow Club, hears many nice things from Miss Harlow. The following paragraph in a recent letter from this glamorous star to the president of her clubs shows Jean's fine appreciation of her faithful fans. It reads:

"Minnette dear, I do so greatly appreciate the kind thoughts that were sent me on my birthday through the medium of hundreds of

letters, cards and gifts. May I take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you."

Since the above appeared in the club news, "The Platinum Page," naturally all of Jean Harlow's club friends read her message to them. The club address is 328 East 90th Street, New York City.

Members of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club are excited about their Honorary President's latest Hollywood efforts. Buddy is to be seen very soon in RKO-Radio's "Old Man Rhythm." Being an expert musician and band leader, Charles (Buddy) Rogers is sure to please his host of faithful fans, and every movie audience as well. Write to Marilyn Bonnell, 2339 W. Lisbon Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., for news about joining.

The Movie Club Guild of Chicago reports a very successful dinner recently given by members of the various clubs of their association for Lina Basquette. Jackie Heller, radio star, Mr. and Mrs. Art Jarett (Eleanor Holm) were also guests. It was held at the famous College Inn.

Rose Badali, 4418 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., reports that the Dolores Del Rio club is growing by leaps and bounds, with many new fans joining every month. Write her for details.

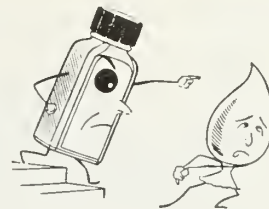
Capable Helen Moltz, Route No. 2, Sheboygan, Wis., president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, certainly reflects the intelligent stand of the numerous fan clubs throughout the country regarding the "chain letter hokum" which has flooded every city. In the club news she writes:

"Fan Clubs and their leaders especially should not do things like sending these letters on. People will form the wrong opinion of fan clubs, just like the chain-letter. We want to prove to the public that we stand for fair play. Let's all do our part."

An interesting club news from the Alice White Fan Club just arrived. It is a most interesting account of club activities and greetings. This club is restricted to girls.



Jack Kirkland, Nancy Carroll's and Jayne Shadduck's "ex," seen with his latest enthusiasm, June Travis, formerly June Grabiner



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With Will Rogers on the Set

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Bill is grand about things like that.

"Wal," he drawled with one of those sly grins of his, "I guess I sort of gave you a precedent to go by, didn't I?"

Bill always talks exactly the way he writes, but he sometimes has an awful time writing like he talks. That's why we frequently have to wait for him on the set—he's always right on time at the studio, but try to find him! He parks his car at odd places and gets out his portable typewriter to write his daily newspaper comment, which has to be at the telegraph office by four P.M. the previous day, and that's why he so everlastingly reads those endless stacks of newspapers and periodicals on the set. He keeps himself informed right up to the minute on current events everywhere, and the fund of information which he always has right on tap couldn't be duplicated outside of an encyclopedia.

DON'T let anybody tell you that he just dashes off those shrewd, homely comments of his on the spur of the moment. I have known him to scratch his head for hours searching for just the right one. He has a word sense which amounts to an instinct, and those few apparently careless paragraphs of his which you read at the breakfast table each morning are as carefully thought out as your income-tax statement.

With his writing, radio and speeches, it is no wonder that every Rogers film is scheduled to start when Rogers is ready, not when the studio is. He is the only star in the industry who can, and does, hold up pictures already prepared until it suits him to begin on them.

But Bill, according to all official compilations of box-office figures, is by far the biggest draw in the industry, with Clark Gable second and Janet Gaynor third. When you have the magnetism that makes the shekels ring you can have clauses like that in your contract.

Moreover, it's nice to work with Bill because he never works nights or Sundays as other stars frequently have to do. On his last picture he did work one Sunday, but it wasn't because we were three days behind schedule. It was merely because Mrs. Rogers had gone to New York to see their daughter Mary and Bill was lonesome.

"Don't have nothin' else to do so might as well work," was his gracious rejoinder to the director's tentative request.

Notwithstanding all the things he has to do and all the deadlines he has to catch, Bill still finds plenty of time on the set for twirling his rope, which is in constant attendance with a prop boy to attend it like a groom looks after a horse. If Bill isn't reading those newspapers he's clowning, and if he isn't clowning he's walking up and down the stage with his head bent forward muttering to himself. That's when he manufactures those homilies of his, and nobody ever interrupts him. I've seen the entire company wait for an hour, cameras ready but everybody from director to grips as quiet as mice, because Bill was somewhere in the middle of a brainstorm. When he came out of it he didn't know he'd been in it longer than a minute; he'd clap his hands together in that way he has and shout: "Let's knock on 'em"—his equivalent of let's go—and "Well, what's holding us up? Ain't we ready yet?"

His clowning usually takes the form of las-

soing people and things with his rope, and sometimes the results are a bit disastrous. While we were making "Mr. Skitch" he was twirling it between shots in the print shop scene, where there was a shelf loaded with everything from soup to nuts including one solitary beer bottle. Of course Bill lassoed the beer bottle and of course the bottle came down on Sterling Holloway's head. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt.



Constance Cummings following her successful Broadway stage season will go into Reliance's "Amateur Girl," with Robert Young opposite

All the time, on that same picture, he and Harry Green vied with each other in putting on a show for the mob of kids, Bill with his rope and Harry with a deck of cards with which he does marvelous tricks. It was really remarkable to see how those two competed for that kid audience; Bill Rogers, the highest paid star in pictures who could fill any auditorium in America a dozen times over any time he chose to appear, would rush out after finishing a scene to where Harry was showing off his card tricks to the kids and yell, twirling his rope:

"**H**HEY, kids, here I come. Never mind those foolish cyard tricks—come an' watch this!"

Bill always plays to the electricians and other workmen on every picture. When he makes a crack he listens for the laugh from the

men operating the lights high up in the rafters—and if the laugh doesn't come Bill discards the line. This method of his may spoil the first take, but if he gets the laugh Bill doesn't need to know what an audience will do. The electricians have already told him.

He's Bill to all of them equally. Any Rogers set is always a procession of distinguished visitors, to all of whom Bill can talk at ease, but he's apt at any time to forget any of them for a grip or a carpenter to whom he's talking. And it's nothing to have an electrician yell down from the roof:

"Hey, Bill, don't move so fast—I can't keep this inkie on you!"

Busy as he always is, it's the hardest thing in the world to get Bill actually to begin a scene. He'll sit there reading, or he'll play on with his rope, answering the director: "Sure I'll be there in a minute—be there in a minute." Sometimes his minute lengthens to half an hour. But he hasn't been only reading or whirling that lariat. He's been thinking something out and when he does the scene the something is in it.

When he does get on the scene, he is impatient of all detail. He always wears that shoe-string tie, of course, and one of the wardrobe girls is always trying to fix it. "Aw, leave it alone," Bill growls, "it'll never show on a big screen with loud music." That's his eternal answer to trifling details such as whether he was holding this in that hand or not, or whether he was standing here or there. Meticulous about things which really count, Bill pays no attention whatever to those he thinks unimportant.

SOMETIMES, however, even he doesn't get away with it. There was the time in "Mr. Skitch." You'll remember that in the picture a family left home in an antiquated automobile and went on tour—Bill, ZaSu Pitts, who played his wife, myself, two twins, another boy, and a dog. We were all crowded in that tin lizzie day after day for weeks, and although we were supposed to have visited Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon and a lot of other resorts, we actually stayed right on that same set, strewn with a foot of dirt on the floor, while the scenery moved past us.

Every morning when we got in that car the prop boys would shower us liberally all over with Fuller's earth, so that we should look properly and uniformly travel-stained. It was this rite that Bill insisted was a mere detail; he said that a little Fuller's earth more or less would never be missed by an audience.

"Besides," he said, "I don't like the tickle of it going down my neck!"

He had to lump it, though, and so did the rest of us. That was the most monotonous picture—from our point of view, I mean—that I hope ever to work on. It seemed ages that we had to stay there, with more Fuller's earth being blown in our faces by wind machines for dust and the car being bounced on two-by-fours for motion, while Bill steered in obedience to signals given him by a prop boy with a handkerchief as the turns in the road went by behind us. Our outdoor life consisted of one exterior scene, and that on the studio back lot, but we got all the disadvantages of a trans-continental trek!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

IN 1920 the child wonder of the screen was little Bobby Kelso King Vidor was directing the three-year-old in "The Jack-Knife Man" and having plenty of trouble. For Bobby had just learned that "I don't want to," brought musical tops, colored chalk, and maybe even a live rabbit out of Vidor's pockets. Anyhow Bobby was great in the film when it was finally finished!



BOBBY KELSO

The happy romance of the day was lovely Louise Huff and her husband, Edwin Stillman. Last we heard, they were still living happily ever after. Mildred Davis was called successor to Bebe Daniels. Imagine Bebe having a successor fifteen years ago? Miss Daniels continued through many seasons of screen success after that, and it was Mildred who retired and settled down, happily, as the wife of Harold

Lloyd. The rotogravure section featured Priscilla Dean, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce (who had just become Mrs. James Regan), Renee Adoree, Doris May, and Mary Miles Minter wearing the duckiest South Seas Island costume. The story entitled, "The Truth About Mae Murray," assured her admirers that Mae was just as glamorous and exciting off the screen as on Little

Jimmie Rogers (Will's son) was gathering laurels for his performance with his Dad in the film, "Jes Call Me Jim." Best films of the month included "Romance," with Doris Keane, Basil Sidney and Norman Trevor; "The Dark Mirror" starring Dorothy Dalton, the Rex Beach story, "The Silver Horde;" Olive Thomas in "The Flapper." Mae Murray was the cover girl.

10 Years Ago

STANDARDS of camera beauty certainly have changed! Leading cameramen ten years ago, listing specifications for film success, voted for black or dark brown eyes, black or auburn hair, height of five feet four inches, weight one hundred and twenty pounds. Today Hollywood unanimously prefers blonde heroines to brunettes, and it is conceded that light hair photographs much more successfully than dark. In the same issue the ten most beautiful women on the screen were named. They were: Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen, May Allison, Corinne Griffith, Nita Naldi, Mary Astor, Barbara LaMarr, Pola Negri, May McAvoy, Alice Terry. Mary Astor is the only one of the group now prominent in movies. America was shocked by the uncovering of an alleged plot



PAULINE STARKE

to kidnap Mary Pickford and hold her for a two hundred thousand dollar ransom. Richard Dix had a bet up that he would be married within a year. But it was six years later he married Winifred Coe, and the marriage ended in 1933. He's married now to Virginia Webster. A story titled, "The Girl Without 'It'" was about Pauline Starke, whose greatest asset was her naturalness and charm. Best films of the month were: "Sally of the Sawdust," with Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields; Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q, Son of Zorro;" the German screen version of Wagner's opera "Siegfried;" the Western thriller, "Black Cyclone;" "I'll Show You the Town," with Reginald Denny, Marian Nixon and Lilyan Tashman. Cover girl: Dorothy Gish.

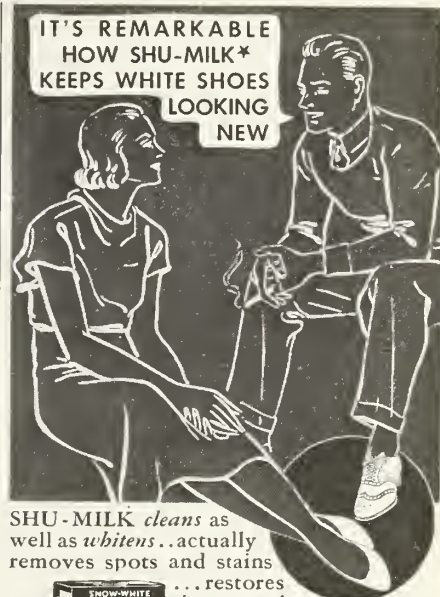
5 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD'S most glittering triangle in 1930 was Gloria, Connie and the Marquis. With Swanson since married to and divorced from Michael Farmer and Miss Bennett wed to the titled gentleman, the triangle has been squared. But the names are still news. Janet Gaynor was at war, fighting against the rah-rah rôles, such as her part in "Sunny Side Up." She refused to sing or dance on the screen again. "What About Mary and Doug?" was the leading question of the day with "Will Norma Shearer Retire?" running a close second. You know the answers. Jacqueline Logan had deserted Hollywood for British films and was having a grand time in good old London. But the lady of the moment over seas was Marie Dressler. She crossed to make a personal appearance at the



JACQUELINE LOGAN

London Empire, and they had to call out the bobbies to save her from enthusiastic mobs. The new find on the Paramount lot was Ginger Rogers. Ginger had just clicked as the dumb-bell girl friend of Charlie Ruggles in "Young Man of Manhattan." Remember? It was Claudette Colbert's picture. "What Garbo Thinks of Hollywood" was the big story of this issue. She hasn't changed her mind apparently. But five years ago people were still saying her seclusion was a press agent's stunt. Best films this month were: Garbo and Lewis Stone in "Romance;" "With Byrd at the South Pole;" Lon Chaney and Lila Lee in "The Unholy Three;" Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames in "Holiday;" Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris in "The Big House." Garbo, cover.



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With Will Rogers on the Set

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

In the midst of all this real discomfort Bill's temper was always at its sweetest. Sometimes, when everything is going smoothly, he'll get just a little bit testy over this or that; when he gets enthused over anything he stutters. But at that time he kept us all laughing and good-humored between shots with witty cracks that were superbly spontaneous. And once, when he had missed his dialogue and threw me off, he even apologized.

"I'm sorry, Ro-shelley," he said. That was all, but it was a lot from Bill. It was the only time I ever heard him apologize to anyone for anything. He calls me Ro-shelley and I always call him Uncle Bill.

THAT has nothing whatever to do with the fact that I was born in his home town of Claremore, Oklahoma. I moved from Claremore to Oklahoma City when I was three years old, and I never met Bill at all until we began the first picture together. All I remember about Claremore is that it smells to high heaven of radium water—and I'll stick to that no matter how Bill boosts it in his papers.

Bill is really fond of Claremore, though, and is especially nice to any one who comes to see him from there.

Bill is perhaps the world's most widely-travelled citizen with the home-town feeling completely untouched.

That old-home-town psychology stood him in good stead in "Life Begins." There is a scene in the picture where we all have to do an old-fashioned square dance, and the studio started to employ an instructor to show us how. Bill hit the roof. "What," he yelled, "teach me to do a square dance!"

The upshot of it was that Bill himself taught the whole company that square dance, with all those variations of his own. And if you think he can only twirl a rope, you should see him out-kick any chorus girl! In the scene there were Chinese lanterns strung over the yard and Bill, feeling like one of his own colts that day, started in to kick one of them. He could do it, too, and although the lantern was higher than his head to begin with the boys kept raising it higher and Bill kept right on kicking it. Ultimately, however, he found out that he was no longer a colt after all, for while kicking it the last time he collapsed, all in, and couldn't work any more that day.

In Judge Priest there was a taffy-pulling scene for which the studio also employed an expert taffy-puller—but again Bill would have none of it. "What d'ye mean—I've pulled taffy in the best states in the Union," he cried, "and I can pull taffy now!" He pulled the taffy. And he played the fiddle when the cut came of the fiddlers at the square-dance. Further, he kept on playing it all afternoon when he should have been acting instead.

WE don't mind those little antics of his a bit. They give us all a nice rest and a good show. You get a lot of breaks in a Rogers picture, anyway, especially if you're an ingénue, because Bill is the exact opposite of a lens hog. Instead of hogging the camera he lets you have all the breaks in photography. As long as he can do the talking he'll let you do the posing.

Just the same he's a scene-stealer with a vengeance if he happens to feel that way. I

remember in particular one scene which he was doing with Jane Darwell, who was playing Bill's next door neighbor in the film; it was legitimately her scene, and in it she had to make a long, impassioned speech.

All the time she was speaking her dialogue Bill was standing just behind her, not doing a thing, except to eat a banana. The scene was long and Bill finished the banana; he looked around for something else to do, still without interrupting the speech. Jane, facing the camera in close-up didn't know he was doing

watch Bill making those faces over that banana and that chicken-leg. He had lifted that whole scene as completely as a burglar lifts the family jewels.

He ducks still pictures completely if he can and never goes to the gallery for portraits.

"Let Ro-shelley go," he'll say, "they'd much rather look at her than at this homely mug of mine."

"But, Bill," the photographer will protest, "we've already had Rochelle—"

"Well, take her agin," Bill will say, and go ambling off to his car.

He was trying to open a can in a scene one day when he looked up and ad libbed: "I don't think the American emblem should be a Blue Eagle at all—I think it should be a can-opener. I'm goin' to take it up with Congress, too."

That is still in the picture, and it is a good example of just how Rogers pictures happen. No author who ever wrote a Rogers script ever recognized his handiwork in the screen, least of all Lamar Trotti, who wrote a story around the title for "Life Begins at 40." It was a grand script, too, but Bill, knowing how he had Rogersized it, would put his hand before his eyes whenever he saw Trotti coming on the set and yell in a stage whisper to the whole company:

"Jiggers, here comes the author. Now, nobody knows nothin', see?"

Even Bill's lines sometimes fail to accomplish their purpose, however, and such a time was that when a high-caste Hindu from India visited him on the set with his complete retinue. The Indian, Bill learned, had taken a vow of silence; no word was to pass his lips for five years.

"I'll bet I kin make him talk," Bill determined, and turned himself on at his loudest and funniest. Everything was passed on to the Hindu by an interpreter, and he laughed uproariously at Bill's sallies; Bill really was outdoing himself. He kept it up for almost an hour, working harder than he has in all likelihood ever worked on any stage, and the Indian laughed and laughed. We on the set were in hysterics. But the Indian never spoke a word.

"Aw, well," Bill finally said in disgust as the Hindu left, "I know why it's so easy for him to keep quiet. I'll bet he's married to a whole harem and don't know *how* to talk any more."

Everybody knows Bill Rogers, or think they do. His face and mannerisms, his speech and witticisms, are as familiar and fit their taste as comfortably as an old shoe. But few people realize the keen mind, the analytical brain the endless hours of work, thought and study behind every apparently careless word and gesture which gives them so much pleasure.

When Garbo is through work for the day—whether the director thinks he is or not—she simply says, "I t'ank I go home now;" or so those who work with her tell us. Bill has a formula all his own. Personally I start putting things away in my make-up box when I hear Bill begin to yell:

"Santa Monica Canyon! Santa Monica Canyon!"

He'll keep it up until the director nods and calls the set, because when Bill yells "Santa Monica Canyon," where his ranch is, it means he's through for the day.



When a girl looks like that in a swim suit, she should never go in the water. Madge Evans wears a smart suit of turquoise blue satin

anything, but Bill came up with a chicken-leg next and started eating that.

When we saw the rushes in the projection-room none of us were able to watch Jane or listen to what she was saying. We *had* to

Addresses of the Stars

SWEET DREAMS

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Walter C. Kelly
Lois Kent
Jan Kiepura

Elissa Landi
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Maxine Reiner
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Fred Stone
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blone
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Jane Darwell
Rosita Diaz
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Tito Guizar
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Arlene Judge
Paul Kelly

Walter King
Rosina Lawrence
Charles Locher
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Jackie Searl
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
James Blakeley
Nana Bryant
Jack Buckler
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Douglas Dumbrille
Lilian Harvey
Arthur Hohl

Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
Tim McCoy
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Barbara Kent
June Knight
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchof
William Powell
Carl Randall
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Douglas Fowley
Valerie Hobson
Henry Hull
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King
Frank Lawton

Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Joel McCrea
Lester Matthews
Henry Mullinson
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Mary Wallace
Irene Ware
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Nan Gray
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
June Martell
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Jack Norton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave. Hollywood.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE



Nefertiti, Egyptian queen, was called one of the most beautiful women of all time. Rita Cansino is shown made up to play her part in Fox's "Charlie Chan in Egypt"

"AGE OF INDISCRETION"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lenore Coffee. Screen play by Leon Gordon and Otis Garrett. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Robert Lenhart*, Paul Lukas; *Maxine Bennett*, Madge Evans; *Eve Lenhart*, Helen Vinson; *Emma Shaw*, May Robson; *Bill Lenhart*, David Jack Holt; *Felix Shaw*, Ralph Forbes; *Jean Oliver*, Catharine Doucet; *Mrs. Williams*, Beryl Mercer; *Mr. Adams*, Minor Watson; *Dotty*, Shirley Ross; *Miles*, Stuart Casey; *Gus*, Adrian Morris; *Judge*, George Irving.

"ALIAS MARY DOW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Forrest Halsey and Wm. Allen Johnston. Screen play by Gladys Unger, Rose Franken and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Sally*, Sally Eilers; *Peter Marshall*, Ray Milland; *Henry Dow*, Henry O'Neill; *Evelyn Dow*, Katharine Alexander; *Rufe*, Clarence Muse; *Jimmy*, Chick Chandler; *Mina*, Lola Lane.

"ARIZONIAN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: *Clay Tallant*, Richard Dix; *Orin Tallant*, James Bush; *Kitty Rivers*, Margot Grahame; *Jake Mannen*, Louis Calhern; *Ed Comstock*, Francis Ford; *Tex Randolph*, Preston Foster; *Shotgun Keeler*, Joe Sauers; *Frank McClosky*, Ray Mayer; *Pompey*, Willie Best; *Sarah*, Hattie McDaniels; *Old Man Redfern*, Pardner Jones; *Abel Redfern*, Ted Oliver; *Jason Redfern*, Robert Kortmann; *Tom Redfern*, George Lollier; *Smith*, John Cough; *Shakespeare*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Jim*, Joe Rickson; *Bob Henry*, Tom Brower; *Sam Corliss*, Wilfred Lucas; *Bert*, Russ Powell.

"BLACK SHEEP"—Fox.—From the story by Allan Dwan. Screen play by Allen Rivkin. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *John Francis Dugan*, Edmund Lowe; *Janette Foster*, Claire Trevor; *Fred Curtis*, Tom Brown; *Colonel Upton Calhoun Belcher*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Millicent Caldwell Bath*, Adrienne Ames; *Oscar*, Herbert Mundin; *Mather*, Ford Sterling; *Orville Schmelling*, Jed Prouty; *Alfred Schmelling*, Billy Bevan; *Captain Savage*, David Torrence.

"BREAK OF HEARTS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Lester Cohen. Screen play by Sarah Y. Mason. Victor Heerman and Anthony Veiller. Directed by Philip Moeller. The cast: *Constance*, Katharine Hepburn; *Roberti*, Charles Boyer; *Johnny*, John Beal; *Talma*, Jean Hersholt; *Marx*, Sam Hardy; *Miss Wilson*, Inez Courtney; *Sylvia*, Helene Millard; *Pazzini*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Elise*, Susan Fleming; *Schubert*, Lee Kohlmar; *Didi*, Jean Howard; *Phyllis*, Anne Grey.

"CHINATOWN SQUAD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by L. G. Blochman. Screen play by Dore

Schary. Directed by Murray Roth. The cast: *Tea Lacey*, Lyle Talbot; *Janet Baker*, Valerie Hobson; *Sergei McLeash*, Hugh O'Connell; *George Mason*, Andy Devine; *John Yee*, E. Alyn Warren; *Quong*, Leslie Fenton; *Albert Raybold*, Clay Clement; *Palmer*, Bradley Page; *William Ward*, Arthur Hoyt; *Lieu Norris*, Wallis Clarke; *Wanda*, Toshia Mori; also Tom Dugan, Jack Mulhall, James Flavin, King Baggot, Otis Harlan, Ed LeSaint and Edward Earle

"COLLEGE SCANDAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Millhauser. Screen play by Frank Partos, Charles Brackett and Marguerite Roberts. The cast: *Sally Dunlap*, Arline Judge; *Seth Dunlap*, Kent Taylor; *Julie Fresnel*, Wendy Barrie; *Chief of Police Magoun*, William Frawley; *Cuffie Lewis*, Benny Baker; *Penny Parker*, William Benedict; *Mrs. Fresnel*, Mary Nash; *Jake Lansing*, Edward Nugent; *Prof. Henri Fresnel*, William Stack; *Paul Godney*, Johnny Downs; *Dan Courtride*, Douglas Blackley; *Toby Carpenter*, Joyce Compton; *Mr. Cummings*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Dean Traynor*, Douglas Wood; *Dean Elton*, Margaret Armstrong.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER"—BRITISH & DOMINIONS UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Margaret Kennedy. Directed by Dr. Paul Czinner. The cast: *Gemma*, Elisabeth Bergner; *Sebastian*, Hugh Sinclair; *Caryl*, Griffith Jones; *Sir Ivor McLean*, Leon Quartermaine; *Lady McLean*, Irene Vanbrugh; *Fenella Penelope Budley-Ward*; *Herr Heinrich*, Lyn Harding; *Teremicherva*, Rosalinde Fuller.

"FLAME WITHIN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Mary White*, Ann Harding; *Gordon Phillips*, Herbert Marshall; *Lillian Belton*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Jack Kerry*, Louis Hayward; *Jack Frazier*, Henry Stephenson; *Mrs. Grenfell*, Margaret Seddon; *Riggs*, George Hassell; *Murdock*, Iley Malyon; *Nurse Carter*, Claudelle Kaye.

"FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE"—SELECT-RKO RELEASE.—Directed by John H. Auer. The cast: *Frankie*, Helen Morgan; *Johnnie*, Chester Morris; *Lou*, Florence Reed; *Timothy*, Walter Kingsford; *Curley*, William Harrigan; *Nellie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Andy*, John Larkin; *Mrs. Thornton*, Cora Wither spoon.

"GINGER"—Fox.—From the story by Arthur Kober. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Ginger Jane Withers*; *Rexford Whittington*, O. P. Heggie; *Hamilton Parker*, Jackie Searl; *Mrs. Parker*, Katharine Alexander; *Daniel Parker*, Walter King.

"GIRL FROM 10TH AVENUE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Miriam Brady*, Bette Davis; *Hugh Brown*, John Eldredge; *Mrs. Martin*, Alison Skipworth; *Marland*, Colin Clive; *Clerk*, Gordon Elliott; *Max Andre*, Cheron; *Geoffrey Sherwood*, Ian Hunter; *Tony Hewlett*, Phillip Reed; *Valentine French*, Marland. Kath-

arine Alexander; *Miss Mansfield*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Marcel*, Adrian Rosley.

"GLASS KEY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Kubec Glasmon. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Ed Beaumont*, George Raft; *Paul Madvig*, Edward Arnold; *Janet Henry*, Claire Dodd; *Taylor Henry*, Ray Milland; *Opal Madvig*, Rosalind Keith; *Senator Henry*, Charles Richman; "Mom," Emma Dunn; *Shad O'Rory*, Robert Gleckler; *Jeff*, Guinn Williams; *Clarkie*, Tammany Young; *Henry Sloss*, Harry Tyler; *Farr*, Charles C. Wilson; *Pugsy*, Matt McHugh; *Mulrooney*, Pat Moriarty.

"HEADLINE WOMAN, THE"—MASCOT.—From the story by Jack Natteford and Claire Church. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Myna Van Buren*, Heather Angel; *Bob Grayson*, Roger Pryor; *Zarias*, Jack LaRue; *Hugo Meyer*, Ford Sterling; *Desmond*, Conway Tearle; *Hamilton*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Blair*, Jack Mulhall; *Clarkey*, Morgan Wallace; *Craig*, Russell Hopton; *Murphy*, Sid Saylor; *Johnny Corinti*, Theodore Von Eltz; *O'Shay*, George Lewis; *Johnson*, Ward Bond; *Ernie*, Harry Bowen; *Flanagan Wade Boteler*; *Fielding*, Wheeler Oakman; *Bradley Warner Richmond*; *Page*, Lynton Brent; *Duffy*, George Hayes; *Head Waiter*, Eddie Hearn; *Taxi Driver*, Jack Raymond; *Trini*, Lillian Miles; *Chase*, Robert Gleckler; *Baker*, Allen Bridge; *Sadie*, Joan Standing; *Coroner*, Lloyd Ingram; *Ist Waiter*, Tony Martelli; *Croupier*, Charles Regan; *Taxi Driver*, Guy Kingsford.

"HEALER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Robert Herrick. Adapted by James Knox Millen and John Goodrich. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Dr. Holden*, Ralph Bellamy; *Evelyn*, Karen Morley; *Jimmy*, Mickey Rooney; *Joan*, Judith Allen; *Bradshaw*, Robert McWade; *Dr. Thornton*, Bruce Warren; *Applejack*, J. Farrell Mac Donald; *Martha*, Vessie Farrell.

"HOORAY FOR LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Marc Lachman. Screen play by Lawrence Hazard and Ray Harris. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Pat*, Ann Sothern; *Doug*, Gene Raymond; *Bill*, Bill Robinson; *Commodore*, Thurston Hall; *Trixie*, Pert Kelton; *Duchess Georgia Caine*; *Chowsky*, Lionel Stander; *Judge*, Etienne Girardot; *Regan*, Harry Kernell; *Ganz*, Sam Hardy; *Grady*, Eddie Kane; *Hedron*, Brady Kline; *Robini*, Perry Ivins; *Fats*, Fats Waller; *Jeni*, Jen LeGon.

"IN CALIENTE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ralph Block and Warren Duff. Adapted by Jerry Wald and Julius Epstein. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Rita Gomez*, Dolores Del Rio; *Larry MacArthur*, Pat O'Brien; *Jose Gomez*, Leo Carrillo; *Harold*, Edward Everett Horton; *Clara*, Glenda Farrell; *Biggs*, Harry Holman; *Florist*, Herman Bing; *Singer*, Phil Regan; *Entertainer*, Winifred Shaw; *Entertainer*, Olive Jones; *Reporter*, John Hyams; *Miss Larry*, Florence Fair; *Magistrate*, Luis Alberni.



Jimmie Gleason is doing right well by himself, and apparently enjoying it too. And notice his technique, even with gloves. Mrs. Gleason, May Robson, Francis Layman, and Marie Burton watch

Maid, Soledad Jimenez; *Photographer*, Geo. Humbert; *The girl*, Dorothy Dare; *The man*, William Davidson; the DeMarcos and the Judy Canova Family.

"KLIQU"—BENNETT PICTURES.—Edited by Ralph Dietrich. Titled by Paul Perez and Ray Doyle. Directed by Henry de la Falaise. The cast: *The boy*, Bhat; *The girl*, Dhi; *The brother*, Nyan; *The father*, Khan.

"LET 'EM HAVE IT"—RELIANCE-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Joseph Moncure March and Elmer Harris. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Mal Stevens*, Richard Arlen; *Eleanor Spencer*, Virginia Bruce; *Aunt Ethel*, Alice Brady; *Joe Keefer*, Bruce Cabot; *Van Rensseler*, Harvey Stephens; *Buddy Spencer*, Eric Linden; *Barbara*, Joyce Compton; *Tex*, Gordon Jones; *Mr. Keefer*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Keefer*, Bodil Rosing; *Department Chief*, Paul Stanton; *Police Captain*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Ex-Senator Reilly*, Hale Hamilton; *Lola*, Dorothy Appleby; *Milly*, Barbara Pepper; *Thompson*, Matthew Betz; *Big Bill*, Harry Woods; *Pete*, Clyde Dillson; *"Brooklyn"*, Matty Fain; *Sam*, Paul Fix; *Curley*, Donald Kirke; *"Dude"*, Eugene Strong; *Henkel*, Christian Rub; *Mrs. Henkel*, Eleanor Wesselhoelt; *Walton*, Wesley Barry; *Reconstructionist*, Ian Maclaren; *Dr. Hoffman*, George Pauncefort; *Instructor*, Joseph King; *Reynolds*, Clarence Wilson; *Ma Harrison*, Katherine Clare Ward; *Parole Chairman*, Landers Stevens; *Buller*, Sidney Bracy.

"MURDER IN THE FLEET"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edward Sedgwick. Screen play by Frank Wead and Joe Sherman. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Lieutenant Tom Randolph*, Robert Taylor; *Betty Lansing*, Jean Parker; *Mac O'Neill*, Ted Healy; *"Toots"*, Timmons, Una Merkel; *"Spud"*, Burke, Nat Pendleton; *Victor Hanson*, Jean Hersholt; *Captain Winslow*, Arthur Byron; *Lieutenant Arnold*, Frank Shields; *Lieutenant Commander David Tucker*, Donald Cook; *Kamchukan Consul*, Mischa Auer; *Jenny Lane*, Mary Doran; *"Greasy"*, Tom Dugan; *Walter Drake*, Tony Hughes; *Al Duval*, Raymond Hutton; *"Heavy"*, Johnson, Ward Bond; *Harry Jeffries*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Ambrose Justin*, Leila McIntyre; *Mr. Ambrose Justin*, John Hyams.

"NIT WITS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Suggested by a story by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Fred Guiol and Al Boasberg. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Johnnie*, Bert Wheeler; *Newton*, Bob Woolsey; *Mr. Lake*, Hale Hamilton; *Mary Roberts*, Betty Grable; *Mrs. Lake*, Evelyn Brent; *Phyllis*, Dorothy Granger; *Sleepy*, Sleep-N-Eat; *Mr. Clark*, Erik Rhodes; *Mr. Darrel*, Fred Keating; *Lurch*, Arthur Aylesworth; *A crooner in Lake's Publ. House*, Joey Ray; *A girl singer in Lake's*, Joan Andrews.

"NO MORE LADIES"—M-G-M.—From the play by A. E. Thomas. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Marcia*, Joan Crawford; *Sherry*, Robert Montgomery; *Edgar*, Charlie Ruggles; *Jim*, Franchot Tone; *Fanny*, Edna May Oliver; *Theresa*, Gail Patrick; *Oliver*, Reginald Denny; *Lady Diana Moulton*, Vivienne Osborne; *Caroline*, Joan Burfield; *Lord Moulton*, Arthur Treacher; *Duffy*, David Horsley; *Sally*, Jean Chatburn.

"OUR LITTLE GIRL"—FOX.—From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf. Screen play by Stephen Avery and Allen Rivkin. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Molly Middleton*, Shirley Temple; *Elsa Middleton*, Rosemary Ames; *Dr. Donald Middleton*, Joel McCrea; *Rolf*, Brent, Lyle Talbot; *Sarah Boynton*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Circus Performer*, Poodles Hanford; *Amy*, Margaret Armstrong; *Alice*, Rita Owin; *Jackson*, Leonard Carey; *Mr. Tramp*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"PARIS IN SPRING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Dwight Taylor. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Franz Schulz. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Simone*, Mary Ellis; *Paul De Lille*, Tullio Carminati; *Mignon De Charelle*, Ida Lupino; *Dupont*, Lynne Overman; *Grandma Leger*, Jessie Ralph; *Albert De Charelle*, James Blakeley; *Francine*, Dorothea Wolbert; *Buller*, Charles, Harold Entwistle; *Doctor*, Arnold Korff; *Alphonse*, Hugh Enfield; *Etienne*, Joseph North; *Elevator Man*, Jack Raymond; *Clerk*, Sam Ashe; *Cafe Manager*, Akim Tamiroff; *Starter*, Jack Mulhall; *Modiste*, Rolfe Sedan; *Interviewer*, Arthur Housman.

"PUBLIC HERO NO. 1"—M-G-M.—From the story by J. Walter Ruben, and Wells Root. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Doctor*, Lionel Barrymore; *Theresa*, Jean Arthur; *Jeff Crane*, Chester Morris; *Sonny*, Joseph Calleia; *Duff*, Paul Kelly; *Warden Alcott*, Lewis Stone; *Mose*, Sam Baker; *Rufe Parker*, Paul Hurst; *Butch*, George E. Stone; *Truck Driver*, John Kelly; *Simpson*, Selmar Jackson; *Andrews*, Lawrence Wheat; *Little Girl*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mrs. Higgins*, Lillian Harmer.

"UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON"—FOX.—From the story by Gordon Morris. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Bradley King. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Cesar Campo*, Warner Baxter; *Yvonne LaMarr*, Ketti Gallian; *Dancers*, Velox and Yolanda; *Gregory Scott*, John Miljan; *Tito*, J. Carroll Nash; *Mama Pepita*, Soledad Jimenez; *Bazan*, Jack LaRue; *Don Bennett*, George Irving; *Elena*, Blanca Vischer; *Carmen*, Rita Cansino; *Rosa*, Armida; *Mme. LaMarr*, Ann Codee; *Little Jose*, Phillip Cooper; *Pierre*, Paul Porcasi; *Big Jose*, Max Wagner; *Pietro*, Chris Martin.



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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

SATURDAY night is the big night for dates around town—just the way it is where you live. Everybody starts early and continues indefinitely. All but Glenda Farrell. Glenda has no Saturday night dates until her son Tommy goes to bed—and she gets in early because Tommy has to go to Sunday School in the morning! You know, that gay girl Glenda, the life of the party, the best gold digger on the screen? Same girl.

JACK OAKIE, that wit-cracker, wants to know why Paramount went to all the trouble to borrow Margaret Sullavan for "So Red the Rose."

What he can't understand is why they didn't change the title to "So Red the Nose" and star W. C. Fields!

MAY ROBSON has bought Marie Dressler's portable dressing room out at M-G-M. She is going to have it painted outside—but intends to leave the interior exactly as it is, pictures, furnishings and everything. Says she hopes Marie's spirit will help her to be a better actress and make more people happy.

TWO St. Bernard pups, fluffy and fat, are wondering what it's all about here in Hollywood. They're a long way from their native land of Switzerland. Margaret Sullavan picked them up during her European honeymoon jaunt with her husband William Wyler.

They come from a long line of heroic forebears, Maggie claims. Seems that their grandfathers used to rescue stranded travelers in Alpine passes by carrying bread and brandy around their necks. No such bootlegging will be countenanced here, however, says Margaret, unless they learn to tote her the noonday buttermilk.

Still in a dilemma as to names, Maggie thinks they'll probably be christened "Cheese'n Rye," because after all they're Swiss.

NELSON EDDY and Freddie Bartholomew went to San Francisco on a personal appearance tour, and Freddy came back singing. Nelson is seriously giving lessons to the youngster.

ETHEL and George are two falcons with careers in "The Crusades." Moreover Ethel and George have a sense of drama.

When one of their feathered colleagues rolled over on his wings and died on the set one day, they promptly arranged a Blessed Event—doubtless inspired by the "life goes on" theme of so many movies.

The quadruplets who cheeped at C. B. De Mille were promptly christened "Cecil," "Henry," "Loretta" and "Saladin," after De Mille, Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and the Saracen chieftain of the picture.

Both parents and offspring are doing nicely, and Ethel and George are stout in their denials that parenthood is any hindrance to a career.

BETTE DAVIS is one of those swell kids who really back up their relatives in whatever they do. Husband Harmon lives in an auto camp—so Bette lives there, too. Sister Barbara works in a dress shop in Beverly Hills, so Bette buys all her clothes there. A nice boy named Ted Newton, who isn't a relative

but a friend, sends word he is arriving, so Bette meets him with a brass band. Ted met with a disappointment the last time he was here, and Bette thought the band would make him feel better about it this time.

THE next big excitement on the M-G-M lot is going to be a little German girl named Luise Rainer, pronounced Riner. They say her rushes in "Escapade" had everyone in the projection room doing nip-ups and she'll be a star any minute now. Luise has one pet passion—music on the set all the time a scene is not actually being shot. The only difference between herself and several other actresses is that Luise's music is Wagner and Beethoven. Bill Powell, who plays the lead in "Escapade," broke down and bought her a dozen records the other day—the kind she likes. Seems he does, too.

THEY DO COME BACK!

New names, new "finds," new stars of today! A number of them came into pictures and went out again a score of years ago. You'll find an amazing array of familiar faces in PHOTOPLAY'S

"MEMORY ALBUM"

beginning in the September issue.

"If I had a million dollars—"
What would you do?

Well—Bing Crosby is well on his way to that first row of goose eggs and just the other day he sighed dreamily and confessed to old Cal how he spent what he called "the ideal day."

It was on his ranch at Rancho Santa Fe. Bing says he got up in the morning early, played eighteen holes of golf, came back and had a swim, read the paper and ate lunch.

Then he exercised his saddle horse, had another swim, ate supper, listened to the radio and pulled into the downy around nine P.M.

That's Bing's ideal day. But maybe you have different ideas.

INTO Hollywood, unannounced, unheralded, 'slipped radio's number one woman last month.

Jane Froman, most beautiful songstress of the air, finally succumbed to urgings and took a trip to Hollywood for some film tests. Although she is what Paul Whiteman once called the "perfect television type," Jane has steered clear of the camera which would seem to have so much to offer her.

The reason is that ever since she was a small girl Jane has had a slight stutter to her speech. It never bothers her when she sings, but it keeps her from delivering lines.

She's working to correct it. Let's hope success is in sight. With her voice and her extreme beauty she could be a feminine Crosby over night.

MARY PICKFORD is looking for another Mary Pickford.

She sincerely wishes to foster the career of some young girl even to giving her the name. A protégée of Mary's would have a start second to none, with the name as additional value.

ALL Clark Gable is waiting for is that two weeks between pictures. Boy, oh, boy, has he got it all planned! Big excitement. Listen carefully, girls. Clark is going to leap in that old smelly fishing boat he chartered and go to sea for yellowtail! He won't have to shave for two weeks, he will wear clothes you would probably give to the ashman, and what a time he will have. No floating around on dance floors in popular resorts for him

MAE WEST is a lady of surprising activity, but we never thought she would go in the chop suey business! A fleet of white delivery trucks with blue wheels and four blue stars on the side is now running around town delivering Chinese dishes hot off the griddle. Seems a valued Oriental cook who had been in Mae's employ for years left her a number of choice recipes when he died. So Mae went into business with them.

FOUR extras were sitting on the set of "Diamond Jim Brady." Two of them had been stars in their own right in the past, Frank Mayo and Mildred Harris.

The assistant director, feeling his authority, shouted for them. They didn't rise quickly enough to suit his nibs so he proceeded to get unnecessarily tough about it.

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder and Edward Arnold walked with him to the corner of the set.

When he returned his voice was amazingly low and his manner was strangely polite.

Ed Arnold, who has known what it is like to be down as well as up, had given him some wise counsel.

BY the time this is published, we hope that Gloria Stuart has had her wish fulfilled.

Ever since Gloria knew she was to be a mother she has hoped for twins. When Mrs. Richard Dix had her two boys not long ago, Gloria sighed with envy. Boys are her choice, but girls will make her just as happy.

Young master or mistress Sheekman (Gloria's married name) singular or plural, whether conscious of the fact or not, has already had a Christmas and an Easter celebration. At Yuletide, Gloria had a candle burning for him or her or they on the mantel. At Easter she fixed the baby or babies-to-be an Easter basket with eggs and a rabbit.

And when the youngster or youngsters does or do open his, hers or their eyes, he, she or they will look right across the street and see another famous movie star leaving in the morning and coming home at night. For the Sheekmans have moved out to Brentwood in anticipation of the event. Across the street from the Clark Gables.

PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

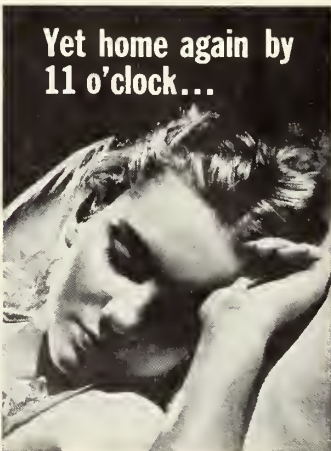
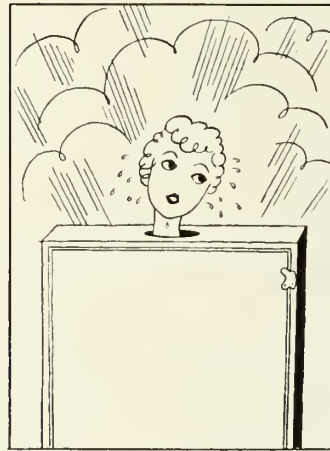
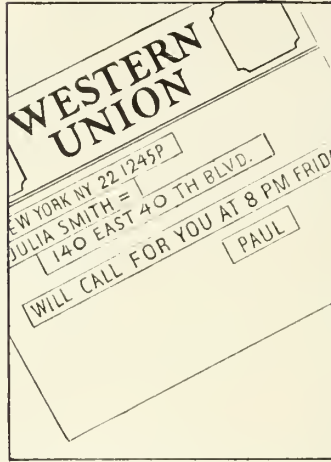
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Beginning in the October Issue

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The mysterious and highly secret visit of a world-famous movie actress to the office of a popular physician—her equally secret departure after a considerable stay—his bullet riddled body later discovered—her falling into the clutches of a wily, self-seeking, double crossing lawyer—the involvement in the case of Richard Brent, brilliant and fearless young detective and finally the astounding thing that took place that night in her palatial home, all happening in the first installment combine to start this smashing story at a breath-taking speed the momentum of which carries through installment after installment to the very end.

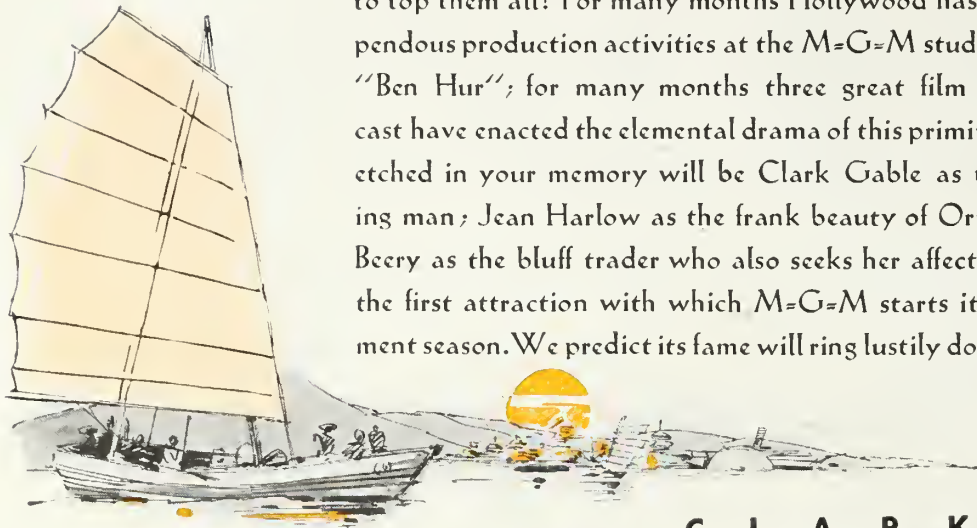
FACE DOWN stands squarely on its own feet as one of the greatest detective stories and certainly the greatest Hollywood novel that has yet found its way into print.

The opening installment of FACE DOWN combined with the many other interesting, informing and generally pleasing features comprising the October Photoplay make it a particularly outstanding issue. By all means do not miss it. On sale September 5th at all newsstands.

OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY ON SALE SEPTEMBER 5th

A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul-adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



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GABLE
 J E A N
HARLOW
 W A L L A C E
BERRY



CHINA SEAS

with

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Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

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"FOUR SONS"
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- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
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PHOTOPLAY

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 4

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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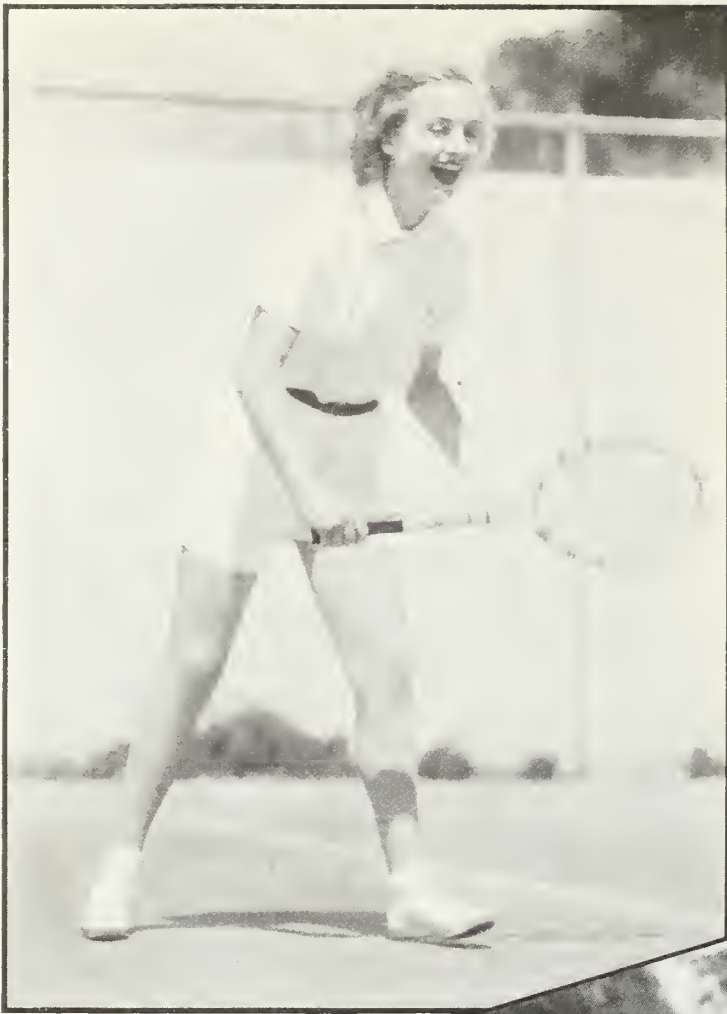
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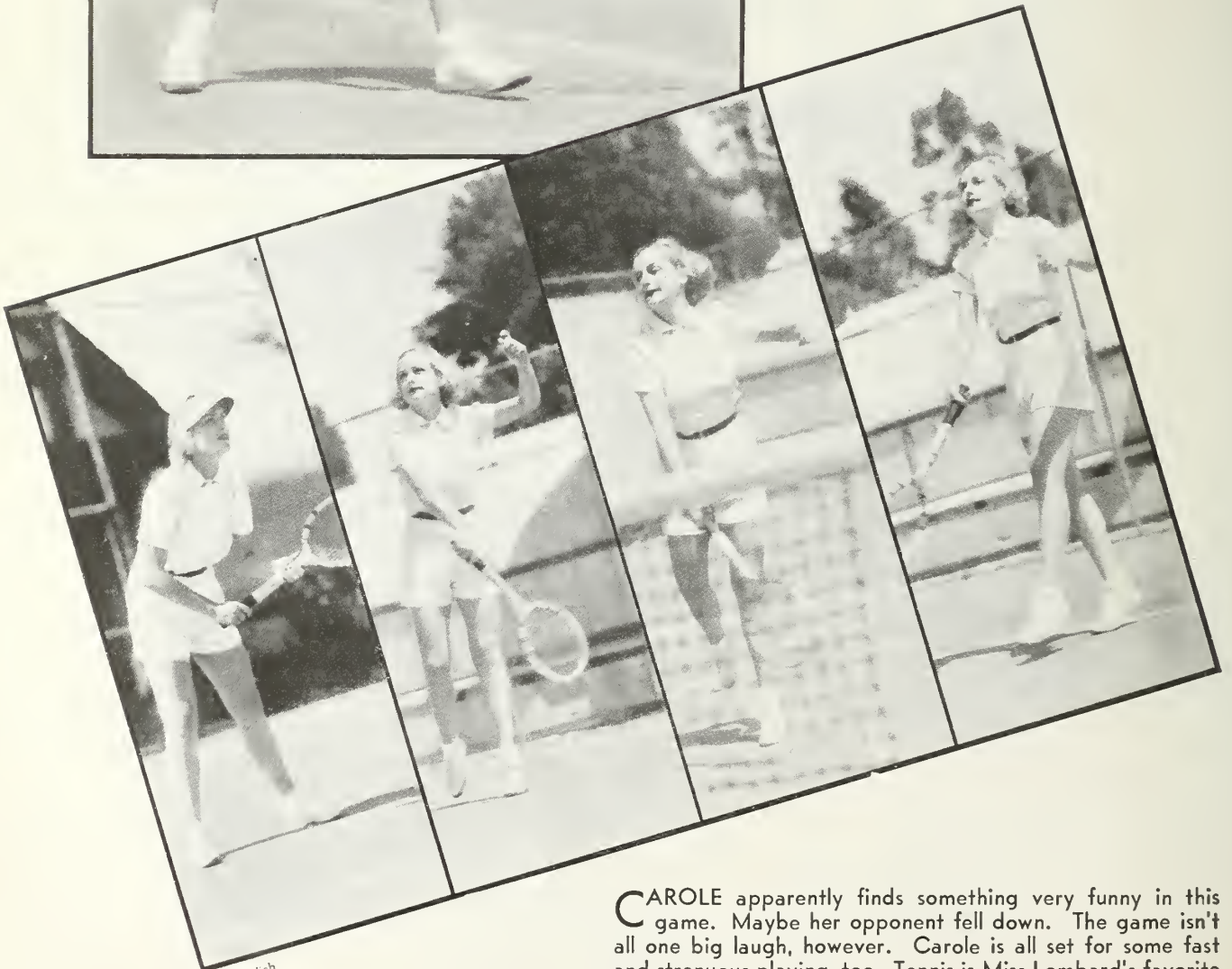
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MISS LOMBARD PLAYS TENNIS



Don English

CAROLE apparently finds something very funny in this game. Maybe her opponent fell down. The game isn't all one big laugh, however. Carole is all set for some fast and strenuous playing, too. Tennis is Miss Lombard's favorite outdoor sport, and you see her here relaxing with a swift game after a day's work in her "Hands Across the Table"



Elissa Landi is quite the outdoor-sports girl. She's here with a group of guests at her tennis party. From left to right: Hazel Hayes, Peter Lorre, the hostess, Phillip Reed, Jean Muir, Maureen O'Sullivan, Paul Cavanagh

I WAS a little amused and very indignant after reading in your July edition a letter from Joe Giacoletti on "Naughty Marietta." I saw the picture when it first came to Cleveland, and have been in a trance ever since. Since then I have seen it four times, and the trance is an incurable but delightful malady.

DOROTHY FAYE PATTERSON, E. Cleveland, O.

WE'LL have to ask Mr. Giacoletti and his college chums not to be jealous without showing it, because that must have been their trouble when they booted such a pleasing personality and voice as Nelson Eddy's. I have seen "Naughty Marietta" five times and I'm still floating on air. In fact, I have even been inspired to write poetry about him.

DORIS MAY, Bloomfield, New Jersey

IT has been my good fortune to have heard Nelson Eddy in grand opera as well as in "Naughty Marietta," so in reply to Joe Giacoletti, Indiana University, if college students are incapable of recognizing Mr. Eddy for the great artist he is, it is something for them to worry about, not Mr. Eddy.

RHEA E. McCANN, Pacific Grove, Calif.

IN answer to Giacoletti's letter in the July PHOTOPLAY, I say the Indiana University must either be without a sense of music or it must be striving to attract attention by appearing different. In our city, "Naughty Marietta" had to be held over by popular demand. Nelson Eddy has certainly taken this country by storm, and rightly so. He has a great talent and a personality not often equalled.

COLLEEN LUNSFORD, Tampa, Florida

Letters

The movie-going public determines the trend of the screen. Letters have influence



Joan Bennett takes her charming daughter, Diana Fox, frequently to the polo matches. They fascinate Diana. Incidentally, Diana is over her camera-shyness

DOES the same thing affect all university students that affects Joe Giacoletti, who wrote a "boo" letter in PHOTOPLAY's July issue? Imagine daring to call Nelson Eddy a "belling baritone"! Well, if that's all that is wrong, go ahead and "beller," Mr. Eddy! We love it.

NANCY S., Kansas City, Missouri

SO Joe Giacoletti and the Indiana University students don't like Nelson Eddy? What's the matter, boys? Are the girl friends falling too hard for him? Or don't you know a splendid voice when you hear one?

RUTH KING, Cranford, New Jersey

TELL Joe Giacoletti that the fair sex thinks Nelson Eddy is swell. We girls all have fallen for him.

LONA DASPIT, Houma, Louisiana

MY thanks to PHOTOPLAY for a real story on Nelson Eddy. (By Frederick L. Collins, July issue—Ed.) And no use in my trying to tell you what I think of "Naughty Marietta." Can't find the words.

MARY WILSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

WE will now call the meeting to order and offer up a little prayer for the Hopedale minister who wants to "redeem" Clark Gable. Last, but not least, keep our Gable as natural, sincere and fine as he now is.

I. HOFFMAN, Buffalo, New York

A WORD about the people who write in to criticize. It seems to me they have failed [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 7]

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

*INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Graham is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, undersea adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-hooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*, Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a lovable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family (March)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, David, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothern is the romantic prize. (July)

ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katharine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominion-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the wife who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont-British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, dancing of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his wo lady friends. (March)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

FOLIES BERGÈRE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]



Here's catching the deep-dyed villain in an off moment. Bela Lugosi, at the left, hardly looks the despicable rascal and horror-stirring individual he is on the screen. Actually he is one of the quietest and most retiring persons you could ever find. He's passing banter with Binnie Barnes and Jean Hersholt

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

to realize the immense stride forward the films have made in the past two years. I have just seen "Les Miserables." A few years ago the very people who criticize would have turned thumbs down on that picture to go see Clara Bow in something flaming. Today, a serious audience sat through it enthralled. Thousands who have never dreamed of reading Victor Hugo's masterpiece are attending the theater precisely to see that picture.

A few years ago, what young person knew anything about Robert Browning and his pathetic and beautiful wife, Elizabeth Barrett. "The House of Rothschild," "Clive of India," and "Cardinal Richelieu" were history in the making. "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the greatest preachment against war the films have ever shown. Grace Moore and Jan Kiepura have brought grand opera down to the level of the common folk, and more of them are attending opera than ever.

Everyone has his foibles and faults, the motion picture industry is no exception, but the good it has done, the reforms it has accomplished, the happiness it has brought to millions—well, its virtues far exceed its faults.

EILEEN R. ADLER, Los Angeles, Calif.

BELIEVE "Private Worlds" the best picture to come out of Hollywood in many a month. Its sincerity and thoughtfulness won me, and, I think, every person should see it. I have been unemployed for a long time and was very downcast, but after seeing "Private Worlds" I was given new hope, largely from the sound ideas it had on life. The performance of every player is something to cheer about.

J. HOSSITT, St. Louis, Missouri

PICTURE like "Private Worlds" is a tribute to intelligent movie-goers. The fine quality of acting by each one of the cast makes this picture the satisfying whole that it is.

M. H. S., Lincoln, Nebraska



Hmm-mm! Get that very, very, very heavy look the alluring Marlene Dietrich gives the he-man of he-men, Clark Gable! And look what he does, grins it off! Clifton Webb ignores it all



Charlie Ray has about decided that he'll do no more pictures, in fact Charlie has gone so far in his decision as to set himself up in a tidy florist shop

Letters

Don't say it, write it! You can only tell a few what you think of a film, thousands read "Letters"

WISH to say Gene Raymond is a real gentleman. Just recently he made a very lonely person a very happy one, with no thought of publicity or gain, which proves how he really deserves the respect and love of his fans. It was this way: I wrote to Mr. Raymond, without thought of a reply, to tell him that he reminded me of someone I had lost, someone I loved dearly—my pretty little sister. To my surprise I received a signed photograph of Mr. Raymond. It is little actions like that that make the world a happier place.

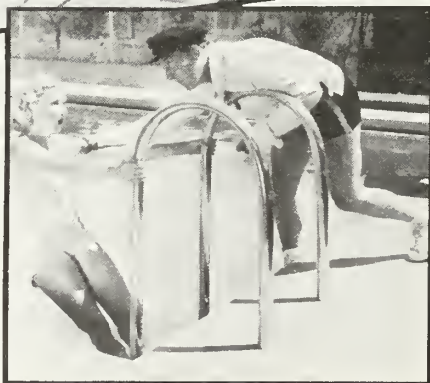
MRS. VERA YEATTS, Christchurch, New Zealand

SO many heedless picture fans are loud in their disparagement of their evening's entertainment, blaming the actors, director, producer, even the local theater management, when they themselves are largely to blame. They are like people who go into a restaurant, consult the menu and then ask the waiter if there is anything better than ordinary that day. They will attend a theater without

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DOWN on the RANCH

When Gary Evan Crosby begins to cry, the whole family cooperates. The Crosbys vacationed at the ranch house before Bing had to start work in "Two for Tonight," now filming



Simplicity is the keynote for the interiors of the house. The white walls, handwoven rugs and draperies, well-chosen antiques, make it a most beautiful and livable home

Time out for play! Papa Bing and Mama Dixie Lee desert the children for a while and enjoy a swim in the pool built on the estate. It looks like Dixie is in for a good ducking!

The combination of the modern and the old-fashioned lend particular charm and interest to these rooms. Incidentally, the adobe exterior walls of the house are three feet thick

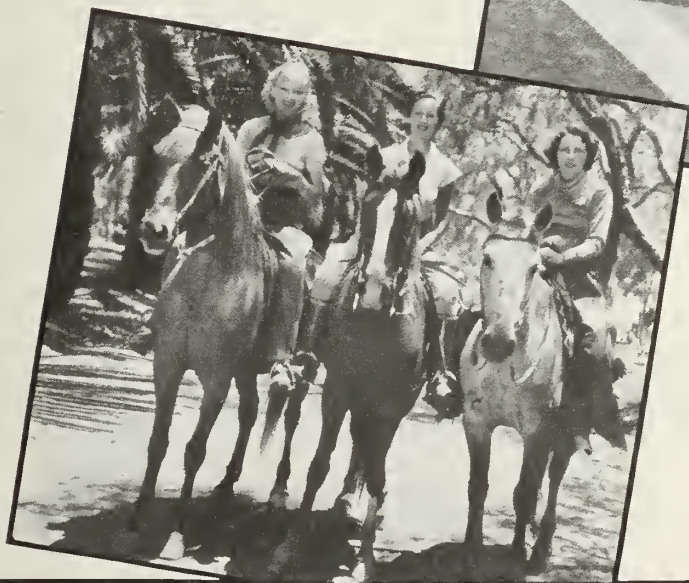
with BING CROSBY



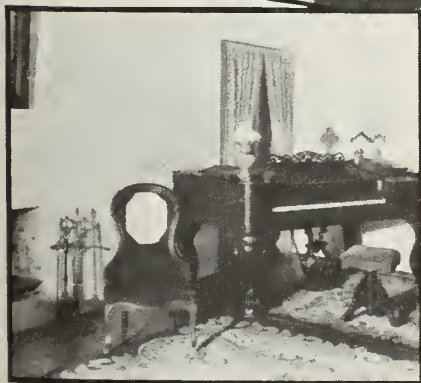
The Crosby estate at Rancho Santa Fe—Bing modernized two old adobe houses on the place, then built a new wing of the same material, making one of the most charming homes in all California. It stands in a setting of sixty-five acres



A long shot of the lovely swimming pool, with Bing decorating the diving board. Beyond the pool are the pergola and several tennis courts



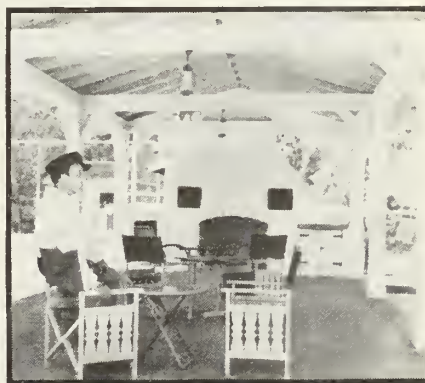
They're off for a ride, along the shady paths of the estate. Left to right are Mrs. Bing Crosby, Kitty Sexton, and Mrs. Larry Crosby




An old-fashioned corner in the house, with a square piano, lace curtains, and an oil lamp (wired, of course!) This is where Bing does his crooning down on the farm. Who wouldn't!



Monarch of all he surveys! Bing looks the place over, and forgets all about the trials and tribulations of movie making. The ranch is just a few miles from San Diego



After a swift game of tennis, Mr. Crosby will invite you up on the shaded porch for a long, cool drink. Every detail of the home is designed for ideal comfort and happy living



Preview

from the latest hits of

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*



"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!

- "When I Grow Up"
- "Animal Crackers In My Soup"
- "The Simple Things In Life"
- "It's All So New To Me"
- "Curly Top"

Shirley TEMPLE

IN

'CURLY TOP'

with

JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."



Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

JANET GAYNOR AND HENRY FONDA IN **The FARMER TAKES a WIFE**

Charles Bickford Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville Jane Withers
Andy Devine Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan

Directed by Victor Fleming

Screen Play by Edwin Burke

From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors

Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on

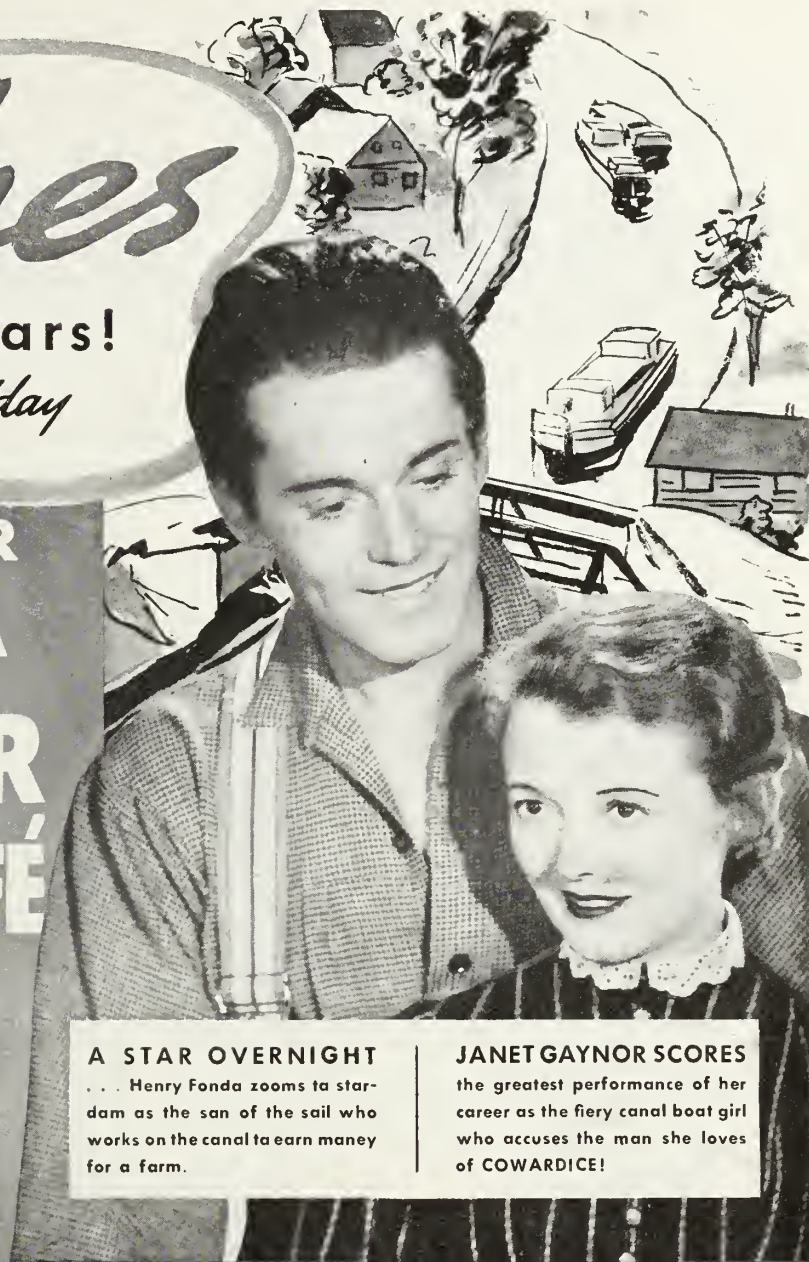
the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the sail who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

Letters

On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

having the very faintest idea of what the program is—and kick if it doesn't suit their taste. Pick your entertainment as you would your food. Consult some good picture magazine. [We recommend, and highly, too, PHOTOPLAY.—Ed.]

MRS. M. M. SANBORN, Portland, Maine

WHAT is the justification for this sudden turn-about from smug denouncing of the movies into hearty approbation? Well, just take a look at the mighty and imposing list of recent winners: "The Informer," "Black Fury," "The Band Concert," and "Private Worlds,"—especially "Private Worlds," the movie of the past decade, and truly a work of

art if in the cinema there ever was one. The movies are coming into their own and are quite able to weather all adverse criticism for the gropings and many mistakes of the past.

LOUIS E. PALFFY, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE effect of the movies on the young people in this town is amazing. After they have seen a sexy picture, they discuss it for a while and then completely forget its existence. Whereas, having seen a fine picture, they will refer to it time and time again as being one of the high-spots of the months, for example, "Laddie." They adored Virginia Weidler as *Little Sister*. Also, why not more pictures dealing with amusing incidents and less with the gruesome scenes of "true life"?

CAROL L. WHITTEMORE, West Roxbury, Mass.



Not part of Hollywood's foreign invasion—Boris Karloff, Katherine DeMille and Thurston Hall are taking a promenade on the Columbia lot in the costumes they wear for rôles in "The Black Room Mystery"



Jean Parker was dashing out to play when the camera stopped her. Jean's play suit has a short blouse to permit an extra strip of sun tan

TO write a fan letter on the subject of Will Rogers doubtless is like writing to residents of the dustbowl of Colorado and asking, "Did you like the last rain?" Any praise of Mr. Rogers is so obvious, so universally accepted that it might deservingly awake that over-worked phrase, "So what?" So give us an occasional glimpse of the Gilberts and the Gables to palpitate our susceptible hearts, but steadily, continually and as often as possible let us gaze upon the big, natural, open-hearted man from the great open spaces, and we will fill the theaters from the orchestra to the balcony and dream our dreams and sigh our sighs over this typical, whimsical, romantic American man.

LEILAH HEATH, El Paso, Texas

FOR a time in "Doubting Thomas." Will Rogers has the appearance of a heavy hitter on a baseball team who fans three straight times, not even nicking a foul strike. But when Will pulls that take-off on Bing Crosby as a big-time crooner, he knocks a home-run with the bases full, and we hilariously forget the slump in his screen batting average earlier in the play.

LESLIE E. DUNKIN, Wolcott, Indiana

"GO Into Your Dance" proved but one thing, Al Jolson is still the greatest song-and-dance star in the world.

FULTON KING, Weyers Cave, Virginia

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skillful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE—Select-RKO Release.—The American classic suffers from the censor's scissors on the screen, but you'll enjoy seeing Helen Morgan as the notorious *Frankie*, Chester Morris as the great lover, and the late Lilyan Tashman as *Nellie Bly*. (Aug.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullivan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouser, May Robson, gives a superb performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)



Close pals and co-workers are little Cora Sue Collins and Freddie Bartholomew. They are together in M-G-M's "Anna Karenina"

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte

Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor, top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stoney dialogue. (March)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife, Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera. Is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of India-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen re-creation of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Professor Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*. (March)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

★ **LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing head an excellent cast. (March)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Siruser* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as *Pa* who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a snuffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaugmont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outlick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast A-1 direction. (July)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, frightful doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

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Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment Make this your reference list

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Best Dressed

WOMAN of the MONTH

Late Summer mood. White accents on sheer black in fluted ruff and cotton gloves—starkly simple daytime costume of Gladys Swarthout, opera star, leaving the Vendome

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife, Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (March)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht-MacArthur-Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Hayden, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter throughout this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan, Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is ace high. (June)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET ADELINÉ—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino, Armida. (Aug.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



Richee

Clicking

Even the severest critic tossed orchids to Julie Haydon for her fine work opposite Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel." It won the lovely actress a long-term contract with Paramount. No picture assigned yet



Mischief

Whoever is on the receiving end of that mischievous look, we envy him! Maureen O'Sullivan was caught by the camera on the "Anna Karenina" set



Youth

Vivacious and charming is Janet Gaynor as the impetuous young lass who runs a canal boat in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The farmer, Henry Fonda



Richee

Irresistible

Favorite of the ladies, admired by all the men, Gary Cooper stays at the top as one of filmdom's most popular stars. You'll see him next in the romantic title rôle of the classic love tragedy "Peter Ibbetson"

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

AFTER more than fifty years on stage and screen, Tully Marshall is to retire. If you're a youngster that may mean but little to you. If you have watched pictures grow from "infancy" to their present sturdy mankind, that bit of news will signify a lot.

Tully stepped into the Hollywood scene in 1916, at the age of fifty-two, the year after D. W. Griffith had produced the master spectacle that revolutionized the picture industry—"The Birth of a Nation."

TULLY was no amateur in dramatics. For thirty-three years he had played before the footlights, and he carried his rôle of *Joe Brooks*, in Eugene Walter's famous play, "Paid in Full," from the stage to the screen.

Between "Paid in Full" and his latest and last—"A Tale of Two Cities,"—he has been cast in hundreds of rôles.

He was a far greater actor than his billing indicated.

His versatility was amazing—no character rôle was too difficult for him to essay and to triumph in.

You'll remember him particularly, I'm sure, as that unregenerate frontiersman—*Jim Bridgers*—in inimitable scenes with Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon."

And so now, after half a century before the public, Tully Marshall feels that he is entitled to a rest. Well, if I had worked that long, I, too, would say, "Enough is enough."

THE trend of pictures at the moment seems to be toward pageantry, action and terror. I have in mind as examples, "The Crusades," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "G-Men" films, and "She."

Love as a great passion that transcends all else doesn't seem to be the keynote of many of the successful films of late. As witness "The Informer," "Les Misérables," or "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Indeed, the tender passion tends to perform nowadays the function of merely a prop for the plot.

Perhaps Americans have tired of love in pictures, though I don't think so. Nelson Eddy's enormous volume of adoring letters tells another story.

AND that brings up the question, is it Eddy's voice or his personality, or some subtle magnetism that electrifies his feminine audience?

Probably all three.

Of course this is the day, too, of music on the screen. The studios began with crooners and other radio artists of song, and then—rather timidly, it must be admitted—ventured to cast famous singers whose voices had entranced the trained ears of the most sophisticated New York audiences.

SCREEN courtship, as a result, seems to be a public matter, publicly arrived at. It is rather difficult for the extreme realists to imagine the tenor and the soprano doing their nightingaling in the moonlight without the entire community being very alert as to what is going on.

Ah, well, this custom has been followed—apparently with success—for centuries in both Spain and South America. With a slight difference, of course. The movies permit the lover to take his lady in his arms. In old Madrid, however, the swain kept his feet on the ground, while his inamorata kept hers firmly on the balcony.

WHATEVER became of the masterpiece that Hecht and MacArthur made in the Paramount studios in Astoria, Long Island—the same studio, you know, in which Noel Coward played his outstanding rôle in “The Scoundrel.”

Jimmy Savo—superb stage clown—was to star in it—and it was announced the title would be “Once in a Blue Moon.” Cecilia Loftus and Whitney Bourne were also in the cast, and every Russian and gypsy to be found around New York City. “The Scoundrel” was made and released, still no news about the “Blue Moon.”

But let us now go to Kentucky—to the town of Winchester—and pick up the daily newspaper of that community. Under the heading “Colored Notes,” we read that the Lily of the Valley Society was presenting “an uproariously humorous film, with Jimmy Savo, in ‘Once in a Blue Moon.’”

Can this be the Hecht-MacArthur masterpiece that so mysteriously disappeared, only to be brought to light in darkest Kentucky?

A LOOK into Madge Evans’ career reveals she has performed a very difficult feat. She’s one of the few screen players who started as small children and managed to find themselves in pictures after they had grown up.

She was a babe of three when she appeared in the earliest screen version of “The Sign of the Cross.” William Farnum was the star. Little Madge’s name burned on marquees throughout the land for the next eight or nine years. She was a child star idol in those days.

CAME the gangling period that pre-notes adolescence and Madge went into retirement—to reappear at fifteen in one film, only to vanish once more from the public eye.

After a while she found her way to the stage—and for the past four years has been a screen actress for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now Gaumont-British, after seeing her in the rôle of *Agnes* in “David Copperfield,” has called her to England to play the feminine lead in “The Tunnel.”

Often on the verge of stardom, but never quite achieving it, there lies ahead of her a clean-cut opportunity to gain fame far greater than that of her childhood days.

Will Shirley Temple’s career follow a similar course?

THE motion picture industry stands more secure today than it has for the past couple of years. Reorganization, ruthless but necessary pruning of adventitious expenses, a more precise policy of handling all business affairs, seems to prevail in the majority of the studios.

The choice of pictures for the schedules has been done with exceptional care, and I foresee a great increase in attendance at motion picture theaters.

Moreover, in spite of all the starts and stops, it looks as though business in general is really rounding that famous corner at last.



until death
do us part

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in DuMaurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

GUESSING Right for STARDOM

A star's success depends on his rôles. And most of them flop miserably when they choose their own



Connie Bennett stamped her foot and yelled until RKO bought "Rockabye" for her to star in. It was a lemon! Joel McCrae was leading man



Joan Crawford fought against being cast in "Forsaking All Others." She didn't want to share starring honors with Gable and Bob Montgomery



But Joan's two leading men in the M-G-M film strengthened her position as a star. The film was a big hit. She admits now she was wrong

ALL it lack of horse sense, call it lack of the editorial mind, call it a plus quantity of super developed ego which sees only a good scene rather than a good whole script, but there is scarcely a Hollywood actor or actress who can pick his or her own pictures and pick them successfully. They have to be taken by the hands and either led or given a good hard push into a success!

Every film star who ever lived has at some time or another said: "Oh, if they'd just let me alone and let me choose my own

parts instead of making me act in these gol-darned simpleton pictures! I could show 'em!"

Every time I interview a Hollywood star, at some point before the conversation is over, the star either lowers the voice confidentially lest some executive hear or else lifts it to the skies to make sure they *will* and says, "You know, I shouldn't be doing this sort of thing. I had an awful fight with the studio over it. I should be playing (tragic) (comic) (sophisticated) (sweet girlish) rôles." (Note to reader: insert your own



By MURIEL
BABCOCK

Once in a great while the star is right. Jean Harlow had to fight for the rôle in "Red Headed Woman." Everyone discouraged her choice, saying she couldn't play comedy. It's one of the best things Jean Harlow has ever done. Her partner was Chester Morris



Janet Gaynor rebelled strenuously against playing with an all-star cast in "State Fair." She knows now that sharing honors with Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, and Norman Foster was her gain



Jack LaRue hoped playing in "The Story of Temple Drake" would make him a movie hero. But Jack has never recovered from that rôle

Two stars turned down the rôle of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Yet, Bette Davis, willing to take a risk, rode high in the unwanted part

descriptive word according to individual star.) I used to take this all literally, but now it drifts in one ear and out the other!

For, just let 'em try picking their own, and they usually either fall flat on their noses or else they pass up juicy plums which a less argumentative confrère accepts and upon which he rides to glory.

And so the next time you are wondering why your favorite actor of yesterday doesn't seem to be getting along so well, don't blame him or his acting or his age or his love affairs, or

take any one of the hundred excuses which might be offered, but blame poor story selection. And ten chances to one, you'll find he has been putting in his oar with "helpful" story suggestions which haven't helped a bit.

But, of course, for one actor who falls on his nose, another will always ride to glory. For one actor who makes a mistake in judgment, another gets the juicy plum!

The latest example of the latter is "G-Men." The studio wanted Edward G. Robinson to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

THE BEAUTY WHO CANNOT STAY IN Love

Hollywood says Loretta Young, in love three times—disastrously—is fated. What a misstatement!

HOLLYWOOD is furiously trying to create a new legend. In a community overwrought with superstitions, creodes and imaginary curses, they are attempting to manufacture a malignant fate that controls Loretta Young's ventures into love.

"The beauty who cannot stay in love" they call her. "Why," they ask, "is a young girl, twenty-two years of age, as beautiful as Loretta, as obviously attractive to men, as deluged with equally attractive men from whom to choose—why isn't she married? Love touches her but it doesn't stick. No one as completely lovely as she should be living quietly at home with her mother and three sisters. She has been in love three times, deeply, wholly and—disastrously. Why is it her fate to fall in love with the wrong men? Why? A dozen whys?"

It is easy to create legends in Hollywood. They don't require even as much material as actually exists in this case.

Loretta Young is a beauty, one of the most ethereally beautiful women in the world. She was born to be loved and cherished and worshipped by men. In other ages, men would have fought for her favor, gladiators would have ridden to death for her glove. And Hollywood, sensing something wrong with this picture, is answering the question with the creation



"No one as completely lovely as she, and deluged with attractive men, should be living quietly at home," say the opinions. Meet the family: Polly Ann and mother, seated, with Sally Blane and Loretta, standing

When Loretta and Spencer Tracy met, he was unhappy—she tried to cheer him. That their companionship ripened into love is no one's fault. As they found out how far it might go, they had the courage to drop it

By JACK GRANT

of a malignant fate. It is a poor answer.

Loretta Young is so forthright, honest and sincere that it is difficult to imagine anyone misunderstanding her. I know very few young girls as completely shorn of affectations — particularly girls as young as the twenty-two-year-old Loretta. Never have I seen her display coquetry or any of the so-called feminine wiles that are the heritage of all womankind.

You see, I have known Loretta since just before her eighteenth birthday. She was then a youngster frightened by the crash of her marriage, bewildered by the wreckage of her dreams. An elopement had seemed so romantic to her and it must be remembered that Loretta still dwelt in the land of fairy-story princes.

I am not at all sure but that she had some of the attributes of a *Prince Charming* mixed up with the realities of the man she expects some day to meet and marry. People are constantly disappointing [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Attracted by the clean youth of Grant Withers, the idea of falling in love, plus eloping, Loretta married. But realization that he did not actually need her brought a separation

The man Loretta will eventually marry will awaken first her sympathy. His need of her will cause her to love, a rich maternal love. It is the stuff pioneer women were made of

Robert Taylor Chooses SUCCESS



These two young men are headed for film fame. The one thinks marriage would be fatal to his career, the other believes a wife will help him



Robert Taylor says young love can be psychologically controlled. If, by some quirk of fate he "falls in love," he'll fall out again—and he knows how! He's a strong man to resist the charm of cute little Jean Parker. Or maybe Frank Shields is tough competition! At any rate, it's three on a match

BY JULIE

TEN or twelve years from now I am very certain the following chapter will be added to the success story of Robert Taylor, M-G-M's talent find of the year. Briefly, it will probably read something like this:

"Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor celebrated their first anniversary recently by opening their new forty-acre estate. Screen fans will remember Mr. Taylor as the film idol who deserted the screen at the height of his career in 1945 to follow his desire for travel and to become a gentleman farmer.

"Mrs. Taylor is well known in prominent social circles here."

You see, at twenty-three, Robert Taylor has made up his mind not to take any chances with life.

At twenty-three, he has discovered that man's insistent capacity for love and happiness in early youth can be psychologically controlled.

At twenty-three, he is quiet certain that the blinding ecstasy of first love and youthful marriage is but a treacherous trap on the slippery road to success.

At twenty-three, Robert Taylor is really a remarkable young man.

He is on the first rung of the ladder that goes straight up, and it's my hunch he will climb to the top without even a slight hitch. His recent series of picture thefts from veteran stars in such productions as

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



LOVE Comes First for Fred MacMurray



One of the sweetest love stories ever told is that of MacMurray and Lillian Lamont. She gave up chances for stage fame in New York because Fred was lonesome for her in Hollywood. He's defying filmdom's success code, but he says they will be married—as soon as his career is firmly established

ANG HUNT

ACCORDING to Hollywood's success-code, Fred MacMurray has the wrong attitude. He insists upon giving love top billing over all the vital issues pertaining to his career and fame.

Since the flurry of his almost melodramatic success six months ago in "The Gilded Lily," Fred MacMurray's screen destiny has been gathering dizzy momentum.

From the Colbert starring picture he was rushed into "Car 99," then into another top notch spot in Paramount's G-men drama, "Men Without Names," followed by a royal summons from the great Hepburn herself, to play opposite her in "Alice Adams."

Even the cynics, hereabouts, have to admit that this is nice going.

But the social career of Mr. MacMurray has remained stolidly and determinedly in its original grooves. He has yet to attend his first Hollywood party. Invitations poured in following the first preview of "The Gilded Lily" because film hostesses keep a weather eye for "Comers," especially those of the six-foot-two, dark-and-handsome variety.

Fred's mail became suddenly heavy with formally engraved cards for functions to which even established stars would think twice before sending their regrets. There were personally written notes bidding him

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

CALYORK'S GOSSIP



One of the newest romances in movie town is that of Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy. Judging by the wide smiles they are wearing, the actor and actress seem pretty well pleased with the situation, too. She's Jack Dempsey's "Ex"

Don't let the gossips fool you! Regardless of what they say, Peggy Walters and Lyle Talbot are still remancing. If you doubt it, just take a look at the love light burning in Lyle's eyes. Lyle and Peggy were partying at the Brown Derby



Since the Jolsons adopted Al, Junior, Ruby stays pretty close to home. However, Miss Keeler slipped away from the nursery long enough one day to accompany her Mother to the polo matches. But we'll bet Ruby's mind isn't wholly on the game

AFTER he finishes his present picture, W. C. Fields is going to take a long vacation. It may be for six months, it may be for a year. It may be forever.

Lovable Bill's health has been in a bad state now for almost a year. His insomnia, which plagues him constantly, has worn him down to a nub. So he's going to forget all about work and see what happens.

Everybody in Hollywood is pulling for Bill to get well. If he does leave the screen, he'll be missed just about as much as anyone could be in this town.



As soon as Al Jolson finished his first Pacific coast broadcast at N.B.C., he locked himself up in a sound booth and telephoned Ruby, who was listening in on the program at home. Al is asking, "How did you like it?"

WHAT brought Kay Francis back from her European trip so soon?

"Butter and fresh eggs," as she said—or a gentleman named Delmer Daves, who writes scenarios for the movies?

Romance prophets consider Mr. Daves, a former middle-western lawyer who turned writer, probably so he could get to know the charming Kay, a real threat to that Lady's single-blessedness.

Daves wrote "Stranded" and he and Kay hit it off very, very well. 'Tis said that Chevalier, Count de Carpegna and all the rest haven't an outside chance with this scribbling Romeo 'Tis said.

ONE of the most disconsolate young gentlemen in Hollywood was Henry (Hank) Fonda after his collision with Janet Gaynor had given her brain concussion and forced her to withdraw under the medico's orders from "Way Down East."

The little noggin tap—which, of course, wasn't Hank's fault any more than Janet's—cost Fox just about \$250,000—or will, because practically half of the old D. W. Griffith epic had been made. Expensive bump.

IT'S Katherine Thalberg—in other words, little Norma Shearer the Second—and Katherine Cornell can take a bow, for Norma and her husband, production wizard Irving Thalberg, have named their brand new little heiress after the great actress who first acted the rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* on the New York stage.

Norma played the rôle on the screen, of course, and her tribute in naming her daughter after Miss Cornell should dispel any possible ideas that the two could have been jealous of each other's success.

Little Katherine looks like her daddy—has black hair and big brown eyes—which sort of even things up in the Thalberg family, for Irving, Jr. rather favors his gorgeous mother Norma, you know

OF HOLLYWOOD



Josephine Hutchinson (right) and the Adolphe Menjous were among the merry-makers at the Warner Brothers' party given at the Ambassador. The two ladies seem displeased at the camera's intrusion. But Mr. Menjou doesn't mind



Playing peek-a-boo with Mr. Cameraman are Bette Davis and Paul Muni. Bet Paul is calling the photographer names! This is a rare picture because you seldom see Bette without hubby Harmon Nelson nor Paul without his wife



Since it was a Warner Brothers' party, here is Jack entertaining a pair of guests with a little sleight-of-hand. What, up to his old tricks? Jean Muir is getting his attention, and her escort, George Brent, is giving Jack a suspicious can't-fool-me glance



Another gay group at the Warner Brothers' party. Harry Joe Brown, Anita Louise, Sally Eilers and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Doris Warner) find something very amusing. Looks like Doris cracked the joke. Brown's sitting pretty

THE village is fairly seething with ex-Mrs. Barrymores. There is Dolores Costello Barrymore, enduring her ordeal with beauty and dignity. There is Michael Strange (nee Blanche Oelrich, to Mrs. Leonard Thomas, to Mrs. John Barrymore, to Mrs. Harrison Tweed—and back to Michael Strange who once wrote a play called "Clair de Lune," in which Jack and Ethel appeared together. She is being courted by RKO, I understand, to write. And there is the first Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Doris Rankin, now Mrs. Malcolm Mortimer, living quietly in Santa Monica with her writer-husband and ten-year-old daughter. Doris is beautiful as when she played leads on Broadway, even with her snow white hair. The only ex-Mrs. Barrymore missing is Catherine Harris, Jack's first wife.

If you expected all the inside of the Barrymore marital mixup to be aired in court, you're due to be disappointed. Seems as how Dolores and John have got together without benefit of the bench and settled things reasonably for both.

However, it is definitely all over, and it won't be long before you'll be seeing Dolores back on the screen. She has had some very, very nice offers.

GEORGE BRENT, for some reason or other, has suddenly eased up in the aviation business and gone in heavy for boxing. Why? Is he after Joe Louis or just getting ready to fight off those rumors about himself and Der Greta, which are still smouldering since George's stand-in traveled East with Garbo? Word from Sweden hints that Greta is her same old self. After a few smiles she closed up like the clam.

YOU know Nigel Bruce, the portly Englishman who plays the bland, emotionless Britisher to perfection? The epitome of self-control, if you recall, the guy who never blinked in "She" when the savages were ready to broil him. Well, do I have *his* number! Inside information concerning certain carryings-on in his private life has just reached my ears from our secret-contact (aged eleven) out in the Hawthorne School, Beverly Hills.

Seems Pauline Bruce, ten, arrives at school every morning looking dreadfully annoyed. My contact made inquiry.

"Well," revealed Pauline, "I wish my daddy would stop singing at the top of his lungs when he drives me to school every morning. It's so undignified."

And that's that.



It was a starry line-up the cameraman ran into at the party given by Walter Wanger! Above, left to right, you see Henry Fonda, newest leading man on the Fox lot, Gail Patrick, Walter Wanger, who was host to all the stars, blonde Alice Faye, Ida Lupino, and William Wellman, director. Wanger and Wellman didn't risk putting down their glasses while the picture was being taken, you will notice!

SEEMS like the movies must have their teams. Now word comes from within Paramount that Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray, the handsome new fella which is breaking the women's hearts, are all set to join up and become a team. How do you like the idea? Of course, that doesn't matter, because the pictures have already been set.

GINGER ROGERS is burning a bit at a story that she has always wanted to kiss Fred Astaire. The story went that Ginger, before a kiss sequence, rubbed her hands with glee and said, "Now, watch me give him the works—this is what I've been waiting for!" Wal—it made a good story, but the trouble with it was that it wasn't Ginger at all—but a character actress who said it—and did it!

MARGARET SULLAVAN is the biggest puzzle right now in Hollywood. Did she or did she not actually split up with her husband, Director Willie Wyler? Is she or is she not going to get a divorce? Margaret left the house, you know, because, said she, it was to be re-

decorated. Well—we've heard that it *had* to be re-decorated because there was a bit of a demonstrative argument and things got mussed up. Anyway, Margaret has been back with her husband to stall divorce rumors—but everyone wonders how long until another disagreement.

HERE is one of the most heartening bits of news in a long time. Spencer Tracy's little son, John, you know, has been deaf since birth. The Tracys have done everything possible to bring out his hearing, but never has there been any success.

Well—the other day at his tenth birthday party, John, for the first time in his life, heard his own name. Suddenly, but faintly, his hearing arrived. Is he a happy kid, and are the Tracys happy! Spencer gave John some polo mallets for the birthday celebration. Little ones, of course.

WE would be the last one in the world to accuse Dick Powell of being lazy in love. But hucome, hucome that Dick spends

most of his time with Mary Brian and Virginia Bruce, both of whom live practically across the street in Toluca Lake? He's no fool. No Leg work.

SPEAKING of leg work—remember black stockings? Joan Crawford is wearing them again, and they say, they do, that they're going to be seen again on the better dressed pins.

THAT old dabbil, rumor, again raised its questioning topknot when another military man, or rather a sailor, Lieutenant Larry Blodgett, U.S.N., flew down from the Northwest to visit Ann Harding. Like Major Ben Sawbridge, he was regarded as a possible suitor for Ann who has no engaging romance at the present. "Just a friend," said Ann however.

FOR years Wallace Ford has considered himself an orphan. But a woman wrote him from Scotland saying that she was his aunt and that his real mother was alive.



Alison Skipworth apparently doesn't enjoy having her merry-making interrupted by picture-taking. She wouldn't smile for the camera. Next to Alison is radio star Frances Langford, now signed by Wanger for the films. Then George Raft, Joan Bennett, Director Raoul Walsh and Bert Hanlon. Wouldn't an autograph hound have given his all for an invitation

This trio left the dance floor long enough to cooperate with the orchestra. Andy Devine is about to hit something an awful wallop and make a big noise. Drumming with Andy are Paul Kelly and Ida Lupino



PLAYBOY Sidney Smith has finally caught up with Lilian Bond, it seems. And this ought to point a moral to swains who have had to hustle to win that well known "Yes." Mister Smith pursued Lilian from New York to London. There they had an argument. Lilian came back to America and went to Florida. On the next boat came suitor Smith.

When he arrived in the Sunshine State, Lilian promptly sailed for Nassau. Smith chartered a plane and followed. Lilian came to California. So did Sidney Smith. And it is now Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

IDA LUPINO has rushed again to succor the wounded heart of Tom Brown, who seems to have at last lost out with Anita Louise, or

vice versa. The idyllic romance was always something for Hollywood to regard and sigh wistfully over. But now it is ova. Cary Grant and Betty Furness would both like to be exclusively the others, we understand, but are kind of afraid to get committed. Result—Cary ushers Marian Marsh places and Betty diverts that charming Latin from Manhattan (yes, he was born in New York) Cesar Romero.

DON'T LOVE ME!

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

She was a nurse, and two men came under her care. Sam Werks coveted her, Gregory Cooper loved her. She married Cooper, but he died, under suspicious circumstances. On Werks's testimony she was cleared in the death, but then Werks ordered her to sign over to him a \$10,000 check left her by Cooper. Werks said he had falsified his testimony to clear her. She ran away, to Hollywood, and a break in the movies. Her first director, the most noted in Hollywood was murdered—as she waited outside his home. She had seen a mysterious woman enter the house, and not leave, but she remained silent in the subsequent investigation because it would mean destruction of her career. Her second director, Scott Dearing, fell in love with her. Then, at a party, she learned the identity of the mysterious woman. That night, Scott proposed. Less than a week later, in Scott's apartment, she noticed on Scott's desk a letter to him from Sam Werks. Did Sam Werks intend to blast her first peace and happiness, her love for Scott? What was in the letter? But she never got to know, at that time. She saw Sam Werks himself before she learned the contents of the letter. That was after she and Scott had quarreled, and Scott—in a drunken frenzy—had struck her. She told Scott she hated him, and that he had better watch out. His Japanese servant overheard her. She left Scott, in anger—only to return sometime later, worried about him, to find him dead. Murder, the police said. And she was held as the murderess! It was then that Sam Werks appeared—to defend her—his fee, if successful, their marriage!



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE preliminary days of the trial were much the same as those of any other criminal action in an American court. There was, of course, rather more publicity in my case than in most. And it was a news-cameraman's holiday. The rotogravure sections of the newspapers were full of pictures of me in everything from a white rubber bathing suit to a voluminous mink wrap. Snapshots and candid camera studies that had been taken in all innocence by Uncle Lou Mueller's trailing photographers were dug up and printed all over the country!

As most of those pictures were of me and some visiting masculine celebrity they made great material for the front page. Men who didn't even know me from Eve but who had accidentally stood near me at a benefit, a preview or some other public occasion, found their likenesses and mine smeared in ink all over the country from Malibu to Maine under such captions as "Beautiful Blonde Suspect and Ex-Ambassador Talk It Over" or "Major General Says Alleged Slayer Physically Perfect Specimen."

The courtroom was jammed. There were enough special newspaper correspondents alone to fill the entire balcony and a lot of discomfort was enjoyed by all. Women came by the dozens, impelled by I-don't-know-what morbid curiosity. I wonder if I am being too unkind to the members of my own sex if I voice the suspicion that they watched me the way tigers in a cage watch one of their comrades which is slightly

wounded waiting until it is weak enough to be killed with safety.

I think my cynicism in regard to the motives which influenced the feminine portion of the audience to suffer acute discomfort, session after session was inspired partly by the fact that on the third day of the trial I discovered Sylva Valesquez sitting in the last row of the spectators' part of the courtroom. She was wearing a veil and was so inconspicuously dressed that she was especially conspicuous. A woman of her type—and mine, worse luck—becomes more noticeable the more she tries to tone herself down.

She didn't know that I saw and recognized her. No one makes such a careful study of the audience before which he or she must appear as the defendant in a murder trial. There's plenty of time for it and you'd go mad if you didn't. As I understand it, most defense attorneys deliberately instruct their clients to watch the spectators. It's supposed to keep your mind off visions of gallows, electric chairs, lethal chambers or whatever such conveniences your particular state affords.

I might not have spotted Sylva anyway—she was so far back—if my attention had not been called to her in the first place by the fact that she kept a pair of opera glasses trained on me about half the time. You get used to almost any vulgar impertinence if you happen to run conspicuously foul of the law of the land, but I thought that using high-powered lenses

The concluding installment of a gripping story of a strange fate that seemed to pursue this screen enchantress—men died when they fell under her spell!



The courtroom was jammed. There were enough special newspaper correspondents alone to fill the balcony. Women came by the dozen. And they watched me like tigers watch a wounded comrade—waiting until it is weak enough to be killed in safety

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

was a little like shooting game with telescopic sights and a silencer. It made me just angry enough so that I kept a side-wise but hawklike vigil on my own account. When she thought I wasn't looking in her direction at all she threw back her veil entirely to repair her make-up—it must have been pretty hot in those crowded seats under the balcony—and I recognized her.

Her presence annoyed and irritated me. Sylva had a habit of being around during the melodramatic crises of my career and I didn't like buzzards.

I was pretty sure she had no intention of testifying against me—we had almost a secret unspoken agreement not to tell on each other—but I couldn't figure out why, otherwise, she kept coming back, day after day, watching me. Perhaps she was sadistically interested in seeing someone else go through an ordeal which she had herself escaped.

At any rate she gave me food for surmise and conjecture which, perhaps mercifully, sometimes distracted my attention from the seriousness of my plight [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

ADRIAN ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS ON GARBO



A scene from the newest Garbo film, "Anna Karenina." Fredric March is her leading man. This is the twentieth picture the Swedish star has made for M-G-M

A friend of Garbo's for years, Adrian, the designer, now risks her displeasure by discussing the star because he wants to correct the false ideas people have of her

UP to the present time, Adrian, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer designer, has steadfastly refused to give out any interviews or answer any questions pertaining to the glamorous Garbo. It is Hollywood legend that once a person begins using her name promiscuously, Garbo no longer includes him in her small circle of friends.

Adrian has been a loyal friend of many years standing. He has such respect and admiration for Garbo, no one has ever been able to get



The star has never worn lovelier clothes, nor clothes that interested her more, than those Adrian designed for her which you see in "Anna Karenina"



Garbo never dresses her hair in the mode of the moment. She creates her own hair arrangement, and it usually starts a new style. Adrian's problem is to design hats that go with her hair

him to commit himself in any way. Since her first days of silent pictures, Adrian has been dressing her for her rôles. Theirs has been a happy and successful working combination. He knows her better, perhaps, than any other person in Hollywood. Therefore it is obvious that he has very good reasons for talking and has agreed for the first time, to answer these muchly-asked questions.

Q.—Why have you avoided giving out stories on Garbo, when you haven't objected to talking about other stars of similar importance?

A.—Simply because there is nothing I could say about Miss Garbo, that would not infringe upon her own desire for her personal privacy.

Q.—Why are you willing to discuss Garbo now?

A.—So many people have printed ridiculous things about her and have misquoted me very often. I feel that if I can clear up of the fantasy concocted about her, I shall be glad.

Q.—Is Garbo's perpetual fleeing done for effect, or because she really doesn't like people?

A.—It surely isn't done for effect. It's done because she would love the privilege of having her own privacy in spite of being a motion picture star. You know as well as I do that there are certain types of people who like and demand large groups of friends around them. And there are those who live very quietly. Garbo happens to be one of the latter. She hates being stared at and being made a fuss over. Do you think that's extraordinary?

Q.—Does Garbo realize that a movie star is public property?

A.—I think she recognizes that a movie star is considered public property, but I don't think she has accepted that in her own consciousness, and is rebellious. She has often said that she would give anything in the world to have the privilege of the freedom of walking about, shopping, traveling, etc., without being noticed. You [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]



KATIE Takes Sock——"
"Break of Hearts' Cold——"
"Hepburn Opens With That Tired
Feeling——"
"Hearts' Is 'No Dice'——"

With such colloquially colorful but pithy headlines did *Variety*, that shrewd Bible of box-office, record the popular fate of Katharine Hepburn's last picture, "Break of Hearts."

No undue mental strain is required to deduce that its reception wasn't so hot.

At the great Music Hall in New York City, where the same Katie in "Little Women" reaped \$110,000 in one week, this year's big Hepburn picture struggled for half that amount. In every "key city"—Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Baltimore, Seattle—all over the nation, to speak in trade terms of the

No actress was ever welcomed to the screen with greater enthusiasm than Katharine Hepburn. And yet, today she is slipping

motion picture business, Hepburn disappointed or Hepburn died.

Still "Break of Hearts," as you know if you saw it, was a good picture. And Katharine Hepburn's performance in it was one of the most brilliant of her career.

Why should the admittedly great actress who was the sensation of last year loom as the outstanding floppo of this? Why should this glorious girl who had them all standing in the aisles a few months ago with her striking art and her vivid personality, flash the same thing, the very same thing, on the screen today and leave the ushers playing solitaire on the empty seats?

Why should Katie Hepburn, who won more new fervent fans and worshipping admirers than any actress in a decade, who leaped out of nowhere to rival Garbo in divine devotion

Is HEPBURN Killing Her Own Career?

The ring-a-round-a-rosy tactics of Katharine may result in another famous case of a star's decline

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Her film, "Break of Hearts," with Charles Boyer was a good picture. But, somehow, movie-goers didn't bother to go and see it

For a long time Hepburn's worshipping public thought her caprices cute. But now many think she held her one-ring circus too long

eccentricities — acts — attitudes — poses — temperamental displays? Are they killed by the very people who most want to protect them, because those people subconsciously block their paths?

Like Garbo at M-G-M and Dietrich at Paramount, Hepburn is the "prestige" star at RKO. A Hepburn picture rates right at the front of the program. Her pictures carry a *carte blanche* to be best preparation,

production, direction and exploitation that that large organization can muster. Every resource of art, money and brains is beneath her to push her up—up. Yet plainly she is slipping. Figures tell few fibs at the box-office.

The public demands little of its idols—movie or otherwise—these days—except sincerity. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

with "Morning Glory," prove to be just that, in the lingo of the race tracks—a "morning glory"—burning up the turf at the start and wilting in the backstretch?

Is something killing her career? Or is she killing it herself? Do Hollywood stars commit career suicide?

Do they hang themselves with their own gayly spun webs of

WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Vote for the one you think
should win. Your ballot counts.**

FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 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"

Affairs of Cellini, The
Age of Innocence, The
Barretts of Wimpole
Street, The
Belle of the Nineties
British Agent

Broadway Bill
Bulldog Drummond
Strikes Back
Catherine the Great
Chained
Cleopatra
Count of Monte Cristo,
The
Death Takes a Holiday
Evelyn Prentice
Flying Down to Rio
Gallant Lady
Gay Divorcee, The
George White's Scandals
Great Expectations
Handy Andy
Here Comes the Navy
House of Rothschild, The
It Happened One Night
Judge Priest
Kid Millions
Life of Vergie Winters,
The
Little Miss Marker
Lost Patrol, The

Madame Du Barry
Men in White
Merry Widow, The
Mrs. Wiggs of the
Cabbage Patch
Music in the Air
Nana
No Greater Glory
Now and Forever
Of Human Bondage
One Night of Love
Operator 13
Painted Veil, The
Queen Christina
Sadie McKee
She Loves Me Not
Thin Man, The
Treasure Island
Twentieth Century
Viva Villa
We Live Again
What Every Woman
Knows
Wild Cargo
Wonder Bar

LAST call! If your ballot isn't in, send it at once, or you're going to miss the band wagon! Votes have been pouring in, and there are several favorite films running neck and neck for the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award. The vote that you—and you—and you send in can determine the final result.

What was *your* favorite film of 1934? This is your last chance to mail your vote and help that film win the Gold Medal.

The Gold Medal is the most important award given a motion picture during the year. For, it is the only honorary distinction that you, the movie-goers of the nation, have an opportunity to bestow on a picture. For that reason, producers, directors, film executives—in fact, the whole movie world—watch and wait to see what film you are going to choose.

Look over the list of outstanding pictures, printed above. Your choice is not limited to these, however. Review in your mind all the films you have seen during the past year. Choose one. Write the name of the film on the ballot below or on a post card or scrap of paper. Do it now! Mail it today! Time is short and competition is getting hot! Every vote counts! Don't miss the opportunity of helping award the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal and choosing the best picture of 1934.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



PHOTOPLAY'S MEMORY ALBUM

edited by
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

NEXT year, 1936, marks the fiftieth anniversary of Edison's first experiments with the motion picture and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Photoplay Magazine.

In anticipation of these events, it is fitting that we should open our album of memories and turn the pages which tell the human story of the men and women and boys and girls—from Thomas Edison to Shirley Temple—who have helped to make the motion picture a world entertainment and a world force.

So, beginning this month, we present Photoplay's Memory Album—

THE PICTURE STORY OF THE PICTURES

In the year 1887, the idea occurred to me that it was possible to devise an instrument which should do for the eye what the phonograph does for the ear, and that by a combination of the two all motion and



1. It is one thing to have an idea, another to make it work. For making the motion picture idea work Edison needed a place, a studio. This was it, the first motion picture studio, built in the back yard of the Edison laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey. It revolved with the sun. The boys around the laboratory nicknamed it "The Black Maria."

2. The motion picture, after Edison perfected it, needed a place where people could see it. Thomas L. Talley provided that in the rear of his Electric Theatre in Los Angeles. There were chairs and peepholes in the rear for customers afraid to sit in the darkness behind the partition.



3. Edison had a prize cameraman, Edwin S. Porter, who was "nuts" about the Phoebe Snow advertisements of The Road of Anthracite. Becoming railroad-minded, he conceived the idea of the story picture, "The Great Train Robbery."

5. In his first knetoscope experiments, Edison used the services of Carmencita, the music hall dancer, and thus introduced the vampire to the screen about thirty years B.B.—Before Bara. Carmencita was considered very daring. The police stopped her act at Koster and Bials for "showing too much corset."

4. Porter's picture, although only a one-reeler, had both continuity and suspense. It became the sensation of 1903. Audiences cheered Marie Murray, the Phoebe Snow model, and hissed George Barnes, a recruit from Huber's Museum, who played the bold desperado.



6. Edison's idea of synchronizing sight and sound had to wait many years for public acceptance; but that it was substantially the same as the present talking picture is obvious from this old drawing made in 1894.



7. Early theater managers learned a few tricks, too. This one checked babies at the door so movie-minded mothers could see the picture, "Marriage or Death."



8. In 1906, William Ranous, later Carl Laemmle's first director, left his stock company to act in Edison's one-reelers.



9. The Biograph Company, directed by David Wark (Larry) Griffith, produced the first "modern" pictures. In this one Arthur Johnson has just saved Florence Lawrence's honor from the villain's dastardly attack. The latter, as the years have shown, was down but not out. His name was Mack Sennett.

10. In 1908 Flo Lawrence was as well known to picture audiences as Katharine Hepburn is today—but only as "The Biograph Girl." Few, if any, of the actors were known by their own names. Think of referring to the divine Katie as "The RKO Girl"!



11. Like Florence Lawrence and Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet was forced to hide her infant light under the bushel of a *nom de cinema*—"The Biograph Blonde."



12. Little Mary's favorite leading man in the Biograph days was James Kirkwood. Owen Moore (the man Marion Leonard is hanging on to in this picture) afterward became leading man in Mary's real life.



16. Up the steps of the old Biograph studio on East Fourteenth Street, New York, trouped Griffith, Pickford, Sweet, Walthal, Sennett and the sisters Gish. Number 11, glory's doorway!



13. Arthur Johnson was the first motion picture hero—Clark Gable of his day.



14. It was a great day for pictures—and for the Pickford family—when "Little Mary," as the fans soon came to know her, wandered into the Biograph studio to play bit parts with the great Johnson.



15. All three Moores—Matt, Tom and Owen—sometimes appeared in the same picture in support of the ascendant Miss Lawrence.



17. But Biograph's success was due primarily to one man, Griffith—reputed inventor of the flashback and closeup, master director—a young man with young ideas.



18. One of the first stars to become known by name was King Baggot, who was a combination of Valentino and the tired business man. He was frequently paired with beautiful Marguerite Snow.



19. Bebe Daniels, entering pictures as a child actress in 1908, was among the first of a long line of Shirley Temples.



20. Florence La Badie of the old Thanhouser Company was a bathing girl, New Rochelle style, long before Mack Sennett discovered the Pacific Ocean.



23. Wallace Beery, dressed in his part of Sweedie the Chambermaid, wooed and won Gloria Swanson, extra girl on the Essanay lot in Chicago.



21. Marie Dressler—you recognize her of course—joined up very early with Lubin of Philadelphia.



22. Ben Wilson, Gertrude McCoy and Bigelow Cooper, Edison recruits from the stage, stopped at nothing. They even pretended to discover gold in the Bronx!



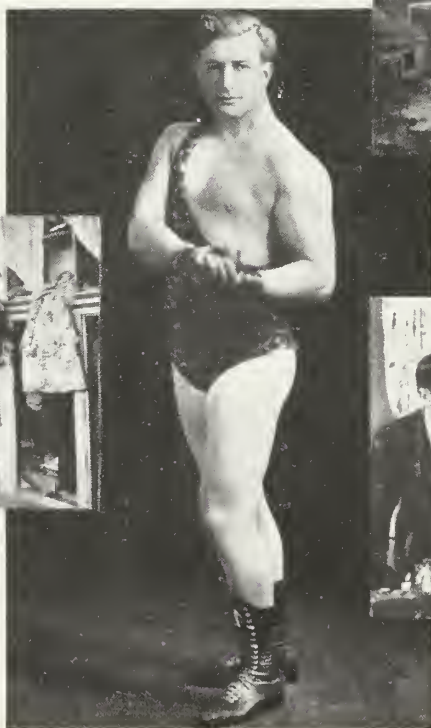
24. Vitagraph was showing a little thing in hats: to wit, Leah Baird.



25. Kalem was taking indoor pictures outdoors at their spacious new studio in Cliffside, New Jersey.



26. Siegmund Lubin went so far as to install a wardrobe room in his Philadelphia studio.



27. In 1911, Francis X. Bushman started eating 'em alive for Essanay—"em" meaning the young women picture fans.



28. Wallace Reid (top center) and Earle Williams (behind the old lady) were playing bit parts at Vitagraph.



30. Flora Finch, John Trojano, Florence Turner, John Bunny, Maurice Costello and E. R. Phillips appeared in Vitagraph's 1910 production, "The New Stenographer."



31. Next to Teddy Roosevelt, Maurice George Washington Costello was the best known man of the first years of the century. Currently he is Jack Barrymore's father-in-law.



29. Irving Cummings, now a prominent director, was something nobby in leading men back in the gay days of 1909.



32. Flora Finch was as long as Bunny was wide.

33. She was Funny Bunny's perfect foil.



35. Marie Eline helped to bring fame and fortune to Mr. and Mrs. Thanouser of New Rochelle. She was known to every fan as "The Thanouser Kid."

34. John Bunny, first and most beloved of screen comedians, brought the kiddies to the theater—and the old folks, too.



36. Rex Ingram, later director of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," played minor roles at the Brooklyn Vitagraph with Earle Williams and Lillian Walker.



37. Wally Van, popular comedian, and Lillian Walker, reigning comedienne, were pals "on and off."



38. Alice Joyce was not only Mary Pickford's sister-in-law, but she was considered the most beautiful of the pioneer screen actresses. Look at the early Flatbush coiffure!



39. Colonel William Selig, in his Chicago studio, actually made motion pictures by artificial light. The movies were moving fast!



40. This little studio brought fame and fortune to its owners.

Beginning with "What Happened to Mary" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn," and sweeping through long series of "happenings" and "adventures" and "perils" and "mysteries," the motion picture of the second decade of the century surrendered whole-heartedly to the box-office appeal of the super-thrilling serial story.



41. Mary Fuller was the famous Mary of "What Happened to Mary," first of the famous movie serials.

42. James Cruze's wedding to Flo La Badie was the only possible solution of Thanhouser's "Million Dollar Mystery."



43. Kathlyn Williams gave her name to the highly successful wild animal series, "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

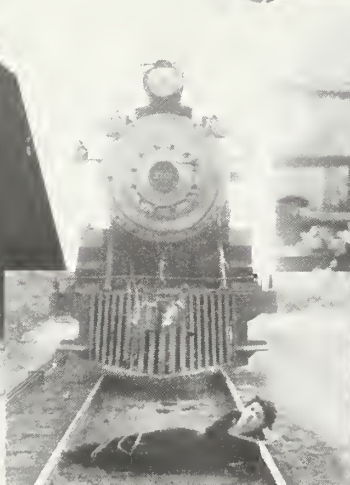


45. Miss White appeared in "The Perils of Pauline," perhaps the best known of all the weekly shockers.

44. Pearl White was serial star of stars.



47. Shirley Mason, Viola Dana's kid sister, lent her glorious youthful beauty to "The Seven Deadly Sins."



48. Helen Holmes specialized in locomotives.



46. In "The Romance of Elaine," Miss White was supported by Creighton Hale (standing) and Lionel Barrymore (the touseled gentleman at the desk).

49. Antonio Moreno, whose legs were quite as comely as Shirley Mason's, starred in "The Iron Test."

The foreign invasion, which was to have such an influence on our pictures, began in 1912.



50. "Cabiria," written by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, aroused the first real appreciation of the motion picture as an art. It also introduced the Genoese giant Maciste.



52. "Queen Elizabeth," a four-reeler in which Sarah Bernhardt and Lou Tellegen played the leading rôles, gave Adolph Zukor, the picture's importer, his revolutionary "famous players" idea.



51. "Quo Vadis," imported by the American magnate, George Kleine, was the first great motion picture spectacle.



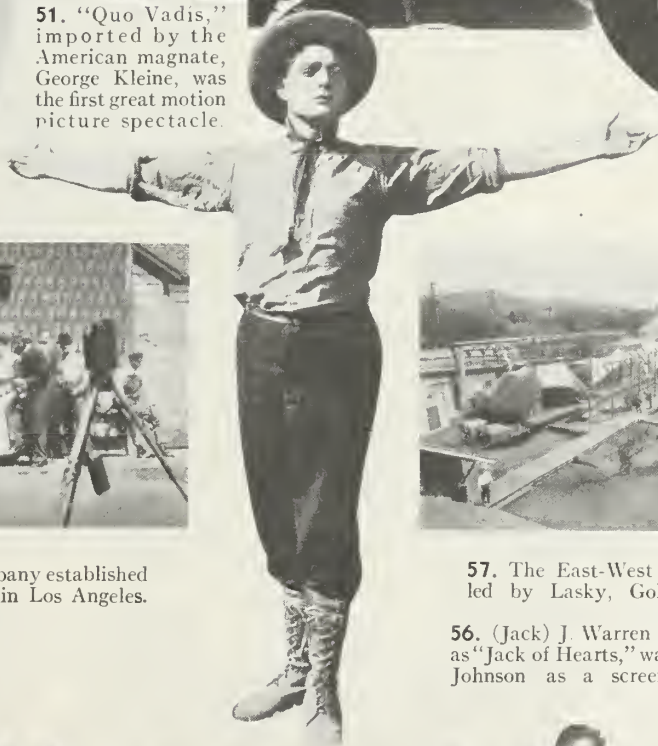
53. The Gishes (this is Dorothy) had followed Little Mary as Griffith stars.



54. Both girls accompanied the master on his great picture pilgrimages



55. Francis Boggs of the Selig Company established what is said to be the first studio in Los Angeles.



57. The East-West hegira was on—led by Lasky, Goldwyn, DeMille.

56. (Jack) J. Warren Kerrigan, known as "Jack of Hearts," was rivaling Arthur Johnson as a screen heart-breaker.



58. "CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME!" (Next month, the romantic beginnings of a town called Hollywood.)

"I Think Women Are Awful!"

says

BETTE DAVIS

To Ruth Rankin

The actress who has played the gamut of all types of her sex, gives her opinion after intensive observation



"I wouldn't trust one around two corners," says Bette Davis, of her sex. Women are so alike in fundamental things, she believes, that you know exactly how they are going to act. "This must be why they instinctively clash," she adds. She trusts the male more. Bette, above, and Bette again, left, with orchestra leader-husband Harmon O. Nelson and a friend, Albert Whitley

WHAT does the professional "other woman" think about women?

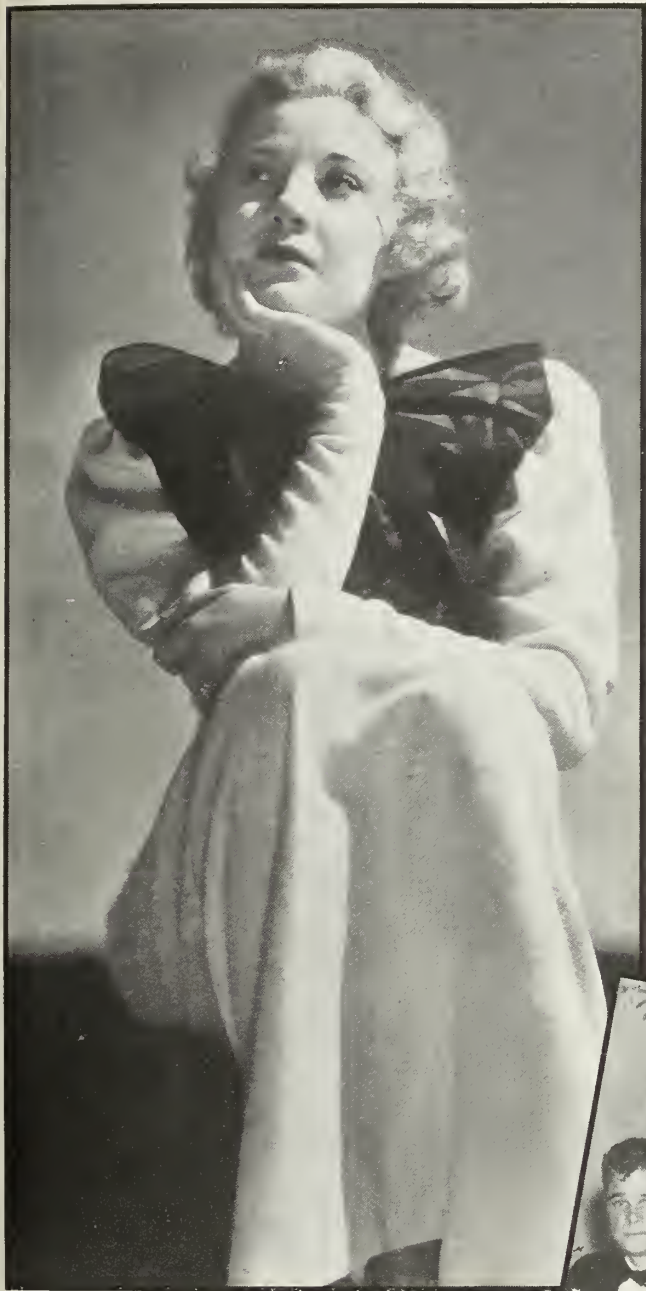
Bette Davis has played at being every kind of a female you can name, from the naïve flapper to the predatory manic-depressive *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" and the bad girl in "Bordertown." It would seem that a girl with such an extensive repertoire of women in her experience should know something about what makes them tick.

"Women?" Bette inquired calmly. "I think women are awful!"

There was no note of malice in her voice, as if she were thinking of any particular woman. It was simply a blanket opinion, nothing to raise a blister over, nothing that could be avoided. Just a logical conclusion reached after intensive observation.

"I wouldn't trust one around two corners. Women are so alike in fundamental things that you know exactly how they are going to react. This must be why they instinctively clash.

"If you get chummy and confide in one, there is a fatalistic feeling, even while you are [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



"I Think Women
Are Swell!"

says
UNA MERKEL

To Mary Hill

The "distaff side" never had a more open-handed, logical, and fair compliment paid it by a member



"There are just as many honest and forthright women as there are men," says the vivacious comedienne, Una Merkel, emphatically. And she finds them just as human in their virtues and their feelings as men are. Above, Una; and right, you see Una's seldom-photographed husband, Ronald Burla, Una, talking to Joe Mann, of the Ambassador, then Tom Gallery, Madge Evans

"I CAN'T see why any woman wouldn't think other women were all right"!

Don't you think it takes a kind of courage for Una Merkel to make this emphatic declaration? She plays so many smart, sophisticated little girl-friends on the screen that you naturally expect her to carry the attitude off the screen. And it is definitely a label of sophistication these days for smart young things to rise up and declare how much they dislike their own sex . . .

"You can't like everyone," Una pursues, warming up to her

subject. "We are all entitled to our preferences. But to make a flat generalization against one's sex is silly. There are always bound to be some bad ones—but on the whole, women are swell!"

"I have many women friends, and I have found they can be trusted just as much as any man can be trusted. If they cannot keep secrets—well, that's not their failing alone.

"I don't think we should tell what we wish kept secret to anyone, man or woman. It's trifling with human nature . . . If you can't keep a secret [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Fred Astaire, Mitzi, and director Mark Sandrich lean against a pole on the set of "Top Hat" and look well pleased with themselves. But read about Fred and wife!

SWINGING AROUND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE with Mitzi

VERY DEAR JOAN:

Have you a Svengali tucked away in some closet? 'Cause I'm *Trilby*! Yep, Sunshine, I've been christened same by Elissa Landi. She spotted my varnished tootsies peeking through my evening sandals, and quicker than you can say Ekaterinskayavich! whipped off the booties, called the assembled guests at Reine Davies' birthday party at ye Coconut Grove to witness that they wuz neat and straight. I shall enter them in the next dog show!

Reine, who is Marion Davies charming column-writing sister, just got herself engaged to handsome Paul Cavanagh. She tossed her left hand about where, on a tell-tale digit, a nine-carat diamond glittered like a sunrise. And for hours she kept on the evening wrap that Marion had given her. You, too, would do the same if it were royal blue velvet with a mile-long train and a shoulder-length cape of the most well-fed silver fox you'd ever gotten the vapors over.

Elissa didn't look so poorly either with her "Christmas tree ornaments" (as she so blithely calls them) of five matched diamond bracelets, one after the other! Elissa not only has bracelets, she has dogs and cats and horses, too. Of the felines, two are her particular favorites . . . Rufus ('cause he stays on the roof so much!) and Casanova, because he's such a one with the lady pussies! Her mama, who is a countess (the actress' mama!) was telling us that that evening she came in to see Elissa. And the countess brought with her a big slab of rye bread and liverwurst.

"Before dinner," said la countess, "one has cocktails. And before cocktails one must have a little something in the tummy. So, Elissa my pet, gobble this." "My pet" gobbled obediently, but later spurned cocktails for canapés of more liverwurst! Tell me, oh tell me, how does she keep her figger?

Next day I whipped myself into a bathing suit and drove out to director W. S. Van Dyke's swimming party for kids which he holds first Sunday of each month. There were scillions of wee ones there—Van being the most childlike of all and such fun racing for prizes in the pool and also on the lawn. My kid brother and Mickey Rooney got the most. But with pride I point out that both gentlemen divided the spoils with the less fortunate of the younger generation.

I sunned myself and listened to champion Frank Shields talking tennis. Permit me to remark that while he wields a razamataz racket, he is a hunk of handsomeness, also. I'll pay my thirty cents anytime when he gets going on the screen.

Well, Van Dyke being an old friend, we rolled out in splendor that evening to see Joan Crawford's preview, "No More Ladies." Joan sat two seats away and gnawed her beautiful nails to a frazzle. She was awful nervous. I whispered to her friend sitting between us, "Ask Joan if the collar of that evening gown (in the picture) is piqué." Joan leaned over and said, "Yes, starched piqué, and it scratched like the dickens!"

Mitzi would go into the hat-checking business if it's only to hold Jack Benny's title. Incidentally, Mitzi has quite a line on the "gadgethouse" that is Mr. Benny's



Mrs. Cummings' bright daughter is still at it—just one gay dance or party—or both, or several—after another. The vitality of the girl! And what those keen young eyes see, and what those pink ears do pick up!

Après le preview Van took me to the Trocadero. We joined uncle L. B. Mayer's party. Next table sat Marlene Dietrich, very floaty in white chiffon that had only one shoulder strap, and two great chiffon roses at the neck, one black, the other red. A red hankie waved from her wrist. I launched a giggle from under my dorsal fin when I remembered how a friend, who had a very elaborate home for rent, told me that Missy Marlene appeared there one day looking very exquisite and imperious, took one look at the entrance hall, cried, "Too beeg!" turned on her pretty heel and walked out. The rest of the house was never even viewed!

My little dark-eyed friend, the knock-em-over Raquel Torres gave a swimming party the other day (And husband Steve Ames, just to carry out the nautical scheme, served marine blue cocktails). Benita Hume, Virginia Pine, Monte Blue, Nancy Carroll, Paul Cavanagh and Jack LaRue and Binnie Barnes were but a few of the mob she had about.

Binnie kept skipping about with her camera taking all sorts of snaps which she sends back to husband in England so he has a pictorial record of what she's doing. Binnie also sews. She made all the organdie curtains in her bedroom. But she won't allow anyone closer than two feet on account of the stitches! She also gardens. For a long while she carefully tended her one lone lemon tree, which had only three skimpy lemons on it. Finally, cause hubby couldn't believe she was in California without a picture of a fruit tree, she carefully wired on two dozen yellow beauties, took a picture, and sent that!

Raquel piled her jet locks atop her bean and went wading up to her chin. "I'm a South Sea Islander," she laughed, and she did look exactly as she did when she was in "White Shadows of the South Seas." Only cuter, if that's possible. Which started Jack LaRue-talking of old times. He's always treasured the memory of Valentino's "Blood and Sand." Jack wants terribly to do it himself. In a letter to a fan he asked what she thought of the idea. Evidently she thought plenty, because she rounded up four hundred other Boost-Jack-LaRue-ites and they sent in a heap of mail to a fan magazine begging for it!

Whoa! Didn't you write and beg for party ideas, huh? Fay Wray is your gal, then. She gave a giddy and gala one recently that you can copy if you don't tell her I told. Mebbe she got her idea while sunning herself, along with luscious Miss Del Rio and Mrs. Gary Cooper, for the three copper-tinted females talk everything over while daily sopping up Old Sol.

The party was for "Rocky" Cooper's twenty-second birthday. Fay distributed kids' drums that everyone hung around their necks, and balloons, in gown-matching colors, were tied around feminine wrists. Fay, who wore turquoise and white, had one of the former shade. Dolores, in magenta and blue, floated a big, shiny magenta bubble. And there were blizzards of confetti. They played a pip of a game called "Likes and Dislikes." Everyone writes down five of these about some person in the room.

Then the slips of paper are collected and read, then everyone tries to guess who it is. Jolly! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Franchot is a smart young fellow, ambitious, cultivated tastes, a delightful sense of humor—a person who is well worth knowing

By MITZI CUMMINGS

Franchot Tone—Fortune's Favorite

Since he was born—at Niagara Falls, no less—all life's necessities have been taken care of—but he isn't spoiled

NO self-respecting writer starts a story with an apology. But one is supposed to apologize for a hackneyed phrase, even though it is apt, not very old, and came from Mr. Franchot Tone himself. "Life," said the young man, with a contented pull at his pipe, "is just a bowl of cherries."

And now we shall elucidate. Franchot Tone has never had to suffer. He has never known want. No one ever stood in the way of his career. In other words, since the day of his birth until now his mental, physical, and spiritual necessities have always been taken care of in fine fashion. Ergo: "Life is just a bowl of cherries." Remarkable in this cruel old world . . . but even more remarkable is that the gentleman who gobbles the fruit is neither spoiled, bored, dull nor dissolute. Franchot Tone is a smart young fellow with lots of ambition, cultivated tastes, a quiet and delightful sense of humor, and thoroughly normal reactions. This makes Tone worth knowing even if you'll find it's rather hard to get very well acquainted.

He was born on Caruso's birthday, February 27, in, surprisingly enough, Niagara Falls. And there his family still live.

In the same house. This past Christmas Franchot sent home loads of gifts which the family took movies of as they were unwrapped. Then they sent back the reel of film which Franchot ran off. He supplied his own sound effects by surprised yelps of "Look! Mother's moved the radio!" "Hey! That's a new lamp in the living room!" and so on. Just a home boy who would do anything in the world for his family. (They talk long distance every month.)

His mother, he says proudly, is a grand sport. To prove it, he tells about the time he went to a prep school to prepare for Harvard. But he didn't study hard, and he did play hard, and suddenly he found himself fired for being a "subtle influence for disorder throughout the Fall term." ("Swell phrase that!" said Franchot with his slow grin.) His only worry was what his mother might say. But she didn't scold, she merely suggested, with a good-natured smile at the elegant phrase describing son Franchot's behavior, that he speak to older brother Jerry about getting into his college, Cornell. Five months of the college year had already gone by, but in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]

Fashion

FORECAST FOR AUTUMN

BY TRAVIS BANTON
PARAMOUNT DESIGNER

FASHION is staging a return to the era of elegance, with emphasis on line and richness of fabric. Out of the remote and also the immediate past have come the sources of inspiration—traditional, classic, picturesque—but with adaptations to our modern needs.

With the return to greater formality, the fashionable woman will give more attention to detail in assembling her wardrobe. She will keep herself pretty much in check during the day, wearing simple conservative clothes, more loosely fitted. Action clothes with plain lines but good fabric. If limited in scope, she will select a basic color that is becoming to her. Upon that as a firm foundation, she will build her street and evening wardrobe for Fall.

She may choose what she will in hats, for hats are still running wild. But the new hats must be worn with dash and chic and must always have a definite relation to the costume. Accessories will be matched with care, with an eye to doing double or even triple duty.

If plain for the street by contrast, evening fashions will be glamorous. Gorgeous fabrics, heavy with gold and silver brocade, lend themselves to the romantic inspiration of the Renaissance. The sculptured gown will almost stand alone. Chiffon, always considered a summer fabric, will enter the winter scene. It demonstrates the meaning of line and movement in the new clothes. "Heavy" generally describes the new fabrics in this season of the draped silhouette.

MORNING

Color: What color will be worn? Any color, every color. The moment color becomes too general, it becomes banal. Use the whole palette. Run the gamut of the spectrum but choose the color that is becoming to you.

Browns with a reddish cast; rich [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



Sketches by Travis Banton of gowns designed for Marlene Dietrich, star of "The Pearl Necklace." Intricate draping of the folds of heavy black crêpe sustain the rhythm and allure of subtle line. The bouffant creation is realized in gorgeous fabric, silver plumes on crisp white faille

Banton

Sparkling Nights



Light will just naturally center on Jean Muir when she wears this René Hubert inspiration in "Orchids to You." Like a goddess of Greek mythology, Jean reflects the classic influence in this hostess gown of gold lamé, accented by jeweled belt

Shimmering satin under soft lights is the choice of Rosalind Russell, M-G-M featured player, for evenings at home. The deeply fringed dolman sleeves, tapering to fitted wrists, the draped skirt and broad sash, all indicate the Fall fashion trend

Moonlight on silver is dramatically interpreted as Miss Russell makes her entrance in an evening wrap of silver lamé, lavishly trimmed with silver fox. Featuring the season's new back closing, Adrian has placed emphasis upon rich fabric and line for his effects



White formality in wool crêpe is again brought into the evening scene by this gown of exquisite simplicity, so flattering to the classic beauty of Miss Russell. Evening lengths are shorter but trains go to any length at home

Bette Davis, who will next be seen in the Warner production "Front Page Woman," in a molded evening frock of lustrous polka-dotted black satin. The shirred bodice, criss-cross back carries a white accent in the gardenias



PRE-VIEW of the FALL

Top Parade

with GERTRUDE MICHAEL



White ermine for classic formality is the luxurious expression of Gertrude Michael, Paramount player, as she turns her lovely head toward Fall and Winter festivities. The rippled collar and capelet effect are good for Fall



A swagger goatskin ensemble is a priceless addition to the wardrobe of the girl returning to college. Smart little hat and waistcoat contrast with the darker grey of the coat. Fun to try a new scarf drape when inspired





Follow Miss Michael's lead and choose a platinum kidskin with flattering moiré finish for your new semi-formal coat. The high mounting of the collar and the princess line are new, while smart little wooden pegs hold broad revers and belt to line. Above: Gertrude's certificate of smartness:—mink

Boudoir Notes



Buttoned up in tailored simplicity, Jean Parker, M-G-M featured player, is ready for a brief rest in her favorite ivory satin lounging pajamas. Unfasten the collar and revers appear. From Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Enchanting little nightgown, as sleek as a deb's evening dress. In rose satin and lace, it is charmingly feminine as the 1935 version of the Edwardian tea-gown over a taffeta slip. Inez Courtney in "The Girl Friend"



Schoolgirl from the ribbon in her hair to the tips of her toes, Miss Courtney is surprised to learn that her fascinating little nightgown which reflects fashion in its voluminous sleeves, may do double duty as a hostess gown intime

Inez suggests a practical item for the college girl in the crêpe one-piece blouse-petticoat combination which is ideal for wear under a sheer wool suit. There's swank in those tiny tucks and mannish tailoring of the blouse details





FASHION

Firsts

Sylvia Sidney, Paramount star, consented to be photographed while she was in New York selecting her new Autumn hats from Lilly Daché, Inc. She chose crisp organdy and black velvet to wear at cock-tail time. Note bow at nape of neck



A petite four-cornered beret of soft felt with its rolled edges and finished with a veiled trim is charming for the street. Miss Sidney plans to wear it with one of the new Fall dressmaker suits

Only half a hat, but filled to the brim with tremendous chic, this little hat of a burnt toast color, with the flattering swirl of the veil, will companion Sylvia at many a smart Hollywood restaurant

Jauntily perched over her right eye-brow, is this tiny hat of antelope felt. Sylvia is certain that it is just the hat to top the velvet suit which she will select. Ostrich is "elegant" fashion

FOR FALL



Miss Claudia Morgan wearing a frock of cellophane crêpe. The draped bodice detail is definitely Fall fashion, as is the silver fox-trimmed scarf with back fastening. Above: The same frock with the capelet scarf worn with dash over one shoulder. Note the high cut-out neckline. From Franklin Simon, N. Y. City



Among the most glamorous of film's glamour girls is Joan Crawford. Possessing a strange, dramatic beauty, Joan is an enigma — tragic one moment, gay, laughter-loving the next. She is a lady of unfathomable moods, a very beautiful puzzle

Hurrell



Schafer

Also tops in the glamour girl class is Claudette Colbert. With her lovely heart-shaped face, a quiet charm and subtle humor, she has a rare magnetism which all women covet and no man can resist. Different from Joan—but just as fascinatingly glamorous



Irving Berlin admits he can't keep his eyes on the piano keys when playing for Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire to dance. The famous songwriter is rehearsing with the pair for a scene in the RKO-Radio musical, "Top Hat." Berlin has written some grand tunes for the film

THE MAN WHO PLAYS "THE INFORMER"

There has never been an adventure yarn written more exciting than the true life story of "tough" Victor McLaglen

BY WALTER RAMSEY



Ugly, brave, sentimental, loyal, adventurous rover—he is the hero of the hour in Hollywood today. Left, McLaglen interrupts lunch with Harry Burns to flash a smile in the cameraman's direction

background: born in England—lived most of youth in South Africa—soldiered in the Boer War—went through an Australian gold rush, a bit of ruby mining in Ceylon—boxed and wrestled, professionally, over half the globe and fought, unprofessionally, over the rest—and came at last, surprisingly, to acting and Hollywood.

These few facts are mentioned briefly because they compose all that the majority of people, either in or out of Hollywood, know about this man who is now the outstanding candidate for the Academy Award for the finest acting performance of 1935!

Truly a name to be reckoned with at the box-office, he has remained outside the glamour circle of Hollywood, a neglected celebrity until, with his great performance in "The Informer" he jolted the critics of two continents into saying: "His is the most important performance [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

VICTOR McLAGLEN stands six-foot-three in his boots, boasts a flattened nose and near-cauliflower ear, weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds stripped and has trouble making what is left of his frizzy hair cover his enormous head.

For years, his name has been synonymous with hard-boiled babies, "Sez You" longshoremen and tough guys in general.

His meager publicity has revealed a colorful, man's-man



☆ LOVE ME FOREVER—Columbia

SINGING as gloriously as she did in "One Night of Love," Sand looking just as radiantly beautiful, Grace Moore again soars to screen glory.

The story of the film is run-of-the-mill, with the inevitable triangle composed of: Grace Moore, an impoverished society girl with musical ambitions; Leo Carrillo, a music-loving gambler who falls in love with her and her voice and sacrifices all in order to launch her into Grand Opera and win her; Robert Allen, wealthy playboy whom Miss Moore promises to marry.

But you won't even notice the triteness of the story, so perfect is the singing, the music, direction, photography and the supporting cast. Acting honors go to Leo Carrillo for his magnificent performance as the gambler.



☆ ACCENT ON YOUTH—Paramount

OUR nomination for the most delightful comedy-romance of the month is "Accent on Youth."

Herbert Marshall is a playwright in his late forties, devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young twenties secretary, Sylvia Sidney.

Marshall casts her in a play of his in which she makes a hit and meets Phillip Reed, a young millionaire actor. Marshall realized simultaneously that both he and Reed are in love with Sylvia, but turns her over to Phillip because of his belief that youth must call to youth. He even writes the love speeches with which Phillip woos and wins Sylvia.

Sylvia departs on her honeymoon with the most unexpected and hilarious results. The three principals are quite perfect. Don't miss this one.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ BECKY SHARP—Pioneer-RKO Release

VIVID, colorful, beautiful—literally and figuratively—is this first all new Technicolor feature-length picture. Symphonies in startling shades, gorgeous screen paintings, in scene after scene, supply the magnificent main attraction, of course. But even they are rivalled by the sparkling performance of Miriam Hopkins as the conniving flirt and lady of fortune who crashed the court circle of England in the Napoleonic era and lived by her woman's wiles alone.

An excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's character in "Vanity Fair."

You must see it for the brilliant new colorings, for the full and artistic story presentation and the fine acting of Nigel Bruce, Cedric Hardwicke, Alan Mowbray, and every other member of an ace cast responding to Rouben Mamoulian's period-perfect direction.

The endless stimulation of color may tire your eyes at first. You may be drawn to a gold button or a blue ribbon instead of a vital expression. But the actors will seem warmer and fresher and more alive.

And the lavish color-contrasted backgrounds (a bow to artist Robert Edmond Jones) are something you'll long remember.

"Becky Sharp" is a new experience you should have; a delightful thrill you should enjoy, and a grand picture you must see.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BECKY SHARP
IN OLD KENTUCKY
LOVE ME FOREVER

ACCENT ON YOUTH
PAGE MISS GLORY
SHE

THE 39 STEPS



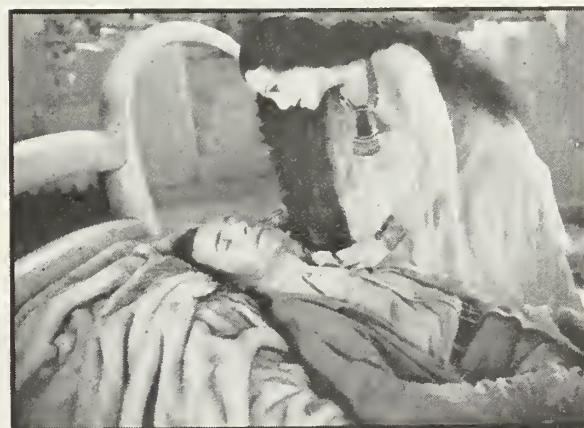
★ PAGE MISS GLORY—Warners

MARION DAVIES at her best—and you know how good that is! She romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as *Dawn Glory*, the fictitious lady with whom Pat O'Brien has won a beauty contest through means of an assembled photograph.

Pat is a promoter par excellence. Frank McHugh is his assistant—and Dick Powell is the handsome aviator who warbles one ditty, and gets the girl.

There is funny dialogue and situations, and practically everyone on the Warner lot is in the picture.

Some of the gags are rather antique, but anyway, you laugh loud and hard. Patsy Kelly and Dick Powell share acting honors with Marion. Barton MacLane is wasted.



★ SHE—RKO-Radio

HERE is a spectacle of magnificent proportions with the decadent effluvia of the tomb period. Randolph Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack go beyond the Arctic to find "the flame of life." After colossal adventure, they encounter "*She*," Queen of the strange and lavish domain. "*She*" has lived five hundred years, and Helen Gahagan plays exquisitely the woman to whom someone should have said, "Be your age."

"*She*" yearns for Randy Scott, reincarnation of her old lover, whom she had killed, embalmed beautifully, and kept around the palace. There are human sacrifices, a gorgeous "Dance of Death," and a macabre atmosphere throughout. Helen Mack does much with little. Entire supporting cast is excellently convincing.

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Miriam Hopkins in "Becky Sharp"
Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever"
Leo Carrillo in "Love Me Forever"
Will Rogers in "In Old Kentucky"
Charles Sellon in "In Old Kentucky"
Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina"
Herbert Marshall in "Accent on Youth"
Marion Davies in "Page Miss Glory"
Robert Donat in "The 39 Steps"
Claude Rains in "The Clairvoyant"
Alice Brady in "Lady Tubbs"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111



★ IN OLD KENTUCKY—Fox

MANY an "old southern custom" including a feud, is brought out in this latest Will Rogers picture, which is a laugh from beginning to end.

Will, as *Stave Tapley*, trainer of *Pole Shattuck's* fine horses, joins the one-horse stable of old *Ezra Martingale* (Charles Sellon), *Shattuck's* sworn enemy who is always out gunning for him or anyone else who comes within range of his ancient shotgun, a constant running gag that keeps you laughing through the picture.

Rivalry on the race-track and rivalry between *Martingale's* daughter, *Nancy* (Dorothy Wilson) and *Shattuck's* daughter, *Arlene* (Louise Henry), both charming, over Russell Hardie, *Shattuck's* imported specialist in "animal husbandry," makes plenty of action and a background for many a good gag.

One of the best gags is that of the "rain maker," *Pluviosus J. Aspinwall* (little Etienne Girardot) who saves the day, making it possible for the right horse to win the race.

Will Rogers is his lovable homely self, trying to fix up everything for everybody, all of whom put in well sustained performances.

And Bill Robinson, the colored dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it.

It's a film for every type of movie-goer, well balanced in humor and action, with fast moving and modern dialogue.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆
The 39
Steps—
GB Production



FRONT PAGE
WOMAN—
Warners

ADVENTURE, romance, and mystery, effectively combined, make this one of the most entertaining spy pictures you've ever seen. Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself. By mistake, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on his perilous journey. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense.

NOT since "Blessed Event," has there been such a crisp, crackling newspaper drama. It's a seesaw battle between crack reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis as they unravel a murder case, to prove or disprove that "women are bum reporters" and make better housewives. Both seem to win. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy.



MEN WITH-
OUT NAMES
—Paramount



BROADWAY
GONDOLIER
—Warners

THIS suffers by comparison with other G-Men films, but considered alone, it is good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by that grand Lynne Overman. Madge Evans and David Holt offer complications and good performances. Leslie Fenton heads the dirtiest bunch of crooks you ever saw. Excellent supporting cast.

LAUGHTER and sweet music—what more do you want? A pleasantly preposterous story with Dick Powell in the rôle of a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame. The tunes are rich, plentiful and well handled by Dick. While Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell team up for chesty chuckles. Enjoyable all the way.



CHARLIE
CHAN
IN EGYPT
—Fox



HARD ROCK
HARRIGAN
—Fox

WARNER OLAND, as the Chinese philosopher-detective, goes to the tombs of the Pharaohs this time, to encounter murder and unravel the mysteries. Grand atmosphere and unique settings plus some hilarious comedy with Stepin Fetchit put this one way up top in the Charlie Chan series. Oland is A-1. Pat Patterson and Thomas Beck carry the romance.

APLEASANT little custom among hard rock tunnel drillers, it seems, is to try to beat up your boss and win his job. This is the theme for a virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. It's a cracking good he-man picture all the way, clear to the happy ending.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—
London Films-
United Artists



LOTS of excitement in this film story of a British Commissioner (Leslie Banks), who, aided by the cunning of a native tribesman (Paul Robeson), undertakes to tame the warring, cannibalistic tribes of the African interior. You'll find it worthwhile entertainment for Robeson's singing, Banks' excellent acting, and its portrayal of the African natives



ANNA KARENINA—
M-G-M

THIS is really a weak and dull picture, yet the persuasive genius of Garbo raises it into the class of art. What should be moving seems dated, though the production is magnificent and Garbo, exquisitely photographed, has more fire than in her last several pictures. Freddie Bartholomew is delightful as her son. But Fredric March seems very stuffy as her lover.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES—
Monogram



THIS familiar Gene Stratton Porter story has been translated into a most satisfactory film. Neil Hamilton as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life amid the beehives, gives a fine convincing performance. The involved plot is admirably worked out. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth, plus a good supporting cast. For all the family.



STRANDED—
Warners

KAY FRANCIS, beautifully gowned, is a social service worker who falls in love with George Brent, he-man engineer, but refuses to marry him because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. After a long struggle—part of which bores you, part of which entertains you—the romance ends happily. Performances o.k. Direction good. But story is unconvincing

THE CLAIR-VOYANT—
GB Production



ASUSPENSEFUL drama with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when near Jane Baxter, who acts as a psychic medium. When his wife, Fay Wray, becomes jealous of Miss Baxter, and at the same time Rains' forecasting is blamed for a mine disaster, trouble begins. A-1 performances. An absorbing film.



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—
B.I.P.-Alliance

THIS is a faithful screen translation of the Dickens' novel with every character so true you feel it had just stepped out of the book. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the grotesque, villainous *Quilp*. You'll find the tragic story of *Little Nell* and her *Grandfather* worthwhile screen entertainment. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

A Romance That Is Stronger Than Death



Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld, arrive in New York for a brief vacation. Mother and child, they do everything in their power to keep Ziegfeld's memory alive



The late Florenz Ziegfeld with Patricia, when she was a little tot. King of a gilded, glamorous, theatrical world, Flo's greatest pride was his child, his wife, their beautiful home

When Billie Burke married Flo, she was the favorite actress of two continents, he the world's most powerful producer. Yet at forty, she was left, penniless, their fortunes made and lost

“WE try to keep Flo alive, Patricia and I,” Billie Burke said in the gay, childish voice that, twenty years ago, two continents adored. “We talk about him a great deal. I think women who never mention husbands or lovers who have died miss so much comfort, don’t you? Now I love to speak of Flo—it makes him seem so near us. And of course he must be. There’s no other explanation of *this*—”

She looked about the charming drawing room, all primrose and gold in the tossing sunlight and shadows of the windy Spring afternoon. Brass cupids warmed their hands at a fire. Lamps of rose quartz and crystal stood on marquetry tables. Tiny needlework pillows snuggled in the puffy arms of pale damask chairs. It was the room of a lovely woman who does not need to worry about the stupid details of money-making.

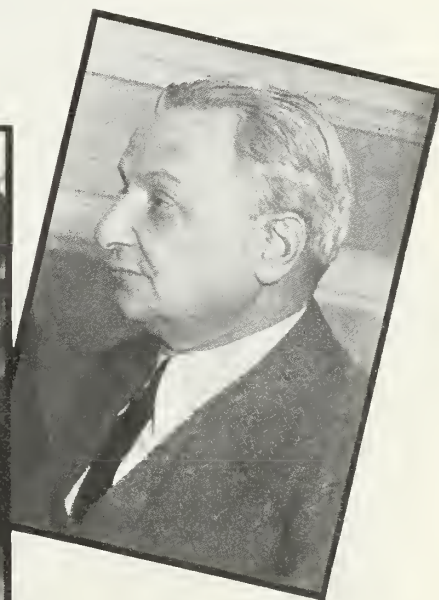
Today — two years after he left her — Flo Ziegfeld is again giving security and comfort to Billie Burke. Their great love, which amazed Broadway for eighteen years, has not been broken by Flo's tragic death

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Back in the days when no shadow of death or disaster marred their happiness. Billie (center) and Ziegfeld, out on the links for a game of golf with their friend, Maxine Elliott

When Billie was the happiest woman on earth: mother of a lovely child, wife of an adoring husband. Today it is around the grown-up Patricia that Billie's dreams of the future center



"You have no idea of the power Flo had! He had only to put out his hand and everything came to him. But he was never quite sure of me. I saw to that," says Billie Burke



Yet Florenz Ziegfeld, the greatest of all musical comedy producers, left Billie Burke to face the world at forty without a penny of the many fortunes he made and lost and made again during his amazing career.

"He is still taking care of us," smiled the woman who had been Ziegfeld's wife for eighteen years, his widow for three. "Perhaps you've heard that Metro has bought the picture I

helped write about his life, and they are planning to revive his famous Follies for the screen, too. That will mean—not wealth for Patricia and me but at least comfort, security. And he's giving it to us today after being gone three years. That's the beautiful part of it. He always wanted us to have everything. I think he must have known how frightened I've been sometimes in the nights since he left me." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

Binnie Barnes starts her bedtime preparations with a pre-facial. Soap and water with a complexion brush to stimulate circulation and awaken pores



With skin aglow, Binnie next applies a cleansing cream which penetrates deep into the pores, floats out hidden impurities and completes the first operation in the quest for skin cleanliness and true loveliness

Sun and wind are inclined to work havoc with the natural oils of the skin. So Binnie next strokes in a good tissue cream, her finger tips lightly and rhythmically patting the softening emollient into her skin

TEN MINUTES

SUMMER is on the wane. You have danced blithely through a vigorous Summer of active sports at the beach or in the mountains. You are fairly bursting with general good health and spirits, ready for a strenuous round of early Autumn activities. Splendid. Now we can get down to cases.

First of all, you'll be thinking about your wardrobe. I warn you that evening clothes are bewitching, classic, romantic, but in all or any one of their varied moods, they are utterly and wholly feminine.

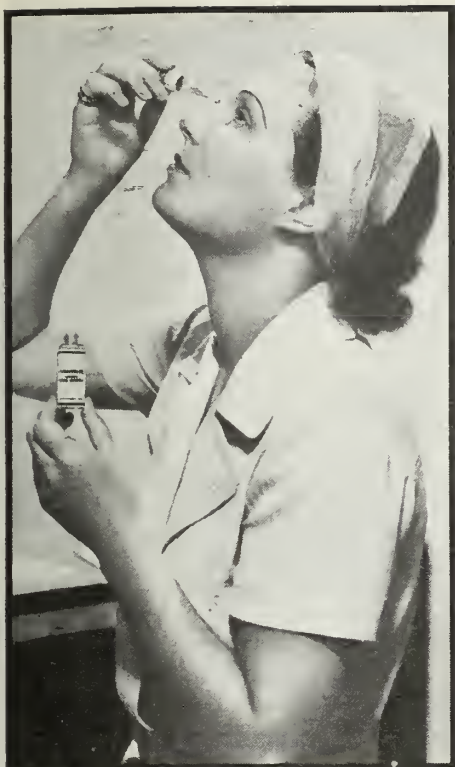
So, what about your skin? Have you followed the expert advice of reliable cosmetic authorities and wisely protected your complexion from too intense sunlight, or has Old Sol browned you to a turn? Sun-tan looks stunning with beach and sports clothes, but a *cafe au lait* complexion topping the softly draped folds of a Grecian evening gown seems to strike a false note. And remember, too, that soft candle-light illumination has a tendency to make a too-tanned skin look muddy.

The time has come to do something about it, particularly if you don't wish to spend the early Autumn weeks in beauty

salons, lubricating and refining your skin to fitly companion your new clothes. Don't wait until you get back to town. Get your beauty reconditioning in early. Start now to devote a few minutes before bedtime to a softening and nourishing treatment and you will be surprised how charmingly your complexion will adjust itself to the new fashions.

Binnie Barnes really made that suggestion. Binnie is the delightful English girl who played *Katherine Howard* to Charles Laughton's *Henry the Eighth*, in the screen play of that name. Like most girls from misty-moisty England, Binnie has an exquisitely translucent skin. Removed from its normal habitat to a dry climate, that particular skin texture is apt to line very easily. And burn. But Binnie takes the necessary precautions to prevent anything so devastating from happening.

For ten minutes every night she performs her beauty ritual, an extremely simple one designed for busy people. Binnie is an out-of-doors girl who acknowledges a fondness for a thorough preliminary cleansing with a mild soap and tepid water. The complexion brush which she seems to enjoy is a new find. She



Though generally neglected, eyes should be cleansed at least once a day. With the aid of eye-drops or a pure eye lotion, Binnie's eyes are left cool and rested after exposure, and glowing with radiance



Binnie knows that lustrous brows and eyelashes are the only proper setting for expressive eyes. So the last step in her beauty ritual is to apply a well-known lash grower. Presto, well-trained brows, long lashes

And so to bed. Fresh as the dew, Binnie is now ready to retire. Only ten minutes a day brings years of reward. Good night, and sweet dreams



TO BEDTIME

confessed that she used to scrub her skin to a ruddy glow with a regular nail-brush until she found the little round brush with its long bristles. She always keeps two or three near her bath, one a gaily-backed egg-shaped brush, form-fitted to the hand. Brushing briskly stimulates circulation, awakening sluggish pores to a sense of duty.

Occasionally, some women prefer to use a cleansing cream before the soap and water treatment, but not Binnie, for she has a tendency toward a slightly dry rather than oily skin. For the latter, first cleanse thoroughly with a pure, quickly melting cream, remove the dust and grime with tissue or towel and follow with the soap and water bath.

The skin that has been over-exposed to sun and wind needs softening and nourishing. In the third step toward bedtime, Binnie shows how she uses the cushions of her fingers to gently, but firmly make her skin take nourishment.

Betty Grable of RKO-Radio Pictures, has just reminded us that beautiful eyes must have a harmonious setting. Use a special oil or paste, either of which is marvelous in smoothing

away tiny lines around the eyes which are caused by exposure. Pat lightly around the eyes and leave on overnight.

If you value your eyes, keep them healthy. Care for them just as conscientiously as you do your teeth. Binnie relieves eye-strain by washing away impurities with a standard eye-lotion.

The very last step is the care of the brows and lashes and how they reward your attention. Good lash creams and ointments are available at most department and drug stores. Or you may choose a sweet oil or even white vaseline. Massage the cream or oil into your lashes or use a brush as Binnie does. The result will be the same,—lustrous and luxuriant lashes. At the same time, brush your brows straight up, then shape them. Good training means well-disciplined brows.

Now, ready to retire, Binnie stretches to relax taut muscles, stretches like a cat, if you have ever watched one. Every muscle comes into play, with special attention to those back and shoulder ones. If possible, do your stretching before an open window where you may inhale deeply at the same time.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



THE EYES HAVE IT

YOUR eyes are the most exciting thing about you. They express your every mood. Be happy, be joyous, be interested in all the fascinating things on this little planet and your eyes will mirror your spirit.

Eyes have something just as precious as the sense of sight. They are lighted by an inner radiance. When you open the door to discontent, out goes the light as though a veil were drawn. Your eyes become drab, for you are no longer interested nor interesting. Turn on that light, for in your eyes dwell your youth, your charm, your magnetism—your “come hither.”

Motion picture stars know the value of expressive eyes. They

also know that even eyes of natural beauty may be enhanced with the aid of subtly applied cosmetics. The art of clever make-up is in achieving the illusion of naturalness.

Dolores Casey who herself has glorious eyes follows a particular make-up routine which she gives to you, step by step. She uses a brown eye-shadow, blended lightly, ever so delicately, from eyelash to brow. With the new metal lamé evening gowns she may use a metal eye-shadow. With eyebrow pencil she follows the natural curve of the brow, extending the line a trifle. Where the eyelash meets the lower lid she draws a fine line which creates a faint shadow. Then the magic mascara.

There's sparkle in the new clothes. Put sparkle in your eyes.

FINGER TIPS FOR FALL



Dolores Casey, Paramount player, presents eyes in the four stages of their glorification. Upper left, she deftly blends her eye-shadow; lower left, eyebrow pencil shapes the brows; upper right, fine line drawn where lash meets eyelid; lower right, tear-proof mascara applied sparingly; center, Dolores' expressive eyes ask your approval of her artistry

There they are, tightly fitted little miracle mitts that not only lubricate the nails and cuticle, but also shape the fingers at the same time. Sally seems very pleased with her discovery



Exquisite finger-tips reward Wendy Barrie, Paramount player, for daily care. She uses the re-fill bleach pencil after lubricating her nails and cuticle with a new nail tonic oil smoothed on with a brush



Brittle nails had become a problem to Sally Eilers. But the new method of pouring a few drops of oil into especially fitted rubber fingers, before donning them, for ten minutes daily, solves the lubrication problem



(Other Tips on Page 82)

Adrian Answers 20 Questions on Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

know that a crowd will gather to look at an elephant walk up a gang plank as readily as it will to see a movie star. If you happen not to like being stared at, photographed and being talked to in front of hundreds of people, you would probably try to avoid the discomfort, if you possibly could.

Unfortunately for Garbo, she is rarely able to make an exit or an entrance into any country inconspicuously, because of passports, etc. If she were able to do so, I'm sure her goings and comings would be a joy to her instead of a horror. It isn't because she has any desire to ignore "her public." She prefers them to be interested in her on the screen, rather than in her personal life.

THIS, perhaps, is a very extraordinary quality for a celebrity to have. Most of them take to adoring crowds like a duck does to water. But because one comes along and severs herself from the crowd, is no reason why it should irritate so many people.

Q.—Since large numbers of people are bored with this mysterious propaganda of Garbo's, why does she allow it to go on, and does she approve of it?

A.—Once again it is not mysterious propaganda, any more than a person would be considered mysterious if he had a desire to travel from one city to another without reporters and a battery of cameras following him. The fact that she desires to live a private life of her own has made "mysterious propaganda." She herself is the last person in the world to approve of it or desire it.

Q.—Why does Garbo want to be alone?

A.—For the same reason, probably, that thousands of other people in the world want to be alone. It is her personal desire. You know anyone who keeps away from the tendency of group thinking is usually misunderstood, disliked, mistrusted or considered odd. Surely if she finds she cannot have the privacy and the pleasure of being unnoticed in public that the majority of us have, she has a perfect right to have that, wherever else she can find it.

Q.—What is Garbo like socially?

A.—She's shy, at times full of a great deal of fun, loves to listen to stories, but she has no curiosity about the private lives of celebrities. She prefers to judge them entirely by their performance or the thing they are giving to the world. If a man paints a great picture, she is not at all interested whether he's been married four times and why.

Q.—What does Garbo's private wardrobe consist of?

A.—Her wardrobe consists of tailored suits, various top coats of the sport variety, sweaters, slacks, berets, sport hats, stocking caps (with visors that fit over them) and sports shoes. I don't think she has an evening gown and if she has I'm sure she has never worn it. She also has several fur coats.

Q.—Why have you given her so many odd hats to wear and does she like them?

A.—Garbo isn't very fond of the fashionable hat of the moment. Nor is she fond of the fashionable hairdress. As she does not wear her hair in a way that suits the current hats and is very fond of personal-looking ones they are apt to appear rather unusual to the eyes accustomed to the prevailing mode. The combination of individualistic hat and hair arrange-

ment often gives Garbo a rather extraordinary style effect, which, in itself, is not really extraordinary.

I have noticed that these very hats usually become fashion "Fords" eventually.

Q.—As you know, there are many untrue and ridiculous stories printed about Garbo, written by people who have never seen her. Do you think she resents these stories?

A.—Naturally there are certain stories which are so far-fetched, particularly those of imaginary feuds, that any one would be upset. I don't think she pays a great deal of attention to the others.

Q.—Do you think that many of Garbo's reactions are selfish ones?

A.—I think a great many of them are. But I think they are her own business!

Q.—Does Garbo have a sense of humor?

A.—Yes, I think she has a terrific sense of humor. Most of it is of a very piquant sort that has a kind of whimsical quality. When she happens to be in the mood, she chats at great length about her observations, life and what she feels about it. I remember being particularly amused one day, after having shown her a sketch and taken a great deal of pains to explain why I had designed it for a certain scene—the colors, materials and various other reasons for its being used. During all this time she had remained completely silent but interested.

After I thought I had convinced her, she just said, "Yes." And then with a look of surprise, she said, "GARBO TALKS!" and laughed gaily.

Q.—Of all the pictures you have dressed Garbo for, which clothes interested her the most?

A.—The clothes in "Romance," "Queen Christina" and "Anna Karenina." I think the latter interested her most of all.

Q.—Several times you have been seen out shopping with Garbo. What is she like on these excursions?

A.—She's terribly interested in old brocades, old Spanish wood carvings, etc. She loves a little Spanish street in Los Angeles called Olvera Street, probably because it has some of the old world atmosphere. She adores ridiculous, silly little toys such as painted pigs and stuffed rabbits. She likes to shop but takes a long time to make up her mind about her purchases and is willing to shop a great deal for one object.

Q.—Why did Garbo allow you to photograph her in one of her "Anna Karenina" dresses when she lives in perpetual fear of the candid cameraman?

A.—She knew I was very pleased with a certain organdy dress and I had said to her jokingly, "If you weren't Garbo, I should be down on the set with my camera, making a record of this dress."

She very charmingly answered, "Get your little camera."

Q.—Is Garbo really a beautiful woman?

A.—She is a very beautiful woman, particularly in a sensitive, rather spiritual way. I think her eyes are extraordinary and her eyelashes are extremely long. And I might add—real. She has a beautiful body, slender and athletic. The myth about her large feet should be completely shattered. Probably this has arisen because of the fact that she wears a

comfortable sports shoe most of the time, because she does a great deal of walking. She is usually completely sunburned, rarely ever comes into fittings with her hair combed, never wears makeup except a dark line at the edge of each eyelid. She has lovely teeth, an easy walk, which last she probably has gotten from walking a great deal. She can jump out and into a car faster than anyone I have ever seen in my life—probably because she has done this a great deal also.

Q.—In comparison with other women you have worked with, is Garbo so extraordinarily different?

Do you feel she is a person apart or is she another one of the charming women you have to dress?

A.—She is decidedly a woman apart, because she is actually so simple and has not one ounce of affectation. She is at no moment the actress and never gives me the illusion of being one until she is on the set before the lights, actually in the part. The minute that she leaves the set she's a very little girl, completely out of her atmosphere. Because she so consistently lives her life the way she wants to, regardless of criticism or the suggestions of her friends, she cannot help but be different—*because she is*. Not anything mysterious or full of hokum, but a terrific individualist, who ruthlessly defends her own code of living, by ignoring outside contact. This may or may not be good for her. That again is a matter of conjecture.

Certainly she doesn't alter from its path and goes her own way, regardless.

Q.—Do you think Garbo would act the way she does, if she were not a movie star?

A.—I think she would. Probably not quite as easily, because she has the power to do as she wishes in a much more high-handed manner than she could if she were in a less-important position in life.

But aren't there a lot of us who would live differently if we could afford to disregard outside opinion and found that we could succeed in doing it.

It's like the little boy who said, "when I grow up, I'm going to eat all the candy I want," and kept his word. Garbo, probably from a child, yearned for as much solitude as she wanted. And she has succeeded in having it against the great odds of human nature which surround her and fight her at every turn.

Q.—How much does friendship mean to Garbo?

A.—I've often wondered. Sometimes I think because she lives so remotely that she appears not to need it as much as most people do. I think, however, that she can be a great friend, provided that the friend can adjust himself or herself to Garbo's particular viewpoint on life.

Q.—Will Garbo think you have talked too much about her after you have answered these twenty questions?

A.—I have no idea whether she will or not. But I feel confident that by answering some of the many questions which are continually asked me, I can better explain that she is a human being with her own right to live her life in her own way—regardless of whether it happens to suit James Jones or Mary Smith. That's all that really matters.



Sylvia Sidney, packing her picnic kit for a day at the beach, seems undecided for how many guests to prepare. But there seems no cause for worry, Sylvia, when those containers are filled with salads et al.

Luncheon al fresco

Lunching and dining out-of-doors becomes an art when Sylvia Sidney is the charming hostess

IN Hollywood, New York or Nassau, Sylvia Sidney's beach picnics are famous. At the first hint of recess from the studio she is off and away to gather up her picnic basket for a day at the beach. Beg pardon, "basket" is not the word to describe anything so de luxe as Sylvia's picnic hamper.

Some like their food hot and some like it cold. Everyone is sure to find good old-fashioned baked beans, spaghetti or a crisp salad in the three containers with their well-fitting lids, or for those who like to grill their own, there are plenty of hot-dogs and hamburger steaks.

Two large thermos bottles contain the drinkables, soup, coffee, lemonade or cocktails. The red and silver service is

complete for six, with unbreakable cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons.

Miss Sidney knows that swimming engenders hearty appetites, so she plans her menus accordingly. Here is one of them:

Bouillon Madrilene

Deviled eggs
Grilled hamburger steaks
Flat rolls

Bread and butter and
Lettuce sandwiches
Cup-cakes

Sometimes the menu will comprise a large mixed salad, rolls, ginger-bread and iced tea.

Franchot Tone—Fortune's Favorite

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

three weeks, Franchot crammed and boned enough knowledge to pass the examinations with really flying colors. It doesn't matter that the day after he forgot everything he had learned, for three years later when he graduated he was a Phi Beta Kappa.

He tried every form of sports, but he just wasn't any good at them so he decided to give them up and concentrate on his real love . . . his childhood love, acting. He became President of the Dramatic Club.

He doesn't go in for any form of sports today, either, but recently he started taking singing lessons, and so conscientiously does he practice that his mi-mi-mi's have developed enormously powerful muscles in his chest, neck and arms! Next to swimming, he avers, there is no finer exercise than the tra-la-la. Is he going to use his voice in pictures? "If I don't," smiled Franchot, "I'm wasting an awful lot of money!"

OUT of college he joined a stock company in Buffalo. He eventually played with Katharine Cornell, Sylvia Sidney, Lenore Ulric and Jane Cowl. It was with the young Theater Group (not to be confused with the distinguished Theater Guild), that Franchot feels he really learned about acting. All the members were earnest, ambitious and young. They were also poor, so that when our Mr. Tone scored a big personal success in "Success Story" and was signed to come out and make movies for M-G-M, he sped West in a hurry to get money with which to swell the lean coffers of the struggling young Group.

He never went back. Almost three years ago that was, but Franchot didn't count on two things that he would make himself sufficiently interesting to movie-goers so that M-G-M offered him a five year contract, or that he would fall in love with Joan Crawford.

The first reason Mr. Tone can't understand very well, for he has little respect for the "stuffed shirt" rôles which the studio insists he play. (With the exception of Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." This is Tone's masterpiece so far. The real stuff came out in the boy then.) It mystifies him why he is cast in weak, social-register rôles when he never did

anything of that sort on the stage from where M-G-M signed him.

As to the second reason, love, it is easy to understand why Group Theaters or even an invitation to dine at Buckingham Palace couldn't drag him away from that.

He hasn't seen much of California although Joan, who never had a real home before this, doesn't like to leave it. Once Franchot said to her, "Darling, you're not working now, why don't you take a trip to the Grand Canyon or somewhere?" She replied, "I've got a Grand Canyon right in my own back yard." So, as said, Franchot hasn't seen much of California. Note: but he has seen a lot of her back yard!

He loves music. Rather, he idolizes it. He has a superb collection of operas, and a profound knowledge of the history of each and of its composer. When a musical mood seizes him, and there's never any time element on things like that, he listens and listens and listens! He has a fine machine that plays a great many records in rotation, and sometimes the boy gets so entranced, he sits on the floor, right next to the machine, and practically sticks his head inside the sounding board. If the room is filled with people, he doesn't realize it. He just isn't there. Nor does he care.

Tone is no Pollyanna, but he is a fair and honest critic. He will deliver, when asked, opinions on the screen performances of his friends; and if these opinions do not meet with the approval of those friends, they have the satisfaction, at least, of knowing they are genuine reactions. In other words, those who want the truth from this forthright gentleman get it, palatable or not.

ALSO, he's a sticker-upper for the under dog. Not long ago, one of his closest friends relates, Tone was in a room with a group who were doing a bit of fancy tongue butchery over the character of one then absent. Tone, as the friend happened to know, did not like the person under discussion; but this did not prevent him from rising slowly to his feet and with a few quiet, but rapier-like remarks, defending the absent one. And yet, says the friend, Tone would not hesitate for a second to give his real opinion to that person . . . to his face.

He likes good books. Especially those on the theater, of which he has an enviable library. "South Wind," by Norman Douglas, happens to be his favorite reading because "it has everything."

If he were furnishing a house, and if he lived in New York, he would go to Macy's department store and buy Early American. That is, if he had to furnish a place. He never used to bother very much. Just a bed and a roof suited him . . . and he changed the geography of both when he got tired of the address. Now he has a funny little house, very habitable and attractive, that Joan helped decorate. Franchot is highly pleased with it. He's probably going to stay there.

FOR one of such a reserved disposition he's a contradiction. He doesn't like to be alone. His own company, he avers, bores him. But he doesn't like a lot of people either. Just a few who are real friends. Intelligent folk who are interested in and can discuss any topic. After all, any gent who's won a Phi Beta Kappa key is no numbskull. But to be a really nice guy you've got to have other gifts as well. Dancing, for example. Franchot loves it, if he's not too tired and if the girl is Joan. And he's got to look presentable. Mr. Tone, although he's so lazy he'd rather grow a beard (and look surprisingly saint-like) than shave, has some nifty suits. Hollywood tailors turn out his picture clothes. London experts make his more conservative private wardrobe.

He hasn't any specific plans for the future. The future, he reminds you, has always taken care of itself. Nobly. The stage, later, would be first-rate, though. Particularly with the now successful and beloved Group Theater. A trip to Russia would be fine. And . . . well, everything is interesting to him. He likes life.

The other day I stepped into the Turf and Field bar in the Ambassador Hotel. Colored pictures and caricatures of famous stars adorn the walls. Witticisms are scribbled all over. Right smack on the main wall I spied this one:

*"Sing a song of drinking,
Thirsty to the bone . . .
Four-and-twenty greetings
And all from Franchot Tone."*



June Knight and Robert Taylor, plus a mirror, give you the four principal positions in the latest dance creation of Dave Gould—of "Continental" and "Carioca" fame—"Broadway Rhythm." You'll see June and Bob glide through this intriguing dance more fully in M-G-M's forthcoming musical extravaganza, "Broadway Melody of 1936." In addition to Miss Knight and Taylor, the cast includes a galaxy of screen, stage and radio stars headed by Jack Benny. It sounds exciting, something for the terpsichorean-inclined to see

THE ANSWER MAN

IT'S the same gaiety and charm which bewitched you in "Paris in Spring" that "sold" Mary Ellis to the movie colony. Out there they called her "the darling of the foreign legion in Hollywood." No foreign star ever enjoyed more whole-hearted popularity in the American film center than Mary.

Mary objects to being called a "foreign star." She was born in New York, and she shocks Londoners by eating hamburgers and corn on the cob, American fashion. Also, she sang for three years in the Metropolitan Opera in New York before she ever made a name for herself on the London stage.

She deserted the operatic stage and high-brow drama ten years ago when she inspired Rudolph Friml to write his famous musical comedy, "Rose Marie." Mary was the original *Rose Marie*. In the rôle she made a phenomenal success both in New York and London. It was then, in 1924, that Hollywood first offered her a contract. She refused. Thought she wouldn't like working before the cameras and without an audience.

Now she admits she was wrong. Loves picture work and says her biggest thrill came when, finishing a scene for "Paris in Spring" one day, those working on the set with her applauded enthusiastically. She considers a prop-man's okay more important than the praise of a prince.

Her contract with Paramount calls for her services six months out of the year. The other six she goes to London to do a play. In England she lives on a little farm near Sussex. Her favorite pet is a Welsh pony she rescued from the mines and named Taffy. Taffy pulls her to market in a dog-cart. He's fond of his mistress, but whenever she approaches him with slacks on he kicks her—right in the slacks.

Mary Ellis has been married three times, but is free now. Her third husband was Basil Sidney, whom she played opposite for seven years.

She's one of the few actresses who tells her right age. She celebrated her thirty-sixth birthday in June. But she looks twenty-one—even without a particle of make-up on.

She's enjoyed fame and success in opera, drama, musical comedy. Now watch her skyrocket to the top on the screen!

THELMA GRANDE, JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Joe Morrison was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, November 19, 1908. Morrison is his real name. Proof: His mother was Augusta Herrmann Morrison his father Fred Morrison

ELEANOR MORGAN, PRINCETON, N. J.—William Powell has been twice married and twice divorced. His first wife was Eileen Wilson, mother of Bill, Jr. Carole Lombard was his second wife. Powell was born July 29, 1892.

MARJORIE WYATT, RICHMOND, CALIF.—Your letter to Cal York has been handed me for answer, since we don't publish letters in the gossip column.

Gertrude Lawrence is famous on the legitimate stage, both in New York and London.



Star of opera, drama and musical comedy both here and abroad. Mary Ellis is now going places on the screen. You saw her in "Paris in Spring." Just now, she's abroad

She is an English actress, born in London on the Fourth of July, 1898. Among the hit plays in which she was starred are: "Babes in the Woods," "The Miracle," "Fifinella," "London Calling," "Charlot's Revue," "Candlelight," and many other successes. She was married to Francis Gordon-Howley, and had one child, a girl who is now about fourteen years old.

She entered pictures in 1929, making "The

Gay Lady" for Paramount. Since then she has made several foreign films, but has devoted most of her time to the stage.

No, Miss Lawrence is not married to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. They recently made a film together for British International Pictures "Mimi." And there have been rumors of romance about the couple ever since Doug, Jr. went to England.

FAY JANE GOOLSBY, CANTON, N. C.—Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on the sixth of October, 1906. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. Weighs 96 pounds and is exactly 5 feet tall. Charles Farrell was born in Onset, Mass., on August 9th, 1902. He is 6 feet 2, and weighs 170 pounds. Charlie's hair and eyes are brown.

E. G., CANTON, N. C.—Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 107. New York City was Gene Raymond's birthplace. He is 5 feet 10 and weighs 157 pounds. Mary Carlisle was born in Boston. She is 5 feet 1, weighs exactly 100 pounds. Joan Blondell is another New Yorker. Her height is 5 feet 4, weight 118. Mae West hails from Brooklyn, New York. She is 5 feet 5 and weighs 120 pounds.

ANNIE V. KNIGHT, CANTON, N. C.—Looks as if this is the special Canton edition! Okay, Canton! Evelyn Venable was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall Douglas Montgomery is a son of the Golden West, born in Los Angeles. His height is 6 feet. Clark Gable's birthplace is Cadiz, Ohio, where they are still trying to make a preacher out of him. Clark is an even 6 feet tall.

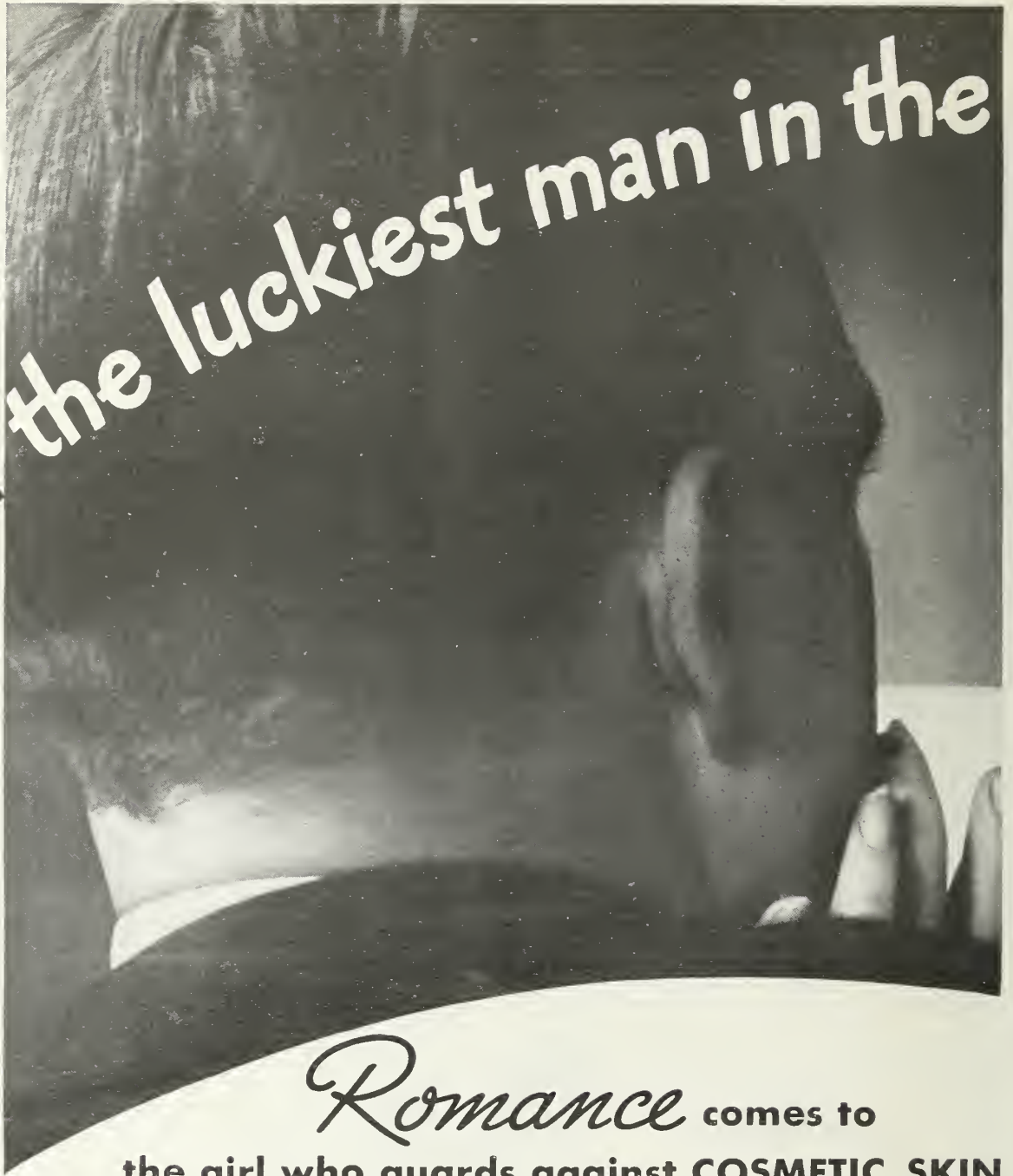
J. D. W., PORTLAND, OREGON.—Yes, the little girl who "stole the show" in "George White's Scandals" was Eleanor Powell, queen of tap dancers. She has blue eyes and chestnut hair. Eleanor was born in Springfield, Mass. And her next film is "Broadway Melody." Watch the October issue for more information about her—and maybe a picture.

NORMA CLARK, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Your questions about Henry Wadsworth were all answered on this page in our August issue. Mind looking up your last month's copy, Norma? Thanks.

MISS B. WRIGHT, CHICAGO, ILL.—Calm yourself, lady. Your favorite is not married. Phillip Reed has never forsaken the state of single blessedness, and we haven't even heard a romantic rumor about him recently. Phillip's real name is Milton LeRoy. He's a graduate of Cornell University. His first film was "College Coach," made in 1933.

E. V., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Robert Taylor's real name is S. Arlington Brugh. He was born in Filley, Nebraska. He is 6 feet ½ inch tall and weighs 165 pounds. Has brown hair, blue eyes. His last film was "Murder in the Fleet." (Story about him in this issue—ed.)

"I'm the luckiest man in the



Romance comes to
the girl who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so

deeply—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. Begin today to use it! It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.

world"



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard
against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

JEWELS IN YOUR HAIR

The time has come to think about shedding your Summer tan, conditioning your hair and nails for autumn nights. "Candlelight Complexions," "A Heavenly Halo," and "The Perfect Home Manicure" are yours for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City



Ann Sothorn in "After the Dance" portrays the influence of the Renaissance upon hair. Try weaving a strand of pearls through your coiffure or posing a garland of flowers as you would a diadem. A halo braid or crown curls may give you a new personality for evening



Kitty Carlisle's smoothly sculptured coiffure plays up her perfect "widow's peak." Try placing your puffs at varied angles, horizontally or vertically, to broaden or lengthen your face as desired



Natural charm is the keynote of Loretta Young's youthful hairdress. Freshly brushed, with not too much curl, her hair is excellent in style and length for the young girl who may wish to mask a long neck

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Starring in Pioneer's New Technicolor Picture

"BECKY SHARP"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

Miriam Hopkins



Reveals Her Beauty Secret

..and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Only a few years had passed, but what a change it had made in the two girls! Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, charming, poised. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. To her delight and amazement, Janet learned that the secret of beauty which had dramatized the loveliness of Miriam Hopkins could be used by anyone.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see for yourself what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor selected and applied the colors that would bring out in the dull little face before him, the priceless and elusive thing called beauty. Rachele powder to enliven the skin and give it satin-smoothness, Blondeen rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermilion lipstick to accent the youthful tone of the lips. Color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick... the living portrait was finished... and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being... Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.



Would you like Max Factor to give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an illustrated booklet on "The New Art of Society Make-Up"? Mail the coupon and all these will be sent to you.

Janet Ross

Tells Her Own Story About

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

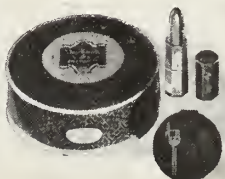
"MAX FACTOR'S POWDER brought out unexpected beauty in my face through the magic of its color harmony shades. I find it clings for hours, and makes my skin appear satin-smooth even in a close-up.

"MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE is creamy-smooth, and blends so perfectly that the lovely tones appear to be my own coloring. It keeps its true color in any light because the color harmony shades are light-tested.

"MAX FACTOR'S SUPER-INDELIBLE LIPSTICK is moisture-proof, so I apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips giving them an even, harmonized color that is really lasting."

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
 • Send Purple-Six Box of Powder and Rouge Sample in my color harmony shade.
 • Also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE

1-9-98

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
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"/>
Ireached <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
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SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check page above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

Fashion Forecasts for Autumn

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

greens with yellow cast emerging into blue tones in late autumn; new rust tones; wine shades, deep and rich. Black, of course, but not much. Tweed mixtures.

Fabrics: Woolens with nubby surfaces will lead for street wear with classic serge and Poirer twills for suits swinging back into the fabric picture. Sheer woolens for frocks with their related coats in color and fabric of heavier construction. Homespuns and jerseys with a long hairy finish. Vel-

tion is a tweed suit or a well-cut skirt of tweed, a plain soft woolen sweater, light weight woolen stockings or half stockings over lisle. Amusing variations may be achieved by a colorful kerchief, scarves and gloves. Felt hats must be plain but chic. The Englishwoman buys her accessories of this nature in a man's store. She even buys her sweaters there. Clever accessories make an amusing whole. when the assembled effect is casual.

AFTERNOON

Fabrics: Soft and supple rather than harsh textures are supreme in a season when the draped technique reigns. Changeable weaves, cloky crêpes, satins, cellophane crêpes and velvets. Sheer woolens that look like silk and silks that resemble woolens.

Silhouette: Wider and fuller is the watch-word. The belted silhouette is coming back stronger than ever. Fashion interest is at the front either through straight fullness of the skirt from belt-line to hem or through bodice subtlety. Dressmaker detail in shirring and faggoting is important. The "buttoned-up-the-back" style appears even in coats. Sleeve fullness mounted high, becomes tight at the wrist or really voluminous. Open neck-lines will receive increased endorsement as the season advances. The shirt-maker dress for the cocktail hour continues in importance with the new formal suit of stiff velvet.

Hats: Suit yourself and your costume, but wear your hat with dash. Nips, tucks and clever seamings stamp the new felts. Imaginative shapes should be chosen with discretion and only when you may possess many hats can you afford to be whimsical. Berets, large and small, in velvets, antelope-suede and felt. Turbans show the Florentine inspiration. Reboux's "half hat" with cuff brim and very little back except a bow, may be worn for both formal and informal occasions. Velvet with ostrich indicates the return of elegance in fashion. Veils add a decorative note to many hats.

Jewelry: Select ornaments with an eye toward the costume they will adorn. Clips, brooches and buckles are important in a season when drapery must be anchored. Bracelets of gold and silver larger than ever. Adapted from the Renaissance, pearls, ever in demand, are even woven through the coiffure. If you are the proud possessor of real jewels, your wardrobe should be built around them. Marlene Dietrich has magnificent jewels and every costume for her personal wardrobe is built around them.

EVENING

Colors: Here again color is flexible and unlimited. But the light in which colors will be worn must be considered. Subtle colors are lost under subdued lighting. White and black are clear and perfect for evening formality. Navy blue in a rich fabric. In velvets, the Renaissance jewel-tones, vibrant blues, Raphael reds and Veronese greens.

Fabrics: Inspiring in their rich patterns are the heavy brocades, stiff with gilt threads, in large design. Gold ostrich plumes on a stiff brittle taffeta, the fabric from which

the bouffant creation which Marlene Dietrich will wear in "The Pearl Necklace," was executed. Gold and silver lamés in woven combination with pastel colors. Velvets with cellophane weaves.

Silhouette: Evening clothes will clear the floor, with uneven hem-lines, with curved cut-up-in-front hem-lines, with points and scallops around the floor. The train is to be deplored on the dance-floor. It had to be held up awkwardly and revealed the worst line of the leg. The primary duty of a dance dress is to look well while dancing. Go the limit with trains and frills but wear them at home.

Wraps: Evening wraps will belong to the dress they are worn over; or the woman who must limit her wardrobe will have one or two wraps she can wear over everything. A good wrap is one that covers the dress entirely and makes a complete costume in itself. It does not matter what is worn under a wrap of this description, since the dress is not seen until the wrap is removed. You can plan your wardrobe to wear with one wrap.

For instance, Claudette Colbert was going to New York recently and did not wish to carry a lot of baggage. I designed her an evening wardrobe to wear with one wrap of dark sapphire blue velvet.

There was a gown of sapphire blue lamé, a white chiffon with a blue velvet sash and slippers. Then a gown of French blue with slippers the same color, which harmonized beautifully with the wrap. The idea is to plan your campaign in advance and not be carried away by some dress that has no relation to the ensemble.



Nobody knew her! Jean Muir put on a play at a small theater. And when her character woman fell ill, Jean donned make-up for the rôle

veteens. Smooth looking two-toned tweeds in all-over geometric pattern.

Silhouette: Very trim, sleek and slightly more flare than last season. Lengths will be from twelve to thirteen and one-half inches from the floor. Coats either princess with molded waistline or swagger, two-thirds or three-quarter lengths, giving the impression of bulk. Capes in all lengths. The cape suit with waistcoat receiving favorable comment. Cape effects through clever sleeve manipulation. Bulk is definitely smart when it occurs in the right garments. Fall coats show soft drapery "bulkiness" at the top. Collars high, wide and rippled. "Back to college," suits of the three piece variety with short jackets buttoned up to a high point and boxy top coats the choice. Knee-length suits for high fashion. In skirts, action is the keynote, fluidity of movement. Flared more than last season, but a straight flare achieved through six to eight gores from hip-line or waist-line.

SPORTS

Keep to tradition and the masculine viewpoint for sportswear. A classic sports founda-



Bill Robinson, king of tap dancers, and his wife were glad to get home! They'll stay in New York until work starts on Bill's next RKO picture

**The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
you must take Today**

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour — like snapshots? First aid to romance — how well they tell "the old, old story." Don't take chances with these pictures that mean so much — your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people's real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



Guessing Right for Stardom

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25 |

play the lead in this staccato story of the Federal drive on gangsters. They called Mr. Robinson in, and the conversation went something like this:

"Eddie, we've got a great part for you. We have a picture that is going to make more money than any in years. It's a honey. It will make you more famous than you've ever been. We picked it for you, etc."

But Mr. Robinson shook his head sadly. "No," he said, "I couldn't consider it. The public doesn't want to see me in any more gangster rôles or gangster pictures. I shall have to do something else."

"But you won't be a gangster. You'll be a Federal man," they protested.

"No, no, no," said Mr. Robinson, and nothing they could say would budge him.

And so Jimmy Cagney, whose contract didn't permit him to turn down the job, was assigned to "G-Men." At this writing, the picture has grossed six hundred thousand dollars and is expected to top a gross of a million and a half at least.

CAGNEY, who had been sliding along at Warners in a series of unimportant rôles, gained a new lease on his screen life as a result. And so has Robert Armstrong who played the part Jack Holt firmly declined. "G-Men" has been what the genties of the picture industry call a wow. Mr. Robinson is about to make "Barbary Coast" for Sam Goldwyn, and while, of course, this may do him equally as much good as "G-Men," I have a strong hunch that Eddie is regretful of his adamant attitude.

There's the case of "It Happened One Night." How many million dollars that little program number has poured into the coffers of Columbia only Harry Cohn knows, but it has played fourteen thousand theaters in this country and five thousand in foreign parts. One small theater in Hollywood, the Marcal, has booked it six different times, and a theater in Seattle played it fourteen weeks straight.

Claudette Colbert was the only one of the cast who wanted to play her part, but then Claudette is that rare exception, an actress who so far has proved she can pick stories. She sees the thing in its entirety rather than as a script with big individual scenes which give her a chance to emote. Clark Gable fought like a steer about making it. He even sulked and stormed and balked after he had actually started to work. Finally, Capra took him aside and said, "Come on, Clark, be a sport. You're here. Let's see what we can do with it." What they did was to do more for Clark as an actor than any picture since he started his career!

Incidentally, the story of "It Happened One Night" was pretty well kicked around before it was even made. It originally belonged to Metro and was bought for Robert Montgomery. Metro traded it down the river with Clark Gable to boot in exchange for the services of Director Frank Capra to direct "Soviet" ("Soviet," after much preparatory work, was never made).

And while we're on the subject of Claudette Colbert and her rare script judgment, let me cite you the case of "Imitation of Life." She took that against everyone's advice, and certainly her rôle sounded anything but attractive. People warned her against it, but Claudette

seeing the script as a whole, thought it would make a fine picture and thereby do her good. She told me before she started, "People say I am wrong, but I know I am right."

Warren William, who also benefited by "Imitation of Life," stood up on his two hind feet and yelled to the skies that he would positively not play in such a thing. The argument went on for days. Warren cursed and shouted and banged the desk and inquired of anyone who would listen why he should do that sort of a part when he really belonged in romantic, swashbuckling rôles, a *Captain Blood* or something akin? He finally played the rôle, and it was the best thing he's ever done.

If Mr. Gable and Mr. William always exercised their own "horse sense" about stories,



"Broadway Joe" is the name, and Joe E. Brown has a snappy outfit for the rôle. Bet he'll start a fad for shoe-string neck-ties

where do you think they would be now? I tell you they just can't see themselves in an objective light.

I am told that producers get red in the face, foam at the mouth, and their hair stands on end when they run up against one of those contracts which gives the actor or actress the right to choose their own stories. Gradually, these contracts are going out of existence, but one of the last belongs to Ann Harding. It was Ann, my good readers, who declined "Of Human Bondage" which Bette Davis took. Ruth Chatterton also had a crack at this. Perhaps both Ann and Ruth were right, but I doubt it. A good actress can take such a rôle and practically do as she chooses with it. Think of the ride to glory either one instead of Bette Davis might have taken.

NO horse sense, most of them, did I say? Joan Crawford fought like a fool not to play in "Forsaking All Others." She gave as her excuse that she, Joan, a star, should not play

with two leading men, Gable and Montgomery, dividing up the honors. I sat in the office of M. C. Levee, the agent, and heard him positively order her to play in the film. As you may remember, it was not only a fine success, but on the strength of it, Joan signed a new million-dollar contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She will never again have to worry about money as long as she lives.

Let your imagination play on this subject for just a minute. Suppose Joan had succeeded in her balking. Suppose she had refused to make "Forsaking All Others." Maybe she would have played in a dismal flop. Perhaps M-G-M might not have renewed her contract, and Miss Crawford, a veritable queen for so long, would have found pride standing in her way from signing something not terrifically lucrative. She might have fussed around for a year or so, or she might have produced her own pictures. It's been done before by just as intelligent people as Joan, and where would she have been, at least in a business way?

All the trouble with Ruth Chatterton, who, however, still has her bankroll, began when she achieved her iron-clad contract with Warners which permitted her to choose her own stories. If you remember, Warners and Paramount had a long drawn-out battle as to who would gain her services. Warners won, because Paramount couldn't swallow the paragraph which permitted Ruth to approve or reject stories. There never was a series of worse stories than those turned out by Miss Chatterton for Warners. She was still the same actress but didn't have the right vehicles. Ruth has started work after a two-years' absence, and I, for one, sincerely hope that Harry Cohn, who is a much more astute picker, handles the story end exclusively from now on.

LET me recite you the dramatic case of Leila Hyams versus Maureen O'Sullivan. Leila had her choice between "Freaks," to be directed by Tod Browning, or "Tarzan," a story about an ape man. Leila took "Freaks," probably one of the worst pictures in history and which did not do any one connected with it the slightest particle of good. Meanwhile, the studio hunted around and found a pretty little girl named O'Sullivan to play opposite Johnny Weissmuller. In order to get her, they gave her a contract. Well, Miss O'Sullivan did right well as *Tarzan's* mate, and in the next few months while M-G-M was finding various parts for her, she went quietly about her knitting. She studied, she watched, she learned, she developed, until now she is a potential star. But where is Leila Hyams?

One might ask, also, where is George Bancroft, since our "Elmer and Elsie" of last year? Whether he had anything to do with choosing that ill-fated comedy, I don't know, but I do know an amusing yarn of how he was coerced into playing "Wolf of Wall Street," which was one of the first good talkies and which did Bancroft much good. He walked out of the picture after a day's shooting, claiming he was being ruined. The publicity department prepared a story to the effect that Wallie Beery, whom Bancroft feared and hated as a rival, had been given the rôle. They released it only in the Santa Monica papers which they knew Mr. Bancroft read. The very next morning he was

back at work! He never did know the hoax perpetrated to get him to be good.

There never was a more belligerent young man than Franchot Tone when he arrived at Paramount to play in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." He hated what he called the imperialistic story he didn't like the idea of his being loaned, and he was thoroughly objectionable. "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" turned out to be one of the finest pictures of his entire career.

Loretta Young had cat fits when they mentioned "House of Rothschild." As you know, it gave her a beautiful opportunity. Janet Gaynor didn't want to play in "State Fair" because it was an all-star cast, but she gave her best performance since "Seventh Heaven." George Brent had a chance at "Oil for the Lamps of China" but declined with courtesy, and Pat O'Brien took it. It's a swell picture and has done Pat a lot of good. It would have helped Brent.

Charles Laughton regarded *Mr. Micawber* which W. C. Fields played in "David Copperfield" as entirely unsuited to his personality. Maybe he was right, but he also didn't want to play *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross," and he was simply elegant in that.

Richard Arlen left Paramount a year ago because he was dissatisfied with his rôles. "Let me pick a few and I'll show 'em," he told his friends. Well, Dick picked "Heldorado," and there wasn't anything Paramount gave him which was much worse. Dick is about ready to go back to a studio and let the producers do the story choosing.

ON the other hand, occasionally, like our shining example, Claudette, the actor IS right. Joel McCrea walked out of the Dietrich picture, "The Devil Is A Woman," when he needed the part badly, and a little later went into "Private Worlds" which did him a tremendous amount of good.

Francis Lederer was supposed to appear in "Break of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn, but he stalked out after two days shooting. Mr. Lederer was right.

Jean Harlow fought very hard for "Red Headed Woman."

Nobody could see her as a comedienne except Paul Bern, but she fought and fought and fought until she got the part. It was one of the best things she's done.

Everyone said when George Raft stubbornly refused to play in the "Story of Temple Drake" that Jack LaRue who took his place, would be our next great film hero.

"The Story of Temple Drake" was so bad Jack LaRue himself has never really recovered from it.

One of the funniest examples of an actress choosing a bad story belongs to Constance Bennett. Constance insisted upon doing "Rockabye" which landed on its ear with a great thud, and the reason why she insisted doing it was because it was Gloria Swanson's pet story.

Connie went to great lengths to snatch the film away from Gloria. She inveigled Radio into buying it from Swanson who needed money badly at the time, without telling for whom it was purchased. Then, when her studio, after its purchase, hesitated about making it, Connie stamped her foot and said they had to or she wouldn't play any more. "Rockabye" was an awful turkey, which Gloria must have enjoyed seeing.

I am wondering? How long will it be before Shirley Temple exercises her actress prerogatives and insists upon choosing her own stories?

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"I Think Women Are Awful" says Bette Davis

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

pouring out your confidences, that she is going to get mad at you some day and broadcast *all*. So, of course, you don't tell *all*. You are better off to confide in a man, if you feel one of those unavoidable confidential spasms coming on.

"Of course, if you are a woman, you must confide in someone because women haven't any reticence, anyway. I don't say there are no exceptions, but the exceptions are so rare they ought to be museum-pieces.

"In my whole life I have had two women friends I could trust—and one of them is my mother. I have always had men for friends. I prefer men. But when you do, it gives the girls a Roman holiday. They are sure of the worst."

THESE opinions from Bette, if you know her, are not at all surprising. If a stranger had walked up to the ivy-covered front porch of the old-fashioned home (yes ma'm, just like out of a song, and very nice, too) and listened to the little blonde who looked like a sorority sister, he might have been quite startled. Bette is what they used to call "old for her years," but she can't reveal what her exact years are because it's against the rules. It gives her a pain. One of the silliest things about women, she thinks, is their agonized fear of admitting their right age.

"If a woman is fifty and looks forty, isn't that just so much to her credit?"

She can't tell her own age, which is probably much less than you are thinking after this build-up, because she is an actress and the age of an actress always has a vague, nebulous and speculative quality. It is a commercial asset to keep it secret—part of the *glay-mour*. I would guess her at twenty-five, and heaven help me if that's too much. Her mind is rated about fifty.

"I have always liked older women," she went on, folding up in the big porch chair. "My mother's friends. For one reason, I started to work younger than the girls I went to school with. When I went back home on a vacation, they seemed hopelessly adolescent. They gave bridge parties and all talked at once—'he said to me' and 'so I wore my pink chiffon and he said,' etc. Why do such women play bridge, anyway? They couldn't possibly concentrate on it.

"Well, I got the idea then that women were just *too terrible*. Hollywood hasn't changed it.

"And women's clubs—the idea of women organized is appalling. I wouldn't know what to do at a woman's club. The sexes were ordained by nature to mingle for entertainment purposes. Women assembled without the steady influence of the male never listen to what each other is saying, so what is the object of the whole thing?"

"Of course, in the theatrical business you never have time to know anyone or really to make friends. It takes time. And women have always suspected me because I have too many men friends. The men I know confide in me, they tell me about their romance-troubles, their ambitions, the great novel they are going to write some day, the music they want to compose. I am a swell audience. They say.

"There is a strong clash between two women in the same profession whether they admit it

or not. They talk about each other more and worse than any other women. With the only difference that they are a little more clever and subtle and deadly about it.

"If you happen to be the kind of a girl men like, you are damned forever. Especially in the picture business. There are not enough men to go around, and every one is needed. Ham, my husband, is the only man I have ever loved in my life. He is the only one I have ever wanted. But the women suspect me just the same.

"Out here the women scare me to death. They spend their lives worrying about how they look—wondering if they have managed to look sexy enough without looking *too* sexy. They can't make up their minds about anything, except that a man with money is better than a man with no money—but any man is better than none. They lose track of themselves and they are constantly looking for reassurance. They mingle a lot of famous names in their conversation, and that helps reassure them that they are really important.

"I don't go any place out here because I come back home completely depressed, wondering who *is* right, anyway. It almost strangles every idea you ever had, there are so many against you. Of course there are undoubtedly many, many swell women I haven't met.

"When you first come out here and listen to bunches of women in dressing-rooms at night-clubs and parties, it seems that the two most important things in life are your servants and where you buy your clothes. 'Oh, this is a little thing I picked up at Hattie Carnegie's' . . . 'My dear, I have the most mahvelous new butler. He was formerly with the Earl of Such-a-Much. But the chauffeur and the second-maid, I actually think they . . .' I can't refrain from thinking that possibly the servants are the most interesting persons these women know! Also, I received the impression that servants in groups were rather new to most of them.

"It is a difficult place to keep your equilibrium. If you can hold your mind free and clear, keep the same ideas you arrived with, hold onto your background—you're *SOME-THING!* If it weren't for the women, I think Hollywood might be a pretty decent place to live. They are the ones who set up all the artificial values.

"Women have no sense of loyalty at all. Of course, being a girl on the stage, an actress, is against you anywhere. I had the most brilliant exhibition of this fact when Ham and I were in the East, a while ago.

"We were invited to the Inauguration Ball. Well, it's the sort of party you certainly don't get a chance to see very often in your life, and never in Hollywood. I was all set up and very excited about it.

"Well, I give you my word, when I walked in the atmosphere in that place was simply fantastic! The women's expressions said 'I'm sure she's tainted.' They were, without a doubt, the rudest women I have ever seen. They were typically the ones who think of nothing but getting husbands, and getting them with the least possible effort.

"The men were marvelous. They sensed the antagonism of their wives and clustered

around me in a body to make up for it. They were simply so grand I could have broken down and cried. But here is the pay-off:

"Franklin D. Roosevelt, Junior, was introduced. I was terribly thrilled, of course, extended my hand to him—and the shoulder straps of my dress broke!

"On cue! As if I had timed it! These straps giving way resulted in probably the most ghastly situation in my entire life. I grabbed the dress instantly, and the men saved the situation. They did the only obvious thing to ease my dying embarrassment—they roared with laughter!

"But the women—the women could have killed me. Did one of them come to my rescue with a pin, or offer the faintest moral support? They did not. They let me see it through without a flicker of assistance. They think to this day I *planned* it, I know they do. I am an *actress*, and actresses are not to be trusted. If you think I was properly snubbed at the beginning of that evening, you should have seen the finish! They were marvelous, those women, in their distrust. They were majestic, they were outraged womanhood organized in a body against this incredible snip who let her dress fall down!

"Every man there, almost, danced with me. I had a grand time."

Bette had to take time out while we both shrieked at the picture of that appalling disaster. She can appreciate the humor of it now. Enough time has elapsed to take off the edge, but she anchors her shoulder straps with safety pins and adhesive tape before she goes out. She will never trust a dressmaker again.

"Friendship," Bette remarked, "is as rare as love. There is almost no woman who can except position and possessions when she chooses a friend. That is more true in Hollywood than any place else in the world. The woman who has the real confidence of a star may be her secretary or her hairdresser—but you will never catch her at the Trocadero with one of them.

"They can't trust each other the way men do. I think women envy the companionship of men who are equals, more than anything else about men.

THE famous star, the beauty, has so little confidence in her charm that she chooses for her best 'friend,' the girl to pal around with, a dowdy, fat, or insignificant nonentity who is perfectly safe, who presents no competition, beside whom the beauty will shine. The pal is invariably a social equal if not in the same financial class. But the beauty avoids submitting herself to a close comparison. And even then she has moments of doubt if ever she is brought to a realization that men want something more entertaining than a beautiful anatomy.

"In 'Bondage,' the two women who really loved Leslie Howard hated *Mildred* and *Mildred* hated them, seen or unseen. Probably the most authentic hate in every woman's life is for the girl her sweetheart or husband once loved. They can't grasp the fundamental fact that *NOW* is what matters.

"My mother and father were divorced when I was very young, and it made me inordinately inquisitive about marriage. Why couldn't

people stay married? I have studied married people since then with the most frank and brutal curiosity.

"I think the one thing that gets men disgusted first is the poor sportsmanship of their wives. Women are desperately afraid to have some man catch them with their hair down—not necessarily their husbands, either. Every young man who is serious about a girl should go on a camping trip with her, and see how she stands up under it.

"When I used to find myself growing romantic about a lad, I would let him catch me looking gosh-awful. It's when I am a bad sport about anything that Ham simply can't stand me.

"He is too utterly disgusted.

"Crabbing about things that can't be avoided—woman's besetting sin.

"Being an actress is a petty career. She has to develop an ego, especially in this acting business, she couldn't get along a step without it. And I love the thing I am doing. Sometimes I wish I were a little girl back in a mill-town with a beau who had fifty cents a week to spend on the movies. The ideal life for a woman is to marry some man when she is seventeen, have lots of kids, and never start analyzing men.

"These career women meet their Waterloo when they can't go home and drop it and be the little woman. The ideal situation is to have a guy who can squelch the ego right out of you. I have one in my husband who is a past master at the art. Men have told us where to get off for so many generations—but they can't any more, logically. But at least let them think they can, and let it keep your balance.

"There is no creature so monstrous as the egotistical woman who can't keep her brilliance to herself.

"MOST women are natural born hypochondriacs, they want to be pitied by men for all they have to go through. I do it myself sometimes. If I can't be pitied, I get nasty. So Ham just walks out and leaves me alone, which is the best way I can think of for dealing with an unreasonable woman. I think the woman who gets the most out of life and makes her marriage last is the one who makes a cult of health, in a quiet way, and not an issue of every pain. That soothing masculine 'poor-darling-what-can-I-get-for-you?' is very tempting, but dangerous to play too often.

"A perfect example of the Hollywood-woman-actress combination is the one who came into a San Francisco night-club where Ham was playing, not long ago. She ran up to me exclaiming, 'Oh, my deah, what *ah* you doing up *heah*?' I nodded proudly over at the orchestra where Ham was busy at the piano, and said, 'Ham, my husband. He works here.' She gave me a look of mingled pity and amazement. She might as well have said 'Imagine that poor girl married to a man who works in the orchestra.' She fled. I sat down and howled with mirth. She was the Hollywood Attitude, in person.

"It is always a sad but amusing sight to the cynics to see the Hollywood girls as soon as they lose their contracts. They start looking violently for husbands. Anything for security, they find out at last. Another outcropping of the ego. When they have the job they scorn the very men they chase after they lose it. This business is amazing in the way it magnifies and intensifies the worst traits in women. But I guess they are pretty much alike, all over the world. And I think they're awful!"

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Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale



"I Think Women Are Swell!" says Una Merkel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

yourself when it means so much to you—why expect others to?"

Una disposed of two telephone calls with the ease and grace of an old hand, keeping everybody concerned in a good humor—including ye interviewer. Una is not one who reserves all her charm and gracious manner for the lads.

"You shouldn't put such a strain on friendship, anyway. Why burden others with your affairs when they have so many of their own problems and personal griefs? The less you expect from your friends, the more they are able to give.

"Then the gossip angle . . . Women are the congenital gossipers, gossip is a word of feminine gender, you might say. But why? Who writes the most celebrated gossip columns? Men!! It isn't only the fault of women that small local gossip in any town is passed along. The men love it!

"Why do people everywhere dash for the gossip column every morning? To get the latest, the inside, news. And why? Because gossip is the commodity there is least of—and because it's about *people*—a subject of our most intense lifelong interest. Don't tell me women do all the gossiping. *Everybody* gossips, if they are human."

UNA has some interesting comparisons to make between men and women. She uses the words of Katherine Mansfield, who describes men and women as two sides of a coin. They are but one half of the same thing . . . "Some men have the quality of gentleness which is usually regarded as a feminine characteristic—some women possess fortitude. And so on down the line. Both share the same faults. You cannot generalize with specious statements, such as too many writers do . . . Man is all one thing, woman is all another. There are just as many honest and forthright women as there are men!"

(Take time out till the hurrahs are over.)

As for jealousy in women—especially professional women—our current cause-champion gave the bright chintz cushion beside her a thumping and went into the jealousy phase with a right good will.

"In all my professional career, I cannot think of one instance—not one—when I did not find friendliness and even helpfulness, on the part of women, *stars*, whom I have supported.

"The first night I ever set foot on a stage I was struck with the generosity of the women in the cast. Charlotte Walker, the star of the play, took me back to her dressing room and personally put on my entire make-up.

"When I played in 'Coquette' in New York with Helen Hayes, she was wonderful. My rôle was a fine one—but any star could have damaged it. Helen gave me every chance, encouraged me—and she was more pleased when I made good than I could possibly have been. And she has remained that way.

"Of course, there is some pettiness. But when you stop to consider all the opportunities for meanness in the theatrical business, you will find there is very little, in comparison."

"There is that time-honored cliché that women in the same profession are afraid to have women friends—particularly friends on an equal footing of beauty, money and position—(Una smiled at that one).

"Bringing my personal experience to bear again, I have no fear of Madge Evans, Helen Hayes, Eleanor Powell, Anna May Wong and the others who are my friends. There has never been jealousy or distrust among us. If I didn't see any one of these women for five years, I know when we met we would resume our friendship right where we left off. And aside from my own case, what about all the other friendships among famous and beautiful women?"

"There are Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton. Both talented, both have terrific drawing power on the stage—and both respect each other and have the greatest admiration for the other's talent.

"When Helen arrived on the coast to make her first picture, Ruth, who had been in films for some time, went out of her way to teach Helen all she had learned by experience about make-up and camera technique.

"Dolores del Rio and Virginia Bruce, both talented and glamorous, are close friends. And then Joan Crawford and Jean Dixon, Helen Hayes and Ruth Gordon—and many others.

"Certainly you can't overlook the great friendship of Frances Marion and Marie Dressler. How Frances, believing in Marie, plugged and tried to establish her—finally writing a story around her.

"And yet you hear all the time that professional women are afraid to have any women friends except the plain little hairdresser or secretary. Bunk."

Una paused, wondering if she had covered the "jealousy" subject entirely. "Here's another way to look at it," she resumed. "There is more jealousy among the parents of actors than among actors themselves! But it isn't malicious. Two mothers will think their sons or daughters are better, as a matter of maternal pride. It's in the same spirit, really, as two fathers whose sons are on opposite sides in a football game. They have to go out and root for their own, don't they?"

"Women seldom maliciously 'cut' another woman. If women don't like other women, there is generally a *reason*!

"Men are more likely to judge a woman by her women friends. And they are less inclined to trust a woman who has none."

AS for the predatory femme looking for a rich husband, Una says this:

"I can't believe women look for men with money in this day of disappearing bank accounts. If they did, there would be a lot of manless women, I'm afraid. During this depression, women have been called upon to bear a tremendous burden. They have seen their men face idleness and not only have they kept their belief in them—they have increased their faith, encouraged, and kept their men believing in themselves. They've been sporting!

"And another thing—women do not concentrate on dressing up, not these days. The trend of the times calls for sports clothes. A plain sports dress, felt hat and accessories. You can't accuse them of dressing up in those things . . . But why on earth shouldn't a woman endeavor to be attractive at all times? Isn't it more pleasant to look at something lovely than at something ugly? I think it's a duty to look as nice as possible.

"Every generation has its so-called 'wild youth,' but even the girls of today have shuffled off many of the silly foibles of the past generation.

"I think, when they marry, they do not bother to be jealous of their husband's old sweethearts any more. They realize every kind of love comes at the right time. So why worry when it is past and gone? If you love a man enough to marry him, and he you, that sort of proves he didn't want anyone else.

"My husband's former fiancée is frequently a welcome guest at our house. I still correspond with some of my former beaux, now married, and their wives certainly don't seem to object.

"Women are not the only sympathy-hunters, my word! Where did *that* ever start? You can't beat a man for wanting comfort when he has a pain.

"We spend so much time playing we are grown up that it's a relief to seek elemental comfort just as we did when children.

"As for being complainers—I think if women get in a jam, nine times out of ten they will wait longer to ask for help than most men! I know I would have to be in a lot of trouble before I bothered anyone.

"It is rather absurd to mention in their defense that women are the child-bearers . . . but it is rather marvelous that they regard it as a privilege and not a burden.

SO many people have a horror of groups of women. Personally, I do not care for large groups or organizations. For one reason, I find so much pleasure in my own home. My husband and father do not care for clubs for the same reason. Still, if you enjoy your club, that's your own business. Many of these clubs do much work for the good of humanity.

"Women possess a fundamental goodness. Who doesn't remember with a soft spot in the heart, the neighbor-to-neighbor friendliness of women? My mother still writes to a neighbor to whom she was never introduced. Years ago, when my grandfather died, that neighbor prepared all our meals. That was in a small town, and not so many walls separated us as in a large city. Just the same, if you call for aid, no matter where, a hand will stretch out to help—usually a feminine hand, at that.

"This idea of women constantly knifing each other is silly. At the studio the make-up women, hairdressers, wardrobe ladies adopt us as if we were their own. It is remarkable, their unselfish attitude. Their work is tedious, their salaries small. But there is no bitterness—only genuine desire to help.

"Women columnists have many opportunities to hurt us, yet they are the ones who give us the greatest boosts.

"I've been around more men than women—by circumstance, not choice. Not to appear a Pollyanna, I mean it when I say I'm tremendously fond of both. When it comes to faults, I think the final decision rates an even toss-up.

"The most bitter complaint against some women seems to be 'they are man-crazy.'

"Heavens, you can't blame a woman for seeking her natural companion, a man. It's a rule that dates back to Adam and Eve!

"But I believe if all her friends are men and women do not like her—there's a reason!"

A Romance That Is Stronger Than Death

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

The first thing that Billie Burke does every morning of her life is to take yesterday's flowers out of the silver vases on either side of Florenz Ziegfeld's picture on her bedside table and fill them with fresh blossoms. Every room in her home has a photograph of the man she married when she was the toast of London and New York; the one on the mantel over the leaping fire and the bright brass cupids show him seated at his desk, smiling. "Such a nice expression, I think," Billie said. "He was a very handsome man, you know, and so in love with life. Such men don't really die as long as there are women who keep them alive in their hearts!"

SHE carries an enlarged snapshot of him, tall, with the jaunty carriage of head and shoulders Broadway knew, from one studio dressing table to the next, and always there are fresh flowers, fragrant because he adored perfumes and exotic scents, brilliant because color was a passion with the man. In Hollywood, where life breaks so many romances on the sharp, glittering edges of success, it is strange to find one love which death itself has not ended.

"I've just come from Forest Lawn now," Billie said, as though excusing her black dress (even black looks somehow frivolous and gay on little Billie Burke). "Most people don't seem to know that Flo is buried out here. They feel back East that he should be in New York, near the Broadway he did so much to glorify,

but I couldn't let him go so far away from me. Baby and I go over to—to be with him every week, and on special days like today. This was his birthday—Flo was a great man for keeping anniversaries. No matter where he was, if we were not together on birthdays or New Year's or wedding anniversaries there'd be hamper of flowers and candy and presents and a long distance telephone call. I never knew until I married him what an art could be made of just living."

Her hands fluttered to her throat with a billieburkish gesture which matinee girls a generation ago were copying. The broad, old-fashioned wedding band on the fourth finger has never been cut down to modern thinness and decorated with orange blossoms.

"He made a ceremony just of coming home at night," she smiled. "His arms were always filled with something—magazines, or samples of gorgeous fabrics to try on the chairs. Flo Ziegfeld was tremendously proud of our home. I think it was something that he had never expected to have, a house, and a wife to meet him at the door, and a child—the simple, ordinary things most men have. He was used to such a different world, gilded hotels and luxurious steamships, and the theater. In that world he was a king. You have no idea of the power that man had! He had only to put out his hand and everything came to him. But he was never quite sure of me. I saw to that and it was this that saved us, twice—when our

marriage came very close to shipwreck. I didn't blame him. He was always surrounded with the most beautiful women in the world, and these two were sumptuous, gorgeous creatures (I was always so small myself). But I said to him, 'Cards on the table now, Flo. Which do you want most? You'll have to choose, you know,' and he chose Patricia and me.

"He would have buried me in jewels if I had let him. He loved seeing me at the head of his table entertaining his friends. That was why I left the stage, really, because he so passionately wanted to take care of me. He thought"—mischief quivered in her voice—"he thought that I was as helpless as I looked, and *I wanted him to think so*, though I had been supporting myself and my mother for nine years before I met him! When toward the last of his life he put everything he could scrape together into building his own theater and we found ourselves suddenly almost penniless, I think it really shortened his days because I took a part in 'The Vinegar Tree' to help out. When I spoke to him about it he said, 'Oh damn it, Billie, I suppose you'd better,' but there were tears in his eyes. He was broken-hearted to see me working again and to feel somehow he had failed us."

SHE might have married great wealth, a splendid title, high social position, this auburn-haired, tiny darling of the stage in the

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"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"

days of Gibson Girls and long white automobile veils and Rector's. Before movie stars were dreamed of Billie Burke was mobbed by hysterical crowds wherever she went. Dresses and hats and hair arrangements, chocolates and roses, desserts and drinks were named after her. The drawing rooms of Mayfair and Fifth Avenue were open to her. It was no ordinary career she sacrificed for love.

SITTING curled like a schoolgirl (it seems absurd to say "twenty-five years ago" in connection with Billie Burke) she spoke of her meeting with the man who was eighteen years her senior and already famous as the discoverer and promoter of so much feminine beauty. She had never happened to see the fabled Florenz Ziegfeld, and she had danced with him for ten minutes before someone hailed him by name.

"My heart leaped with sheer fright," she laughed. "He had such a reputation as a reckless gambler and a Great Lover. I thought,

"A hundred times during the afternoon I cried, 'I can't do it! I *won't* do it! Find Flo and tell him I've changed my mind.' But he wasn't to be found anywhere, though my messengers went to every haunt of his with distracted notes.

"When I came out of the stage door after the matinee there he was waiting with a car, and of course all my resolutions went flying. He just grinned down at me, 'I knew you'd be trying to find me to jilt me, Billie,' he said, 'so I've been hiding out all day.'"

And so the two, the most powerful producer of girl shows and the favorite actress of two great cities, stole away down Broadway with its glitter of mazdas just blazing on. From the deck of the ferry-boat they looked back at the city they both had conquered, and I hope that The Great Ziegfeld and the famous Billie Burke held hands like eloping youngsters while the blind beggar with the wheezy accordion who always travels on ferry-boats played "many a heart is *ach*-ing, if you could *read* them

went on tour with the play. Then they sent for me to come to Hollywood and make a picture! Twenty years ago we made "Jerry" in a Scottish village set built along the edge of the shore in Santa Monica. The scenic church still stood there up to a few months ago. They made me a wonderful offer to stay but—well, Flo was just opening the Ziegfeld Roof and there were gorgeous women in the show. I thought, 'No, it isn't safe! If you want to keep him go home.' So I went. And then I lost my first baby, and soon after Patricia came along and so I gave it up. And I was just Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld, parentheses Billie Burke, for sixteen years.

"Flo loved to go to Palm Beach, and to the Riviera, and everywhere he went he wanted to take me. But there was one trip I did not go on with him. Once he came home deadly white, and showed me a cablegram he had received from Paris. It told him that a woman was dying, a musical comedy star with whom he had had a famous romance thirty years before. I said, 'You must go to her, Flo. At once!' I watched his ship sail down the bay and then I went home and cried. It was not myself I was crying for but for the poor woman who had lost Flo in her youth and loved him all these years. She was an old woman, but I could never think of age in connection with Florenz Ziegfeld. I am sure it never occurred to him that he would ever die and leave the beauty he worshipped, the exquisite texture of his satins and velvets, the scent of his perfumes, the sight of lovely women."

And the things that he valued most of all, she might have added—his daughter with her mother's glorious auburn hair and his own carriage, and his wife, terror stricken to find herself alone and almost penniless after being cherished and protected as few women ever are.

THEIR home, set in an estate of forty acres up the Hudson, has been closed ever since Ziegfeld's death. "I should have sold it," Billie mused, "but I've never had the courage to set foot in it since. I've had only one presentiment in my whole life, and that was the sick wave of horror that swept over me when I came home from making 'The Bill of Divorcement' three years ago and crossed the threshold into that house. I didn't know then that Flo was sick but I felt that there was something terribly wrong somewhere. And that night when the Will Rogers' and we went to the opening of Flo's new show and I reached out a hand in the darkness of the box and laid it on his and felt the dreadful hurry-hurry of his heartbeat I knew what that terror was."

"I had to get back to Hollywood to make retakes, and I couldn't leave him. I was wild with fright. I persuaded him to come back with me. We called it a vacation trip because he wouldn't admit then or ever that he was sick. And there in the little house down by the sea, which I rented by the fortnight because I wasn't sure of having any money for the rent beyond that, he died suddenly."

She looked around the beautiful room with a kind of wonder. "I am so *grateful*," said Billie Burke, "that the movies wanted me."

At plays and parties Billie Burke's escort is always the same, these days—a director at one of the bigger studios. Will she marry again, Hollywood wonders? She looked at the pictured face on the mantel between vases of yellow primroses and jonquils. The stirring shadows from the fire gave it a look of radiant life.

"I'm afraid," whispered Billie Burke, "that *he spoiled other men for me. . . .*"



Will Colman forsake his moustache forever? Here he is, ready to begin work in "A Tale of Two Cities,"—and no moustache! With Ronald is Jack Conway, who will direct the screen version of Dickens' classic

"Oh—it's that dreadful man!" I was engrossed in my career—nobody was ever so ambitious as I was! I didn't want to fall in love. I didn't want to marry. But I knew as we danced that I was in danger for the first time.

"Two and a half months I held out. But even my mother favored Flo. When he said finally, 'All right, Billie, if you won't marry me I am going abroad,' I knew that I would lose him if I sent him away. I couldn't risk that! And so between my matinee and evening performance we slipped across on the ferry to Hoboken and were married. We were going to keep it a great secret for years and years. Walter Winchell was in vaudeville then, but my chauffeur told his barber and it was out in twenty-four hours. And the house was filled with flowers from my other beaux when the papers carried our pictures bordered with hearts and Cupids the way they did in those days. Oh, that wedding of mine!" She glanced at the picture on the mantel with sweet arch-

ness. "A hundred times during the afternoon I cried, 'I can't do it! I *won't* do it! Find Flo and tell him I've changed my mind.' But he wasn't to be found anywhere, though my messengers went to every haunt of his with distracted notes.

all; many the *hopes* that have *van*-ished, *af-ter* the ball." It was not marriage as Ziegfeld would have staged it, with the bride stepping out of a giant orange blossom and fifty gorgeous bridesmaids carrying her silver veil while electric moons and stars wheeled and glittered overhead and girls as Cupids swung out over the audience scattering rose petals. But the parsonage parlor with religious prints hanging on chocolate striped wall-paper held a greater glory than even the Great Ziegfeld had ever devised for his stage.

BILLIE Burke's eyes, no less blue now than then, seemed to be looking at that far away scene. "I knew as we stood there, that I was saying good-bye to the stage. No actress ever loved it more—the breathless moment before the curtain goes up, the blur of faces beyond the footlights, the theater smells, and the applause. Of course, I tried to hold on to them. I finished my season on Broadway and even

The Man Who Plays "The Informer"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Hollywood has ever given the acting profession!"

Whether or not the critics have scared away the Public by labeling this fine and exciting picture "ART"—whether it goes down in box-office history as the finest film in years or lays a neat egg as genius-gone-to-waste, the irrevocable fact remains that Victor McLaglen emerges the man of the Hollywood Hour from his portrayal of the stupid Goliath in the title rôle!

He is not amused, annoyed or even flattered at this turn of events that brings reporters and color-writers clamoring to his door for opinions on everything from "the future of the movies" to the question of "Do women prefer the brute-man type?" Nor is he impressed with the shouting campaign that has already begun to crown him with the mythical honors of The Academy Award. Though Hollywood seems to have forgotten it, he has been up for the Award before; his exceptional performance in "The Lost Patrol." And if they had had Academy Awards back in the days of "What Price Glory" he would no doubt have won it with his *Captain Flag*. When new writers say: "Hail McLaglen" and assume the attitude that he has "become" a great actor, he merely says:

"There is no sustained glory in Hollywood! All of us are as good as our last preview—no worse, no better."

His voice, his bearing, his entire off-screen manner is a jolt if one hasn't met him—and I hadn't, until that day we arranged our appointment at the Club House of his recently formed *California Light Horse*. Prepared only for a personification of his screen lustiness, I was flabbergasted at the mental culture of the man. His speech has the same smooth cultivation of Colman's or Marshall's. His diction is flawless. No matter what the background, club room or screen barracks, he is physically enormous, but removed from camera range he is no clumsy lummoX! Every pound of his two hundred and twenty-five is perfectly proportioned on his physique.

HE sat, now, in a huge leather chair, his boots stretched as far as his legs could reach them. The collar of his white polo shirt was unopened. He insisted, with a patient-but-encouraging expression on his face, that he didn't talk well for publication. "My private life is a taboo subject," he explained, "for the simple reason that my family are non-professionals and, as such, are entitled to the dignity of privacy." (He lives with the very charming Mrs. McLaglen and his two children on a ranch estate in Flintridge.) "The bare facts of my life have been written a couple of times, at least, and I've been warned by more than one publicity department that my ideas on acting and work make dull reading. I find it difficult to talk readily to anyone but an old friend—so I doubt if you'll get anything out of me."

He was right. I got little from McLaglen himself.

As a matter of fact, the interview would have been rather futile business had it not been for some real help from a number of Vic's hard-riding pals of *The Light Horse Troop* who constantly went to bat for him whilst he was



PAMELA



LORELEI

Of what avail the most careful coiffure, skillful facial, or correct ensemble, if, after all, you don't *feel* the part? And whether you know it or not, you are very liable to look the way your feet feel:—tired all over, because your feet are tired. Simply a case of "foot-fag" keeping you below par—robbing you of vitality needed to make your personality bloom with well-being. You (and the world, too) will wear a brighter face when you walk in the Charmed Circle of properly fitted Vitality shoes. They are made to make your foot feel at home—and styled to make you feel in the forefront of fashion. May we urge you to prove their Smartness, Fit, Vitality and Economy?

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● Your whole personality is revealed at its best by a radiant, vivacious face and an erect, poised figure; but tired feet can mar the effect of both. Step into the Charmed Circle of Vitality Shoes and you walk with vitality, free from "foot-fag".

VITALITY shoes

SIZES 2 TO 11 · · WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE

out of the room on one of his many restless pilgrimages to his private office or the stables. All of the boys who helped me with information were the hard-bitten type of ready-fisted gentlemen of the old school and each time they made note of a flattering piece of data on McLaglen's personality or life, they begged that it be kept secret from Vic that they had told on him.

It is rather typical that he should make our appointment at the *Light Horse Headquarters* since this is his only life outside the studio and his family. He is constantly with these men who stand ready at a moment's notice to ride with him, to fight forest fires, handle local emergencies such as the Long Beach, California, earthquake and who are at the service of the local, State and Federal police at any time. These same men hunt and train with him and together they spend interminable hours before the roaring fire of the club room smoking, drinking and swapping tales of their adventurous lives.

But none of their adventure yarns are more glamorous, more exciting, more strange than Vic's own story. They couldn't be. He's been everywhere—done everything.

BORN in a suburb of London, he spent a great part of his early life in South Africa where his father was Bishop of Clermont. No psalm-singing, hand-rubbing, pious-faced Divine of the old school, this father of Victor McLaglen, but a roaring man, a physically strong man with huge bellows for lungs; the Bishop was a man who made the fight between Right and Wrong as thrilling and adventure-some to his enthralled listeners as though he had been spinning tales of the battlefield. There was a large family: seven sons born to the robust Man of God and his beautiful wife—sons who were to rove the world as soldiers of countries and fortunes, carrying their heritage of strength and spirit to their amazing adventures.

Vic was the strongest, the wildest, the ugliest and the most sentimental! And though his unquenchable thirst for greener pastures separated him from his family at an early age no ocean was too wide, no continent too distant to make him lose the memory of the parents and home that he worshipped. While he lived and worked in Hollywood, his one crowning ambition was to mark his mother's grave with a beautiful marble statue so that her memory would be preserved forever. Thus, with the first important money he earned in pictures, Vic McLaglen journeyed to London and placed an enormous Carara marble statue over the last resting place of his mother and father. It took almost every cent he had managed to save; but if it had been ten times larger and ten times more imposing than it is, it could not half express the deep-rooted gratitude and affection he holds for their memory.

McLaglen's most unusual characteristic is that innate feeling of gratitude for people he loves and places that have given him an opportunity. This very Troop of Horsemen he has organized is but a manifestation of his gratitude to his adopted country. He doesn't think it enough to feel gratitude, he must demonstrate it. While for England he has respect and affection—make no mistake about his real feeling for America. For our country he has a love and a gratitude almost beyond words. He attempts his explanation with: "This country is the land of opportunity. It has given me everything. The proudest day of my life came when I was made an American citizen. England gave me birth—but America

gave me Life. Why shouldn't my life and services be at the demand of the country that has given me so much?"

His citizenship and his loyalty are a touchy subject with Vic. They become a sore-spot when they are questioned—as they were in a recent newspaper article in which a mis-guided pacifist referred to his *Light Horse Troop* and his leadership of it as an influence toward "Fascism," the military education. This interpretation shocked him. He was in a blue funk for days. He who had been a soldier of fortune—lied about his age to enlist in the Boer War—who had stowed-away to every port in the world seeking adventure before he was twenty-one—who had once been heavy-weight champion of eastern Canada and fought Jack Johnson to a draw in Vancouver—who had washed dishes for his dinner in the Fiji



Best wishes to Esther Ralston and Bill Morgan, for whom wedding bells rang recently. Esther is divorced from George Webb, actor

Islands—who had joined the gold-rush to Kalgoorlie and who had yet to meet the circumstance he couldn't fight his way out of, was temporarily licked with a few words. Even his cronies couldn't laugh him out of it. He would not rest until he had met this newspaper man and carefully, painstakingly corrected the misinterpretation of his military organization. It is impossible for him to ignore mistakes, criticisms or wrong ideas concerning himself. If the injury can't be corrected with fists, then hours of patient words must do it.

"It's a hangover influence from my father," he said upon returning from one of his many trips to his office. "None of us followed in his footsteps as a preacher, but I think we've all followed in spirit. I can't rest until the wrong impression or idea has been righted. I'm not built to laugh it off!"

It is this intense differential between Right and Wrong in his character that is back of his enormous charity work. But this was one topic I didn't dare mention to McLaglen. Even more than his loyal citizenship, his charities are a sore spot when they are revealed in the spotlight of publicity.

"For heaven's sake," one of his rough riders warned me during one of Vic's absences, "don't tell McLaglen I mentioned it, but we spent all of Christmas day delivering baskets of food to 14,000 families who had not been taken care of by organized charities because their requests came in too late. Much of the cost came out of Vic's own pocket, too. We worked two days packing baskets and getting them on the trucks for delivery. And he warned all the newspaper boys that he wouldn't tolerate a word about it in print! They knew he meant it, too."

His acting career began accidentally on a trip to London following ten years of soldiering and three years service as *Provost Marshall* of Bagdad. He was standing at the bar of the National Sporting Club in London when a man walked up and introduced himself as a motion picture director and asked Vic if he'd be interested in appearing before the camera. McLaglen was, it appeared, "just the type" for a soldiering part in the gentleman's current cinema. Vic was amazed. It's true he had, at one time, teamed up with a fellow who did strong-man stuff on a vaudeville circuit through Canada. "But I'm not an actor," he protested. The man replied quickly: "It's not what you can do—it's the way you look." And to this day, Vic thoroughly understands that he didn't mean his beauty.

"SO I got into pictures just like a Follies Girl," he grinned, revealing perfect, strong teeth of gleaming whiteness in his usual wide smile, "on my shape and my face."

"The Call Of The Road" was his first soldiering part before the camera, followed by "The Glorious Adventure"—both of which titles sound like hand-picked stuff for Vic. Then came a cable from J. Stuart Blackton who had seen him in his first London efforts brought him and Mrs. McLaglen to America to play the lead in "The Beloved Brute."

His American career, including such pictures as "What Price Glory," "Loves of Carmen," "Mother Machree," "The Black Watch," "The Cockeyed World," "The Lost Patrol" and, now "The Informer," is too well known to need recounting here. Yet in spite of Hollywood, with her far-flung fame, he remains something of an enigma even to those closest to him. Even the men of his *Light Horse Troop* that he loves so much are quick to admit that they know but one side of Vic. "No one really knows the guy," is the way one of his closest friends puts it. "You're always turning corners in his make-up—stumbling onto something you hadn't suspected."

He is sincerely grateful for everything Hollywood has given him—yet lives only near enough to be near the studios. Flintridge. Neither Vic nor Mrs. McLaglen enter into any phase of the local, spotlighted social life.

Many men who know some of the secrets of Vic's heart—who have shared exciting or heart-breaking experiences with him—have never been invited into his home. On the other hand, he may play a charming host to a man who is practically a stranger, whom he thinks will enjoy a quiet, family dinner!

No one has ever been able to sell him a radio because he "hates the squawking things." Yet he carries his portable phonograph everywhere—even on the set—and plays his favorite

concert artists as tirelessly as Joan Crawford. He has an Arabian valet whom he picked up in Bagdad and they converse in Arabian. He has never missed a prizefight or a wrestling match held within a hundred miles of Hollywood. He loves hunting trips, cooking his own meals and roughing it in any kind of weather—but he travels on these journeys in an imported town car, luxuriously-upholstered and driven by a uniformed chauffeur!

He rarely ever sees the actual preview of his pictures but reads the reviews avidly—and likes to talk with those critics with whom he fails to agree. Next to horses, he loves fancy game birds and breeds them on his estate. He lives practically his entire life in boots on horseback, yet there isn't an actor in Hollywood with a more extensive wardrobe of expensive, hand-tailored suits. In fact, his tastes seem to combine the most unusual combination of luxury and simplicity.

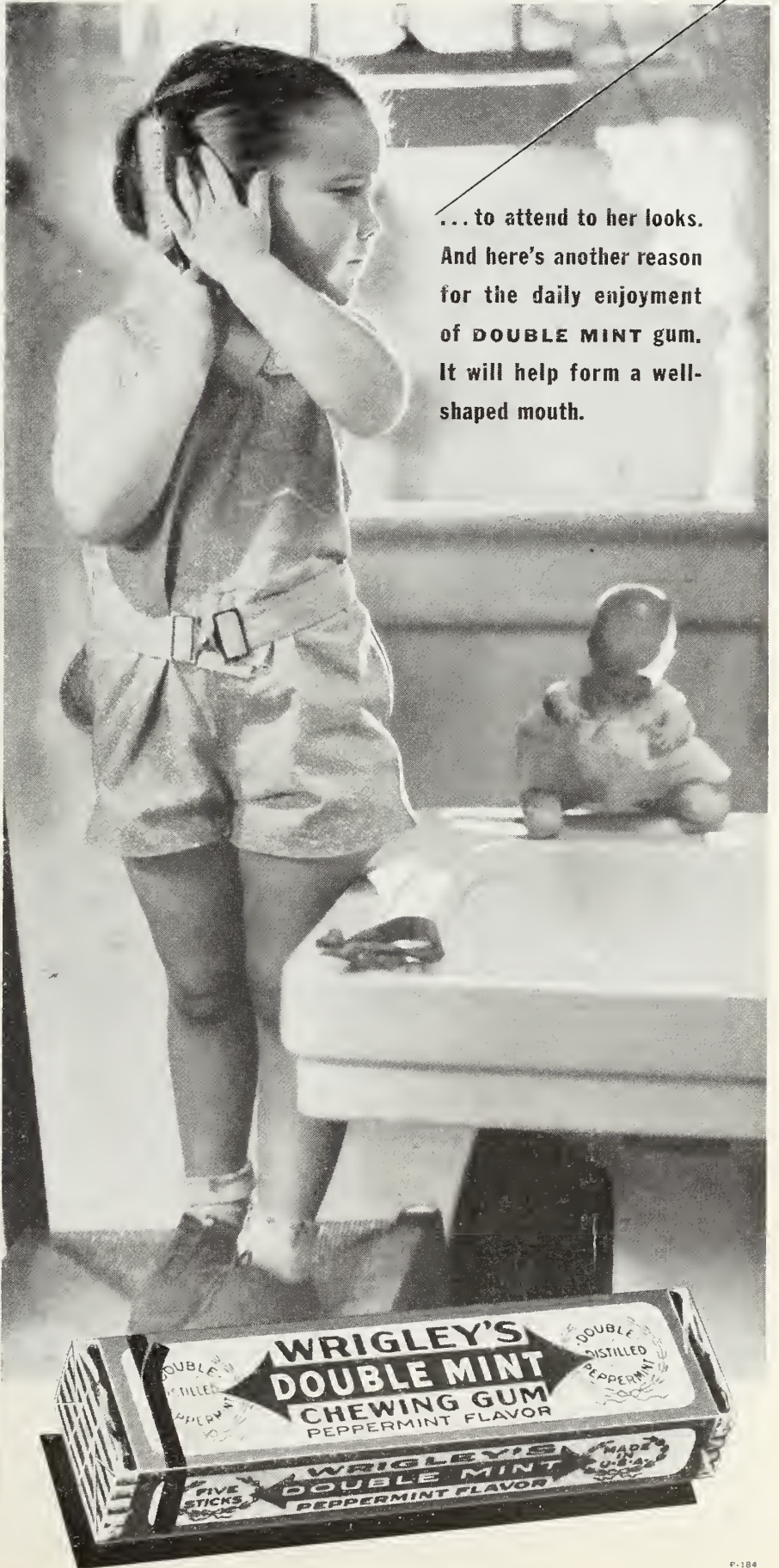
The answer? There isn't any. That is one of the things I learned from our meeting (and from his friends): that no one, including Vic McLaglen, knows much about Victor McLaglen—nor are any explanations attempted. But when I mentioned his size to one of the men, his answer gave a good incite into his character. The man said:

"Lucky thing he *is* so big—otherwise his heart would be too big for his body!"

WHAT DO THE STARS REALLY EAT?

A few weeks ago Frederick L. Collins investigated the stellar diets at first hand by going to several restaurants where Hollywood's most famous stars lunch and dine. He noted carefully what they ordered and he was amazed, as you will be when you read "Don't Talk to Me About Diet—I've Seen the Stars Really Eat." It is an interesting, surprising, delightfully intimate article appearing in the October issue of Photoplay. Read it.

... a woman can't begin too early



... to attend to her looks.
And here's another reason
for the daily enjoyment
of **DOUBLE MINT** gum.
It will help form a well-
shaped mouth.

Love Comes First for Fred MacMurray

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

welcome to certain exclusive little parties that are usually distinguished by the dazzling presence of all the hard-to-see producers, and there have been impromptu telephone calls urging him to be a fourth at bridge tables circled by the loftiest names in the star register.

But all these invitations have been directed to Fred MacMurray, the single, unattached and highly eligible young screen actor. Not one of them suggested that he bring with him a young lady of his own choice. All of them were quite clear on one point, that Mr. MacMurray attend the dinner, the dance, the reception or the cocktail gathering ALONE.

And Hollywood continues to puzzle over Fred's strange defiance of its unwritten and inflexible law concerning all promising young actors, the law that makes invitations to certain important drawing-rooms command performances.

The other day Fred told me why he is willing

that Fred was twenty-five at the time, but the fact remains that Lillian is the first woman in his life.

It happened something like this. At the age of eleven Fred helped his mother keep their tiny home going in Madison, Wisconsin, by working two paper routes and a magazine delivery service after school hours. He worked his way through high school and college by learning to play a saxophone and training a dance band that was hired for every school function during the eight years of his higher education.

"I MET a lot of girls from the orchestra stand during those years," Fred once told me, "but I never got to know one well enough from that distance or in the unromantic atmosphere of a classroom to offer my fraternity pin. Later, when I left college, I worked in a bargain basement as salesman during the day and in a hotel

an almost unbearable rehearsal for the musical comedy "Roberta," he saw her.

Fred recalls that he was working out one of those dot-line puzzles issued by a nationally known cigarette company as a nerve test. He was just discovering that he was on the verge of a complete nervous collapse when a soft note of musical laughter caused him to look over his shoulder.

And there stood the image, clad in a white silk blouse and a pair of neat brown slacks, laughing at his jerky efforts to draw straight lines between the right dots.

Without a word she leaned over his shoulder, corrected two or three major errors in his puzzle work, and then returned to her place in the show girl line-up.

And although Fred believed all the legends surrounding New York's luxury-cradled show girls, something told him that he could ask this tall, slender, dark duplicate of his "image" to have dinner with him that night at a cheap but good tea-room around the corner.

During that first dinner, Fred discovered that the image's name was Lillian and that she had left her home in a small town in South Carolina because she wanted to design gowns, to write short stories and go on the stage.

The next night at dinner he learned that she lived alone in a little room and, like himself, was quite bereft of friends in New York.

THE third night he agreed at her insistence that, if they were to have dinner together every night, it would have to be "Dutch" (shades of the pre-depression chorus girl!) because both of them had been rehearsing six weeks without salary, and Fred carried the added burden of a mother recovering from an accident in a Los Angeles hospital.

With the fourth night both discovered that they preferred long walks along the Hudson to night club dancing, picnics in New Jersey on nice Sundays to cocktail rendezvous, and a good movie with a stop at the Chocolate Shop for sodas on the way home.

And on the fifth night as Fred was sitting sleepily in a late subway local carrying him from Tudor City to his single room on West Sixty-First Street, he was suddenly quite certain that the next night at dinner he would ask Lillian Lamont to wait for him. And somehow he knew that her answer would be yes.

From September to April, Lillian and Fred never missed a single evening meal together before they went to work at the theater, and they usually managed to have their midday breakfast at the same drug store.

On April Fool's day Fred was awakened by a call from the Paramount offices asking him if he would be willing to make a screen test. Some canny talent scout for the studio had discovered Fred deep among the trap drums and brasses of the "Roberta" band.

After the test was made, Fred and Lillian agreed to refrain from talking about the possibilities it promised because they were so sure this fairy-tale break would fizzle away into nothing. They shushed one another determinedly for a week whenever the subject of Hollywood or movies or getting enough money on which to marry was mentioned.

And then Fred was notified that there was a contract waiting for him if he would leave for the Pacific Coast immediately.



The Howards and the Gargans go out for an evening of merry-making. Only, the gentleman on the left is not Leslie Howard, but son Ronald. Next is Mrs. William Gargan, Mrs. Leslie Howard, and William Gargan

to risk the hazards of breaking Hollywood's favorite commandment. He said:

"Long before I came to Hollywood or had the vaguest notion concerning a future in screen work, I met a girl. Her name is Lillian Lamont, but some day it will be Mrs. MacMurray.

"She gave up a small part in the musical show 'Roberta,' and her chances for a stage career to come out here when it became unbearably lonely to me to be without her. She is working now as a manikin in an exclusive shop on the Boulevard. I believe that explains everything, doesn't it?"

BUT Fred is wrong. Only the complete story of the MacMurray-Lamont romance can "explain everything."

Lillian is Fred's first girl friend. It is quite true that they met only two years ago, and

orchestra at night, which left me less time than ever to find feminine companionship."

But during those endless hours that Fred made his saxophone moan and laugh and whisper for the swaying, jogging couples that swept by him, he fould himself unconsciously piecing together a mental picture of a perfect girl friend.

He always selected brown or black hair for her, and never varied once from brown eyes, and he usually pictured her as tall, although that point wasn't too important. Her voice—and that was very important—was always low and no matter how hard she laughed at his imagined witticisms, she never sounded harsh or brassy.

He carried this image around with him for quite a long time.

And then in the middle of a suffocatingly hot afternoon in early September, 1933, during

Before he quite realized what had happened, he had quit his job with the show, packed his clothes and his saxophone, kissed Lillian a tearful good-bye at the Grand Central Station and was on his way.

In Hollywood he was joyfully welcomed by his mother, his grandmother, his Aunt Hazel and his Uncle Arthur, who had joined forces and made a home together in the film colony three years before.

During the first two weeks there was the excitement of getting acquainted around the studio, taking publicity photographs, being interviewed by the press and taking more tests. The picture for which he had been rushed across the continent was indefinitely postponed, and Fred, for the first time in his work-crowded life, found himself with time on his hands—time to play tennis and golf and to swim and time enough to be hideously lonely for the "image."

THERE were no invitations to gay little film parties then because outside the studio producers' and cashier's offices no one knew he was in Hollywood.

It was on another suffocatingly hot day in September that Fred found himself wiring Lillian, begging her to give up her show job and a new opportunity to do some dress designing for a wholesale house, and come West.

Lillian was on a train headed for Hollywood within twenty-four hours.

With her arrival things started breaking right for Fred at the studio. He was rushed into "The Gilded Lily" at the last minute when the studio discovered that the production budget precluded the hiring of a certain well known but expensive leading man. And two short months later Fred suddenly found himself accepting congratulations from studio big wigs who had never been able to remember his name before.

And just as suddenly he was called into walnut-paneled offices for friendly talks concerning his promising future, and asked to lunch with well known directors. And somehow during the course of these informal little get-togethers it was always deftly hinted that attachments of the heart were very serious handicaps for promising young leading men.

But it seems that Fred MacMurray can't take a hint, because he still continues to meet Lillian for dinner every night.

SOMETIMES they dine at Fred's home with his mother, his grandmother, his Aunt Hazel and his Uncle Arthur. And sometimes, when Lillian isn't too tired after a day of modelling gowns in the exclusive Boulevard shop, she prepares their dinner in her little kitchenette apartment.

And in spite of the many impressive cream-colored notes that "request the pleasure of Mr. MacMurray's presence" at this and that Hollywood party, Fred and Lillian still prefer a picnic on nice Sundays, a late stroll along the ocean front on moonlight nights, or a good movie with a stop at the Sweet Shop for sodas on the way home.

They will be married the moment Fred feels that he is firmly established in the picture business and when his savings account has reached a certain figure. They are cautious about their financial set-up because Fred supports his mother and insists that his household will be run on a one income basis, the one income being his, with no contributions from Lillian.

To my knowledge Fred MacMurray is the first promising young leading man to openly defy Hollywood's success code.

"SO YOU MADE THE TRIP BY GREYHOUND . . ."



tell us . . . What was it like?"

"Ellen, you and Bob are looking just fine after that long trip! You know, Marge and I never have traveled by bus. I suppose we're behind the times . . . but tell us, what was it really like?"

WELL, it started like this: We had set our hearts on a trip to the San Diego Exposition, but the old budget wouldn't stretch that far. Then we discovered that a Greyhound ticket would save us something like \$74 . . . enough to pay hotel bills and meals for eight or ten extra days!

"That settled it! And when we boarded our coach, we found pleasant surprise number two—that our big Greyhound bus rode smooth as silk, and the chairs were ever so restful. We could tilt them 'way back when we wanted a little nap . . . matter of fact, we stayed right on that bus two or three different nights, and felt fine in the morning. Lots of people do that—or they stop at a hotel overnight and pick up the next bus in the morning.

"And you'd never dream that this country could be so beautiful! We can't begin to tell you all the interesting things we saw . . . the Midwest at harvest time, wrinkled Indians weaving rugs, the Grand Canyon—and say!—we'll never forget our return trip by the Redwood Highway and Yellowstone.

"Envy us? You don't have to! You've been longing for a Florida trip, Jim and Marge . . . why don't you go this Fall, by Greyhound? You'll have a great time, and save a pocketful of money. *That's a promise!*"

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

CLEVELAND, OHIO E. 9th & Superior
 PHILADELPHIA, PA. Broad St. Station
 CHICAGO, ILL. 12th & Wobash
 NEW YORK CITY Nelson Tower
 BOSTON, MASS. 230 Boylston St.
 WASHINGTON, D.C., 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
 DETROIT, MICH. Tuller Hotel
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Robert Taylor Chooses Success

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

"Society Doctor," "A Wicked Woman," and "Times Square Lady," make prophecies concerning his future very easy.

But personally, I think Robert Taylor's twenty-three-old past is even more interesting than the certainty of his victory-crowded future.

He was born in Filley, Nebraska, an only child of parents who considered such things as music, good literature and an intelligent appreciation of art important.

At seventeen when he entered college at Doane, Nebraska, he was undecided which of three careers to follow, music (he plays the cello superbly), medicine, or his flare for the science of psychiatry.

After one year he decided finally upon a musical future and enrolled at Pomona University, a well known California co-educational college with an excellent department of music. And it was Robert's usual good luck that Pomona happens to be situated just forty miles east of Hollywood.

BEFORE the end of his first semester in the new school, he had become a leader in the dramatic club (just for relaxation after class work) and he had fallen desperately in love.

Now this first affair of the heart was a singularly unhappy one for young Taylor. A vast difference in temperaments and ideals having to do with the future kept this boy and girl in a maddening turmoil of quarrels and rapturous reconciliations.

But Robert knew even in the pulsating midst of this young romance that the emotion that was making his days beautiful and hideous with restlessness would delay if not destroy the success he demanded of the years beyond.

At that time he thought of success in terms of music, and instinctively he realized that at early marriage with its aftermath of money worries and its clash of too youthful passion, would place a hopeless barrier across the royal road to renown.

Recently, Robert Taylor told me how, after a period of two years, he finally wiped out the torture of that first love affair from his mind and his heart.

"I went to a close friend at school, my professor of psychology," he said. "I asked him for help. I had to have help and he was intelligently sympathetic and understanding. We talked over my problem after class-room hours day after day. He offered me the most valuable advice I have ever had from anyone. He taught me how to sublimate the consuming emotion of love, to keep it in its rightful place, to prevent it from overshadowing every other important facet of life."

And so, a few years later, Robert Taylor came to Hollywood safely armored with a knowledge of psychology and a fool-proof philosophy, to protect him from the fateful shafts of romance until he has tucked his share of success safely away and is quite ready for the luxury of happiness.

The sudden switch in his ambitions from music to screen work is a typical example of the Taylor luck, which, by the way, is always excellent.

In November of his senior year at Pomona, he played the leading rôle in "Journey's End" for the college dramatic club. After the per-

formance he was accosted on the campus by a strange man. The stranger offered his card and suggested that Robert show up at the M-G-M studios the next Saturday for a test.

Robert took the incident lightly enough because even Pomona has learned about the absolute futility of ninety-nine per cent of all screen tests. The dramatic club members, however, urged him to make the long trip to Culver City, because it would make a "swell" item for the college weekly paper.

But the results of that Saturday morning



Sally Eilers and Cesar Romero warble a duet, impromptu. Just happened to see a piano over at Universal, and couldn't resist

drive to Culver City made a "swell" news item for every daily newspaper in Los Angeles.

Within forty-eight hours after the film of the test had been developed, M-G-M offered Robert Taylor a contract, which he summarily refused to sign, giving his forthcoming graduation as his reason.

Then M-G-M offered a compromise. If Mr. Taylor would study twice weekly at the studio with their dramatic instructor, Oliver Hinsdell, until his graduation the following June, the company would be willing to hold the offer open.

Mr. Taylor complied with this request for two months, but when he found that it interfered seriously with his college work, he again sent in his regrets.

It required a few weeks for M-G-M officials to digest this elegant gesture of independence, but they recovered to the extent of proffering still another contract to be held in abeyance until such time as was convenient for Mr. Taylor to go on the studio pay roll.

And Mr. Taylor found it convenient exactly one year later, following graduation, and an added delay caused by the sudden death of his father, in Nebraska.

It is true that before he was cast in his first picture Robert Taylor's interest in the movies was definitely phlegmatic, but this indifference was swept away by a sudden drenching

enthusiasm following his first day's work before a camera.

"Within a few short hours I knew I had found what I wanted," he told me. "I realized that quite by accident I had stumbled on the right medium for the success and independence I mean to get out of life. I really love this work, that's why I think my chances to succeed at it are better than fair."

And Robert Taylor is also very sure that the usual impedimenta of the heart will never cause him to make any detours on the journey he means to take alone for the next ten years.

"Producers have told me that romantic ties and marriage especially, are definite drawbacks for a young leading man," he explained to me. "They know more about the public temperament than I do, so I'll take their advice."

"I feel that after the age of thirty my chances for a happy and suitable marriage are better than they are now. At the moment, and for the next few years, the only women I have an opportunity to meet are in the picture game and just as ambitious as I am. Two ambitions in one family never work out."

"And suppose I did marry now? I would be badgered and agitated constantly by the money problem. My salary, naturally, is small and I support my mother. My wife, no doubt, would be in pictures, too, and would require an expensive background. If I gave it to her, I would worry continually over debts. If I didn't give it to her, I would worry over losing her to someone who could provide her with luxuries. In both cases, my work on the screen would certainly suffer."

Now Robert Taylor is by no means developing into a youthful misogynist. During the past six months he has been seen at all the right places with Irene Hervey, the talented and beautiful young stock player on the M-G-M roster.

"We are what you might call 'affectionate friends,'" Taylor admitted, "but we have agreed that marriage is out of the question for both of us. She is as determined to make good during her youth as I am, and she is intelligent enough to know that matrimony will not help her realize this goal."

"SHE is a wonderful companion and a thoroughly understanding pal. On workless days we ride horseback in the early mornings, swim or drive in the afternoons and go to any sort of a concert we can dig up in the evenings."

But what if another violent, lacerating love affair is waiting for Robert Taylor before his decade dedicated to success is up?

He says he is quite ready for such a prank of fate.

"But this time I am equipped to handle that sort of love," he observed. "I know just what to do now; never see the girl unless other people are present; work desperately and play furiously; date up every other girl of my acquaintance, and if all this doesn't work, buy a ticket for New York or Europe or China, if necessary."

"When I am ready to leave pictures, I will marry. I really want to marry. You see, when I have made a success of my job I will have the time to make a success of my marriage. There is too little time in early youth for both."

Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Katharine Hepburn was welcomed to the screen with more genuine enthusiasm and good wishes than any actress had received for years. Hollywood—the public—believed it saw genius budding and prepared a reverent salaam to a new idol.

Hepburn replied by impudently thumbing her nose and indulging in a succession of cute caprices, made to order for a boarding school problem child rather than an artist engaged in a serious art.

At first they were amusing, even attractive, and everyone murmured "Cute!" and smiled tolerantly when she indicated that being a film star was a great big barrelhouse gag to her.

But Hepburn held her one-ring circus too long and mixed in too many acts. She was the daring young gal on the flying trapeze, she was the clown and the prima donna with a Garbo-complex—all at the same time. She was the great "What-Is-It?"

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S first great mistake has been her treatment of the press. Her idea, unmistakably conveyed, has been that La Hepburn's art was enough—its own justification and its own explanation. She was above the printed word and would have none of it—and none of its lowly minions. Ho-hum. Ho-ho-hum. Kings and potentates with armies and gold have learned better than that.

If she had any dignity or any sincerity she might have got away with it at that. Garbo has, but Garbo is sincere in her extreme desire for seclusion. Even the press realized and respected that. Even if it didn't the quiet and consistent dignity with which Garbo goes about her cloistered campaign is enough to enlist the respect of the world.

The result—what do you read, what have you read about Katharine Hepburn? Any intelligent, earnest portraits of her? Any sympathetic analyses—any presentations of the worth-while sides of her makeup?

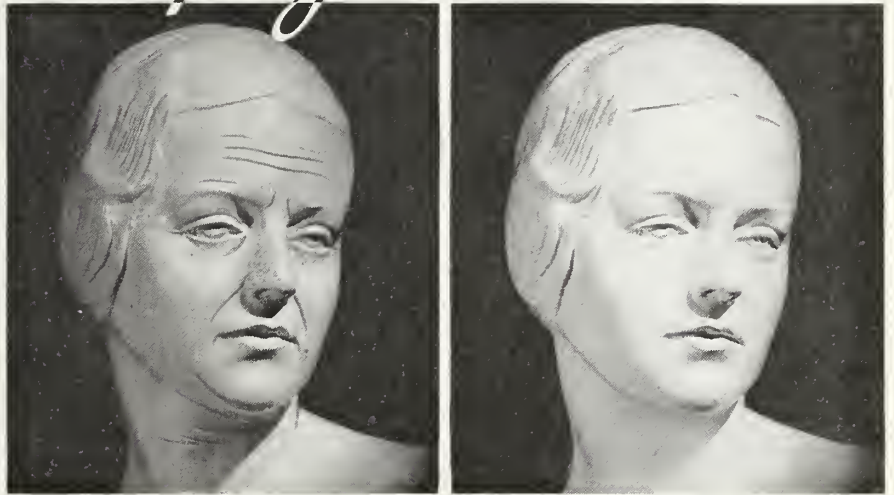
Not often. Just the gags, the eccentricities, the scatterbrain anecdotes and stories, the pranks—the things which make readers mutter, "Why doesn't she grow up?" and pass by her blazing name on the theater marquees with a "So what?"—regardless of her personality and her talent on the screen. Reporters resented her treatment of them and sometimes wilfully, but more often, unconsciously, got back at her by making her seem silly.

And that is tragic because Katharine Hepburn is sincere about her work, and an earnest, democratic and fair workman on the set.

The self-laid smoke screen of her particular type of temperament (a greatly overworked word in Hollywood) erected a barrier between her and her leading men, which can't be too good for her pictures. Both John Beal and Fred MacMurray were nervous as cats when they knew they were to play with her. Both got over it when after a few days they discovered that the real Hepburn wasn't such a terror as was commonly believed.

To this day you will have a hard time convincing anyone in Hollywood that the reason Francis Lederer walked out of "Break of Hearts" wasn't a temperamental break with Hepburn. As a matter of fact, it had nothing to do with Hepburn. Lederer couldn't agree

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with the director about the interpretation of his rôle.

The resentment against Katharine Hepburn which has piled up behind the dam for many months and is now apparently spilling over is the same sort of resentment which piled up against Constance Bennett for several years, fed by the same tiny trickling streams.

Long before they got into print, Hollywood whispered about the petty things, the little things which did not portray the real Connie, but which taken altogether, succeeded in presenting her to those who saw her films as a pretty disagreeable person.

Connie berating a photographer, Connie ritzing a rival, Connie in a bickering quarrel with her next door neighbor over a wooden fence. Connie doing this and that bit of trivia which made those who didn't know her at all tell themselves, "She must be a hell-cat." Producers, set-workers, other actors began resenting Connie, often without knowing why, but the resentment got into the stories written for her, the pictures made with her. It seeped through to the public who buy the tickets. It cost her a lot of her glamour.

A famous and glamorous star of the silent era found herself at the peak of a popularity from which it seemed (to her) nothing could dislodge her.

She said as much, boldly, when a few of those who had helped her rise asked her reasonable favors, were refused, and accused her of "going grand."

"What if I am?" was her attitude. "I'm at the top. I can afford to. I don't need you any more."

The stories got around. From that time on she went steadily down. Desperately, when the reason finally dawned, she hired a "public relations counsel." But then it was too late.

She had committed career suicide.

Like any other form of self-destruction, this strangest of all strange Hollywood phenomena—star suicide—which is, of course, intangible, subconscious, and not always possible to explain, though it seems to work out, takes different forms.

Nancy Carroll allowed her chip-on-shoulder Irish nature to make her one of the most unpopular stars ever to step on a set.

Nancy was one of the best bets Paramount had at one time, then, for no evident reason her popularity at the box-office dimmed and practically winked out.

Nancy was notoriously hard to please—and still is. She made it hard for the people who worked with her. She had the flare-up type of temperament—and possibly that temperament irritated all who came in contact with her, and swore to get even.

It takes a great many people besides the star to make a successful picture. A great many little people seldom seen or heard about. Still photographers, hair-dressers, wardrobe women and the like. The "crew" are a close fraternity. They wouldn't lie down on their jobs even with a star they could willingly choke—but there is bound to be an under-current of resentment which militates against a bad-tempered star.

It can show in a picture. In a roundabout way it can kill a career.

Katharine Hepburn has a good reputation with the people who work with her on the set. Most of them like her. Most of them like Margaret Sullavan, too, another current short-sighted *enfant terrible* who has been accused of aping Hepburn's "act."

But Sullavan, like Hepburn, has been guilty of rudely treading on the toes of the people who can and would like to present her to the world which supports her salary in a favorable light. So they are forced to describe only the face she shows them—which is defiant.

She doesn't seem to know that every time she sticks out her tongue several thousands of her admirers are quite likely to stick out their tongues right back at her.

Margaret wages a continual battle with the publicity department of her studio, whose main concern is to save her skin with the public.

To snap a photograph which will further her fame they must coax and cajole her. To protect her they must plead with her. To do her a favor they must ask a favor. Even publicity men can get tired of that. Gradually an attitude, unstudied, of "Oh, nuts" results. The breaks go to those who accept them graciously.

Not long ago it was necessary for the publicity department at Universal to get in

touch with Margaret to protect her from some adverse publicity. They called her home for days, were told she wasn't in. They left messages, word for her to call, sent telegrams. No response.

Finally, days later, she showed up at the studio. They told her they had been trying desperately to reach her.

"I know it," she said, "I was there all the time."

Stories such as this abound about Sullavan's and Hepburn's ring-around-the-rosy tactics, their sometime pointless and frequently exasperating jokes at the expense of those who are working in their interests. The question is—has it done either of them any good?

Sullavan's last picture, "The Good Fairy," broke no theater box-office records. And Frank Morgan drew most of the praise.

It doesn't seem at all unreasonable to wonder what can be the cause of Ann Harding's sinking spell in popularity. Possibly it is her exclusiveness.

It is only natural to suspect that Jean Arthur, now back for her third try at screen success, may bump into the fate of her first two trips unless she curbs the temper displayed on a set recently, when she angrily ripped off a costume which her director insisted on and stamped it on the floor.

By the same token, the remarkable rise of Claudette Colbert and the long sustained popularity of Marion Davies may have something to do with the fact that both are universally beloved by everyone who has anything to do with their careers. Both spurn bizarre acts, caprices, theatrical fever fits.

Good manners, sincerity, a touch of humanity—that would seem to be the diet—all else being equal—which determines a long life for a Hollywood star.

But, of course, every day there are people in perfect health who climb to the tops of high bridges, admire the view below—and jump off.

They seem to like it.

Perhaps Hepburn and the current crop of headstrong Terrible Turks rather fancy the idea, too.

One thing is certain—they'll know for sure when they land.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

ESCAPEADE—M-G-M

THE story of one of those fatal Viennese artists who lures all women until an innocent lass comes along who makes him really truly love. In other words, basic plot number four, with suave William Powell miscast and completely sacrificed to the debut of Louise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, however, and her appearance may make you forget the otherwise routine sex-melodramatics.

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Mascot

PACED at a rapid tempo, well written and acted this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameramen—a really novel idea. Norman Foster is the specific daredevil. Then he starts something new with his March of Events—and the girl, Evalyn Knapp. Story has a ring of authenticity, and never a dull moment. Good cast.

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M

IT tries to be melodramatic and it tries to be funny, and succeeds in being very little of both. Robert Young, enterprising ad-man, thinks up a business called Calm Yourself, involving extraordinary services. He gets mixed up in a kidnapping and lots of other grief. Madge Evans and Betty Furness help, also Hardie Albright, Nat Pendleton, Ralph Morgan, and others. Weak story.

LADY TUBBS—Universal

THAT grand trouper, Alice Brady, has a field day with a vigorous part tailor-made for her farcical talents. The result is a grand evening of fun. It's about a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune, poses as a titled lady and shows up society snobs who are ritzing her niece out of romance. Well done

hokum. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE— Paramount

IT is unfortunate that, due to his illness, what may be W. C. Fields' last picture should be as trivial as this. The star is very funny. So are the individual gags. But there is no story. Fields plays a meek married man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches. Complications ensue. That's all there is. It isn't enough.

WELCOME HOME—Fox

WHIMSICAL and sentimental and rather meager entertainment. Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the depredations of his gilt-edged partners, Raymond Walburn and William Frawley. Arline

Judge is the shady lady. Rosina Lawrence the small-town girl competition. Charles Sellon plays the eccentric millionaire who gets them out of a jam. Fair.

MAD LOVE—M-G-M

VERY heavy and tedious stuff, this—and a poor Hollywood start for Peter Lorre, the roly-poly foreign star of "M." He plays a mad super-surgeon who grafts the hands of a guillotined knife-thrower on the wrists of injured concert pianist, Colin Clive. The result is pretty awful for everyone. Ted Healy is funny to lighten the somber mood. Frances Drake is a pretty heroine. You'll fidget. Not for the youngsters.

MAKING A MILLION—Monogram

THIS is the inevitable chain letter picture. Charles Starrett, a professor ousted from his college for radical ideas, starts a million dollar mail subscription plan to carry out his economic schemes. He lands in a barrel of trouble but comes out with a girl and a fortune. Preposterous but very amusing. George E. Stone, Pauline Brooks.

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE—Foy Productions, Ltd.

A SPOTTY film made in the depths of darkest Africa, with a cast of native tribesmen acting out the story of their fight for existence. Some good photography and some exciting sequences, but there are too many moments of vagueness and lack of suspense to make this an A-1 jungle-adventure film.

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram

NEIL HAMILTON'S bright banter may amuse you, but this film fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. Neil, a romance writer, hikes 'cross-country to find adventure and win a bet. It's poor pickings until he stumbles into an abandoned house in a storm—then things happen, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping the plot thicken. Maybe it's too thick at times.

THE RAVEN—Universal

EDGAR ALLAN POE will doubtless whirl in his grave at this inane and insane trash tacked on to his great poem. Bela Lugosi, a sadistic nerve specialist, traps his friends in his house and makes Boris Karloff (particularly repulsive) give them the works, including the pit and the pendulum. It's so horrible it's silly. Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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Swinging Around the Circuit With Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Are you romantic? Are you starry-eyed? Then list to the tale of love as told by Franchot Tone to his best girl, Joan Crawford. Every Saturday night Franchot sends his fair one a treemenjus box of flowers. Every kind. Every color. Every fragrance. And Joan always arranges them herself. It's her solemn and beloved duty. She usually gives dinner parties that night, so she's all niftied up in some dazzling creation which she tops off by a pair of huge white cotton gloves! These to protect her hands when she's arranging the posies! She collects all the bowls and vases in her little flower room, and snips and arranges to her heart's content. Woe be to the servant who as much as fingers a fern! And if I can't get me a beau to do as Franchot does, I think I'll go out in the fields and dish up a daisy chain!

I gotta soul wlat craves music (I sing lustily but lousily). But Grace Moore warbles so handsomely she puts the nightingales to shame. So, when I heard Grace's newest picture was to be previewed, I zipped right out to the theater. I had another reason for my anxiety beside my aesthetic craving. Michael Bartlett, who had beamed me around to a few parties, also sings in the film. And magnificently. I puffed with pride. However, I suppose now that he's going to be famous I'll have to fight off crowds of screaming females who are determined to get *mon homme*.

BUT, anyway, I have my memories! 'Twas this little gazelle who went shopping with him and helped him choose hoighty-toity soaps and cologne. 'Twas this doe who went to a birthday party with him, got lost on the way and ended up outside a graveyard! And 'twas *la petite* Mitzi, again, who, with Mister Bartlett went to brother Jack's tea for the opera star, Madame Jeritza, arrived too late, and so sought cheer in the Trocadero. Memories are sweet . . . but I'd trade 'em all for a dern good future!

Twittering about futures makes me sad to think of Loretta Young's. She and her mother have gone to Europe to have themselves a fine time. But the mater is a one. She buys old furniture. She never stops buying old furniture. In their house here on Sunset Boulevard they've already had to build on two extra rooms to store all the ancients. And now they've come to the conclusion that either mama must open a shop, or else buy an apartment house so that she can furnish all the flats! Therefore, I regret to say that Loretta will either give maw her way and see Europe through a welter of highboys and Louis Seize tables, or else pin the lady firmly and securely to her mid-riff!

I'M back in grand opery again! Some time ago I met the great singer, Chaliapin. I don't know what he expected me to look like, but from his six feet two I must have seemed teensy, so he grabbed my hand, kissed it nicely and exclaimed: "Such a leetle madamoiselle!" (But big ideas, Mr. Chaliapin!) He hadn't been up very long and was still garbed in a handsome wine-red dressing gown with his initials, very large, embroidered on the pocket. Mr. C. explained, in his *pot-pourri* English that the firm in New York from whom he had purchased aforementioned garment had put on the flourishing initials . . . and now he felt like the president of the U. S.!

His beautiful wife smiled complacently at this . . . as far as she was concerned, husband Feodor was much more important even than Roosevelt. The singer's greatest friend is Max Reinhardt, with whom he used to be associated years ago. And here's a beautiful example of understatement. When I asked Chaliapin how long he and Reinhardt had been friends, he waved his hands deprecatingly and said, "Oh, not for so long . . . twenty-five years, maybe!"

I mentioned to Mrs. Pat O'Brien, when I saw her at the Clover Club last week, that I pined for a party. And I got invited to one of hers immediat. Pat was being very tish-tush showing off a wrist watch that Marion Davies just gave him as a little finishing-up gift for the picture he just did with her, "Page Miss Glory." If that's a *little* gift, let me at the gal when she's passing out large ones! Pat's tick-tock has numerals in baguette diamonds! Won't baby Mavourneen have fun flinging that about!

Did I mention a party? It was a *soirée* in the garden for Bert Lytell who's been making such a hit in his play, "The First Legion." I chomped several hunks of barbecued steak (which Leo Carrillo supervised the barbecuing of) and had many a dish of coffee before I even bothered to see who was there.

First I ogled Estelle Taylor over whom Lee Tracy hovered lovingly. Then I twittered up to my pal, Glenda Farrell, who as usual, had a chain of gents clinging to her. Then I gaped at Joe E. Brown, in eye glasses, but he grinned engagingly and I couldn't mistake that cavern!

SUDDENLY, in popped Mary Brian looking good enough to gobble, in a tomato-red outfit. Someone, before she arrived, had been telling her constant admirer, Russell Gleason, that he had seen Mary driving a big car down Wilshire Boulevard. "Was she alone?" shot Russell anxiously. "Alone," answered the friend and Russell breathed a sigh of relief. When I told this to Mary she dimpled and blushed and then, miraculously, the ardent Russell was by her side.

"Lawsy me!" exclaimed a voice in my ear. I turned and saw Mrs. O'Brien's colored maid laden with tray, eyeing Mary's beautiful dress. "She looks so splen . . . splendid . . ." She shook her head despairingly "I jest ain't got a grand enough word in my volutuary!"

Suddenly a sound of cooing assailed me. Not only cooing but kissing, and not only kissing but baby-talk! A Mr. Patrick O'Brien held lovingly in his arms wee Miss Mavourneen O'Brien, who looked very classy indeed in a new gown and jacket of petal pink. One plump patty caressed tough O'Brien's mug which, at that moment, looked like an ad for Easter Morn!

KEEP bumping into affection these days. Big people for little people. Tall Fred Astaire for diminutive Mrs. Astaire . . . and the little woman actually blushes (when people are about) when the dancing whiz kisses her! Now don't rush me, Joan, I'll tell you ALL.

Last week I waltzed out to see my good friend, director Mark Sandrich, who makes all the Astaire-Rogers films. I rushed on the set of "Top Hat" just as Ginger and Fred were doing the final dance, the *Piccolino*, which

meant the finish of the picture. I stood quiet as a mouse while they leaped and looped through the exciting, blue-and-white modernized Venetian set.

They whirled on the plaza, pirouetted up over a bridge, tapped down the bridge, pattered up a veranda, slithered down the veranda, careened over another bridge and with a final flourish and a clinch ye polka was done! And perfectly! Ginger by the way, looked like sifted moonlight in a white gown powdered with silver spangles.

Then she whipped herself off the set, slithered into pajamas and went winging home to Lew, the husband. And Fred came over to the missus, sitting with Mrs. Irving Berlin, and all excited, asked how they liked it. They liked it. Fred leaned over his lady and put his face close to hers. She knew what was coming and got fussed because folks were looking. But Freddie wouldn't be dodged. He held on to both her hands and kissed her soundly.

All you could see was a shiny top-hat right smack up against a little white straw one with a knot of flowers. Mrs. Astaire didn't dare look up for two whole minutes, she was that shiny-eyed and rosy-cheeked, but Mr. Astaire bust into song, tilted his lid over one lobe, and hopped into a brand new, two-thousand-dollar dance step!

JOAN, my lamb, if you don't hear from me in the near future, it's because I'm going into the coat-checking business. At least, them's my plans if I don't get left holding the hat! But Mr. Jack Benny's *chapeau* I shall hold gleefully at any time. See me passing it to the King of the Ether Waves?

But don't get yourself into a tiz. The Benny is married to Mary of his radio program. She likes him an awful lot. She also likes movie pitchers. "So much," sighed her man, "that she goes to see a bad picture twice!" So he's trying to be awfully good in the film, "Broadway Melody of 1936," so she'll go and see him four times!

When I walked on the set he and Sid Silvers were doing a scene in a doughnut shop. Benny's line was "Nobody knows it but you and me." But they were having an argument. Jack said it was "you and me." Sid said it was "you and I."

Then, to my chagrin, they called on little Know-Nothing-At-All to settle it. I crawled under a couch and refused to answer. But Benny was right. It was "You and me." (Or is it?) However, if thee had had to gobble doughnuts from early morn to late afternoon, thou too like Mr. Silvers, would be a little dull.

But a bright thought was the box of bicarbonate that he sent for. He turned to Jack. "This," he said with a bow and a flourish, "is for you and me and I!"

The Jello gent has a nice new house all filled with shiny new push-buttons. One for the maid, another for the phone, another for the bar and another for anything else you can think of. Some day soon our Jackie's going to have himself a glossy time pushing them all at once. Then he'll find himself unexpectedly transported from the dining-room table to his little trundle bed. And little Mitzi will be right there to hand him his night-cap!

On my way!

MITZI.

Don't Love Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

For the prosecution presented a case which, if I had not known positively to the contrary, would have convinced me. I don't believe that, normally, it could have failed to have persuaded an impartial jury to bring in a verdict of "Guilty."

Before Sam Werks opened for the defense I did not honestly think that there was anything like an even chance for an acquittal. He had conducted little or no cross-examination of the state's witnesses and had sat most of the time at the table provided for the legal talent drawing meaningless designs on page after page of a scratch pad. My own seat was where I could see him at it and I was fascinated enough to keep glancing at the formless tracings which he made, hoping that sometime I would find some sense to them. There never was any.

When he arose to open the defense he grinned deprecatingly at the judge and the jury.

"Your Honor and gentlemen—also ladies—of the jury," he said, "Probably no attorney representing a client on trial for murder has ever opened the case for the defense under circumstances which appeared more hopeless."

It was then that Sam paused and laughed—not long but with chuckling, uncontrollable mirth. "The strange thing," he continued, "is that, on the other hand, no attorney ever has, so far as I know, opened a case which he was more certain of winning." He paused and gathered up his audience with his eye—that trick of his which I have previously spoken of—before he spoke again.

If Sam wanted attention he had guaranteed it all right. There was a new and electric atmosphere in that courtroom which had threatened to become stale with the routine of a foredoomed verdict. Everybody hunched a little further forward on his chair, the reporters quit playing pencil-and-paper I. Q. games among themselves, and the prosecution, which was all prepared for a long comforting rest on inner-spring laurels, sat up suddenly with a startled expression as of a sleep-walker who has wakened unexpectedly on a high ledge with no recollection of how he got there.

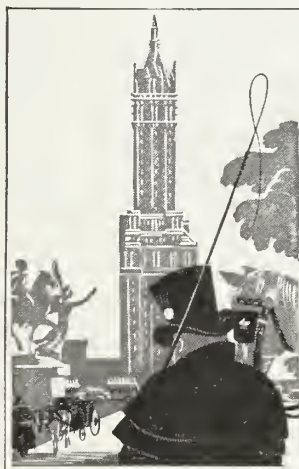
Even I was impressed by Sam's assurance. I didn't know what he had up his sleeve but I was as fascinated at watching him do his trick, whatever it was, as if I were a little girl at her first circus. The fact that my life depended on his making good his rash promise to secure an unqualified acquittal seemed to make little difference. All I wanted was to know the end of the story.

That, I presume, was the frame of mind he had intended to induce in all of his listeners. There was no danger that he would lose their attention after that.

Sam outlined his case. "I am not going to try to disprove that the fingerprints on the famous gas radiator wrench, 'Exhibit A,' are not those of the defendant. Neither am I going to deny that my client had no opportunity to commit the crime in the manner described by the State. I suppose I ought to point out in passing that the State has not proven a reasonable motive, but I will not even dwell on that.

"I propose, first, Your Honor, and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to put on the stand two witnesses whose testimony will probably be stricken from the records at the perfectly

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reasonable request of the State. Secondly, after the excitement of protests and objections has died down for the simple reason that I shall not contest them, I shall ask Miss Adair herself to take the stand and tell you exactly what happened in the apartment of the late Mr. Deering on the night of December twenty-second up to the time she left it. Thirdly and finally, I shall reconstruct for you what happened in that apartment after Miss Adair left—in other words, add the final scenes to the dramatic sequence of events leading up to the death of Mr. Deering. It is quite true that the basis of my reconstruction will be circumstantial evidence—I am admitting that in advance to save the time of the court—but permit me to point out that the entire fabric of the case which has been built up by the State also rests upon circumstantial evidence."

He turned and bowed to the judge. "Your Honor, I will call as my first witness, Miss Louella Whitemeat, the defendant's maid."

Louella filled the witness chair to overflowing. Grief was written on her features but it had caused no visible signs of emaciation in her figure.

BEING duly sworn, Louella made the usual statements with reference to her name, occupation, length of service with me, etc.

"Louella," said Sam, walking over to the witness box, "did you see Miss Adair on the evening of December twenty-second?"

"Yes, sir."

"When and where?"

"Practically all night long. She never left the house."

A storm of objections from the State's lawyers was laughingly silenced by the judge.

"Louella," declared His Honor, "you have testified to an obvious falsehood. Miss Adair herself admitted being at many and various places other than her home on the night in question. Why did you commit this manifest perjury?"

"Says which?" asked Louella, trying to follow his meaning by reading the expression of his eyes, the way a dog does.

"Permit me," interrupted Sam. He faced Louella. "Listen, Louella, you have just made a statement which we all know is false. You were under oath to tell the truth and you told alie. Why?"

Louella grinned. "Why not, mister? What's a lie to me if it does Miss Rochelle any good? I'd tell thousands of 'em."

"I see," said Sam. "You'd do a good deal for your employer, Miss Adair?"

"I'd die for her," Louella stated simply. She didn't even look at me and there was nothing sappy or melodramatic about her unemotional affirmation of loyalty.

I could have hugged the ebony damfool. She meant exactly what she said and I knew it.

Sam was through with Louella. He turned to the prosecution. "Your witness."

The representative from the District Attorney's office got up indignantly. "Your Honor, why should we waste our time and yours by cross-examining a witness whom the defense admits is a perjurer? Something should be done about this."

The young lawyer was pretty mad.

Sam offered a suggestion. "My opponent is undoubtedly right. Something should be done about it. How about scoring him the equivalent of two tricks in the honor column?"

The judge laughed and the prosecution sat down. I guess everyone was glad to see a little comedy relief creeping into the trial. It had all been pretty serious business up to the

time that Sam had lighted his torch and begun to wave it around among the explosives.

"Call Mr. Lanford Barnes," Sam requested.

Lanny took the stand, grinning nervously.

After the preliminaries Sam asked, "Where were you on the evening of December twenty-second?"

"I was in the apartment of Mr. Scott Deering in the Grassmere Apartments."

"About what time?"

"I don't know the exact hour but I was there when Miss Adair and Mr. Deering arrived."

Certainly no one was more surprised by Lanny's testimony than I. If he was in Scott's apartment when I arrived why hadn't I seen him and why had I found him later just coming out of the Egyptian Theater?

Sam pursued the interrogation. "What were you doing?"

"I was waiting to see Mr. Deering. We had an appointment to discuss a new sound-recording process that we have been working on together."

"I see. How did you get in?"

"I have a key to the apartment which he gave me."

"You go there often when he is not there?"

"Not often—sometimes—usually to wait for him. Mr. Deering was—er—erratic."

"You mean he drank?"

"Everybody knows that—but he never touched a drop when he was shooting. Everybody knows that too."

"You say you were in the apartment when Mr. Deering and Miss Adair arrived. Did you speak to them or—?"

Lanny interrupted the question. "No one knew I was there. I hid in the closet."

"If you were there for a business discussion why did you hide?"

"Because when I heard the voice of a woman outside the door I knew that Mr. Deering had probably forgotten his appointment with me. I was afraid I would embarrass him by my presence."

"Did you know what woman it was?"

"Yes. I recognized Miss Adair's voice."

"You would be quite positive about identifying a certain person by the sound of his or her voice?"

"Naturally—that's my business. I've been listening to Miss Adair, through the ear-phones on my 'mixer,' for over a year."

"She has a very distinctive voice?"

"I would recognize it anywhere."

"Proceed with your account of what happened."

ACCORDING to Lanny's story, he had not seen anything because the door of the closet in which he was hidden was closed. He had caught scraps of conversation, he said, when we raised our voices and he had deduced that Scott was intoxicated.

Actually I was not following his testimony very closely because my attention was attracted by the behavior of the attorneys from the District Attorney's office. They were undoubtedly taken off guard by the introduction of this new element into the defense. They went into a whispering huddle and finally one of them left the courtroom.

Sam's voice went on smoothly, drawing out Lanny's story with simple questions. He came eventually to, "What happened after Miss Adair left the apartment?"

I looked then at Lanny. He was white and gulped a little before he answered. "I waited for a while, hoping that Mr. Deering would leave also."

"Shy?"

"I didn't want him to know that I had been eavesdropping."

"Proceed."

"I finally decided to come out and face him."

"Did you?"

"I came out of the closet all right but I found Mr. Deering asleep on the floor."

"Are you sure he was asleep and not dead?"

"Yes. I went over and stood beside him for a moment. He was mumbling something."

"What?"

"Nothing that I could catch—just talking the way a man does sometimes when he is under the influence of liquor."

"What did you do then?"

"I thought it was a little cold in the room and I went over to the gas radiator with the idea of lighting it so that Mr. Deering would not get chilled. I found that it was already burning."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"By looking down between the coil sections of the radiator I could see the blue flames at the base."

"How did you come to examine the radiator so carefully?"

"I always do that. Those things are dangerous if they're turned on and not lighted."

There was a little titter of amusement at that. Lanny's remark seemed the height of understatement, considering that Scott Deering was dead and I was on trial for my life for that very reason.

Sam addressed the court. "Your Honor, I have proved by this witness that after Miss Adair left the apartment the radiator was still burning and—"

THE judge halted him. "The attorney for the defense will please reserve his deductions for his summing up before the jury."

Sam grinned. He had gotten in all he wanted to say. He turned urbanely to the prosecution.

"I have finished. Your witness!"

Sam grinned at the prosecuting attorney. His opponent smiled right back at him.

He was looking off in the direction of the door where a man was having difficulty getting through the crowd, even with the assistance of a policeman.

It was the young member of the District Attorney's staff who had left the courtroom during Sam's direct examination of Lanny. He had in his hand a rolled-up piece of paper. I was looking at him myself as he approached the judge's bench and I saw him nod toward the trial lawyer as he took his seat at the counsel's table.

"Mr. Barnes," said the prosecuting attorney, "suppose you tell the court exactly what your relations with Miss Adair were."

Lanny looked appealingly at Sam. Sam entered an objection but the judge overruled him.

Lanny stalled. "I don't quite understand the question."

"I'll put it another way. Are you in love with Miss Adair yourself?"

"Why—I—"

"Answer yes or no."

Lanny gave me a swift glance of apology.

"Yes," he answered, and then added defensively, "so is every man who ever knew her."

"Never mind the others. You love her well enough to commit a crime for her sake don't you?"

"If you mean I killed Mr. Deering, you're mistaken."

"Perhaps," the prosecutor pursued relentlessly. "Nevertheless, you realize that by admitting you were in Mr. Deering's apartment after the prisoner left, you may logically be suspected of his death?"

"I suppose so."

"Then do you wish to retract your statement that you were hiding in a closet in Mr. Deering's apartment when he entered with the defendant?"

"No."

"Very well. Tell the court the approximate location of this closet in which you hid."

Lanny hesitated. "I'm not exactly sure."

"Of course not." The prosecutor was very pleasant about it. "A woman would notice the exact size and location of every closet in a house or apartment but most men never think of such things. Still, since you hid in this particular closet, you doubtless know about where it was. You said, I think, that you could hear scraps of conversation. That rules out the bedroom closet. Therefore it must have been the small coat closet off the living room."

"Yes, that was it."

"Now, Mr. Barnes, please try to recall where that closet is, with reference to the door to the hallway."

"I don't remember."

"Just locate it approximately. Is it in the wall alongside the entrance door or in one of the side walls toward the bedroom or the kitchen?"

"In the side wall."

"Which one?"

"Toward the kitchen."

"Thank you."

The attorney turned to the counsel's table.

"Mr. Nichols," he called, "have you that blue-print of the floor arrangement of the Grassmere?"

"Yes, sir." Mr. Nichols hurried to the side of his chief, the roll of paper in his hand.

The prosecuting attorney spread it out in front of Lanny.

"This is the architect's final floor plan from which the Grassmere was built." He pointed to one section of it. "This represents the apartment in which Mr. Deering lived. Will

you please point out to the court the closet in which you say you hid?"

Lanny studied the plan carefully.

There was a long, painful silence. Everyone was looking at Lanny as if to see through his eyes.

Finally Lanny glanced up—not at the attorney but at me.

"I can't find the closet on the plan," he admitted.

"Correct. The reason you can't find it is because there is no closet off from the living room in that apartment or in any other apartment in the entire building."

Lanny was still looking at me, pleading forgiveness.

I smiled at him. It didn't make any difference now. Besides I appreciated deeply the thing that he had tried to accomplish. There was nothing I could do for him in return, then or ever, so I thought, to repay him for laying his faith and honor so completely at my feet.

"May it please this court," the attorney was saying, "the prosecution moves that the testimony of this witness be stricken from the record."

"Motion allowed."

"The district attorney's office will later indict the witness for perjury."

It was a complete collapse of the defense which Sam Werks had so confidently advertised as conclusive.

I looked at him to see how he was taking it. Sam was laughing!

CHAPTER XXVIII

The trial lasted only two more days.

I went on the stand myself the next day and told my story as simply as I could. The prosecution did not even try to trip me. I gathered the impression that no one thought that anything which I might say would make any difference.

Then the deputy District Attorney summed up. He pointed out that my only alibi witnesses had lied and that my own admissions, plus the circumstantial evidence, made it an

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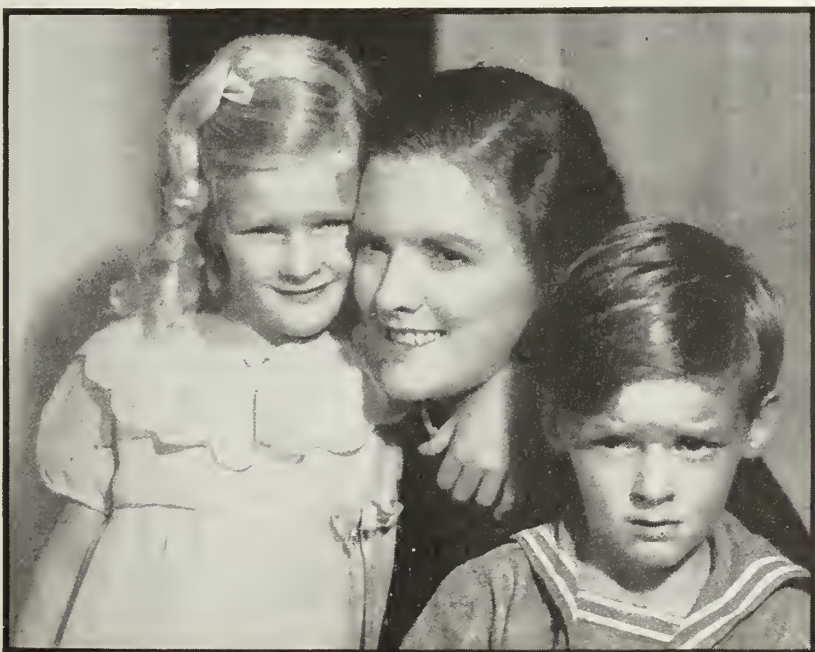
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Little Fay Chaldecott was chosen for "Dark Angel," because of her success in "David Copperfield." When Sam Goldwyn saw Fay's brother, Denis, and her mother, Sylvia Chaldecott, he had them given rôles

open and shut case. He demanded a conviction.

It was all so routine and cold-blooded that I scarcely realized it was I, Rochelle Adair, about whom he was talking.

No one expected much from Sam, least of all myself.

He had sat, during the prosecutor's address, drawing meaningless designs once more on pieces of paper.

He seemed far away, thinking of something else. The judge had to attract his attention when the prosecution had finished.

"Yes, your Honor!"

SAM rose slowly to his feet. I thought he looked terribly tired and ill as he limped over to the jury box.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he began, "a charming gentleman has been killed and a lovely lady has been accused of his murder. There is an instinct in all of us that demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. We no longer take personal vengeance but we appoint men from our midst to represent us, to hunt down, to prosecute and finally to mete out punishment to those who have violated the laws of God and man. Therefore, no one can blame the elected and appointed policemen, district attorneys and executioners for carrying out our collective will. It is their business to do our bidding. I blame no one for zeal. But, though justice is supposed to be blind, her servants must not be. Even blindness in one eye is scarcely permissible to those who are dealing with matters where lives are at stake. We all, every one of us, are prone to believe that the obvious is true. Further, we convince ourselves and try to convince others that our own interpretation of a certain event or series of events is the only correct one. But such partisanship is not, or should not be, the privilege of those who concern themselves with the administration of the law.

"I propose to show that the interpretation which the prosecution has placed upon the facts in this case is not the only possible interpretation and to prove, in fact, that it is not the correct one."

SAM walked away from the jury box to the counsel's table where he took a drink of water. With it he swallowed two pills which he dumped in the palm of his hand from a small brown glass bottle.

Once more before the jury he continued.

"I placed on the stand two witnesses whose testimony was torn to shreds by the cleverness of the prosecution. I knew that something like that might happen. But I let them tell their stories because I wanted you to understand, to see and hear with your own eyes and ears, how far devotion to my client would lead those who really love her. It has led one of my witnesses, Mr. Barnes, willingly and gallantly to risk his own life in a desperate attempt to shield Miss Adair from death.

"Fortunately for Mr. Barnes, his attempt failed.

"But love for my client is not peculiarly and exclusively the attribute of Mr. Barnes. Many others have laid their devotion at her feet and some of them have died. She is, I think, one of the most glamorous women in the world—perhaps the most glamorous. Not to want her for his own almost stamps a man as lacking in some of the distinguishing qualities of his sex.

"Accept, then, as a reasonable supposition, that many men were, and perhaps still are, in love with Miss Adair—some of them willing

to risk their lives for her with no thought of reward; and others, not so unselfish, but also willing to face death in order to have her for their own.

"Let us imagine, then, that at least one such man exists, a selfish man, a supreme egoist. He loves her, perhaps hopelessly, but nevertheless he loves her so passionately that it is the moving purpose of his life. Place yourselves in the situation of this imaginary man. He learns one day, along with all the world, that the object of his adoration is about to marry someone else. Remember that he really cares for nothing else in life—it is a consuming obsession with him. Terrific emotions flame up in him. The fact that some other man is to possess the only thing on earth that he wants blinds him to all other considerations. He feels that he must stop it some way—any way. Without much thought of the consequences and with no definite plan of action, he flies to where she is. Perhaps he thinks that if he gets there in time he can do something about it—that it will be possible to present proofs of his prior claim to his successful rival which will cause him to withdraw. He is like a crazy man with a single purpose, hopeless but determined.



During the filming of "Anna Karenina," this bike was delivered for Freddie Bartholomew's birthday from an admirer

"He goes to his rival's apartment to argue with him. No one answers his knock but the door is unlocked and he goes in. The man he has come so far to see is there but he is asleep—drunk. This man about whom we are talking—our hero, let us say, although he is far from a hero even in his own estimation—this man finds himself in a peculiar position. Frustrated in his attempt to argue his case, he is convinced by the situation that he was right in his impulsive determination to do something about it. Apparently the woman he loves is about to marry someone who is unworthy of her—a drunkard!

"He sits down to think it over, hoping, perhaps, that the sleeping man will regain consciousness. Finally, with an almost blinding light, a solution of the entire problem flashes on him. If the sleeping man should never regain consciousness, that would clear up the entire difficulty. He, our pseudo-hero, may have sat there toying with the idea. Why

not? No one knew that he was there. No one even suspected that he was in Los Angeles.

"If it could be made to look like suicide—

"It could be made to look that way!"

"The gas radiator was turned on. The presumption was that the sleeping man had turned it on himself. The only problem was to put out the flames so that the gas would escape into the room. Our hero tried the simplest method first—he tried to blow out the gas. It couldn't be done, because as soon as he blew out the flames at one end of the radiator they would ignite again before he could do the same thing at the other end.

"He stood up and walked around the apartment while he thought. He could not turn off the gas and then turn it on again because it seemed important that the sleeping man's fingerprints on the valve-wrench should not be smudged. For the same reason he could not wipe off the wrench—not if it was to look like suicide.

"IN the kitchen of the apartment his eye lit on the solution. A fire extinguisher hung over the kitchen stove in a bracket. It seemed as if fate had again pointed the way. He took the extinguisher to the living room and sprayed a little of the gas-forming liquid on the radiator. It went out almost instantly.

"That was all. Our hero replaced the fire-extinguisher in its bracket, went back to the living room, wiped off the few places where he might have left incriminating fingerprints, including the knob of the door as he went out, and walked downstairs unobserved.

"Out in the street he was conscious of only one thing—that he had done a service to the woman he loved, by preventing her marriage to a man who would make her unhappy!

"That feeling persisted—a glow of righteous satisfaction—all during the night and until the next day when he discovered that the woman he loved had been arrested for the murder he had committed—that her fingerprints were on the wrench he had been so careful not to touch!"

THERE was a commotion among the representatives of the District Attorney's office. But Sam forestalled an interruption.

"I know, Your Honor, that my distinguished opponents are about to ask that my outline of the way this crime was committed be stricken from the record on the ground that it is merely another fanciful and synthetic tale, introduced for the purpose of confusing the issue. But I must ask you to bear with me for a moment longer. I know that, properly, it is too late to produce additional evidence after the testimony of witnesses has been taken. But to save the State the cost of an appeal, which I shall surely make, I am going to request that this court set aside the regular rules of procedure long enough to verify the statements I have just made, to accept evidence that what I have said is true."

The judge raised his hand to still the eagerness of the prosecution.

"Mr. Werks, I appreciate the justness of your desire to save the expense of a new trial. I am inclined to allow you to introduce this additional evidence of which you speak for that reason, and also because I doubt if either the jury or myself will be able to stand the strain of waiting much longer to know what the conclusion of your story is."

The judge was being facetious. He, too, thought it was merely a cleverly constructed fairy story, conceived to throw dust in the eyes of the jury. I knew he was wrong.

"So you may proceed, Mr. Werks," the

judge instructed. "What is the additional evidence of which you speak?"

"The fire extinguisher from Mr. Deering's apartment, Your Honor. The damn' fool forgot to wipe his fingerprints off that! And no one thought to look there! I'm asking this court to order that it be brought here carefully and turned over to a police department expert in your presence so that he may develop the fingerprints which I claim are upon it."

The judge leaned back in his chair. He shook his head doubtfully.

"What if there are fingerprints upon this fire extinguisher as you claim, Mr. Werks? Does that prove anything except that someone at some time or other handled it when it was put there in the first place?"

Sam smiled. "Your Honor is quite right—or would be, except for one thing. I think I can produce the man whose fingerprints will match those on the fire extinguisher! All I ask is that you do not declare a recess but hold the jury and everyone else in the courtroom until my experiment has been tried."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE judge decided to grant Sam's request and sent an officer to telephone the necessary instructions to the police department.

A buzz of mystified conjecture went up among the relaxed spectators. No one knew what Sam was driving at except Sam and myself.

I knew only too well what he meant. Whether he spoke the truth or not I could not tell. Even if the fingerprints were there I couldn't be sure. Perhaps they had been placed on the fire extinguisher after the trial began—merely to substantiate the story. Sam was a capable liar. I tried to catch his eye to see if I could read the truth there.

He only looked at me once. That was when, after he had returned to the counselors' table, he poured himself another drink of water. He took two more pills from his brown bottle and put them in his mouth. Then he picked up the glass. It was then that he looked at me. Before he touched the glass to his lips he raised it slightly as if he were proposing a toast.

After that he sat down and began again to draw those innumerable meaningless designs upon the pad of paper.

It seemed an interminable time but it was actually less than an hour before the police brought in the fire extinguisher and an expert with his apparatus to develop the fingerprints.

There was absolute silence in the courtroom while he went to work. Even I, who knew what he would find, watched him almost breathlessly.

Finally he raised his head from a close scrutiny of the surface over which he had been bent.

"They're here, Your Honor—four fingers and a thumb, just the way a man would hold this thing to use it."

A sigh of relief went up from the crowded room. It is not often that an audience can see the solution of a murder mystery worked out before its eyes.

The judge leaned forward. "Mr. Werks, so far you are right. Now if you can produce—Mr. Werks, I'm talking to you."

Sam was not paying attention. The pencil in his hand was moving aimlessly but now, while everyone was looking at him, it slipped from his fingers and rolled noisily to the floor. Sam's head drooped lower and pillowed itself on his arm.

The judge spoke. "He's gone to sleep. Wake him up."

One of the attorneys shook Sam by the shoulder. "Wake up—the judge is speaking to you."

Sam lifted his head. "Yes, Your Honor?"

"We have the fingerprints on the fire extinguisher. You said we would find a man in this courtroom whose fingerprints would match."

Sam laughed, very drowsily. "Right, Your Honor—try mine!"

He dropped his head again. He was asleep.

SAM died that afternoon at the receiving hospital.

The immediate cause was an over-dose of sleeping potion, as I could have told the autopsy surgeon even without looking at the little brown bottle he carried in his pocket. He was in bad shape otherwise, and would not have lived more than a few months longer. I also could have guessed that.

Among his papers was a letter addressed to me.

It was read in court at the final hearing the next day.

"Dear Rachel:" (it began) "You see I am using the name by which I knew you—not the one which all the world calls you. I thought I could get you off without pulling the last trick out of my sleeve. I couldn't. But after my boast I couldn't fail, could I? It doesn't matter much anyway.

"I know you are worried about the document in my vault back home. Rachel, darling, there isn't anything there and never has been. I'm a tricky shyster and that was one of my tricks. You didn't give Gregory Cooper an overdose of sleeping potion. I did. I saved up the capsules that he spit out after the nurse had left the room and gave them to him later after you had administered the ordinary dose and he was only half awake. He even thought I was you and didn't object.

"I think that is all. Remember me as the only man who ever died for you intentionally. Adios!—which I think means, 'I give you to God's keeping.' Perhaps you can trust Him. I don't know.

"Sam"

When I was released from custody, Lanny, who was out on bail from the perjury charge, was waiting for me outside the Hall of Justice with his ancient car. Louella was with him. I kissed her.

THE news cameramen took a snap-shot of that. Also many others. The reporters insisted on a statement!

"Are you going to marry Mr. Barnes, who stuck out his neck for the rope on your account?"

I had no answer. "I haven't any plans, boys. Please let me go somewhere and think about things. Take me home, Lanny."

On the way I said, "Thanks, Lanny, for—everything."

"I hoped I'd be able to do something for you but I guess I still owe you one."

"One what?"

"One life—you saved mine."

I was thinking. "Nearly every man who has ever cared for me has died a violent death."

He didn't answer for a minute—there was a tough bit of traffic that he had to navigate.

Finally he said, "I'd take a chance."

I had to laugh. "Lanny, dear, some day I may tell you to say that again."

That's the way things are today, Sunday, July 7, 1935. Maybe next year—

B R I G H T

EYE DEAS



by Jane Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

LOTS of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with KURLASH, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend KURLASH because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. \$1, at good stores.



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Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department A.9, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.



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**CARTER'S Ideal
 Typewriter Ribbon**

The Beauty Who Cannot Stay in Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Loretta, not so much for the qualities they lack as the qualities she imagined they possessed. She prefers to believe the best of everyone she likes but she is not easily fooled for long. Moreover she has the strength of character to admit her mistaken judgment. "It is usually my own fault," she says.

Yet even with her keen insight into human frailties, Loretta is easily imposed upon. She lends a ready ear to any tale of woe. Her sympathies aroused, she tries to assume the sorrows of all humanity with whom she comes in contact.

Literally, she leaves the house each morning with an empty purse. She would give away more than her salary each week if allowed.

I could fill many pages with accounts of Loretta's unpublicized charities. Begging fan mail is kept from her but she finds enough poverty and need among fellow workers to keep her busy. She never forgets a kindness and only recently came to the aid of a woman who had befriended her as a child.

Loretta's love of children is almost a ruling passion. She should have a backyard over-running with children of her own. Love to her is nearly entirely maternal.

The man she will eventually marry will awaken first her sympathy. His need of her will gradually cause her to love, a rich maternal love in which his problems will become hers. Loretta has the stuff of which pioneer women were made. She would welcome hardships even suffering, if, in these experiences, she would be her husband's helpmate.

That, if you want the real reason, was the cause of her first marriage break-up. Attracted by the clean youth of Grant Withers and intrigued by the idea of falling in love, plus the romance of an elopement, Loretta married. She gave up her beloved family and would have given more had she been asked. Graciously she takes the blame of the failure of that marriage upon her shoulders, but I know that the realization Withers did not actually need her brought about the separation. What had begun spiritually became materialistic.

LORETTA'S second love has no name for publication. He too needed her and his need for a time was great. That this love ended tragically with death is the only time fate entered the story of Loretta's loves.

When she and Spencer Tracy met, Spence was separated from his wife. He was unhappy and Loretta endeavored to cheer him. That their companionship ripened into love is the fault of no one. But when they found how far it might go, they had the courage to yank their love up by the roots. Rather than condemn either, they should be praised for their courage. It is unfortunate that the affair achieved the wide publicity it did, demanding a statement from both.

The loves of Loretta Young need not be held in the light of malignant tricks of fate. She is an extraordinary girl for her brief twenty-two years. Were Loretta to believe herself tragic and forsaken, there would be cause for consternation. But she is filled with the joy of living and laughter. I know of no better statement to prove how clearly Loretta Young thinks than this:

"In the movies, we play so much with emotions that we might easily lose our emotional susceptibility. Oddly enough, it

doesn't work out that way. Instead, we become even more susceptible. Our battle is to achieve and maintain equilibrium. Heir as we are to empty flattery, we must retain our balance.

"I believe I know enough of love to recognize the spurious from the real thing. I have indulged, of course, in minor flirtations with experts. A luncheon, for instance, with an actor who makes conversation by reading lines from the love scenes of his latest picture and I answer with lines from one of my films. No one attaches any importance to such flirtations. They are merely pastime. In Hollywood, these affairs are called 'Luncheon Loves' and end with the after-meal coffee. Only the columnists attempt to make them significant.

"I want love and marriage and children. Those are the vital things of life. But they must be vital, worth making the sacrifices necessary to sustain them."

No, Loretta Young is not emotionally over-balanced. She brings to her dream of life and love the intense sincerity that characterizes her in everything she does.

HOLLYWOOD asks why Loretta cannot stay in love. She is not a dilettante who is playing love as a game. She is not making herself absurd by openly seeking love. She is one of the most sought-after, most dated girls in the film colony but she is not to be won by an insincere suit. The man she marries must primarily need her. He must awaken her maternal instinct. Such a man she would follow to the ends of the earth. She simply has yet to find him.

I once accused Loretta of being too idealistic of love. I warned her of disillusionment.

Her reply sums up the whole case: "My mother is an idealist and she is not disillusioned. If I can be the woman my mother is, I'll be happy."



Not bad, Jackie, not bad! This is Jackie's friend, from the old home town, Jacqueline Eckert, and Mr. Cooper is showing her the sights

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

THE Fan Club Bulletins have been arriving in my office in great numbers this month. Congratulations on the fine work

By the time you read this article the Fan Club Convention at Chicago will be over and there is no doubt in my mind it was a great success. I expect to have many interesting items to tell you in my next issue. I would appreciate all the clubs that sent delegates to send me in their opinion of the convention before the 20th of August.

To the Nelson Eddy Fans, there is a newly organized club named "The Musical Nelson Eddy Fan Club," 1508 East 94th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. They are members of the Fan Club Federation and are open for new memberships. They want to make this club a big success, so you Nelson Eddy fans get together and help them.

"Footnotes," the Fred Astaire Fan Club Paper, is a wow this month. The editorial is worth reading and I am only sorry that I haven't the space to print same for you. This club has some very outstanding people as members. The paper consists of prose and poetry written by its members and they are doing great work. Any Fred Astaire fans wishing to join the club might write to Bonita Meyers, Pres., 85 Van Reypen Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Virginia R. Bingham, Pres. of the Hedda Hopper Fan Club, located at 558 North Coulter Street, Coquille, Oregon, is interested in getting some information from any other fan club that would write to her as to how she would go about enlarging her club. Up to the present time it has been just a very informal group, but now that she has invited other members to join she would like all the information necessary to make it a regular fan club.

The latest issue of the "Fan Club Fare," official publication of the Fan Club Federation has reached my desk and I find it very entertaining. It carries many interesting articles, particularly an interview with Irene Dunne. I

like the way it lists the other club members of the Federation in the front of the bulletin.

"The Telescope," the Lew Ayres' Fan Club paper gives a bit of information that I am sure a lot of fans will be interested to learn. Luna Homan, his secretary, is reorganizing Jimmie Fiddler's Regulars Club, per the usual fan club way, charging dues and promising pictures of Jimmie and the issuance of a paper to its members.

How many of you movie fans have seen that marvelous picture, "Becky Sharp"? If you haven't already I can think of no nicer way of spending an evening. Why not get a theater party together and go and see it as soon as you can. After seeing the picture I am sure that some one of you will start a Miriam Hopkins' club. I see that there isn't one belonging to the Federation. There'll be plenty of discussions also on color photography, pro and con.

For fans who haven't already signed up with some club and are anxious to I have listed below a number of clubs that are members of the Federation. Lew Ayres' Club, Helen Raether, Pres., 311 S. Mingo Street, Albion, Michigan; Bing Crosby Club, Fay E. Zinn, Pres., 95 North Walnut Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Irene Dunne Fan Club, Meta Waltman, Pres., 269 Meade Ave., Hanover, Pennsylvania; Francis Lederer Fan Club, Beatrice Kramer, Pres., 4341 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Illinois; Jean Muir Fan Club, Anita Weber, Pres., 9025 Keith Ave., West Hollywood, California; Dick Powell, Chaw Mank, Pres., 226 East Mills Street, Staunton, Illinois; Norma Shearer Club, Hans Faxdahl, Pres., 1947 Broadway, New York City; Official Robert Taylor Club, Dorothy M. Hulse, Pres., 3322 Wilson Ave., Boston Road, New York; Franchot Tone Fan Club, Phyllis Caryle, Pres., 45 Smith Street, Portland, Maine; and Evelyn Venable Club, Margaret Connell, Pres., 811 Prospect Road, Des Moines, Iowa.



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Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Walter C. Kelly
Lois Kent
Jan Kiepura

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blone
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Jane Darwell
Rosita Diaz
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Tito Guizar
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Walter King
Rosina Lawrence
Charles Locher
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Jackie Searl
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
James Blakeley
Nana Bryant
Jack Buckler
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Douglas Dumbrille
Lilian Harvey
Arthur Hohl
Elissa Landi
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oake
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Maxine Reiner
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Fred Stone
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Barbara Kent
June Knight
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchof
William Powell
Carl Randall
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Kosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephen
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Robert Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Paul Lukas
Joel McCrea
Lester Matthews
Henry Molinison
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Mary Wallace
Irene Ware
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt
Bela Lugosi
Joel McCrea
Lester Matthews
Henry Molinison
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Mary Wallace
Irene Ware
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Nan Gray
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
June Martell
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Jack Norton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phillip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ACCENT ON YOUTH"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Samson Raphaelson. Screen play by Herbert Fields and Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Linda Brown*, Sylvia Sidney; *Steven Gaye*, Herbert Marshall; *Dickie Reynolds*, Phillip Reed; *Genevieve Lang*, Astrid Allwyn; *Frank Galloway*, Holmes Herbert; *Miss Darling*, Catherine Doucet; *Flogdell*, Ernest Cossart; *Orville*, Donald Meek; *Benham*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Benham*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. Galloway*, Laura Treadwell; *Chuck*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Butch*, Nick Foran; *Fiancee*, Janet Elsie Cook; *Cashier*, Albert Taylor.

"ANNA KARENINA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Count Leo Tolstoy. Screen play by Clemence Dane and Salka Viertel. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Anna Karenina*, Greta Garbo; *Vronsky*, Frederic March; *Sergei*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Kitty*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Countess Vronsky*, May Robson; *Karenin*, Basil Rathbone; *Sitka*, Reginald Owen; *Yashin*, Reginald Denny; *Dolly*, Phoebe Foster; *Levin*, Gyles Isham; *Grisha*, Buster Phelps; *Anna's Maid*, Ella Ethridge; *Lili*, Joan Marsh; *Vronsky's Valet*, Sidney Bracey; *Tania*, Cora Sue Collins; *Bulter*, Joe E. Tozer; *Tutor*, Guy D'Enerry; *Cord*, Harry Allen; *Princess Sorokino*, Mary Forbes; *Ame. Kartasoff*, Ethel Griffies; *Matve*, Harry Beresford; *Governess*, Sarah Padden.

"BECKY SHARP"—PIONEER-RKO RELEASE.—From the play "Becky Sharp" by Langdon Mitchell. Screen play by Francis Edward Faragoh. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *Becky Sharp*, Miriam Hopkins; *Amelia Sedley*, Frances Dee; *Marquis de Steyne*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Lady Barchanes*, Billie Burke; *Miss Crawley*, Alison Skipworth; *Joseph Sedley*, Nigel Bruce; *Ravendon Crawley*, Alan Mowbray; *George Osborne*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Pitt Crawley*, William Stack; *Sir Pitt Crawley*, George Hassell; *Duke of Wellington*, William Faversham; *General Tufo*, Charles Richman; *Duchess of Richmond*, Doris Lloyd; *William Dobbin*, Colin Tapley; *Lord Tarquin*, Leonard Mudie; *Briggs*, May Beatty; *Bowles*, Charles Coleman; *Lady Blanche*, Bunny Beatty; *Miss Flowery*, Finis Barton; *The Prince Regent*, Olaf Hytten; *Fifine*, Pauline Garon; *Sedley's Page*, James "Hambone" Robinson; *Miss Pinkerton*, Elspeth Dudgeon; *The Charwoman*, Tempe Pigott; *Lady Jane Crawley*, Ottola Nesmith.

"BROADWAY GONDOLIER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Sig Herzog, E. V. Harburg and Hans Kraly. Screen play by Warren B. Duff and Sig Herzog. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dick Purcell*, Dick Powell; *Alice Hughes*, Joan Blondell; *Professor de l'inci*, Adolphe Menjou; *Mrs. Flagenheim*, Louise Fazenda; *Cliff Stanley*, William Gargan; *Hayward*, George Barbier; *Richards*, Grant Mitchell; *Gilmore*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Red*, Joseph Sauer; *Ramon*, Rafael Storm; *Singing Cop*, Bob Murphy; *Uncle Andy*, James Burke; also Ted Fio Rito and his Band, Four Mills Bros. and the Canova Family.

"CALM YOURSELF"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edward Hope. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by George Seitz. The cast: *Pat*, Robert Young; *Rosalind*, Madge Evans; *Mary Elizabeth*, Betty Furness; *Knuckles Benard*, Nat Pendleton; *Bobby Kent*, Hardie Albright; *Mr. Rockwell*, Ralph Morgan; *Allenby*, Claude Gillingwater; *Roscoe*, Paul Hurst; *Mrs. Rockwell*, Shirley Ross; *Joan Vincent*, Shirley Chambers; *Mr. Kent*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Lanselle*, Claudelle Kaye; *Joe*, Clyde Cook; *Bromberg*, Herman Bing; *Police Inspector*, Richard Tucker; *Lieut. of Police*, Ivan "Dusty" Miller; *Lanselle*, Charles Trowbridge; *Anne*, Tempe Pigott; *Mike*, Raymond Hatton.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT"—FOX.—Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Carol Arnold*, Pat Paterson; *Tom Evans*, Thomas Beck; *Nayda*, Rita Cansino; *Dr. Anton Racine*, Jameson Thomas; *Professor Thurston*, Frank Conroy; *Edfu Ahmad*, Nigel de Brulier; *Barry Arnold*, James Eagles; *Fouad Soueida*, Paul Porcasi; *Drageman*, Arthur Stone; *Snowshoes*, Stepin Fetchit.

"CLAIRVOYANT, THE"—GB PROD.—From the story by Ernst Lothar. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Maximus*, Mind Reader, Claude Rains; *Rene*, His Wife, Fay Wray; *Christine*, Jane Baxter; *Simon*, Ben Field; *Madame*, Mary Clare; *Customs Officer*, Jack Rains; *Lodging Housekeeper*, Margaret Davidge; *Bimeter*, Denier Warren; *Dereida*, Donald Cathrop.

"ESCAPADE"—M-G-M.—Based on the German script "Maskerade" by Walter Reisch. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Fritz*, William Powell; *Leopoldine*, Luise Rainer; *Karl*, Frank Morgan; *Gerta*, Virginia Bruce; *Paul*, Reginald Owen; *Anita*, Mady Christians; *Countess*, Laura Hope Crews; *Concierge*, Henry Travers; *Carmen*, Mathilda Comont.

"FRONT PAGE WOMAN"—WARNERS.—Based on the magazine story by Richard Maccaully. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Ellen Garfield*, Bette Davis; *Curt Devin*,

George Brent; *Inez Cordova*, Winifred Shaw; *Toots O'Grady*, Roscoe Karns; *Spike Kiley*, Joseph Crehan; *Lester Hartnett*, Joseph King; *Mae*, chorus girl, Dorothy Dare; *Olive*, chorus girl, June Martel; *Irma Barnett*, Grace Hale; *Robert*, J. Carrol Naish; *Maitland Coulter*, Gordon Westcott; *Hallohan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Joe Davis*, Selmar Jackson; *District Attorney*, Addison Richards; *Chinard*, Georges Renavent; *Fuji*, Mike Morita.

"HARD ROCK HARRIGAN"—FOX.—From the story by Charles Furthman. Screen play by Raymond L. Schrock and Dan Jarrett. Directed by David Howard. The cast: "Hard Rock" Harriegan, George O'Brien; "Anderson", Irene Hervey; *Black Jack Riley*, Fred Kohler; *Michael McGinnis*, Dean Benton; *McClimlock*, Frank Rice; *Oscar*, Victor Potel; *Clancy*, Olin Francis; *Clark*, William Gould; *Columbo*, George Humbert; *McNally*, David Clyde; *Dr. Wagner*, Ed Keene; *Casey*, Lee Shumway.

"HONEYMOON LIMITED"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Vida Hurst. Screen play by Dorothy Reid and Betty Burbridge. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The cast: *Dick*, Neil Hamilton; *Judy*, Irene Hervey; *Henry*, Lloyd Hughes; *Slag*, Russell Hicks; *Babe*, Lorin Raker; *Jack*, Joy Filmer; *Jill*, June Filmer; *Pinkham*, George Hayes; *Randall*, Henry Kolker.

"IN OLD KENTUCKY"—FOX.—From the play by Charles T. Dazey. Screen play by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Sene Tapley*, Will Rogers; *Nancy Martingale*, Dorothy Wilson; *Lee Andrews*, Russell Hardie; *Ezra Martingale*, Charles Selton; *Arline Shattuck*, Louise Henry; *Dolly Breckenridge*, Esther Dale; *Slick Doherty*, Alan Dinehart; *Pole Shattuck*, Charles Richman; *Plowius J. Aspinwall*, Etienne Girardot; *Sheriff*, John Ince; *Wash Jackson*, Bill Robinson.

"KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Gene Stratton-Porter. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Jamie*, Neil Hamilton; *Molly*, Betty Furness; *Margaret*, Emma Dunn; *Scout*, Edith Fellows; *Bee Master*, Hobart Bosworth; *Shorty*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Louise*, Marion Shilling; *Red*, James Burtis; *Nurse*, Barbara Bedford; *Dr. Grayson*, Lafe McKee; *Judge*, George Cleveland; *Colonel*, William Worthington.

"LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT"—MASCOT.—From the story by John Rathmell. Screen play by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Don Phelan*, Norman Foster; *Wilma "Billie" Howell*, Evalyn Knapp; *Miss Winkler*, Esther Ralston; *Bob Starke*, Eric Linden; *Amos Starke*, Purnell Pratt; *J. Fenton Howell*, Gilbert Emery; *Flynn*, Syd Saylor; *Johnson*, Matt McHugh; *Bert L. Taylor*, Russell Hicks; *Mary Phelan*, Emma Dunn; *Vi*, Irene Franklin; *Dan McCloskey*, George Hayes; *Nick*, Jason Robards; *Joe*, Stanley Blystone; *Terry*, Francis McDonald; *Pat*, Max Wagner; *Mike*, Lynton Brent; *Warden*, Edward Peil; *Globe Sales Mgr.*, Robert Frazer; *Constable*, Herbert Heywood; *Swenson*, Christian Rub; *Harry*, Herb Vignay; *Maid*, Mary McLaren; *Guard*, Eddie Hearn.

"LADY TUBBS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Homer Croy. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Henrietta (Mom) Tubbs*, Alice Brady; *Phil Ash-Orcutt*, Douglas Montgomery; *Wynne Howard*, Anita Louise; *Elyot Wembsleigh*, Alan Mowbray; *Fishbaker*, Minor Watson; *Mr. Ash-Orcutt*, Russell Hicks; *Mrs. Ash-Orcutt*, Hedda Hopper; *Jean LaGendre*, June Clayworth; *Lord Abernathy*, Lumsden Hare; *Elmer*, Harry Tyler; *Joseph*, Walter Brennan; *Rinaldo*, Rafael Storm; also Mildred Harris, Mary Carew, Phyllis Brooks, Mary Wallace, Virginia Hammond, Walter Lang, Pat O'Malley, Victor Potel, Perry Ivins and Sam McDaniel.

"LOVE ME FOREVER"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Victor Schertzinger. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Doctor Howell*, Grace Moore; *Steve Corelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Philip Cameron*, Robert Allen; *Fields*, Spring Byington; *Maurizio*, Thurston Hall; *Miller*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Luigi*, Luis Alberni; *Michael Bartlett*, Michael Bartlett.

"MAD LOVE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "Les Mains D'Orlac" by Maurice Renard. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and John L. Balderston. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Doctor Gogol*, Peter Lorre; *Yvonne Orlac*, Frances Drake; *Stephen Orlac*, Colin Clive; *Reagan*, Ted Healy; *Marie*, Sarah Haden; *Rollo*, Edward Brophy; *Prefect Rosset*, Henry Kolker; *Marianne*, Isabel Jewel; *Dr. Wong*, Keye Luke; *Thief*, Harold Huber; *Henry Orlac*, Ian Wolfe; *Dr. Marbeau*, Charles Trowbridge; *Charles*, Murray Kinnell; *Francoise*, May Beatty; *Endore*, Rollo Lloyd.

"MAKE A MILLION"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Emmett Anthony. Screen play by Charles Logue. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. The cast: *Jones*, Charles Starrett; *Irene*, Pauline Brooks; *Larkey*, George E. Stone; *Pete*, James Burke; *Conning*, Guy Usher; *Moxey*, Norman Houston; *Benny*, Monte Carter; *Soapy*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Blindman*, George Cleveland; *Dean*, John Elliot.

CORNS

SORE TOES, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

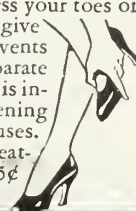


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Dept. P9, 1926 Broadway, New York City

"**MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Bogle. Screen play by Jack Cunningham, Ray Harris and Bobby Vernon. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Ambrose Woolfnger, W. C. Fields; Loena Woolfnger, Kathleen Howard; Hope Woolfnger, Mary Brian; Mrs. Neselroad, Vera Lewis; Claude Neselroad, Grady Sutton; Malloy, Oscar Apfel; T. P. Wallaby, David Clyde; Willie, the Weasel, Tammany Young; Legs Garnett, Walter Brennan; Adolph Berg, Lew Kelly; Peabody, Lucien Littlefield; Night Court Judge, Arthur Aylesworth.*

"**MEN WITHOUT NAMES**"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dale VanEvery. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts, Howard J. Green and Kubec Glasmon. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Richard Hood, Fred MacMurray; Richard "Dick" Grant, Fred MacMurray; Helen Sherwood, Madge Evans; Gabby Lambert, Lynne Overman; David Sherwood, David Holt; Aunt Ella, Elizabeth Patterson; Andrew Webster, Grant Mitchell; Jones, Dean Jagger; Sam "Red" Hammond, John Wray; Major Newcomb, J. C. Nugent; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford, Herbert Rawlinson.*

"**OLD CURIOSITY SHOP**"—B.I.P.-ALLIANCE.—Adapted by Margaret Kennedy and Ralph Neale. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: *The Grandfather, Ben Webster; Nell, Elaine Benson; Quill, Hay Petrie; His wife, Beatrix Thomson; Sampson Brass, Gibb McLaughlin; Sally Brass, Lily Long; Dick Swineller, Reginald Purdell; The Marchioness Polly Ward; The Single Gentleman, James Harcourt; The Schoolmaster, J. Fisher-White; Codlin, Dick Tuoh; Short, Roddy Hughes; Mrs. Jarley, Amy Veness; Kit, Peter Penrose; Tom Scott, Vic Filmer.*

"**PAGE MISS GLORY**"—WARNERS.—From the play by Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning. Screen play by Delmer Daves and Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Loretta, Marion Davies; Click Wiley, Pat O'Brien; Bingo Nelson, Dick Powell; Gladys, Mary Astor; Ed Olson, Frank McHugh; Slattery, Lyle Talbot; Betty, Patsy Kelly; Peety, Allen Jenkins; Blackie, Barton MacLane; Joe Bonner, Hobart Cavanaugh; Mr. Freischutz, Joseph Cawthorn; Mr. Hamburger, Al Shean; Yates, Berton Churchill; Loretta's Mother, Helen Lowell; Beauty Operator, Mary Treen; Kimball, Harry Beresford; Metz, Gavin Gordon; Nick, Lionel Stander; Detective Chief, Joseph Crehan.*

"**RAVEN, THE**"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story suggested by Edgar Allan Poe's classic "The Raven." Screen play by David Boehm and Jim Tully. Directed by Louis Friedlander. The cast: *Baleman, Karloff; Dr. Vollin, Bela Lugosi; Jean Thatcher, Irene Ware; Jerry Halden, Lester Matthews; Judge Thatcher, Samuel Hinds; Mary, Inez Courtney; Geoffrey, Ian Wolfe; Col. Grant, Spencer Charters; Harriet, Maidel Turner; Chapman, Arthur Hoyt.*

"**SANDERS OF THE RIVER**"—LONDON FILMS UNITED ARTISTS.—Scenario and continuity by Lajos Biro and Jeffrey Dell. Directed by Zoltan Korda. The cast: *Bosambo, Paul Robeson; Sanders, Leslie Banks; Lilongo, Nina Mae McKinney; Tibbets, Robert Cochran; Ferguson, Martin Walker; Hamilton, Richard Grey; Mojolaba, Tony Wane; Farini, Marquis de Portago; Smith, Eric Maturin; Father O'Leary, Allan Jayes; Governor of the Territory, Charles Carson; also Luao and Klongalonga, Chiefs of the Wagania (Congo) Tribe; Ohoja, Chief of the Acholi; Members of the Acholi, Sesi, Tefik, Juruba, Mendi and Kroo Tribes.*

"**SHE**"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by H. Rider Haggard. Screen play by Ruth Rose. Directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden. The cast: *She, Helen Gahagan; Leo Vincey, Randolph Scott; Tanya, Helen Mack; Holly, Nigel Bruce; Billali, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Dugmore, Lumsden Hare; John Vincey, Samuel Hinds; Native Leader, Noble Johnson; Capt. of the Guards, Jim Thorpe.*

"**STRANDED**"—WARNERS.—Based on the story by Frank Wead and Ferdinand Reyher. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lynn Palmer, Kay Francis; Mack Hale, George Brent; Velma Tuhill, Patricia Ellis; John Wesley, Donald Woods; Stanislaus Janauschek, Robert Barrat; Sharkey, Barton MacLane; Grace Dean, Mary Forbes; Mike Gibbons, John Wray; Miss Walsh, Florence Fair; Jimmy Rivers, Frankie Darro; Mrs. Tuhill, Ann Shoemaker; Jack, Gavin Gordon; Updyke, William Harrigan; Jennie Holden, June Travis; Tim Power, Edward McWade; Lizzie, Mae Busch; Marvel Young, Shirley Grey; Tuhill, Henry O'Neill; Johnny Quinn, Joseph Crehan; Diane Nichols, Joan Gay; Detective, Joseph King; Worker, Pat Moriarity.*

"**STRUGGLE FOR LIFE**"—FOX PROD.—The cast: All native tribesmen.

"**39 STEPS, THE**"—GB PROD.—From the novel by John Buchan. Adapted by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Hannay, Robert Donat; Pamela, Madeleine Carroll; Professor Jordan, Godfrey Tearle; Mrs. Jordan, Helen Haye; Miss Smith, Lucie Mannheim; Crofter's Wife, Peggy Ashcroft; Crofter, John Laurie; The Sheriff, Frank Cellier; Mr. Memory, Wylie Watson; Maid, Peggy Simpson.*

"**WELCOME HOME**"—FOX.—From the original story by Arthur T. Horman. Screen play by Marion Orth and Arthur T. Horman. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Richard Foster, James Dunn; Gorgeous, Arline Judge; Giltedge, Raymond Walburn; Susan Adams, Rosina Lawrence; Painless, William Frawley; Anstruther, Charles Sellon; Andrew Carr, Charles Ray; Willis Parker, Frank Melton; Edward Adams, George Meeker; Shaunessy, James Burke; Titwillow, Arthur Hoyt; Stanley Phillips, Dave O'Brien; Constable Mulhausen, Spencer Charters; Flink, Harry Holman; Mrs. Frisbee, Sarah Edwards.*



Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne showed Captain Knox Little of the Royal Navy, the studio sights when he visited them on the set of "Elegance" at M-G-M. The chap in back of Joan is Director Van Dyke

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER

25 CEN



WHY MALE STARS MARRY PLAIN GIRLS

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HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he wooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs

that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

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against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

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Released thru
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The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the



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If you've ever wanted to break into the song writing game (and who hasn't?) read the trials and tribulations of the big boys who write the Hollywood hits.

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Dolores Del Rio, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, Gene Raymond each choose a different ideal.

Why does beautiful Merla Smith scream three times as she runs from the shadowy house? You'll have to read the second installment of "Face Down" by Charles J. Kenny, the finest mystery ever written about Hollywood, to get the answer.

These are just a few of the many features that will be in the November Photoplay on sale October 5th.

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 5

OCTOBER, 1935

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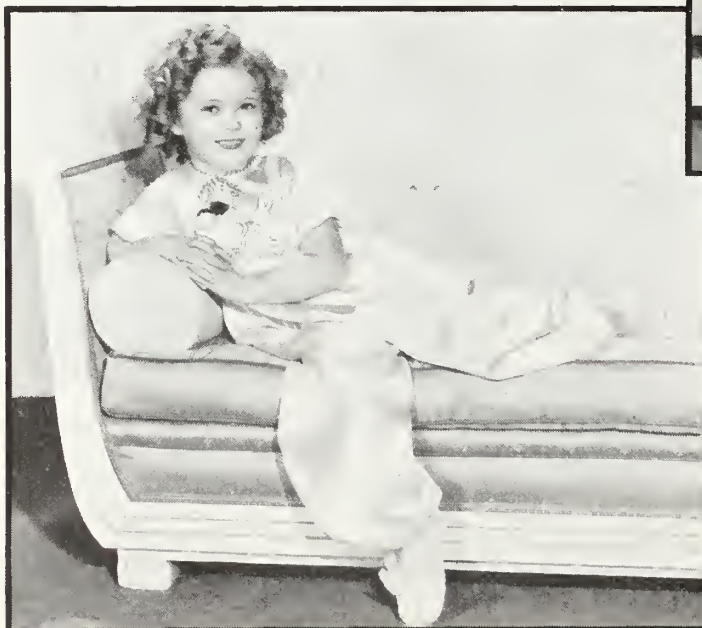


"Curly Top" Sets the Fashion for Little Girls

Madam, will you walk with me, in your little crêpe frock and velvet capelet with perky hat to match



Buttercup yellow crêpe forms a background for Shirley's daisies in "Curly Top," Fox. How does the garden grow?



Bunnies peep from under Shirley's pajama sleeve, her pocket; white plush twin bunnies, her boots. Styles by René Hubert

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RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT."
Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams" . . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna" . . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"



Letters

Don't say it, write it! You can only tell a few people what you think of one or several pictures. You reach thousands in "Letters"



Hollywood's beauty on parade—Jean Harlow, more fetching than ever, and alluring Marlene Dietrich, leave the Trocadero. Like posies?



Left, the brunette and the blonde of it. Dolores Del Rio and Virginia Bruce are always pairing off, and they make a most beautiful contrast

CHEERS FOR LUISE

I SHOULD like to be among the first to throw my hat in the air and give a few lusty cheers for the new Viennese importation, Luise Rainer, who made such an auspicious beginning of her Hollywood career in "Escapade."

With the notable exceptions of Garbo and Dietrich, none of the foreign movie actresses has made a very startling success in spite of the avalanche of publicity with which they were launched.

Miss Rainer's case, I believe, will be very different.

I can only hope that the movie moguls will refrain from bleaching her hair, plucking her eyebrows, and damning her with the twin epithets "exotic" and "glamorous." She distinctly has something to offer, being a remarkably clever and finished actress with an odd sort of beauty all her own.

J. S. H., Washington, D. C.

AND TECHNICOLOR

HURRAY for Technicolor! We have always appreciated the black and white films, but deep in our hearts we have been dreaming of the day we should see our favorites as they really are. Then, too, what an advantage Technicolor is to the stars. It could never be hoped for them to display their true beauty in the drab, colorless films.

MARIA LUPASZEWSKA, San Francisco, Cal.

TO MR. McLAGLEN

"THE Informer"—the best picture of this or any other year. Direction and photography were top-notch, and as a reward, Victor McLaglen deserves more rôles as great as his *Gypo Nolan*. An art in itself, it is a splendid example of the movie of tomorrow. Please give us more dramatic punches like "The Informer."

A. M. M., Bremerton, Wash.

VICTOR McLAGLEN'S acting in "The Informer" was very fine.
GLADYS PEET CARPENTER, St. Paul, Minn.

NOT SINCE VALENTINO

NOT since Valentino have I seen any performance like Charles Boyer's in "Break of Hearts." Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, and Jean Hersholt too were splendid.

Charles Boyer, Leslie Howard, and Valentino have put a rare and very much needed something into the cinema—something indefinable because it eludes words, but which is very much akin to soul. In my own mind there is only Boyer—strange, composite blend of fire and music, cool logic, delightful whimsy, arrogance and gentleness, half-sophisticate and half-pagan—who deserves to be ranked with the incomparable and never-forgettable Valentino.

EVELYN PIERCE, Champaign, Illinois
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11]

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical
Marion Davies in her first
picture for Warner Bros.
—her finest for anybody!



Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men," and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

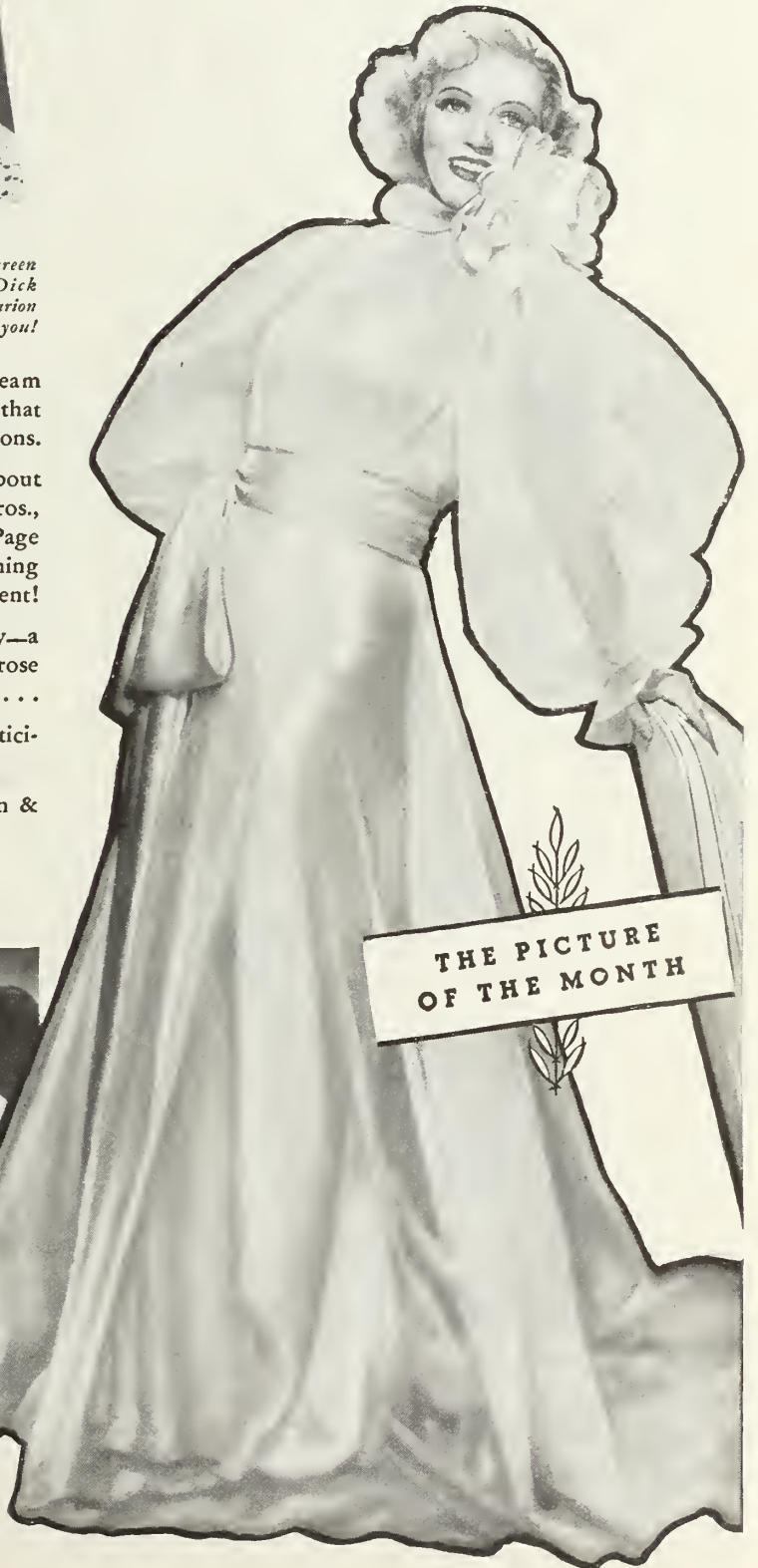
It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!



Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant but gripping. (Apr.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)



Caught high! And is little Sybil Jason's face red! Newest of the child stars, Sybil plays the lead in Warners' "The Little Big-shot"

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good. (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT—Fox.—Warner Oland, as the Chinese philosopher-detective, goes to the tombs of the Pharaohs this time to encounter murder and unravel the mysteries. Pat Patterson, Thomas Beck, Stepin Fetchit. A-1 for Chan fans. (Sept.)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE

they fight.. AS YOU DO.. for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your*
dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . .
behold the raging spectacle of hell *here*
and hereafter . . . of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS



DANTES INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL
AS YOU **SEE**

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

FOX

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY . . . AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY'S NEWS . . . ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothern is the romantic prize. (July)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Miscast as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominion-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the wif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelme, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skilful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE—Select-RKO Release.—The American classic suffers from the censor's scissors on the screen, but you'll enjoy seeing Helen Morgan as the notorious *Frankie*, Chester Morris as the great lover, and the late Lilyan Tashman as *Nellie Bly*. (Aug.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warners.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

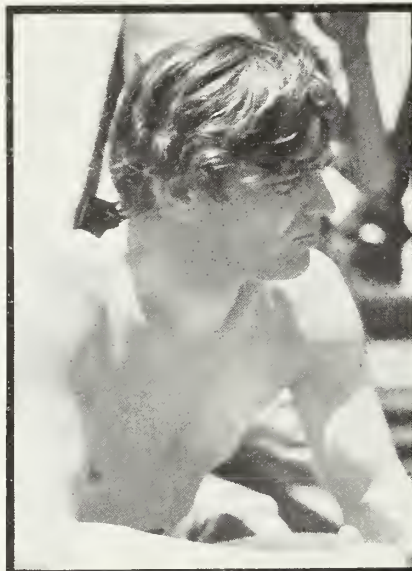
GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle. C. Henry Gordon. (May)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to



Half-nudist, is Mr. Gable. Clark acquired a beautiful fan while on location making the outdoor scenes of "Mutiny on the Bounty"

the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte

Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor, top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful, thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton life as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellows, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indo-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evalyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen re-creation of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]



Yes, indeed, from this shot at the Club La Maze, Peggy Watters and Lyle Talbot are still much romancing!



Director Woody Van Dyke at his party posted marines to see that all came stag. Isabel Jewel fooled him, she brought her own!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

NO HEPBURN FAN

THERE may be something wrong with my head—but I am not a Hepburn fan. Her strident, raucous voice and lamentable overacting in "Spitfire" made me suspect that there must have been plenty of smart exploitation behind her sudden leap to fame.

Glenda Farrell is a sincere, natural girl and a fine actress. Ditto Myrna Loy. Also it is indeed gratifying to see Pat O'Brien get recognition at last and screen material worthy of his ability.

He belongs in a class with Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers, Wallace Beery, and Charles Laughton.

And I'm betting he'll get there without much trouble.

MRS. A. J. NELSON, Gary, Minnesota

GILBERT AS ROMEO?

I'VE heard of Norma Shearer's desire to play *Juliet* and of the futile attempts to get a suitable *Romeo*.

M-G-M is making a great mistake in overlooking John Gilbert. He is the only actor who can play the lover in such a charming, convincing, and tender manner as would befit *Romeo*.

S. BARDACH, New York City

Letters

The movie-going public determines the trend of the screen

WORLD'S GREATEST

SO much has been said and written of Elizabeth Bergner that I began to wonder. Not that I'm a "doubting Thomas," but "The World's Greatest Actress" is a tall order! But "Escape Me Never" leaves nothing to be desired. Elizabeth Bergner, of a truth, is the world's greatest actress.

MARIE-BERNADOTTE MORAN, Baltimore, Md.

MORE "LES MISERABLES"

WE, the public, are asking for more pictures like "Les Miserables." A preview, for the benefit of clergymen and teachers, was shown at our local theater. In my opinion, no picture was paid a greater tribute.

A. E. VINCELETTE, North Adams, Mass.

THE OTHER SIDE

MAY I take issue with critic Giacoletti, erstwhile student at Indiana University. Unfortunately, I had not made the acquaintance of either this representative of our institution or the "boos" to which "the belling

baritone," Nelson Eddy, was subjected by our students.

Anyway, for another half of Indiana University, all honors to Nelson Eddy for his performance and his magnificent singing in "Naughty Marietta." Perhaps that is the reason I sat through two performances.

WILBUR F. PELL, Indiana University, Ind.

TO OUR AUTHOR COLLINS

THE interesting article by Frederick L. Collins in the July PHOTOPLAY leaves little to be said about Nelson Eddy. I might add that during a discussion of the super-star this remark was made: "He's so wholesome there's no one like him in Hollywood."

MARY MARSHALL, New York City

I HAVE just read the very fine story in the July PHOTOPLAY on Nelson Eddy, written by Frederick L. Collins. I heartily agree with him in everything he says with the exception of "Naughty Marietta" being a good play without Nelson Eddy.

I couldn't see Carl Brisson in it; Dennis King would have been fine, but Lawrence Tibbett would have been terrible.

JENNY L. M., Cincinnati, Ohio

THANKS for that article on Nelson Eddy. He didn't need it, but we—his fans—certainly did enjoy it. Now, could something be done for a friend of his? I mean the friend mentioned in Frederick L. Collins' article—Gene Raymond.

Being merely a fan I can't put my finger on what is happening, but I do know that if there was a conscious, concentrated movement with a slogan of "Ruin Raymond," it couldn't be more successful.

M. K., Concord, N. H.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather, Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Siriussee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madelaine Carroll). (June)

MAD LOVE—M-G-M.—Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the rôle of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as Pa who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Bonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outstick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast. A-I direction. (July)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—B.I.P.—Alliance.—Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous *Quilp*. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a too barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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THANKS to Mr. Frederick L. Collins for the very interesting article on the new screen sensation, Nelson Eddy, in the July PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Collins enumerates three other singers who would have been equally impressive as *Captain Richard Warrington* in "Naughty Marietta." Permit me to disagree on that point. Brisson might do, Dennis King is too old to appeal to the younger generation, Lawrence Tibbett also is too old and not handsome, not romantic enough; I like Eddy's voice better, too. But you're right, Mr. Collins, about Nelson Eddy—"He really has what it takes"—he is here to stay.

MARGARET STUART, Washington, D. C.

MORRIS VS. TAYLOR

I THINK leading men who are as good as Robert Taylor is, who serve as an effective foil for the feminine stars they play with, without overshadowing them, or trying to steal the show, are really quite rare. Robert Taylor is versatile, charming, magnetic. He literally stole "Society Doctor" from Chester Morris—one gathered that from listening to the audience as it emerged from the theater.

CARROLL COSTELLO, Asheville, N. C.

BOOST LEE TRACY

I THINK it is high time someone gave a boost to Lee Tracy. There must be some old veterans who remember way back last year when "Blessed Event" brought them more laughs than they had in a decade.

In his last three pictures, "You Belong to Me," "The Lemon Drop Kid," and "Carnival" Tracy has been allowed to moon over motherless kids. The plots were all like a slap in the face—each the same. Is Tracy to go on running a day nursery?

JAMES WHITSETT, Reidsville, N. C.

THREE OPINIONS

FOR graceful dancing, Carl Brisson's is the top on the screen today. For good looks and singing, he is crowding what the studios deem their best off the top round of fame's ladder.

Will Rogers will have to start chawing around for something new or he will be as typed as ZaSu Pitt's hands.

But here's to Joe E. Brown.

BERTHA P. COGAN, Stevenson, Wash.

Farewell party aboard H.M.S. Donac: Maureen O'Sullivan, Jean Muir, Paul Cavanagh, Capt. Knox Little, June Lang, Alan Mowbray, and Katherine Williams



Otto Kruger entertains his daughter Otilie (right) and her friend, Cora Sue Collins, in the garden

ON PRONUNCIATION

THE title "Sequoia" was easier for us to pronounce because the key to its pronunciation always accompanied the title.

Why isn't such a method followed with all difficult titles? Such as "Les Miserables," and other difficult titles.

It's a good idea.

CATHERINE A. WHITTIER, Kaukauna, Wis.

Letters

Opinions on stars and their pictures from all over the world appear on these pages and Hollywood notes them



Alice Faye is one of the great belles of cinema town. She is with that well known squire, Vic Orsatti

ONE FOR GENE

ALL this talk about Gable and Powell and never a word about Gene Raymond who beats them all every time. Cooper and Gable and all the rest of them were showing in our city, but did we go? No! We saw Gene three times in "Behold My Wife," instead, and it was worth it.

RUSH and ANN, Melbourne, Australia

ANNA STEN PERFECT

I SAW Anna Sten in "Nana," "We Live Again," and "The Wedding Night." I watched each picture with much interest because she was new, and I tried to find a flaw in her acting, but she was perfect. She held me spell-bound from start to finish.

FRANCIS PHELPS, Hopkinsville, Ky.

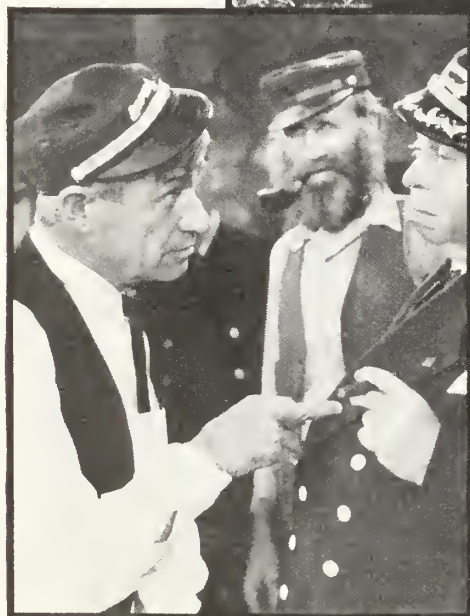
TAKES ISSUE

SUPREME indignation prompts me to write this letter—on the deprecating statements made against "One More Spring" in a letter in the June PHOTOPLAY. "One More Spring" was one of the finest pictures I ever saw. Fifteen years ago I witnessed "One More Spring" in reality, therefore it is probable and not "utterly improbable."

JOSEPH LINSLEY, Madison, Wisconsin

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FAREWELL



The beloved Will Rogers and his friend Wiley Post as they were about to start the ill-fated journey. The family he was so proud of: Will, Mrs. Rogers, and Will, Jr., Mary and Jimmy. Center, Will in his first movie—made at Ft. Lee, New Jersey, eighteen years ago—"Laughing Bill Hyde." Lower Left, in his last picture, with Irvin S. Cobb, noted humorist, "Steamboat Round the Bend," probably his greatest picture. He had just signed a new contract for ten pictures. Right, in "Doubting Thomas," with Billie Burke, widow of Florenz Ziegfeld in whose noted "Follies" Will went to his greatest stage comedy fame



TO A GREAT MAN



As we go to press, comes the appalling news of Will Rogers' death in an airplane accident when he and Wiley Post were forced down in a desolate corner of Alaska. Here, in deepest sadness, Photo-play shows you glimpses of that great star, Will Rogers. He hated formal portraits, so we give you "grab shots" he loved, taken in and about Hollywood a day or so before his fatal trip into the wilderness

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment; this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

RAVEN, THE—Universal.—Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement.

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht—MacArthur—Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cod rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film debut as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter

King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry her man engineer George Brent because he is an-



Ann Loring is the lucky little lady who won M-G-M's talent train contest. You'll see Miss Loring soon in "Broadway Melody of 1936"

tagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is ace high. (June)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino, Armida. (Aug.)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as *Benjie*. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



TOM EVANS

Charm

Jean Parker has got that prize of the Summer, a rich, even tan. And does that golden-yellow bathing suit set it off! The object of attention!



WELBOURNE

Gaiety

Truly here's "The Pay Off" in sparkling appeal, Claire Dodd, in First National's picture of that title. James Dunn is playing opposite her



BULL

Adrienne

Blonde charmer Adrienne Ames is the "other woman" in M-G-M's picture of "Woman Wanted." With her you'll see Maureen O'Sullivan, Joel McCrea



Witchery

Could you imagine this bit of sheer sweetness, Sally Eilers, could be in a murder mystery? Well, she is. It's Universal's "The Hangover Murder"

Coty presents "Air Spun"

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STEICHEN

A NEW FACE POWDER by Coty! Just six words...but millions of women instantly will realize the importance of this news.

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But now from Coty ateliers comes a startling discovery...an exciting new technique...the Air Spun method!

Imagine a powder actually *spun by air!* Swirled in a fantastic snowstorm at greater than cyclone speed! Buffed and driven—

until a new kind of powder is created.

The result is smoothness and softness never even approached by any other powder. A texture so tender that it seems twin to fresh young skin itself. Shades that are alive with warmer, younger tones. Scents enchantingly subtle...yet long-lasting. And the smoother Air Spun particles are "friendlier" to the skin. They cling longer.

A New, Larger Box \$1.00

Coty Air Spun Powder—in its famous odeurs, L'Origan, L'Aimant, "Paris," Eme-raude, Chypre—now comes in a new, larger box...almost half again as large.

Come with Coty to a new world of beauty!

Listen to Ray Noble and his music, Wednesday 10:30 P. M., New York time, NBC Red Network.



NEW, TENDER TEXTURE

because it is Air Spun

The moment you touch Air Spun Powder you can tell the difference...the texture is so smooth. This smoother powder lies even and flat on the skin...and hides tiny lines and blemishes.



WARMER, YOUNGER SHADES

because it is Air Spun

Each of Coty's 12 shades is matched to a perfect debutante complexion. Then the tints are *air spun* into the powder...smoothly, subtly blended. In this way Coty brings new warmth...truer, younger tones to face powder.



LOYAL—IT CLINGS LONGER

because it is Air Spun

It is a scientific fact that the smoother the powder, the better it "holds." Chemists say "Air Spun particles are *friendlier* to your skin." They cling longer.



Welbourn

JUDGING from the majority of his rôles, you'd hardly expect James Cagney to take to the milder arts, such as piano playing. But James can do a right mean job of tickling the ivories. He likes this so-called jazz piano best. And note the soulful concentration of him!

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

RUSSIA speaks. Or at least, Russia's representative, Boris Z. Shumiatsky, does. Mr. Shumiatsky, president and general manager of the Soviet motion picture industry, comes direct from a visit to Hollywood, and like other intelligent sojourners there, he has brought back well-defined impressions. He gently chides us for not taking our picture-making more seriously. Not in just that phrasing, of course, but the inference is there. For one thing, our pictures lack propaganda—"message." Mr. Shumiatsky calls it, openly repudiating the offensive connotation of the longer word.

I think that what he considers a fault is the reason for our success—why American films blaze on the marquees of the world.

HOLLYWOOD is not trying to cram a "message" down the throats of a more or less patient audience. If our movies were as propaganda-ridden as those of two or three other nations, the industry would dwindle. First, last and all the time people go to pictures for entertainment, relaxation, diversion.

In newspapers, political weeklies, in Congress, in "movements," and in "causes" we are deluged with propaganda. But Hollywood has rarely yielded to the "duty of delivering a message." Already there are too many messengers galloping up to our doors in the belief that we are Garcia. Thank heaven, we don't have to bring that charge against our motion picture industry.

Let Hollywood continue going about its business of making movies as we like 'em.

I THINK the Ethiopians in Addis Ababa must have learned something about Western civilization from motion pictures. I don't know where their films come from—whether they are entirely European or whether they find their way from America into that last stronghold of primitive man, but have them they must, for a town that is connected with the coast by rail, that is familiar with the sight of automobiles on the streets, and boasts a mixed population of Arabs, Hindus, and Europeans cannot have escaped the motion picture. Picture houses are common all over India, in the interior of China and in some unexpected places in Africa.

Undoubtedly many of Ethiopia's manpower have seen the military maneuvers of the Italian or other armies in the newsreels, and have watched bombing planes in action. Probably World War pictures have circulated there. To that extent, at least, the terrors of modern battle are familiar to the Ethiopians.

IN one of our biggest cities the manager of a movie theater pulled off a film before its first afternoon run was finished. But he offered to run it for three days and

nights if he could advertise it as "THE WORLD'S WORST PICTURE—SO SOME SAY."

The distributor said he didn't know . . . he'd find out. He did. Yes, it was okay. The crowds came, too.

Who says that truth in advertising doesn't pay?

THERE are today more than twenty important child actors listed in films, working about as regularly as the four hundred adult contract players. This battalion of youth is indispensable to picture production.

How much of sentiment, pathos and innocent laughter their precocious ability supplies!

In this present generation of the infant brigade Shirley Temple is top sergeant. Yesterday, it was Jackie Cooper; and only a few short years ago, Jackie Coogan.

Jane Withers' performances in "Bright Eyes" and "Ginger" marked her as another prodigy. The inimitable Freddie Bartholomew, the crowning glory of "David Copperfield," is already a stellar fixture.

Mickey Rooney, who struggled up through comic shorts to a rôle in "Midsummer Night's Dream," reveals a streak of genius in his interpretation of the mischievous sprite, *Puck*, in Reinhardt's rendering of that play. The lad contributes rich humor, and reads his lines most understandingly. He's the ace of that show.

When it comes to true mimicry and debunking a situation, leave it to a child.

HANDS across the sea are becoming more tightly clasped. M-G-M and, probably, 20th Century-Fox are off to London to turn out films in England. British-made pictures that have been big successes in America have attracted the watchful eyes of Hollywood executives this year or two. "The Private Life of Henry VIII," for example, is still bringing in money for London Films, who made the picture. Of course, these canny Americans have an eye for all British markets, including the Dominions.

By producing on English soil, they'll appeal to English patriotism without in any way interfering with the American draw.

REVIVALS are being advertised—and heavily—not merely in the local papers of Rouses in the cities where they're showing, but in the film trade publications that are bought and read by theater managers. Box-office figures on return engagements of "It Happened One Night" ran up to an impressive amount. M-G-M, producers of "Smilin' Through," expect that picture to make a very satisfactory showing in its present come-back circuit.

It ought to. It was a grand picture and won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal award for 1932. "The Virginian," with Gary Cooper and Mary Brian, can also be seen in many places. I prophesy a return sooner or later of "Little Women," also a Gold Medal film.

And upon the greatest hit of all time, "The Birth of a Nation," the moon never sets. Somewhere in the world every night it is said to be still showing, though it's now twenty years since its first release. Evidently there's gold in every can of stored film, if it's an exceptional film.

MANY of the scenes you see in photoplays cast on the screen of your local theater could easily happen to the participants in the drama.

Life's tragedies have again and again struck in Hollywood just as in New York, Chicago or South Bend. There may be reality then—even in fiction—about Hollywood and its picture people.

I recommend to you, in this issue, the first installment of a splendid serial—full of speed, thrills and tense with suspense.

Read these opening chapters of "Face Down" and you'll agree with me. You'll find it hard to wait for the next installment.



THE noted Dietrich legs are unmasked for the first time in a long while as Marlene calmly poses for stills, while the world eagerly awaits "The Pearl Necklace," under her new director, Frank Borzage

The Big Broadcast

More stars in this picture than there are in heaven! And more fun than you'll find anywhere else on earth!



Bing looks skyward to croon, "I Wished on the Moon." Come back down, Bing! That's far too far away! The girls won't like it!

Right. You might not believe it to look at her, but Ethel Merman's hit song in "The Big Broadcast" is entitled, "It's the Animal in Me"



Lyda Roberti says two men are twice as good as one. Jack Oakie's in the luck. But Henry Wadsworth's turn comes next. It's Lyda's cue to sing "Double Trouble"



Mary Boland is about to make a thermometer hit a new high, taking Charlie Ruggles' temperature!



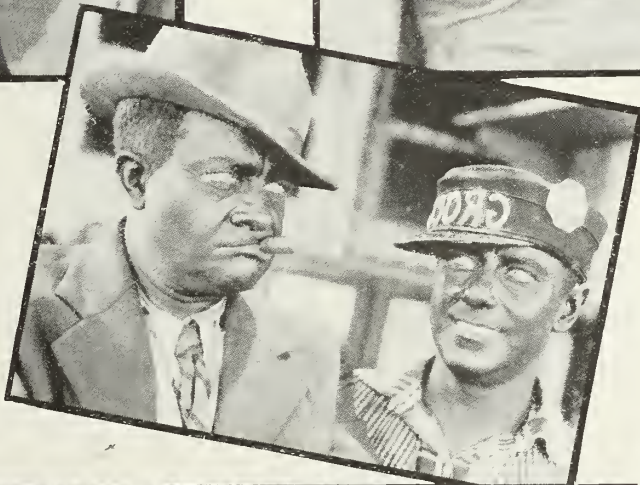
Left. A bigger and better chorus. Easier to train than girls, too, 'cause elephants never forget

of 1936



That sweet soprano of the air, Jessica Dragonette, who'll hypnotize you with her singing of "Alice Blue Gown"

Just a little knit-wit, our Gracie. George is trying to tell his wife that sweater won't fit. But Mr. Burns will have to wear it anyhow



Andy is head of the A & A grocery chain, and it looks like he's in a pickle. Business must be just a sack of sugar for Amos at the moment



Bill Robinson does some of his most spectacular tapping in "The Big Broadcast." He struts his stuff to the rhythm of a little ditty, "Miss Brown to You"



Sweet music and plenty of hot-cha are supplied by Ray Noble and his lads. He wrote, for the Paramount film, a new hit song, "Why Stars Come Out at Night"

WHAT LOVE HAS

WHAT love has done to Charlie Chaplin has always made Hollywood gasp—and now what love has done for Charlie Chaplin is making Hollywood gasp anew. It really is the story behind the recent announcement that Charlie hereafter will make two pictures a year, although it has been four years since his last one.

Mildred Harris, the first love Charlie married, kept him in bitterly fought litigation for two years and cost him plenty.

Lita Grey, his second wife and the mother of his two children, added some more grey hairs to the little comic's head by another knock-down-and-drag-out legal battle which extended its vigorously unpleasant ramifications even to the two kids.

Hollywood wondered how Charlie managed to "take it" and come back for more—keep coming back and at the same time find it in his heart to be creative; to keep on, even with the matrimonial guns banging to the left and to the right of him, giving the world such pictures as "The Kid," "The Pilgrim," "City Lights."

There have been other women in Charlie's life, too; women whom he didn't marry, perhaps, but most of whom added their bit to his troubles. Hollywood knows all about all of them, and what they did to Charlie.

But, at last, it looks as though love is doing something for Charlie.

Hollywood looks at him amazed as he goes on his light-hearted way with his latest love—Paulette Goddard. Hollywood can see that Charlie's feet are skipping along on air. No more the sad-faced, lonely clown, haunting odd corners by himself, Charlie is going places and doing things with all the abandon of a youngster with his first sweetheart.

All Hollywood believes that Paulette and Charlie are married. No one at Charlie's studio will confirm that, but, most significantly, no one will deny it either. Certain it is that Charlie and Paulette are never seen without each other, and they present a picture of contentment and happiness.

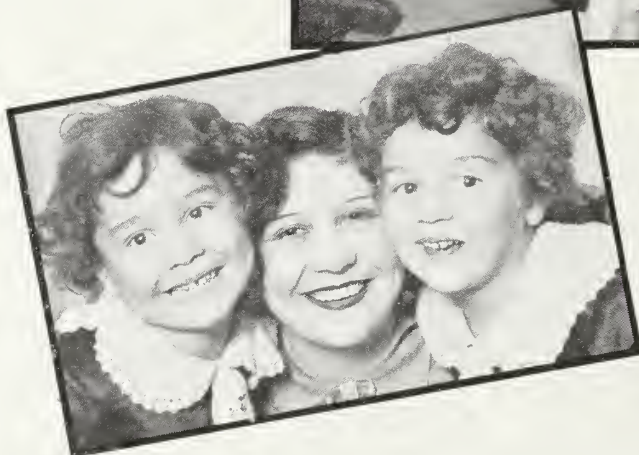
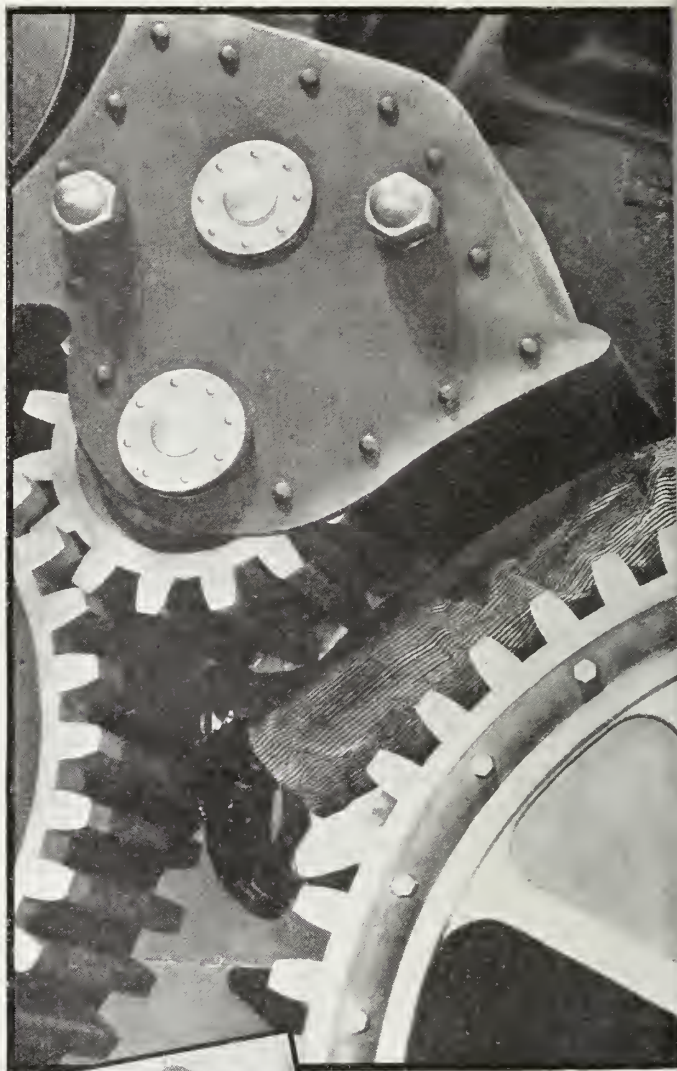
The years seem to have dropped from Charlie's face and from his figure. The smile which Hollywood remembers now, but had forgotten for lo! these many years past, is back upon his face. And as for the creative Charlie—well, Hollywood never recalls, even in the old days, when Charlie was as enthused about anything he was doing as about the picture he is making now.

Charlie's loves in real life have been very closely paralleled by his pictures. And because of the performance which Paulette Goddard—at least according to Charlie—gives in his current film, Hollywood is beginning to remark that the genius of comedy's name isn't Charles Spencer Chaplin at all. The "S," Hollywood is beginning to think, stands for *Svengali*.

Of course, Hollywood got pretty well fed up with that *Svengali* act of Marlene and Joe's, with or without the "von"—Hollywood says that the only real *Svengali* who exists around the studios is the same Charlie Chaplin.

That, too, has a lot to do with Charlie's loves.

If you look back a way you will recall, as Hollywood does,



Lita Grey's and Charlie's legal battle extended to their two children (left, Charlie, Jr., Lita, and Sydney), making Charlie more grey

that Charlie has had three *Trilbies* so far who could give a performance for him but couldn't for anybody else; and Paulette Goddard is his fourth *Trilby*, Hollywood says, largely because she's his current love.

Charlie's about the last guy in the world you'd expect to be a real honest-to-gosh *Svengali*, too, whether he actually mesmerizes 'em or not. Looking at Joe Sternberg you could believe it, what with those droopy moustaches and all, even though it wasn't so; but looking at this little guy, with his quiet little

DONE for CHAPLIN

The effect Paulette Goddard has had on the genius of comedy still has the whole of Hollywood amazed

BY REGINALD TAVINER

Gene Morkey, the writer, and Charlie give Paulette a big hand at the Trocadero. Charlie's just about to cheer!

Charlie's present picture, "Modern Times," has been completed in record time. Paulette again is the reason, and Charlie gives the explanation for that, too

Mildred Horris, the first love Charlie married, had him in bitterly fought litigation for two years, and it cost him plenty. But now a new Chaplin is at work

smile and his funny antics you'd never suspect it on earth.

You'd be more likely to pick him for *Trilby* . . . especially with that old bowler hat and those baggy pants and those enormous shoes, shuffling his way through the alleys of life . . .

But *Svengali* is all hopped up about the real *Trilby*—this one—and has more elaborate plans for her than he ever had for

any of the others. Unheard of before he found them, all four were lifted to fame by being in a picture with him: it was Merna Kennedy in "The Circus," Georgia Hale in "The Goldrush," Virginia Cherrill in "City Lights," and now it is Paulette Goddard in his latest feature, "Modern Times."

None of the other three, after leaving him to buck the movie racket by themselves, ever got [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 .



Though that steak is almost gone, George Burns' appetite—and his concentration—are still going strong



Don't let Virginio fool you. Miss Bruce just put away a dinner that big! At the Vendome with Count Corpegnon

One of the Brown Derby's best customers, John Boles. Hollywood singers don't have canary-bird appetites!



Grocie just thought of a wise-crack. But she can't put down that ear of corn. Miss Allen is seen at the Brown Derby

Don't Talk To Me About Diets—I've

"YOU see that little blonde girl over there?" I asked the headwaiter at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

The elegant John Portilla fixed his fine eyes on the girl in question, who wore a sports hat, a gray sweater, a pair of white flannel slacks and no make-up at all.

"Yes, I see her."

"What is that huge dish she is eating? I notice she's had two helpings."

"That's boiled brisket of beef," he replied.

"A dainty dish," I observed. "Who is the child that's putting it away so enthusiastically?"

"Jean Harlow. Whenever we have brisket of beef, I have to telephone the studio and let her know about it."

I admit I was surprised. My life has been one long gastronomic pilgrimage. Every three or four months, I run down

town and book my passage to Europe. If it is in Summer, I rush to Ciro's in Deauville. Raymonde—ebon-eyed, golden-toothed little Raymonde, who hails from the terraced hills back of Bordighera—dishes up his native *ravioli*, bulging with minced meat, sunk with cheese; and my native strawberry tartlet, dripping with syrup. I protest. Next day, he makes a simple dish; eggs, scrambled before my eyes in butter and parmesan, mixed at the last moment with a panful of snapping hot *alumette*, potatoes and more butter—always more butter. I flee to Paris.

Celestin, the tall headwaiter at Fouguet's on the Champs Élysées mixes me a salad *mélange* with special dressing, his own, in which I distinguish faint traces of white wine vinegar and garlic—the latter not so faint. I am suddenly smitten with memories of the huge portions of *pâté de foies gras* that Vienna



The end of a perfect meal! And doesn't Irene Hervey look happy? Her contented eating partner is Bob Taylor, enjoying dinner at the Trocadero



Spaghetti, yards and yards of it, can make George Raft late getting back to work any noon in the week



The Weissmullers are having an eating contest, and Lupe wins because she bites bigger than Johnny

Seen What The Stars Really Eat

Put on that surprised look for you'll scarcely believe the incredible but true things you'll find here

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PHOTOS BY HYMAN FINK

served us in the starvation days that followed the war; and I seek out Viel's on the Boulevard, where they have the best *pâté* in *Paris*. At night, I try Foyot's duck or Frederic's, the former with oranges, the latter with blood; or toy with *écrevisse* at the restaurant of that name. I am happy.

I eat everything, and I digest everything—ultimately. But latterly, there has been an intervening period of extreme

anguish. You might call it a stomach ache. Yes, I think it is just that. I have had a thousand of them in the past three years. And my doctors have told me that I will have other thousands, increasing in length and depth, until I die, unless I give my stomach a rest. That's why I have come to Hollywood, the land of diets, the place where everybody stays slender, beautiful and well. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Close friends know and love the Crawford that is gay, affectionate, charming. Her escort here is Franchot Tone

Joan, the brooding tragedienne, is a character from her past. Above, a scene from "Glitter," with Fred Keating

THE GIRL

IF for no other reason this interview should be unique for the reason that I am probably the only writer in Hollywood who has not talked with Joan Crawford in six years!

Along with Norma Shearer, Joan has earned the gratitude of the local scribes by always being helpful and available at difficult times when the Hepburns and Ann Hardings are kicking up the dust of their heels to the press, behaving as much like Garbo as possible.

But for some inexplicable reason Joan and I have not crossed paths since that day, long ago, when Joan and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and I lunched at the Roosevelt soon after their marriage.

The proverbial water has flowed under the bridge, the New



Joan Crawford here reveals secrets that will prove invaluable to you if you are earnestly seeking the road to happiness

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Joan and Clark Gable meet and exchange a laugh on the set. Her laughter today has a new ring to it

Her case is the strangest ever known in the history of Hollywood. No one can recall Joan's yesterdays

WITHOUT A PAST

Dealers have dealt, the box-office has written new destinies in Hollywood, famous loves have been born, and died, and even the weather has changed since those throbbing days when Joan and Doug wrote love letters on the backs of hotel menus.

So, the obvious, if hackneyed, approach to this new meeting with Joan was a comparison of the past with the present.

But Joan had no more than walked onto the set of her new picture, her slim figure tailored to a wraith in a black-velvet suit, a close-fitting hat nearly covering her new, shorter haircut, that I knew my stereotyped angle had gone up in smoke.

An hour or so later, I knew that every phase of Joan is a stranger to the last one.

Before I left I realized that she is the only woman I have ever known *without a past!*

For Joan, like Emerson's "great man," has caused the past to drop away from her: *The great man is not a slave to his development . . . when we see the conqueror we do not think of any one particular battle or success . . . for he has caused the past to fade and disappear as an early cloud of insignificant result in a history so large and advancing.*

It would no more be possible to look into the clear, polite eyes Joan turns on you, and say: "Do you remember when you were the best Charleston dancer in town; or remember the crazy laugh you used to have, or the way [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Face Down

Hollywood—life itself—streamed past the narrow alley opening, and in the darkness, Death brooded!

By CHARLES
J. KENNY



Fenton had come from seeing the body—face down

IT WAS the first rain of the season. The parched hills back of Hollywood drank the moisture eagerly. Grass which had been baked brown and brittle by the summer sun slowly became soggy.

The hour was late twilight. Wet streets reflected lights in shimmering ribbons. Slow moving streams of traffic crept cautiously along slippery pavements. Pedestrians scuttled for the shelter of awnings, where they huddled in bedraggled groups, waiting for street cars.

A woman, crossing a street, emitted a little shriek as a passing automobile splashed water against her ankles.

In a blind alleyway between two buildings a body lay—face down.

Only straggling illumination from the street light seeped into this dark oblong between an apartment hotel on the one side and a towering office building on the other. Not a hundred feet away, the pavement echoed to the nervous click of high-heeled shoes, as throngs of pedestrians streamed past the narrow opening, street cars rumbled by, gongs clanging, automobiles blared impatient horns.

These sounds were all muffled as they penetrated to the place where the body lay. Like the illumination of the street lights, the sounds seemed to seep through the wet darkness, muffled and remote.

From the street a woman laughed, with that shrill half-hysterical laughter which is induced by more than one cocktail. Yet, as the sound of that laughter penetrated the space between



MacFadden Studios

From the doorway, he looked at Vilma Fenton, the movie star. There could be no mistaking her dismay at his silent accusation

the two buildings, it did not seem out of place. Life flowed through the street. Death brooded in the darkness. The line of demarkation was sharply drawn.

Gradually the rush hour, when workers sought their homes, gave place to that slack in traffic which marks the interim before the theater rush.

Comparative silence descended upon the space between the buildings—a silence broken only by the steady drip, drip, drip of the gentle rain.

CHAPTER II

FRANK ALTER, the lawyer, paced nervously up and down his office. From time to time he snapped his wrist watch into position before his eyes. Invariably he frowned.

The woman sat in the corner, slightly in the shadow. The hem of her skirt over her crossed knees disclosed a pair of legs and ankles which caught the light from the floor lamp near

the desk. Her face and the rest of her figure were in shadow.

Alter ceased his pacing, cocked his head to one side, like a dog listening to some faintly familiar sound.

"That's the door of the elevator," he said. "Remember, now, I'll do the talking."

The woman continued to sit motionless, moving not so much as a muscle.

Alter surveyed her with a critical eye.

"Push your chair back," he said. "Get those legs in the shadow. Pull your skirt down. I don't want him to even suspect the truth—anyone would know those legs were never born to remain undiscovered. Remember, he's the best detective in the business."

She pushed her chair back an inch or two, pulled at the hem of the skirt. She laughed, and her laugh was harsh with nerve tension.

Fingernails made a gently tapping sound on the frosted

glass of the door marked "FRANK ALTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. PRIVATE."

Alter stepped to the door, his thumb and finger holding the knurled knob of the spring lock.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Brent" said a muffled voice.

The lawyer twisted the knob, opened the door a crack. "Come in," he said. "Make it snappy. My God, you've been long enough getting here."

Dick Brent, one of those men who swing between extremes of motionless placidity on the one hand, and explosive action on the other, pushed the door open with what seemed to be a casual motion, yet the paunchy attorney was thrown off balance and staggered back several steps as though he had been struck.

"Well, open the door," Brent grinned. "How the hell can I . . ." He broke off as he saw the shadowy form of the woman, and said, "I beg your pardon, ma'am. I thought Alter was alone."

The woman said nothing.

Alter pushed in front of the detective like some important switch engine puffing about in front of a limited train, pulling cars about on a side track. He thrust his hands against Brent's elbows, shoving him backward and to one side. At the same time he kicked the door shut with his right heel.

"Right over here, Dick. Sit down in this chair—no, not in that one—this one."

He pushed the detective into a chair which had been carefully arranged so that light from a floor lamp dazzled his eyes and made it difficult for him to see into the dark corners of the room.

"Dick," he said, "we're in a spot, an awful spot. You've got to help us out."

"Who's we?" Brent asked.

"My client," Alter said hastily.

"That's only one. Who's the other?"

"No other. Just my client. But I have made her interests mine, of course."

The detective's eyes fought against the illumination of the floor lamp, as he tried to see into the shadows.

"Who's the client?" he asked.

"Miss Smith," the lawyer responded with nervous readiness, "Miss Mary Smith."

"What's *her* trouble?"

"I'm going to let her tell her own story," the lawyer answered. "Then you'll realize how much we need your help. Don't worry about money. You'll be well compensated, but you can't turn us down."

Brent's face was without expression as he digested the full significance of that statement. The light beat down upon a square forehead surmounted by glossy black hair, keen blue eyes which surveyed life speculatively from under smoothly shaped brows, high cheekbones, a long, straight nose, a mouth which tilted slightly upward at the corners, but only needed to straighten a mere fraction of an inch in order to become a firm line of uncompromising determination, a jaw which was not too prominent but which contained no hint of vacillation.

Alter watched the man as a duck hunter watches a lone Mallard circling in toward the blinds.

"Dr. Copeland is dead," he said.

Brent's face showed interest, then once more became a mask. "What caused his death?" he asked, in a voice that was a cautious monotone.

Alter, with eyes staring steadily at the detective, said, "Two shots at the base of the skull, as nearly as I can tell."

There was a moment of silence. The shadowy form of the young woman stirred into restless motion, as she clasped her hands together and recrossed her knees. It was the first time she had moved since Brent had entered the office.

Brent seemed to settle back in his chair. His muscles relaxed.

"Tell me about it," he said.

The attorney looked across at the woman and nodded his head.

She started to cry, a low, gentle sobbing, and placed her handkerchief to her eyes, then to her nose.

"That isn't going to help any," Alter said. "You must tell your story."

He spoke smoothly, without expression, as though he had been reciting carefully rehearsed lines.

The woman took a deep breath which she exhaled in little broken sobs, then, with her handkerchief held to her nose in such a manner that it muffled her voice she said, "I had an appointment with Dr. Copeland. I parked my car in the blind alley between the two buildings. That's where Dr. Copeland kept *his* car parked. He was going to drive to a certain place. I was to follow his car. I found a space, parked my car and went to his office."

"What time was that?" Brent asked.

"That was about five-thirty."

"Go through his outer office?"

"No. I went to his private office. He let me in."

"Then what?"

"We were there a few minutes. We had a drink. Then he went out first. He told me to follow in five minutes. That would give him time to get his car started and the motor warmed."

"I waited five minutes and walked down the stairs to . . ."

"You didn't use the elevator?" Brent interrupted.

"No, I had plenty of time. It's only two flights down. I walked through the corridor to the door which opens on the alley. I started toward my car, and had almost reached it when I saw something lying on the pavement in the rain. It was a body sprawled almost under the running-board of my car. . . . It was . . . it was Dr. Copeland."

"What did you do?" Brent asked in a calmly conversational tone of voice, as though he had been discussing a matter of no particular moment.

"I didn't want anyone to know I had been consulting Dr. Copeland. I thought his body would be discovered soon enough, anyway. I backed my car out and got away from there."

"Then what?"

"Then I got in touch with Mr. Alter."

Alter said hastily, "You see, Dick, Miss Smith can't afford to be dragged into the inquiry the police will make."

"How you going to keep her out of it?" Brent inquired.

"You're going to keep her out of it."

"How?"

"That's up to you. Now, those are the highlights of the case. You can see Miss Smith is upset. I don't want her to talk any more. She's given you a general idea of what happened. Now it's up to you, Dick."

Brent looked over at the woman.

"Any other cars parked in the alleyway when you took yours out?" he asked.

Alter said hurriedly, "I can answer that question, Dick. You see, I've gone over all this with her before I called you. There weren't any other cars in there—just Dr. Copeland's and hers. When she parked her car there were one or two other machines in the alley, but not when she came out. Parking in that alley space is reserved for tenants of the office building, and for the most part these tenants leave around five o'clock."

"Then," Brent said, "if there were one or two other machines in the alley when this young woman parked her car, and none when she came out, other people must have been leaving their offices about the time of the murder—unless she was there longer than she's admitted."

"We had a couple of drinks," the woman said. "I was there quite a little . . ."

"Shut up, Miss . . . Smith!" the lawyer interrupted.

"Did anyone see you go out through that corridor?" Brent asked her.

Alter motioned her to silence and answered the question for her.

"No one, unless perhaps someone in the Pixley Paper Products Company did. That office is on the short corridor which runs to the alley. Miss Smith remembers that someone was working in the office as she went by. She could hear the clack of the typewriter, and the door [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



Warren okays spotlights and cameras for make-believe romances only. He's about to play a love scene, above, with Claire Dodd for "Don't Bet On Blondes." Director Robert Florey is seated, right

Don't Try To Explain Warren William

Warren is Hollywood's puzzle—and even his best friend will tell you he is downright peculiar

By BEN MADDOX

EVERYONE in Hollywood feels sorry for Warren William, including his own wife.

But he is quite content. To be more accurate still, he is positively incapable of raising a single healthy holler at being Overlooked Star Number One. He has no "flair" and he doesn't care.

You practically never see any interviews with Warren. The gossip columnists long ago dismissed him as impossible; he doesn't Go Places and Do Things. Pictures of him on his trim little yacht, informal snapshots of him at his spacious country home at Encino occasionally appear. And that's just about all the spotlighting he gets.

Yet he is certainly one of the very busiest players. He could rate so much more attention, for his life is a lead in this and a lead in that. Each Spring his studio has upped his salary appreciably. This has been going on for five years in a row, so his weekly income is now tidy.

He intended to be an architect or an engineer, but was rotten

at figures. Likely there's a direct connection to his being equally inept at angles, even when they're the intangible publicity sort which his competitors think necessary.

His friends keep lecturing him. Warren's wife Helen is perturbed when she observes how the rest of the big shots parade. She is so whole-heartedly wrapped up in his career and she knows Hollywood is unanimously agreed that a glittery front is good business. It oughtn't to be blandly regarded as irrelevant.

Which is precisely what it is to Warren. He is a flop at self-advertising. When this is pointed out again and again he doesn't even bother to retort, "So what?"

He isn't coy, nor is he nourishing illusions of grandeur which might persuade him to cling to a privacy excluding the public. Nor is he the least scornful or envious of those who sparkle determinedly. His philosophy is that you're what you are, and so why fume? He isn't worrying.

There is nothing of the recluse [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Why Male Stars Marry Plain Girls

Explaining a mystery that has long baffled the curious—inside information well worth knowing and using

By KAY PROCTOR



If you were Ria Gable could you remain serenely undisturbed by the gorgeous ladies to whom Clark makes such telling love on the screen?

To hold a man like Fredric March, Florence Eldridge has to have something more than mere glamour or physical beauty. She knows the answer



ADAB of fine caviar is a morsel tempting to the most jaded of appetites; a heaping platter of it is a sickening sight. An hour of glamour is swell; twenty-four and it becomes deadly dull.

Perhaps that explains one of the seemingly mad contradictions of Hollywood—the marriage of the handsomest and most eligible men to women who have more charm and personality than physical beauty.

Bob's had his pick of the loveliest. But you've never heard a rumor of a divorce in the Montgomery family. It's a secret you may share

They have held close in their arms the majestic loveliness of Norma Shearer, the seductive glamour of Garbo, the Dresden Loretta Young,



Ruth Howard keeps within the hollow of her hand the magic formula that firmly holds the woman-worshipped Leslie. Many stars would like to know what it is

Richard Dix' good looks led him a merry chase among film-land's beauties until he realized Virginia had what it took to tie his wandering affections securely



the sensuous Jean Harlow and the vivid flame that is Joan Crawford.

They have shared, on the screen, the glories of love with each of the lovely ladies whose faces, more than launching a thousand ships, have filled a thousand box-offices with gold, a thousand men with vague yearnings and a thousand women with much envy and despair.

Yet when the day's work is done, when the arms of these handsome stars and leading men are unclasped from the Colberts, the Hardings and the Bennetts, they rush home to the "little woman."

Who are the "little women" of these Apollos of the screen?

They are women whose beauty stands no comparison with the breath-taking loveliness of the charmers of the silver screen.

They are women with emotional stability, mental balance, a sense of humor, and the knack of making their men believe they are indeed kings in fact as well as fancy. But almost without exception they are "plain girls."

They are, most often, home-bodies. Women who are rich in the old-fashioned ability of real home-making. They are women who have mastered subjugation of self in the interest of a better whole.

They are the women whom everyone calls "grand persons"

and "swell girls." They seldom rate the descriptive adjectives of "ravishing," "glorious," or "gorgeous." What care they? Such names, for them, are superfluous.

They are the happy women of Hollywood.

Their glamorous sisters are the lonely ones.

Who, by name, are these happy women whom the kingpins of masculine appearance and appeal have made them glad not to be troubled with beauty? Their name is legion.

Clark Gable represents to the average woman in America the *ne plus ultra* in good looks, appeal and virility.

Ria Gable, his wife, remains serenely undisturbed by the ladies to whom Clark makes such telling love on the screen.

She has something more than mere physical beauty. Far more. She has charm, poise and culture. She has the ability to overshadow younger, brilliantly lovely young women. She has all Clark wants. He gets too much screen sex every working day and Mrs. Gable's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Gaily off to see the wonders of California's exposition at San Diego. Left to right: Henry Wadsworth, Patricia Ellis, Her

CALYORK'S GOSSIP

NIGHT clubbing Hollywood almost fainted the other night when Mae West appeared, *en tourage* at the Troc.

Mae, whose sole night appearances have heretofore been at the fights, had a reason, however, for the unwonted display of frivolity. One of her loyal police guards, who has been dogging her every footstep since she was threatened by gangdom, had just been promoted up on the force. So Mae thought it called for a celebration.

All of the guards joined in the fun.

ORDINARILY Bing the Crosby is a docile soul. But have you ever been squirted square in the face with a stream of seltzer water?

Bing took such tormenting punishment for about eight or ten scenes from the assistant director in "Two For Tonight." Finally the scene was over.

"Gimme one of those," said Bing grimly. From then on, until the array of bottles was dry, the set was a squirting shambles. Bing chased the assistant director around until he shouted "Uncle"—and then thought the idea was so swell that he anointed every one in the cast.

He felt much better then.

SO you thought Shirley Temple was six years old, did you?

Well—she's about nine and a half—that is, in mental ability. If it means anything to you, Shirley is a perfect "I. Q.—155." The "I. Q." stands for "Intelligence Quotient"—and the average adult's rating, according to years, is supposed to run around 100. So you see—just what we told you—that Shirley Temple is a smart kid. But ten-to-one she doesn't have the faintest idea what "Intelligence Quotient" means!

THEY have been taking some time scoring the elaborate musical accompaniment for "The Crusades."

The other day, Cecil B. DeMille, unexpected, walked to the recording stage. The red light was burning. He waited five minutes. He waited ten minutes, fifteen minutes. When no less than twenty-five minutes had passed, and the red light was still burning, he cautiously opened the door, wondering how any recording scene could take that long.

The whole crew were sitting about on the floor swapping jokes. They had put the red light on to keep out curious studio wanderers—but they hadn't expected the big boss.

SEVENTY-SIX men sat in the bright glare of a Hollywood set.

Seventy-five were blind. One could see—Fredric March, starring in "The Dark Angel."

The rest were extras from the Braille Institute.



Nelson, Paula Stone, Ben Alexander, Grace Durkin, Hayden Lucid, Richard Brodus, Gertrude Durkin, Bob Hoover, Toby Wing

OF HOLLYWOOD

Sitting in a room with blind men does something to you. It makes you realize just how lucky you are to be able to see. It did something to Freddie.

Before the picture was finished he had written out a sizeable check payable to the Braille Institute. And he didn't tell us about it, either. He's that kind.

DON'T worry about losing Clark Gable. He is not going to turn evangelist. In fact, the enterprising young preacher who came out to lure him away from the fleshpots of Hollywood never got to see Clark.

The idea was very intriguing to the newspapers, but soon it became a bit too evident that the crusader was over-anxious to see his name in print. Clark offered to see him—under his own conditions—which were, to see him without his press agent and with a stenographer to take down every word uttered. But the minister declined.

***WHAT** celebrated director of smart drawing room persiflage is rapidly being bossed right out of the business by his wife? The lady, a Continental, got herself the job of technical adviser in one of his recent pictures, and he didn't make a single shot the way he wanted it!*

And the set is so populated by her friends that practically no English is spoken.

THE last day on the set of "Anna Kerenina," Greta Garbo bent her head and implanted a very nice kiss upon the cheek of Freddie Bartholomew.

Just like that!

Whereupon Freddie went right home and wrote about it in his diary which he kept all through the picture.

"I hope," concluded Freddie's pen, "that people don't write any more bad notices or

think anything bad about her (Garbo) or do anything because she is sweet."

Freddie, Old Bean, if you could persuade Greta to give us a kiss, I'm sure we would never, never write, think, or even faintly imagine anything bad about Garbo.

Never!

Slip her the idea, will you Freddie—go on—

THE betting in Hollywood is now two-to-one that the first words little Katharine Thalberg (Norma Shearer's new baby) will utter will be, "Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

Never has Norma been as completely hipped on a picture as she is on "Romeo and Juliet." You know, only a few days before it was time to go to the hospital she was down at the studio making recording tests for the Shakespearian play.

And the first thing she asked for when she came home was the script!



Things are looking up at the Walter Wanger party, above. Left to right, Bill Wellman, Patsy Kelly, Alice Faye and host Wanger (holding hands!), Gail Patrick, Henry Fonda, Frances Langford, and George Raft



The gallant Fredric March and his wife (Florence Eldridge) enjoy a fête-a-tête at the Trocadero (above)



The George Jessels (Norma Talmadge), with host Eddie Lowe, as Eddie opened his Malibu Beach home with a big dinner party



A birthday cake of gardenias! Jean Hersholt (right), Ryas Asger Grut, Danish vice-consul (left), Princess Bernadotte, celebrate their natal day, as Frank Morgan, Frank Capra, and Edward G. Robinson look on

GRACE MOORE is a girl who knows her rights and insists on them. This has given rise to stories of "temperament" recently. But 'tisn't so—Grace just picks on the big-wigs. She's peaches and cream on the set.

Not long ago Harry Cohn, big boss of Columbia studios, where Grace earns her weekly stipend, was berating his under-executives for being unable to "handle" Grace.

"You don't use any finesse," he explained. "I'm going to call her now—watch me."

He picked up the telephone. The conversation started out very sweetly. But before it was over, head man Cohn was shouting, gesticulating, threatening and pounding the table! And Grace was talking right back.

The under-executives discreetly left.

WITH her customary dignity, Irene Dunne informed boss John M. Stahl and her colleagues in "Magnificent Obsession" that she intended to knit an entire dress during the making of the picture. (Stahl is known for his long-lived shooting schedules.)

The next day she arrived carrying a large bag bulging at the sides.

"What's that?" they asked.

"I told you I was going to knit a dress," said Irene, "—that's my yarn, and I'm stuck with it."

"NO Visitors"—that ominous ban, not this time placed on the set of a temperamental star, but on a room in the house of W. C. Fields—saddens everyone.

"Bill," universally beloved, sits in that room in a barber's chair, especially rigged up to allow him some quota of comfort. He is very sick, Bill is, with a back ailment, which makes it impossible for him to sit down or lie down.

Three doctors are in consultation, and day and night nurses attend him constantly. No one can see him to cheer him up or help ease his steady pain.

The barber's chair supports him and doesn't press on his back.



It's good to see John Gilbert about again. And here's a group of friends of long standing: Monte Blue, Raquel Torres, Mrs. Blue, John, Renee Torres, and Stephen Ames, all gathered at Raquel's



Rumor says they are married—anyhow, Gertrude Michael and director Rouben Mamoulian officially admit that they are engaged



Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy, above, 'tis reported, are one of Hollywood's big romances. They're at all the places together



Gene Raymond, that gay cavalier, Cal is told, takes all his girl friends to the Cocoanut Grove. That inimitable shadow, cameraman Hyman Fink, snapped Gene with the gorgeous Jeanette MacDonald

He has been in it some weeks now, and while there is some improvement, it looks as if a long time will roll around before Bill can come back to bring laughter to the world—
If ever.

REPORTS from advance color tests at Paramount studios seem to indicate that you're going to have a whole screenload of fresh new stars. Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich, particularly, have drawn good old fashioned raves from everyone with their tinted

tests. Color tests are the current vogue now in Hollywood. If you haven't had one, you try to arrange one and then bite your fingernails until it is run off. Of course, the only ones you hear about are the good ones.

BACK in 1907 an actress named Gertrude Norman started her picture career with D. W. Griffith. For years she played mother rôles. She was Mary Pickford's mother, Marguerite Clark's mother.

Then Hollywood forgot about her. The other day she started a come-back with the rôle of a maid in "Peter Ibbetson." Today she is eighty-three years old—which is something of a record for come-backs, what?

A GUSHY type of sob-sister writer approached Margaret Sullavan on the set of "So Red the Rose" at Paramount. It was when the air was first full of rumors about Margaret's separation from her husband, William Wyler.

"Now Miss Sullavan," oozed the lady, "just tell me all about this trouble of yours."

"Why don't you tell me all about *your* trouble?" said Margaret.

The writer staggered. "Uh—" she said, "don't you love your husband?"

"Don't you love yours?" said Margaret.

"Uh—would you rather live alone?"

"Would you?" countered Maggie.

It wasn't long before the writer left—with no story.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]



The Rainer nature is such that there are no halfway measures with her—even to her apple-pie adventure

Know Luise Rainer

The tiny Viennese lovely is a whole lot of exciting something Hollywood never experienced before

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

the old town has never run up against before. And when I say something, I mean a bit of a whole lot, in spite of her half pint dimensions.

About this scare business—maybe Luise read too many stories and believed that Hollywood should be taken by storm. Anyway, before being duly discovered as a screen bet by super talent scouts Robert Ritchie, Rufus LeMaire and Director Clarence Brown, she set out from Berlin by automobile on the first leg of her Hollywood hegira.

A snowstorm blew up and the automobile promptly dived over an embankment when Luise left it for a minute to brush the snow off a road sign. Profoundly unnerved, she mushed

back to Berlin and boarded a plane for the seacoast only to slither and sideslip through a gale into a series of forced landings.

No sooner had she bid the home shores of Europe good-bye than the steamship got the idea too, proceeding to nose into one of the worst Atlantic storms of the season so that they trundled Luise, the shade of an unripe olive, down the gang-plank at New York and right into a hospital on the fringe of Harlem.

Darktown "hi-de-hoes" and "yeah mans" which floated up through her window failed to have the expected tonic effect on her chart since Luise harbored a definite suspicion that all colored folk were cannibals. She was sure of it later when she boarded the transcontinental train and was confronted by a huge ebony porter flashing two rows of expansive ivory choppers at her. She knew they were designed to devour her.

After four days locked in her compartment in mortal horror of impending consumption, Hollywood held no terrors for Luise—not even the terror of being tagged a Garbo copy cat.

As a matter of fact, no one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

SHE isn't much bigger than a minute hand on a Swiss watch, but that doesn't keep Luise Rainer from being the current "it" of Hollywood.

Luise Rainer (if you say "Ry-ner" you go to the head of the class, and if you say "Ry-nah," as they do on the dear old Danube, you get a gold star to paste in your notebook) is, of course, the little windblown, elfin actress whose big brown provocative eyes flashed the danger signal in "Escapade" as she doubtless hummed "Who Walks In When You Walk Out" over her shoulder to Myrna Loy.

And now that everyone is hailing this tiny Austrian lovely as the latest exotic and the new super star from across the Pond, the "going Garbo" game has started.

Only little Fraulein Luise is proving pesky to pick on for three good reasons.

Because first, she used up practically all of her fear complexes before she ever got to Hollywood; because second, the pack waited a bit too long to waggle the old familiar scarecrow; and because third, *Die Rainer* is something the like of which

PHOTOPLAY'S MEMORY ALBUM

edited by
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PICTURES came to California on the instalment plan. Colonel Selig, picturesque Chicago pioneer, was the first important film man to realize the state's pictorial potentialities. His initial California production, a great success, was "The Count of Monte Cristo," released in 1908. Stragglers followed; and finally, in January, 1910, Griffith himself made his first winter visit to Los Angeles. Soon he was an all-year resident. The California era in picture-making had gotten under way.



1. Griffith's (center) interest in his youthful caravan was more that of the head of a family than the head of a company. He was never too busy to help Bobby Harron (above) with his make-up or to assist Miriam Cooper (upper left) in her emoting.



2. He was always on the job — on location by day, then to the cutting room at night.



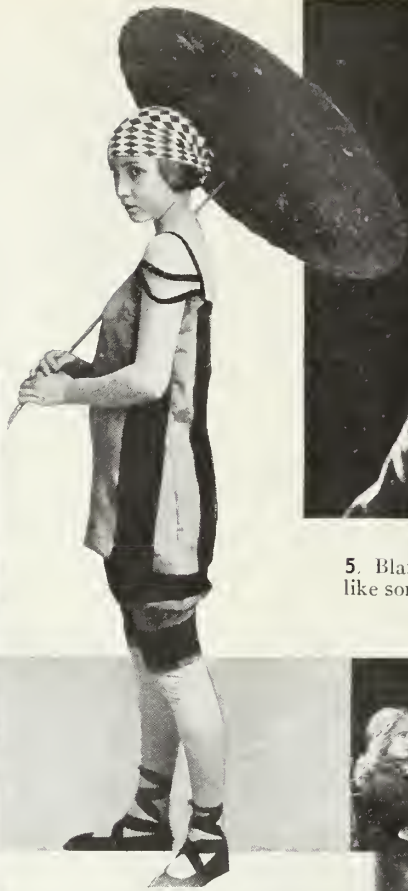
3. His first studios were little more than aggregations of sheds.





4. A handsome boy named Dick Barthelmess joined Griffith's company and played opposite Dorothy Gish.

6. Bessie Love lived next door to the Griffith studio, and crawled through the high fence, to fame.



5. Blanche Sweet grew up to look like something out of a Rembrandt.



9. Wally Reid, Dorothy Gish and Harry Salter made the notable Griffith comedies.



7. Bessie stepped out now and then to Long Beach and Santa Monica—who could blame her with such a bathing suit?



8. Lillian Gish invited Bobby Harron and Donald Crisp to her very first California birthday party.



10. There was a strong resemblance between the young Dorothy and our ZaSu Pitts.

11. Encouraged by the twenty-two weeks' run on Broadway of "Quo Vadis" at a dollar top, D. W. produced his most ambitious picture, the four-reel "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet.

12. "Home Sweet Home," another Griffith, featured Henry B. Walthall and Lillian Gish (above).



13. "The Blind Princess (Blanche Sweet) and the Poet (Charles H. West)" (left) was also an elaborate production for those days.

14. Lillian did everything beautifully, even when it came to dying.





15. In California Wallace Reid came into his own.

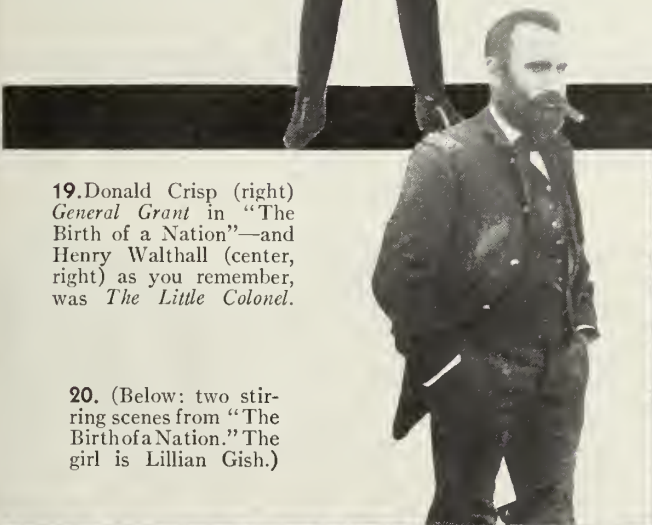
18. Dorothy Bernard, herself a popular actress, recommended youthful Mae to Griffith "because she looks like Billie Burke."



17. Mae Marsh, famed *little sister* in "The Birth of a Nation," was Griffith's first and greatest California discovery.

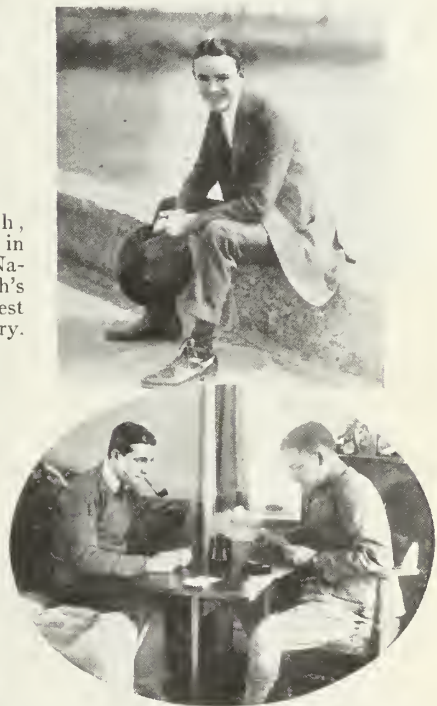


16. Dorothy Gish, too, grew in comedy technique. (The man driving the sports model is Owen Moore.)



19. Donald Crisp (right) *General Grant* in "The Birth of a Nation"—and Henry Walthall (center, right) as you remember, was *The Little Colonel*.

20. (Below: two stirring scenes from "The Birth of a Nation." The girl is Lillian Gish.)



21. The master was as successful with boys as girls: to wit, Bobby Harron (upper) and (lower with pipe) you recognize Richard Barthelme.





22. Marie Dressler hit the Keystone trail.



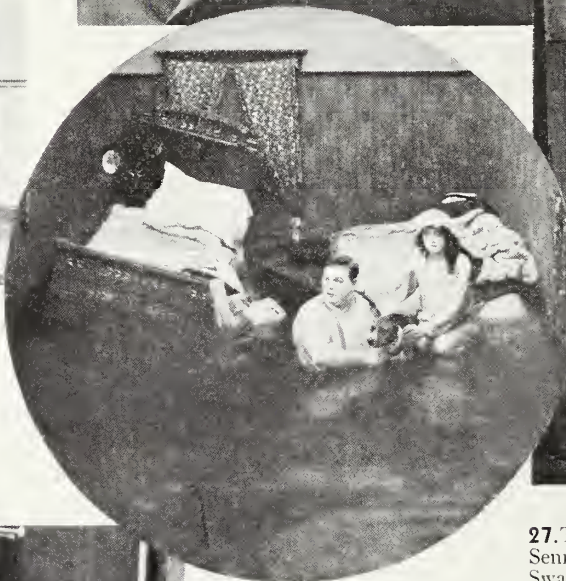
23. So did Mack Sennett.



24. And so did Fatty Arbuckle and Luke.



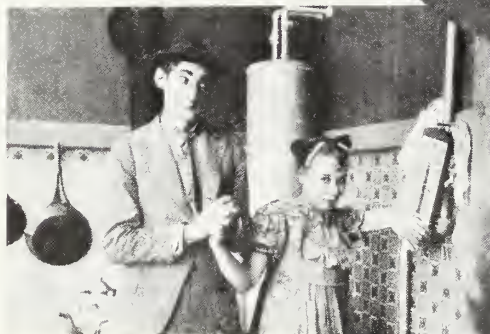
25. Every scenario young Sennett wrote had a cop in it.



26. Fatty and Mabel were the greatest man-and-woman comedy team of all time.



27. Two of the most promising actors in Sennett's Keystone troupe were Gloria Swanson and Mack's dog, Teddy.



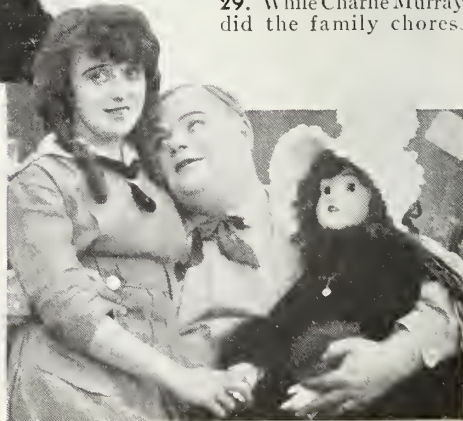
28. Slim Summerville made "hot" love to Louise Fazenda.



29. While Charlie Murray did the family chores.



30. Mabel Normand (above) soon became the comedy queen; with Ford Sterling and Sennett himself (left) she appeared in the first Keystone, and continued triumphantly in inspired partnership with Fatty.



Under Sennett's refining influence the bathing suit replaced the custard pie as first aid to polite comedy. His girls were as famous as his cops—and much prettier.



33. Roscoe, the pic-throwing king, seemed disturbed at the new trend—

31. Marie Prevost was the best known bathing beauty.



32. —but Phyllis Haver had almost as many admirers; —and deservedly.

34. —but Chester Conklin took it calmly enough—

36. Wherever the girls appeared they drew a crowd. (Juanita Hansen catching, and Mary Thurman sliding into home.)



35. and so did Charlie Murray.



37. No wonder Chester Conklin didn't worry!



38. Fay Tincher went in for a bit of the bizarre.

39. Phyllis Haver appeared in support of Gloria Swanson.



40. Four good comedians were Buster, Fatty, Luke and Al St. John.



42. The most popular cowboy actor was G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson, former artist's model, until-



41. One thing of which the early picture fans never seemed to tire, was the "Western." Cecil DeMille's first picture when he went West for Lasky and Goldwyn was "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum.



43. Tom Mix, a real cowboy, joined up and made the whole world horse conscious.



44. Up in Santa Barbara, where the American Film Company had its headquarters, a vivid actress, Margarita Fisher (above) was achieving an amazing popularity.



46. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard were names to advertise with in 1912.



45. "The nicest boy in the movies," Harold Lockwood, started his career in one-reel Westerns.



47. Miss Pauline Moran won a beauty contest and a movie job. (We know her now as Polly Moran, the late Marie Dressler's uproarious pal.)

48. Sarah Bernhardt (right) was a movie star.



49. Women talked back to Jack Holt then. Not even Mary Maclaren backed by Phillips Smalley, would try it now!



J. Warren Kerrigan

Arthur Johnson

King Baggot

Francis X. Bushman

G. M. Anderson

50. In 1913-14, PHOTOPLAY ran a contest to determine the screen's most popular actors and actresses. Sixteen million votes were cast. (Above are the men in the order in which they finished. The women are at the top of the opposite page.) It is interesting to note that the early favorites, for the most part, polled the largest votes. Mary Pickford, although temporarily absent from the screen, retained much of her early popularity.



Mabel Normand

Margarita Fisher

Kathlyn Williams

Mary Pickford

Mary Fuller



52. No wonder Kerrigan won the contest!



53. Cleo Madison had a trick horse and a very trick riding habit.

51. Creighton Hale, escaped from serial captivity, joined the Westerns.



54. A youth named Lon Chaney appeared in a two-reel "rural and society drama" with Pauline Bush, afterward Mrs. Allan Dwan.



55. Cecil DeMille looked like a movie hero himself as he landed in California.



56. Said Lew Cody to Mildred Harris, later Mildred Harris Chaplin: "There is no husband or mother to save you now, my Toni."



59. Fay Tincher was a good girl. She could "take it"—and plenty!



57. Ruth Roland, "The Kalem Girl," a cute little thing.

58. Crane Wilbur and Lew Cody—the former breaking in with Horsley, the latter with Balboa—put on an act which later became famous on the radio. You've guessed it—check and double check.



60. Another mighty figure, Thomas H. Ince, loomed tall on the Pacific's shore.

Next month: The most important event in pictures since Mary Pickford's arrival at the Biograph studio.

WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?



Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 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"

Affairs of Cellini, The
Age of Innocence, The
Barretts of Wimpole
Street, The
Belle of the Nineties
British Agent

**Here is your last chance to help
choose the winner**

FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934

Broadway Bill	Madame Du Barry
Bulldog Drummond	Men in White
Strikes Back	Merry Widow, The
Catherine the Great	Mrs. Wiggs of the
Chained	Cabbage Patch
Cleopatra	Music in the Air
Count of Monte Cristo,	Nana
The	No Greater Glory
Death Takes a Holiday	Now and Forever
Evelyn Prentice	Of Human Bondage
Flying Down to Rio	One Night of Love
Gallant Lady	Operator 13
Gay Divorcee, The	Painted Veil, The
George White's Scandals	Queen Christina
Great Expectations	Sadie McKee
Handy Andy	She Loves Me Not
Here Comes the Navy	Thin Man, The
House of Rothschild, The	Treasure Island
It Happened One Night	Twentieth Century
Judge Priest	Viva Villa
Kid Millions	We Live Again
Life of Vergie Winters,	What Every Woman
The	Knows
Little Miss Marker	Wild Cargo
Lost Patrol, The	Wonder Bar

PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal balloting is almost over. Votes are pouring in faster and faster. If you have not already sent yours, you should do it at once.

Everybody who has enjoyed a motion picture during the past year will want to take part in awarding the Medal to his favorite film. The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the Nobel Prize of the motion picture world, and the only prize that you, the movie-goers of the nation, have a chance to award.

There are no rules, no limitations. Simply write the name of the 1934 film you consider finest on a scrap of paper, a postal card, or the ballot printed below. But you'll have to hurry, or the polls will be closed!

Above is printed a list of fifty outstanding pictures released during 1934. While your choice is not limited to these, the list will help refresh your memory of the pictures seen during the last year. You may vote for a picture you saw in 1935 as long as the film was made and released during 1934.

Hollywood is awaiting eagerly your decision. Stars and producers are anxious to know what you enjoyed most in the past and want to see more of it in the future.

So that you will not miss out on a chance to voice your opinion, send in your vote today. The polls close Sept. 25. Your ballot must be in by then.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Fashion

FORECAST FROM HOLLYWOOD

BY RENÉ HUBERT
FOX FILM STYLIST

"FASHIONS of Fall 1935" is an historical drama with its locale pretty much the wide world. The time is from ancient days to the present, with the modern woman playing the leading rôle.

The lines are flared for action but with a pleasing restraint. She picks up her cues with the opening scene:

DAYTIME

Colors: Green seems the high point with rust and brown shades second in importance; red and blue in combination; pottery tones; grey, from light to oxford, in fact any color is good if it is deep and vibrant rather than brilliant. All colors seem to have an underpainting, as the artists say, to give them greater depth.

Fabrics: Tweeds, jersey with a hairy surface, sheer wool very much like what is usually shown for Spring with a heavier version of the same fabric for the topcoat. Velvet trimming on wool. Two fabrics are better than one. Silks resemble wools and woollens, silks; crêpe and satin.

Silhouette: There is a tendency toward the slender though fuller silhouette expressed in a wider sweep at the hemline thirteen to fifteen inches from the floor. Interpretations may be through back-action pleats, gores from the waistline evolving into gentle [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Silver brocade fashions the formal evening coat designed by René Hubert for Anita Louise in "Here's to Romance." Russian ermine forms the mobile collar and broad cuffs. Jewel buttons

BLACK
VELVET
AND

Shimmering

SILVER



The dressmaker suit of black velvet is charming for Autumn afternoons or informal dining. The skirt evolves into a gentle flare through narrow gores starting at the molded waistline. René Hubert designed the Eton jacket to be worn over a white taffeta blouse, stitched with row upon row of velvet ribbon. Pompon tie-ends finish the neckline and are repeated on Miss Louise's chic velvet hat worn low on her forehead



White furs for daytime are a new story this season. Miss Louise shows how the smart galyak blouse with black velvet skirt makes a costume. On cooler days, she dons the top-coat, the blouse scarf forming the collar. Matching fur hats will be seen with Fall costumes

Rochelle Hudson expresses youthful formality in shimmering metal cloth. Crisp organdie flowers trim the bodice, while the suspender back expands into a scarf effect tied at the throat. Worn in "Curly Top" a Fox Films picture

1935 INTERPRETATIONS OF CLASSIC MODES



The rustle of the past is in the bouffant creation worn by Jane Hamilton in RKO-Radio's "The Three Musketeers." Shorter in front, the petticoat reveals its self-fringed fluted ruffles to match the top

Jean Arthur, Columbia star, in a dinner dress of white crinkly crêpe with silver coin dots. Skirt fullness is concentrated at the back. Belt of silver kid is clasped by a jeweled buckle. Matching sandals



Greek in influence, but featuring the loose Watteau back swung from a dropped shoulder line, this hostess gown of crêpe roma is worn by Jane Hamilton. To the front, sweeps the princess theme



Maxine Jennings models the rose crystal velvet hostess gown, a Walter Plunkett design. Arresting treatment is seen in the formation of a cowl of fringe which crosses to the back and forms a girdele



A narrow stripe of jet woven into this stunning wool fabric gives added sparkle to the cocktail ensemble designed by Mr. Plunkett. When the jacket is removed, Virginia Reid reveals a sleeveless bodice

Tips ON COLLEGE FASHIONS



The "gondolier" hat will draw all eyes when you appear at the games this Fall. Lucille Ball wears it in white felt with ribbon contrast. Style inspiration from RKO-Radio's "Top Hat"



Kay Sutton in a three-piece ensemble developed in brown and coral wool. Sleeveless, the overblouse is pleated to form an all coral panel, center front. Back action pleats for ease



Tweeds are everywhere this Fall, even in shoes. These six-eyelet ties are in brown tweed and calf with medium high, built-up heel of leather. You'll want a pair to match your suit

ITALIAN HIGH HATS
A FLARE FOR ACTION
CAMPUS FOOT-NOTES
TWO-TO-ONE ON COATS

— Seymour —



The plaid coat of the three-piece ensemble shows interesting back detail. But there is extra news. It's reversible—two-suits-in-one. Designed by Walter Plunkett, RKO-Radio

In a colorful season, your feet must not be laggards. Green is a fashion leader and you may choose these shoes of brown reversed calf with green oval trim and heels of green



A football in the hand is worth two in the field according to Jean Parker, M-G-M featured player. The pouch bag with its smart initials is roomy enough to hold innumerable gadgets



Night
AND
day



Mannish for the street, Helen Gahagan, glamorous star of stage and screen, selects dark accessories for her misty grey tailleur. Brooch cut steel

Sweeping lines of dramatic simplicity characterize the evening gown worn by Miss Gahagan who made her screen debut in RKO-Radio's "She"



Triple

INTEREST IN NECKLINES



Necklines are of paramount importance. Jewel-trimmed, they show the influence of the Renaissance. Gail Patrick, slated to appear in Paramount's "Smart Girl"

Needles have been flying this Fall, shirring fullness into skirts and bodices. Una Merkel's frock by Viola Dimmitt shows a torsade of satin finishing the high neckline

Cut with a circular flare, the short skirt and peplum blouse of wool with satin inserts make a tricky frock for Ann Dvorak, Warner star. Clips trim the cuffs and the collar



RANDOLPH SCOTT and Margaret Sullavan, in a scene from Paramount's adaptation of Stark Young's novel, "So Red the Rose," a tender, yet illuminating story of the South prior to and during the Civil War. Included are Walter Connolly, Elizabeth Patterson, and Janet Beecher



WILL ROGERS must be getting off that famous line of his to Dorothy Wilson: "All I know is what I read in print," or something to that effect. But Dorothy seems very, very skeptical about it. This was while they were doing "In Old Kentucky," which you'll be seeing any day



A DRAMATIC scene from "The Three Musketeers," between Bernajou, sinister agent of Cardinal Richelieu, and Constance, lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne of France. In RKO-Radio's version, Heather Angel is Constance, and Murray Kinnell, Bernajou

Why Jack Oakie Has Changed

Life is no longer "a million laughs" to the comic with the infectious grin who joked his way to fame

By JULIE LANG HUNT

AT thirty-three, Jack Oakie has decided to grow up. I suppose this is a sensible decision, but somehow it makes me very sad.

You see, Jack is the only person I have ever known who could plunge his hands deep into life and drag out only fun and laughter and gaiety. Not once has he found himself with a fistful of regrets or disappointments or tragedies like the rest of us.

And sometimes I have been very sure that Jack Oakie was the only completely happy man I have ever known in Hollywood.

My first meeting with Jack, eight years ago, etches, I believe, a very clear portrait of him.

He had been in our film city exactly forty-eight hours. He was absolutely unknown and his bank balance (if any) was regrettable. He had precisely two friends in town, Joan Crawford (and he refused to call her up until he landed a job) and Wesley Ruggles, the director.

Through Ruggles' efforts he was about to make a test for a small part in a Universal picture. Now everything hinged on that test for Jack, success, wealth, and fame, or failure and an ignominious return to the vaudeville grind.

And with such portentous fates swaying over his head, Jack sat on the other side of my studio-press-department-fumed-oak desk and said:

"Nervous? Who, me? Why, sister, I'll wow 'em. I'll knock 'em kicking in the aisles. Say, are there any aisles in a studio projection room?"

"Do I like Hollywood? Sure, sure, brown eyes, I like any town. There's a million laughs in this one though, a million laughs. I'm the only guy that seems to find 'em. Everybody's



Jack Oakie says he's been a show-off all his life, and probably will always be one. But—something deep has hit him—he's different

so worried around here about getting to the top or staying there they've forgotten how to smile outside camera range.

"Sure, dearie, Hollywood's going to be a bucket-ful of fun for Jack. And don't go wagging your head at me either. Don't you know that life is fun? Whether you're up or down, kid, it's just a swell joke, just a million laughs."

And then he sauntered (no, swaggered is the right word) out of my office toward his first scuffle with the great god camera. His face was all puckered up in one of his amazing cherubic smiles, and his straw hat was cocked at a risky tilt over one eye. He was on his way to meet destiny and to get a million laughs. He got them.

For eight years, and in spite of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



★ STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—Fox

ROMANCE, dramatic, laugh-laden, this Will Rogers picture is perfect entertainment. It is, surprisingly enough for a Rogers vehicle, actually a young love story, and even without Will's persuasive wit, it could stand alone as a tender romance.

The story concerns a traveling medicine show doctor who yearns to be a Mississippi river captain and how his ambitions get entangled when his young nephew falls in love with a swamp girl and commits murder for her sake.

It's Will to the rescue and he makes justice triumph and wins a river race all at the same time.

Exquisitely produced against the glamorous setting of the Old South, it's beautifully played by the star, Anne Shirley, John McGuire (watch him!) and a large, fine cast.



★ THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE—Fox

... and he certainly has a tough time getting her! Janet Gaynor, daughter of an old-time Erie canal-boater, is intrigued by Henry Fonda who falls heir to a boat, but is a farmer at heart. It's a long siege to get Janet off a boat and onto a farm, but he finally makes it. The time is back in the early railroad days which have been faithfully reproduced.

Charles Bickford presents the opposition, the unwhipped fighter of the territory, until Henry "whops" him in a desperate battle. Slim Summerville make an amusing character of an itinerant dentist. Janet is less cute and more convincing than usual. Henry Fonda who created the rôle on the New York stage is a leading-man to write home about. Good cast enlivens the proceedings.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE CRUSADES—Paramount

CONTAINING all the spectacular ingredients of past Cecil B. DeMille pictures, "The Crusades" is lengthy yet impressive entertainment. While the treatment of religious matter is histrionic and the majestic pageantry and superb camera work overshadow the players and the somewhat trite story, this is, nevertheless, a production of epic proportions.

Henry Wilcoxon is *Richard the Lion Hearted* who takes England's host of Crusaders to the Holy Land to escape marriage with Katherine DeMille, playing *Alice of France*.

Lack of supplies for his army forces him to barter with the *King of Navarre*, and marry Loretta Young, *Princess Berengaria*, in exchange for food. Against their own wishes, the young couple fall in love and this provides the human drama of the picture, as the outraged *Alice* plots for *Richard's* downfall. The Saracen ruler, *Saladin*, falls in love with *Berengaria* and makes her his captive. This leads to the clash between the armies and between sacred and profane love.

DeMille's handling of the clashing battle scenes are the high spots of the picture. Loretta Young is spiritually beautiful. Henry Wilcoxon is forthright and forceful as *Richard*. But it is Ian Keith who does the best acting as *Saladin*. Strong support from Alan Hale, Joseph Schildkraut, Ramsey Hill, Montagu Love, George Barbier, Hobart Bosworth, Lumsden Hare and William Farnum.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE CRUSADES THE FARMER TAKES A WIFE
 CHINA SEAS WOMAN WANTED
 STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND THE IRISH IN US

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ian Keith in "The Crusades"
 Clark Gable in "China Seas"
 Wallace Beery in "China Seas"
 Will Rogers in "Steamboat Round the Bend"
 Anne Shirley in "Steamboat Round the Bend"
 Mary Gordon in "The Irish In Us"
 Charles Bickford in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"
 Sybil Jason in "The Little Big Shot"
 Edward Arnold in "Diamond Jim"
 John Mills in "Born for Glory"
 Harry Holman in "Cheers of the Crowd"
 Lionel Barrymore in "The Return of Peter Grimm"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 117



★ WOMAN WANTED—M-G-M

A KNOCKOUT melodrama with mystery and all the trimmin's. No particularly big names to intrigue you, but this one doesn't need them.

Maureen O'Sullivan is a good girl in bad company, convicted falsely of murder. She escapes and Joel McCrea, lawyer, falls heir to her. Adrienne Ames is the conflict, Louis Calhern a swell villain, and there's plenty action.

Maureen and Joel display comedy talent as well as emoting good dramatics. Robert Grieg is a superb butler, Lewis Stone the ubiquitous D.A.

The story has been constructed with thrills topping thrills, logical sequences, and plenty of laughs. You will get a kick out of the hamburger joint situation, the butler's swell answers, and the menace that never goes hammy.



★ CHINA SEAS—M-G-M

WITH Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery heading an excellent cast, and a screen story, traveling at lightning speed, packed with thrills and adventure, here is as entertaining and exciting a film as you've seen.

The action—and there's plenty of it—takes place aboard a boat carrying a load of gold bullion from Shanghai to Singapore through pirate-infested waters. The story revolves about Gable, hard-boiled captain of the boat, who is in a dilemma when he discovers, shortly after the boat sails, that on board are Harlow, an entertainer he knew in port, and Rosalind Russell, an English girl he has loved for years. Harlow, in a fit of fiendish jealousy after Gable's engagement to Rosalind is rumored, teams up with Wallace Beery, undercover man for the pirates, to seek revenge.

Gable is excellent in a rôle made to order for him, and Harlow gives one of her best performances to date as the shady lady who is madly in love with him. Beery makes a more effective villain than he ever did a hero, which is saying a lot. Rosalind Russell is lovely and letter-perfect as the English girl who has traveled around the world searching for the man she once refused to marry. And you'll cheer to see Lewis Stone in a rôle that is worthy of him. And sandwiched in between all the dramatic talent and the story's suspense are plenty of laughs dished out by Robert Benchley in a drunk rôle that has never been topped.



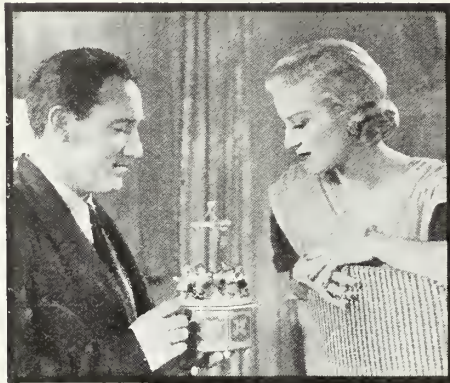
★ THE IRISH IN US—First National

YOU don't have to be Irish—just human—to laugh your sides out one minute and cry your eyes out the next throughout this simple but sincere story of a mother and her three sons. It isn't a great picture but it's recommended without reservations. You'll succumb to its homey chuckles and heart jerks.

James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh are the Irish brood of Mary Gordon. Jimmy breaks this mother's heart when he leaves home after stealing brother Pat's girl Olivia de Havilland. But blood is thicker than water in the slashing, thrilling prizefight climax.

Allen Jenkins as a punch drunk pugilist is priceless funny. But Mary Gordon steals the show in a marvelously real mother rôle.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



**DANTE'S
INFERNO—**
Fox



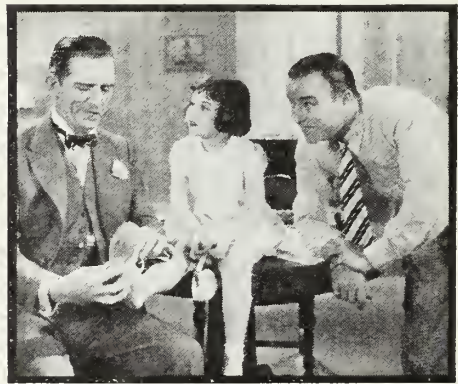
**BORN FOR
GLORY—GB**

DANTE'S ghost will be as amazed as you at what Hollywood has managed from his great poem. One allegorical patch quite satisfactorily shows Hades' horrors. The rest concerns Spencer Tracy's creating a hell on earth as a ruthless amusement king with a modern Alexander complex. The struggles of the cast against a wandering, contrived story are colossal.

A DRAMA of heroism on the high seas during the World War, this is an exciting and touching picture. You'll thrill to the naval battle scenes. And you'll weep for the hero, *Able Seaman Albert Brown*, played admirably by young British actor John Mills who, with Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay heads a capable cast. A well planned and directed film.



SHANGHAI—
Walter
Wanger
Paramount



**LITTLE BIG
SHOT—**
Warners

WALTER WANGER, who dared to produce "Private Worlds," out dares himself in this picture based on the question of marriage between a Eurasian and a white girl. In the middle he discovers he has bitten off more than he can chew. But Charles Boyer is magnificently magnetic and Loretta Young was never more divinely beautiful.

NOW Warners have a child star. She is Sybil Jason and proves in this, her first film, to be a cunning infant who puts over songs nicely. The story of the adoption of the orphan of a gangster by a Broadway tinnhorn is trite and weak, but Sybil's performance erases its defects. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell, Eddie Horton.



JALNA—
RKO-Radio



**DIAMOND
JIM—**
Universal

THE loves, hates and prejudices of the Whiteoakes family, screened from Mazo de la Roche's famous novel, are hardly exciting, but somehow the sincerity of this picture makes it satisfying and worth while. You'll have a full evening as Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce, David Manners, Peggy Wood and Jessie Ralph faithfully act out the book.

IN a story weakened by the padding of unimportant details, Edward Arnold's skilful portrayal of *Diamond Jim Brady*, Broadway character, who rose from baggage smasher to affluent railroad magnate, makes this important picture entertainment. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual *Lillian Russell*. Jean Arthur does brilliant things with a supporting rôle.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM—
RKO-Radio

LIONEL BARRYMORE in top form, a fine supporting cast and intelligent artistic treatment make this old favorite well worth its screen revival. It's about the old man, you know, whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness he has caused by a blind, dying wish. Eerie at times, but leavened by humor and in perfect taste throughout. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis.



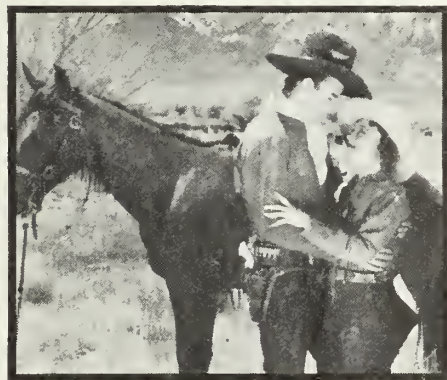
THE MURDER MAN—
M-G-M

A MYSTERIOUS murder provides the problem and a bustling newspaper office the background of this well-knit drama, but a man's struggle for his soul is the vital theme. Spencer Tracy, super reporter, sleuths the case to a conviction, then hands his editor the big scoop when his conscience triumphs. Virginia Bruce is lovely. Fast and satisfying.



WE'RE IN THE MONEY—
Warners

AND you're in the laughs. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert make this screen salad a ribtickling dish. They're sexy blonde process servers who make a delightful mess when they mix court summons with Cupid and romantic Ross Alexander. Hugh Herbert is worth the price of admission alone. Swift, silly and harmless.



WESTWARD HO!—
Republic

A THUNDERING good Western, with thrills and spills and a strong, full-of-action story. None of the usual trite cowboy stuff in this one, which deals with that courageous group of pioneers, the Vigilantes, who sought to rid the West of its badmen. The gorgeous scenery alone is worth the price of admission. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors.



BRIGHT LIGHTS—
First National

JOE E. BROWN has never made a better picture than this. It's well developed drama with good situations and healthy characters excellently acted. Joe E. reaches into his bag of tricks for some great novelty laugh numbers as he plays a vaudeville comic who almost lets big time success get his number. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan.



EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—
Paramount

THIS isn't really a screenplay—it's a photographed radio program—but there's plenty to entertain you, meaning George Raft in a likeable rôle, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly and many haunting new tunes. You see the radio works from amateur nights to national hook ups. You'll go mad over Miss Langford's warbling. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

Ann Dvorak's hacienda is a choice spot for a visit. Ann explained to Mitzi the scene painted on top of her grand piano

Below: having fun at the Charity ball game: Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason (seated), Tony Orlando, Mitzi, and Jack LaRue



MITZI

HOWD'Y'DO, ANGEL! Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot? It should not! It was not! When a cheery voice of old friend Joel McCrea hailed me at the Santa Monica Swimming Club where he had come to play volley ball, we settled ourselves quick on the sands and started to dish it.

"Do you remember when we used to play extra?" asked Joel.

"Uh-huh! Them was the days," I answered with a fond grin.

"Remember the first picture I worked in . . . I was one of about three hundred soldiers going off to war."

"And I was one of about three hundred women who came down to say good-bye!"



Michael (He-sings-while-he-Dances) Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lorre, and Mitzi meet in the lobby following the "Anna Karenina" preview

RIDES the SOCIAL WHIRLWIND

And a gay and giddy trip it is, too, all around the movie town, with stars at every single turn

"The Civil War," Joel replied, with reminiscent warmth.

"Oh, no! It was the Revolutionary War!"

"It was the Civil."

"Let's skip it," I suggested. "Anyway, it was a war, and I had on a big sunbonnet—"

"And I rushed up and kissed you and then had to dash for the train!"

"And then the director wanted it done over again!"

"And over again!"

"He must have shot it fifty times—and I got a kiss every take!"

"So did I!" remarked Joel, and I remembered, with a complacent smile that there wasn't any Frances Dee McCrea on the horizon at that time . . . neither was their stardom for Joel, or a baby, or a beautiful home. Times have changed! But Joel still plays volley ball. The voice of one of his team-mates hailed him, urging him to hurry as the game was about to start. Joel leaped up and with a quick smile was gone.

"Hey!" I yelled. "We were both wrong. It was the World War!" Joel threw the ball at me and it bounced off my bean. I guess it was the Civil War at that!

Just this morning I was looking over the big batch of criticism

close up his home, pitch the tent on the vacant lot next door, and move in for the Summer! Whereupon Walter King (née Wolf) busted out singing "Home, Home on the Range" and Ted did an Indian dance, replete with whoops!

Next I went over to the baseball game that was run by movie folk for charity. The Leading Men and the Comics played against each other. Never did anyone see such antics! Pal Jack LaRue had one of the sillier stunts, which ended the game, incidentally. He got up at bat and before he could hit a ball, the umpire called, "Strike one! Strike two! Strike three! You're out!" Whereupon our Jackie whipped a trusty twenty-two from his pants and shot the villain down!

Before the game started I went over to visit with Jack, Benny Rubin, and several of the players, all of whom didn't get a chance to talk baseball, so busy were they signing autograph albums. Wally Ford, who did such a fine job in "The Informer," was giving his classic interpretation of a lighthouse, of all things! He does it this way: Turns his head slowly to the extreme left, slowly moves it around front, stops, blinks his eyes, then slowly moves to extreme right. That was enough for me. I rushed over to where Mrs. Wally was sitting and asked how come.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

cards that had come in from the audience who had viewed Joel's latest picture, "Woman Wanted." The nicest one of all had the shortest message, simply four big stars penciled on in red. Underneath was signed the name, Frances Dee. Lambie, when a wife thinks her man rates four stars, he just must be good!

Whiz-z-z-z! The athletic urge is on me! I'm just the great spectator-sport. Onto our pogo-sticks, little one, and away we bounce to the golf club, to witness the annual tournament of M-G-M, and the daisiest prizes are given to every winner. There are snoozy lamps, liquor sets, wrist watches, golf bags and clubs, radios, etc. There was even a tent! My mind is a little confused as to the foursomes, because my brother and brother-in-law were playing with Bob Young, Ted Healy, Walter King and Frank Morgan and that makes a sixsome! But I can't help it! There they were.

Healy was dead-sure he'd win the tent. He threatened that if he did, he was going to

Just about the most noted family of noted families: Gary, in center; the twins, Philip with Bing, then Dennis with Dixie

Bing achieved wit, understanding, patience, and a strong masculine outlook. How he did it is a vital lesson for us all



The Secret of

*"My life had begun without a word of warning,
Two hearts beat as one.
From out of nowhere you came to me,
The breeze passed by, whispering your name to me."*

THE young man at the grand piano gazes upward out of a pair of light blue eyes. His forehead wrinkled transversely in the earnestness of his upward gaze, the profile that slightly suggests John Barrymore is turned toward the cameras while the words of the lyric, mellowed in some mysterious way we have come to know as crooning, seem to be drained out of the chambers of his heart by the emotion that stirs them.

The place is a drawing-room, but a drawing-room filled with the monstrous instruments of film recording which make it look like a place invaded by strange beings from another planet who have brought strange weapons of destruction with them. Incongruously a Raeburn portrait of a pale boy trundling a hoop looks down over the shoulder of the earnest young man at the piano.

The peculiar, long-drawn inflection necessary for a proper recording by the sound apparatus, dies on the stillness. The young man slowly turns his head with a look of infinite sadness to encounter the gaze of the Raeburn.

"Cut!"





One of Bing's—
and Dixie Lee's,
too—big enjoy-
ments is watch-
ing the bangtails.
Author Ryan tells
of Bing and Dixie

No matter what
goes wrong on the
set, Bing never
fusses—it's part
of his "secret."
John Bennett in
"Two for Tonight"

Bing Crosby's Greatness

"That's a honey!"
"Yeah, it's a sweet take, Bing."
"Let's have the playback."

Yes, this take is a honey in the united verdict of that surprisingly numerous company of experts on every phase of scene-making who crowd the drawing-room set on one of the Paramount stages in Hollywood.

It's about time a good take came along, for Bing Crosby has been sitting at that piano all afternoon going through the motions of playing. He has been sitting there for many long hours, dabbed at occasionally by his make-up man when the perspiration begins to start under the burning lights. He has been sitting there crooning those same words over and over, rendering them each time with that exact nuance of regret for a lost love demanded in this scene. And every time something happens; for there exist a hundred little things any one of which can spoil a take.

"Well, this is it, all right," the director announces when they have heard the husky, mellowed voice repeat the lyric with its musical accompaniment from the sound machine.

"Wait a minute." The voice of Fate from the cameraman.
"That was N. G."
"What's the matter now?"
"Had a shadow from the mike on his face."

That face never changes expression. There is no reproach in the earnest gaze which the young man at the piano again focuses in the direction of the cameras. Without fuss Bing Crosby begins another take, to replace the one that was spoiled because the man at the boom of the microphone swung that necessary instrument too near his face.

The mellow baritone voice begins to croon again the same husky cadence, the same hauntingly intense feeling of lost love retained in the lyric. This is his job and he'll hammer at it until it's done. And he'll hammer at this picture "Two for Tonight" until it's as near perfection as can be achieved in this medium.

And between takes he'll clown with his orchestra for a little relaxation, chasing Rimsky-Korsakoff's imaginary bumblebee around his head with a string accompaniment to slap it down and squash it with a stamp of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Could you imagine the insignificant detail of a boys' swimming match having anything to do with future film fame?

By DON RYAN

CURLS and SWIRLS



En masse, round curls mount toward the crown of Jean Muir's beautifully coiffed head. From the front, they appear like a diadem above the madonna-like severity of the front contour. With the half-hat, curls are very much ornamental



A hat, yet not a hat. A half-hat which is posed adroitly over Miss Muir's curls. The cut-out section is adorned with a gold clip and chenille dots the veil—striking



Patricia Ellis selects a softly waved contour sweeping back from the face and terminating in irregular rows of flat curls across the crown. Neckline swirl is low

end to the sources from which you can draw inspiration for a glamorous coiffure.

But whatever your ultimate choice, curls and swirls are in. Flat curls seem to be giving precedence to the longer and rounder variety as shown in the coiffure created for Jean Muir.

Lovely Jean Arthur might be a beauty of the Second Empire and with a pearl filet woven through her softly waved hair, Raquel Torres, the inspiration of the famous painter Pollaiuolo. It will be interesting to observe what the style influence of the two pictures that I mentioned in a preceding paragraph will be upon American women. The page boy fashion may come in, but it is not being reckless to wager that with Garbo, in her new picture, a coiffure will be born.

Now, let's talk about you and your curls,—for your new hat is going to cry for them, I warn you. How has your hair survived the depredations of life under the sun and in the salt sea waves? Is it brittle and dry—stubbornly refusing to curl or even shine? If you expect your crowning glory to reach star-

FASHIONS in hair are due to stage a renaissance. There is no getting around the fact that all the historical sources, which have been tapped to contribute designs for our Fall clothes, will have a definite influence upon hair styles.

From the Italian Exhibit in Paris, immediate repercussions were heard which will echo through the fashion world during the whole of the coming season. Hindu, Greek and right here at home, "The Crusades," a Paramount picture and M-G-M's "Anna Karenina," with Greta Garbo,—there seems to be no

for the. NEW HATS



Evelyn Venable's long hair is separated by a part concealed under the crown curls. At nape of neck, the back hair, softly twisted, forms a double knot



The formal coiffure of Raquel Torres, Columbia star, is rich in interest. So is the massive effect of her jeweled accessories which she wears with Latin zest



Lovely Jean Arthur, Columbia star, introduces a high chignon of ringlet curls. If you wish, wear a cluster of flowers instead of curls. Notice the evening cape. It is stiffly starched rows of fluted mousseline



dom, train it to perform faultlessly. Don't turn fashion's spotlight on it until it is groomed for the part.

Start rehearsing now, with the aid of a good hairbrush,—one with bristles widely spaced and graduated in length, to reach each layer of hair and stimulate the scalp. Brush upward and outward and well around the hair-line. If you still have the remnant of a Summer wave that you are cherishing, use a vibratory movement as you brush and you will find that your wave is strengthened rather than weakened.

There are any number of excellent nourishing tonics for hungry scalps—tonics for both dry and oily hair, which will inject new life and vitality into your sad locks. They should be applied to the scalp by brisk massage with the cushions of your fingers before the daily brushing. If you are really conscientious about this routine, any one of these tonics will be especially beneficial if used for a few weeks preceding your new permanent wave. Its assured success will be your reward.

To obtain greater radiance and hair-health, the night before

your weekly shampoo, go into retirement early enough to give your hair an extra treatment. Wrap a bit of cotton around an orange-wood stick; part the hair in narrow strands and apply a heavy ointment or nourishing oil to the scalp itself. Then massage, pinching, lifting and loosening. A towel wrung out of hot water and wrapped around your head will be of material assistance in opening the pores.

Now you are ready for the shampoo. And I can tell you of a new one that will encourage a curl in almost straight hair.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Take your first step to beauty gaily with the knowledge that it is yours for the trying. Ann Shirley cleanses and lubricates her skin with a good cream followed by a delightful, freshening cold-water rinse

If your pores are inclined to be oversize, cold water may not be as active an astringent as a lotion which we know will do the work. As a prevention, it may save you hours of worry over skin blemishes

Start young enough and those first two steps are all you need take for many years. But one that will make your first formal a success is a make-up blender, to relate a tanned neck to those whiter shoulders

SIX STEPS TO SCHOOLGIRL LOVELINESS

WHEN you are seventeen or even under, you are becoming increasingly eager to put your best face forward—seriously considering make-up a glamorous asset to be coveted and indulged in, with or without the approval or consent of your elders. That's all very well in its place, but it isn't the first step toward resembling your favorite motion picture star. You would be wiser rather to follow her meticulous and rigorous grooming ritual with the accent on your own individuality. In other words, be yourself, only more so.

Today it is smart to be natural, never to look made-up. Start with a clear, lovely skin, not just your face but your whole body, your hair, your fingertips must reflect habitual dainty care. When your skin is in perfect condition, soft and smooth and perfectly cleansed, then you may think about ornamenting it, not before.

First of all, a good cleansing cream or lotion. During your little-girl days soap and water were sufficient. But now that

you are using powder and perhaps rouge and are out in all kinds of weather, you will need something more penetrating than water to float out all the foreign particles and keep your skin as fresh and smooth as a peach. Smooth the lotion or cream liberally over your face and neck, giving especial attention to those dust-collecting creases around your nose and chin. A towel wrapped around your hair, turban fashion, will encourage you to approach your hair line more boldly. Or you may find bands that are made for that especial purpose are not so bulky as a towel. After permitting the cream to sink in for a moment, remove with tissues. If this is a bed-time cleansing, follow with a soap and water brushing with a good complexion brush. You'll love the sensation. Your skin will tingle with new life and when your blood is coursing joyously, it is carrying away all impurities and forcing those lazy pores into good working habits. Your complexion will be shades lighter and you'll rarely see hide or hair of those little blemishes that now may be causing you so much grief. Drink plenty of water, too,



for internally as well as externally it is our first important aid to becoming the gorgeous person we hope to be.

If your skin is dry, use less soap and leave on a light film of cream when you go to bed. In the morning, a good eye-opener is plenty of cold water splashed over your face, which will act as an astringent as well for closing your pores.

If your skin is oily, follow the treatment with a mild astringent lotion. Saturate a bit of cotton and pat briskly from the throat upward. Don't neglect the places where the oil glands are more active. Pat the skin dry with your fingertips. If you follow this routine conscientiously from the beginning of your cosmetic life, there is no reason why you should have to use any other preparations for several years to come, according to one cosmetic authority. She says to remember that that

Make-up is a game, play it cleverly. See what alluring effects you can obtain with the maximum restraint. Pat on your powder—never rub it in—with a fresh puff. Match your lipstick and rouge with an eye to basic tones. Step out and conquer

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

There is just space for a very few suggestions on make-up. Study your face carefully to determine the correct shades in powder and rouge that will make you look the most natural. Make up under a

strong light and use all your cosmetics with the greatest restraint. Tone your powder to your complexion and pat it on gently with a fresh puff or square of cotton, not forgetting your throat and neck.

Dry rouge is natural looking and for you, perhaps, easier to apply. Dot it on with a small puff and blend, blend. Match your lipstick and rouge so the color tones will not be at war.

And last, an eyelash cream brushed over the brows and lashes will remove powder and encourage growth at one and the same time.

[OTHER BEAUTY TIPS ON PAGE 88]

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



Wearing a smile like that, we can't believe Katharine Hepburn was much bothered by having her hair snipped into a boyish bob for her " Sylvia Scarlett." She masquerades as a boy in the early sequences

SITTING in a chair on the set of "Barbary Coast," Patsy Ruth Miller watched Miriam Hopkins going through her paces, and possibly thought of the days when the cameras were focused on her. That is, if she had time to think abstractedly. For Patsy Ruth was making her debut in the rôle of her dreams—a scenario writer.

Samuel Goldwyn, her old friend, assigned her to write "set continuity" on the Hecht-MacArthur script—which, as you can imagine, is some assignment, as both Mr. Hecht and Mr. MacArthur can scribble a mean scenario, if they care to.

They didn't particularly care to write "Barbary Coast"—until Miriam Hopkins brought up some marble games, and that pleased them so much that in between games they knocked out the scenario!

What a pair!

And the script, they say, is a classic.

WHEN you have a young son, it seems, you dress to please him, not yourself.

Lately Glenda Farrell has had a weakness for tailored suits. Every new outfit she has brought home has yielded little to frilly femininity. The last one had not one redeeming gadget and this worried her young son, Tommy. "Mother," he reproved, you'll be a man before I am!"

JUST five years ago—in the August, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY, to be exact—old Cal wished you thus:—

"There is quite a definite rumor floating around that Garbo's next picture will be 'Camille.'"

Oh, well—what are five years?

There is quite a definite rumor now that Garbo's next picture will be "Camille."

THEY'RE still ribbing the poor stenographer at Paramount who took dictation from her boss and started perplexed department heads wondering if a kid's picture had been scheduled without their knowledge.

She typed a memo, "Peter Rabbit's Son."

It should have been "Peter Ibbetson."

Which recalls the note Cecil B. DeMille sent to the scoring department anent the music for a passage in "The Crusades."

Dumfounded musicians puzzled over a particular line which read "this should not be 240."

As "240" meant nothing in their lexicon, the leader called up DeMille and asked him if this was some medieval lingo.

DeMille hastily looked through his files and found the carbon.

Then he explained, by spelling out the note he had dictated.

"It should not be *too forte*," was what he had said.

Not too loud.

WELL, well—now we know why Jean Arthur does a Houdini in and out of Hollywood all the time.

She has a husband in New York, you know, who follows the prosaic profession of building.

"I'm the only exciting thing in his life," confesses Jean.

So she just has to hop back after every picture and bring him a little excitement!

Incidentally, Jean, whose in-and-out movie career has been due to a dissatisfaction with her rôles, says she never gave a darn about acting "until I found out I couldn't act—then I wanted to act."

What do you make of that?

RALPH BELLAMY is receiving current pats on the back because of the great tributes being paid "The Informer" (some are saying it's the best movie ever made). The funny thing is, that Ralph wasn't in "The Informer." But that wasn't his fault.

Over a year ago he bought some two hundred copies of the Liam O'Flaherty story and canvassed studios, producers, directors—everyone with it.

He was that hipped on it.

Naturally, he wanted to play the part of *Gypo* himself. One day he read in the papers where it was in production.

He can now take a big bow for artistic discernment anyhow, even though he had nothing to do with that great picture.

A HUNDRED and fifty blazing sun-arc lamps were pouring out their heat beneath a huge canvas, holding in a warm steam of artificial "fog." Outside, the California sun was doing all right too.

Edward G. Robinson looked at a thermometer.

It read 110 degrees.

He turned to Miriam Hopkins.

"What's the name of this picture?" he gasped.

"Barbary Coast," Miriam gasped back.

"Let's re-title it," said Eddie.

"Let's call it 'Barbecued Toast.'"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Joan adores entertaining her friends in her own home and takes great pride in carefully planned menus and table appointments which she supervises herself

Joan Crawford Entertains

**A perfect hostess, a marvelous dinner, charming guests.
Mix well, and presto!—a successful dinner party**

JOAN CRAWFORD, celebrated hostess, discovered long ago the secret which spells success for the lady with a salon. . . .

She begins by serving such marvelous food! Guests grow expansive over good food. They talk better, they are in a perfect mood to enjoy each other and the hospitality of their hostess.

Here is one of Joan's favorite menus for a small dinner party:

The first course is a fruit appetizer, served in a tall stem glass, very cold. Take equal parts of diced fresh pineapple and strawberries—or whatever berries are in season. Place a tablespoon of mint ice in the glass, fill with the fruit, and decorate with mint leaves. Have the pineapple peeled and diced the night before, and left in the refrigerator immersed in sherry wine, if you like. Also, use a little powdered sugar if the fruit needs sweetening.

ALMOND SOUP is the next course. For this, you will need three pints of chicken or veal stock, half a pound of almonds, one small onion, three tablespoons of butter, three tablespoons of cornstarch, salt, paprika, and one cup of whipping cream. Blanch the almonds and grind in the meat chopper to a coarse meal. Melt the butter, add cornstarch and one cup of broth to make a smooth paste. Then add the almonds to the remaining soup stock, heat a few minutes, add salt and paprika and the

cream. Mix together, serve in bouillon cups with a few floating almonds, and cheese straws.

ROAST SQUAB is the ideal meat for a nice dinner. It is not necessary to stuff these birds. Place some onion and sections of orange in the drawn bird. Avoid washing if possible. Wipe with a damp cloth, in preference. Washing the birds toughens them and takes away the flavor. A good chef never puts water on fowl. Place the squabs close together in a roasting pan. Fasten the legs to the back. Brush the breasts with butter. Have the oven very hot for the first five minutes, then reduce the heat and bake one hour, or until tender. It is better not to cover the roasting pan, if you baste them frequently with melted butter.

WILD RICE belongs with squab and fowl of all kinds. For six services, use half a pound of wild rice. Wash it in a sieve until the water runs clear. Place in a bowl, cover with six cups of cold water, and allow to soak over night. When you are ready to cook it, drain the water off, place rice and half a teaspoon of salt, in the upper section of a double boiler. Steam for fifteen minutes. Serve piping with plenty of butter. No more water is needed on the rice to cook it, as it has absorbed enough. More will make it soggy. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



JOAN

Why so fussy about cleaning your face? It's late.

LOTTY

I never leave stale make-up on all night.

JOAN

What's the harm in that?

LOTTY

Don't you know stale make-up left clogging the pores causes ugly Cosmetic Skin? Lux Toilet Soap's made to guard against it.

THE LATHER of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale

rouge and powder, dust and dirt that might otherwise remain *to choke them*. 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars have used this soap for years because they've found it *really works*.

Why not follow their example? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!



*Margaret
Sullavan*

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"



USE ALL THE COSMETICS
YOU WISH! I AVOID
COSMETIC SKIN BY
REMOVING MAKE-UP
WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP**



Ask THE ANSWER MAN

ALL you people who've been asking the Answer Man, "When are we going to see Eleanor Powell again?—hold your hosses! Right this minute she's working overtime at M-G-M, making final tap-dancing sequences for "Broadway Melody."

Eleanor left her home town, Springfield, Mass., when she was sixteen and began knocking at the doors of Broadway theatrical producers. It took her seven months to land a job, but when she did it was an important rôle in "Follow Thru," which ran for a year and a half. There followed leads in "Fine and Dandy," "The Varieties," "Hot Cha," and "The Scandals." Then Hollywood, and the dancing rôle in the movie version of George White's "Scandals."

Eleanor is just twenty-two years old. With six years of top billing on Broadway behind her, and plenty of talent, watch this blue-eyed youngster with her mop of chestnut curls dance right to the top of the ladder.

THE REV. G. J. DAVIS, LEWISVILLE, TEXAS.—The Answer Man apologizes if he gave the impression that Nelson Eddy's popularity is limited to the ladies. He didn't mean to. We agree with you—Eddy is a favorite of the men and children, too. Thank you for your letter.

THE INQUIRING FOUR, BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Bob Montgomery won't even tell the old Answer Man what Joan whispered to him there at the end of "No More Ladies." (The line wasn't written in the movie script, either!) It seems to be a little secret between Bob and Miss Crawford. Just use your imagination. Everybody else has.

DANIEL WILKINSON, JR., CANTEGO, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sorry, but we aren't publishing the "Stars of the Photoplay" anymore. If you will write specifically what information you want on PHOTOPLAY magazine, and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, we'll try to answer your questions.

CYNTHIA WALMSLEY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Goodness! The Answer Man will have to get a new hat (larger head size, of course) after that nice compliment, Cynthia. Thank you!

Don't know why you haven't seen biographical information on Helen Hayes. For she's a most important dramatic figure on both stage and screen, and lots have been written about her.

Helen is only five feet high and weighs one hundred pounds. She has light brown hair and blue eyes. She is the wife of Charles MacArthur, playwright, who, with Ben Hecht, is now producing pictures for Paramount, in New York. They have one child, Mary, now about six years old. Helen has been on the stage since childhood, and many consider her the most magnificent actress in America today. She was born in 1901, in Washington, D. C.

When not busy in Hollywood, Helen lives



Eleanor Powell is about to be seen in M-G-M's musical, "Broadway Melody of 1936." And can she dance!

with her husband and child on their charming country place, about forty miles north of New York City. Even on the coldest nights during the run of "Mary of Scotland," she drove the eighty miles to and from the theater, rather than be away from her home. She's as fine a woman as she is great an actress.

Norma Shearer's new baby is named Katharine Thalberg. It's said to be one of the most beautiful babies ever born in movie-town.

DOT VAN DOREN, DULUTH, MINN.—Thanks for the nice bouquets to PHOTOPLAY. And orchids to you, Dot, for knowing a good actor and a grand fellow when you see one on the screen. Your favorite, Paul Kelly, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on August 9th, 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, and has brown hair with eyes to match. Kelly's next picture is "The Lord's Referee," a Fox production.

PHYLIS, OTTAWA, CANADA.—No, indeed, John Boles hasn't given up his picture career. He has recently finished playing the lead in two films, "Rose of the Rancho," a Paramount musical in which he is featured with Gladys Swarthout, and "Redheads on Parade," for Fox. They should hit Ottawa before long.

REGINALD D. ROOS, LEWISTON, IDAHO.—Claude Rains is in England now, and his latest movie is the Gaumont British film,

"The Clairvoyant." A good picture it is, too, with Rains giving a fine performance.

Onslow Stevens was born in Los Angeles, on March 29, 1906. He is six feet one-half inch tall, weighs 175 pounds. His hair and eyes are brown.

JANE MARIE PERRY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are slated to appear together in another film, but so far the plans are not definite.

We certainly will give you Miss MacDonald's coloring—and we can wax almost lyric over it. For Jeanette has the most beautiful gray-green, crystal-like eyes and pale red-gold hair anybody ever saw. A charming, gracious, witty lady she is, too.

Miss MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, on the eighteenth of June, in 1907. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her next film will be "Americans Can Sing, Too."

SHIRLEY R. YOUNG, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—We'll answer your most important question about Barton MacLane first, Shirley! We have no record that Barton has ever been married. There! Does that set your mind at rest? Off the screen, Barton talks with a delicious southern accent, having been born in Columbia, South Carolina. The date was Christmas day, 1902. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 185 pounds. And the girls all rave about his beautiful red hair. He has hazel eyes.

MacLane is under contract to Warner Brothers, and you can write him in care of Warner Brothers-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

You'll see him currently doing a nice job with a rôle in "Page Miss Glory," Marion Davies' latest film.

ANTONIO NEIL, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—Janet Gaynor is five feet high, weight 96 pounds. Her shoe size is number three. Mary Carlisle is five feet one, and weighs 100 pounds. Ruby Keeler's height is five feet four, weight 104, Heather Angel's five feet one, weight 105. Anna Sten, one of the tallest beauties on the screen, is five feet eight and weighs 120. Jean Parker is five feet three and tips the scales at 106. And thanks for the good wishes, Antonio.

ELLEN DI SANTO, HARRISBURG, PA.—Yes, Ralph Bellamy is married. His wife is Katherine Willard, stage actress. Ralph is 6 feet 1/2 inch tall and weighs 178 pounds. He has light brown hair, blue eyes.

J. B., TAMPA, FLA.—Sandra Shaw, Gary Cooper's wife, played a rôle in the United Artist's picture "Blood Money," in 1933. She has brown hair and gray-green eyes. Sandra's real name is Veronica Balfe. She was never on the stage. She was a New York City debutante and attended the fashionable Bennett's School. Yes, you are correct: she is a niece of Dolores Del Rio.

Busy Women

GO PLACES COMFORTABLY
IN ENNA JETTICKS



Anita a new Empire fashion in kid... high-cut and formal.



Enid a dressy kid shoe which makes feet look graceful and slim.



Marina stunning for spectator sports. Suede with a calf tongue.

Binnie Barnes

featured in Universal production DIAMOND JIM, starring Edward Arnold with Jean Arthur.

Busy women! YOU . . . Binnie Barnes, whom you're seeing as "Lillian Russell" . . . thousands of others active about business, household or play. Miss Barnes says, "We moderns are more sensible about shoes than the women of Diamond Jim's day. While we want our feet to look graceful and smart, we're so active we can't neglect comfort."

Enna Jetticks combine both comfort and smartness.

\$5 AND \$6
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Enna Jetticks

SIZES 1-12 WIDTHS AAAAA-EEE

AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY

Fashion Forecast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

flares or through draped fullness at the front as shown in the first Fall frocks. No abrupt fullness permissible. Waistlines are shaped or molded rather than pinched and clothes all have a more casual manner, no longer appearing to strain at the seams.

Primary interest is above the waistline. The draped or shirred bodice replaces the molded one of former seasons. Dolman sleeves appear in all but the most tailored clothes. Their tendency is to broaden the shoulders, accent the waistline and slenderize the hipline. Sleeves appear in every length, more often than not showing the peasant influence. Waistlines are molded and slightly lower than during the Summer.

Coats are really of two types—swagger and princess. . . . The swagger three-quarter length which was formerly relegated to the sports world will now appear in town and will be worn with matching or harmonizing daytime frocks. These coats flaunt back fullness falling in soft folds to a full hemline, show patch pockets, and upstanding little military collars. In cloth, you may purchase them as a part of your Autumn suit, but with an eye to their doing double duty as the extra coat with your new frock. The princess coat, wrapped, beltless and with diagonal closing, is shown in both fur and cloth and, though a formal coat, it carries the youthful note which is found in all clothes this season. For general utility and all-around good taste, the black dress coat can't be surpassed.

SUITS are good. We say that year after year, but it's still true. In tweeds, with a three-quarter length coat, you may go through the season without an extra coat. In serge or twills or soft woolens, you may choose a strictly tailored model to be worn with dark accessories; crusher felt hat, pigskin or calf gloves, bag and medium or low-heeled shoes and a mannish blouse. Wear your blouse collar over your jacket. Don't mix your styles.

If you wear tailored fashions, keep them mannish in the British manner.

The suit jacket is, in general, short. It may be slightly fitted, with regulation revers, but it will be sure to have a velvet collar this year. Or it may be boxy in the Schiaparelli manner with back fullness.

Velvet is sure to be on the scene somewhere, whether in blouses, scarfs, revers or bows. The dressmaker suit is velvet, such as I designed for Anita Louise in "Here's to Romance," will take its rightful place as an elegant fashion.

It can go anywhere except to the most formal gatherings.

Your first Fall frock may be black, as usual, but color is the first cry. It may be draped, shirred or pleated. But it will be shorter than you have worn for many seasons. Bodice interest may be obtained through trimming or draping. If trimmed, it may be with faggoting, smocking, soutache braid or embroidery, which sounds like the latter part of the past century.

Gold and silver and jeweled interest may appear at girdle, throat and wrist.

Necklines are of tremendous importance, the outcome of the Italian Exhibit in Paris. Jewel-trimmed or with the twisted torsade of

the Renaissance, they may be draped and are still high, though there is a growing tendency toward lowering the neckline.

The coat dress with buttons marching in single file down the center front, is a very wearable version for the business woman. Or the two-piece variety with pull-on blouse, often shown with slightly flared peplum or tunic.

Hats are fascinating in their many moods, which consistently continue to be most erratic. Every influence is present from the Asian, African, Renaissance to the Fascisti caps. And from tiny caps to huge cart-wheels. By the way, the beaver hat is a coming fash-

matching necklace are shown with a black halo hat.

Take your choice and wear your new hat with the romantic verve of its historical background.

Bags, gloves and shoes are matching and in the latter, the walking type, two fabrics again appear in shades of wine, green and rust to match the costume. Antelope sueded bags are exquisite this season, and if you like zippers, you'll find they may now be covered so that no hardware appears to mar the beauty of your bag.

Quite an innovation!

EVENING

Colors: White is first. Then pastels in gold and silver brocade. Deep Renaissance tones. Blue from deep midnight to sapphire; navy blue is making a play to replace black as an evening color.

Fabrics: Here the Renaissance influence is felt very keenly.

Heavy metal brocade, lamé, tulle, stiff taffeta, slipper satin, cloky crêpes, crêpe roma, chiffon.

Silhouette: In general, slim lines evolving into swirling hem fullness will predominate. Bouffant fashions are still being shown and have a definite Second Empire feeling. Petticoats will peep from under the tucked-up-in-front hemline. Draped skirts are appearing more and more. The draped bodice will appear in gowns showing the Greek or Hindu influence, otherwise the mode is softly molded, low-back and with narrow shoulder straps, occasionally growing into a little cape-scarf as in the youthful design Rochelle Hudson wears in "Curly Top."

There again two fabrics are put to use—organdy flowers adorning the bodice of the gown of silver faille.

Wraps may be short or long but they are always youthful. Anita Louise wears a long fitted coat of silver cloth with ermine collar and cuffs, but any short-haired fur may be adapted to that fashion, or even the fabric itself may be fittingly utilized. In general, it is more advantageous to select a long wrap which will completely cover the gown, partly for warmth on cold Winter nights and to obviate a clash of colors.

EVENING sandals are created of silver and gold kid or match the fabric of the gown. Velvet shoes with metal heels and black evening slippers with diamond heels are for extra special occasions.

Jewelry plays an important rôle in the Fall drama. It will be massive, set with semi-precious stones in huge clusters and many colors.

Coral will be worn in novelty designs in silver mountings. Many bracelets go marching up the arm.

Hair ornaments will range from little velvet bows . . . beau-catchers . . . tiny jeweled combs, in flower designs, to jeweled bands or halos which supplant the tiara. Dog collars of velvet or gold and silver mesh are jeweled, to match the belts, bracelets and clips.

Whatever you wear, you are sure to strike the note of fashion.



Another famous lady of the opera is lured to Hollywood: Gladys Swarthout, dressed for her rôle in Paramount's "Rose of the Rancho"

ion. And crowns are steadily going up, with irregularity very important. Hats are definitely off the face, but firmly on the head and usually show the hair all around, which means that you must be off to your hairdresser as soon as you purchase the new hat.

Veils are everywhere, stiff over the face or swung down the back in medieval coifs. Colors are of Renaissance inspiration in unusual combinations.

As in fabric so it is in color—two colors are better than one.

Trimmings are of feathers, wings, tiny plumes, curled or uncurled, earrings of gold shells, with

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"



Pimples were "ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun—

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times —make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood.* With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

The Girl Without a Past

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

you used to talk Pig Latin to Douglas? than you'd say: "Do you remember when you were *Letty Lynton* or *Sadie McKee*?" It would be worse than tactless, it would be dull. The loud laughing, too-plump girl of the Montmartre Cafe days, the hysterical bride, the brooding tragedienne, and all the other characters from Joan's past have become as fictional as any screen heroine she has ever portrayed.

For instance, you can't say Joan has developed a raucous flapper laugh into the sympathetic humor she exhibits today, because it is difficult to believe she ever laughed loudly.

It seems absurd to say she has developed a mentally-poised woman from an emotion-tossed girl, because she conveys no suggestion of the change.

There is nothing remodeled about her personality.

All the time we talked over in a corner of the set, while Woody Van Dyke arranged and rearranged lights, while Brian Aherne and Frank Morgan chatted Britishly of the Louis-Carnera fight, I had the disconcerting feeling of talking with a friendly stranger who knew me embarrassingly better than I knew her.

WHEN I bluntly told Joan this she was neither as amused or as surprised as she might have been, considering that her past is being continually paraded before the public in that endless series of "How Much Joan Crawford Has Overcome."

She said: "I believe I know what you mean. And if it is true, I think it is because I've tried to make a point of living no closer to myself than the present.

I'm even happier when I'm living in the future, but, and if I can help it, never in the past with things that are done!

"For instance, I've been criticized for being a faddist about my home, in decorating and redecorating it with what my critics call 'every change of mood.' That's absurd, of course. But I couldn't live in that house if not a stick of furniture had been changed from the way it was when I first moved in. Because the same person isn't living there!

"It seems funny to be saying this now, because I was a long time learning that I really wanted to escape from my own personal dramas, that I had to escape if there was going to be any real happiness in the future for me.

"This business of escaping from the past isn't an easy thing, particularly for women," she hesitated, thoughtfully. "The first step, of course, is to really want to escape. And women cling so dramatically to the past. As a sex, we color and theatricalize every experience out of all proportion.

"A great many women, too many, wear their heart-breaks as conspicuously as they wear their bracelets!

OF COURSE, I don't mean that we should pass callously over the experiences of our lives that develop us. It is just as foolish to shrug aside our mistakes as it is to glorify them. Women without feeling become hard. But in my own particular case, I've tried to look on all the experiences of my life, happy or unhappy, as lessons as simple as the A, B, C's. When we are first learning to read and write we have to be conscious of letters and spelling and elemental rules to help us along.

But as we progress we forget the rules and use the knowledge.

"That is the way it should be with our Life lessons.

"I mean it when I say the only important part of my life is the present and the future. I am grateful for everything that has ever happened to me, but I refuse to be a slave to it."

I asked Joan if there were any particular rules she had followed in acquiring this philosophy.

She laughed. "But rules are one of the most important things to avoid! The only sure way to break away from the ties and influences of



Lily Pons seems quite pleased with Hollywood millinery. The opera star is making her screen debut in "Love Song" for RKO-Radio

the past is to live our lives unburdened by privately concocted rules.

"It is possible, you know, to learn a lesson too well, to be hampered and narrowed by experiences.

"These rule ideas about our future are nothing more than stupid left-over measures from the past!

"I've heard women, emerging from some personal upheaval, make the remark: 'I shall never fall in love again,' or, 'I shall never trust that' type of person again.' Many people pamper themselves with the idea that they can fall in love with only a certain type, or nationality, or color of eyes; or that they can't drink

coffee at four o'clock in the afternoon or other silly things like that. And for what reason? Because some unhappy emotional or digestive experience in their past has clamped onto their growth in the future!

"That is the reason I loathe the words *never* or *always* applied to myself. I always think that never is shutting me off from something important and untried, and always is confining me to the trivial and familiar. Even in the smallest and most inconsequential matters I hate personal rules.

"I remember once reading an interview in which a writer stated: 'Joan Crawford never takes a drink.' And it is true I don't like alcohol, the taste or the effect. But more than I hate cocktails, I hated that word 'never.' Several nights later I attended a party at a friend's, had two glasses of champagne, and enjoyed them immensely.

"Another time someone wrote that I never read any book lighter than biographies. Well, I like caviar to eat, too, but I don't eat it all the time. I have a collection of murder mysteries that would do credit to any circulating library in town, and I'm crazy about reading them."

When Joan came back to our corner from a very long and involved scene with Brian Aherne before the camera, she said:

"These things are trivial, of course, but the same principle has to be applied to the really important things if we are going to grow and develop by new, and not discarded things.

"After all, what is more important in life than new experiences, and, if we're lucky enough to live colorfully, new adventures? Nothing imaginable could be more stupid than talking with a man who has only one idea, or a musician who played only one piece, or a philosopher who has read only one book.

"And certainly nothing is duller than the person who is continually telling you how much he has overcome, or lived down, or how better and uninspiring his life has been in the past.

"DON'T believe that people really overcome anything if they can't escape it!

"There's a lot of difference in getting the most out of every available experience, and living through it, and in having it live through you the rest of your life.

"The only thing important to bring along with us from the past are worthwhile friends. None of us are so rich that we can afford to drop a true friendship by the wayside, as we can cast off emotions and ideas. I used to be so intolerant of people, so impatient. But I hope I have learned differently."

Van Dyke needed Joan before the camera again, and our time was growing short. Stocking-footed, Joan walked with me to the entrance of the sound stage.

Suddenly, and impulsively, she thrust out her hand like a frank boy and smiled as she gripped my hand.

"Come out and see me, Dorothy, come often . . . the world's still full of a lot of things for us to laugh about!"

I'm going to accept that invitation. I'd like to know this Joan as well as I have known many of the others. But probably to keep acquainted with her, I'll have to call once a week at least!



"I take chances in pictures but never with handbags"

says *Adrienne Ames*

Miss Adrienne Ames
in Mascot's
HARMONY LANE

This lovely star insists on handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking *Talon* slide fastener

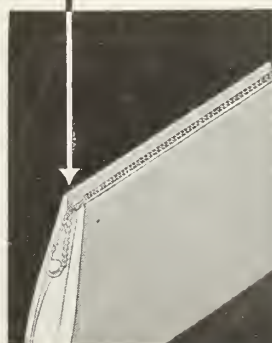
The leading ladies of Hollywood are through taking risks with "careless" handbags. They are tired of dropping things and losing things. Now, they insist on the security and convenience of the automatic-locking feature of the Talon slide fastener.

It's so simple and yet so sure. This flexible, smooth-sliding fastener—especially designed for handbags—assures absolute safety to their contents—as well as adding

trim, smart style to their appearance. Once it is closed, it stays closed—to be opened only by the touch of your fingers on the slider.

You'll find a beautiful variety of handbag styles featuring Talon security and convenience, at leading stores everywhere. Only the finest manufacturers equip their models with Talon, so you can always count on its presence in a handbag as a sure sign of quality and smart design.

Talon
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

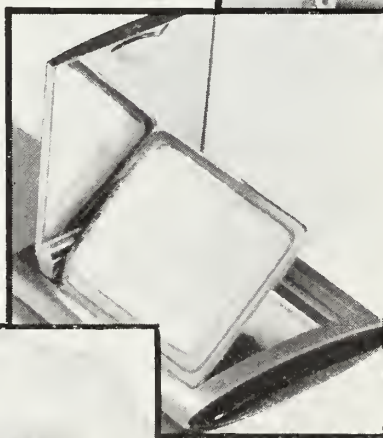
WHO HAS A BIRTHDAY?



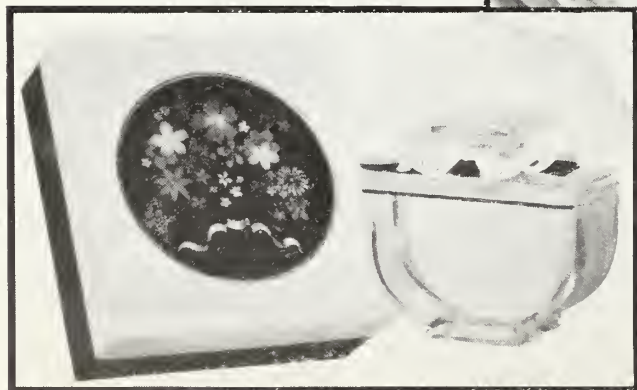
Give her delicate perfume. Joan Bennett prefers a concentrate or, as below, a fragrant essence of flowers from old-fashioned gardens.



Ida Lupino discovers a jewel-studded compact in her gold mesh evening bag which was directly inspired by Paramount's film "The Crusades"



Up to the minute, a streamlined loose powder vanity. In three color combinations, black, red and platinum with gold. With or without rouge



Our very newest leaflet "Tips To Teensters" is especially designed to answer the many questions concerning skin and hair problems which are put to us by our younger readers. You may have this on request for the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope, or personal advice on any other beauty problem. All letters are confidential, of course. Please address letters to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Make-Up Created by an Artist for CAROLE LOMBARD

...and for you

Now you, too, can dramatize your type with make-up just as screen stars do

FASCINATING Carole Lombard graciously gives you through photographs, her make-up secret, so that you too may emphasize the charm of your type. Powder, rouge, lipstick created for her by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up—in the color harmony shades that dramatize her blonde loveliness, is her beauty secret. Now it can be yours.

Blondes like Carole Lombard, are not the only fortunate type which can be made lovely by Max Factor's discovery. Using screen stars as living models, Max Factor created the exact shades in powder, rouge, and lipstick which give radiant beauty to every type of blonde, redhead, brunette, and brownette.

If you want to see how lovely you can be use your color harmony make-up, just as screen stars do. The

powder will enliven your skin instantly, give it youthful radiance. The rouge will add an alluring lifelike glow to your cheeks. The lipstick will give a charming young color to your lips. The three shades, created to harmonize with each other, and with your own coloring will give you a beauty and charm that will amaze you.

Color harmony make-up created originally for the exclusive use of screen stars, is now available to you at nominal prices. At your favorite store there is a color harmony shade of powder, rouge, lipstick for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead. One of these holds the secret of beauty for you... Max

Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

CAROLE LOMBARD, in Paramount's

"HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE"



Powder

You, too, like Carole Lombard can give your skin youthful radiance with Max Factor's Powder. Satin-smooth, clinging, alluring in its color harmony shade. Used exclusively, its purity will keep your skin fine textured, young.



Rouge

The color harmony shades in Max Factor's Rouge will give your cheeks an exquisite youthful glow, so natural and lifelike that it will appear to be your own coloring. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily and evenly, and lasts for hours.



Lipstick

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick will keep your lips smooth, young. Because it is moisture-proof, you may apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a color so uniform that it becomes part of your lips.



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
 • Send Purple-Sue Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE
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NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
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
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES/Color	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.

Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

was open for an inch or two. But it's unlikely that anyone saw her. The corridor was rather dark. The office was brilliantly lighted. The door was only open an inch or two."

Brent said slowly, "Where can I get in touch with Miss Smith to get more information if I need it in a hurry?"

"Through me," Alter answered quickly, "... and as far as fees are concerned, Dick, I can guarantee a bonus in addition to your regular fees if you absolutely keep Miss Smith out of it."

"MY fees," Brent said slowly, "for messing around in a murder case before the police get into it are going to be plenty high."

"I know that, and Miss Smith understands it. But there'll be a bonus on top of that. . . . But seconds are precious, Dick."

Brent got to his feet, reached for his hat,

utes and then telephone an anonymous tip to the cops that a couple of narcotic addicts are breaking into Dr. Copeland's office in search of hop."

She gave an exclamation of alarm and said, with a catch in her voice, "And they'll catch Brent, and he'll tell about us?"

"No," Alter said slowly, "Brent's too smart for that, particularly when a murder's been committed. He'll get out of there, but he'll only be one jump ahead of the police. He'll make a get-away, all right, but the police will be hot on his trail. Naturally, the homicide squad will link the killing of Dr. Copeland with the two men who were in his office, and at that time, my dear, you'll be safely home, surrounded by a bevy of friends who can give you a perfect alibi."

"It doesn't seem fair," she said, "to . . ." Alter's face changed. He looked at his wrist

Short terms in two penitentiaries had failed to alter his philosophy. Now he was treading the "straight and narrow path," but it was a path which seemed straight and narrow only to Bill Peters.

An unprejudiced observer would have found it rather tortuous.

Dick Brent, however, who furnished the employment, found him invaluable, knew that if Peters were not working at that employment he would undoubtedly be cracking safes or robbing banks. Peters' ideas of right and wrong were sufficiently warped to make it useless to argue with him.

Brent held the flashlight so that the shielded beam illuminated the door of Dr. Copeland's office.

"Can do?" he asked.

"Can do," Peters said shortly.

A moment later, the click of the lock shooting back announced that the safe-cracker had not been unduly optimistic.

"All right," Brent said, "hook up the cop spotter."

Peters nodded. The two men filed silently into the gloomy interior of the office, an interior which was illuminated only by the lights which blazed on Hollywood Boulevard. A red Neon sign across the street and in the middle of the block flashed on and off intermittently, flooding the office with a sinister red illumination, which, in turn, faded periodically into gloomy half darkness.

Peters, working with swift dexterity, opened a suitcase which he carried, took from it a small portable radio outfit, plugged it into a wall plug, waited for the tubes to warm up.

Abruptly a voice said, "... car 62, calling car 62. Go to 3829 West Elton Street. See the woman waiting on the sidewalk. That is all."

"TURN it down a little bit," Brent cautioned. "Someone might be coming down the corridor, and sounds are magnified in an office building at night."

"You t-t-think we'll hear the r-r-report if they discover the b-b-b-body?" Peters asked.

"Nine chances out of ten we will," Brent assured him. "We've got to take that tenth chance. It's hardly possible the police will stumble on the body. Some citizen will find it and telephone in to headquarters. They'll send out a radio broadcast. Get busy. Get the day book. Find the people who called on him today. Check on his appointments. Run through his unanswered mail. Dig into his filing system and get case histories of the persons who called on him within the last few days. But be sure not to pocket anything. That would be larceny. We're just collecting information. . . . What the hell is all that junk in the suitcase?"

"That's our ins-s-surance."

"What do you mean insurance? My God, where did you get that junk?"

"That's not j-j-j-junk. That's s-s-s-stuff I've been collecting in c-c-c-case I got in a j-j-j-jam."

Brent stared down into the suitcase. "What's the gun?" he asked.

Peters was more sure of himself now, and talked smoothly. "I snitched that," he said, "from the desk in Tom Fernwaite's gambling j-j-joint. I've wiped all the f-f-f-finger prints off of it, but the n-n-n-number is registered in



One of the most extravagant scenes in RKO-Radio's screen version of "The Three Musketeers," is the dangerous and spectacular rapier tournament of the king's guardsmen. Fred Cavens supervised the sequence

jerked it down in a quick half circle of motion to shake water from the brim, buttoned his raincoat about him.

"Good night," he said, without so much as a glance at the woman in the dark corner.

When the door had closed behind him, Alter heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank God," he said, "that's over. He'll get results."

"You mean he'll keep me out of it?" the woman asked incredulously.

Alter chuckled and said, "Sure he'll keep you out of it. He'll get himself in it so deeply the cops never will come after you."

"What do you mean?"

His face was distorted into a cunning grimace.

"You know what he'll do, don't you? The first thing he'll do will be to pick the lock of Copeland's office and start looking for evidence. He'll take one of his men with him."

"Well?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "I'll wait forty-five min-

watch. "Never mind that," he said, "I'm running this part of the show. You've got exactly fifty minutes before I telephone the police. Get started."

CHAPTER III

TO the very small circle of acquaintances who knew him, Bill Peters was known as "Dead Pan Peters." His face seldom showed expression, and this was particularly true during times of emotional stress.

The only way in which he showed emotion was by stuttering. When he was not excited or when he had nothing to conceal, he talked smoothly. But when he lied or when he was worried, while there would be no change of expression on his face, his tongue would stick on the consonants. For this reason, Bill Peters distrusted words. Wherever possible in dealing with strangers he relied upon action.

As for his morals, he had none. He firmly believed that the end justified the means.

his name. If we planted it here, it would bring him into the investig-g-gation, and he's got plenty of political p-p-p-pull to hush it up."

"That key container," Brent said. "Where did that come from?"

"I got that out of Ned Thorpe's automobile. His ignition key is on it. He l-l-l-left it in front of the p-p-post-office when he went in to get his mail. I c-c-came along, reached in, turned off the ignition and slipped the k-k-keys into my p-p-p-pocket. Thorpe is a p-p-p-prominent man. He represents the g-g-g-group that's financing this new picture reorganization, and . . ."

"I know who he is," Brent said disgustedly. "Close that suitcase. We don't need to plant any stuff here. Damn it, Peters, your mind is warped! You couldn't go straight if you had to, and you'd be a damned good man if you weren't so crooked."

"I'm not c-c-c-crooked," Peters said, "just r-r-r-resourceful."

Brent snorted, turned his flashlight on the desk, opened a drawer, said, "Here's the day book," and started scribbling notes on a piece of paper.

For several minutes the men worked with smooth, silent efficiency. Peters found the filing drawers where case histories were kept. Brent, seated at the desk, called for the cards he wanted, and, as Peters brought them to him, made copious but swift notes.

From time to time the portable radio outfit, tuned in on the police wave-length, echoed the routine instructions given to various cars.

SUDDENLY, following a period of comparative silence, the radio squawked into activity. A voice droned, "Car 57—calling car 57—car 57 proceed at once out Hollywood Boulevard to investigate a tip that narcotic addicts are robbing the office of Dr. Granville Copeland. This is a hot tip. Start at once down Hollywood Boulevard until you come to Highland. A squad car from the Hollywood station will be waiting there. Cooperate with them. That is all."

The two shadowy figures in Dr. Copeland's office wasted no time on words. Peters jerked out the radio cord, wrapped it around the small receiving outfit, dropped it into the suitcase, held the door open for Brent. The two men slipped into the corridor. Not until they were racing for the stairs, did Brent say under his breath, "The dirty, two-timing double-crossers!"

CHAPTER IV

DICK BRENT pushed his car through the rain-filled darkness. The drops were larger now. Wind, sweeping up from the south, was piling low-flung clouds against the tops of the mountains to the northwest of Hollywood. Myriad miniature geysers mushroomed up from the pavement.

Brent's radio, tuned in on a news program, finished a statement concerning the consolidation of the conservatives in both Republican and Democratic parties, mentioned that there was some talk of calling the new fusion the "Constitutional Party," and then the voice of the radio reporter ceased its mechanical intonation.

"A flash!" it said. "The body of Dr. Granville Copeland, prominent psychologist, psychoanalyst and specialist in nervous diseases, was found lying face down in the rain within a hundred feet of Hollywood Boulevard. The doctor had evidently been shot from behind by an unknown assailant as he prepared to enter his parked automobile. Death was caused by



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A touch of mild menthol to cool and refresh. The choicest of choice tobaccos for the fine tobacco lover. Cork tips to save lips. And a valuable B & W coupon in each pack. Save 'em for a choice of beautiful, useful premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) More for your money every way in KOOLS—that's why sales soar. Try a pack and see.

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

two shots at the base of the skull which police say were fired at close range.

"The body was discovered when police investigated a report that two drug addicts were burglarizing Dr. Copeland's office. The rumor turned out to be false, since the office showed no signs of having been entered, but in connection with the investigation, the police car, turning into the alleyway on the side of the building where Dr. Copeland had his office, found the body. Death had taken place some two hours earlier."

Dick Brent swung the steering wheel of the car, skidded on the street car tracks where Highland runs into Hollywood Boulevard, then followed Highland up to its intersection with Cahuenga, turned near the summit of the grade to the left, and followed a winding road. He was just below the dripping clouds.

THE rain fell more gently here, but rivulets of water were rushing down the gutters, rippling across the road in ribbons of moisture which hissed into spray as the automobile wheels plowed through them. Below, and to the left, the lights of Hollywood blinked up through the moist night like globules of phosphorus on the surface of an agitated ocean.

The house of Vilma Fenton was a blaze of light. Expensive cars were parked in the cemented area just outside the garden wall. The big house perched upon the mountain side with that ingenuity of construction which has been developed by California architects. The grounds fell away in a series of terraces until they merged into the native shrubbery of the mountain side. On a clear day it was possible to see Venice, Santa Monica, Signal Hill, the hazy blue outlines of Catalina Island, the sun-drenched city and the jagged skyline of mountains. On a clear night lights twinkled in a shimmering sea of brilliance. Now rain blotted out all except the Hollywood lights in the immediate foreground. The sound of laughter came from behind the huge windows. Raindrops falling from the soggy clouds which clung to the top of the dark mountain were changed to gold by some magic touch as they fell past

the brilliantly lighted windows of the mansion.

"Indeed I do," had made Vilma Fenton. The picture had been a natural.

Writers with imagination, a director who understood, a supervisor who was so concentrating upon another picture that all the gag men, associates, assistants and others who give to so much of the Hollywood broth the appearance of having been brewed by too many cooks, had held hands off.

As a result the picture had not tried to imi-

Vilma Fenton had been like a skyrocket streaking redly upward in hissing destiny to burst into blazing brilliance.

The butler who answered Dick Brent's ring surveyed the glistening raincoat, the soggy hat brim, the white, determined face, the brown business suit, and said, with a voice, which contained no regret whatever, "I'm very sorry, but it will be impossible to even convey your name to Miss Fenton unless you are expected, and I'm quite sure you're not."

The butler was a big man, square of shoulder and steady of eye. His six foot two of brawn rested upon a pair of feet incased in square-toed shoes. A swelling at the base of the large toe on the left foot marked the location of a bunion which crowded against the pliable leather.

Dick Brent's profession required that he exercise his powers of observation. His eyes took in the expression on the butler's face, dropped to the butler's feet. Having selected the vulnerable point in his enemy's armor, Dick Brent acted with the smooth speed of a well-oiled piston rod on a steam engine.

His heel came down on the butler's bunion. The butler doubled over, grasped the tortured foot, hopped around in moaning, cursing circles.

Dick Brent walked on toward the sounds of clinking glasses and laughter which came from the big room to the left.

He pushed aside the expensive hangings.

THERE were a dozen people in the room. The faces of five of them would have been known anywhere in the world. The others were executives whose

words were law, men who controlled the destiny of the silver screen.

Vilma Fenton looked up.

There could be no mistaking the dismay in her eyes when she saw Dick Brent's face, as the impact of his steady blue eyes fell upon her in silent accusation.

Her fingers opened. The cocktail glass crashed to the table.

The Facts of Hollywood Life

RIFTS IN THE LUTE

Nancy Carroll: to Reno to discard writer-husband *Bolton Mallory*. His predecessor—Jack Kirkland, "Tobacco Road" playwright. *Van Smith*, Beverly Hills millionaire, said to be Nancy's favorite name now.

Lila Lee: six months married to but one month together with Chicago broker *Jack Peine*, broke ties officially. Name now coupled with *John Beach*, wealthy polo-playing New Yorker.

Natalie Moorhead: on matrimonial vacation since last August permanently parted from director husband *Alan Crosland*.

Adrienne Ames: asked and got freedom from *Bruce Cabot*, and custody of daughter, *Dorothy Jane*, legally adopted by Cabot after their marriage. Said Cabot disliked her family and no longer loved her.

Wini Shaw: Warner Brothers blues warbler, divorced from *Leo Cummins*, Manhattan orchestra leader.

Buster Keaton: divorce suited by his second wife, *Mae Elizabeth Keaton*, who named *Mrs. Leah Clampitt Sewell*, wealthy Los Angeles matron, in \$200,000 loss of affection suit.

OPTION DEPARTMENT

Florine McKinney engaged to *Barry Trivers*, screen writer. Met while making a picture. No definite date for the chimes.

WEDDING BELLS

For *David Newell*, former Broadway leading man for *Ethel Barrymore* and *Mae West*, and *Katharine Lewis*, Hollywood actress.

For *Ernst Lubitsch*, of the "Lubitsch touch" and Paramount, and *Vivian Gaye*, former *Randy Scott* heart throb, at Yuma, after plane elopement.

STORK STOPS

At the home of *Stu Erwin* and *June Collier*, to leave a precious seven-and-a-half pound package. Named *June Dorothea*, looks like her mammy. Erwins prayed for a girl, got her. Have a son already.

Wings flapping for *Evelyn Venable* and *Hal Mohr*, now adding a nursery to their home for November occupancy.

Late Fall visit expected by *Joel McCrea* and *Frances Dee*. Second visit for this couple.

DEAR DOCTOR

Binnie Barnes, carted from the set to the hospital with a throbbing appendix. It came out and Binnie came out of it nicely.

Gail Patrick collapsed in her home town Birmingham, Alabama, after death of father, *L. G. Patrick*. Illness followed dramatic airplane race with death from Hollywood. Recovered now.

Arlene Judge caught scarlet fever, hives on top of that. Fever light, but hives bad. Closed her eyes. Agony now gone.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

Vince Barnett, ribber de luxe, found guilty of drunkenness and punching a policeman, was granted a new trial on the late Summer docket.

Lottie Pickford, Mary's sister, filed suit for \$540.50 against *Al St. John*, veteran comedian. Says a note for \$400 is over due.

Hal Le Roy, 21-year-old slim legged dancer, sued his father, *George Schotte*, for an accounting of the \$70,000 he claims to have earned on the stage and in pictures since 1930.

NEW DEALS

Ronald Colman initialed new contract with United Artists making him highest paid male star on the screen. Ticket calls for \$150,000 per picture and share of the profits.

tate any of the current hits. It showed that delicacy of touch which can come only from the purposeful treatment of one director who understands, a star who is young, eager and earnest, a leading man whose emotions are genuine, photographers who enthusiastically register an entrancing form and a face which photographs perfectly at any angle and in any light.

"You!" she said.

"Yes," Brent told her slowly. "I came to pay my personal respects to Miss Mary Smith."

For a moment she fought with her emotions, her face chalk-white, her lips quivering. Then the actress in her asserted itself. Her face was still drained of color, but only a keen student of psychology could have told that the smile which twisted her lips was not one of glad greeting, and her voice was vibrant with pleased surprise.

"Dick!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I've been thinking about you so much lately! I hope you'd come. I've got so many things to talk over with you. Why didn't you write or at least send a wire? My, but you startled me!"

The big butler, having recovered somewhat, came limping purposefully down the corridor, his huge hands bunched into belligerent fists.

Vilma Fenton's eyes focused past Dick Brent's shoulder, and she said to the butler, "Arthur, will you please show this gentleman into the Jade Room and see that he is served with a cocktail and *hors d'oeuvres*." She turned to her guests, making a little gesture of pleading with her hand.

"Please," she said, "I want you to understand. I'll introduce Dick some time later, but now I want to see him alone."

A dozen voices chorused assurance that they understood, told her to go, but Vilma Fenton said:

"No, I'll have another cocktail with you and then you'll excuse me for just a few minutes."

The butler took a deep breath, held it for a moment, and then said, with cold deference, "Will you please step this way, sir?"

Dick followed the man down a long corridor, up a flight of stairs and into a room whose great windows looked out over Hollywood. From those windows the slope dropped so abruptly that one had the impression of being in some huge dirigible suspended high above the city.

THE butler bowed and said, "Won't you please be seated, sir, and damn you, sir, if I ever catch you outside, I'll bust your jaw . . . and would you prefer a Martini or a Manhattan, sir?"

Brent grinned, wormed out of his dripping raincoat, tossed it to the butler and said, "Take that, James, and my hat, and bring me both a Martini and a Manhattan."

"Very good, sir," the butler said, holding the raincoat as though the touch might contaminate him. "And the name isn't James, sir. It's Arthur, if you don't mind."

He turned and limped from the room.

Brent grinned, lit a cigarette, listened a moment to the wind moaning around the corners of the house, and then suddenly stiffened to attention.

He thought he had heard a choked exclamation, the sound of a blow.

A moment later something thudded to the floor in the corridor.

Dick Brent rushed to the door, jerked it open.

The long corridor was deserted. Midway down it, a sprawled figure lay, with Dick Brent's raincoat half concealing it.

Brent's hat had rolled on a few feet down the corridor. As Brent stood there, held for a moment in the rigidity of startled surprise, he heard a terrific crash as a plate window shattered to fragments, and a blast of damp night air rushing down the corridor billowed behind him the green tapestries of the Jade Room.

[Next month—more thrilling surprises in this great mystery story of Hollywood.]



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Primrose House

CHIFFON POWDER

Mitzi Rides the Social Whirlwind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Said she, "he woke up one night with the urge to be a lighthouse. 'What's the idea?' I demanded. He snickered in the dark! 'What's wrong with the idea? You do light housekeeping, don't you?'"

Nice mad people, these Fords.

The missus looked very cute with her golden hair tucked under a bright green beret. I sat beside her as we watched the game and envied her long locks, done up in a large knot at her neck. Suddenly, in the midst of goofy runs, Benny Rubin, who was the announcer, yelled excitedly over the mike: "Here's an extra treat for you, ladees and gents! Miss Ann Harding is sitting over there with a bright green beret on!" There was a sudden exodus from all the seats to where "Miss Harding" was sitting. The lady next to me strained to see, and exclaimed delightedly, "My, my, she's even prettier in real life than she is on the screen!" I giggled in my cuff and peeked around to see poor Mrs. Wally Ford besieged on all sides by autograph hounds who just wouldn't believe the golden-haired lady wasn't Ann.

Speaking of Anns, I used to think, in the days when she was a line dancer, that Ann Dvorak looked like Joan Crawford. But now I think Ann just looks like herself. Many moons have passed since we'd had a good talk so I steered my petrol pram over to her ranch, was met by several hundreds of Ann's dogs, took a good sniff at all the fruit tree blossoms, presented myself at the hacienda for lunch. Ann looked glorious. She'd just finished taking a dip in her pool. (And, ma'am, she swims "raw" when folks aren't about!)

What did we gab about? Oh, Cabbages and Kings and lotsa other things! You do, you know, in two hours and a half.

We snickered over the time she and her husband, Leslie Fenton, decided to add a wing to their house. During the alterations they had been out late one night, and on their return found to their chagrin that Leslie had forgotten the key. They finally decided the only thing to do was to break a window. The lord and master beat it around to where the wing was being added

and there discovered that the entire side of the place had been torn out during their absence, so they walked right through into their living-room—and so to bed!

My nomination for the world's smartest dresser, talker and charmer goes to Hedda

She talked a lot about her friend, Tallulah Bankhead, and told me about some of Tallu's kind deeds. Seems a certain great actress was down and out, living in some poor suburb near London. She was offered a part in a play in the States, but didn't have either the clothes or the

money to do anything about it. Tallu heard about it, sent her a note inclosing a check for the passage, and ordered her to go to her apartment and pick out as many gowns as she wished. The nicest part of all this is that the actress got the part and really made a smash hit in New York. Nope, we give no names!

Hedda has an exquisite little house. It's filled with priceless antiques she's collected. She prizes particularly her collection of rare Bristol glass and a tremendous mirror which belonged to Teddy Roosevelt's administration and which Hedda bought for the magnificent sum of fifteen greenbacks! I guess the presidential missus must have said to her husband, "Teddy, that mirror is awfully old-fashioned, let's get rid of it and buy something modern!"

I inserts a fashion note at this juncture. Mebbe you're going barelegged cause you're nicely tanned, but when you purchase some hose for your shapely shafts, you might take a tip from Ann Sothern and Virginia Bruce and go in for net hose. Each gal bought two dozen pair just recently.

Speaking of the Sothern damsel reminds me that her mama is a singing teacher. She got ahold of Roger Pryor and made him take a couple of lessons. To everyone's surprise, the band leader's acting son, who can play every instrument under Old Sol, found he had musical tonsils!

And now let me hop back to the fashions department. If you own a white suit, or are about to get one, do something about this, will you? Gloria Swanson wore one yesterday at the Vendome. It had black velvet lapels and black velvet vest. She wore a tiny, matching pill-box on her noodle around which whirled a fetching veil. Kitten, you could do big things with an outfit like that!

Now I'm going to tell you a nifty story. It's

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

"Who am I?"

Now don't say, "I'll bite—*who* are you?", because we're just about to introduce you to a swell way to drive yourself and your party guests completely potty in the best approved Hollywood manner.

"Who am I?" messieurs and mesdames, is a game. And everyone in Hollywood is playing it right now.

Here's what you do:

Go out of the room and determine who you are. You can be Lincoln, Roosevelt, or Dizzy Dean, Clara Bow, Garbo or any famous person known to everyone.

Come back and announce the last initial of your new self. The initial is "L," we'll say. You say, "I'm not Abraham Lincoln." Now everyone knows the initial is "L."

Someone asks:

"Are you a movie star?"

To which you must reply using a real name starting with "L":

"No—I am not Stan Laurel."

They keep it up, going clockwise around the room: "Are you a financier?"

"No—I am not Thomas Lamont." And so on. You've got to reel off the negative replies right now. If you don't, the gallery can ask you a specific question about yourself—such as, we'll say, "Are you alive?" or "Do you live in the United States?"—pin-you-down questions, which, of course, you'd rather avoid. You can also challenge them, and if they're faking on questions and can't name an "L" person in the classification they have named (movie star, dancer, painter or what not) then they're out of the game.

Finally, of course, they'll probably get you. But it takes a long, long time, during which everybody, including yourself, can hoist an indefinite number of highballs or lemonades, until in the end maybe even you will have forgotten just *who* you are—but you won't care a bit.

Hopper. She fancied herself up in a knock-you-down hostess gown when I went over to lunch recently, and got me so stunned I could only toy with a salad, six corn pones, one glass of sherry, a fruit compote and two cups of coffee! Time whizzes by when you're with Hedda, there's always so much to talk about,

all about Robert Florey, a director who has made fine pictures for Warner Brothers. Now, Mr. Florey is a Frenchman, and when he came to this country several years ago to get himself a job in ye movie business he didn't know there was any difference or distance between Hollywood, Culver City, and Los Angeles. So, he got off the train downtown, laden with luggage, and walked around looking for studios until he came to Chinatown.

"This," said Mr. Florey to himself (he couldn't talk to anyone else because he couldn't parley-vous enough English), "this must be a movie set. But where are the lights? And the cameras?"

FINALLY a Frenchman appeared from somewhere, informed Mr. F. that Hollywood was where the movies were made, and put him on a street car going in that direction. At the end of the line, which was Sunset Boulevard and Western Avenue, the conductor put him off. Florey then wandered into the then wide open doors of the Fox studio and right onto a set where the first scene of "The Count of Monte Cristo" was about to be shot.

Now our little man had just made that picture in France so he was very interested to see what was going on. He noticed that the costumes were all wrong, and the medals, but conceived the idea that this was a burlesque. However, when it was apparent that such was not the case, the excitable Frenchman suddenly leaped up in front of the cameras roaring, "Stop! Stop! Eet is wrong!"

Everyone thought he was crazy, and tried to throw the madman off the set. But he stuck to his guns, and finally found a Frenchman who interpreted his comments to the director. Mr. Florey was told to set things right, and after he did, was made a technical adviser! Ergo: If

you stay on a street car to the end of the line, you're bound to get somewhere!

I like to go places with Michael Bartlett because when we dance he sings in my ear and I get a hundred thousand dollars worth of a million-dollar voice free for nothing! I also like to roam with Mike on account of becuz he knows everyone in the world and said folk adore him.

The night we went to the formal preview of "Anna Karenina" we had us a special evening. The picture was lovely—ah, but my heart must remain true to John Gilbert who played the rôle opposite Garbo in the silent version. In the lobby we bumped into Peter Lorre and his missus who were very excited at seeing their first big American première and who posed for a picture with us. We nearly didn't get it taken, though, because the lady Lorre, who doesn't know about such things, started to walk away before the flashlight went off.

We, Mike and me, decided the Trocadero was the place to go afterwards, and whilst racing to the parking lot for the car, bumped spank into Claudette Colbert. (Michael is playing opposite her in her new picture, "She Married Her Boss.") A quick greeting took place, after which we leaped into the go-cart, steered through hundreds of swanky limousines, and arrived at the Troc.

We go in! We danced! We laughed! We had fun, and Michael sang in my ear and heaven flitted about. Then Charlie Farrell, sitting at a table with his wife and Mary Pickford, hailed Michael. We shoved through the mob and got there. Although I was bumped in the fender, and my four-and-a-half double A's were trod upon, I had time to notice that Mary wore a pair of luxurious diamond and ruby clips and that her smile was as sweet as ever.

I also met Gladys Swarthout, the lovely opera star, now here to make pictures, and I

can't remember who else, as it went on and on. But I'd rather melt into Sire Bartlett's arms and list to his mi-mi-mi's than say Howchado to millions of people, so I yanked him to the floor where he warbled softly, as commanded, and I got dreamy-orbed. When Mike doesn't sing I like him to smile. He has dimples!

Haven't you heard that "Good things come in small packages"? Seymour Felix, who was general producer for Florenz Ziegfeld, was titled "The King of Dance Directors." He is no elephant for size, but an awful biggie when it comes to arranging the light fantastic. His best friend is Eddie Cantor, so when one of Eddie's dotters had a birthday recently, Felix's two pretty girls gave her a party. A costume party, very, very gala, with a replica of Miss Cantor in costume atop the big birthday cake! But one look at the houseful of sixteen-year-olds and I skooted up to Mrs. Felix's lovely boudoir to do a bit of gabbing out of sight of the wee ones whose hoots of merriment, echoing through the halls, made me feel like a withered hag!

BUT the Missus Felix and me had fun. She told me wondrous tales of this one and that one. I'm still chuckling at Cantor's experience in an airplane recently. He had to fly East with a gent who was scared jittery of flying. He filled himself with Dutch courage and Eddie poured him into a sky-wagon. Half-way across the continent a terrifying storm arose and the plane began to dip perilously. By this time, our aforementioned friend was loving it, but Eddie was in a panic, and screamed to the cock-eyed one, "Good Lord! The plane is going to be dashed to the ground any moment!"

"Let it!" tee-heed his pal. "It ain't ours!"
Happy Landings!

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The Secret of Bing Crosby's Greatness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

foot on the final note; or answer jibe for jibe in a string of repartee for which the crooning star is noted.

Now conduct such as this argues control, a certain discipline of life, and such a discipline Bing Crosby practices, it may be without being wholly conscious of the fact.

He is not supported by delusions of grandeur, which have been helpful to many an actor in the past.

"That voice of mine has plenty of gravel in it," he told me cheerfully. "What talent I have is no more than any young American with an ear for music can successfully develop."

Then what has brought him to the position he occupies—that of chief crooner to the vast motion picture audience? To a fame so widespread that it is possible for an admirer in Hot Springs, Arkansas, to send a postcard merely addressed, "Where the blue of the night—" and have the Hollywood post office deliver it to Bing? Which happened while I was at the studio.

WHAT causes movie stars to rise from obscurity—for they almost invariably do so—to become the darlings of the world audience for motion pictures? And don't tell me it's luck.

There is no such word in the vocabulary of those who have been making a study of modern psychology.

But what about the breaks that so-and-so got?

The modern psychologist answers:

"We deliberately choose our experiences. They don't just happen to us."

What am I talking about? Why, a group of psycho-analysts, centered in Vienna, headed by Dr. Alfred Adler, exponent of what he calls Individual Psychology.

This may sound like a formidable statement, but their discoveries—and truly amazing discoveries they are—can be reduced to simple language.

We deliberately choose our experiences, they say, and we begin choosing them at an amazingly early age. What happens to us before we're five years old—and how we meet it—determines our character for the rest of our lives.

If the reader happens to be a young man with what he believes is some musical talent—perhaps it's some other talent, he still may profit by example; even if it happens to be a young woman reading this article—these hard-headed men of science will tell you there's a simple way to find out whether you are a potential Bing Crosby.

It has nothing to do with your appearance or your present situation in life. It may be you are laboring under what you consider a bad handicap. You may be one of a large family with older brothers and sisters, hogging everything, you think, and slapping you down at every opportunity. If so you are in the exact position to learn something interesting about your future.

So come along and we'll take a peep inside an old-fashioned American home, into a plain little house set among shade trees on a quiet street in Spokane, Washington. The time is summer, about 1916. It is the home of Harry L. Crosby, good-natured, harassed white-collar worker, struggling daily at his job as

auditor to support his wife and seven children. And immediately we should be introduced to this wife, to her who was Catherine Harrigan, for the young man at the piano—the young man who receives a staggering sum of money weekly for the exercise of a talent that he admits is in no way exceptional—owes his present position largely to her. It's common for boys to say, "I owe my success to my mother." But I'm not speaking now of early education and so on, but of maternal influence as students of the individual psychology understand it.

THE child just emerging from infancy models him or herself on one or the other parent. The boy who clings too closely to his mother's apron strings will grow into the effeminate type who is greatly handicapped in later life because of being different from other males, yet may achieve great things, usually in the arts. The boy who is a diminutive replica of his father is unbalanced on this side.

His future is limited by his entirely masculine approach to life.

You would conclude that the ideal is a compromise, and you are right. Now—into the house.

"Bingo" Crosby—the nickname derives from childish interest in a now defunct comic sheet called the *Bingville Bugle*—is alone with his mother.

He is digging his diminutive bathing suit out of a bureau drawer, reaching for his straw sailor—preparing to leave the house, supposedly for the swimming pool nearby where he has a job as locker boy.

Harry Lillis Crosby, as he was christened, is the third boy in this large family. Larry, Everett and Ted, the three eldest, also work to earn their way through school. But the little Bingo is sandwiched in between two sisters, Catherine and Mary Rose. Bob, the youngest of the family, is only a baby now. Too young to compete with the three older boys, Bing has been made the butt of their childish superiority urges.

SOMETHING in his manner as he gets ready to go to the swimming pool catches the sharp eye of her who was Catherine Harrigan. She knows today is the swimming contest for which the boy has been practicing all Summer, and she knows with the intuition of a mother that Bingo is going to duck it.

Yes, the inferiority feeling we all have in early childhood, has unexpectedly cropped up again in Bing. He knows he can't outswim those older boys. The raucous taunts of Larry, Everett and Ted have planted a doubt now grown during a sleepless night into a horrible certainty. But he can't tell Mama Crosby. It was her idea that he go in for athletics. She has encouraged him all Summer while he trained for this meet—and she expects her son to do his best. . . . Well, he'll just take his swimming suit and start out as usual—but he'll not go near that swimming pool today.

"Wait a minute, son. I'm going with you."

The small boy turns guiltily, a blush mantling his freckled face.

"But, mama—"

"It's all right, son. Just a minute till I get

my parasol. I might as well take my knitting too, I guess."

Equipped with parasol and knitting, Mrs. Crosby accompanied her offspring to the scene of his great boyhood trial.

Mrs. Crosby had never heard the phrase "inferiority complex," but she knew Bing had to lick that funk.

That afternoon Bing Crosby swam away with the meet.

He won seven medals.

And whenever he looked up at the bleachers between events, he could see the snapping eyes and approving smile of his mother as she made the knitting needles fly. Mama's boy won the meet that day and thereafter never faltered on the path that took him slowly but in regular sequence to the pinnacle of success on which he is perched today at the early age of thirty-one.

Mrs. Crosby could have made quite a different character out of the son whom playmates called Mama's boy. Because he was too young for the other boys to tolerate in their games he was left with her. She could have turned young Bing into a sissy—and handicapped him for life. But she influenced him in the other direction, in athletics, in competition with other boys. Bing achieved the ideal compromise of character I spoke about—a feminine wit and understanding coupled with a strong masculine outlook.

BECAUSE he had to stand for the childish tyranny of older brothers he learned that mighty virtue, patience. That's why he sat at the piano crooning that lyric over and over when something happened that was no fault of his—and never complained.

And because of the struggle with his brothers he learned to adjust himself socially to be a mixer.

Everybody justifiably wants to succeed. Individual psychologists call this desire the "goal of superiority."

That goal was early fixed in the right direction for Bing Crosby, thanks to maternal influence.

It was threatened by the bugaboo of the swimming meet and again the mother influence brought the boy through. Bing took up the study of law at his mother's instigation. In college where he had to earn his way, he found out there was money in a jazz band and that started him on his musical career.

Our dreams are the best guide to what our goal of superiority may be. Dreams, however disagreeable, are fulfillments of desire. When they are disagreeable they have been censored by our own mental censor. It is significant that Bing Crosby says he dreams but little. That is, he doesn't remember his dreams.

"I can't think of any dream that recurs frequently," he told me when I questioned him. "Generally I dream about things that have transpired during the day. And the dream is usually influenced by my physical condition."

PRESSED him to tell me more about his dream life. Then in answer to a question about the last dream he remembered, Bing said:

"The last dream I remember was about Henry Ford. I was talking to Mr. Ford and

his son Edsel. What about? Crooning. No, I don't remember whether Ford liked crooning or not. I think the dream was caused by somebody on the set telling about the Ford exhibit at the San Diego Exposition. There was one curious thing about this dream. Henry Ford appeared as a tall, dark individual. I know he's light and rather slightly built."

Now viewed in the light of psycho-analysis this is a dream of transferred identity. Strange as it may seem the dreamer identified himself with the tall, dark individual who was Henry Ford. The original of the tall, dark man was some character, a teacher perhaps, admired at some time by the juvenile Bingo; possibly, but not probably, a reflection of his father. Bing was right in saying the dream was suggested by somebody mentioning the Ford exhibit at the Fair. But that was only an excuse for the dreamer to identify himself with an individual who in a way is the very prototype of our modern American civilization—America's most successful man in the two fields most admired by Americans: mechanics and finance.

THUS the dream is a guide to Bing's superiority desires. Why, you might imagine, didn't he dream about Caruso and identify himself with a great singer? Because he's too smart to take his singing over-seriously. Bing fairly bristles when you ask him if he aspires to light opera.

He rightly considers the question an insult to his intelligence.

His feet are on the ground.

As with the average American youth, financial success means a great deal to Bing Crosby. As for radio, pictures, the stage—he's willing to quit the moment he thinks the public has had enough of him. From present indications that moment is far removed, but Bing means what he says.

Individual psychology concerns itself with three attitudes of the individual—toward society, toward work, toward love. I believe we've pretty well disposed of the first two in Bing's case.

When I asked him what first attracted him to the girl he married, Bing answered without any hesitation:

"A mutual sense of humor."

Friends bear out this assertion. Dixie Lee, the young actress who became Mrs. Bing Crosby and the mother of three young Crosbys, has the same sense of humor as her husband, the kind we call wise-cracking. Wit, in other words.

This is generally considered an Irish heritage and so we come back to the mother influence in Bing Crosby's childhood. Catherine Harrigan was a high-spirited young woman possessed of a sharp Irish wit when she married Harry Crosby, descendant of the Puritans who came to these shores in the Mayflower. It was Catherine who ran the house. She ran the family and the easy-going, hard-working Harry gladly submitted to her guidance.

THERE is no physical resemblance between Dixie Lee and the girl Harry Crosby married back in the gay nineties. But there exists a strong mental affinity. The spirit, the fighting qualities and the sense of dignity that goes with an appreciation of an individual's importance are evident to an observer in both ladies.

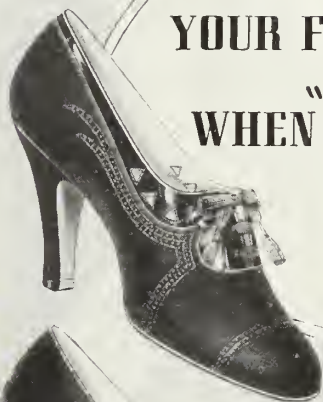
Bing Crosby is utterly lacking in what the English call "side." So is his mother and so is Dixie Lee.

You can't take yourself too seriously and have a sense of humor.



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Freulich

LADIES prefer brunettes. And one of the favorite dark-and-handsome heroes in Hollywood is Chester Morris. The fact that Chet is a happy husband doesn't still fluttering hearts of the girls out front

Joan Crawford Entertains

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

GREEN PEAS are a perfect accompaniment. Cook them slowly for twenty-five minutes in a covered heavy vessel, with no water. Instead, use half a head of lettuce. Add a bunch of green onions, cut in rounds. The water in these vegetables cooks and flavors the peas. Add a teaspoon of sugar and salt. When cooked, add half a pint of heavy cream, butter, and serve. These are delicious, and you can leave out the cream for every day. Once you have cooked this vegetable this way, you will always want to!

For salad, Joan prefers a mixture of plain green vegetables. French endive, if it is in your market, watercress, lettuce and chicory. With a plain French dressing. Another nice salad for a squab dinner, is sections of Mandarin oranges (can be purchased in tins) with lettuce and simple dressing.

The nicest dessert you can serve is *crêpes Suzette*, the luscious French pancake. And much easier to accomplish than you think. The batter consists of one cup of flour, three well beaten eggs, two cups of milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon of olive oil, the grated rind of an orange, and a teaspoon of sugar. Mix eggs and flour first, add other ingredients. Have your griddle hot, pour the batter on thinly and spread evenly by turning the griddle until the surface is covered. If it is a large griddle, you will need a little practice to turn such a large pancake, but it is really very simple. When baked a light brown on both sides, cut the cake in the center, to make two services. Butter lightly, spread with currant jelly (Bar le Duc, preferably), roll up, and dust with powdered sugar. Pour burning brandy over, and serve in flames.



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A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder... with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

What Love Has Done for Charlie Chaplin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

anywhere much even with his tremendous publicity and prestige behind them. Without them they didn't seem able to get over; no other director seemed to be able to get from them the performances that Chaplin had.

Virginia Cherrill's blind girl in "City Lights," in particular, was a beautifully inspired characterization which she has never since even remotely approached. Merna Kennedy had many big leading rôles after "The Circus"—the biggest of them in the ill-fated "Broadway"—but has never clicked. Georgia Hale is living quietly in a little Hollywood bungalow, scarcely ever heard of any more.

Three outstanding performances followed by as many let-downs can scarcely be coincidence. The answer is simply that the *Trilbies* are adrift without their *Svengali*—and so the spark is no longer there.

Goddard's career, he visualizes it as the beginning.

The film will be Charlie's first talkie, which he will write and direct, but in which he will not appear. He expects to start it within a month after winding up the present comedy of his own, which is a quite unheard of procedure for Charlie. It is all because of his enthusiasm for Paulette—as one of his most intimate associates put it, "Charlie is all pepped up."

WHEN Charlie was making "City Lights," it took him two weeks to get Virginia Cherrill to pick up a rose in just the way he wanted her to do it. The film took two years to make and cost practically two million dollars.

The present picture has been completed in nine months—a record for Charlie. He is cutting it now, and has only 150,000 feet of

The locale of the picture is a modern city—Charlie goes to work in a factory, with a lot of machinery for gags and such. Paulette is a gamin; Charlie gets into a jam with the cops to save her from being arrested, and so finds himself in jail. There is a jailbreak, and Charlie is the hero who prevents it, all of course unbeknownst to himself. He does not get the girl in the end any more than he ever has in any picture. Charlie knows that he can't have her in the picture, because it would ruin the pathos of the character he always plays.

That's the reason that character has never made a talkie, either, and never will. How would that character talk—with a mellifluous British accent?

But although Charlie can never have the girl in the picture, nevertheless Paulette Goddard is having a tremendous influence in his life. She is directly responsible for his desire to star her in the forthcoming film, and so may be indirectly responsible for whatever innovations Charlie says he will bring to the screen. And although his present comedy is his biggest production so far, he promises himself that her forthcoming picture shall be still bigger.

Perhaps, for the time being anyhow, it is Charlie who is the *Trilby*.

In his cutting-room, patiently going over every foot of film he has taken frame by frame—nobody else can substitute for Charlie here any more than anywhere else—he has seen how each of his leading ladies has reacted to his *Svengali*. The saying is trite but true: in Charlie's case genius, besides being heaven-born, is that infinite capacity of his for taking pains.

HE sees over again every take of every scene, and Charlie rarely takes a scene less than twenty times. Often as many as a hundred times. His patience is proverbial; he is never in a hurry; production costs, as far as Charlie is concerned, can go on and on forever . . . he is paying them. He makes pictures for the sake of the pictures themselves, not to a budget or release schedule. That is why "City Lights" made him six million dollars—*net*.

What he sees now gets him all excited. He rushes out of the cutting-room door with a strip of film in his hand. He conceived that scene, directed it, but it hits him anew.

"I say, look at this! Isn't she superb!"

He buttonholes the first of his staff whom he meets and holds up the strip of film. They go back into the cuttingroom; an hour, perhaps, and the other man comes out. But Charlie stays far into the night, meals, everything else forgotten. Paulette goes in, and they look at the film together. Paulette grows tired, goes home. Charlie is still there the next morning.

For the first time in several years Charlie really wants to work. Feels like working. Wants to create something for the sheer joy of creating and for the sweet pleasure of having some one to show it to, to do it for. Charlie had been getting a bit bored, a bit blasé. It had been a long time between pictures because he didn't feel the urge to do anything much. Had nobody to work for, no inspiration to work with. An idea just wouldn't come.

Another picture only a month from the last one?

Charlie had never done anything like that until Paulette came along.



Leo Carrillo donned a sombrero to entertain his distinguished Mexican guests, the Governor of the State of Sonora and Sheriff Bissuliz. The gentleman on the end, ordinary hat in hand, is comedian Fred Stone

Back in the old days, as a fitting climax to Edna Purviance's career, Charlie Chaplin made a picture called "A Woman of Paris." He made it largely in tribute to Edna, who had been his leading lady steadily since the Keystone era; in it, under Charlie's direction, Edna climbed dramatic heights nobody had ever dreamed of for her.

Incidentally, it was that picture, too, which made Adolphe Menjou. More than that, it was largely that picture which made the movies what they are today.

At the time its sophistication and technique were almost as startling an innovation as talkies later became. Charlie blazed new trails, and the other producers were quick to follow him. That seems to be a long way from *Trilby*, of course—except that Charlie now contemplates another picture which he anticipates will be an even greater innovation than was "A Woman of Paris."

Only, instead of being the climax of Paulette

film—another record. He says that the sole reason for the unheard-of speed and the amazingly small footage is simply that Paulette is so much easier to work with, so much more intelligent to take direction and so much more naturally talented than any of the others.

Charlie believes that he has found his perfect *Trilby*.

Charlie Chaplin's working method is pretty well known. He does everything. He writes the story, visualizes the sets, picks the camera angles. Nobody can help him because nobody else knows what he wants. He rehearses every scene for every character, playing each part exactly as he wants it played.

During the last scenes of this picture one of the players had difficulty getting over just what Charlie wanted. Charlie did it over and over again. "Do it just like that," he directed.

"If I could do it just like that," the player remarked, "I'd be Chaplin—but I'll do it as well as I can."

What is it that Charlie has which enables him to get from his leading women performances that other directors can never get after they have left him? What is it that enables them to feel what Charlie wants, actually to portray it as he wants it portrayed, when they can't do it for anybody else?

As well ask why is the sky so high or the ocean so blue—because that's the answer.

It must be just that same instinct that makes him what he is—that truly God-given instinct to understand human nature even while he stands aloof from it—or did. He doesn't so much any more. He used to wander aimlessly about like a lost soul, wander pointlessly about in that vast mansion of his, going from room to room and doing this and that for no earthly reason; going always to night-clubs by himself, wandering along Main Street or the Boulevard by himself, drifting here and there. . . .

But Paulette has changed all that, too. Now she goes with Charlie to the night clubs, and instead of just sitting there as he used to do, merely looking on, he seems to enjoy himself as thoroughly as any young college kid. He has bought a little boat and goes fishing—has cruised up the coast as far as Santa Cruz, though he goes usually to Catalina. Charlie seems to have found a completely new zest in life, as though his spirit has been rejuvenated.

He's still on the same pedestal he always was, but there's somebody there with him. Being a genius has always been a lonesome business for Charlie, but Charlie isn't lonesome any more. And although as always his work remains his absorbing interest, now he has some one whom he feels can share it with him, can understand and sympathize with what he is trying to do more than anybody else ever has.

Maybe *Svengali* has hypnotized himself this time—you never know.

Katherine DeMille, featured in "The Crusades," selects a silver Armor Mesh collar with matching bag.



Phillips Holmes, back in movie-town after a sojourn in England, escorts his pretty young sister to a welcome-home Hollywood party

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Know Luise Rainer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

bothered to tag her as much of anything when she first arrived, except, of course, Messrs. Ritchie, LeMaire and Brown who had marked her tremendous talent in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

Her status to practically everyone else was something like "x," the unknown quantity, because she certainly didn't look like anything worth labeling "dangerous."

I remember seeing her, months ago, sitting self-consciously in an office at M-G-M, looking very much like a stenographer about to ask for a job. She was being utterly miserable parting with the facts of her life history.

"That's Luise Rainer," someone said, "the new actress from Vienna. She's going to be something. You ought to write about her."

I PEERED again and she quickly turned her face. Her hair was down over her eyes like the tassels of a curtain. A few faint freckles saddled her perky nose. I didn't see the eyes—those eyes.

"So?" I said politely, "interesting—very interesting." What I meant was that I wasn't interested. And that was all right with Luise, I'm sure.

This little wonder girl from Vienna has, frankly, sneaked right up on Hollywood, under its very nose which she has seen fit to tweak delightfully in the very first picture she ever made in her life.

She came—and she vanished (which is great for the "Going Garbo" game now) to a remote house in Santa Monica Canyon where she still lives alone save for two servants, a Scotch terrier named Johnny, who growls unless addressed in German, and one of those musical contraptions which plays records all day long if you let it.

There for months, while the busybodies forgot about her, she walked up and down in the rambling garden as the long winded phonograph ground out the strains of Beethoven, her musical god. It seems she used to tread a certain tree-lined lane in a Vienna park where the composer had heard his immortal symphonies through the boughs, and this synthetic California lane helped her, no doubt, to rise above the tedious task of learning English, which had been started on the boat over, but which hadn't flourished so well in the throes of *mal de mer* or under a Harlem moon.

In fact, this learning English was the big *bete noir* she had to whip. A liberal education in some seven European schools for some reason had skipped it.

So from the very minute she arrived until Myrna Loy took an unexpected powder on "Escapade" Luise plugged at it with various and sundry tutors.

ALL the while, Luise shunned the studio like poison—to all appearances. They had to call her at least three times to persuade her to come on the lot.

The secret of her shyness, in this respect, she confessed to a friend, was that she knew the longer she stayed away the more noticeable her improvement in English would be each time she did show up!

On the sly, however, she invaded the lot and crept mouselike into sound mixing booths and into the dark shadows of sound stages, getting a wise eyeful of how it was done. Her visits

presented the inevitable picture of a glossy bob flying in wisps in front of her tanned face above a queer little tailored jacket, hardly in the Hollywood mode.

This worried a certain gentleman at M-G-M. "You should dress up more," he hinted.

Luise took this in stride. "For my lover, yes," she admitted, "for my producer—no." And that was that.

It was a surprise for everyone when she was picked to pinch hit for the runaway Miss Loy in "Escapade," despite the fact that Luise had played the rôle on the stage in Europe. You see, most everyone had forgot about her even being here, and the few that remembered had no idea her English was anywhere near ready to record.

So one big surprise was the test which rushed her right into the co-starring part with Bill Powell.

But the biggest surprise was Rainer herself, about whom, as you might have gathered, the sum of all Hollywood knowledge added up to practically nothing.



Benita Hume and Edmund Lowe agree it's been a pleasant evening. They were caught by the camera just as they left the Trocadero

She surprised the natives by flashing a dynamic, tomboyish personality, capricious and humorously naive one minute; solemn, sophisticated and stunningly inspired the next.

Her little turned-up nose with its powdering of freckles was into everything. She wanted to ride on the rubber-tired camera dolly. She twisted her sturdy little body and threw her firm, slim legs in mad tap dances to the phonograph arias of Cab Calloway and the Mills Brothers, for whose "hi-de-hoes," oddly enough she developed a mad passion. One particularly she demanded, "the one about why Miss Otis cannot go to dinner."

SHE ran away to haunt the set where Ted Lewis was sobbing on his clarinet, regarding him in wide-eyed wonder. "He plays loose music," she explained.

She made bosom friends of Charles Laugh-ton, Peter Lorre and Lillian, the make-up woman, under whose ministrations she would fidget until that worthy threw up her hands and threatened.

"If you don't be good, Miss Rainer, I'm going to quit and go."

She had a way about her that immediately won the hearts of everyone around her, and she kept them all in convulsive stitches with her earnest but often comic attempts at colloquial English. The day, for instance when she arrived whirling on the set in a bubble of excitement.

She had seen a snake in her garden. "It had a doorbell on the tail," she said. That didn't get over, so she ran around the stage going "b-z-z-z—b-z-z-z." Yes—it was a rattlesnake.

And at the cocktail party which Bill Powell cooked up on the set the last day of the picture, Robert Leonard, the director, thinking to have his little joke, said jovially, "Well, Luise, it's too bad—just too bad that your part of the picture had to land on the cutting room floor."

Whereupon Luise raised sad eyes mournfully and reproached:

"Do not say such things."

The same Leonard, doubtless unaware of the international significance of his act, introduced her to the mysteries of apple pie one day in the commissary.

From then on she ate practically nothing else except the bars of Dutch chocolate which her mother forwards in great bundles. Leonard had no idea he was founding a gastronomic bond between America and Austria. For Luise immediately secured the recipe and had her mother distribute it among all her friends in Vienna and Düsseldorf, where her father, a wealthy merchant before the Depression got him, and her family still live.

The Rainer nature is such that when she goes in for anything there are no half measures, and no compromise with time.

Someone, observing the apple pie and chocolate diet, told her she was getting fat. Even though the scales told her that her five feet weighed only a little over a hundred pounds still she worried.

Donald Loomis, physical conditioner at M-G-M, was called in.

"How quick you make me thin?" asked Rainer.

LOOMIS said he thought some weight ought to vanish in about six treatments.

"Good," was her answer, "I take them all right now!"

Her moods, volatile and spontaneous, can change in an instant. From an eager, bubbling child she can become a serious artist with the weight of the world on her slender shoulders. A few bars of the inevitable Beethoven on a portable phonograph does it. Rainer lives in a world of music. If the repeater phonograph isn't playing she's playing the piano. On the set she snaps on a record, sits and listens a moment, snaps it off and walks right into her scenes in the perfect mood, no matter if she has been flinging her feet to a jazz band the minute before.

Bill Powell, Robert Leonard and everyone who was in on the first demonstration has been walking about shouting the praises of this

strange little exotic as a valid, gifted, job-understanding actress.

Personally, too, beneath the theatrical masque and the elfin exterior, lives a very deep thinking, elemental person. In her way she's deeply religious.

One of her closest friends is Krishnamurti, the Hindu messiah.

I don't know whether or not his teachings have had any effect on her philosophy, but she believes devoutly in several things, and she orders her life by her beliefs.

SHE believes in living very close to nature, for one thing. The first ones to talk to her discovered, to their astonishment, that in the few months she has been here she has taken in practically all of the sights of California—all by herself.

Right after "Escapade" was completed, Luise told her maid she would be gone "about an hour" and rolled away in her little Ford roadster. She had fifteen dollars in the pockets of her little jacket, but she didn't let that stop her.

She stayed away five days, during which she penetrated Mexico to the little town of Ensenada, sleeping in rural inns and eating fifteen and twenty-cent meals. She took up with some picknickers for one day's outing, stopped back by the World's Fair in San Diego, which she thoroughly investigated, and arrived home broke but happy, lugging a seat full of souvenirs and samples, wildflowers and rocks.

She's just home now from another roadster tour through the Northwest and Canada.

You look in vain to the background for the why of Luise Rainer's genius or her personality. She was merely the daughter of a middle class European, who migrated from Mexico to Austria and became a wealthy merchant. There were no artists in her family and she had never read a dramatic line until the day when she walked into the small theater of Luise Dumont near her beer-and-schnitzel sounding hometown of Düsseldorf and after a half hour's study gave a scene so well that she won a part.

All of this was at the age of sixteen years, when the family wealth vanished. There is little to account for the spark of her brilliance except, as Bill Powell guesses, "It started before she was born."

Somewhere, and not so far back, a love tragedy clouded Luise Rainer's life. She doesn't speak of it, and no one knows much except that he was killed in an accident. But the tragedy hasn't clouded her outlook, for she believes in the immortality of the mind and of love.

Also she believes in the power within herself to do anything she wants and be anything she desires.

PERHAPS that accounts for the extreme capable confidence which Europe labelled "prodigy" six years ago and which Hollywood terms "talent" today. Perhaps that is why Luise could walk, when she had to, into that small theater and make it lead her upon a career through Shakespeare, Ibsen, Pirandello, on to Max Reinhardt's theater and then to Hollywood.

Perhaps that's why this little twenty-two-year-old Viennese *extraordinaire*, who is the screen's current sensation, can smile her sweetly mischievous mouth into apple dumpling cheeks and puff her bangs with a chuckle when she hears the cry that haunted Dietrich and many another invader from across the seas—"imitating Garbo."

She knows herself—and she knows better than that.

School girls keep their faces young and alert by enjoying Double Mint gum daily



Don't Try to Explain Warren William

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

about this man who's seldom mentioned by the press. On the contrary, he is sincerely fond of people, interested in their ideas and problems. And although inefficient at strutting, he is one stay-at-home who is pleased with company.

Twenty miles from Hollywood is the house which he recently bought and remodelled beautifully, imaginatively. Its charming cheerfulness speaks volumes, if he doesn't. His lovely gardens, a riot of shade trees and flowering plants on rolling ground bisected by a brooklet, resound with the gay laughter of his guests. The picturesque swimming pool and model tennis court are there for him to share.

Nor is a ban placed on the Hollywood scribblers. A number of them are frequent visitors, sipping delightful cocktails, enjoying his and Helen's genuine hospitality. But much as they want to reciprocate a bit by giving him some publicity breaks, they cannot. Warren can talk well on all but personal subjects.

ON Broadway he made his first real hit in a show in which he sang "Express Yourself, My Boy!" In Hollywood he has never been asked to croon a tune, but repeatedly he's been begged to trot himself out on display. When Helen recalls the theme of that early song Warren replies that he was merely acting—so isn't bound to accept his own advice.

There is a great deal he could find to chat about if he ever chose to prod himself into probing his own mind.

Love is the pet space-grabbing slant for the stars. Exceptionally handsome, Warren is the recipient of many ardent letters from women who sense that an amazing tenderness lurks not far below the surface of his urbane manner. He is the type who might profitably play up the sophisticated lover line. And he could paint a glamorous tale of his own love story—if he were a man given to disentangling his emotions.

His and Helen's ideal union had a strange beginning. Fate seemed to be testing, toying with them.

She fell in love with a photograph of him. She saw it in his sister's apartment. Subsequently, she was blue because the first two opportunities she had of meeting Warren were muffed by sudden illness on her part. A wealthy, much-traveled parentless girl, Helen was horribly shy. She had gone to New York City to become an actress. But, in spite of possessing a tremendous affection for the stage, she was too timid to attempt the struggle.

But she was determined to arrange to meet the original of that picture, however! She moved into the building where Warren's elder sister lived and became close friends with her. Warren was then at Camp Dix, waiting to be sent overseas for war duty. Bound to know him, Helen succeeded on the third try. She tagged along when his sister went to see him at camp.

After hours of delay, Warren sauntered into the room where they waited. His sister was angry at his nonchalance, but he proffered no excuse. He tranquilly sat and said about four words. But he sat alongside Helen!

When they finally rose to go he declared he'd accompany them to the train. He

climbed aboard, too. His sister was horrified when he made no move to get off. Casually he returned to the city with them. Again he slid into the seat by Helen. And that evening he dated her. Early the next morning she awoke to get a special delivery note which he'd dashed off the minute he'd arrived back at camp. He would be in again shortly.

Never having shown any special concern for girls, he fell instantly for this one. That first evening together they'd gone to an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village, with his sister and her beau. When Helen had to reach across the table, Warren stooped and kissed the back of her neck. His astonished sister commented next day, "Well, he isn't as slow and backward as I thought!"

Fate threw in an influenza epidemic to keep them apart. Camp Dix was quarantined and Warren was stuck there. So he wrote her every day without fail. Finally it was over and he advised her he was borrowing a motorcycle on which to ride into the city. Helen, her head in a whirl, waited for hours that night. He never came. Quarantine had been slammed down again.

Then a year's parting was given them to triumph over. Warren had to sail for France without a chance to tell her good-bye. But the letters continued, and they were thrilling *billet-doux* that came from somewhere in Flanders. He composed poetry to her, too. Lovely it was, she remembers. Today, Warren gasps, "Good Lord, don't ever admit that!"

In the Spring of 1919 he was sent home to America. The ship didn't dock at New York and he'd written Helen that he'd spend a month with his family in Minnesota before returning to the city. He stayed twenty-four hours in the Mid-West and then tore East.

HE had studied to be an actor. Warren's father was a newspaperman, puzzled as to what to do with his only son. When high school plays revealed a talent for acting, the family decided that the theater probably was the best bet for the dreamer. So he was shipped off to New York's finest dramatic academy.

Totally different from the Bohemian kind who usually is fascinated by the artificiality of the stage, Warren never had any Barrymore or Mertonish characteristics. He was, instead, an inconspicuous, painstaking scholar, enjoying the profession selected for him because he could carefully create characterization. He comprehended what a vast art it really was. The two year course wound up just as war broke.

So now, the ghostly foreign interlude over, he emerged from it comparatively unaffected to seek his first job. He joined Equity and was sunk when they called a general strike. The only thing looming on a dark horizon was a road show. Appropriately for his mood, the title of the drama in which he thereupon went barnstorming was "I Love You." He thought not of the play, but the girl he'd left behind him.

The tiny, ultra-feminine Helen captivated him. But his courtship was shy.

Returning from the road, he sampled films, portraying a half-witted carpenter in one epic and heroing for Pearl White in a serial. Next he went out on the road again, but this time with Ruth Chatterton in "La Tendresse."

When that closed he couldn't delay any more. Helen and Warren were dining in her apartment when he proposed. It wasn't flowery. Indeed, he wondered why she'd want to marry a fellow like him.

His sister had warned Helen that he'd be a terrible husband. So complex, inclined to be stubborn, indifferent to many ordinary inclinations! And Helen had replied that she hadn't the faintest intention of matrimony. So she said yes quickly and there was a secret ceremony at an Episcopal Church and a honeymoon at Atlantic City—before they let anyone else in on their news.

Followed Summer, hot and jobless. With nothing in sight, Warren resolved to try Hollywood. They separated tearfully and for three months he sought in vain for a movie tumble in California. There wasn't a solitary bid, so he returned to New York.

ONE memorable day a little theater group offered him a rôle. Warren was supposed to be a member of Parliament. He stuffed himself with a pillow and orated so nobly that he won huzzahs. Somehow too dignified to be a regulation juvenile, he next was the ultimate choice for the young lover in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie." From then on he was set. Continued good luck on Broadway and, going to the Coast for "The Vinegar Tree" with Mary Boland, he was seized by the studios.

Many a happily married actor starts stepping after Hollywood has showered fame upon him. But there's never been a when-ladies-meet climax in this star's private life. Sixteen years have sped by since the runaway wedding and no other woman has ever romantically sidetracked him. Of course, he might discourse on how he's avoided passion's pitfalls. Only he doesn't speculate on bridges he hasn't crossed.

Helen, meanwhile, has buried her own ambition in his success. She insists she has overcome her old shyness, deliberately, so that she and her husband will not be imposed upon. She tags Warren as "almost stupidly honorable" at times. He hates to argue and fight for his rights. In Hollywood she feels those who fling reserve to the winds go farthest.

Still, Warren is perfectly satisfied as is. He can't exploit his emotions; in fact, he would be miserable if he were a puppet on continual promenade. He says thanks but he'll take Hollywood his way.

The only complaint he can be induced to register is about rôles. Idealism burns as brightly as of yore, and he longs for a crack at film characters of depth and importance.

HE has never had any particular struggle and so cannot summon up a saga of Horatio Alger proportions. Never broken-hearted, he has no yesteryear chapters on which to reminisce effectively. He abhors gossip, and has never been known to slam another actor. Which is downright peculiar in Hollywood!

He can talk winningly on current crises, literature, the drama, music, sports, gardening, and best of all—about the sea. But switch to Warren William and how he ticks and he's dumb. Too fatalistic to be lured into a nervous tension by Hollywood, he will never succumb to the grand gestures.

Why Male Stars Marry Plain Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

deeper beauty is to him as refreshing as a frosty mint julep on a hot day. Or a Tom and Jerry on a cold one.

Fredric March shares top honors in the feminine heart pit-a-pat class. The famous beauties of the screen fight for him, demand he play opposite them to bring their film romances to the ultimate in power and appeal.

Yet for Freddie, in his intimate life, there is but one woman, companionable Florence March. Florence who is rather on the intellectual side, quiet and compelling. Florence who makes his house a home.

Bob Montgomery, whose boyish charm and good looks have made him a prime favorite with the femmes of a nation, is most happily married to Betty Montgomery, who is pretty in a delicate way but certainly no match for the fiery force of Crawford, the sophisticated appeal of Harding, or the glowing magnetism of the other lovely ladies of the screen to whom Bob whispers, in excellent dialogue, those intriguing suggestions.

BOB, without a doubt, could pretty much pick and choose from the loveliest should he want a new, a different wife. He doesn't.

Leslie Howard is still another. Leslie who makes the girls—young and old—troop into darkened theaters to absorb second hand what they may from his unusual appeal.

Even in his personal life Leslie has had many and persistent attentions from screen beauties who would like to poach on Ruth Howard's private domain.

So what? They can't get to first base. Ruth Howard holds a willing Leslie by far more powerful ties than a finely chiseled brow or dark glowing eyes. Such beauty fades; Ruth's personality is enriched by the years of their association together, by her being the mother of Leslie's two lovely children.

Once upon a time Bob Young was the beau gallant for lovely Virginia Bruce. Then Virginia married John Gilbert.

What happened to Bob? Did the great flame die? Nonsense. He promptly married little Betty Henderson, the girl who sat behind him in school in the by-gone days. It wasn't any rebound marriage either. Bob simply woke up, realized where his real happiness lay, and grabbed it.

HE wouldn't let it go now for all the Janet Gaynors, the Jean Parkers, the Merle Obrons, the Ruth Chattertons.

Thus it goes, likewise, with Richard Dix whose rugged good looks led him a merry chase of romance among the filmland beauties and who married his erstwhile secretary, Virginia. She alone possessed, obviously, what it took to tie tightly his wandering affections.

The same thing is true of the wives of Paul Muni, John Boles, Otto Kruger, John Beal and others. Lovely women, all of them. Women of charm. But no Dietrichs, no Lombards, no Harlows. They frankly admit it and forget about it. It isn't important to their happiness.

Francis Lederer, widely heralded as the great lover, prefers the piquant charm of literary Mary Anita Loos to throbbing beauty. Paul Cavanagh chooses writer Reine Davies to beau.



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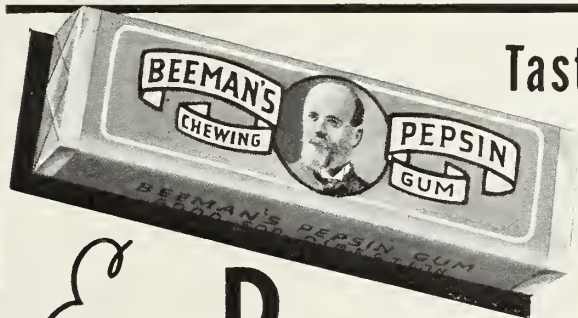
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So frequently as to be amazing, the eligible bachelors of filmdom, for whose time and attention ladylike but nonetheless grim battles are waged by the famous beauties, forsake the glamour girls for women more like the rest of us, just average girls, just nice girls.

Well, how come?

One can't, with impunity, approach a man and ask point blank. It isn't cricket, for one thing, and it's downright nose-y, for another. But one can face facts, turn a mental hand-spring and hazard a guess or two.

Candy merchants invariably permit new employes to eat as they will of the saccharine wares. It's a slick system; within a week they are surfeited.

So, it seems to be with glamorous beauty. Despite its variations of line and coloring, beauty can become cloying when served in steady, generous rations.

Less beautiful women apparently bring more—far more—to marriage. Possessing less physical appeal they needs must exert themselves. Their wares, frankly, must be varied and potent. Wares such as an even disposition, perfectly attuned to supplement the mood of the man. A smoothly running household. A charming hostess. A devoted mother. Selflessness to the *n*th degree yet with it strength of character.

Men, handsome or not, are boys at heart. They need mothering. They want it. It's good for them. Applause generously given for accomplishment. Consolation for disappointment. And above all, understanding which takes both time and patience.

SUCH are the ways of women who bring qualities other than beauty to their men, and such are their gifts in lieu of beauty.

Lastly, do not forget the instinctive desire of the male to dominate. He wants the power and the glory spotlighted on him. He wants to be the focal point for attention and fuss. He wants, simply, to be the big shot.

Easy enough to attain when there is no competition but definitely on the difficult side when the world is ringing with the renown of his wife, when her beauty is flashed from every billboard, and her name a household word.

It's every man for himself, then, and the devil take the hindmost. In the scramble to keep from being the hindmost, love goes overboard.

This desire of men for the spotlight, the center of the stage, is a natural one. There is a sound reason for it, rebel at the idea as women may.

It is one of the basic laws of nature. The dominant male, lording his super strength by

giving the female the protection of it. Consider the jungle lion with his magnificent mane and his mate so colorless in comparison. Consider the brilliant peacock and the dull brown peahen. Or the common little robin with his breast of flaming red where his mate must be content with dowdy gray-brown feathers.

Man wants, with that domination, security of possession, freedom from nagging jealousy or tearing fear of loss.

Somewhere among these guesses may lay the answer to why so many kings and crown princes of Hollywood give their passing fancy to a beauty and keep their love for gentler, less spectacular women.

Dorothy Parker once wrote a sprightly bit she called "Words of Consolation to be Scratched on a Mirror."

"Helen of Troy had a wandering glance;
Sappho's restriction was only the sky;
Ninon was ever the chatter of France;
But oh, what a good girl am I!"

If, in their hearts, these less beautiful wives sometimes envy the glamour of their sisters, they may well paraphrase that last line to "Oh, what contentment have I!"

They may well remember, also, two things: that beauty is skin deep; and that the lonely beauties envy them their security.

Don't Talk to Me About Diets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

And the first thing I see is one of the town's most beautiful damsels eating extra helpings of boiled brisket of beef.

While I was recovering my poise, and my appetite, Charlie Chaplin came in with Paulette Goddard. I didn't need to have Charlie identified for me—he wasn't so effectively disguised as Jean had been in her gray sweater—and I assumed correctly that the svelte young woman was Miss Goddard. Here, I said, are two worldlings who will be content to plumb for a chicken's oyster or angle for that tiny white morsel which lies under the eye of a river trout. Immediately they went into a huddle with both Johnnys—there are two at the Beverly Hills, both masters of the culinary art—and when the dishes began to appear, I noticed that they, too, were eating a substantial repast. Both had large plates of Scotch broth with barley and ox joint *a la* Derby, and they didn't hesitate to take the latter firmly in their fingers so as to get all of the meat that was coming to them.

THAT was not all. The hour of dessert had struck. Aleene, fragile, bird-like, blonde Aleene, who looks the way Bessie Love used to look, was dangling before Charlie's and Paulette's delighted eyes a huge tray of assorted cakes.

Aleene, who has a passion for cake herself—and how does she do it?—was recommending the various brands. The suspense was terrific, but brief. Paulette, good girl, chose chocolate cocoanut; Charlie, sponge.

I looked around. In all that roomful of celebrities, only four were eating what anybody could call a light meal. Three of the four were men. The dainty woman was Norma Shearer; she contented herself with scalloped breast of chicken—I wanted to tell her that the best place in the world to eat that dish

was on the sidewalk outside of Botti's in Rome—and an avocado in cream. Ricardo Cortez was toying with plain broiled filet of sole and chopped spinach; George O'Brien had filet of sole, too, only his were fried, and instead of spinach he drank a cup of coffee with hot water; Warner Baxter was luxuriating in what I later learned was his favorite dish, clam chowder.

Everybody else was displaying what I was soon to learn was a typical Hollywood attitude toward food. Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland were eating Brown Derby lamb stew; long, lean Ned Sparks, filet of sole Marguery followed by cocoanut custard pie; Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge, a *wiener schnitzel* and chocolate cake; Charles Ruggles, spaghetti Derby; Ernst Lubitsch, a steak Tartare; and Louella Parsons, who first gave publicity to the famous Hollywood Diet, a hamburger de luxe with mustard sauce.

I took out my own diet list. It was a wow. I could eat zwieback and joreh bread, spinach and krumbles, zoolac, fermillac and lactone. My high point was one egg a day, just like a hen. My luncheon should be one slice of very coarse bread toasted, without butter, and one cup of hot water flavored with coffee without sugar or cream.

But it's funny how the very thought of going on a diet stimulates your food imagination. As I meekly ordered my bread and water, I saw myself as a boy again, diving into the big brown crock on the lower shelf and coming up with a doughnut impaled on each of ten stubby fingers. I recalled that later and more sophisticated day at the *zakouska* table in the Chateau Basque, high on a wave-worn rock at Biarritz, with the proprietor, a grand-ducal old bird with a long beard, industriously plying me with successive courses of smoked gooseflesh, raw herring, spiced eels, stuffed chilis, smoked sturgeon,

pickled mushrooms, minced cabbage and fresh caviar.

"Aleene," I called, "bring me one of those hamburgers!"

All this was luncheon. That night, I dined at Sardi's, where Alex, the suave *maitre d'hôtel* who used to preside over the refined revelries at the Beverly Hills Hotel, pointed out the celebrities and their favorite dishes. Since Nick, the famous Vine Street restaurateur—whose beard grew so fast he had to shave between noodle soup and hot cakes—was sold down the river to the motion pictures, Alex and John Portilla are the best known French *maitres* in Hollywood. John is a Spaniard; and Alex, whose last name is Psihoyios, is a Greek. Come to think of it, Nick isn't a Frenchman, either. But the point is, Alex knows his Hollywood stuff.

The diners I saw that evening were certainly not erring on the delicate side. Marlene Dietrich, who is always pictured eating in some very foreign restaurant—and does eat there some of the time, because I saw her one night with her husband and daughter and Brian Aherne under the trees at the Russian Eagle—was doing very well this evening on a good husky filet mignon, which had been preceded by a Sardi's *hors d'oeuvres*, a meal in themselves. I couldn't see what Mr. Von Sternberg was having for his main dish, but he had *Liederkrantz* cheese after it—I didn't need to see that!—and a drink of Sliwovitz brandy from his own bottle which Alex keeps for him in the Sardi wine cellar.

THE hour-glass Mr. Menjou was making a good meal on eminence of tenderloin *a la* Menjou—roast beef hash to you and me—with a special sauce of mushrooms, lamb kidneys and green peppers. His wife, Verree Teasdale, required something more substantial; she looked the bill over carefully,

then ordered lamb sauté. Alex says she always does. Lili Damita, in the next booth, was struggling with a great plate of *bouillabaise*. Busby Berkeley and Myrna Kennedy were sampling pressed wild duck and sweet potatoes. And in the big booth in the corner, the whole Harold Lloyd family was devouring hamburger Sardi and broccoli Hollandaise.

Since that fateful day, when I abandoned for all time the idea of dieting in Hollywood, I have eaten many meals, not only in these two restaurants but in Perino's, Levy's, the Vine Street Derby and The Hat. I have sampled most of the delicacies of those rendezvous of elegance, the Vendome, the Trocadero and Victor Hugo's; I have dined and danced at the Biltmore Bowl, in the Gold Room at the Beverly-Wilshire and, of course, in the far-famed Coconut Grove; but the answer has always been the same: Hollywood eats, and eats plenty.

And it isn't only the kind of food; but the size of the portions. Nowhere, even in New York, except at Frank Case's Algonquin which also caters to the theatrical trade, are plates so heaped as they are, for example, at good old Al Levy's tavern. Al boasts that he has catered to three generations of Hollywoodians, and after getting outside one of his famous *ragouts* it is easy to see why he has kept his trade. Quality plus quantity is Levy's slogan.

THE miracle of the thing is that it doesn't seem to do anybody any harm. Even I, who brought my stomach to Hollywood an international, nay, an intercontinental ruin, have experienced no increase in pain. Yesterday the ache lasted only two hours. Two hours out of twenty-four! That isn't much to pay for the happiness I get out of this wonderful Hollywood Diet. Moreover, eating out here in California doesn't seem to change the waistband. Fat fellows like Irvin Cobb and Wallace Beery stay fat. Slim girls like Jean Harlow and Connie Bennett stay slim. And so everybody eats and eats, and goes right on eating.

"How do they do it?" I asked Mario, the headwaiter at the glittering new Victor Hugo, "and keep their figures?"

Mario used to be such a good headwaiter in New York, and now he is such a good headwaiter in California. In fact, he is fast becoming a native son. His answer was brief, and, from every Chamber of Commerce standpoint, conclusive:

"It must be," he smiled, "the climate!"



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Letters

On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

POWELL SUBSIDIZED?

LIKE William Powell. I like his acting. He has poise, lightness, and deft humor. I like his plays, particularly "The Thin Man," and "Star of Midnight." Both were clever and amusing, with plenty of quick action, surprises and pat dialogue. But, has the suave William been subsidized by the alcohol industry?

In scene after scene drinks appear with such clockwork regularity as to give an almost-monotonous touch in contrast to the fresh originality and unexpectedness of the other details of these plays.

One pauses in child-like wonder at the amazing capacity.

ALLENE GATES, Chicago, Ill.

ON TEAMING

IT seems that when producers team up the stars for pictures they have no regard as to whether the personalities match. Ian Hunter seemed much too old to play opposite Bette Davis in "The Girl from 10th Avenue," and Tullio Carminati didn't need much more age to be the father of Lillian Harvey in "Let's Live Tonight." I suggest teaming actresses with actors their own age, and *vice versa*.

HAROLD ROSENTHAL, Blytheville, Ark.

HOLLYWOOD OKAYED

AN extended visit to Hollywood has proved to me that but a small percentage of the people there live extraordinary lives.

HARRY J. FRAZIER, Bellevue, Nebraska



Margaret Sullavan was offered a six-room bungalow while on location for "So Red the Rose," but she chose to live in a tent instead



After working indoors under lights for weeks in "The Crusades," Henry Wilcoxon and Katherine De Mille enjoyed sea breezes and sunshine when they spent a holiday ruling the waves on Wilcoxon's yacht.

ON RETIRING

WHY can't actors retire gracefully when their popularity wanes, instead of being forced by their tremendous egotism to accept unsuitable rôles and then—oblivion? So, you old-timers, we salute you as having done your work faithfully and having afforded us many hours of pleasure and entertainment. So, then, won't you step aside for the new Swansons, Pickfords, Barrymores, Cantors, and Jolsons who aspire to your places, and whom we hope will fill those places as capably as you have done?

MRS. A. G., St. Louis, Missouri

LOVE FOR FIELDS

WE people down here in Tennessee keep the guest room in each of our hearts clean swept and in perfect order for W. C. Fields. We believe him to be the greatest guy and the best actor on the screen. There's something in Fields that makes every fellow remember that bluff and hearty old granddad of his; he's so entirely real and so little of artificiality that we couldn't keep from loving him if we tried.

TURNER W. CLINARD, Charlotte, Tenn.

HUMAN NATURE

MANY of the screen and stage players change planes here in Pittsburgh on their Coast to Coast trips. It's amusing, and sometimes astonishing, to compare their manners; some are so charming and kind, while others are not. To quote a young lady who was asked for her autograph by the waitress in the airport's lunch room: "That's not what I'm here for." But, I think it would be wrong and unfair to judge all by one.

MRS. M. FAY, Pittsburgh, Penn.

THINKING OF SELVES?

ARE not the comedians thinking only of themselves instead of the public which made them prematurely independent when they "retire" or contract for one picture a year? What of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Polly Moran, Ben Blue, Buster Keaton, Joe E. Brown? More credit to Edward E. Horton, Charlie Chase, Laurel and Hardy, and the others who have given us one good laugh after another. If we had more laughter, and more actors like them, we'd live in a kinder, better world.

MARION M. LAMB, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THINK it is about time some of the comedy producers realized that the present crop of so-called comedians like Clark and McCullough, Smith and Dale, and Ben Blue are not funny but silly. It is a pity to waste the film on them with so many real comedians on the screen, like Charles Chase, Andy Clyde, and Clyde Cook. The rôles should be given to comedians who know how to play them.

MAXINE BANTA, Terre Haute, Indiana

UNA AND FRANCHOT

UNA MERKEL and Franchot Tone rate another picture together for their grand work in "One New York Night." They are a fine team. Is that right, Merkel fans? Come on and give her a big hand.

JACK KILROY, Port Huron, Michigan

NO CORSET!

WONDER why so much money is spent by producers to make perfect some details of a picture while other details are entirely neglected. For instance, when a girl is dressed in an old-fashioned way, she never takes the trouble of wearing a corset corresponding to her dress. Doesn't she realize that such negligence spoils her appearance? The movies have been able to show correctly everything with one exception: A girl of the Victorian period neatly dressed, with proper corset, small waist—every detail in keeping with the period.

CLAUDE LUCAY, Buenos Aires, Argentine

EXAGGERATED?

ARE not the "evils of sex" somewhat exaggerated by our would-be film reformers? Surely a majority of adults and adolescents have had upbringing and education good enough to offset "evil effects" of our films. As for the juveniles, to them sex means but one thing—boredom! They chatter and fidget when such a film is on. Watch them at a Western or any action story—every fibre is thrilled. The greatest harm perpetrated by a nasty film is surely to the man who exhibits it.

W. BEECHAM, Perth, Australia

TO OLDER PEOPLE

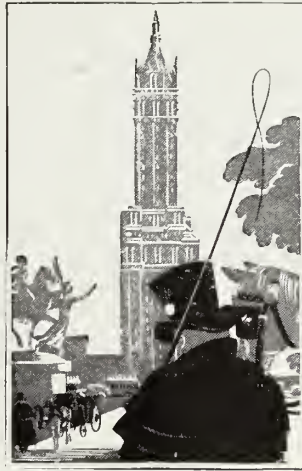
AM a 73-year-old "movie fan," and I believe I voice the sentiments of all older people when I say that I think the producers should make more Will Rogers, George Arliss, and Shirley Temple pictures. They bring more lasting pleasure than any other characters.

MRS. C. W. BEAM, Lincolnton, N. C.

FRED AND GINGER

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LUCILLE JENNINGS, Springfield, Ill.



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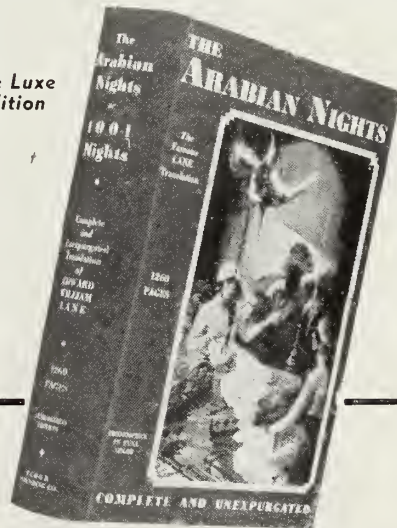
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For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at \$60.00 and upward. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterpris-



WILLIAM WALLINGER

IN deep shadows, a beam of light suddenly sweeps across three faces to make this dramatic photograph. Left to right, Cary Grant, Gertrude Michael, and Claude Rains, leads in Paramount's "The Last Outpost"

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal

DOROTHY PAGE, fresh from radio popularity, and Henry Mollison, of the English stage, make their American film debut in a light movie of hackneyed plot. Ricardo Cortez, an East Side boy who becomes the owner of a night club, wants to meet society. He buys an introduction to concert singer Dorothy Page, and falls in love with her, only to be confused in his courtship by her hired double. Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta, henchmen for Cortez, furnish the laughs.

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox

TUTTA ROLF is charming, but this, her first American picture is disappointing. The little French modiste, who loves and loses Canadian Officer Clive Brook, rediscovers him in Paris when she has become the rage of the continent as a Russian dancer, and his struggle to choose between this glamorous new love and the memory of the little dressmaker make a thin story, despite lavish staging and a good cast.

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone

IF you remember the custard-pie-cop-chase era of screen humor, you'll heave a sigh for your lost youth. If not, you'll get an eyeful of the stars and startling antics of the dear, dead days. Two reels of this is unadulterated old time slapstick with Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marie Prevost, Hank Mann, Vivien Oakland and Dewey Robinson. A side splitting revival.

THE BLACK ROOM—Columbia

A DUAL rôle for Boris Karloff, portraying on one side the brutal lord and on the other his twin brother gentle and civilized. Their death at each other's hands (with a weird twist of course) realizes an ancient family tradition. Done in costume, with a foreign background, makes it picturesque, with very little else to recommend it. Marian Marsh and Katherine DeMille are lovely.

PURSUIT—M-G-M

IF you like a good old serial chase, with racing trains and roaring automobiles, you'll eat this up. Chester Morris and Sally Eilers try to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child across the Mexican border to his mother and away from custody seeking relatives. It's quite a job. Loose story threads and thin gags don't make it too interesting. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson.

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram

AN amusing, but confused, picture dealing with a press agent's idea of having an old carnival pal pull an "Honest John" sandwich man stunt to increase his theater attendance. Harry Holman, as the rapid-talking old pitcher who finds the planted \$10,000 and returns it to the police station, is the one bright spot in an otherwise ineffective film. Russell Hop-ton and Irene Ware fair.

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M

A CONFUSING but fairly amusing story, largely because of the contribution of Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton, band-minded taxi

drivers. There's very little of Ted Lewis the star. Virginia Bruce, though lovely, is a little remote. Harry Stockwell, another lad from nowhere with a voice, does justice to several songs. A large cast works hard without achieving any particular results.

ALIBI IKE—Warners

THE screen version of the late Ring Lardner's Alibi Ike stories provides a perfect vehicle for Joe E. Brown—full of baseball and good humor. Brown is appealing and amusing as the Sauk Center youth who, apologizing for everything, even when he's right, wins the "World Serious" for the Chicago Cubs. Olivia de Havilland is romantic prize, William Frawley, Roscoe Karns, Ruth Donnelly, all A-1.

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners

WHEN Warren William starts a freak insurance agency and writes a \$50,000.00 policy for Papa Guy Kibbee insuring him against his daughter, Claire Dodd, marrying within three years, it's a good comedy situation. But the comedy is muffed, weighted under with old gags, too much burlesque and not enough sparkle. Just so-so entertainment.

JAVA HEAD—First Division

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S famous story of the young Englishman who returns home from the Far East with a Chinese princess bride, makes a rather slow-moving photoplay. But Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess is beautiful and arresting, and there is also good direction and atmosphere to recommend the picture. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder, and a capable supporting cast.

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal

THE timid country mouse, *Esmeralda* (ZaSu Pitts) becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she falls on her face and thwarts the bank robbery engineered by Eddie Brophy and executed by Warren Hymer, et al. Hugh O'Connell, in a Lee Tracy-ish way, brings her fame and fortune with the aid of his gal, Helen Twelvetrees, and a lot of feverish running around. But *Esmeralda* pines for her *Elmer* (Lucien Littlefield). Don't bother too much.

THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER—Warners

AS clever and delightful a comedy of embarrassments as you've seen in moons. Kay Francis plays both ends against the middle in a merry overnight marital infidelity game with George Brent, Genevieve Tobin and Ralph Forbes. Nobody hurt, but lots of fun when gem crooks, imposters, cops and nose-y relatives complicate things. Some price-less situations, bright dialogue. Done in the sophisticated farce manner—and well done.

Are You Following

"THE FACTS OF
HOLLYWOOD
LIFE"?

See Page 92

Beauty

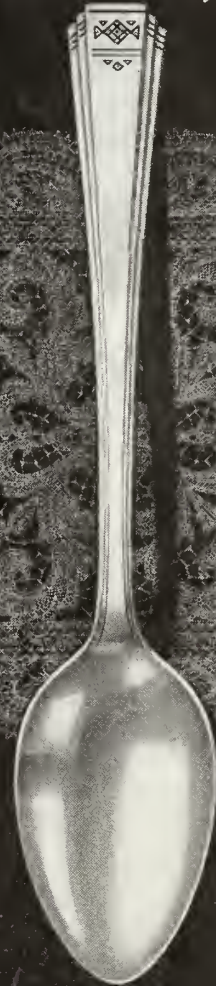
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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]



Wallace Beery and Spanky McFarland consider themselves expert lion tamers since they taught baby Leo a few tricks. Wally, Spanky and Leo are playing together in M-G-M's picture, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy"

BING and Dixie Crosby left t'other evening for a shot at the races at Saratoga.

Ma and Pa Crosby, the Brothers Crosby and their wives, and Andy Devine made it a bride and groom charivari affair replete with rice and shoes.

A bit confusing, withal, in view of the three young Crosbys.

THERE is something new under the Hollywood sun—the new Katharine Hepburn personality.

Once the bane of the publicity department's existence, Katie's right-about-face has left them gasping. Downright camaraderie and all that sort of thing.

Clad in one of her tailored get-ups she wears as a boy in "Sylvia Scarlett" she came a-calling in the publicity department the other day, a picture of beaming good nature. So exuberant, in fact, she vaulted the railing and out the door.

NOMINEE for the swell people department: Roy Beaver, prop man on "The Rainmakers" with funsters Wheeler and Woolsey. The company was sweltering under an Imperial Valley dose of 116 degrees on location. Woolsey's rainmaker machine flopped, so Beaver donated a daily ten-gallon keg of icy lemonade. Without benefit of front office okay.

LADIES of the screen playing with paper dolls? Tch! Tch! Yet that's just what the old snooper saw on the "Freckles" set. Well, yes, the ladies were Virginia Weidler, 8, and her stand-in.

ADD Hollywoodia: bewhiskered little old Wallace Howe, valet and handy man, fussing over Harold Lloyd in the same capacity for seventeen years. Somewhere, in every Lloyd opus, Howe's face peeks out in a bit.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

WONDER why no one thought of this before? Lyle Talbot, dismayed by the hot and then cold state of his romance with Peggy Watters, the Alabama charmer, called in all his friends, including Peggy, of course, and poured cocktails.

They drank to the off-again-on-again heart flutters while Lyle distributed favors showing Cupid busying himself mending broken arrows. It was all very novel, and it seems to have worked. Up to this writing Lyle hasn't had a tiff with the little lady, and that used to happen about every week.

VICTOR MCLAGLEN is burned up. People have been accusing him of promoting Fascism, just because he heads the regimented cavalry band "The McLaglen Lighthorse." Vic wants it understood that the organization is purely social, recreational, and strictly American. It has grown by leaps and bounds and it takes up about all of Vic's spare time.

If you have had a suppressed desire to climb your family tree and see if you really did come from William the Conqueror's line, take a tip from Lyle Talbot—and lay off.

Lyle succumbed to the ancestral curiosity lure. He hired a genealogist and bit his nails while the investigation proceeded.

Finally came the report. The Talbots were

an old English band of bad fighting men, it said. In fact, so bloody were they that mothers gradually cooked up a well known saying to warn their tots away from naughtiness.

"Stop doing that," they'd say, "or the Talbots will get you."

Lyle swished out his wallet at once. "That's enough," he yelped. "better not go any further."

YOU should give a gander to the new Jack Oakie! There's exactly 35 pounds and 4½ inches less of him. A verra verra strict diet did the trick, lassies.

Fruit and spinaches under the eagle eye of a medico.

Ah, beauty, thy price!

SHE who has thrilled thousands and stood unafraid before their eyes, quivered, quaked, and almost collapsed on the set at the start of the first day's shooting on "The Love Song."

Yep—it was lovely Lily Pons—*THE* Pons of the Met.

She couldn't take it from grips, publicity men and what-nots.

The set was temporarily closed until *la* Pons regained-her emotional balance.

One thought, though, cheered her through the ordeal; she'd experienced the same agony in stage and mike fright.



A fellow can't even find privacy in a telephone booth in Hollywood! The candid camera snapped this very intriguing picture of Frank Morgan through the glass door

Why Jack Oakie Has Changed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

a really deep friendship, I waited rather smugly for life to "slap him down" just once. I waited confidently for some jolt to wipe that perennial smile off his face for just twenty-four hours.

"It will do him a world of good," I joined the pompous conclaves of his studio pals. "He's really a great artist, but he's so busy showing-off to the nearest audience, he's so busy collecting laughs at every party in town, he'll never get to the very top where he belongs. Why, look how he goes over walking through his picture, just being Jack Oakie in every darned production. But wait, something is going to trip him up one of these days and send him sprawling. Do him no end of good, too."

Well, eight years is a long time to wait for that satisfying moment when you can say, "I told you so." Very recently something tripped Jack up, something that has caused his funny, corrugated smile to vanish for days at a time. He still collects laughs, but it's easy to see that he has lost his old taste for guffaws.

THE other day I ran into Jack on the Paramount lot. Six months had passed since our last meeting. I was stopped by his familiar greeting of, "Hi, babe. Whereyabeen? Whereyagoing? Whatchabeendoing?" But somehow it didn't boom out at me with the old Oakie ear-splitting vigor. And then I noticed that his smile was strangely smooth looking, that it had lost a lot of its puckers.

We went to his dressing-room for a talk. After all, we had six months to hash over. Jack started the conversational wheels spinning with his usual buffoonery.

Had I heard how he had made the dour and disapproving executive's wife collapse into hysterical laughter at her own prim party the other night?

Did I know about his latest fishing trip with Gary Cooper, Dick Arlen and W. C. Fields, and how they were stranded on a yacht with only four cases of beer for nourishment because they had left the ordering of the food supplies to Fields?

Did I want to hear his latest imitation of Bing Crosby singing "I Surrender, Dear"?

But thirty minutes later, with the corners of his mouth strangely stiff, Jack was telling me that life had finally "slapped him down." He said:

"It was the deaths in rapid succession of three friends last year, Dorothy Dell, Lew Cody and then Bill Boyd. I'm not superstitious about death or even afraid of it. In fact, I've never thought about it at all until lately. At first the sudden passing of those three swell people left me just numb and shocked. But gradually during the months that followed—more than a year now—I've had some disturbing doubts about my pet theory that life is just one long laugh, just a good joke.

"You see, I began to wonder if maybe we aren't given our short span on earth to accomplish something, to leave some sort of a record. I went over the records of good and fine things these three people had left behind them, and wondered what mine would be. So far it's just a million laughs. And, Julie, I don't like the sound of that—just a million laughs.

"I've been a show-off all my life, born that way, I guess. Don't interrupt, you know I'm a show-off, that I'll probably always be one, but

from here on all my showing-off will be done in front of the camera. Mrs. Offield's little boy is retiring as the life of Hollywood's parties and is about to take life seriously.

"Funny, isn't it, getting growing pains at thirty-three?"

But Jack's belated entry into the realm of adult responsibilities and accountabilities isn't funny or strange, it simply completes the pattern of a really amazing childhood and youth.

You see, Jack's actual entry into the world was belated. He came along years after his parents had given up their prayers and hopes for a son. And you know the answer to that sort of drama, a thoroughly pampered young man, only Jack didn't pamper too easily.

Now add to this situation a mother who was a well known psychologist who believed in the unhampered expression of a child's individuality, a rich father, the town's leading banker, and a worshipping sister five years his senior, and you have a good working blueprint of the Offield (Jack's real name) family life in Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Mrs. Offield continued to run an exclusive seminary for young girls in her home following her marriage because she had to keep herself busy and occupied, and the fifteen carefully selected students enthusiastically joined the family's unified adoration of Jack.

When he was still in the toddling age he was included in all the seminary class plays at the insistence of the girls.

When he was just emerging from the romper age he discovered how easily he could make people roar with laughter. He could put on his sister's second best hat, go into a funny walk, squeak out a little song and the seminary students, his family and even big black Narcissus in the kitchen held their sides with merriment.

When he was seven he was permitted to stay up for the school's monthly dancing parties, and the girls never refused his invitation to waltz in favor of some romantic adolescent their own height and age.

In fact no one in the twenty-two-room house filled with women seemed able to refuse Jack anything.

EVEN his father, who tried on occasion to be stern with his only son, could not hold out against the youngster's strange appeal.

Jack once told me that when he was eight, his parents took him to see his first circus. The large tent with its myriad lanes of ropes, bleachers, trapeze equipment and ladders enchanted him. He didn't even see the clowns, the acrobats or the animals, only that beautiful, dirty, dun colored flapping tent.

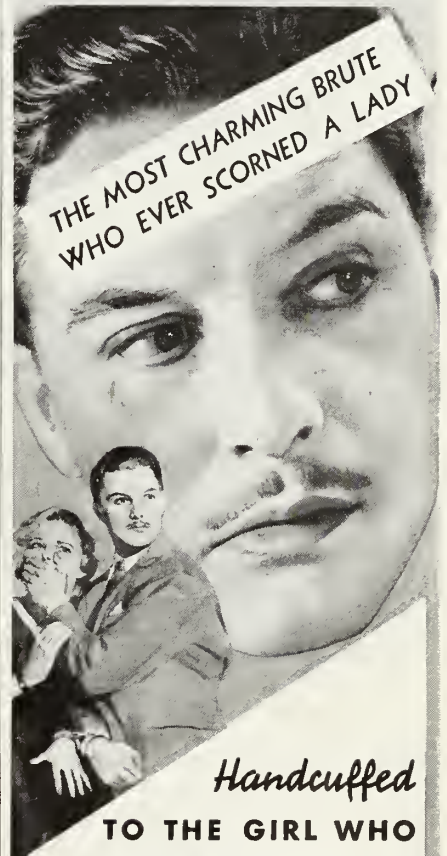
On the way home he asked his father for a circus tent. That night he asked both his father and mother for a circus tent, and at breakfast the next morning he remembered to mention his longing again.

And believe it or not, within a week, Papa Offield managed to secure a very old but large circus tent from a bankrupt traveling show, and he had it erected in the backyard. And Jack's mother didn't wince once (that is, not openly) when that eyesore of soiled canvas was raised over her favorite half acre of lawn and flower beds.

That tent became Jack's stage, and the entire male population of Muskogee between the ages of six and twelve became his audience:

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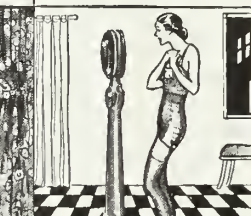
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MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

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He tempted the reluctant ones with promises of food and an opportunity to sleep all night in the tent on one of the eighteen cots he had managed to coax from his father. Mrs. Ofield and the indulgent Narcissus doled out anywhere from twenty to thirty lunches and dinners each day to Jack's famished audiences, without a whimper.

When Jack was twelve Babe Ruth became his idol and his father had the tent taken down and a baseball diamond put down in its place. A year later the diamond was turned into a track because Jack's medium for showing-off had been visibly affected by the flying feet of famous runners.

Mr. Ofield died when Jack was fifteen and the family wealth dried up a year later in a group of Oklahoma oil wells. But in the pinched years that followed Mrs. Ofield never permitted her children to brush against the harsh reality of "being poor folks."

WHEN she learned the worst, she hopped a train for New York City, found herself a job clerking in an exclusive book store and then sent for her children. And Jack remembers that there was such a determined air of cheerfulness about her that he didn't quite dare ask why they had to live in a cramped, dark flat that was servantless and startlingly shabby.

But within forty-eight hours Jack had forgotten his drab surroundings, he had found a new audience, the neighborhood gang. And then he was occupied with the business of winning over a new school teacher and principal and then the several hundred housewives who lived in the Ofield's flat building.

After graduation from high school, Jack went to work and even this first plunge into the

economic struggle left him miraculously unmarked. He found the broker's offices where he was a "runner" just another stage, and his long faced bosses just a new and highly exciting audience to conquer with laughter.

It was Jack's luck that the big boss liked his showing-off. He was soon taking Jack to all his exclusive clubs for lunch and dinner to amuse his banker and broker friends. Later the boss placed Jack in a number of benefit shows put on by New York's Junior League and other society organizations. It was from this springboard that he took an easy dive into Broadway's footlights.

The rest of the story is familiar to every Oakie fan! His stage apprenticeship and his friendship with Joan Crawford way back in 1923 when she was a chorus girl and he was a chorus boy in "Innocent Eyes;" the astonishing philosophy of patience and perseverance Joan taught Jack, the lesson that helped him joke his way to Hollywood and success.

WITH a quip or a witticism he could, and still can, coax a vacation or a coveted part from any grim visaged studio executive, just as he used to wheedle circus tents and baseball diamonds from his father. No wonder he used to say, "Life is just a million laughs."

But reality has finally left a bruise on Jack's laughing soul, the reality of death.

At thirty-three, Jack has decided to grow up, to take the business of life and living seriously. It will be interesting to see how it affects Jack, what it does to his work, what it does to his life.

It will be interesting to watch but I wish it hadn't had to happen. Clowns are so rare—and anyone can be serious.



You may not believe it, but here's a family party—mother and son! Helen Broderick, in "Top Hat," and her big boy, Broderick Crawford

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

MOVIE fan clubs are growing in number and popularity. Groups of movie-minded young people in every locality are busy organizing clubs to sponsor their favorite screen stars or general fan clubs to increase their knowledge and enjoyment of the movies. I have had many requests as to how to form a fan club. A few months back I gave full directions as to how to go about organizing a fan club. If you look in your PHOTOPLAY for May you will find same. I will print this information again in the near future so be on the look-out for it.

To the Lanny Ross Fan Club of Pittsfield, Mass. I would be glad to mention your club in my corner.

Why not send me in one of your monthly bulletins so that I can see just how you are progressing.

The Ruth Roland Fan Club bulletin "Ruth's Rambles, Jr." has just arrived and it is chock full of news. The fans are all so pleased with Ruth's broadcast over station KMTR of Hollywood, every Thursday night at 8:15. (But Coast, Central or Eastern Standard Time not specified.) They would like all her fans who haven't written congratulations to her to do so as she would be very pleased to hear from all of you. Any fans wishing to get clippings for their scrapbooks write to the Ruth Roland Fan Club, 4822 Meade Ave., Chicago, and they will furnish you with information as to how to secure them.

Lucille Carlson, president of the Alice White Club, sent in an extremely interesting club paper. Among other things she reports that Una Merkel has become one of the honorary members of the club.

Anyone wishing to join a Lina Basquette Club write to Lenore Heridon, President, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.

She would like to have some new members in the club.

To Victor P. King, publicity manager of the

Madge Evans Fan Club of Brandon, Manitoba, Canada: This is the first time that your letter has reached my desk and I would be only too glad to hear from you and have you as a member of our circle. Do you publish a monthly bulletin? If so send it in to me.

Terry Scaella has resigned as president of the Gene Raymond Fan Club News and has appointed Eva Highsmith to replace him. He says that Eva has done very fine work in the past and he is sure that she will be able to carry on in the future. I was pleased to hear that the club has six new members. Dues have been reduced until January, 1936, to twenty-five cents.

Ramon Navarro Service League Members have been performing many good deeds among their friends. It is nice to hear of people being kind to others. They have appointed a new secretary in London, Miss Page, of Tufnell Park.

They have a new branch league in Birmingham, England, and one in Austria.

I would like very much to receive bulletins from any fan clubs publishing one. If you are interested in securing new members write to me and I will print your address in my column so that they might write to you.

Listed below are the addresses of some of the clubs open for new members: Norma Shearer Club, Hans Faxdahl, Pres., 1947 Broadway, New York; Alice White Club, Lucille Carlson, Pres., East Main Street, Detroit Lakes, Minn.; John Boles Music Club, Lillian Musgraves, Pres., 2700 Vincent Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.; Tom Brown Club, Donato Cedrone, Pres., 288 Nevada Street, Newtonville, Massachusetts; Bing Crosby Club, Fay Zinn, Pres., 95 North Walnut Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Joan Crawford Fan Club, Marian L. Dommer, Pres., 9717 81st Street, Ozone Park, New York; Clark Gable Fan Club, Ruth Fiffer, Pres., 3506 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Ronald Colman has one of the most brilliant rôles of his screen career as Sidney Carton, Dicken's famous character in "The Tale of Two Cities." Jack Conway directed the film version for M-G-M

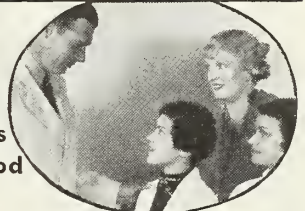
RICHARD ARLEN PICKS NATURAL LIPS AS LOVELIEST!



HERE'S WHAT RICHARD ARLEN SAW



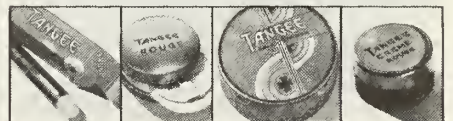
Film star chooses girl with Tangee lips in Hollywood fest



● And most men agree with Richard Arlen! They prefer lips that are rosy and soft... not coated with paint! If you want your lips to be lovelier, use Tangee Lipstick. It can't give you "that painted look", because *it isn't paint*. Instead, it brings out your own natural color... makes your lips kissable... more appealing. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

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15 Years Ago



MARY PICKFORD

Gossip: Harold Lloyd was busy denying rumors that he and Bebe Daniels were engaged. As proof, he showed telegrams from Lila Lee, Mildred Davis, and other lady admirers saying, "If Bebe and I were engaged, all these girls wouldn't be sending me wires." He and Mildred have been happily married now for twelve years. Mollie King had just left the screen to take care of her baby son, Kenneth Dade Alexander, Jr.; Mildred Harris was suing Charlie Chaplin for divorce, on grounds of cruelty. David Wark Griffith had just incorporated, with a capital of fifty million dollars. Today, Griffith is reputed broke. Hoot Gibson, comparatively unknown, was identified as "the young man who rides bucking broncos for Universal." Hoot's fame and popularity be-

gan to spread rapidly about this time. It was worthy of mention in this issue that "Connie Talmadge has not been reported engaged to anybody this month." The contract problem of the day was whether or not Nazimova would sign again with Metro. With the boyish figure all the rage, ladies were going in strenuously for reducing. Sylph-like Mae Murray recommended a milk diet. Dorothy Dalton said hard work. Alice Brady's recipe was exercise. Take your choice. Films of the month included: Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No;" "One Hour Before Dawn," starring H. B. Warner and Anna Q. Nilsson; Alma Rubens and Montagu Love in "The World and His Wife;" Conrad Nagel in "The Fighting Chance;" Mabel Normand in "The Slim Princess." Cover: Mary Pickford.

10 Years Ago



RUDOLPH VALENTINO

A DECADE ago the rage of the hour was the Charleston. Rudy Valentino and his wife staged a Charleston contest. Winner was Bessie Love. PHOTOPLAY's photographer took pictures of Bessie, Charlestoning, step by step. Our favorite step was No. Three: "Bend body forward, knees bent, place hands on knees while moving knees inward and outward, crossing arms with hands on knees, scissor fashion." And they called it a dance! Man of the Hour was Jack Gilbert. His romantic rôle in "The Merry Widow" put him up as the only serious rival of Rudy Valentino. Gilbert's closest rival for screen popularity was Ronald Colman. Barbara La Marr had just returned to Hollywood, on a stretcher, determined to make a really fine picture after the two poor

ones which threatened to wreck her career. Her film, "The Girl from Montmartre" was released in October, and Barbara died in January, only twenty-six years old, and one of the most beautiful, intelligent and talented girls that ever hit Hollywood. She had been married five times. The new fashion note was Russian boots—okayed by the film colony because Pola Negri looked so smart in them. The month's film offerings included: "The Merry Widow," with Jack Gilbert and Mae Murray; "Little Annie Rooney," starring Mary Pickford; "Winds of Chance," with Anna Q. Nilsson, Ben Lyon, Viola Dana; Bebe Daniels in "Wild, Wild Susan;" "The Wanderer," with William Collier, Jr.

Cover Girl, Esther Ralston.

5 Years Ago



DOLORES DEL RIO

HOLLYWOOD was in the throes of talkie-panic just five years ago. Tearjerker of the month was the star of silents who said to his director friend, "Wwwwwill you lllllllend me tttttten bucks till this ttttttalkie craze bbbblows over?" Then there was the crack, "Pictures have gone from bad to voice." David Belasco said, "Talking Pictures are a great mistake. If I were younger I would go into the production of silent pictures. Good silent pictures would sweep the country." Today the same kind of discussion is going on about color. What will be the status of black-and-white films in 1940? Recent weddings included the marriage of Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio, and that of Nils Asther and Vivian Duncan. The Gibbons are still happily

together. Nils and Vivian broke up soon after, a tragic, bitter heart-break for both. Romantic rumors about Rex Bell and Clara Bow had reached a new high because Rex, on Clara's request, dyed his ruddy locks black and had his bushy eyebrows plucked. The miniature golf craze had hit movie-town. Mary Pickford was having a course laid out on Hollywood Boulevard as we went to press. There was a picture of a brunette, playing bits, named Harriet Lake. The lady is now a blonde, starring in hits, and her name is Ann Sothern. Films of the month: Eddie Cantor's first movie, "Whoopie;" John Barrymore in "Moby Dick;" "Abraham Lincoln," with Walter Huston; Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo."

Cover Girl was Bebe Daniels.

Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ALIBI IKE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ring Lardner. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: *Frank X. Farrell, Joe E. Brown, Jack Mack, Eddie Shubert; Owner of the Cubs, Joseph King; Cap, William Frawley; Valet at Hotel, Adrian Rosley; Mug-Crawford's 2nd Lt., Huey White; Minister, Spencer Charters; Dolly, Olivia de Havilland; Bess, Ruth Donnelly; Carey, Roscoe Karns; Lefty Crawford, Paul Harvey; Conductor, Joseph Crehan; Lieut. of Crawford, Pat Collins; Smully, Gene Morgan.*

"BLACK ROOM, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Arthur Strawn. Screen play by Henry Meyers and Arthur Strawn. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Gregor, Boris Karloff; Anton, Boris Karloff; Thea, Marian Marsh; Lt. Lussan, Robert Allen; Col. Hussel, Thurston Hall; Mashka, Katherine DeMille; Berau, John Buckler; De Berghman, Henry Kolker; Lt. Hussel, Colin Tapley; Peter, Torben Meyer; Karl, Egon Brecher; Franz, John Bleifer; Josef, Fredrik Vogeding; Doctor, Edward Van Sloan.*

"BORN FOR GLORY"—GB.—From the novel by C. S. Forester. From the scenario by J. O. C. Orton. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Elizabeth Brown, Betty Balfour; Albert Brown, John Mills; Lieut. Somerville, Barry Mackay; Ginger, Jimmy Hanley; Max, Howard Marion-Crawford; Captain Holt, H. G. Stoker; Kapitän Von Lutz, Percy Walsh; William Brown, George Merritt; William Brown, Jr., Cyril Smith.*

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lois Leeson. Screen play by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Busby Berkeley. The cast: *Joe Wilson, Joe E. Brown; Fay Wilson, Ann Dvorak; Peggy, Patricia Ellis; Dan Wheeler, William Gargan; Otto Schlemmer, Joseph Cawthron; J. C. Anderson, Henry O'Neill; Wilbur, Arthur Treacher; Wellington, Gordon Westcott; Post Office Attendant, Joseph Crehan; Depot Detective, William Demarest; Taxi Driver, Jack Wise; Doorman at Theater, Phil Ryley; Cop at Theater, Tom Kennedy; Mr. Aldridge, Howard Hickman; News Photographer, Gene Morgan; Critic, William Geffery; Russ Kandel, Eddie Larkin; Airport Attendant, Irving Bacon; Woman in Plane, Grace Hayle; Box-office Man at Bijou, Sam Ash; Band Leader, Charles Kaley; Box-office man, Milt Kibbee; Occupants of box in theater, William Davidson and August Tulare.*

"CHEERS OF THE CROWD"—MONOGRAM.—From the story and screen play by George Wagener. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Lee Adams, Russell Hopton; Mary, Irene Ware; Walton, Bradley Page; Honest John, Harry Holman; Lil Langdon, Betty Blythe; O'Reilly, Wade Boteler; Betty, Roberta Gale; Eddie, John Quillan; Barney, John H. Dilson.*

"CHINA SEAS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Crosbie Garstin. Screen play by Jules Furthman and James Keven McGuinness. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Alan Gaskell, Clark Gable; China Doll, Jean Harlow; Jamesy Macardle, Wallace Beery; Davids, Lewis Stone; Sybil, Rosalind Russell; Dawson, Dudley Digges; Sir Guy, C. Aubrey Smith; McCaleb, Robert Benchley; Rockwell, William Henry; Mrs. Vollberg, Live Demaigret; Mrs. Timmons, Lillian Bond; Timmons, Edward Brophy; Yu-Lan, Soo Yong; Carol Ann, Carol Ann Beery; Romanoff, Akim Tamiroff; Ngah, Ivan Lebedeff.*

"CRUSADERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Harold Lamb, Dudley Nichols and Waldemar Young. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The cast: *Berengaria, Loretta Young; Richard, Henry Wilcoxon; Saladan, Ian Keith; Alice, Katherine DeMille; The Hermit, C. Aubrey Smith; Conrad of Montferrat, Joseph Schildkraut; Blondel, Alan Hale; Philip of France, C. Henry Gordon; Sancho, George Barbier; Blacksmith, Montagu Love; Frederick of Germany, Hobart Bosworth; Hugo of Burgundy, William Farnum; Earl Robert of Leicester, Lumsden Hare; John Lackland, Ramsey Hill; Karakush, Pedro de Cordoba, Michael, Prince of Russia, Paul Saitoff.*

"DANTE'S INFERNO"—FOX.—Screen play by Philip Klein and Robert M. Yost. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Jim Carter, Spencer Tracy; Betty McWade, Claire Trevor; Pop McWade, Henry B. Walthall; Jonesy, Alan Dinehart; Alexander Carter, Scotty Beckett; Dean, Robert Gleckler; Dancers, Rita Cansino and Gary Leon; Inspector Harris, Willard Robertson; Captain Morgan, Morgan Wallace.*

"DIAMOND JIM"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Parker Morell. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Diamond Jim Brady, Edward Arnold; Emma Perry, Jean Arthur; Jane Mathews, Jean Arthur; Lillian Russell, Binnie Barnes; Jerry Richardson, Cesar Romero; Horley, Hugh O'Connell; Pawnbroker, George Sidney; Harry Hill, William Demarest; Sampson Fox, Eric Blore, A. E. Moore, Robert McWade; Mrs. Perry, Maidel Turner; John L. Sullivan (as a young man), Bill Hoolahahn; Secretary to Horley, Fred Kelsey; Drunk, Otis Harlan; Station*

Agent, Charles Sellon; Railroad President, Henry Kolker; Brady (as a boy), George Ernest; Physician, Purnell Pratt; Brady's Mother, Helen Brown; Brady's Father, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Bartender, Lew Kelley; Jewelers, Albert Conti and Armand Kaliz. Also, Dorothy Granger, Dot Farley, Barbara Baroness, Arthur Houseman, Matt McHough, Del Henderson, Irving Bacon, Mary Wallace, Richard Tucker, John Miltern.

"DON'T BET ON BLONDES"—WARNERS.—From the story by Isabel Dawn and Boyce De Gaw. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *"Odds" Owen, Warren William; "Numbers," William Gargan; Marilyn Young, Claire Dodd; Switchboard Operator, Mary Treen; Brains, Vince Barnett; Doc, Spencer Charters; Phibert O. Slemph, Hobart Cavanaugh; Professor Gruber, Herman Bing; Markham, Coay Clement; David VanDusen, Errol Flynn; Colonel Jefferson D. Youngblood, Guy Kibbee; Ella Purdy, Maude Eburne; Boardman, Walter Byron; J. Mortimer Slade, Jack Norton; Steve, Eddie Shubert.*

"DRESSED TO THRILL"—FOX.—From the play "La Couturiere de Luneville" by Alfred Savoir. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Harry Lachman. The cast: *Colette Dubois, Tutta Rolf; Nadia Petrova, Tutta Rolf; Bill Trent, Clive Brook; Gaston Dupont, Robert Barrat; Anne Trepied, Nydia Westman; Henri, George Hassell; Sonya, Mme. Smirnova; Raskolnikoff, Leonid Snegoff; Charles Penfield, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Auctioneer, Andre Cheron.*

"EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the original screen story by Stanley Garvey. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *"Tops" Cardona, George Raft; Dixie Dean, Alice Faye; Susan Moore, Frances Langford; Daphne O'Connor, Patsy Kelly; Three Radio Rogues, Henry Taylor, Jimmie Hollywood and Eddie Bartel; Harry, Harry Barris; Master of Ceremonies, Walter Catlett; Trick Drummer, Dillon Ober; Italian Singer, Eddie Conrad; Chicken Lady, Florence Gill; Sound Effects Man, Charles Forsyth; Joe Schmidt, Herman Bing; Martin, Booth Howard; Huxley, John H. Dilson; New Employee, Louise Larabee; New Employee, Louise McNames; Piano Mover, Herb Ashley; Mrs. Snyder, Louise Carver; Fresh Sailor, Richard Powell; Mail Sorter, Lynton Brent; Telephone Operator, Phyllis Crane; Telephone Operator, Gertie Green; Chief Operator, Nina Gilbert.*

"FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE"—FOX.—Based on the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds. Screen play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Molly Larkins, Janet Gaynor; Dan Harrow, Henry Fonda; Jotham Klore, Charles Bickford; Fortune Friendly, Slim Summerville; Elmer Otway, Andy Devine; Sam Weaver, Roger Imhof; Della, Jane Withers; Lucy Garget, Margaret Hamilton; Blacksmith, Siegfried Rumann; Sol Tinker, John Qualen; Ivy, Kitty Kelly; Freight Agent, Robert Gleckler; Lottery Agent, Frank Melton; Lottery Agent, Lee Kohlmar.*

"GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story and screen play by Charles Kehyon. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Georgiana, Kay Francis; Bob McNear, George Brent; Betty, Genevieve Tobin; Lawrence, John Eldredge; Connie, Claire Dodd; Ralph Summers, Ralph Forbes; Aunt Julia, Helen Lowell; Winkelsteinberger, Spencer Charters; Arthur, William Austin; Sweeney, Eddie Shubert; Butler, Charles Coleman; Miriam Brent, Olive Jones; Teddy, Gordon Elliott; Murphy, John Sheehan; Hotel Detective, Wade Boteler.*

"HERE COMES THE BAND"—M-G-M.—From the original screen play by Paul Sloane, Ralph Spence and Victor Mansfield. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Ted Lowry, Ted Lewis; Margaret, Virginia Bruce; Happy, Ted Healy; Piccolo Pete, Nat Pendleton; Ollie Watts, Harry Stockwell; Don Trevor, Donald Cook; Spanky, Spanky McFarland; Colonel Wallace, Addison Richards; Judge, Robert McWade; Scurry, Charles Lane; Simmons' Lawyer, Henry Kolker; Simmons, Robert Gleckler; Banker, Richard Tucker; Salesman, Bert Roach; Dentist, Tyler Brook; DeValerie, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Miss Doyle, May Beatty. Also Ted Lewis' Orchestra.*

"IRISH IN US, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story idea by Frank Orsatti. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Danny O'Hara, James Cagney; Pat O'Hara, Pat O'Brien; Lucille Jackson, Olivia de Havilland; Mike O'Hara, Frank McHugh; Carban, Allen Jenkins; Ma O'Hara, Mary Gordon; Captain Jackson, J. Farrell MacDonald; Doc Mullins, Thomas Jackson; Joe Delaney, Harvey Perry; Mike, Al Hill.*

"JALNA"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Mazo de la Roche. Screen play by Anthony Veiller. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Atayne, Kay Johnson; Kenny, Ian Hunter; Nicholas, C. Aubrey Smith; Maurice, Nigel Bruce; Eden, David Mannes; Meg, Peggy Wood; Gran, Jessie Ralph; Piers, Theodore Newton; Ernest, Halliwell Hobbes; Finch, George Offerman, Jr.; Wake, Clifford Severn; Pheasant, Molly Lamont; Rags, Forrester Harvey.*

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"JAVA HEAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Nettie Vollar*, Elizabeth Allan; *Jeremy Ammidon*, Edmund Gwenn; *Taou Yuen*, Anna May Wong; *Gerrit Ammidon*, John Loder; *William Ammidon*, Ralph Richardson; *Barzil Dunsack*, Herbert Lomas; *Edward Dunsack*, George Curzon.

"KEYSTONE HOTEL"—WARNERS-VITAPHONE.—Story and screen play by Joe Traub. Directed by Ralph Staub. The cast: Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marie Prevost, Hank Mann, Vivien Oakland and Dewey Robinson.

"LITTLE BIG SHOT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Harrison Jacobs. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Julius J. Epstein and Robert Andrews. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Gloria Gibbs*, Sybil Jason; *Jean*, Glenda Farrell; *Steve Craig*, Robert Armstrong; *Mortimer Thompson*, Edward Everett Horton; *Jack Dore*, Jack LaRue; *Kell Norton*, Arthur Vinton; *Bert*, J. Carrol Naish; *Onderdonk*, Edgar Kennedy; *Gibbs*, Addison Richards; *Henchman*, Joe Sawyer; *Malron*, Emma Dunn; *Henchman*, Ward Bond; *Kajah Louie*, Tammany Young; *Henchman*, Murray Alper; *Henchman*, Marc Lawrence; *Lieut. Adams*, Guy Usher; *Second Matron*, Mary Foy.

"MANHATTAN MOON"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by Robert Harris. Screen play by Barry Trivers and Ben Grauman Kohn. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Dan Moore*, Ricardo Cortez; *Yvonne*, Dorothy Page; *Toots Malloy*, Dorothy Page; *Reggie Van Dorsel*, Henry Mollison; *Speed*, Hugh O'Connell; *Luigi*, Luis Alberni; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Eddie*, Regis Toomey; *Secretary*, L'Estrange Millman; *Lunch Man*, Irving Bacon.

"MURDER MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Tim Whelan and Guy Bolton. Screen play by Tim Whelan and John C. Higgins. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *Steve Gray*, Spencer Tracy; *Mary Shannon*, Virginia Bruce; *Captain Cole*, Lionel Atwill; *Henry Mander*, Henry Stephens; *Robins*, Robert Barrat; *Shorty*, James Stewart; *Pop Grey*, William Collier, Sr.; *Carey Book*, Bobby Watson; *Red Maguire*, William Damarest; *Sweeney*, John Sheehan; *Rafferty*, Lucien Littlefield; *Sol Hertzberger*, George Chandler; *Buck Itavakins*, Fuzzy Knight; *Lillian Hopper*, Louise Henry; *Colville*, Robert Warwick; *Tony*, Joe Irving; *Pendleton*, Ralph Bushman.

"PURSUIT"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lawrence G. Blochman. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Mitchell*, Chester Morris; *Maxine*, Sally Eilers; *Donald*, Scotty Beckett; *Reynolds*, Henry Travers; *Shaun*, C. Henry Gordon; *Mrs. McCoy*, Dorothy Peterson; *Aulo Camp Proprietor*, Granville Bates; *Hale*, Minor Watson; *Jake*, Harold Huber; *Jo-Jo*, Dewey Robinson; *Cop*, Erville Alderson.

"RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play written and produced by David Belasco. Screen play by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *Peter Grimm*, Lionel Barrymore; *Catherine*, Helen Mack; *Dr. Macpherson*, Edward Ellis; *Mr. Batholommy*, Donald Meek; *William*, George Breakston; *Frederick*, Allen Vincent; *James*, James Bush; *Mrs. Batholommy*, Ethel Griffies; *Colonel Lawton*, Lucien Littlefield; *Marta*, Greta Meyer.

"SHANGHAI"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From the original story and screen play by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Lynn Starling. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Barbara Howard*, Loretta Young; *Dmitri Koslov*, Charles Boyer; *His Excellency*, Lun Sing, Warner Oland; *Mrs. Truesdale*, Charles Grapewin; *Hillon*, Walter Kingsford; *Mrs. Truesdale*, Josephine Whittell; *Mrs. Hillon*, Olive Tell; *Corona*, Libby Taylor; *Ambassador's Son*, Keye Luke; *Wang*, Willie Fung; *Manager Stock Exchange*, Booth Howard; *Von Hueffer*, Arnold Koff.

"SHE GETS HER MAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the original story by Arken Kandel and David Diamond. Screen play by Aben Kandel. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Esmeralda*, ZaSu Pitts; *Windy* (*Richard Wiley*), Hugh O'Connell; *Francoise*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Elmer*, Lucien Littlefield; *Flash*, Eddie Brophy; *Spike*, Warren Hymer; *Goofy*, Bert Gordon; *Chick*, Ward Bond; *Bartin*, Richard Alexander. Also King Baggot, Gertrude Astor, Charles Regan, Leo Dillon, George de Norman, Jack Perry, Freddie Welch, Marion Schechter, Sailor Vincent, Johnny Indressina, Phil Bloom, Dave Mingrin, Dutch Hendrian, Jack Silver, Danny Sullivan, Puggy White, Virginia Gre.

"STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND"—FOX.—From the novel by Ben Lucien Burman. Screen play by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Doctor John Pearly*, Will Rogers; *Fleety Belle*, Anne Shirley; *Captain Eli*, Irvin S. Cobb; *Sheriff Rufe Jeters*, Eugene Pallette; *Duke*, John McGuire; *New Moses*, Bertone Churchill; *Efe*, Francis Ford; *Pappy*, Roger Imhof; *Matt Abel*, Raymond Hatton; *Chaplain*, Hobart Bosworth; *Jonah*, Stepin Fetchit.

"WE'RE IN THE MONEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by George R. Bilson. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Brown Holmes. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: *Ginger Stewart*, Joan Blondell; *Dixie Tilton*, Glenda Farrell; *Homer Bronson*, Hugh Herbert; *C. Richard Courtnay*, Ross Alexander; *Max*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Phil Ryan*, Phil Regan; *Claire LeClaire*, Anita Kerry; *Stephen Dinsmore*, Henry O'Neill; *O'Rourke*, Edward Gargan; *Jevons*, E. E. Clive; *Big Chief Pontiac*, Myron Cox.

"WESTWARD HO!"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Screen play by Lindsley Parsons, Harry Friedman and Robert Emmett. Directed by R. N. Bradbury. The cast: *John Wyatt*, John Wayne; *Mary Gordon*, Sheila Mannors; *Jim Wyatt*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Ballard*, Jack Curtis; *Red*, Yakima Canutt; *Young John*, Bradley Metcalf; *Mark Wyatt*, Hank Bell; *Hannah Wyatt*, Mary McClaren; *Lafe Gordon*, Jim Farley; *Young Jim*, Dickie Jones.

"WOMAN WANTED"—M-G-M.—From the story by Wilson Collison. Screen play by Leonard Fields and Dave Silverstein. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Ann*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Tony*, Joel McCrea; *District Attorney*, Lewis Stone; *Smiley*, Louis Calhern; *Sweeney*, Edgar Kennedy; *Betty*, Adrienne Ames; *Peedles*, Robert Grieg; *Joe Metz*, Noel Madison; *Casey*, Granville Bates; *Collins*, William B. Davidson; *Lee*, Richard Powell; *Constable*, Erville Alderson; *Gertie*, Gertrude Short.



Jane Withers joined in animated conversation with Irving Berlin, famous composer of popular songs, when Berlin visited the 20th-Century-Fox lot recently to watch the starlet perform in "Meal Ticket"

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Walter C. Kelly
Jan Kiepura
Billy Lee

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
George Arliss
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blane
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Kettin Fitchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Pietro Gentili
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
James Barton
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Dave Chasen
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
Wynne Gibson
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Graham
Alan Hale
Jane Hamilton
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Wynley Birch
Tala Birell
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Nancy Carroll
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Francis Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
Sylvia Crawford
Live de Maigret
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Igor Gorin
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
John Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Gyula Isham
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Frances Langford

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
John Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King

Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullivan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

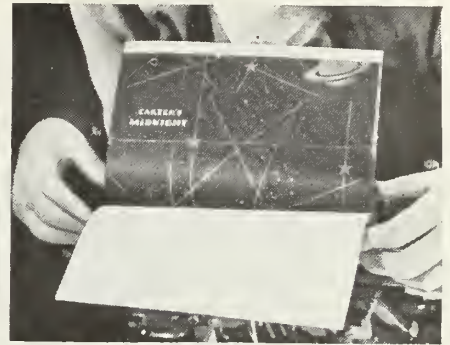
BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Paul de Ricou
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Ericson
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Virginia Grey
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]



It's out! And it didn't hurt a bit—maybe! When little "Alfalfa" Switzer of "Our Gang" had trouble with a loose tooth, Director Gus Meins stopped the cameras long enough to fix it with a piece of string

I SAW Kay Johnson on the set of "Jalna" where hubby John Cromwell was issuing orders.

"Mind your husband directing you?" I asked.

"Yes and no," replied Miss Johnson. "If you mean, do I do what he says—you're darn right I do. If you mean does it bother me—I should say not. I love it."

That's the kind of a wife to have.

IT happened during the making of a recent George Arliss picture.

Arliss was to open the picture by walking into the scene. He conferred with the director.

"What have I been doing?" he asked.

"Why—nothing that I know of," said the director. "What do you mean?"

"What have I been doing before I walk in?" Arliss explained. "I must have been doing something. I must be thinking about something."

"I don't know what you mean," said the director.

"Where have I been?" Arliss tried again. "What's out there, where I came from?"

"Oh," said the director. "Don't worry about that. Just walk in. You don't have to be thinking about anything, because you haven't been anywhere. Look," he said, triumphantly, "there's nothing out there past that door—not even a set!"

IT seems that Mrs. Ofield, who is Jack Oakie's best girl as well as his mother, was

showing some friends around the lot at Paramount. She spied "Cracker" Henderson, who stands in for son Jack, and she wanted the folks to meet him.

Mrs. Ofield beckoned to him.

Cracker came over, bowed low.

"I want you to meet Cracker Henderson," said Ma Ofield, "he's Jack's step-in."

TO your collection of odd ambitions add that of Sally Eilers. Sally says her goal in life at present is to play in "just one artistic screen flop."

OUR personal vote goes to Alison Skipworth as the best-natured and most serenely tolerant actress in town. Of course, everybody takes advantage of her for that very reason, but Skippy just sits and smiles. If the company is working late, they all want *their* close-ups taken first, so they can get out and keep that date—and Skippy waits and waits and waits, never a cross word, never even a sigh.

The assistant directors, the camera boys and the props adore her, would do anything on earth for her. And of course, Alison Skipworth has always been my favorite person ever since I happened on her one morning, having pancakes and beer for breakfast!

"ROMAN SCANDALS" brewed the romance which led to Gloria Stuart's marriage with Arthur Sheekman, who wrote dialogue for the Eddie Cantor picture.

Therefore when Gloria and Art got married and later had a daughter, it was only fitting and proper that she should be named after Gloria's character in "Scandals." She was. Sylvia Vaughn Sheekman got her handle right from a moving picture script.

At present Sylvia Vaughn is doubtless wondering when her mama and papa are going to come home again. They're in Honolulu on a vacation prior to Gloria's return to the screen.

IT'S never too late to learn. Nossir.

Stumbling on the set of "Magnificent Obsession" the other day, we practically tripped over Bert Lytell former picture star and now important stage star sitting in a canvas backed chair and hanging on every word and action that Director John Stahl made. Bert says he's going to learn the tricks of first rate directing, and although he's been in the business for more years than you could imagine, he's starting right at the bottom, like any other student in choosing a new *metier*.



Johnny Weissmuller is determined to make an expert swimmer of this pup. He gives it a swimming lesson daily in his private pool. Johnny is busy these days at M-G-M. working in his third "Tarzan" picture

PHOTOPLAY

EMBER

25 CENTS



**Hollywood
Scrambled
Love**

CAROL
LOMBARD
BY
TCHETCHE

**WHY THE MILLION DOLLAR PICTURES
ARE COMING BACK**



HENRY THE EIGHTH knew his etiquette

Ere he met the haughty Aragon sent by Spain to be his wife . . . before he poured out his heart to the young and luscious Anne Boleyn . . . before he wooed the poor, pale Jane Seymour . . . before he stormed the frigid heart of Anne of Cleves, or the warmer ones of Catherine Howard, his "rose without a thorn," and dutiful Catherine Parr, Henry the Eighth had the sense to do one thing as necessary as it was fastidious; that his breath might be above reproach, he chewed the leaf of mint. Egotist that he was, he realized that neither his riches nor his charm, his position nor his power, could be of great avail if he had halitosis. Even a king couldn't get away with it . . .

You Never Know

You never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault. What is more, everyone is likely to have it at some time or other because, even in normal mouths, fermentation of tiny food particles goes on. Objectionable odors are bound to rise.

The wise precaution, the wholly



CATHERINE HOWARD CATHERINE PARR



CATHERINE of ARAGON



ANNE BOLEYN



JANE SEYMOUR



ANNE of CLEVES

delightful one, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine—every day and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine's antiseptic and germicidal action quickly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. The breath becomes wholesome, sweet, agreeable. The entire mouth feels clean, fresh, invigorated.

Don't offend others needlessly when it is so easy to make yourself agreeable with this trustworthy deodorant. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

Quickly Checks Halitosis

Cut p 49-5, NBC

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1935

A RECKLESS, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN..

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BARBARY COAST

with

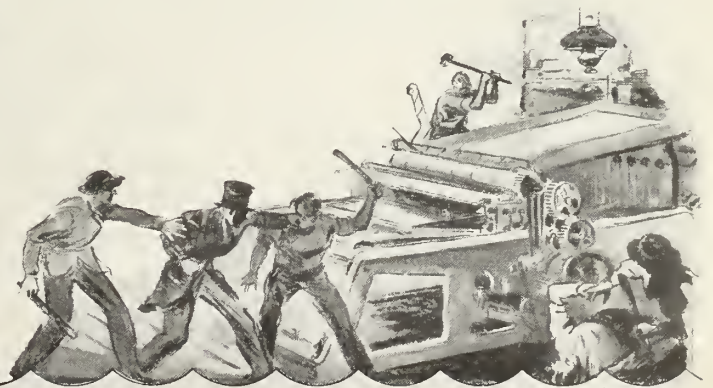
MIRIAM HOPKINS

EDW. G. ROBINSON

• JOEL McCREA •

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

Screenplay by Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht • Released thru United Artists



YOU HAVE WAITED 7 YEARS FOR THIS!

M-G-M again electrifies the world with "Broadway Melody of 1936" glorious successor to the picture which 7 years ago set a new standard in musicals. Roaring comedy, warm romance, sensational song hits, toe-tapping dances, eye-filling spectacle, a hand-picked cast.

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 "You Are My Lucky Star"
 "Broadway Rhythm"
 "Sing Before Breakfast"
 "I've Got A Feeling
 You're Foolin'!"

by Nacio Herb Brown
 and Arthur Freed, composers for the original
 "Broadway Melody"

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with

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UNA MERKEL · FRANCES LANGFORD
 SID SILVERS · BUDDY EBSEN
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Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

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Josef Von Sternberg

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These and many other
absorbing features are in
December PHOTOPLAY,
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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 6

NOVEMBER, 1935

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Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas (Helene Gahagan) hurry in to their seats to see "Top Hat" unfolded



When "Top Hat" opened in Hollywood: Marlene Dietrich and Elizabeth Allan enter



Playwright Benn Levy and wife, Constance Cummings, were among the notables at the "Top Hat" premiere

Letters

You can only tell a few what you think of a film and players. You reach thousands in "Letters"

portraits have appeared on the covers of this magazine. Recall the first—the beautiful Irene Dunne. Tchetchet's brush gave us an acute likeness, and what could have been more fitting for his introduction to us than this picture of one who represents American womanhood of the loveliest type? Tchetchet next painted Joan Bennett—and behold! She lived before our very eyes! He caught her delicate childlike sweetness in a portrait that is breathtaking in its beauty. The fragile type. And then September's PHOTOPLAY with Ann Harding gracing the cover. Against a background of royal blue, the magician set Miss Harding's classic beauty, and we have her exactly as she is—a lady who looks every inch a queen.

It cannot be that PHOTOPLAY and the artist could fail to give us, in this series of paintings, a portrait of a woman who is no one type, but all types, from naive to sophisticate. Please

give us the loveliest of them all—Greta Garbo—the woman with the whole world in her eyes!

BETTY BAYLISS, Atlanta, Ga.

McLAGLEN NOT UGLY

FOR the most part I like your magazine, but I must say that I resent the use of the word "ugly" in Walter Ramsey's article [The Man Who Plays "The Informer," September PHOTOPLAY—Ed.] as applied to the personal appearance of Victor McLaglen. It is a horrid word and has no place whatever in a description of Mr. McLaglen. Mere regularity of feature does not constitute beauty, nor does the lack of it produce ugliness. Surely strength of character is stamped on this man's face, a warm heart greets us in his infectious smile, and a great beauty of soul looks out through his eyes. It is enough.

ELSIE M. KING, Santa Cruz, Calif.

WANTED: COMPOSERS

IN this day of radio, you can't fool the people with bits from operas and symphonies in the movies. I think the motion picture studios need more first class composers to write

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 6]

ARTICLE TIMELY

CERTAINLY think the article, "What Really Happens to Movie Children," in the August PHOTOPLAY was very timely, as I can imagine the crowds of mothers that must be flocking to Hollywood to show the studios their "Shirley Temples." I surely hope that many of these mothers will read this article and benefit by Mrs. Shirley's [mother of Anne Shirley—Ed.] advice.

O. HENRY HERTZLER, Lancaster, Penna.

NEW INSTITUTION

"BECKY SHARP" has definitely established Technicolor as a grand old American institution, a necessity to moving pictures. How drab and dull films now seem after revelling in the artistic coloring of Miriam Hopkins' hit vehicle! This color process is a boon to lifeless, matter-of-fact, otherwise colorless photographic adventures!

RUBY M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

COVERS PRAISED

FELLOW fans please join me in paeans of praise to the editor and owners of PHOTOPLAY who have given us Monsieur Tchetchet whose

JUST A MASQUERS' MESS



Pat O'Brien talks it over with Bob Armstrong—maybe it's a question of Bob's ticket, how much the shindy took in, or another beer



Vince Barnett was set at the gate to see no ladies got into the movie actors' club picnic



Bob Armstrong and Frank McHugh saw to it that the eats were washed down very nicely



Sam Hardy did a land-of-fice business at the cigar stand—or is he trying to slip that fistful to cameraman Fink? Fink no say



Lee Tracy did very handsomely by the food, and it certainly looks as if the boys didn't go hungry. One grand 'n' glorious outing!

Letters

People from all over the world discuss pictures and stars on these pages. When movie-goers speak, Hollywood listens



On location—Margaret Sullivan can do three things at one and the same time during lunch period of the "So Red the Rose" company: Eat, read, and rest. But John Boles, taking out time on location with "Rose of the Rancho," has a big time with a turtle. Hungry a gain

cinema, and PHOTOPLAY is to be congratulated for keeping their memory alive.

JOHN S. ANTKOWIAK, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAS SUBSTANCE

WHY not have more movies that have substance to them like "Break of Hearts"? I call this a worthwhile picture: worthwhile to produce, and worthwhile to see.

DUANE R. BASSETT, Bennington, Vt.

ALL FOR COLOR

THERE has been much praise of "Becky Sharp," of the beauty and naturalness of the color effects. A few, of course find flaws, though mostly minor ones. For instance, the lip make-up seemed crude to some, and others noticed an unpleasant contrast in the appearance of Becky's hands. I thought the acting splendid, and the color effects added greatly to the charm of the picture. It surely was easier to understand Becky's allure, when viewing her warm, glowing beauty in its true tints. From small hamlets to large cities, motion pictures have greatly influenced and improved the styles, manners, and speech of men and women.

Will this new Technicolor bring still further improvement—that of correct use of color combinations in dress, to fit each particular type? Women may read much advice on style and beauty, but actually to see for oneself, continually, the effects created by color experts on living, moving figures would be a much more effective lesson along that line.

D. L. R., Minneapolis, Minn.

LIFE AS IT IS

AM one of the thousands of busy mothers who find real enjoyment and relaxation in the movies. There is nothing like them for banishing care and making life more worthwhile. Why can't we have more shows depicting life as it really is in the home of the common people? If we could see our own problems on the screen we would get a new

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

original music. Here's hoping for a better use of music in the movies.

ROSS SPENCER, Denver, Colorado

TO KAREN MORLEY

IT is difficult to realize that the mild, soft-spoken miner's girl of "Black Fury," and the insidious, tawdry moll of "Scarface" were portrayed by the same actress. Only one as versatile as Karen Morley could be capable of both. She gave a characterization in "Black Fury" that will live long.

EUDORA LUNDBLAD, St. Paul, Minn.

HEPBURN BACKED

I HAVE read your article: "Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?" I want the world to know exactly what I think of Katharine Hepburn. Since "Bill of Divorcement," I have worshipped her no less. I love her for what she is—so different from the rest. I don't believe that Hepburn's career is over. Garbo has been in Hollywood ten years—a

full fledged star for over half that time. Garbo has made twenty pictures; Hepburn eight, including "Alice Adams." And Kirtley Baskette says she is slipping. When I attended "Break of Hearts," the ushers were far from "playing solitaire on the empty seats."

MARION BOYD, Atlanta, Ga.

UNFAIR, UNJUST

PERMIT me to say that I felt the comparison in the September PHOTOPLAY of Ann Harding's exclusiveness and Hepburn's "screen suicide" was both unfair and unjust. Hepburn has no logical reason for her actions, while Ann Harding has had all the reason in the world for keeping to herself. She has done so with dignity and sincerity.

Mrs. G. K., Erie, Pa.

ALBUM PRAISED

THANK you ever so much for giving PHOTOPLAY readers the interesting PHOTOPLAY's Memory Album. It is nice to meet the stars of yesterday who made possible the art of the



THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
 THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
 "From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
 will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S
first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

accompanied by the immortal music of
 FELIX MENDELSSOHN

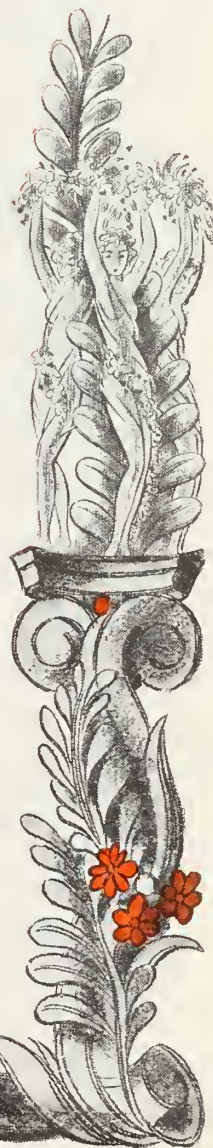
The Players

JAMES CAGNEY	JOE E. BROWN	DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT	FRANK MCHUGH	ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE	IAN HUNTER	VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY	HOBART CAVANAUGH	GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction. Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Graham is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

★ **BECKY SILARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT—Fox.—Warner Oland, as the Chinese philosopher-detective, goes to the tombs of the Pharaohs this time to encounter murder and unravel the mysteries. Pat Patterson, Thomas Beck, Stepin Fetchit. A-1 for Chan fans. (Sept.)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Oct.)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties." Diamond Jim Brady, Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (Oct.)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to rediscover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothern is the romantic prize. (July)

ESCAPEE—M-G-M.—Miscast as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominion-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the wif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen—and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE



MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.



SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.



Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with
NINO MARTINI
GENEVIEVE TOBIN
ANITA LOUISE
MARIA GAMBARELLI
MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK
REGINALD DENNY
VICENTE ESCUDERO
 world's greatest gypsy dancer

A FOX PICTURE

Directed by Alfred E. Green

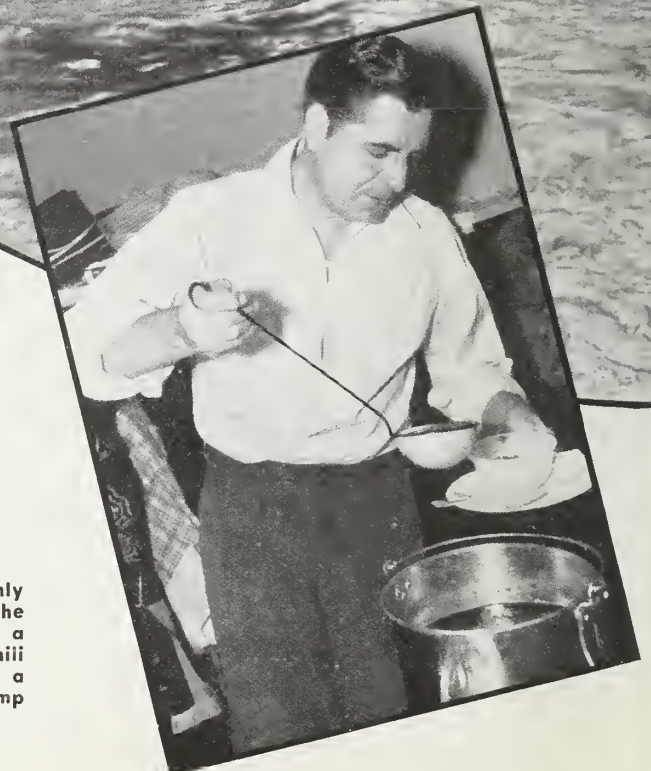
ROBIN HOOD AND HIS



Kay Hughes and Margo are having plenty of fun as Warner Baxter keeps a watchful eye to see that it's the aquatic type of fish that these two catch



You're right. The man behind that beard is Warner Baxter. With his director William Wellman, he scans the rushes of "Robin Hood of Eldorado," on location

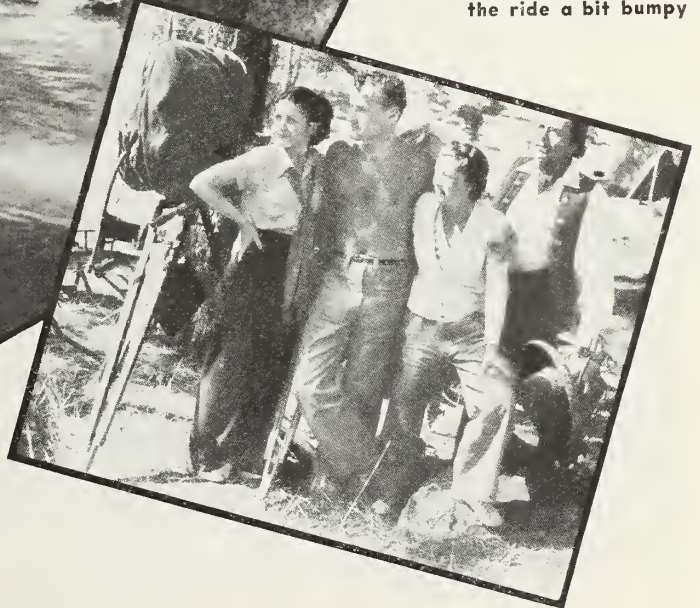


Warner Baxter is not only an excellent actor but he is also pretty handy in a kitchen. His famous chili and beans is considered a very popular dish in camp

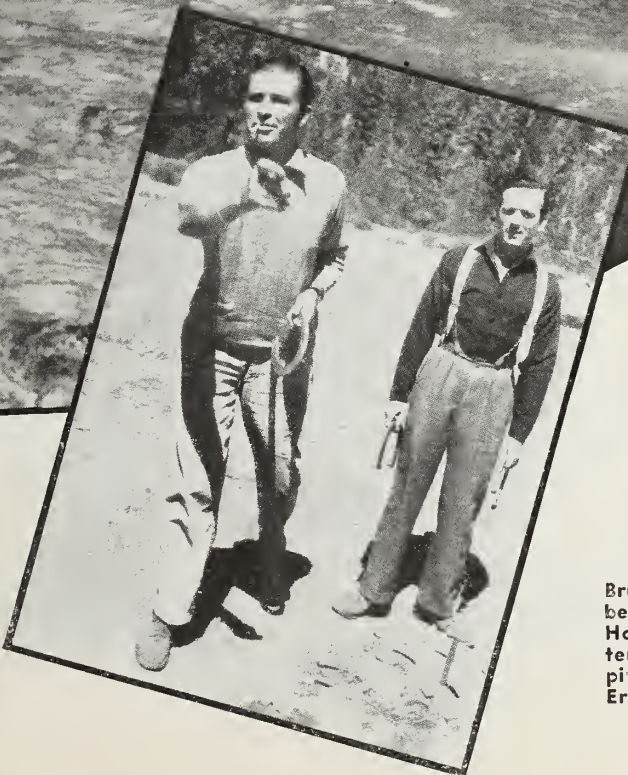
MERRY MEN AND GIRLS



Riding on one of the old stage coaches is a new thrill for Ann Loring. Eric Linden, Margo and Kay Hughes have found the ride a bit bumpy

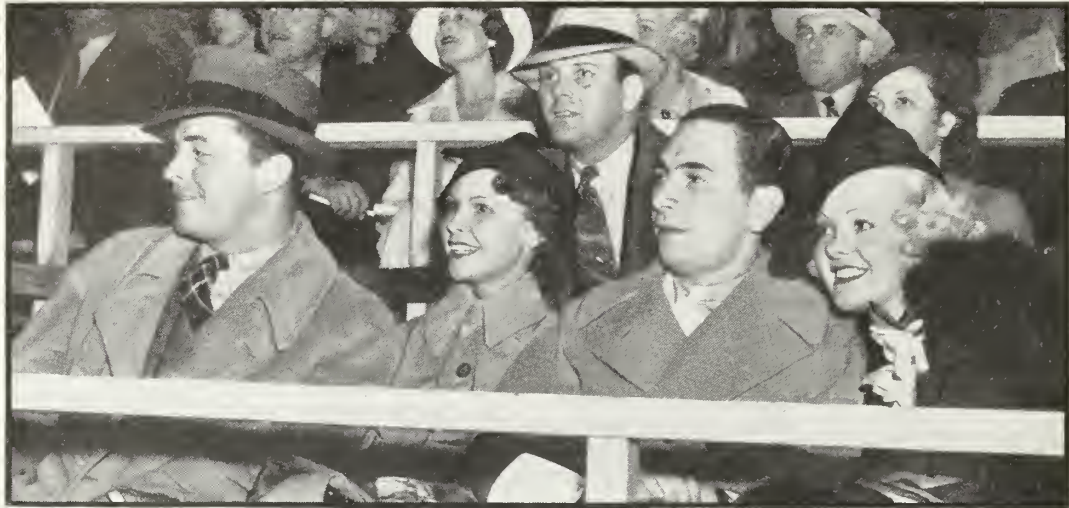


It looks as though Warner Baxter and his companions Mrs. and Mr. Wellman, and Kay Hughes are displaying signs of sentiment before they depart from location

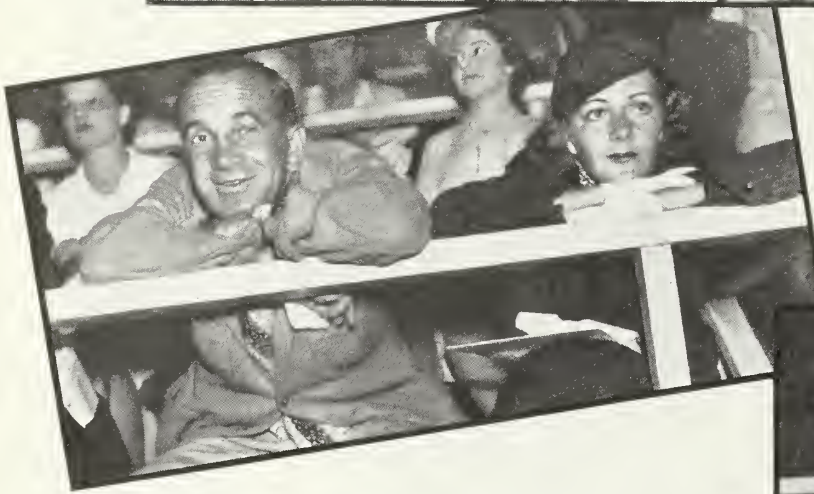


Bruce Cabot, another member of the cast of "Robin Hood of Eldorado," is determined to make a ringer pitching horse shoes with Eric Linden near location

Hollywood Goes To The Rodeo



That rartin', tartin' ridin' sure gets 'em. What a gleam it's put into the eyes of Peggy Walters (center above) and Alice Faye. Lyle Talbat, left, and William Seymour



Above, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler take a breather between the exciting events at the Gilmore stadium



The Weissmullers just wouldn't miss a Rodeo. And Lupe Velez takes the fun big, but Johnny's a serious one



A tense moment, as the expressions of Dan Alvarada, Binnie Barnes, and Bill Gargan graphically show

It's as though the Jael McCreas (Frances Dee) felt the neck-snapping branc busting themselves

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

THIS little anecdote of our beloved Will Rogers is a worthy tribute to the man himself—his own words, too.

Sometime ago while in Hollywood, I was with others talking to Will, when someone suggested that he seemed to do his acting with ease.

“Well,” Will replied, “if you’re doing what you like to do, and people like what you’re doing, it just ain’t no trouble at all to anybody.”

There’s a lot of profound philosophy in those simple words. And how characteristic of Will!

CHICAGO exhibitors have been putting “bank nights” over in a big way. You’ve heard of “bank nights,” of course; perhaps you have them in your city, too. But in case you don’t know, “bank night” is a minor equivalent for a sweep-stake drawing. Not so minor, either, for two hundred movie houses in Chicago have been giving away weekly some \$25,000 in cash.

If you happen to hold the right ticket you win the grand prize. But you must be present when the drawing is made. Lots of people with tickets can’t get in—crowds of from 10,000 to 25,000 are attracted to the theater.

The whole enterprise has grown so big it is rapidly getting out of control of its sponsors.

THE film exchange managers don’t like it. It is almost impossible to unscramble the division of box-office between theater and exchanges for pictures playing on a percentage.

Starting last March, with a few houses, “bank nights” have grown like a Florida land boom.

Meantime, the courts have already been called in. In New York City in test cases the plaintiff argued, in substance, that theaters using this method to attract audiences were operating games of chance. A Brooklyn judge ruled that “lucky” was legal. In Wisconsin, Ohio and Nebraska cases are pending in the courts.

All this is good for neither exhibitors, producers nor picture patrons. A theater is no place for a lottery.

THEN there’s that old standby evil—the double feature. I’ve never known motion picture theatergoers to proclaim their enthusiasm for the “two-in-one” show. Exhibitors, in general, appear to regard it—as necessary—because “competition requires it.”

As for the producers themselves, you can sadden most of them, in their gayest mood, by just casually bringing up the subject.

Darryl Zanuck showed spirit and courage by refusing to exhibit "Les Miserables" tagged—and damned—on a double bill. Other pictures of other companies, recently released, or about to be, represent such a huge investment and are on such a gigantic scale that they must be run by themselves.

Maybe we are about to see the beginning of the end of the double feature nuisance.

THE Little Theater has continued to show marked vitality during the past summer season. The prediction made, a number of years ago, that motion pictures would eventually kill this movement proved to be a false prophecy.

On the contrary, these dramatic art centers scattered throughout the land have been watched very carefully by the studios, not only in the hope but in the expectation, of unearthing new talent for Hollywood.

While the flowering of the screen was in progress, the stage as a definite money-making business was dying of inanition.

OF late, it is true, "road shows" have been coming back. Witness, for example, the remarkable run of "Three Men on a Horse." Perhaps the turning tide of prosperity may have something to do with this, but, by and large, the "legitimate stage" is practically non-existent in centers where it formerly flourished.

Even vaudeville has been steadily going down and down. The performers have not lost their skill. It is the times that have changed. The juggler, the tight-rope walker and the trained seal have lost their allure. But not so with the Little Theater movement. That seems to possess the vitality of the earth from which it springs. However, popular as it is, today it is largely regarded as a means to an end—playwrights hope to win the attention of Broadway, and the actors have the same goal in mind, or—beyond that—Hollywood.

IF motion pictures had never been invented, one might safely suggest that Little Theaters today would be as numerous as automobile service stations.

But, in my belief, that is no matter for regret. It would be as difficult to imagine a world without films as it would be to conceive one without autos.

ACCORDING to Motion Picture Herald: "One of the severest blows dealt the cause of vaudeville in recent years lies in the record of the exclusively films policy of Loew's Capitol on Broadway, where 'China Seas' completed three successful weeks, when stage shows were eliminated for the first time since the theater was opened in 1919.

"The Loew circuit and others believe that with a large percentage of meritorious films being released there will be no need for bolstering stage shows even on Broadway, while the booking agents blame the increased trend to theater poolings and the accompanying decrease in competition, as well as the labor situation, for accelerating the 'back to film' movement.

"Considered highly indicative of the general trend is that whereas Loew's five years ago scheduled stage shows in thirty-six of its theaters as a regular policy and last year, with fluctuations, in twelve, this year only three theaters will play vaudeville regularly—Loew's State, New York; the Century, Baltimore; and the Fox, Washington, all week stands."

A STAR can put a dozen persons on the road to fame and wealth by an idea from which she never directly derives a penny. A new idea for a coiffure, and the hairdresser is made famous overnight. The new style becomes the rage.

But, remember, it is the star's own individuality that creates the novelty—though the man who follows her suggestions gets the credit.

And so it may be with gowns, too. The famous ones of the screen more often than not know what best becomes them.

Their judgment of themselves in such matters is a combination of intuition and intelligence, because they were born with the ability to know how to attract and please others.

"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears . . .



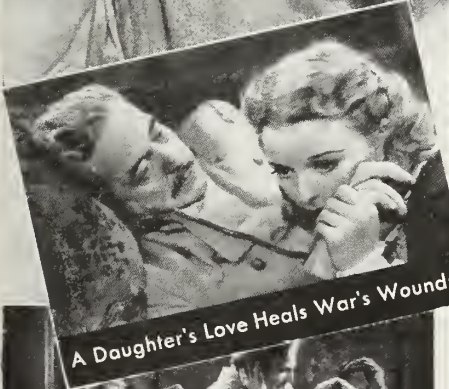
The Girl He Left Behind Him



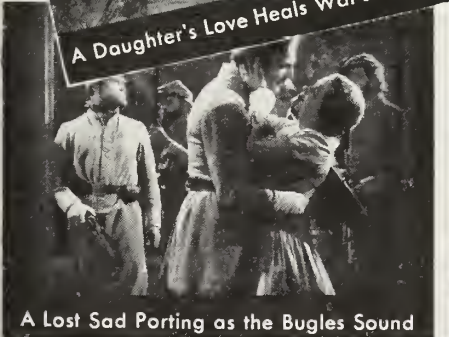
Slaves in the First Frenzy of Freedom



A Son of the South Goes Forth to War



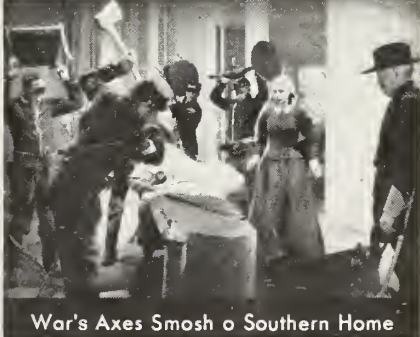
A Daughter's Love Heals War's Wounds



A Lost Sad Parting as the Bugles Sound



Women Await the Dreaded News



War's Axes Smash o Southern Home

"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.



The Pictures Tell the Story

JOAN BLONDELL and George Barnes have been together constantly for the past four years. They fell very solidly in love a year before they were married. They saw no one but each other all during the courtship. They worked together all day on the set, and then saw each other every evening, including holidays.

Even on New Year's Eve, when everyone is touched with a gregarious yearning, George and Joan, that betrothed year, slipped into his car and rode out miles to the desert—away from the world.

They went to parties—yes—but they stuck together like postage stamps. And this was before they were married.

After the ceremony, Joan and George literally never stirred out of one another's sight.



George photographed all Joan's pictures. He watched her through a camera finder when he wasn't watching her out of his own two eyes. Between scenes, Joan ambled over to the camera and sat beside George.

Then home. If they went out, it was together — no matter where. That's a tough assignment for Romance.

It's even tougher in Hollywood where every member of the screen colony finds his or her orbit narrowed down to the same old things, day in and day out. Where stars actually flee from themselves on trips to anywhere — just to change the scenery.

Love, like anything else, must have a change now and then.

And now, Joan has filed for divorce.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Gentleman

Ronald Colman has one of the best parts of his film career as *Sydney Carton*, Charles Dickens' ace of gentlemen adventurers in the epic novel of the French Revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities"



Steppers

Ann Dvorak and Joe E. Brown have been doing right well, thank you, in their tops comedy, "Bright Lights," in which you see them here. Ann is now working in "Thanks a Million," in which Fred Allen, stage star, makes his screen debut. Joe E. is to do "I'm In the Legion"



Senorita

Hmm-mm, howsa about this, folks? The petite blonde Alice Faye, in the Fox film "Music and Magic." Alice has certainly risen to high rating since her advent into the movies less than two years ago. And now she goes senorita, which should prove very interesting



William Walling, Jr.

Youth

Dainty Joan Bennett comes into her own in the leading rôle of "Rich Man's Daughter," for Columbia. George Raft will play opposite her. Also in the cast are Billie Burke and bluff Walter Connolly

Why Coty "Air Spun" will change all your ideas about face powder



WHATEVER your experiences have been with other powders . . . prepare to forget them when you try Coty Air Spun.

For in a very real and dramatic way Coty Air Spun Powder is entirely different from any face powder you have ever used.

Where other powders are made by "mechanical" methods—by grinding and sifting—this new-type powder is *spun by air*.

Imagine! A powder buffed by rushing torrents of air! Swirled in a fantastic snow-storm! Spun and driven until it reaches a softness and a smoothness never equaled by any other face powder.

The texture of Coty Air Spun is so smooth that the powder lies flat and even

on your skin, brings a new softness to your complexion, hides tiny lines and blemishes.

The shades, *spun in*, look like warm, living skin tints—young and radiant. Scents are subtler and longer-lasting.

And Air Spun Powder *clings* longer! For it is a scientific fact that the smoother the powder, the "friendlier" it is to skin texture.

A NEW, LARGER BOX, \$1.00

Coty Air Spun Powder—in its famous odors, L'Origan, L'Aimant, "Paris," Emeraude—comes in a new, larger box . . . almost half again as large. The newest shades are—"Solcil d'Or" and "Perle Rose."

Come with Coty to a new world of beauty!



NEW, TENDER TEXTURE

—because it is Air Spun—

The moment you touch Air Spun Powder you can tell the difference . . . the texture is so smooth. This smoother powder lies even and flat on the skin . . . hides tiny lines and wrinkles . . . gives a new softness to your complexion.



WARMER, YOUNGER SHADES

—because it is Air Spun—

Each of Coty's 12 shades is matched to a perfect debutante complexion. Then the tints are *air spun* into the powder . . . smoothly, subtly blended. In this way Coty brings new warmth . . . truer, younger tones to face powder.



LOYAL—IT CLINGS LONGER

—because it is Air Spun—

It is a scientific fact that the smoother the powder, the better it "holds." Chemists say that "Air Spun particles are *friendlier* to your skin." That's why the powder clings much longer.

Coty



Above, Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, as they returned from their honeymoon in 1933, only to be divorced last year. Left, Stephen Ames, Adrienne's predecessor to Bruce, and wife Raquel Torres. Recently they all met. Just what would you have done?



Above, Lee Tracy, "ex" beau of Isabel Jewell, and Estelle Taylor, "ex" wife of Jack Dempsey, when Lee and Estelle were called "Hollywood's newest romance." But, below, Estelle is now linked with wealthy "Van" Smith, but the report is that Nancy and "Van" are to be married, yet where does that leave the romance of Estelle Taylor and "Van" Smith?



HOLLYWOOD

A FEW nights ago Adrienne Ames sat in the Cafe Trocadero being decently and restfully bored.

At her table sat two young men who might have been out-of-town visitors, or maybe even relatives, for certainly the Ames group was far from scintillating as they watched the dancers on this extraordinarily warm night in late September.

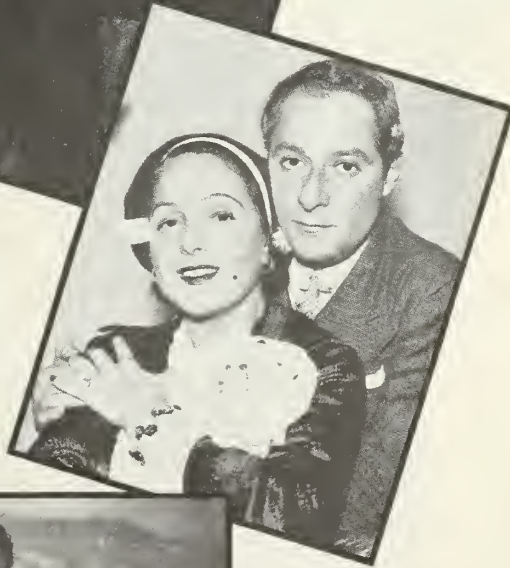
The lovely Adrienne looked tired, the young men looked tired, and the dancers looked tired and warm. And when a girl is honestly tired after a hard day's work at the studio, there's no particular reason for looking otherwise, is there?

Adrienne was as relaxed as a babe in arms, when suddenly, Mr. Stephen Ames (Adrienne's Ex) arrived in a party with the new Mrs. Ames (Raquel Torres), her sister Renee and Victor Orsatti.

Now maybe Mr. Ames had been a little warm and tired, too, before he reached the cafe where his ex-wife was dining. Maybe he was just as warm as his former wife, and possibly he might



William Powell and the blonde Carole Lombard, right, married and were divorced. Then Carole and Bob Riskin, writer, top, became definitely interested in each other, and William and Jean Harlow. But there was a situation — which Carole handled neatly!



SCRAMBLED LOVE

How would you conduct yourself if you couldn't get away from ex-husbands, wives, sweethearts?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

have enjoyed eating his meal in an equal state of relaxation.

But such was not to be the case; for suddenly the Trocadero was as wired for animation and pep in general as though Jack Oakie had brought his electric chair!

Such fun as everybody began to have!

Mr. Ames could hardly wait to get to his table to ask Raquel to dance.

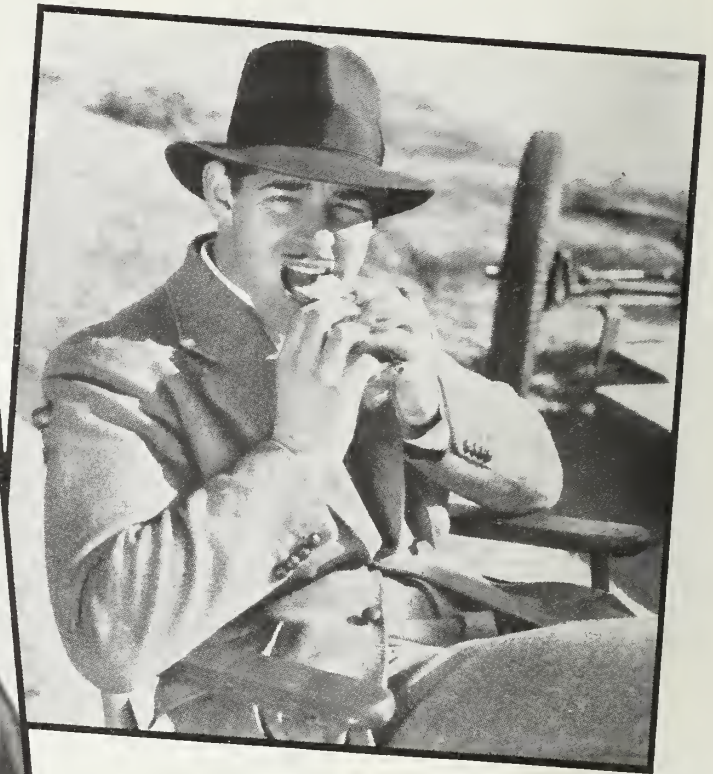
And the conversational subject that landed feet first at Adrienne's table must have been the most amusing in the world, so general and almost insistent was the laughter.

But it wasn't until Bruce Cabot walked in with the director of his newest picture, that the "Troc" practically got out of hand in its hysterical good times. For surely you remember the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



George Jessel and Norma Talmadge (above) are happily married, but at one gathering they met Merle Oberon, Joseph Schenck, all that was needed were Gilbert Roland (left, with Norma), Constance Bennett — well, read how the pattern fits

WHY GABLE HAS



Above, Gable the rugged, simple, and direct—as direct—as his attack on that snack while on location

Left, Clark as Fletcher Christian, in M-G-M's "Mutiny on the Bounty," with Mamo, a native Tahitian belle

FIVE years ago, Clark Gable said: "I'll be lucky if this lasts five years."

To say now, after those five years have passed, that Clark Gable is really just arriving at success may sound like the added mutterings of some Rip Van Winkle peering in cobwebby puzzlement at the wonders of Hollywood. A Rip whose snores were sound enough to shut out the febrile huzzahs which during the past four years have acclaimed Clark Gable the greatest masculine idol since Rudolph Valentino, indeed the only one that can be confidently mentioned with that heart shattering Sheik.

Clark Gable arrived, anyone will tell you, the day he walked on the set of "Dance, Fools, Dance." He arrived when the whole set instinctively turned and looked at the tall, broad-shouldered masterful guy and kind of drew in a short breath exhaled during a long, naive, rude stare. Nobody knew who this lad was, but they felt what he was.

Clark Gable arrived, those days

STAYED AT THE TOP



After "Dance, Fools, Dance," as Joan Crawford's leading man, the hue and cry for more Gable was on

Gable's love of the outdoors is no pose—he's top shooting man in all Hollywood—particularly at "skeet"



The story of how Clark has been able to face and survive the hardest test put to his conceit—fanatical woman worship

By CHET GREENE

after "Dance, Fools, Dance," and "The Secret Six" when the public responded with a jerk to his new shot of s. a. adrenalin. They swamped the studio with letters, and excited theater exhibitors all over the country shot wires to Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer demanding: "Who is this new guy? What's the idea of keeping him under wraps?"

He arrived at a sensation—yes—he arrived at lucky strike, an unbelievable bonanza—sure—but just recently with "The Call of the Wild," "China Seas" (and although you haven't seen it yet, it's safe to include "Mutiny on the Bounty") he hooked those three picture pegs onto a ledge of solid success.

To do five years after that first hit was a much harder job than becoming a sensation, for a whole lot of reasons, believe you me.

It takes something. Clark has it.

"Whatever comes of all of this," he said during those first heady moments of new hero worship, "it's still okay with me. Even if I go down as fast as I've jumped up, it's still a lucky break."

He meant it. He was so sick and tired of touring the sticks in the "B" shows and in stock companies. So weary of being shunted off to dreary stands that seemed to lead to worse than nowhere, so familiar with that dreaded two-weeks notice that he said with a grateful sigh:

"I'll be thankful if they'll just let me stay here and work."

It might have been that gratitude, so deeply felt, which has

helped Clark Gable face and survive the toughest test a man ever had put to his own conceit—public, world wide, fanatical woman worship.

But then it might have been several other things, too.

Clark had had his ears well beaten down by short-lived one-night stand fames, wetted down by disappointments. He had considered himself set once on Broadway and found himself shagging the sidewalks the next month hunting a job.

Whether or not he cynically observed his sensational break as a mushroom destined to dry up and pop into dust in a few weeks, he told a friend: "Don't worry, I know they're not hailing me as an actor or anything like that. I'm not so flattered. It isn't any compliment to me. I just happen to represent something to 'em, that's all."

You could speculate about a number of things which set Clark off on the right foot.

The kind of a down to earth regular fellow he was to start with. The realistic background of factory work, oil drilling, mountain engineering. The fact that being past thirty, he had more than the average lady-killer's balance. The fact that when he arrived at M-G-M he couldn't have helped notice the struttings of Jack Gilbert and one or two other idols of the weaker sex still in vogue at that time. Jokes to some around the lot, Clark might well have resolved to keep away from anything like that.

You might consider his sense of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Claudette Colbert and her director, Gregory La Cava, became devoted friends after the two had exchanged amusing nicknames. There's an interesting story behind the chair labels in the picture. It is told in this article

"THE FRETTING

THE STORY OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S

Editor's Note: The author of this keen, penetrating analysis of Claudette Colbert's true character and why she has suddenly attained the "tops" in pictures, is one of the screen's finest directors. He is also well known as a student of the arts and sciences. His knowledge of psycho-analysis and psychiatry made possible that splendid picture, "Private Worlds." His most recent picture with Miss Colbert is "She Married Her Boss."

THE "fretting frog" stormed. With all her Gallic sensitivity aroused, Claudette raged at me. Not in the childish sulky words and actions of the tempestuous, illogical female, but with keen, analytical and incisive argument.

Why must she play the scene in that manner? Why couldn't

I see the feminine viewpoint? No sane, clear-thinking woman would react to the astounding situation that had suddenly arisen in her life, in such a stupid manner.

Instead of taking it on the chin, instead of suffering in bewildered silence, she would marshal all her feminine wiles in a grand fight-to-the-finish to hold her man. She would ask no quarter and give none.

Claudette persuaded me in the end, but I was easily persuaded because I had been using a bit of psychology. I had hoped all along that this elemental emotion would be her natural reaction. Her anger aroused, challenged to prove she was right, Claudette tore into the scene with all the fire and tempestuousness of the most inspired, temperamental actress imaginable.

Truthfully I was somewhat amazed. Never having directed



Due to her shy and retiring nature, Claudette had to overcome numerous barriers that threatened her rise to fame. She has, at last, reached the heights

Miss Colbert is that type of person who is happiest when surrounded by hordes of people; but she always manages to find something to occupy her when alone



FROG^{''}

NEW LEAP TO FAME

By GREGORY LA CAVA

Claudette before "Private Worlds" (in fact we had met for the first time a few days preceding the picture), I entertained a few preconceived notions about the young woman, most of which turned out to be wholly inaccurate.

To me, the Colbert of the screen was a cool, charming and rather beautiful young girl who had never experienced riotous emotions. She was the mental actress, the mental woman. After all, how and where could she have acquired the feeling of the crude, elemental emotions that govern the make-up and actions of the self-made, down-to-earth person who has had to fight her way up in the world?

Claudette was born and reared a "nice girl." In my years of experience as a motion picture director, I have come to understand why "nice girls" are not good actresses. Too many lady-like reactions to life which are as finely rooted in their con-

sciousness as life itself. In short, they instinctively react only to the conventional.

I wouldn't give a dime a dozen for "nice girls" as actresses. I like 'em with red-hot, inflammable temperaments.

Why? Well, for psychological reasons. The temperamental player's subconscious mind is always working. Vivid imaginations, elemental emotions. Such players can be aroused to the necessary emotional pitch and feeling. It is the director's job to harness and direct that electrical energy in a constructive manner.

No, the so-called "nice girl" never becomes a splendid actress until she overcomes conventional thinking and acting.

Claudette has made the grade. She has found herself. The shy, sensitive, introspective girl of yesterday is developing into a far more attractive, appealing, | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99 |

Song Hits Make Stars and Stars Make Song Hits



No one can figure a song hit, but Bing Crosby can make one. Singing "Love In Bloom" to Kitty Carlisle

No sleep for songsmiths as a singing star is making her film debut, such as Gladys Swarthout, with John Boles

Mack Gordon, the big one, and Harry Revel, "tuning"

A STARRY-EYED Irish girl with pretty legs and a sweet smile mentions Pullman porters, a train that goes slow and lights turned down low to make an ordinarily dull excursion to Buffalo seem very attractive indeed.

A curly-headed, apple-cheeked lad wonders tunelessly how he could possibly say "No" when all the world is saying "Yes."

A sadly sweet young man with yellow hair huskily implores you to please lend your little ears to his pleas.

And "in the twinkling of an eye" three stars are made—Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and Bing Crosby.

These three stars are directly attributable to a class of sweating, badgered craftsmen known as song writers, who spend their days and nights making more stars than D. W. Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn, or Irving Thalberg.

Ever since "42nd Street," song writing has become a big part of Hollywood's daily dozen. Ever since Al Dubin and Harry Warren, whom you may never have heard of before, hammered out the catchy score and took musicals out of the screen dog house, making stars has been all in the day's work for the song writers.

Two kinds of stars they rocket to fame. One is a personality—the other is a song.



Irving Berlin, probably the most widely known song writer. The "Top Hat" melodies are his

Will you forget "42nd Street," and Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell? And there's a story!

One, if it has what it takes, will live for years and become a toast, a crush, a rave, an idol—and a wealthy individual.

The other, if it has what it takes, will die in two months.

But craze or career, brief life or longevity, the songs that Bing Crosby sings are as much stars as Bing himself. Songs are stars. Songs are personalities. Songs make stars. Songs make personalities.

Before Al Dubin and Harry Warren wrote "Shuffle Off To Buffalo" and "42nd Street," song writers were about as welcome around Hollywood as the well known pole cat at a lawn party.

Now eighty per cent of the ditties you hear over your radio are born in Hollywood, used on a studio lot. Now three out of every five movies produced have a song somewhere in the picture.

Now Tin Pan Alley, which used to dominate Broadway, has firmly lodged itself in Golden Gulch. Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin—and all the rest of them are members of the movie colony, and it would be hard indeed to say just which is the real star of a smash film musical—the star, the

Song writing is now a high order of craftsmanship—with a hundred and one little things to send a tunesmith daffy

By WARREN REEVE



song, or the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun (apologies to Gertrude Stein)—the man you never see and seldom notice on the title sheet—the song writer.

Which was the real star of "The Gay Divorcee"—Fred Astaire or "The Continental"? Who was the real hit of "She Loves Me Not," Bing Crosby or "Love In Bloom"? Or was it a couple of other guys—Con Conrad and Herb Nagidson for instance, or Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin?

Flash back again to "42nd Street." Ruby Keeler took a nice bow. Darryl Zanuck was hailed as the wonder producer. Busby Berkeley garnered undying fame for his song-dance spectacles. All very much deserved too.

But who really turned the trick at a critical time with tunes that you may still be humming—who wrote what made the musical a *musical*—the words and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



Two short years of marriage with the great lover, John Gilbert, wrought vital changes in Virginia's plans

Miss Bruce was asked the question direct: "What if John Gilbert should ask you to marry him again, then?"

WHY VIRGINIA BRUCE Won't Marry for Five Years

"The most beautiful girl in Hollywood," as the young gallants call her, has a fascinating scheme of life

As told to GLADYS HALL

"I WILL not marry for five years," the beautiful Virginia Bruce said solemnly, making the sign of an oath with one hand while with the other she received a mammoth box of flowers from the maid who had been taking recurrent telephone calls.

"I will not marry for five years, not even if I should fall in love again.

"I won't marry for five years because I gave all I had to give to my first marriage—and it was not enough.

"I won't marry for five years because I must have time in which to grow up.

"Mentally and emotionally I was about fifteen when I married Jack Gilbert. I must be thirty mentally, emotionally and actually before I marry again.

"Here and now, I take this vow."

And I thought, as Virginia was speaking, that she will need to hold her vow with an iron grip of both white hands. For the young men about town call Virginia "the most beautiful girl in Hollywood." The Bruce telephone rings unremittingly. Florists put their Sunday shoes on the doorstep and they walk

unerringly to the Bruce home. A certain man recently came from New York to the Coast just to spend a day with Virginia.

All the young men are sighing.

"I think if I had been wiser," Virginia was saying, with that something sad and remembering which always comes into her gray-blue eyes when she mentions Jack or their brief day together, "I think if I had known better how to handle situations, hold my own in arguments, fight for our happiness, Jack and I might have been together today. I did my best. I gave everything I had to give to making our marriage a success but I know now that what I had to give was too inexperienced, too immature.

"And because I failed the first time there will be no second until I have grown up.

"I developed very slowly. I'd had almost no young good times. I hadn't, as they say, 'been around.' I was brought up by the sort of parents who always called for me when I went out of an evening. I thought, I guess, that there was no cloud but only a silver lining."

And as she talked, sitting at lunch with me in her organdie-



Glorious Virginia has a particular reason for her five-year plan, and it has to do with age

A finer and more intelligent example of motherhood would be difficult to find. Susan Ann's two

draped dressing room on the M-G-M lot, beautiful with the unreal fragility of beauty, I was marveling at what two little years of profound and passionate living can do for a girl.

For I was remembering the first interview I ever had with Virginia, just after she had announced her engagement to John Gilbert. A shy sort of girl she was, then, with the eager unfinished look of the small-town girl still about her. Gold hairpins in her pale gold hair, a pink crêpe frock which looked *young*—and not done by Adrian. And a look in her eyes such as *Alice* must have had when she first spied Wonderland looming ahead.

For Virginia, so brief awhile ago, had been just a little High School girl, a little Gilbert fan in Fargo, North Dakota. She had sat tense [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

And So You Think He's FUNNY!

You think he's a born comic? No! Life beat humor out of him! So much so, he never kids! He thinks it cruel fun

By Muriel Babcock



Left, Penner without a typical Pennerian gesture! An unusually rare moment for Joe. Not such a bad looking gent, either

Above, can't you hear Joe saying, "Coming right at you!" in that droll way of his? He never can resist a set of banisters



Joe now has a sumptuous home in Beverly Hills to clown about in

JOE PENNER may be able to send you into stitches with his clown-like absurdities, with his funny plaintive "Wanna Buy A Duck?" or "Don't Never DO That!" but there's nothing funny about the real Joe.

The story of his life contains no gags. It is not a pretty story. An honest story, yes, one of a life crammed with hard work and with heart-breaks for a sensitive, self-conscious, sweet-souled fellow whose great life ambition seems to me best expressed in his early urge to make money so he could "do nice things" and "know nice people."

Probably because he remembers the day, when a little immigrant boy, a name tag around his neck, his heart bursting with excitement, he stood on Ellis Island and surveyed a great strange new city, that he has so much humbleness and sympathy today.

Maybe he remembered this frightened, little immigrant boy who was Joe Penner at nine, when a few years ago, appearing in New York, came a call that a sick little boy about to die in a hospital was crying to see him.



Never a dull moment in the Penner ménage. The petite Eleanor May, Mrs. Penner, is a willing and active part in Jae's antics. It hasn't always been such fun for Jae, but he's certainly earned it

This happened right in the middle of "Callegiate," far Paramount, which you'll see Joe in saan. Somebody had made a crack about Gaa-Gaa, the duck. And as you can see, Jae wanted to fight



There was hardly time between performances to get to the hospital and back, but Joe, not knowing the boy or circumstances, went. He arrived to find a tow-headed lad swathed in bandages from a fire, dying. He sat down beside the bed, told all the stories he could think of to the boy, and then, with tears streaming down his face, rushed back to the theater.

With tears still staining his cheeks, he went on for the performance. After the performance, he wanted to go back to the hospital, but he had to take a train for another city. He was so upset about it and so unnerved for days, that finally his manager, trying to restore Joe to normal, told him the lad was better.

Another story about Joe that I like is his answer to the wealthy, influential New Yorker who wanted him to attend a swank party. "I'm sorry," said Joe, "but my wife likes the night life and the night clubs, and I've promised her to take her places tonight." Joe was in his dressing gown; his wife, Eleanor, who understands him and loves him dearly, was in her negligée. They weren't going anywhere. They were just staying home. Joe turned from the telephone to his violin and spent the evening tinkling off tunes—sad Hungarian melodies, I suppose, for they are what he loves—the whole evening long while Eleanor sat and listened.

That is gag-man Joe Penner for you!

To me, these are the sort of things that reveal the soul of a man, the stuff out of which he is made. He doesn't get a great heart overnight; he has a great heart because of the way he thinks and feels and the way he has lived. Let me tell you a little of Joe Penner's life story. It is full of bumps and heart-breaks and achievement in the face of obstacles, and it is thrillingly dramatic.

The little immigrant boy of yesterday, who stood on Ellis Island facing the skyscrapers of New York, is today an enjoyable clown with a salary in the thousands.

How did he get that way?

Joe was born, not Joe Penner, but Joseph Pinter in Hungary. Before he was old enough to talk, his mother left him with his grandparents to join his father in the strange American land. When there was money enough, and this was not until Joe was nearly nine years old, they sent for Joe and the grandparents to come to Detroit where the father had a job as a laborer in the Ford factory.

The three of them sailed steerage on the Carpathia—they had intended to get another boat, but there was delay with immigration authorities in the homeland. And such a trip. You should hear Joe tell about it. A [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



"The Last Days of Pompeii" as you can well imagine, with its opportunities for sweeping panoramic effects (above), puts the picture into the top high-cost class



Left, a scene from the adaptation of Dickens' immortal story, "A Tale of Two Cities," one of the reasons for the big spending spree of producers. Readily recognizable are Ronald Colman, Edna May Oliver, Donald Woods, standing; left, Reginald Owen, Henry B. Walthall, and Claude Gillingwater

Why the Million Dollar

WHETHER it is Hollywood's expression of prosperity—
Whether it is the industry's answer to the double
bill menace—

Whether it is competition, desire for prestige, or a return to
the action movie from the intimate talkie—

Or whether it is (as I strongly suspect) because the astute
gentlemen who produce the films figure they are going to make
more money by spending more money; whatever it is—

Million Dollar Pictures are coming back.

The Hollywood pocket books are wide open once more, and
the producers are spending money, not in one and two hun-
dred dollar lots, but in million dollar chunks.

You readers of PHOTOPLAY, as Mr. and Mrs. John Public,
are going to be treated to an orgy of extravagantly made,

lavish, sweeping spectacles this Fall and Winter such as you
haven't seen since the advent of talkies. I think you will
find them good pictures, too. The kind that the whole family
may go and see and go home thinking, "Well, that *was* an
evening!"

Cast your eye over this noble list of million dollar productions
with which Hollywood is endowing the movie-going world.
They are pictures of extraordinary merit, and the individual
cost, which I cite herewith, is nothing mean.

The list:

"The Crusades"—cost \$1,300,000.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" \$1,500,000 (possibly \$2,000,000
when all the figures are in).

"Tale of Two Cities" \$1,200,000.



Max Reinhardt has a name for elaborate stage spectacles, and now he has transferred his genius to the screen, with Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as his initial film offering (above)



"The Crusades," by that master artist of effective splendor, Cecil B. De Mille, lent itself admirably to a lavish treatment (right)

Pictures are Coming Back

You are going to be treated to the most lavish movies since talkies came about, and they are good ones, too

By MARIAN STEVENS

"Midsummer Night's Dream" \$1,200,000.
 "Captain Blood" \$1,000,000.
 "Barbary Coast" \$900,000.

"Last Days of Pompeii" \$950,000.
 "Little Lord Fauntleroy" \$1,000,000.
 "Robin Hood of Eldorado" \$1,000,000.
 "Broadway Melody" \$1,000,000.
 "Shark Island" \$850,000.
 "Shoot the Chutes" (Eddie Cantor) \$1,500,000.

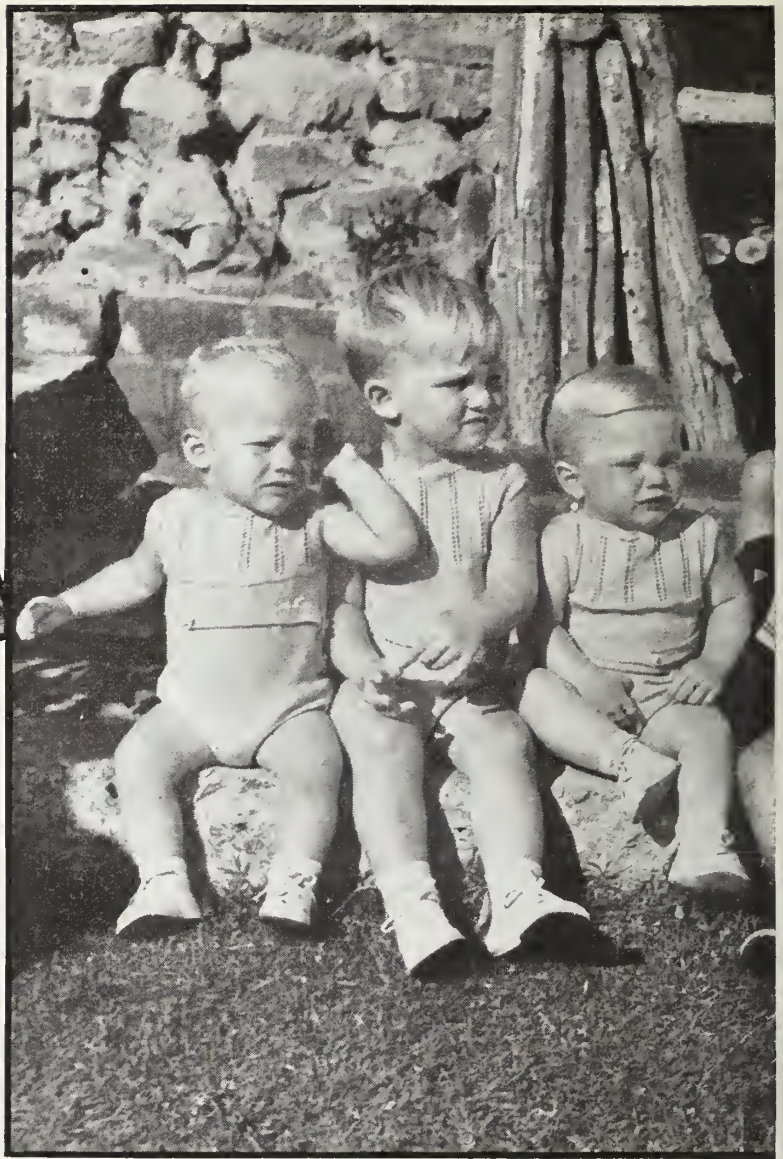
And there will undoubtedly be more. These are the outstanding productions completed or planned at this writing.

Now, a million dollars and more is a big round figure for a Hollywood writer to toss off casually. Maybe it makes your head swim a little. Now, I can hear you ask, can producers spend so much on one motion picture and expect to make money?

Ladies and gentlemen, I refer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



At Arlene Judge's children's party. Above, Mary and Katharine, daughters of Joe E. Brown. Right, the handsome, but bored males: left to right, front row, Phillip, Gary, and Dennis Crosby, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., Louis G. Dillie, Jack Woody, Jr. Standing, Buster Murray, Jr., and Manny Robinson



The beautiful Helen Twelvetrees and her very good-looking son, Jack Woody, Jr., had the best of times at the Arlene Judge frolic

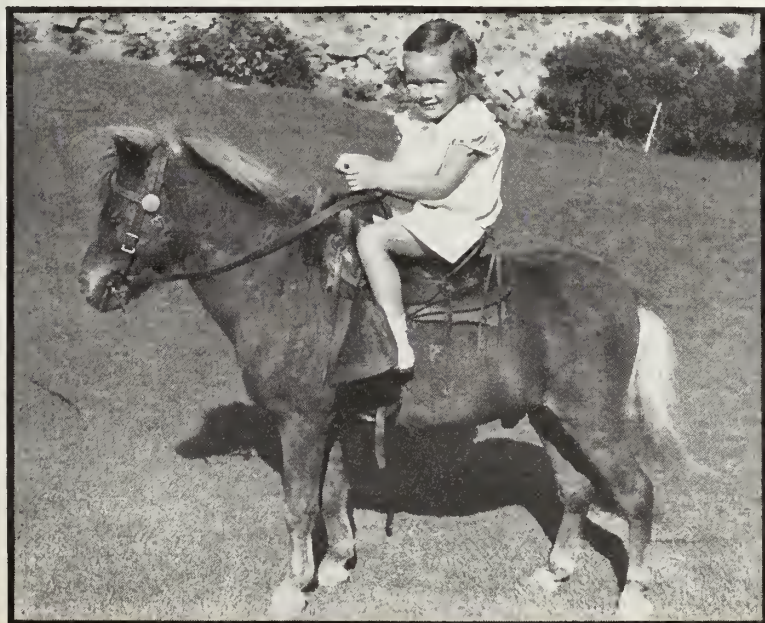


Director Wesley Ruggles holds Wesley, Jr., and his very attractive wife, Arlene Judge, holds Miriam Hopkins' son Michael

ALL IN THE



DAY'S PLAY



Here's why Photoplay's noted cameraman, Hyman Fink, gets around to all the places: he has himself such a grand time. He's showing Arlene how he gets those swell kiddies' shots

Arlene's party was complete even to pony rides all around. Little Joan Pine, Virginia Pine's daughter, is all set to start out on her gallop

FACE DOWN

By CHARLES J. KENNY

(Synopsis of Preceding Installment)

A LAWYER and his client faced Brent, a private detective, called in by the lawyer. The lawyer said his client had seen a body, that of a noted doctor, lying face down in an alleyway, that she had thought he was dead, and there was the possibility of a murder, but she did not want to appear in the case, so the detective was to keep her name out of it, because she was too prominent. Her name was given as Miss Smith—but the detective recognized her—*Vilma Fenton*, a prominent motion picture actress. He took the case only to learn he had been double-crossed by the lawyer—used to draw the police away from “Miss Smith” who had had a rendezvous with the dead man. He went to the home of “Miss Smith” and there he met with another mystery. After confronting the actress, he was asked to wait. The butler showed him to a room, went out and was attacked in the hallway. His body was lying face down.

CHAPTER V

BRENT ran down the corridor, paused for a moment to bend over the body of the unconscious butler. He found no sign of a knife wound and could see no blood.

From the lower corridor came startled exclamations, the sound of shuffling feet. Near the end of the upper hallway, fragments of plate glass from a broken window lay on the floor. The jagged edges caught and reflected the light. Wind, pouring through the opening, sent a spray of rain drizzling onto the thick carpet.

Brent took two swift steps to reach the top of the stairs. Looking down the wide spiral, he encountered the startled eyes of *Vilma Fenton*. Back of her, at the foot of the staircase, the guests were gathered into a compact group, white and startled. “What happened?” she asked.

Brent laughed lightly and said, “I’m afraid I’m a hoodoo, *Vilma*. One of the windows blew open and smashed. The butler’s making an emergency repair. I’ll see if I can help him.”

She was facing Dick, her back to the curious guests. From where she stood she could see the outstretched arm of the unconscious butler. Dick could see her struggling to gain control of herself. Against the whiteness of her face, the make-up on her cheeks showed as twin splotches of color. Her lips were a bright cherry red, and for a moment Dick saw the corners

quiver like the lips of a child about to burst into tears. Then her laugh rang out—a quick, carefree laugh. She even managed a lazy drawl in her voice as she said, “Well, having got this far up the steps, I’d better talk with you *now*.”

She took a deep breath, hesitated for a moment before turning to face the ordeal of the curious eyes below.

Watching her, Dick saw the smile form on her lips, saw her slowly turn, heard her voice saying casually, “Just a loose window, folks. The butler’s fixing it. Would you mind excusing me for a few moments now, while I talk with Dick?”

The man who stood closest to her was a famous director, one who had directed *Vilma Fenton* in “Indeed I Do.” His eyes showed puzzled surprise as they searched the actress’s face, then he turned and his outstretched arms herded the others back toward the drawing room.

“False alarm, folks,” his voice boomed, jovial with tolerant



"Steady," Brent cautioned. "I didn't do it. I was right where you left me in the jade room. I heard the blow, heard you fall to the floor, and then heard a window crash"



By an effort he raised the man's torso.

"If you'll just keep his feet from dragging on the floor," he grunted, "I think I can manage."

They carried the unconscious man into the room. It was a bedroom and Dick Brent heaved the body to the bed. As his exploring fingers felt gently about the back of the butler's head, the man opened his eyes, stared unseeingly for a moment, then rolled them toward Vilma Fenton.

"Are you all right, Arthur?" she asked, dropping to her knees by the side of the bed.

"I . . . will be . . . in a minute . . . ma'am."

His eyes focused on Dick Brent. With an exclamation, he struggled to raise himself to a sitting position. Dick put a hand on the man's shoulder, said, "Take it easy."

"What happened, Arthur? Who did it?"

The butler kept his eyes on Dick Brent.

"This man did it," he said. "He sneaked up behind me. I heard him coming. I was turning when a club knocked shooting stars into my head."

"Steady," Brent cautioned. "I didn't do it. I was right where you left me in the jade room. I heard the blow, heard you fall to the floor, and then heard a window crash."

Color returned to the butler's face. Once more he struggled upward, and this time achieved a sitting position.

"Begging your pardon," he said, "if I might presume to say so, sir, I think you're a damn liar. There couldn't have been anyone else behind me."

Brent's eyes glinted for a moment, then he laughed.

Vilma Fenton stared uncertainly from one to the other.

Brent said easily, "You want to keep this quiet, don't you, Miss Fenton?"

"Yes, I *must* keep it quiet. I can't explain.

You understand *some* of the reasons but not *all* of them."

"The man who did it," Dick pointed out, "couldn't have been hidden in the corridor. He must have been in one of the rooms. He sneaked out into the corridor just as the butler went by. Either he didn't know anyone was in the corridor or he had some reason for wanting to attack your man. Personally, I'm inclined to think it just a coincidence that he stepped into the corridor just when he did. Your man started to turn back and this fellow floored him, probably with a black-jack. Let's take a look in the room across the corridor and see if we can find anything."

"And the broken window?" she asked.

"May or may not mean anything," he told her. "Seconds are precious. You can't leave your guests without causing comment."

The butler swung his feet to the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

good nature. "I only hope some opportunist didn't stay behind to clean up the canapés. Let's go see."

Vilma Fenton came slowly up the steps to Dick Brent. She was breathing heavily, as one breathes who has been engaged in violent physical exertion.

She stared down at the unconscious form.

"I took it," Dick said in a low voice, "you didn't want your guests to know about this?"

"No," she agreed, "they must *never* know. What happened?"

"I don't know. If I take his shoulders can you carry his feet?"

"I can try. Take him in the room to the right. He isn't . . . isn't . . ."

"I think not," Dick assured her, first feeling for the butler's pulse, then inserting his hands underneath the huge shoulders. "It looks like a blow with a slingshot. He's out for a while."

CALYORK'S GOSSIP

JUST to show you how Joan Blondell and George Barnes took the town by surprise with their definite split-up, the most astounded person in town was none other than Glenda Farrell, who is perhaps Joan's closest pal.

The day before the divorce suit was filed, Glenda was assuring everyone that it was just a temporary quarrel, due to be sweetly forgotten.

ONCE again the Mary Pickford-Buddy Rogers romance rumors are boiling around the marriage point.

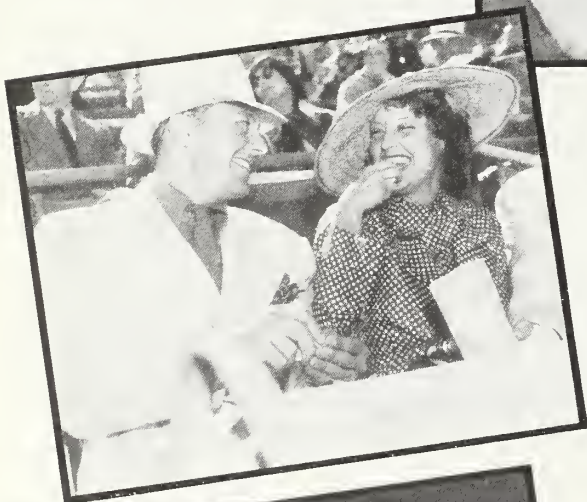
Anything is possible, of course, even if it isn't probable. But I might point out in passing that Mary's divorce doesn't become final until some time in January.

Of which, incidentally, Doug Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia Ashley are only too aware.

THEY got a shock over at Columbia the other day anent the filming of Feodor Dostoiévsky's "Crime and Punishment" in which Horror Man Peter Lorre will be seen next.

"Is it a gangster story?" came a query via the telephone.

The question was a shock only because the query, so they swear, came from the Hays office!



An historical picture, but a regrettably sad one! Watching Will Rogers' last game of polo. In front, Paula Stone, Will, Jr., and Henry Wilson. Rear, Dorothy Stone, Mrs. Stone, Fred himself



So he buys the girl pop-corn—can it be love? Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald having one grand time at the Riviera Country Club, watching the polo

Clark and Mrs. Gable were among those at director Rouben Mamoulian's cocktail party, as was, naturally, Gertrude Michael, his fiancée

YOU never can tell about these dreamy-eyed fellas—sometimes they mean what they say.

Lew Ayres, who always said he meant to be a director, is one now.

Lew never gave a whoop about acting. Just didn't like it. He rode in on one of the greatest breaks a boy ever had in "All Quiet," but in a few months he was bored. He's been that way ever since, until this miniature film, the 16-millimeter kind, gave him a new toy. Lew directed a couple of midget movies with Ginger and her cousin and Ben Alexander and the usual Ayres gang.

Now he's signed a contract with Republic pictures to have his own canvas backed chair and spieler. He'll still make pictures, if he wants to. Give the guy a hand. There aren't many established stars who have backed behind the camera and made good. But maybe Lew will.

INASMUCH as sartorial perfection is one of Eddie Lowe's gods, a recent gesture of his bespeaks a certain gallantry.

Ann Sothern, who got her first break opposite Eddie in "Let's Fall In Love" two years ago, was cast opposite him in Columbia's new "Grand Exit."

Because she felt it would sustain the luck she's had since then, Lowe blossomed out in one sequence in one of the suits he wore in her first picture. Rather nice, that.

OF HOLLYWOOD



Mary had just seen "The Gay Deception," and was creeping out when they spied her. Immediately a wall of human flesh, as Bill Fields would say, surrounded her, and she tried to sign her way out. No use. They swamped her until finally a platoon of ushers had to dash in and help what was left of Mary to her car.

The preview problem has become so acute in Hollywood of late that Marlene Dietrich now carries along a rubber stamp with her signature, and Ginger Rogers at the "Top Hat" preview wore a black wig. It worked about ninety-nine per cent. Only one little girl recognized her and she didn't shout her secret.

A STUDIO visitor at Paramount is wondering, perhaps, why her guide suddenly snickered out of a blue sky.

She was being shown about the lot.

The guide, wondering which would interest her most, ventured, "Would you rather see 'Rose of the Rancho' or 'Virginia Judge'?"

"I didn't know Arlene Judge had a sister," breathed the tourist, "but I would like to see her."

HE'S the most elusive, apparently the most confirmed bachelor in Hollywood—is Ronald Colman.

Rarely do you see the cagy Mr. Colman out in public with a lady fair. But they do say he only has eyes for Benita Hume at the parties of the close little social circle in which he moves with the Barthelmesses, the Warner Baxters, Bill Powell and others.

BILL FIELDS is on the mend. Yes sir, Hollywood's head funnyman is right back on the very edge of the pink, and planning on activity before long—which means, making some more of those humorous screen classics of his.

Bill has been having trouble with his sacroiliac vertebrae, or something as weird as that. He tossed it out of joint playing tennis and complications put him right on the shelf—so that he couldn't move his back for weeks and weeks.

A very fine Los Angeles bone specialist, Dr. Ellis Jones, got to work on Bill, though, and got results.

You'll be welcoming him back soon. Right now he's still spending all his time at his Orange Grove retreat in San Fernando Valley.

THE old heart went out for that grand sport, Mary Pickford, the other night at one of those post-preview brawls where frenzied autograph hunters gang up on all stars in sight.

The above group, of the Stones and Will Rogers, Jr., speaks a valume. It was the late Will, Sr., who stepped into Fred's show and carried on when Fred was injured in a plane crash



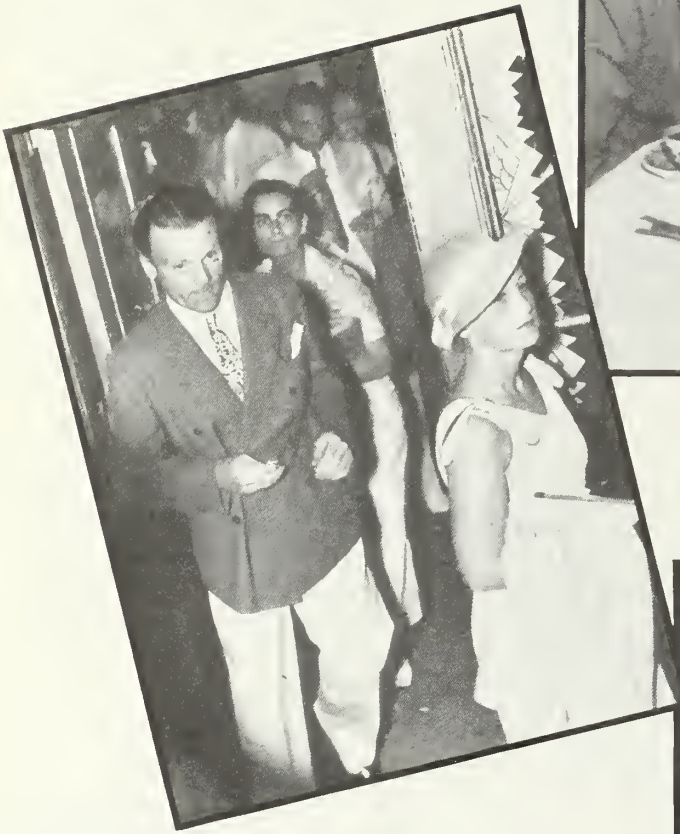
Yep, those two quite exclusive lovers, at the Cafe Lamaze, Jean Harlow and William Powell. And you may note that that black bowl is nearly full of caviar!



Jack LaRue, the lucky guy, was among those at the birthday party honoring Mae West, at the Cafe Lamaze. Not only that, look where Jack landed



Mrs. Gene Markey (Joan Bennett) and Ann Sothorn show surprise at Gene's laugh paroxysm during their luncheon at Brown Derby



Jimmy Cagney, with Mrs. Cagney (above) was there at RKO-Radio's premiere of "Top Hat" to see friend Fred Astaire in the picture



Henry Fonda meets Alice Faye at the Riviera Country Club polo field. Alice is just about the most dated girl in all of Hollywood town!

IF John Barrymore has any idea, by chance, that his lovely and soon-to-be-ex-wife, Dolores Costello, is doing a weeping, deserted wife act he's got another think coming. Dolores (smart girl) is finding out what a lot of fun she's been missing of late and she's making up for lost time with a vengeance.

She was lunching in Levy's the other day, fetchingly garbed in a yellow sports costume that emphasized her blonde beauty. And WAS she the cynosure of all masculine eyes in the place!

To say nothing of the feminine.

FOR five years or more Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard have been "business neighbors," so to speak.

That is, they've had their dressing rooms right next to each other on vanity row at Paramount.

And you'd die in hysterics if you knew about their "telephone"—the clever but quite, quite hilarious method of communication they've worked out between the walls.

FOR two people who agreed to be "just friends, lovers no more," Adrienne Ames and her ex-hubby, Bruce Cabot, are cutting capers that have the village guessing.

If that was friendship burning in their eyes the other night at the Trocadero where they were a-dining and dancing like old times, I'm an Abyssinian. My money's on a reconciliation, and that in short order.

NO one's going to take lovely Evelyn Venable for a price-kiting ride!

She was doing a little shopping for the expected Mohr heir—or heiress—and came upon a lovely bag in which a tiny watch was cleverly inserted. Evelyn thought it would be nice, on account of the baby, and said she'd take it.

"Shall I charge it?" the sales girl asked. "The price is \$125."

Evelyn was so startled, the bag almost slipped from her hand.

"Don't charge it," she said. "Just keep it."

EVERYONE in Hollywood has been smiling indulgently at Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette, perennially betrothed to M-G-M talent scout Bob Ritchie, is supposed to be just a friend whom Gene has been rescuing from boredom while Bob's away.

But would you be surprised to learn that Gene thinks more of a whole lot than plenty about Jeanette, and Jeanette's heart flutters just a little more than that for Gene?

THE last scene of "Harmony Lane" faded out and a young man in the audience dabbed the tears from his eyes with his handkerchief.

His name was Gene Raymond, and he had just watched one of the dreams of his career come true for another actor, Douglass Montgomery.

Gene thought for a long time that he owned the rights to the life of Stephen Foster, upon which "Harmony Lane" was built. He intended to play it himself. It was his big ambition.

Then, when the picture started, he found



The "boys" get together at Jean Hersholt's home: Frank Morgan, left; Edward G. Robinson, center; and genial host Mr. Hersholt



Can Steffi Duna have switched her affections from Francis Lederer to John Carroll? Anyhow, here's John and Steffi at the Ambassador



Maybe it's a game: "You sign my autograph book, and I'll sign yours," between Merle Oberon and David Nevins at the noted Grove

that no one could claim an option on the story of a man's life.

Thus his tears were a rather fine tribute to a rival who had taken his dream away and made it come true.

JUST why, I wouldn't be knowing, but Raquel Torres says the knees are the ideal place for perfume.

She discovered it by accident, it seems, when she upset a bottle one day and the perfume landed on the Torres knees. That's where she's put it ever since.

THAT was a grand gag Chester Morris and the bunch pulled on Bob and Betty Montgomery when they landed from their vacation chasing around Europe.

Bob brought back with him a verra verra swank car of foreign make. With it he expected to cut quite a swath among his cronies.

Lo and behold, when the Montgomerys marched down the gangplank, there stood Morris and the bunch to welcome them home.

By the "beg, borrow or steal" method, each was driving a car of the foreign make!

It was generally believed a point was made.

ALL eyes focus on tiny, elfin Luise Rainer out at M-G-M these days. Other stars, executives, writers—everyone pauses to stare at her when she flits by. Few of them know her.

And this little sensation of the lot draws down only \$400 a week, while eighty per cent of those who look at her in envy cash in many times that—even though they are, cinematically speaking, has-beens. But that's always the way it is in this strange place in incongruities. Luise was signed up in Europe, where \$400 is a lot of money. She'll be making more though when the contract tearing takes place. Watch and see.

BILL POWELL may be re-wooing his beautiful ex, Carole Lombard, by the time you read this. But only for the fillums. Universal is considering co-starring the pair though—or

maybe because—they've been divorced nigh onto two years now.

And Missy Harlow, 'tis said, isn't in the cheering ranks.

MARRIAGE has taught Joel McCrea one thing about women, 'twould seem. Joel was discoursing on the benefits of ranching. Cattle raising, he said, was the least complex thing he had found.

"Take women, for instance," Joel went on. "You never know which way a woman is going to jump—but you can always tell by just looking at a heifer!"

NOT just by wishing does Katie Hepburn get that glorious mass of spun copper that is her hair! H'ist! She shampoos it each and every morning in egg. And while you and you and you are fiddlin' around with nothing much, she gets out the old-fashioned hairbrush and goes to work.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

A PRESENT FOR MOTHER

Your heart is going right out to three Irish lads who adopted and starred a little, unknown Scotch lady!

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Each issue PHOTOPLAY brings you the story of the most interesting new personality of the month. In October we gave you the story of Luise Rainer. This month we bring you a story of a little old Scotch woman who is playing her first important rôle. For personalities, watch this page.

OUT in the spotlighted glare of the set a little old lady was crying. She was crying because her two sons had fought and one was leaving home. Her tears were real tears that came from far down in her large heart. And as she sobbed while the cameras softly whirred, a very strange thing happened.

A hardboiled motion picture director named Lloyd Bacon, calloused by a decade of synthetic movie emotions, lost his intent gaze in a blur of tears. A red headed, ready-fisted Irish boy named Jimmy Cagney, unable to go on with the scene, turned quickly and strode behind a scenic flat to curse himself for the emotion which welled to his eyes and streamed down his nose.

Another mick called Pat O'Brien wept unashamed and a third Irisher known as Frank McHugh, accustomed to chuckling at everything in life, bawled helplessly into his handkerchief.

A whole company of hard-bitten movie workers — juicers, gaffers, props and grips—snuffled and blew and streaked labor soiled hands over flowing cheeks. Only silence followed Lloyd Bacon's choking "Cut." Then someone who could speak said, as if in apology for his tears:

"She might be me own mother."

Out of Hollywood have come stories that were sad, stories that were gay, exciting, tragic, lusty and fantastic. But never



Mary Gordon, "mother" to Frank McHugh, Jimmy Cagney, and Pat O'Brien in "The Irish In Us." Olivia de Havilland, the girl

from this wonderful town has come a story more heart warming and human and fine than the story of Mary Gordon, the little old lady who cried that day on that set.

Nor ever has there been a finer gesture than that of those three Irish boys. Jim Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh, who fell in love with the little, round,

sandy-white haired Scotch lady who is the heroine of this story, adopted her and laid in her lap, as a Mother's Day gift, a moving picture, an impossible dream, a career.

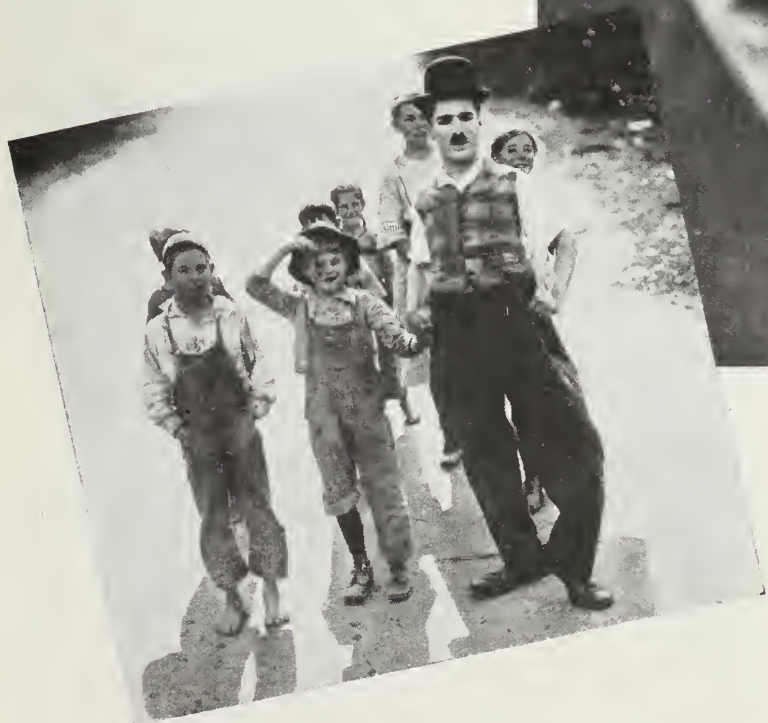
You've probably never heard of Mary Gordon. Neither had Lloyd Bacon, nor Jim nor Pat nor Frank before she walked with her odd little toddle onto the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

PHOTOPLAY'S MEMORY ALBUM

edited by
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Hollywood was still an almost unknown name in cinema circles as late as 1913. PHOTOPLAY writers still referred to the Western film capital as Los Angeles. But there was no doubt in any wise person's mind that the geographical spot, which the world now knows as Hollywood, was to be the world's motion picture center.

It was in November of that year, 1913, that an obscure forty-dollar-a-week English music hall performer, who had been playing the drunk in Karno's "A Night in a London Club" at the Empress Theater in Los Angeles, took his battered derby hat, his baggy trousers, his impossible cane, his unbelievable shoes and his ridiculous moustache out to Mack Sennett's then famous Keystone studio.



Chaplin, who appeared anonymously—as did Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle and the other Keystone favorites—achieved instant popularity. His amazing silhouette in a poster outside a theater was all that was needed to fill empty seats. Within four months he was appearing with Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." At the expiration of his year's contract with Sennett, he received and accepted an offer from Essanay of twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week. In February, 1916, while still a youth of twenty-six, he signed with Mutual for ten thousand a week plus one hundred and fifty thousand bonus.



4. Charlie's first work with Keystone was opposite Mabel Normand, but they did not team very well.

5. While with Essanay Chaplin met his ideal foil—blonde, placid, beautiful Edna Purviance. Charlie Chaplin made her famous.



6. Dignified Lewis Stone, although not a comedian, had his relaxed moments.



8. Present-day Hollywood hails Frank Morgan as a recent "discovery," but he acted in Sam Goldwyn's "Baby Mine," opposite Madge Kennedy in 1917.



7. Jack Gilbert had not as yet become the great lover.



9. Edward Arnold, another recent Hollywood "discovery," was playing handsome young juveniles for Essanay in 1916. (The girl is Edna Mayo, of "The Strange Case of Mary Page.")



10. And ZaSu Pitts was with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess."



11. Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, two little Vitagraph girls had been "getting along." The blonde's name was Constance, and the brunette's name was Norma.



12. Madge Evans was the reigning child actress of the late 'teens. Madge was supported in "The Volunteer" (1917) by a "new" Hollywood actor, Henry Hull.



13. More prominent even than the Talmadges in 1916 was that other Vitagraph beauty, Anita Stewart.



14. Little Virginia Lee Corbin was another child actress of whom much was expected cinematographically. Marriage cut short her career.



15. Lionel wore loud suits in 1916.

16. —and John wore a moustache.

17. "A Rogue's Romance" was the earliest known appearance in pictures of "M. Rodolpho de Valentina." Do you know him?





18. Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter.



19. Fannie Ward and Lew Cody.



20. Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar.



21. Viola Dana



22. Tom Mix and Colleen Moore



23. Wallace Reid and Pauline Bush



24. Constance Talmadge and Earle Fox.



25. Geraldine Farrar.



26. Eugene Pallette and Vivian Martin



27. Fatty and Mabel.



28. Mary Pickford and James Kirkwood.



29. Frank Keenan and Jack Gilbert.



30. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien.



31. Theodore Roberts and Louise Huff.



32. Will Rogers and Peggy Wood.



33. Thomas Meighan and Gloria Stuart.



35. Alice Brady and Arthur Ashley.



36. Wallace Reid.



37. Norma Talmadge and Bobby Harrison.



38. Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson.



39. Madge Kennedy and Tammany Young.



40. Raymond Hatton and Leatrice Joy.



41. Florence La Badie and Harry Benham.



42. Jack Holt and Sessue Hayakawa.



43. Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels.



44. Louise Fazenda.



45. Conway Tearle and Clara Kimball Young.

Fatty.



48. In 1918, M. Rodolphe de Valentina appeared with Carmel Myers in "All Night."



49. Norma Talmadge was spending her good-bye weeks on her Long Island.



50. Mary Miles Minter, the new star, appeared with Theodore Roberts in "Judy of Rogue's Harbor," directed by the late William D. Taylor.



51. Marie Doro, fresh from Broadway, played an unforgettable *Oliver Twist*.



52. A mighty man named Lewis J. Selznick, operating as the World Film Company, made a gallant attempt to restore the balance of power to the East by assembling a notable company of stars and directors. Some of Selznick's captures (standing), Albert Capellini, Frank Crane, Emil Chautard, Holbrook Blinn, Maurice Tourneru, Alice Brady, James Young, Clara Kimball Young, (seated) Dorothy Fairchild, Wilton Lackaye, Elaine Hammerstein.

Next month, we witness a decided reaction toward the simple life and the great outdoors—it was the period of Marguerite Clark and Charlie Ray and Harold Lloyd and Bill Hart—but, as a last fling at evil, we have the vampire.

53. Virginia Pearson's methods were direct and very efficient.



55. Nazimova went to the Bible for hers.



57. But there was only one Theda Bara.

54. Valeska Suratt inclined to the bizarre.



56. Annette Kellerman rose from the sea



58. Madame Farrar (left) did a little discreet vamping on her own. So did Madame Petrova (right) although she denied it. And (above) Madame Glaum!



QUICK CHANGE ARTISTS



On the screen, the seductively soulful, yet dangerous Carole Lombard, and the carelessly indifferent, superior Fred MacMurray, in Paramount's "Hands Across the Table." But off the screen, just like a couple of kids on a holiday from school!



ADVANCE
MID-SEASON

Fashion

Orry-Kelly, designer, is posed with Dolores Del Rio, who is wearing one of his favorite creations with a Grecian influence

FORECAST

CLOTHES should be well-bred, expressing the charming qualities of the lady who wears them. This is my alpha and omega of dress for Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall. Good breeding is evident in every line of the draped silhouette, which I believe will command favor during the

By ORRY-KELLY
Designer for Worner Brothers

coming season. Draped effects, emphasizing the flowing line from neck to hem, may be cleverly revealing or generously concealing. But the line is slim, sleek and demands a good foundation. The draped silhouette, when correctly molded to each woman's figure, is [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Romance

IN FABRIC
AND LINE



Under a magnificent evening wrap of chiffon with luxurious white fox trim, Dolores Del Rio wears an evening gown distinguished for its simplicity of line and daring décolletage. Jewels show the Renaissance influence. Above is Miss Del Rio in romantic mood. The loose, square panels of the molded skirt may be worn as a cape over the shoulders

— Seymour —



Enormous pastel colored flowers bloom on a background of black in the Grecian draped gown with long, flowing back panels, worn by Miss Del Rio. Of sheer, transparent soufflé is the waist with huge sleeves revealed by the halter of the bodice



A youthful little jacket suit of black pebbly crêpe is a certain winner for the first cool days and for later wear under a fur coat. Olivia de Havilland gives you just a glimpse of the stunning quilted silver—cloth vest which matches her lapel flower

Black velvet and subtle line. For informal dining, there is nothing that can take the place of a black velvet, long-sleeved, softly molded dinner dress, according to Anita Louise. The designs for the models on both pages are by Orry-Kelly, Warner Bros.

Five
O'CLOCK



Constance Bennett selects the most feminine of negligées for her personal wardrobe. The one above is of sapphire blue satin with clouds of chiffon forming the coat. At the right, a flowing topcoat of natural lace may be worn open or buttoned over the bon-bon pink satin of the gown

FASHIONS



Cut to accentuate the slim line, the gown of brown pile velvet on a ruby background is belted high, the high neckline bodice slashed to the waist in back. The sable scarf removed, reveals Princess Paley's Renaissance plaque

Princess Natalie Paley, who makes her motion picture debut in "Sylvia Scarlett" is exquisite in the Renaissance gown designed by Walter Plunkett. Wide dolman sleeves are trimmed with bands of Russiansable



Petit-point has become a fashion in accessories, even to initials on your bag. Cigarette case, vanities. Jolle's design

Town
AND
Country
KNITS



Ethel Merman who appears in "Shoot the Chutes" for United Artists, selects a Sunday night bouclé knit. English saddlery jewelry and leather fob vanity

A new alliance in fashion is found in belt, bag and shoes. Two leathers are better than one. Of calf and suède, nail-heads trim belt

June Knight's swagger knit checks on every count. In brown and white, the three-quarter length coat is closed at the fitted neckline with braided frogs and leather buttons





Off on a shopping jaunt, Miss Knight, M-G-M featured player, selects a three-piece boxy model in shades of purple, a vivid note in the Autumn scene

Pottery blue is new and flattering for the blonde loveliness of Betty Grable, appearing in "Love Song." She zips into her swank knit, with military beret



There's a flare even in knits this season and June Knight swings down the street in a beige model, heavily ribbed for warmth. That's a brown swagger coat over her arm. Beige felt



Gold and silver stars dot antelope suède belts. Multi-colored jewels trim others. Matching gloves, bag, and shoes may form a color contrast to the costume worn

EVELYN VENABLE ADAPTS FASHION FOR THE MOTHER-TO-BE



A woolen mixture, the two-piece suit, built on full swagger lines, swings free from the shoulders which carry the weight. A satin basque, shirred vertically, adds short peplum

Evelyn Venable selects a charming satin gown with front fullness falling in softly sculptured folds. The long lines of the bodice subtly slenderize. A velvet cape may be worn

Simple lines, tailored to perfection, are the keynote of this costume for the early months. A cape back swings from the shoulder yoke. Of moss green, brown accessories

PERSIAN LAMB IS YOUNG



The Cossacks are coming is now a joyful cry when Joan Marsh appears in a Schiaparelli coat of Persian lamb, flared, longer in back, high shoulders. Matching Cossack hat

A sleeve pocket, the newest Hollywood vogue. Claire Trevor, in white silk-and-wool mixture with navy, a Rega design for 20th Century-Fox. Smart gloves to match the hat

Tailored for smartness is the imported woolen with Persian lamb by Lyolene. Joan's mirror from a bag with a new covered zipper reflects her smart velvet ascot to match her toque



Ernest A. Bachrach

Katharine Hepburn is seeing to it that her latest rôle, *Sylvia Scarlett*, in RKO-Radio's picture of that name, is authentic. Masquerading as a young man, Katharine refused to wear a wig, and had her hair sheared down to man's size



Hurrell

Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda in 20th Century-Fox's version of the classic of classics, "Way-Down East." Rochelle, as the late beloved Will Rogers called Miss Hudson, has the part played by Lillian Gish in "silent" days



JEANETTE MacDonald is an enthusiast for tennis. She insists on at least a couple of sets a day, and takes three lessons a week in the game. And is she getting on at the studio! She's to do "San Francisco," with Clark Gable, no less, as her leading man. Then "Rose Marie," opposite Nelson Eddy!

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Mitzi Cummings tells Mme. Nikitina to use her fingers as Brian Aherne slyly watches

Spinning Around With Mitzi

YOO-OOO, JOAN! Hey, have you ever ridden on a motorcycle? At one in the ante meridian? Through the hills of Bel-Air? Well, I did! And if thou wouldst do likewise, then toot your little whistle for Margaret Sullavan!

I was a visitin' at the stunning Mexican farmhouse where she and director-husband Willie Wyler live. Willie, it seems, from earliest childhood had craved to own a motorcycle. When he got so he could afford a motorcycle—he was afraid it might injure his dignity.

Came his natal day recently, which was suddenly pierced by beautifully familiar exhaust sounds. Willie rushed outside, and there stood a lovely new machine. A present from little wife. My, such goings-on! Willie hopped on, Margaret hopped on behind, and away they tore, through hill and dale, yelling and shrieking with joy, and awakening all their famous neighbors

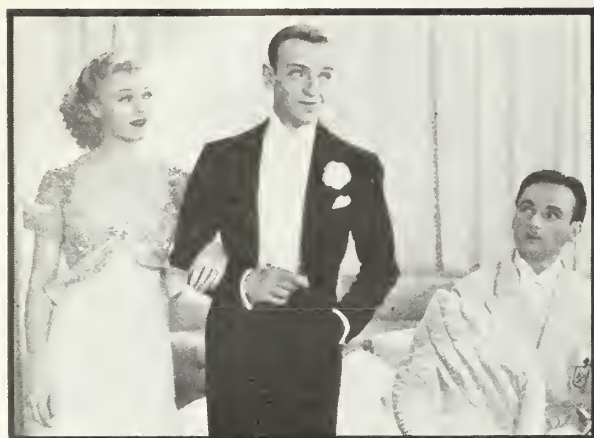
Mitzi Cummings achieves a new height in her exciting Hollywood life—Here's her late gossip

Well, after I heard this story it seemed I had to take a ride, too. At one in the morning I was set upon the saddle, Willie turned the key, and with a roar and a supplication and an intriguing ballooning of skirts, we wuz off! I hollered and I whooped! The trees and the flowers waved in sympathy . . . but when I finally got off my knees caved in, and I grovelled on the grass. And the fiends laughed like mad!

But that was nothing! 'Cause after witnessing a glorious ballet at the Hollywood bowl the next night, with the moon and the stars and hushed, enthralled thousands and a lilting breeze for accompaniment, I was atrottin' down the hill to the exit with my head still in the drifting clouds when I heard a familiar voice. I looked around. It was Walt Disney.

"Why don't you have Mickey Mouse do a ballet?" I pleaded. "Too sissy."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]



☆ TOP HAT—RKO-Radio

IN a sparkling and entertaining film, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers furnish an evening's entertainment that you really cannot afford to overlook. The musical numbers are enchanting—the dance routines clever and original.

Astaire coming to London to appear in a stage production, practices his dancing in the apartment above the one occupied by Ginger Rogers. She is annoyed and goes upstairs to tell him so, but it serves as an opportunity for him to fall in love with her. Ginger receives the mistaken impression that he is the husband of her dearest friend, Helen Broderick. Fleeing London and the amorous advances of Fred, Ginger joins Helen at the Lido and discloses the situation. After a time all the complications are satisfactorily straightened out.

Edward Everett Horton and Eric Blore for chuckles.



☆ THE GAY DECEPTION—20th Century-Fox

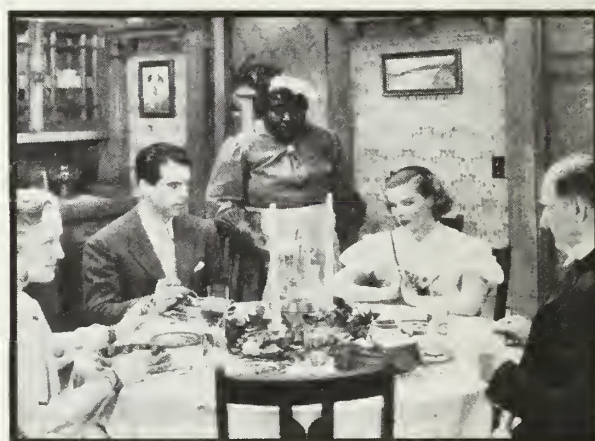
BRIGHT, whimsical, preposterous—a chef's salad of Cinderella and Prince Charming fare—nevertheless it's gay, as advertised, and there's no deception in the entertainment value.

If you're one of those who heretofore haven't cared for Francis Lederer don't let that stall you, because Lederer fits his part like a chorus girl's tights—and high time too. He's one of those Graustark princes working his way incognito as a bell-boy in a super-super Manhattan hotel, when Frances Dee, a stenographer on a five thousand dollar sweepstakes ticket spree, becomes his reluctant ward.

In a welter of misunderstandings and impertinently charming situations involving society snobs, ambassadors, cops and bellhops, they battle their way to romance.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ ALICE ADAMS—RKO-Radio

A SUPERBLY acted, perfectly directed, exquisitely written screen masterpiece.

These are large words, but we write them in all sincerity about "Alice Adams." The original credit must go to Booth Tarkington for his creation of the very soul of the small town girl who lacks money, family background but most importantly that elusive commodity known as sex appeal.

Starting with this story, which could so easily have been made into a dull program picture, by one of those happy blendings of fine scenario, acting, direction and production, "Alice Adams" has been made into the best production so far this year, and we doubt that any subsequent release will surpass it. It is honest, realistic and heart stirring, and at the same time has comedy sequences that will devastate you with laughter.

Katharine Hepburn gives her finest performance—yes, even finer than in "Little Women" or "Morning Glory." Frank Albertson will surprise you with his newly discovered talent for characterization. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker, and Hattie McDaniels, in a perfect bit as a colored maid, are all excellent.

To quite-new director George Stevens special honors for his subtle direction.

This is a picture for every type of movie goer. To miss it is to miss greatness.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ALICE ADAMS
THE DARK ANGEL
TOP HAT

THE GAY DECEPTION
SHE MARRIED HER BOSS
"HERE'S TO ROMANCE"

HARMONY LANE

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Katharine Hepburn in "Alice Adams"
Fred Stone in "Alice Adams"
Fredric March in "The Dark Angel"
Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel"
Herbert Marshall in "The Dark Angel"
Fred Walton in "Forbidden Heaven"
Douglass Montgomery in "Harmony Lane"
Sir Guy Standing in "Annapolis Farewell"
Ginger Rogers in "Top Hat"
Fred Astaire in "Top Hat"
Eric Blore in "Top Hat"
Frances Dee in "The Gay Deception"
Francis Lederer in "The Gay Deception"
Nino Martini in "Here's to Romance"
Mme. Schumann-Heink in "Here's to Romance"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116



★ SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Columbia

UNLESS you are capable of handling a problem child with the same skillful tact and forcefulness that Claudette Colbert does, you'd do well to keep the youngsters at home when you see this. But don't let anything prevent you from enjoying one of her most amusing pictures since "It Happened One Night." Although the story is slight and inconsequential, you'll forget it while admiring the splendid acting of Miss Colbert as *Julia Scott*, the perfect secretary, who has her difficulties living up to the standards of the perfect wife as they are set by her boss-husband *Richard*. Jean Dixon is highly entertaining as the conniving friend who successfully manoeuvres Claudette's marriage. But the acting honors go to little Edith Fellows who plays the part of *Annabelle* so realistically, you want to wring her neck



★ THE DARK ANGEL—United Artists

SELDOM does the screen yield, in one production, such beauty and power as is found here. It is motion picture art at its finest.

Credit for the finished whole must be split four ways: to Samuel Goldwyn for the magnificent production; to Sidney Franklin for telling direction; to Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall for performances beyond criticism; and to Gregg Toland for photography of rare beauty.

March has never given a finer performance than as *Alan Trent*, blinded lover of *Kitty Vane*. His work, particularly in the last half, is nothing short of superb.

The exotic Oberon of former films is gone and in her place is a new and vibrant personality and a natural, effortless actress who, by this one performance alone, merits a secure place on the roster of the movies' great. Her *Kitty* will enthrall you.

By the instinctive rightness of his every gesture and word, Marshall raises an otherwise lesser rôle to one of prime importance. He isn't portraying the unloved *Gerald*; he is *Gerald*.

Perfect casting dominates throughout to the most minor character. Fine work is contributed especially by John Halliday as *Sir George*, Janet Beecher as *Mrs. Shannon*, Claude Allister as *Lawrence*, and Fay Chaldecott, as *Betty*.



★ HERE'S TO ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox

"HERE'S to Romance" is important for several reasons: It introduces Nino Martini, recently of the opera and radio, as an important new star, gives you a first movie glimpse of Madame Schumann-Heink, and presents you with a vivid hour's entertainment.

The story is a gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight. Rich Genevieve Tobin, to discourage hubby Reginald Denny's practice of acquiring attractive proteges, becomes the patroness of the handsome Nino Martini, a fine tenor with sex appeal. Nino falls in love with Anita Louise, a dancer, and finds himself in difficulties when Genevieve demands attention. Denny falls for Anita. But love works out all the complications. See it for fun and listen, for the thrill of it, to Martini. His voice is glorious.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



**HARMONY
LANE—**
Mascot



AS tender and moving and beautiful as the beloved American melodies it introduces so deftly is this screen story of Stephen Foster's bittersweet life. Douglass Montgomery as *Foster* handles with feeling the most sincere rôle of his career, seconded by William Frawley and Joseph Cawthorn. Evelyn Venable and Adrienne Ames.



**FORBIDDEN
HEAVEN—**
Republic

A SIMPLE story is this one which tells of the banding together of four human derelicts on the night of a heavy London fog. By his unquenchable enthusiasm for life, *Nibs* (Charles Farrell) brings happiness to an old lady (Beryl Mercer) and an old man (Fred Walton), and love to an embittered girl (Charlotte Henry). Slow start, powerful end.



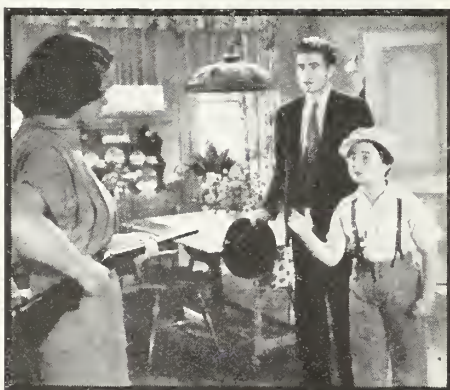
**HERE COMES
COOKIE—**
Paramount

THEY say crazy people are the happiest. Well—here's your chance to lose your mind with Gracie Allen. When papa George Barbier deeds her his millions to foil a fortune hunter, Gracie plays hostess to a hungry horde of homeless vaudeville hams. You can imagine—no—you'll have to see it to believe it. George Burns is the long suffering straight man.



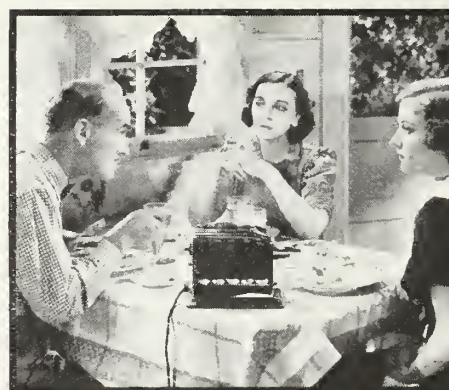
**SPECIAL
AGENT**
Cosmopolitan—
Warners

A FAST moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. Bette Davis is secretary and bookkeeper for Ricardo Cortez, big-shot gambler and vice lord. She falls for special agent George Brent, using a newspaper reporting job as his front, and puts the cause of justice and true love out ahead.



**THIS IS THE
LIFE—**
20th Century-Fox

FANS of little Jane Withers will cheer this one, for little Jane carries nine-tenths of the picture. The story concerns a talented orphan who becomes a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, runs away with a young man falsely accused of theft, and finally find happiness on a farm.



HOT-TIP—
RKO-Radio

THOSE lovable zanies, Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, are at it again in this well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Jimmy snitches his daughter's trousseau money to back a nag which loses and the law descends when he sells the mortgaged restaurant to recoup. Full of Gleason wisecracks, the picture tickles the funny bone.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



MORALS OF MARCUS—GB

LUPE VELEZ' fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new. But Lupe, as a stowaway, manages to inject a great deal of humor and much of her infectious vitality into situations that are not entirely unfamiliar. Ian Hunter, a confirmed bachelor, is the foil for her irresistible and inescapable lure.



CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox

MURDER at a dinner table in Shanghai gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity to teach his son detecting. Warner Oland as *Chan* and Keye Luke as his son make a marvelous team, and the added comedy in this latest adventure should satisfy their fans. Lots of action and suspense combined with quaint sayings from *Charlie* will send you away happy.



TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS—Republic

GENE AUTRY deserts the ether waves to bring his cowboy ditties to the screen. The screen gains a personable new Western star as a result. The story, dealing with a falsely accused chap's efforts to avenge the murder of his father, becomes pretty complicated. But Autry's charm evens things up. Lovers of range ballads will cheer this one.



TWO FOR TONIGHT—Paramount

NUT-HUMOR audiences may enjoy Bing Crosby clowning and singing his way, though it might disappoint his romance-in-moonlight fans. Slapstick comedy results when Bing, trying to "live" his new play, uses Thelma Todd instead of his sweetheart, Joan Bennett, as his foil. Joan, mostly, just watches Bing sing. Hit tune: "To the Tip of Your Toes." Fair



BONNIE SCOTLAND—Roach-MGM

IF the director had chucked out the plot of this one and had let those daddies, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, romp through their glorious nonsense and slapstick, free of the tedious story of young love's difficult path, it would have been twice as good as it is. Still, it's grand fun when the team is in focus but dull as dishwater when it's not.



ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount

AWEAK but sentimental story about the time-honored traditions of Annapolis. Sir Guy Standing as the retired naval commander, who is mentally living in a past era, tries to instill the meaning of the traditions into Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell and succeeds at the cost of his own life.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



Gene Raymond thinks his answer to what matters most is outlawed in Hollywood. He's seen with Irene Dunne at a polo game



Dolores Del Rio has an exciting brief to offer in her expounding of her philosophy. And it is as vital as her vivid personality

WHAT MATTERS

LAST week, while I watched fascinated, four Hollywood stars in four successive interviews sat opposite me and for a time examined themselves brutally, searchingly, so that I might have an answer to my question.

I wanted to know: what matters most in life? What is the first important thing in your scale of values?

And I got four different answers.

"HAPPINESS!" said Pat O'Brien, very positively. He grinned at me through the screen of smoke which wriggled thinly up from his cigar. "By all means, happiness. For me, I mean. I've got to have it wherever I am, or whatever I'm doing—other things just don't matter."

"Mister Pollyanna," I laughed. "You're lucky. Not everyone is capable of being happy all the time."

"Oh, but I have an inviolable formula! Two things—and they're very simple. In the first place, I don't worry. I suppose I'm a fatalist about that—but what will happen is just going to happen anyway, no matter how much you stew and thrash around. I wait until it comes and struggle with it then; there's no use being miserable for days in advance.

"And in the second place, I'm dependent for my happiness on just two things—my family and my friends. I've got them both."

I said: "You're contented because you've got a grand position in life, you've got a lovely wife and baby, you've got money and everything on earth. For heaven's sake, why *wouldn't* you be happy?"

He directed a special smile toward the precarious ash on his cigar. "I knew you'd say that," he told me. "I don't blame



Glenda Farrell is very incisive about life and what makes it tick, as far as she is concerned. Son Tom has a big part in it

That home-body, genial Pat O'Brien says his formula on life is inviolable—can't be beat or go wrong—and he stands by it!



MOST IN LIFE?

Four stars were asked that all-important, soul-searching question—each star had an entirely different answer

By Howard Sharpe

you in the least. But you see that's wrong because I've always had my happiness—*always*—and until a few years ago I was one of the poorest men in America! I could laugh in a shanty."

He spoke slowly, remembering: "There were those first days

in New York, before we were married—I had a little room, and she had a basement apartment a few blocks away. We'd pool our money for food, and Eloise would cook it, and then I'd go down there for dinner. We lived pretty much on tuna fish and rice. Sometimes we had baked beans. And we were happy.

"But once in a while we'd scrape together enough dimes and nickels to make a dollar; and we'd go to Coney. It's a marvelous trip over—half subway and then the 'L,' riding on the roof of a city. There'd be fifty cents left, after we'd paid the fare; and we could never quite decide what to do with that half dollar. Whether to go on the concessions, or take in a movie and then walk along the shore. . . .

"There was one day when we stood on the boardwalk eating popcorn—we always had popcorn, regardless of what else we spent—and a couple of those [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]



Impish, and very clever, is this youngster who shares child-wonder honors with Shirley Temple at Fox

CASTING Director James Ryan of Fox studios poked his lip with a pencil and dished out a dubious stare.

He was interviewing a completely unknown kid for the eminent spot of the heavy in an all-important Shirley Temple picture. He turned to her mother.

"But do you think she can be mean enough?" he wondered.

"Can I be mean?" interposed our heroine, in a husky Georgia-cracker voice. Her lower lip rolled out. "Can I be mean? Sah-ay, just give me a chance!"

A few days later, Director David Butler tugged at a harried ear lobe. He had an idea for a swell scene where his little brat voiced her shocking taste in toys with "I want a machine gun!"

"But how," he puzzled, "will we ever get this nice little girl to go like a machine gun?"

"This nice little girl!" jerked his sleeve. Her eyebrows shot up under her bangs.

"You mean like this?" she said. Her elbows folded. A finger stuck stiffly out before a menacing squint. "Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh—" she went, revolving madly about the set, "huh-huh-huh-huh—huh-huh-huh-huh—"

"Take it!" screamed the director, "Migosh—take it! *Take it!*"

"Murder pictures," explained the nice little girl, smoothing her bangs calmly, "are the kind I like best."

Little nine-year-old, black-haired, bratty Jane Withers today perches impishly but securely upon a high pedestal in Hollywood's hall of distinction for three excellent reasons.

First, because when she rolled her jaw forward in "Bright Eyes," declared boldly, "I want a machine gun," and coughed "huh-huh-huh-huh" in a too, too perfect imitation of *Little Caesar* at his best, she shot the Hollywood cute kid racket as full of holes as last summer's screen porch.

Second, because when she made a wow out of a weak picture with as great a performance as any child actress has ever de-



Recreation hour on the set, and Jane demands a boy's game. She wants a man for an opponent, too



Jane not only looks like her mother, but also inherited from her amazing determination and courage

"Hey, you! Wanna play?" And every kid on the block comes a-running!



SHE HAD TO BE FAMOUS

**A mother's broken dreams
and crushed ambition made
little Jane Withers' suc-
cess in films inevitable**

By ANTHONY McALLISTER

livered, in "Ginger," and launched herself on a big-time career of her own, she fulfilled something that is so seldom fulfilled in this world—a fond mother's life long dream.

And third, because when I was privileged to bask in the rays of her high-voltage personality the other day I realized that right there before me was the McCoy. A morocco bound, deckle-edged edition of what I had supposed had become extinct by now—a real American Tomboy.

Jane Withers is more than something—she's a whole lot. After the preview of "Ginger" (and don't you dare miss it) Jane was being pancaked by ardent admirers ranging from six

to sixty. Said one, a grown man, "There's only one thing wrong with your picture, Jane. It needs a new title. 'Ginger' doesn't do you justice. They ought to call it 'Dynamite.'"

As vital a little toughie as ever yelled, "Hey, Stinky!" and as great a little actress as ever grinned wickedly into a camera lens, "Georgia Jane," with a real hop on the ball, has made all curly-topped, empty-headed, saccharine-sweet posey baby dolls forever ridiculous and insipid on the screen.

Excepting only that exquisite little goddess, Shirley Temple, who could disarm bristling Europe with one dimpled smile, Jane has mowed down the pouty, cutey ranks of mama's darlings and hop-scotched in to take Hollywood like Grant took Richmond.

What a girl!

"She's always sold herself," said her mother proudly. "I've never had to say a thing. Jane talks right up to them. She's not afraid of anybody." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

ARRESTING HEADLINES



Anita Louise, Warner Bros. star, in two moods. Left: An exciting coiffure of the evening, with coils and curls. Above: Same bob, in Florentine simplicity

Anita turns her head to show the puff curls ascending from back of the ear to the crown coils, with soft fringe curls at the nape of her neck



If you have a flair for the more exotic styles, Gail Patrick, in "Gettin' Smart," shows a clever alliance of braids and curls with striking off-the-face contour



The back view of Gail's new coiffure indicates how the braids and soft puff curls may be arranged. For evening, a jeweled snood is ornamental



Helen Vinson, appearing in GB's "Transatlantic Tunnel," shows a mass of curls escaping from under an Ethiopian felt hat. Grey with green scarf. Daché design



Page boy simplicity, with military cap, designed by René Martin, worn by Martha Sleeper, Republic Pictures. Hair is parted on the side, smooth crown, ringlets

GLEND A FARRELL HAS A



Mystery and charm or pure *joie de vivre* can be attained through the subtle use of a rich warm bouquet odeur. Glenda likes a blending of rose and jasmine with an overtone of carnation for fragrant, inspired moments of lasting memory



Perfume, subtle fragrance, adds immeasurably to a woman's charm. Glenda should know. We came upon her as she folded sachets in lacy lingerie

Not every woman can afford to indulge her every mood. Three varieties may be extravagant. The magic of Tahitian nights is in essence of gardenia



Hollywood has a new word for *WASH*



"We say 'LUX'—then we know our nice things are safe"—says

Heather Angel

"WHEN I say 'Lux' my things, my maid knows that means nothing else but!" Heather explains. "A swish through Lux and out things come superb as new, the colors not faded a bit. We wouldn't think of caring for lingerie, stockings, blouses, gloves and sweaters any other way."

Everybody's using the new word for "wash" because "Luxing" is different from ordinary "washing."

These tissue-thin flakes dissolve instantly in luke-warm water. The rich, creamy suds *float* the soil right out! And, with Lux, there's no danger to colors and fabrics as with ordinary soaps containing harmful alkali.

Your nice things will look lovelier, last longer, too, the Lux way. Lux has no harmful alkali! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"In the RKO-Radio Studios," says Walter Plunkett, Wardrobe Director, "Lux saves us thousands of dollars in cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new-looking twice as long. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies and even rugs are washed with Lux here."



HEATHER ANGEL is devoted to Luxable fashions like this linen sports frock. "Lux keeps things looking like new," she tells you.



"YOU CAN'T AFFORD to risk other washing methods," Heather adds, "but if you trust to Lux you know you're safe!"

See HEATHER ANGEL in RKO's "The Three Musketeers."

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK — TRUST TO LUX — *Hollywood says*

IN BEAUTY'S NAME



Ann Sothern, Columbia player, uses a bleach mask to normalize a tanned or freckled skin



Helen Lynd, in Universal's "Sweet Surrender," bathes her eyes twice daily. Her purse kit is equipped for manicures



A new atomizer with metal and tasseled top is a useful traveling companion. A charming gift



A golden girl is Lyda Roberti. She matches her fingertips to her jewelry and metallic gown.



Miss Lynd believes in being very firm about her throat. A cream with astringent qualities, massaged with gentle upward strokes, refines and corrects lines

Wouldn't you like to know the names of the beauty aids used by the Hollywood stars? A new leaflet, "In Beauty's Name," is yours for the asking. If your problems are more personal, they will have our care and attention. For leaflets or information, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City, New York

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, M-G-M STAR, IN "The Bishop Misbehaves"

MAKE-UP Secrets

FROM THE

DIARY

OF

Maureen O'Sullivan

A glimpse into the days when Maureen O'Sullivan's success was just beginning... reprinted from her personal diary by special permission.

JAN. Am to have screen test Friday—getting 10. frightened! Lunch with Dick. He says I'd better work on my voice and make-up before Friday. Shall try to see Max Factor, who is called the genius of make-up.

*

JAN. Had a terrible time seeing Max Factor— 11. so many stars and beauty editors at his studio. Told me he would create powder, rouge, and lipstick in a color harmony shade that would dramatize my type. Says he discovered color harmony to be the secret of beauty. Shall see him tomorrow.

*

JAN. Max Factor is a genius! His color har- 12. mony powder, rouge, and lipstick blends perfectly with my complexion colorings! It gave me so much confidence that I went through my screen test like a veteran. I never knew that make-up could mean so much.

*

Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis just as he does for screen stars? Would you like a sample of your color harmony make-up and an interesting illustrated booklet on, "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" All these will be sent to you if you will mail the coupon below to Max Factor, Hollywood.



Powder

Max Factor's Powder, originated for screen stars, is now available to you in color harmony shades for brunettes, blondes, brownettes and redheads. Enlivens your skin instantly with youthful radiance. Creates a lasting, satin-smooth texture. One dollar.

Rouge

Max Factor's Rouge created for screen stars is also available in color harmony shades for every type. Creamy-smooth it blends easily, evenly, and gives your cheeks an alluring lifelike glow that lasts for hours. Being light tested, it retains its true color under any light. Fifty cents.

Lipstick

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, like the powder and rouge, is available in color harmony shades for every type. Keeps your lips young, lovely. Maybe applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a perfectly even color that lasts for hours. One dollar.



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
 • Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
 • also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and shipping and illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". FREE.
 1-11-105

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
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
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
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE _____	

Ask THE ANSWER MAN

FRED STONE first saw the light of day in Valmont, Colorado—a place that is no longer in existence. He has laughing, grey-blue eyes and curly hair that is slowly turning white. Though his name is an institution of the American stage, he is descended from a family of farmers.

His career began at the tender age of nine, when he found some spangles that had been lost by a tight-rope walker. He begged his mother to sew them to a pair of old tights. Shortly after, he joined a circus and has since appeared in almost every kind of theatrical. He was the last of the great actors to succumb to the lure of the movies, but they finally have gotten him. In "Alice Adams," he has proven himself to be as capable and entertaining a screen actor as he had been on the stage.

Will Rogers was his most devoted friend, both sharing a common interest in horses, planes and cowboys. Up until the time of Fred's plane crash in 1928, he was an ardent and enthusiastic flyer; but he has not flown since. And now, since Will Rogers' tragic death, there is little doubt that he will ever fly again. He feels the great loss deeply, for to him it symbolized one of the rarest and most beautiful things in life—a perfect friendship.

GERRY SMITH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Sorry we had to take so long in answering. Your favorite, Buddy Rogers was born on August 13, 1904 in Olathe, Kansas. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and black eyes. And—hold your breath—no, Buddy has never been married. You can write to him care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

MARY LOUISE STORMONT, OKMULGEE, OKLA.—Tom Brown was born on January 6, 1913, in New York City. That would make him twenty-two. Tom may be reached at the RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

LOU VERA IVEY, DECATUR, GA.—Dick Powell hails from Mountain View, Arkansas. He has auburn hair and blue eyes. Is 6 feet tall and weighs 177 pounds. Before going into the movies, Dick was an orchestra leader. Dick is not married at the present time. His first wife was a non-professional. You will see him shortly in "Page Miss Glory" and "Shipmates Forever."

MRS. JOHN HAMILTON, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Lila Lee has been married two times. James Kirkwood was her first husband and John R. Peine her second.

GLADYS, COLCHESTER, CONN.—Thank you for the charming letter. We hope you will continue being a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY. Ruby Keeler is a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia. She was born August 25, 1909. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Her eyes are blue and her hair brown. She was educated at the Professional Children's



"Farmer in the Dell" gives Fred Stone another chance to display his gay and entertaining talent

School in New York City. Ruby was on the legitimate stage before her entrance into pictures. She started with Warners and is still under contract to them. Al Jolson is her husband. Yes, her first and only one. Ruby and Al have recently adopted a little baby boy and whom they call Albert Jr. Are they fond of him? Ask their best friends. Her latest picture is "Shipmates Forever."

MELBA NELMS, PEORIA, ILL.—The only way to obtain photographs of the various stars is to write to them at the studios where they are working. You will have to send twenty-five cents for each photograph.

This is to cover the cost of packing, mailing and postage.

BERNICE FELD, CHICAGO, ILL.—The above also answers your question.

CHARLES G. MCKEE, WINCHESTER, VA.—No trouble at all. Fifi D'Orsay has only been married once. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is jet black and her eyes hazel.

She hasn't appeared in any other pictures since playing in "Wonder Bar."

CONSTANCE HILLMAN, FAIRMONT, W. VA.—You're right. Constance has no middle name. Don't forget your end of the bargain. Winifred Shaw, born in San Francisco, California, on February 25th, 1910. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hair and eyes are both dark brown. At the tender age of eleven, she began her career on the legitimate stage, appearing in such hits as "Simple Simon," "Ziegfeld Follies of 1931," and "Rain or Shine."

She entered the movies in 1933 and will appear shortly in "Broadway Hostess," a Warner Brothers' picture.

Laura Bostick, Lake Charles, La.—Fred MacMurray was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30th, but he doesn't confide the year. He is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. Has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Claudette Colbert is a Parisian by birth. She was born September 13, 1907. She measures 5 feet 4 inches and tips the scales at 107 pounds. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Gary Cooper hails from Helena, Montana, where he was born May 7, 1901. He weighs 180 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches tall. Has black hair and dark blue eyes.

JULIA BALL, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Dublin, Ireland, was George Brent's birthplace. He was educated at the New York High School of Commerce, at the Rand School and at the University of Dublin.

JANET BOWMAN, BOSTON, MASS.—Before entering pictures, George Raft was a dancer and appeared on the legitimate stage. He was born September 26, 1903 and is 5 feet 11 inches tall. He has brown eyes and black hair. Some of his pictures previous to "The Trumpet Blows" were "Bolero," "All of Me," "The Bowery," "Pick-Up," and "Night After Night."

C. E. HUSTEDT, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Sorry, we cannot give you the home address of the stars. You will have to write to them care of the studios where they are working. Doris Kenyon is not under contract to any company at present.

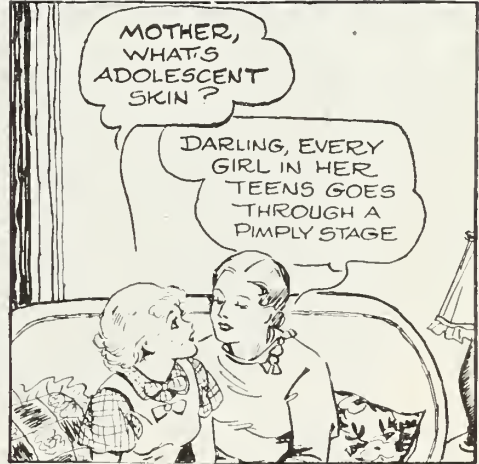
HELEN M. WICKLEIN, READING, PA.—Most of the companies do have New York offices but you will have to write directly to California.

ALFRED HOLMES, BALTIMORE, MD.—Dick Powell was born on November 14, 1904. According to our arithmetic he should be thirty-one this month. Rudy Vallee is shy about divulging his birthday, but he is approximately thirty-three years old. His birthplace was Westbrook, Maine. The information you requested about Tom Brown is given elsewhere on this page.

Pat O'Brien was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on November 11, 1899.



Read how Mabel won lots of new dates



Don't let adolescent pimples humiliate YOU

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood



Romance comes to the girl who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

IT is true that men just can't help falling in love with soft, smooth skin. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and *keep* it—is a foolish girl indeed!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

There's no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting unattractive Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps.

You can guard against this modern complexion trouble with Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather sinks *deep* into the pores—gently carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap that's specially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly!* Use cosmetics all you wish! But to *protect* your skin—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night.



WOULDN'T LOVE YOU...



I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** FAITHFULLY



MERLE OBERON

STAR OF SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "THE DARK ANGEL"

Fashion Forecast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

definitely individual, an added virtue in the eyes of woman.

EVENING

Colors: Rich and vibrant, mysterious changeable hues, multi-colored fabrics, Oriental effects in pale pastels with silver and gold. Suit your individuality, but mix your colors deftly.

Fabrics: Rich, magnificent, fabrics carry the load of fashion. Uncrushable velvet, taffeta velvet, cellophane velvet, lamé, gold and silver brocades, heavy satin, chiffon and cloqué crêpes.

Line: The flowing line of Grecian or Roman influence; Renaissance; Oriental drapery; adaptations of the 1914 silhouette, slashed skirts, harem drapes.

The décolletage has reached its all-time low. The deep V of the bodice attempts concealment behind huge clusters of flowers.

Gala nights bring forth glamorous evening gowns that glisten with jeweled girdles, buckles, huge clips. Chokers of semi-precious stones are worn both night and day.

No evening top-knot is complete without its halo, diadem, clip, comb or flower cluster.

Romantic velvet capes in all black or Renaissance tones, long, flowing and all-enveloping, salute the evening. For the woman who does not possess a luxurious fur wrap, nothing takes the place of the cape. For utility and warmth, the long wrap is preferable, but capes in any length are good.

Evening sandals with flat heels reflect the Greek and Oriental influence. Adjustable jeweled heels may be purchased separately, fastened to your sandal to add to, or subtract from your height. Gold and silver kid lead the parade.

DAYTIME

Colors: Brown with mustard yellow; grey with brown; Italian red with intense blue; rust with lapis lazuli; chive green, copperwood, Tuscan wine, caribou, and of course, black.

For sports, wear gay colors. If you have a bright color complex, express it here. For street and afternoon, dark tones, relieved by bright accents in trimming and accessories.

Fabrics: Multi-colored tweeds for sports; tweed knits, bouclé knits, hand knits; cloqué wools; sheer novelty woolens; broadcloth; duvetyne. Many changeable effects in reversible fabrics with contrast in color or texture. Heavy crêpes, velveteen, jersey.

Line: Shorter skirts for sports; for the street and afternoon, twelve to fourteen inches from the floor. Be good to yourself in the use of flares, pleats and godets, but never

ing your many gadgets safely confined in your new Autumn handbag.

Full sleeves are flattering, but never clutter them up with tricky detail. A full, simple sleeve is a thing of beauty. Leave it so.

Square-shouldered and military, jackets are fastened with braided frogs. For town wear, topcoats in smooth-finish woolens are lavishly trimmed with fur. Swagger coats top two-piece suits, matching or contrasting. Don't be afraid to contrast colors.

HATS

Let color run riot, is my tip for the top. Berets are round, flat, square, scooped like a shovel, or tied in the back. Military hats with coque feathers. Bonnet-like shapes tie under the chin. Page boy caps. Veils everywhere. Ostrich tips and quills. And the "flower pot will grow 'prettier'" as the pendulum swings from the pancake.

SHOES

Unless you assemble the correct style for each and every costume, select plain and simple shoes with a good last to fit your busy moving feet. There is a growing acceptance of color. New combinations are in green and brown reversed calf; burgundy, in suede with patent trim; brown, blue and black as usual. Rust juniper calf. Flat-heeled colonials and high-riding oxfords.

GLOVES AND STOCKINGS

Wear your gloves longer and unflared, in Renaissance shades of brown, oxblood, Hindu rust and Araby green, to contrast with your costume. Fur gloves match fur hoods. Velvet gloves to wear with your velvet toque.

Stockings take on browner tones and come in shades of ginger, durbar, Hindustan. London mist and caribou have a grey cast. Dubonnet and green as well as blue and black appear.

FURS

Furs are gorgeous and are used lavishly. Flat furs trim woolens and fashion hats. Tails occasionally trim hats which are reminiscent of Daniel Boone. Coat collars of blue and silver fox. Collars and front panels of red or crossed fox ornament tweed swaggers. Persian lamb appears in young fashions.

A Word to the Fashion Wise

The "collar clip" craze is doing nicely, thanks to Joan Crawford. She's using them on all sorts of costumes in series of eight clips, all matching of course. One set, created in ivory, she wears with a sports costume. Another in semi-precious stones is for afternoon and a third series, in precious stones, adds that certain something to the formal gown.

Shades of Romeo! "Juliet" caps in tiny seed pearls are coming back. Norma Shearer ordered one for her personal wardrobe after viewing the entrancing sketches for her costumes in Shakespeare's famous tragedy.

Columbia's young Marian Marsh has a trick idea. She transformed a simple evening gown of black satin into a glamorous formal by the easy stunt of wearing over it a costume blouse of gay flowered lamé heavily shot with gold. It is of surplice design and ties in the back. You can do it too.

If you're bothered with your hair blowing about enroute to that very swank party, try this: metallic mesh scarfs. They're cut like helmets and cover the coiffure. What's more, they'll do wonders for you along the sophistication line.

Jean Harlow is sponsoring the newest in necklines for fall wear. It's called the "chain neckline" and she wears it with a blue velveteen afternoon frock. The chain, a semi-large link affair in antique silver, slips through slits at the side of the neck and fastens at the back. Nice?

From "collar clips" to "dog-collars"—like granny wore when she was all dressed up. Una Merkel has a collar in seed pearls, held together with thin bars studded in diamonds. She's careful to wear it with gowns with the old-fashioned touch to them. You be as careful.

Jabots are back! Billie Burke wears one on a daytime frock of mauve crêpe. The half-jabot is of floral print, finely pleated, in tones of orchid, pink, blue and gray. The other half is pleated with creme mousseline de soie. Simple, but so effective. And so good to the figure.

at the expense of flowing line. Fullness there is in the new clothes, but it never projects itself.

There is not much change in waistlines, though there seems to be a tendency toward a lower line. Necklines continue to rise and carry their own ornaments of chains, clips and rope. More rope, seems to be the cry for both belts and necklines.

Jeweled belts confine your jersey or your evening gown, the only difference being in the leather. Covered zippers and talon fasteners zip you into your new clothes, as well as keep-

Tamara

DISCOVERS REAL HANDBAG SECURITY



Tamara — co-starring with Frank Parker in the Universal Filmusical photoplay SWEET SURRENDER

This famous actress entrusts her valuables only to handbags featuring security of the automatic-locking *Talon* slide fastener

The beautiful ladies of the screen are discovering that unreliable, loose-closing handbags are a thing of the past—that today, it's possible to combine absolute security with smartest style—in handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking fastener.

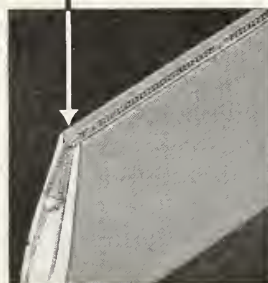
They have discovered that one quick pull on this flexible, easy-gliding fastener closes bags tightly and securely—a

closing that means an absolutely safe handbag—and a very good-looking one!

And you will discover that Talon on a handbag means perfection of quality and design—because only the outstanding manufacturers give their bags the benefit of this precision-made fastener.

All the leading stores sell them—in all the smartest styles.

Talon
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over — the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

Hollywood Scrambled Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

Cabots and the Ames . . .? (Mr. Cabot being another Adrienne Ex).

Renee Torres and Vic Orsatti just couldn't seem to keep off the dance floor they were having such a good time, which probably had no connection with the fact that John Gilbert (who used to go with Renee before he started to go with Marlene Dietrich) was over in a corner with the pride and joy of Paramount, who, in turn had just nodded brightly in the direction of Josef Von Sternberg!

All of which goes to prove that Hollywood may be, as advertised, the garden spot of love in bloom! But it's the toughest place in the world to let it wilt!

Where Hollywood has them, is that it is a small town with a big business; and everybody important is tied to it with contracts.

In New York, London or Paris, or even Prairie Center, when a marriage goes on the rocks, or a romance reaches a *psst* in Walter Winchell's column, the principals are usually accorded the privilege of getting decently out of one another's lives, sight and hair.

BUT no matter how you add it up and try to divide, there's still only ten miles separating Beverly Hills and Hollywood. There are only a few cafes in which to dine, a few night clubs in which to dance, and even a fewer number of people to give parties and invite the Ex's.

So Hollywood's scrambled romances continue to bump shoulders on the dance floors, attend the same parties, previews, and first nights, pal with the same people and, yes, even work in the same pictures in the most socially strained post-love status in the world.

Just show me the woman who can afford to look bored when her ex-husband or ex-beau is in the room!

They can leave 'em . . . but they can't shake 'em in Hollywood.

Take Carole Lombard and William Powell and their honest efforts to get divorced socially as well as legally. Of course, for a solid year after their final, Carole and Bill remained the best of friends, circulating in the same group.

That was before Carole met Robert Riskin and before Bill caught up romantically with Jean Harlow.

After that, while Carole and Bill had the best wishes in the world for one another, they never seemed to get together quite so often.

But when Carole walked into the Clover Club one evening with Robert Riskin and proceeded to eat her dinner and mind her own business, not a gossip-column in town failed to report that she had merely nodded to her ex-husband and failed entirely to speak to Jean Harlow! Nobody particularly cared that the so-called "coolness" between the girls was nothing short of a plain lack of introduction! They'd never met. Any place else . . . they might never have met. But you know Hollywood. Before the columnists were through with them, Jean and Carole were feuding.

And it wasn't until Carole, too, too annoyed by the heckling, called up Jean, introduced herself over the phone and invited her (and Bill, of course) to her next party that the columnist fun stopped!

After that things were a little dull, until Norma Talmadge and George Jessel arrived in Hollywood for a little vacation and a few

personal appearances, and you should know the box-office names that began to scramble in the social life!

When Merle Oberon and Norma Talmadge met in the living room at Sam Goldwyn's beach house, everybody was simply pop-eyed to see what was going to happen. Norma was once married to Joseph Schenck, you know, and Merle was once his fiancée, for a little while, so surely *something* would come of it. It was all pretty disappointing when the girls merely acknowledged the introduction in formal politeness and then managed to put the entire length of the room between them after that . . . which is about as far as anyone ever gets in Hollywood. The only thing that could have been more fun would have been for Connie



Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern best pals, but then a tiff—and a picture they had to work together in!

Bennett to walk in with Gilbert Roland, because Norma used to go around with Gilbert quite a lot, just as Connie goes out with him quite a lot on the evenings when Hank de la Falaise is dining with little Joan Marsh. Then toss in Georgie Jessel (who is now married to Norma) and David Niven (who is never very far away from Merle Oberon) and then have Joseph Schenck arrive with the New York girl he is supposed to be engaged to and what would you have but a typical Hollywood party?

IN their way, and after their fashion, the studios have just as much fun throwing monkey wrenches into parties, and scrambling and embarrassing ex-romantics.

To pretty Ann Sothern it must have seemed nothing short of the irony of fate that Columbia happened to cast her in "The Girl Friend" with Roger Pryor as her screen sweetheart,

just at the time when she was tiffing violently with Mr. Pryor in the rôle of her private-life beau! While Roger whispered sweet nothings in Ann's ear before the camera—he was whispering nothing in her direction when the crank stopped grinding, for the simple reason that they weren't speaking . . . much less whispering! If they had been in the stenographic and public accountant business, say, Ann could have taken her typewriter, or Roger could have moved his books to another firm. But the Front Office laughs at heartaches in Hollywood and there was nothing left for Ann and Roger to do but to see it through. This is one of the few cases on record that didn't end embarrassingly. Ann and Roger made up a week after the picture ended!

Columbia had no more than signed Claudette Colbert to make "She Married Her Boss" than they invited her almost-divorced-husband—who-recently-announced-his-engagement-to-Sally-Blane to make a picture on the same lot at the same time!

MAYBE Columbia didn't know that Claudette and Norman Foster were going to all sorts of bother to try to beat the Hollywood game of being thrown together. (Just the week before Claudette had turned down a charming invitation to a party she would have enjoyed because, as she explained to her hostess: "Norman and I really haven't had a chance to talk over our break . . . and it would be too strained meeting at your house!") So they met every day at the studio instead! The only thing that could have scrambled this situation more thoroughly would have been to have Sally Blane play the ingénue lead in Claudette's picture.

Just the other night I saw Estelle Taylor and "Van" Smith dining at the King's Club, and Hollywood-minded as I am, I couldn't help wondering if they'd seen the evening papers. There were a couple of front page news stories spread out for the world to see that should have interested them both.

In the first place it was "news" that Miss Nancy Carroll, of the Hollywood Carrolls, was in Reno for what the reporters took to be the express purpose of getting a divorce from Bolton Mallory so she might marry . . . guess who? . . . Mr. "Van" Smith who was dining in Hollywood with Estelle Taylor.

In another box, almost as conspicuous, was the little human interest story to the effect that Isabel Jewell had taken a tearful leave of Hollywood proclaiming to high heaven that Hollywood men were "not to be trusted." For six years Isabel had gone with Lee Tracy who was now, supposedly, "going" with Estelle Taylor who was dining in Hollywood with "Van" Smith.

Sandwiched between these items of interest was a large and beaming photograph of Jack Dempsey and Hannah Williams, Dempsey holding their gurgling daughter, and it was kindly called to your attention that jovial Jack was formerly the husband of Estelle Taylor who was rumored to be the present fiancée of Lee Tracy who had formerly been the fiancée of Isabel Jewell until Nancy Carroll left town . . . but where am I? Oh, yes, I was wondering what Estelle and "Van" were discussing that evening. I'm still wondering!

IT'S A NEW SENSATION!
SO AMAZINGLY LIGHT!
SO BUOYANT!

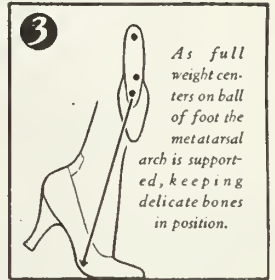
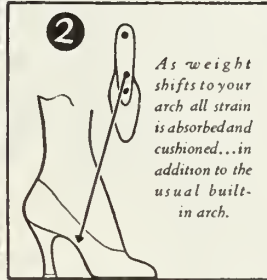
Marilyn Miller

FAMOUS DANCING STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN

Says..

"Your Rhythm Step Styling is the Smartest I Have Ever Seen!"

See how invisible Rhythm Treads support the foot at 3 strain points in every stride



An Utterly New Kind of Style Shoe With 3 Extra Health Features

TO win such praise from Marilyn Miller, Rhythm Step shoes had to be sparkling with style and grace. And they decidedly are. It's hard to believe such dainty shoes actually are health shoes. It's the first time you have ever seen a trim, light, really stylish shoe with comfort features. You will find the reason in invisible Rhythm Treads—a revolutionary principle that makes it possible, for the first time, to put real comfort features into lovely style shoes without sacrificing a bit of their grace.

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Juliette



Marsella



Sankri

\$6⁵⁰ Slightly Higher West of the Rockies



JOHNSON, STEPHENS & SHINKLE SHOE CO., St. LOUIS, Mo.
Makers of Fashion Plate Shoes
Recognized Style Leaders for Over 20 Years

She Had to Be Famous

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Mrs. Withers is a plumpish nice looking woman with a sunny disposition and just a hangover of a Southern accent. She touched Jane's treasures reverently—the endless array of dolls perched all over the apartment, the autographed pictures of movie stars and radio greats, the dressing table she had liked so well when making "Ginger" that the studio had given it to her, the silver loving cup from the beach parade, the "brought one" buttons she had earned at Sunday School, the press clipping book. She fondled them as if they were her own.

Then the story came out.

[T was a satisfying story—the kind it does you good to hear, with an ending that nourished the spirit and warmed the heart.

Mrs. Withers wanted to go on the stage when she was a girl. She wanted desperately to act—more than anything else in life. But her family was a respectable German family of Louisville and they didn't believe in such things for their daughters. A woman's place was in the home.

So Jane's mother married and went to Atlanta to live, swearing that if—no—when she had a daughter, that daughter should be what she had always longed to be—an actress. Don't most parents see in children a second chance at life?

And long months before her expected baby came, she walked down Peach Tree Street, in Atlanta, where the marquees of the theaters blazed in electric lights the names of great actresses. But to her they always read "Jane Withers" for that was the name she had already chosen from the world of little girls' names, because she had thought it all over and decided that "Jane" would look best in lights.

She went to shows—all that time—almost every day. Stage plays and musical reviews, concerts and movies—everything that came to town.

And always the girl who sparkled and pirouetted or sang lovely songs was, of course, her little girl, Jane Withers.

"But how do you know it will be a girl?" her friends kept insisting when they heard her speak of "Jane" and saw the pink bassinet and the little chifforobe full of dainty little girl-baby clothes.

"She will be," repeated Mrs. Withers. "She has to be."

And she was. A bright-eyed little buster with a wide grin who clapped her tiny hands when her mother sang "Just A Love Nest" to her and who heard hundreds of other hands being clapped three years later when her mother took her hand and trotted her over to the neighborhood movie house where they had "amateur nights."

They only paid eight dollars for the first prize on "amateur night," but Jane made quite a good thing of it, because she'd travel around to all the amateur nights, and always she'd win the prize, sometimes two or three a week. Mothers with young hopefuls got to calling up Mrs. Withers.

"Is—is Jane going to be down at the theater tonight?" they'd ask.

"Yes," Mrs. Withers would usually say, "yes, she is."

"Then," they'd sigh, "I think I'll wait until next time to take Marjorie."

But little girls who won the prize on amateur nights didn't have their names up in lights on Peach Tree Street, nor did little girls who became big juvenile radio revue hits. Jane at five was topping an Atlanta radio program, making forty-five dollars a week. But that wasn't what her mother had dreamed about.

Her friends told her she was crazy to go alone with Jane to Hollywood. They reminded her that she didn't know anyone. They read her the warnings.

"But when they see her," said Mrs. Withers, confidently, "they'll want her."

They didn't see her for some time. "Thank heaven, there wasn't any financial trouble," Mrs. Withers said. Mr. Withers couldn't leave his job with the tire company in Atlanta, but he sent the allowance regularly every week. But there was plenty of trouble getting inside studio gates, until one day when a friend asked her to come along with her to a studio appointment at Fox. Mrs. Withers and Jane just tagged along, but Jane knew what it was all about.

The casting man saw her. Jane saw to that. "My," he said, "that's a cute little girl. Do you mind if we take her address and telephone number?"

"Not at all," said Mrs. Withers.

SO Jane got a job in "Handle With Care," and her mother could already see the bright bulbs on Peach Tree Street shouting "Jane Withers." She wrote her friends. They wrote back, "We saw the picture, but we couldn't see Jane. Mrs. Green says she thought she saw her in a scene or two."

But it was different with "Bright Eyes." Mrs. Withers dug a photograph out of the table drawer. The resplendent front of the biggest movie house on Peach Tree Street screamed a dream come true.

"SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN 'BRIGHT EYES,'" it proclaimed brilliantly, "WITH ATLANTA'S OWN JANE WITHERS." And she won't have to share the billing when "Ginger" comes to town.

"You can guess what this means to me," said Mrs. Withers. Her father's awfully proud of Jane too—although," she laughed, "he wanted a boy."

"Shall I have Jane come in—or shall we go out—she's in her 'pent-house,'" explained Mrs. Withers, "having a birthday party."

The "pent-house" was a yellow square playhouse perched on the roof of the garage. Over the door two crossed American flags proclaimed the patriotism of the name beneath it—in sizeable black letters—"JANE WITHERS." Scattered around the outside were various boxes.

"For the dogs," whispered Mrs. Withers, "they don't allow dogs in the apartment, but Jane is always picking up stray dogs on the street. She slips them up here and hides them in these boxes. Sometimes," she sighed, "we have a regular dog hotel."

Jane, in a red corduroy bathrobe and an absurd, stringy tartan hair ribbon, was pouring tea for a three-foot doll and a protesting maltese kitten yclept Bubbles.

"Bubbles has a birthday every week," she announced, twisting her face into a smile of greeting. When Jane talks her eyebrows pop up and down beneath her bangs and her eyes

squint and then open. Her lips twist all around.

"Her father told her to stop twisting her face all up when she talked," recalled Mrs. Withers, "but Jane said, 'Why, Daddy, that's what *made* Marie Dressler'—so—Jane—don't do that!"

Jane had handed Bubbles a vigorous birthday bite on the ear and Bubbles, objecting to such natal day mayhem, was raising his pleas to high heaven.

"Remember," warned her mother, "your father said he'd take Bubbles away if you didn't stop biting him."

Jane looked sad. "But I love him so."

"You'll get germs."

Jane made a face. "Germs," she said, "I hate that word." She kissed Bubbles on the neck and squeezed his ribs savagely. Bubbles wriggled free, yowling, and decided to clear out.

Jane regarded his retreating bounds philosophically. "I like cats," she stated. "Cats and dogs—and kids."

"Boys or girls," I asked.

"Oh, I like girls," said Jane, "but not much."

"She likes Jackie Searl," said Mrs. Withers.

"Mo-ther," protested Jane. "You're always telling on me."

"I think he's the boy friend," said Mrs. Withers.

Jane shot a glance. "I like kids."

Over at the other place, at "fifty-five-fifty-five," (doubtless a street) it seems, Jane was promoter and president of the "All-Kids Club." She liked "fifty-five-fifty-five" about the best of all the places they had lived, although one apartment house had Chinese servants, which was nice, because as Jane confided, "They always carry knives." But at "fifty-five-fifty-five" there was a haunted house next door and a vacant lot with trees. The "All-Kids" built a club house in the trees, which was a wonderful idea because you could sit up there all day with a spyglass and watch for "enemies."

One day Jane and the kids tunneled into the cellar of the "haunted house" and discovered a "pirate's chest." It contained, instead of doubloons, a lot of fancy dress clothes, in which the "All-Kids" immediately arrayed themselves and scattered about the house until some one called Frank, the cop on the block. Frank was a member of the "All-Kids Club," but he was forced to break his blood vows and chase his colleagues off private property.

"BUT one kid," related Jane breathlessly, "got clear to the attic before Frank got there—and you know what he saw?"

I didn't.

"A skel'ton," said Jane impressively, "a skel'ton, hanging on a rope."

"Jane!" said Mrs. Withers. "Maybe you'd better tell about the nice kids over there."

When the Withers moved to their present home, Jane had already made "Bright Eyes." The day they moved in a ring of tykes lined up beneath the window. They didn't know Jane's name, only the name she had in "Bright Eyes."

"Joy-ee!" they wailed in whiny voices, "Joy Smy-uth—kin you come down and play?"

Jane poked her head out the window, hands on hips.

"Say-ay," she said, "lay off that Smythe stuff. My name's Jane. Be down in a minute." Now she spends all the nickels in her weekly dollar allowance sustaining boom times for the swarm of kids in the block—all of whom sell magazines or something.

You can't imagine what a feminine *Penrod* this little character is. She's right out of a Booth Tarkington book. She told me how much fun it was to put on a circus and how to make a dog into a lion by sticking feathers around his neck. She said the only way to run a club was to have secret codes.

She said she was a whiz at marbles and that she could make a slot machine pay every time. When she was making "Ginger," she said, she and Jackie Searl would go every noon and play the slot machines.

SHE said she could pick a winner in a horse race and that once she had won seven dollars and a half on the gambling ship—

"Jane!" said Mrs. Withers, with a soprano smile, "S-h-h-h—"

"Well—maybe it was just *seven* dollars," said Jane, "but remember how all the people were hanging around me for luck?"

What a girl!

And Mr. Withers had wished for a *boy*! It looked to me as if they both had got their wish.

"Of course, I had a swell time making 'Ginger,'" proceeded Jane, unruffled, "especially when I was up on the roof. But boy! Will I have fun next picture! Did you ever play 'tramp'?"

I couldn't remember.

"Me and John—he was our darkey man down in Atlanta—we used to sneak off up the railroad tracks and play 'tramp,'" confided Jane. "Boy, is it fun! Well—in my next picture I'm going to wear boy's clothes and run away with a tramp."

Mrs. Withers chuckled. "She's tickled to death about that," she said. "Whatever Jane does at the studio she puts her whole heart into. I guess I'm partly responsible for that. When she was just a little thing I used to tell her, 'Whatever you do, put something in it. Put something in it or don't do it at all.'"

"Then Jane," I said, "when you said 'I want a machine gun' in 'Bright Eyes'—did you really want a machine gun?"

"Sah-ay," said Jane, "I just *love* to pop ducks in a shootin' gallery. If I really *did* have a machine gun—"

She crouched in her chair. Her lip rolled out. A finger stuck stiffly out before a menacing squint. Another jerked an imaginary trigger.

"Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh—" went Jane, "huh-huh-huh-huh—"

What a girl—what a girl!

The man was right. She isn't ginger, she's dynamite.

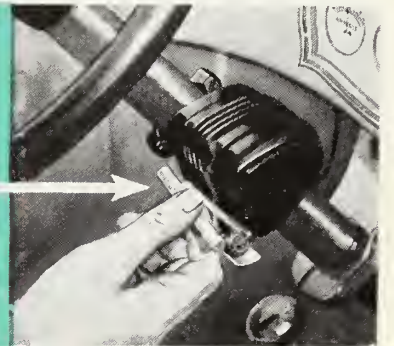


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COOLER—they've got a touch of mild menthol to refresh your throat. Tastier—because the fine tobacco flavor is kept at the peak. And you get a fat dividend in the valuable B&W coupon in each pack; save them for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Now that the season of overheated rooms and sniffles is coming, do right by your throat; get on the trail of **KOOLS**. And send for latest illustrated premium list No. 10.

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PLUS FIVE FRONTS FROM KOOL OR RALEIGH PACK-
AGES (OR SENT FOR ONLY 150 B & W COUPONS!)



"You're going to have a college education regardless"

That was his father's order to Manchester Morris. And what did Manchester do? You'll find out in December **PHOTOPLAY**, out November 5. Since, Manchester became your old friend Chester Morris, as you'll discover in this most amusing story ever written about him.

THIS smart-looking holder-and-lighter clamps to steering post in a jiffy. Out of your way—but handy. Holds 24 cigarettes. Press with finger, and it hands you a smoke already lit. Safer, more convenient for driver.

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Director "Woody" Van Dyke enjoys having his friends about him, and sees that they have a great time. Here he's the center of Brian Aherne, Isabel Jewel, Shirley Ross, and Fred Keating

Letters

Here is the most important exchange of movie opinion to be found—and it carries weight



Left, Eric Blore and Kasha Le Sueur, Joan Crawford's sister-in-law, tuck in some of the Van Dyke barbecue

More of the barbecue. Eric Blore, above center, looks over the cards before Fred Keating tries some tricks. Charles Butterworth also eyes 'em



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]
slant at them. Don't you think it would be worth a try?
MRS. DAISY HESSLER, Hutchinson, Kansas

BOW, MISS ARTHUR

JEAN ARTHUR gives true expression to a woman's feelings, not only in the relation to the man she loves, but as a comrade, a sister, and a daughter—and all in the same drama. She knows how to follow a sudden inclination into an action, filled with charming drollery; and she can make a smiling sense of humor break through the worry and the woe of a nearly hopeless conflict.

C. L. CHRISTENSEN, New York City

A MASTERPIECE

EVEN at this late date I come forth to praise and hail the courageous producer for it—Walter Wanger's "Private Worlds." In it the cinema digs more deeply and dramatically into the souls and beings of its characters than anything ever pictured before. To see "Private Worlds" is to live, breathe, and remember it—perhaps forever—which truly is a test or a measure of quality that very few pictures have so far remotely attained. Adding to this the splendid and thoroughly capable work of its cast, the haunting appropriateness of its music, plus the incomparable beautiful photography, "Private Worlds" is indeed a masterpiece.

FLORENCE ZULEGER, Minneapolis, Minn.

KEEP ACCENT IN

AFTER "Escapade," William Powell steps out of character for a moment to introduce Luise Rainer. And Miss Rainer says that she will try to improve her English for her next picture.

Why is it that Hollywood always does that to foreign actors and actresses? A foreign accent always sounds nice on the screen for a change.

It would be very nice if Miss Rainer and other foreign actors and actresses like her could keep their accent, as long as it is as clear as Miss Rainer's is.

It is fetching.

R. G. KEHOE, Pelham, N. Y.

JOIN



RED CROSS
SERVICE
IN
RELIEF,
HEALTH
AND
SAFETY

Still the Greatest Mother

"Red Cross relief workers rescue families in flooded sections, house refugees, feed families and give medical care . . ."

"Red Cross mobilizes relief forces to house and care for the panic-stricken families in the tornado-swept belt . . ."

"Red Cross emergency hospitals and 25 nurses protect lives in the dust bowl area where measles epidemic and pneumonia patients, victims of the prolonged dust storms, need care . . ."

Descriptive phrases such as these are part of every news story of a catastrophe, because Red Cross disaster relief workers are always first on the scene. Their task is to bring order out of chaos, to see that suffering is halted, that the injured are cared for.

Weeks later when memory of the disaster may have been effaced to all but those upon its immediate scene, the Red Cross relief workers are still carrying on. There are problems of returning families, who are with-

out resources, to a self-sustaining basis, and there may be problems of sick, and injured still in hospital.

During ten months up to May 1, 1935, the Red Cross gave relief in 85 disasters, appropriating \$585,850. Floods and tornadoes were of greatest frequency. In this period, 13,500 families were cared for.

This is but one service of the Red Cross. Its Public Health Nurses annually visit more than a million sick and well in the interest of good health. Red Cross nurses teach Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick to additional thousands of men and women, school boys and girls. It trains men and women, boys and girls in Life Saving and First Aid.

More than 50,000 C. C. C. members were trained in First Aid in 1935, and thousands were taught Life Saving to safeguard swimmers from drowning.

The Red Cross has cooperated with federal relief agencies in every field.

BROADWAY'S GIFTS TO HOLLYWOOD



Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell show a brand new dance step from "Broadway Melody of 1936"



Taylor and June Knight present another phase of the new dance, Broadway Rhythm, from M-G-M's screen musical extravaganza



Jack Benny, stage and radio, as well as screen star, is a Broadway gossip columnist in the musical, which has a galaxy of other noted big "names"

Introdoocin' Mme. la belle Arlette, otherwise Eleanor Powell, in "Broadway Melody." She has a pair of the cleverest dancing feet in Hollywood!

Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

floor, groped uncertainly for the wall, braced himself and stood for a moment, then said to Vilma Fenton, "Don't mind me, I'm all right."

Dick Brent led the way across the corridor. The door of the opposite room was ajar. Brent pushed it open, stepped inside. He groped for and found a switch button, clicked on the lights.

Very apparently this room had recently been occupied. The tracks of muddy feet were on the carpet. Several cigarette stubs were on the floor near the door. A long wedge-bladed knife had fallen near them. A gray cap soaked with rain was in the middle of the bed, as though someone had carelessly flung it there on entering the room.

Brent took swift charge of things.

"You can't stay away from your guests, Miss Fenton," he said. "You'd better leave this to me."

"How about you, Arthur," she asked, "can you go back downstairs and act as though nothing had happened?"

"Just a moment, I'll see," he said. He gave his head a quick shake from side to side, swayed for a moment, then managed a grin. "A little punch groggy, ma'am, but I can take it."

"GO down and see that the cocktail glasses are filled, Arthur," the actress told him. "Remember, it was just a window that blew open and smashed the glass. Don't answer too many questions."

The big man took a deep breath, walked from the room.

Brent indicated the cap on the bed, the knife on the floor, the row of cigarette stubs.

"The assailant hid in this room, smoking cigarettes while he was waiting. He heard steps going past the door, stepped out into the corridor. Either he knew it was the butler and wanted to get him, or else thought it was someone else."

"Thought it was who?" she asked, her eyes staring steadily into Brent's face.

"You," he told her.

She didn't so much as wince, but stood very straight, her backless gown showing her figure to advantage. Her face was no longer pale, but flushed with natural color.

"Who was it?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"You haven't time to lie to me."

"I know it."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know."

She met his eyes defiantly but steadily.

"Why did you kill Dr. Copeland?" he asked.

"I didn't kill him."

"Do you know Merla Smith?" Brent asked.

"Not personally, why?"

"Do you know who she is?"

"Yes, of course, the daughter of J. Fenton Smith, the millionaire lumber man. Why?"

"Dr. Copeland's day book shows that she had an appointment with him early this afternoon, but there isn't any case history for her. I wondered if she might be connected with any dealings you may have had with Dr. Copeland."

"Impossible!" the actress exclaimed with such vehemence that Brent would have been entirely convinced had he not had previous experiences with this young woman's extraordinary ability as an actress.



STEIGEN

"No lipstick-parching" for lips that want romance



It's a clever girl who keeps her lips an ardent invitation to romance. But lips *can't* be that... if the skin is dried and roughened by Lipstick Parching.

So, you must ask your Lipstick to do more than merely tint your lips. It should protect the texture... keep that sensitive skin smooth and petal-soft. That's where so many lipsticks fail. Some seem actually to leave the lips *rougher*.

Coty has proved that lipstick *can* give you the most exciting color... indelible color... without any parching penalties!

Try the new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick and see! *It actually smooths and softens lips.* That's because it contains "Essence of Theobrom," a special softening ingredient.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

The "over-night" test has convinced many girls that Coty Lipstick is every bit as remarkable as we say. Just put on a tiny bit of the lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning—rejoice! Your lips are smooth and soft as camellia petals!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in 5 indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder... with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢

"Why did you try to make *me* the fall guy?" Brent asked.

"I didn't."

"Listen," he told her. "You knew I was going to go to Dr. Copeland's office. You tried to fix things so that the police would pick me up there."

"No, no," she said, "please don't think that of me. I didn't know anything about it . . . until . . ."

"Until after I had left Alter's office?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"You knew what Alter was going to do?"

"After you left. . . . Oh, I don't mean that. I don't know *what* Alter did."

Dick Brent laughed grimly.

"Don't try to protect him," he said. "I've got so I know him by this time. I should have been on my guard when he made such lavish promises about money."

She remained silent, as though rigidly adhering to some resolve.

"Not talking?" he asked.

"Not talking," she replied.

DRENT opened his pocket knife, pressed the point of its blade into the wooden handle of the big knife which had been left on the floor. He produced a small phial of powder, dusted it over the surface of the big knife, covering both the handle and the blade.

"Fingerprints?" she asked.

"Lots of them," he told her. "I want a safe place where I can leave this knife until I can send out a man with a fingerprint camera to photograph those latents."

She indicated a closet. Brent opened the closet door, opened a cedar-lined drawer in the closet, deposited the knife, setting it carefully on edge, propped up by the pen knife. He closed the drawer, closed the closet door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"What hold did Dr. Copeland have on you?" he asked.

"I can't tell."

"You will sooner or later."

"I can't."

Brent looked at his wrist watch and said bluntly, "Okay. Someone's always trying to make me the fall guy. Go down to your guests."

She came a step toward him.

"You detest me?" she asked.

"Yes," he told her, without any particular rancor, as one who is stating a matter of fact.

She stood very close to him.

"Listen," she said, "you *must* understand me. I play fair. I didn't have anything to do with what happened to you. I wouldn't have permitted it had I known what was being planned. I'm not a spoiled, selfish snob. I've fought my way up from the bottom."

"My publicity agent tells me I must keep it under cover, but I was a waitress in a railroad restaurant. I've worked as a stenographer and been darn glad to get work when I could get it. When I couldn't get stenographic work I'd wait tables. Then I got a break in Hollywood."

"Why tell me this?" he asked, but his eyes were no longer hostile. They were surveying her face with quizzical interest.

"Because," she said, "I have only one creed. I play fair. I don't want you to think I double-crossed you, and I want you to know what it means to me . . . I can't tell you. . . . Even if I could bring myself to do it, I haven't the time. But everything I have is in danger. My career may be swept out from under my feet."

Brent raised his eyebrows.

"That serious?" he asked.

"That serious," she told him.

Brent's eyes narrowed. "Get back to your guests," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going visiting."

It took a moment for his remark to register.

"You mean you're going to see Frank Alter?"

"I'm going to see Frank Alter."

She placed an impulsive hand on his sleeve.

"Please," she said, "don't tell Alter what's happened here."

"Why? He's your lawyer, isn't he? Haven't you got confidence in him?"

Slowly she shook her head. "Not after . . . not after tonight. I went to him because I was told he always got results, and I needed results. I needed them most desperately. But not so badly that I needed to double-cross those who are trying to help me. And even Alter didn't intend to let the police catch you. When I protested, he said you



Paulette Goddard, in a scene from the new Charlie Chaplin production. The film, many months in the making, is scheduled for release before long

were too resourceful to be caught. Do you understand how I feel?"

Looking into her eyes, he said slowly, "Yes, I understand."

Her face brightened. "Come on," she said, "I must get back to my guests. You'll have to leave. I'll make excuses for you. Remember that you're a very old friend, a very intimate friend."

"You'll give me some other name?" he asked, "in speaking of me to your guests?"

"I don't care," she told him. "You may be known. Someone there may have recognized you or may see you later on and find out your real name. I dare not let anyone think your visit was professional."

She led him down the stairs and, as they approached the living room, Dick noticed there were no longer sounds of merriment emanating from behind the thick curtains which were drawn across the entrance. It was as though some subtle tension of fear had gripped the house.

Wind still blew wildly through the broken window, whistled past the jagged fragments of glass and made a cold draft down the corridor.

"Tell me," she asked, "did someone jump out through that window?"

"I don't know," he said, "I'll make an investigation when I get outside."

"You'll be careful?" she asked.

"You," he told her, "are the one to be careful."

She flung aside the portieres, and, with the motion, her personality underwent swift transformation.

The actress in her came to the front. She stood smiling at her guests with half parted lips and starry eyes.

"MY FRIENDS," she said, "tonight I'm very, very happy. I've met an old friend, one with whom I'd lost contact for years. I'm sorry that he can't stay, but I want you to know Dick Brent."

She turned to him, placed her hand on his arm.

"I'm not performing individual introductions," she said. "He's late for a most important appointment and I promised him he wouldn't be delayed."

She raised her face to his.

"Good night, Dick," she said, in a low, purring voice.

For a moment he wondered why she had chosen to say good-night to him at this place and in this manner, then suddenly he realized the significance of her upraised chin, her red, half parted lips.

He bent forward.

Her arm flung itself joyously around his neck. She pressed her lips to his in a long, clinging embrace.

Guiltily, she jumped back, laughed nervously, said, "Oh Dick, what made you think that just because I'd become prosperous I was going to forget my old friends? Why did you try to keep out of my life? Come, I'll run to the door with you. You must hurry."

She waved her hand to her guests, grabbed his arm, pushed him toward the corridor, said to the butler who handed Brent his hat and raincoat in grim, hostile silence, "Never mind, Arthur, I'll open the door for Mr. Brent."

She twisted at the knob. Brent pulled it open. Moist wind rushed in through the doorway, whipping her garments about her.

"Lock the door," Brent told her. "Keep it locked. You'll hear from me, later. Good night, Miss Fenton."

She clutched at his arm, said in a hurried whisper, "Don't ever call me that. Call me Vilma. Remember, you're an old friend. No one must *ever* suspect you're seeing me in a professional capacity."

He nodded. "Good night, Vilma."

"Good night, Dick"

She stood in the doorway for a moment as he moved out into the rain. The lights from the hallway filtered through her white evening dress, disclosed the contours of a figure that a leading costume designer had emphatically declared was the best in Hollywood.

She raised fingers to her lips, blew him a kiss, and then the door closed.

Brent took a small, flat flashlight from his raincoat. He moved through the damp shrubbery. His feet skidded on the muddy surface of the ground until he had to clutch at the overhanging branch of a tree to steady himself.

HE was directly under the hallway window which had been broken. It was some twelve feet above the ground, and Brent, sending the beams of his flashlight in a questing circle, looking for footprints in the moist ground, found himself staring at an overturned chair, surrounded by fragments of glass which reflected back the beam of his spotlight.

There were no footprints. Brent snapped

out the flashlight, returned to the porch, pressed the doorbell.

A moment later the big butler opened the door. His face was coldly impassive.

"You wished to see Miss Fenton?" he asked.

"No," Dick said, lowering his voice, "tell her *there are no footprints under the window*. The man who struck you must still be in the house."

"Unless," the butler said meaningly, "he left by the front door."

Brent's voice was impatient. "Forget that stuff. Give my message to Miss Fenton. Tell her not to remain alone in this house under any circumstances. Tell her I'm sending out a man to cover the premises from the inside. She can trust him. His name is Peters."

The butler bowed from the waist.

"Very good, sir," he said in a tone which contained neither respect nor humility.

A moment later the door slammed with the sound of complete finality.

CHAPTER VI

THE storm had increased in intensity. Wind, which had blown first from the southwest, swung to the southeast. Along the Dark Canyon Road toward Burbank, eucalyptus trees threshed about like grotesque, thick-ribbed umbrellas turned wrong side out by the force of the wind.

Dick Brent turned his car to the right and started climbing. From time to time, gusts of wind hit the automobile, and made it wobble over the wet pavement.

Frank Alter had built his house on the ridge. From one side he had a view over the dam and reservoir, out to the lights of Los Angeles. From the other side he could see across the long panhandle of the Universal lot, out toward the San Fernando Valley. Jagged cloud wisps seemed to clutch at the tiled roof of the big house, as though trying to arrest their wind-driven progress.

But the wind, blowing through the pass with the force of a gale, whipped the streamers of down-flung moisture into fragments, struck the clouds themselves with sufficient force to make them swirl and eddy as they scurried over the mountain pass to spread out in a more orderly formation over the valley.

Rain pelted with ever increasing violence.

Brent turned his car into the driveway, switched off the ignition and the headlights.

He reconnoitered before ringing the bell. Lights showed from a window in the study. The shade had been drawn, but there was an inch at the bottom through which sufficient light filtered to illuminate the driving rain-drops.

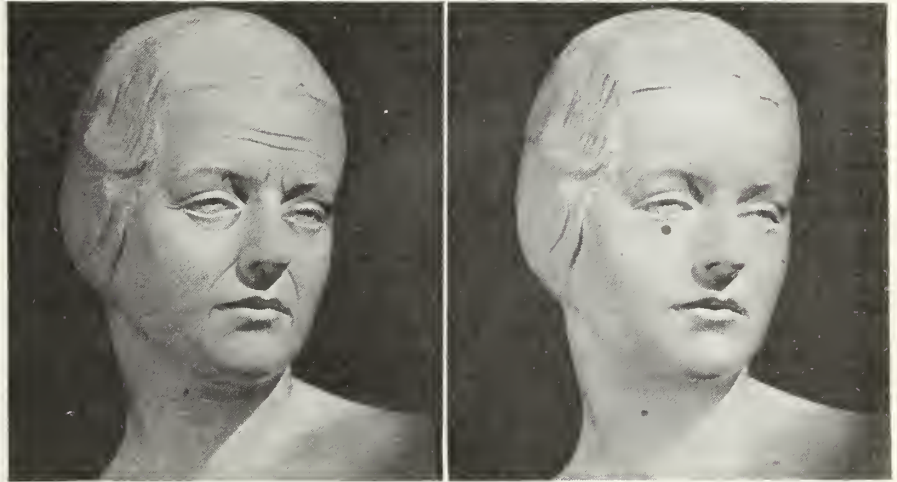
Dick squashed his way through the soft earth to peer in at that window. He had trusted Alter once, to his sorrow. He didn't intend to walk blindly into the lawyer's clutches again.

Through the slit between the curtain and the base of the window, he saw the paunchy criminal attorney seated in a huge, overstuffed chair, his short, stubby legs thrust out in front of him, the feet resting on an ottoman. A cigar was held between the first and second fingers of his right hand. He was talking, and gesturing with that hand as he talked.

BRENT could not hear the words, but, from the man's gestures, he could reconstruct the suave stream of ready eloquence which was purring from the lips of the professional spell-binder.

Brent shifted his position to see the person with whom Alter was talking.

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She was a vivid personality, red hair, sparkling blue eyes, slender, tapering, well-kept hands, a neat form, and ankles generously displayed beneath the hem of a well-tailored outfit.

Brent recognized her from having seen her photograph in the society rotogravure sections of various Sunday newspapers.

She was Merla Smith.

Studying her face, Brent decided she was listening but that she was far from being convinced. Her face had an expression of aloof amusement, a cynical lack of belief which indicated the lawyer's words were not carrying conviction, but that she found his attempt amusing.

Brent left the window, pushed his way through the wind-driven sheets of rain, until he found the steps leading to the porch which opened from the lawyer's study. He pounced his feet, stamping the mud from them, giving sufficient warning of his approach so that the attorney could set the stage in his study.

Dick had rung the bell for the fourth time when he heard the sound of steps behind the door. A bolt clicked, a chain rattled. The door opened a cautious two inches, held in place by a heavy chain.

Dick Brent stared silently into the wide eyes of the lawyer.

"Why, hello, Dick," Alter said with quick and effusive cordiality. "What brings you out here?"

Brent said nothing.

Despite the cordiality of the lawyer's voice, he hesitated for several seconds before his fumbling fingers dropped the safety chain from its catch and opened the door.

"Come in," he said. "Come in and have a hot toddy. It's a wild night. The servants are out. I'm here alone. I was working on a brief, but it can wait."

Dick slipped out of his raincoat as he entered the study.

"Where do you want this?" he asked. "It's dripping wet."

Alter took it, said, "I'll hang it in the downstairs bathroom for a moment. Wait just a second."

He was gone almost two minutes. When he returned his manner was nervous.

"Well," he said, "how about a hot toddy? The servants are out, but I can make you one easily."

"NO thanks."

"But you're all wet."

"Just my legs and shoes."

Alter indicated a gas register.

"There's hot air coming through that. Stand in front of it and it will dry you out in no time."

Brent remained seated, his legs crossed.

"It's nothing," he said.

"You might catch cold that would develop into pneumonia. You can't be too careful of wet feet. You . . ."

"Forget it," Brent said, shortly, seating himself in the chair which Merla Smith had occupied.

The lawyer fidgeted uneasily. "What the devil's the matter with you, Dick? Perhaps you're sore because I overlooked the formality when I first called you earlier this evening."

He took a wallet from his pocket, thumbed through a sheaf of bills and said in his most conciliatory tone, "Perhaps a thousand dollars now and then more. . . ."

Dick extended his hand, took the money and said, "This chair feels warm."

For a moment Frank Alter became rigidly motionless. Then he smiled and said, "It

should. I was dozing in it when I heard the bell. The bell awakened me. Hope you didn't have to ring more than once."

Dick took the greenbacks, folded them, shoved them into his trouser pocket.

"I was in Copeland's office," he said, "and someone tipped off the cops."

"Oh, no," Alter declared, "you're mistaken on that, Dick. That couldn't have happened. They probably found the body in the alley and decided to take a look at the office on general principles. It couldn't have been a tipoff."

Brent dismissed the lie with a shrug of his shoulders. "Let's talk facts," he said. "How long have you been representing *Vilma Fenton*?"

By an effort the lawyer controlled his face. His eyes widened.

"Vilma Fenton? Why *she's* a motion picture actress."

"Of course she's an actress, and you're representing her. You tried to pass her off as



George Burns and Gracie Allen try hard to erase the look of anguish from the face of Gracie's pet canine. If these two can't succeed, it's a safe guess no one else can

Mary Smith, but I recognized her voice, despite the fact that she tried to muffle it under a handkerchief."

"Perhaps you've made a mistake," Alter said in a voice which carried no conviction whatever.

"No mistake," Brent assured him. "I've just been talking with Vilma Fenton. I recognized her voice there in your office."

"You talked with *her*?"

"Yes."

"But she's *my* client. You had no right to go directly to her. You . . ."

"If you'd played square with me," Brent said, "I'd have played square with you. You started double-crossing me. Now you can take what I'm dishing out. I'm the one that's doing the dishing now. You're the one that's taking it. Do you get that straight?"

"Now, Dick, don't fly off the handle," Alter pleaded. "I got you the business, you know, and . . ."

"You got me the business," Dick said, "because you needed me, not because of any particular sentiment, and remember this, I'm working for Vilma Fenton. She's my client. She's also your client. If you choose to cut corners with her, that's a matter between you and her. As far as I'm concerned,

I'm representing her and I'm going to do whatever is for her best interests. Now then, what's your game?"

"Why, what do you mean, Dick?"

"You know what I mean. When I first came to your office, you said, 'We're in a jam,' or words to that effect, as you lawyers like to express it. Now then, who was the 'we'?"

"Why, Dick, I told you what I meant by that. I was, of course, identifying myself with my client. I was using, so to speak, an editorial plural."

"Baloney!" Dick Brent said. "You were in the jam just as much as she was. Why should you be mixed up in Dr. Copeland's murder?"

Alter got to his feet, trying to be jovial, but his smile was sickly.

"Come, come, Dick," he said, "you're all worked up. I'm going to get a hot toddy, whiskey, nutmeg, sugar and water." He smacked his lips. "That'll start the blood circulating, eliminate the danger of those wet feet, and we can talk to better advantage."

He didn't wait for Dick to answer, but pushed his way from the room.

LEFT alone, Dick heard the wind whistling around the house with redoubled fury. Listening to it, he closed his eyes and thought how much it resembled human screams.

He was tired. He'd been working under a strain. After all, his feet were wet and cold, and . . .

He suddenly sat bolt-upright in his chair, his eyes wide open.

"Had that been a scream?"

He listened. The wind, sucking at the corners of the house, almost duplicated the noise he had heard—almost but not quite.

Dick waited several eventless seconds, then once more dropped back against the cushions. He stretched, yawned, then bit his yawn abruptly in two. His arms dropped to his sides.

He jumped to his feet, moved two quick steps so that his back was to the wall and stood listening.

There could be no doubt of it. This time it had been a scream.

Brent waited a tense five seconds, then crossed the study, opened the door to the corridor, listened and could hear nothing save the howling of the wind. Then, over and above the noise of the storm, he heard the quick patter of running feet. A door slammed. A slender figure came into view at the corner of the corridor, ran toward him.

The upper part of her tailored suit had been torn. A silk blouse was ripped down the front, showing a pink, lace-trimmed slip. Her hair was tousled as though she had been engaged in a losing struggle with the wind.

It was her eyes that fascinated Brent.

The eyes were wide, startled, horrified, staring ahead of her with a fixity of terror which made her seem to be hypnotized by stark fear.

A few moments before, Brent had seen her calmly self-possessed, very much aloof, and mildly amused.

Now, Merla Smith, daughter of a multi-millionaire, well-known figure in the younger social set, was running toward him with outstretched arms, a chalky-white face and terror-stricken eyes.

As Dick stepped into the corridor, she looked back over her shoulder and screamed again.

[Next month—an astounding development in this fascinating mystery serial of Hollywood life]

The Fretting Frog

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

self-confident and competent young woman of the world.

One day on the set when we were shooting the picture "She Married Her Boss," Claudette said to me:

"You know, Greg, in many respects 'nice girls' have greater obstacles to overcome in achieving something outstanding in life than their so-called less fortunate sisters.

"They have so many things to live up to. They can't do this and they can't do that. It simply isn't done.

"I'll never forget the heart-breaking days when I trudged from booking agencies to managers' offices in New York looking for a job, a chance to go on the stage. I had been reared and educated in the French way, sheltered and protected from life. I was so shy, I was tongue-tied when a hard-boiled guy would glare at me and growl: 'Well, what can you do?'

"How I envied the girls who could exchange wise-cracks. They could do anything, or so they firmly believed. And they got the jobs. That I ever got an opportunity was purely accidental.

"It has taken me years to break down my natural reserve. But look out for me now. I'm goin' to town!"

I'm sure she is. For one thing, Claudette is one of those rare introspective individuals who can laugh at herself. She has a swell sense of humor.

WHAT broke the ice with us first was when I discovered that sense of humor. Claudette has one weakness which she frankly admits. She frets about herself. Her picture rôles, health, weight, contracts, world affairs, what other people think. In fact, everything I can think of. She even frets over her friends' fretting.

When I first hung the sign of "The Fretting Frog" on the back of her set chair, the studio workers expected a blow-up.

We got it all right, but not what was expected. Claudette howled with laughter. She loved it.

Next day I found a sign on the back of my chair. It read: "Dr. Lucius La Cava. Dangerous Ward."

Claudette's humorous tribute to my weakness for the study of psychiatry.

When we were making "Private Worlds," I had the surprise of my life psycho-analyzing Claudette. (Incidentally this test is a remarkable aid to a director. To really understand and sympathize with a player's emotions should enable the director to capture and guide her expressions properly.)

Subject to her "nice-girl" beginnings, Claudette would ordinarily be guessed very much of an introvert. To my amazement I discovered that she is as much extrovert as introvert. For the uninitiated in psycho-analysis, an extrovert is a person who thinks, feels and lives objectively. To the contrary an introvert is one who thinks, feels and lives within one's self, subjectively. Her score in the psycho-analysis test stood 28 introvert and 27 extrovert.

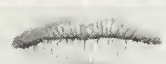
All life is balance. An individual who can strike so delicate a balance may derive the utmost from life.

We scored the test in this manner: Answers, Not at all—0, A Little—1 Much—2, and Very Much—3.

"I chose the girl with Naturally Rosy Lips.." said CHARLES FARRELL



HERE ARE THE LIPS CHARLES FARRELL SAW



UNTOUCHED: Lips without any lipstick often look faded



PAINTED: Lips colored with paint look unnatural



TANGEE: Intensifies the natural rose of your lips

Film star picks girl with Tangee Lips in Hollywood test

● Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One had no lipstick on; one wore her usual lipstick; and the third used Tangee. "Which lips do you prefer, Mr. Farrell?" "The naturally rosy lips of *this* girl," he said, selecting the girl wearing Tangee Lipstick.



And millions of other men prefer natural lips too. That's why so many women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee's magic color change principle brings out your own natural color... makes your lips rosy and kissable... more appealing to men. It *can't* give you "that painted look", because it isn't paint. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

● Charles Farrell picks the Tangee girl in this lipstick test. Picture snapped between scenes of "Forbidden Heaven", a Republic Pictures Corporation release.

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Address _____

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Here is Claudette's chart.
Compare the questions and score and then you might try it yourself.

INTROVERT

- Do you feel as though you were set aside from most people because of their apparent inability to understand you? 2
Are you self-conscious and why in private life? 1
Do you hate to make a show of yourself? 3
Do you indulge in day-dreams? 3
When offended do you draw within yourself and sulk? 0
Are you self-centered, interested mostly in what happens to you and those dear to you? 2
Are you a poor mixer, unable to become friendly with strangers at once? 2
Are you moody, and do your moods influence your emotions? 0
Do you like to be alone most of the time? 1
Do you dislike being affectionate? 0
Have you heard anyone declare you had depth of mind? 2
Are you jealous? 1
Are you idealistic? 2
Do you become tense under stress or excitement? 3
Have you a feeling of inferiority? 3

Is it hard for you to ask for a job or make a deal?

TOTAL

EXTROVERT

- Do you forget yourself when you work, talk or play? 2
Is it easy for you to order people around? 3
Is life a game to you to be played? 0
Do you live to dress, look snappy, etc.? 3
Are you practical? 3
Do you get over a quarrel or disappointment quickly? 0
Do you like people, enjoy having them around you much? 2
Are you naturally active, and do you like doing things? 2
Are you naturally loving and affectionate? 0
Do you take up fads? 1
Are you realistic and have you much common sense? 0
Are you easy going as a rule? 2
Can you change your manner of living without being disturbed? 1
Are you a go-getter by nature? 2
Are your feet solidly on the earth? 3

TOTAL

On the introvert side I was not surprised to find that Claudette feels that people do not understand her. The psychological answer to that feeling may be found in her extrovert answer that she likes people, as a group, only a little

Nor was I surprised to find that she has an inferiority complex, is self-centered, a poor mixer or that she is idealistic.

But, I was surprised to find that she is not very shy or self-conscious, does not sulk at all. is not moody and does not dislike being affectionate.

On the extrovert side, I was not surprised to learn that Claudette is practical, realistic active, feet solidly on the ground, but not a go-getter by nature.

I was surprised to discover that she completely forgets herself when at work or play, gets over a quarrel or disappointment easily, is easy-going, and naturally loving and affectionate.

Claudette may not have been all these things yesterday, but this chart reveals the Claudette Colbert of today.

She is rapidly becoming one of the finest actresses we have on the screen. She has made a big leap to the top in public popularity.

Now I'm doing the fretting because I may have to change her nickname!

Why Clark Gable Stayed at the Top

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

humor. Or the superior person who is his wife, Rhea Gable.

But none of that is more than an accessory to what the situation has demanded—character.

It isn't what started Clark Gable off that counts so much as what has stuck with him through these five years to—that sort of stuff you find in champions—what brought Dempsey back in the ring with Firpo, what grimly stalled off match point for Helen Wills Moody.

I think it took Clark quite a spell to shake off the punches of his past and realize just what was holding up his right arm in the Hollywood ring.

I know he once remarked quizzically that the first time he really *felt* that success had come to him was on one Christmas morning a couple of years ago.

For his two stepchildren, whom he adores, he had bought a couple of new Fords.

When he gazed out the window that morning and saw the cars standing there in the driveway, bright, new and shiny, he was impressed by what all the mash notes, praise-worthy articles and hurrah of his new status had failed to drive home.

The fact that he was able to do that much for people he loved made him feel that after all perhaps he really did amount to something!

It's no use to paint any right guy such as Clark Gable with any golden gilt of human infallibility just to get across the fact that he does have a character reserve that has brought him through in the pinches.

He's been in the pinches because he is human.

But he has always come through.

There was a time when something separated him from his wife, briefly. But he had sense enough and character enough to whip that and go back to her.

There was a time when rumors seeped through Hollywood that he was looking with more than casual interest at a certain glamor-

ous actress. But truth or untruth, whichever it was, he handled it gracefully and proceeded unscathed.

In fact, the only instance on record when Clark Gable ever sallied forth publicly with a woman other than his wife occurred at the late lamented Agua Caliente.

He was making "Hell Divers" on location in San Diego, across the border from the Mexican Monte Carlo. To soothe his fevered brow a work-weary, wedded executive, nameless here, had recruited a very fetching looking blonde. They were to relax one evening at the Caliente gaming tables.

Clark got wind of the philandering, literally stole the girl, motored her to Mexico. There the surprised and frantic blonde-less exec discovered his escaped dove on the arm of the dark menace, Gable. After the exec had suffered enough, Clark gallantly returned the forbidden beauty to him!

There was a time about a year ago when a greater danger than romantic rumors of marital ripples menaced Gable's career.

THINK at that time Clark would have sold out his career for thirty cents and a promise of peace.

You might have heard he was "slipping." When any star doesn't knock 'em cold, you'll hear he's slipping. It was that period before "It Happened One Night."

His first screen "wind" was about gone. He was tired. He had been fed to weak and wicked women on the screen one after the other. He was physically as sick as a cat. You'll remember how thin and tired he looked. The vigor wasn't there. It wasn't there to give. Probably you don't realize just what that force which makes Clark Gable on the screen costs him in energy. It is a definite element. If it isn't there, it doesn't show.

He went on the operating table, ostensibly for an appendicitis operation. They found

intestinal complications and made it a major slash. Snipped out some extra yardage. Since then on he hasn't been able to ride a horse. That's why, incidentally, Clark turned his love for horseflesh to racing nags (viz.: "Beverly Hills" the much publicized bangtail of last year who certainly was no threat to Omaha).

It took a long time to get over that blow to health, to regain confidence and ambition and morale.

BUT Gable has managed it, because he has the stuff.

It is a strange jest of fate that finds Clark Gable coming into his own at the very time when he expected to be washed up.

The same idea—that it really can't last—persists in his subconscious mind, even now. Not long ago he hinted that five more years was his limit. No one but himself believes it.

And I think the recognition by himself, as he stands today, stronger, more solid, more entrenched as a popular idol than ever before rather appals him, rather awes him.

At any rate, Clark Gable has changed, since that illness. He's more sober and serious—more responsible. Graduated from the sensation class, he's a postgraduate actor.

Last Spring he set out from the studio one rainy afternoon for a radio broadcast. He drove his inconspicuous Ford roadster, but that didn't disguise him. Halfway there a big sedan filled with women spotted him. They shouted and gave chase.

They passed him, ran him into the curb. He backed, twisted, ran up alleys and side-streets, hid in garages. It was a definitely dangerous chase over slippery streets. Its excuse—nothing, except the rabid, unthinking, practically persecuting curiosity of a bunch of dumb females.

"Why don't you call a traffic cop and shake them?" wondered the friend who rode with

him. "They'll wreck your car before we know it."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said Clark, skidding out of the way. "How can you complain because somebody chases after you?" he grinned. "That's my public."

He adores New York, but he's scared to death to go there. They mob him. When he flew to Dallas, Texas, only recently for the marriage of his stepdaughter, the pilot swooped over a large crowd at the landing field. Clark spotted them.

"Shall I go on?" asked the pilot. "There's another field farther on."

"No," said Clark, "we'll make it."

They did, after a mobbing that was soul-twisting torture to Clark Gable every minute.

Then (can you tie it!) he read in one paper where Clark Gable had "hired a crowd to meet him"!

Clark Gable, unfortunately for him, but fortunately, I think, for his career, is about the farthest thing from a crowd lover as you might imagine, except possibly Garbo or a Southern darkey about to be lynched.

There are very few people in Hollywood who really know him today. He gets around, yes, but the Gables aren't the entertaining, social kind. He has maintained a rugged love for hunting, fishing and the outdoors which is no phony "man's man" pose. As a matter of fact, such things are the very essence of his play days.

THERE are rough mountaineers in Wyoming who have no idea that that city feller from Los Angeles who packs in with them is a celebrated movie star—and wouldn't care much if they did. To them, he is just a good shot or a smart guy with a rod and reel.

There was a boy who asked for a ride and got it once when Clark was invading the Kaibab Forest in search of mountain lions.

As Clark climbed into the car, he said: "Y'know, mister, you look like Clark Gable, the movie star."

"Funny, isn't it?" said Clark. "I am Clark Gable."

The boy brightened.

"That's a swell idea," he said. "I'll pretend I'm Jackie Cooper."

This part of Clark Gable, the rugged, simple, direct, close-to-realities part which shows in every screen print of his personality *is* his personality, *is* what makes him great, an idol, and an artist whether or not he will ever be selected as an actor of any great shakes.

It is bone, sinew and fibre of him, and it will never change.

But my brief is that this is also the stuff behind the character which has brought about another change: The metamorphosis of Clark Gable from a strict sensation into a mature, rounded, confident screen star.

But Lionel Barrymore, who got our hero that first screen test at M-G-M, and who knows actors and particularly Clark a whole lot better than I do, snorts, as only Lionel Barrymore can snort.

"Change? The only change in Clark Gable is his weight. He's ten pounds too fat."

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Song Hits Make Stars and Stars Make Song Hits

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

music — the song hits? Answer — Messrs. Dubin and Warren. Bet you didn't send them any fan mail.

The star-makers who may take bows practically exclusively are Messrs. Sam Coslow and Arthur Johnston, Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin, Mack Gordon and Harry Revell, Herb Nacio Brown and Arthur Freed and Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart.

You could tabulate Bing Crosby's career through "Please," "Learn to Croon," "Thanks," and many others.

You could tabulate Dick Powell's career just as simply through such numbers as "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?," "Keep Young and Beautiful," "I Only Have Eyes For You," and several and so forths. Or Al Jolson's clear from "Sonny Boy." Or Carl Brisson's from "Cocktails For Two" to "A Little White Gardenia."

MUSIC is a large lump of gold in Hollywood's treasure house. Hit songs make hit pictures. Hit songsters build up followings, box-office. Ever since "42nd Street," the screen has guarded its music carefully. Like strychnine, the right amount administered wisely is what the doctor ordered. Too much, wantonly prescribed, can be fatal.

Before "42nd Street" the problem of a screen tunesmith was comparatively simple. He had to say "I Love You" in a little different way than it had been said before. That was about all.

Today, song writing is a high order of craftsmanship. The idea is still to say "I Love You" in a new way, but to say it with proper regard for (1) script situation, (2) mood in scenes, (3) personality and vocal equipment of the singer and, (4) period. And that "period" means historical period—not the end of a sentence. There are a hundred other little things to help send a Hollywood song writer to the asylum before he completes a satisfactory set of songs.

Consider the problem facing Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger (the "Love In Bloom" lads) who had the script of "Rose of the Rancho," one of Paramount's most ambitious musicals of the year, dumped in their capable laps.

The setting was California in 1852—when it was still mostly Spanish, but with a respectable American pioneer-miner influence.

The star was not a crooner, or a torchsinger, but Gladys Swarthout, a Metropolitan opera star—with John Boles singing opposite.

The problem was to have Mr. Boles and Miss Swarthout say "I Love You" musically, naturally, most effectively in keeping with their voices and personalities and yet entertainingly to a present day audience.

On top of this little order, the songs must blend into the dialogue to carry on the continuity.

The achievement of all of these things. Also, Gladys Swarthout is a new screen star. Failure in one of the above details—and she would be a fizzle. Just a little thought which Messrs. Robin and Rainger carried to bed with them each night to make them sleep well while they struggled to meet a musical deadline—a deadline which is even more exacting and important than a newspaper zero hour. Because to ignore it costs big money.

Harry Warren found himself right at the

deadline once on a Dolores Del Rio picture. They were ready to shoot. Delay would have cost thousands of dollars. He walked on the set in despair.

"Have you got your tango?" said the director.

"Yes," said Warren, *con bravado*, without a note in his head. He sat down at the piano and played a tango—the tango. He can't tell you to this day how he did it.

Hollywood song teams will turn out forty or fifty hit songs apiece a year. They will turn them out somehow. Because they *must* be turned out—and on time. Some they will write in fifteen minutes. Others will take days. Gordon and Revell's "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" was knocked out completely, as you have hummed it, words and music, in that unbelievable quarter of an hour.

Ralph Rainger had been humming the music to "Love In Bloom" for months before he finally brought it down to the office with him one morning. Rainger works in the morning, Robin at midnight. They never work together until one of them has something he wants the other to hear.

Robin heard the music—"Can it be the breeze," he murmured, "that fills the trees—ta-dum ta dum-dum perfume—H-m-m-m it's love in bloom."

The song was written that morning. Then just to show you how not even a songwriter can tell what's good or what's bad, they decided to throw it out, because it sounded "too effeminate." Fortunately someone heard it first and said "hold everything!" Aren't you glad?

Certainly Bing Crosby must be. It was his outstanding song of last year. But Bing is one star who draws gratitude from ditty designers as well as dishing it out. Practically any song that Bing Crosby sings is a sure-fire hit. If it fits him, he will make the world sing it. And the main rule for fitting a song to Bing—Sam Coslow, Gordon and Revell, and Robin and Rainger will tell you—is to feed him "curves"—songs with a up-and-down-hill-and-dale quality—Boo-boo-boo-b-oo-boo—you know.

Bing is able to "phrase a song" and help it. He is one song-made star who in turn makes stars of his songs.

On the other hand, the flop of Lanny Ross as a screen star was due directly to his songs—paradoxical as that must sound, because Lanny had a golden voice, a great radio name, and good looks. But when he knew that the world was looking at him he tried to act and dramatize his songs. His acting got by—but not his songs—and that killed him. Dick Powell for a brief instant bordered on the same pitfall when he took opera lessons and began to operatize his tunes. Fortunately he listened to good advice and snapped out of it.

THE actions of a star-song, however, aren't as easy to control as those of a song-star.

Every song writer finishes a score with a prayer that it will be a hit. But the verdict is up to you and you and you. And no jury was ever more hard to fix.

It's important too, because practically every song written for pictures is published later in sheet music form. At Paramount, two music publishing firms operate right in the music

department of the studio, the Famous and the Crawford Music Companies. They handle the output of Gordon and Revell, Robin and Rainger, and Sam Coslow, the one lone wolf song "team" in town.

This adds an extra but without delightful headache to the movie musical-makers. They must write their picture songs with an eye to the popular sheet music sales. The radio has cut the possibilities 'way down, of course. Even a smash hit will hardly sell 500,000 copies today, where it used to reach past the million mark. But, of course, a surprising sun of coconuts can be realized from the royalties of even a half million sales at thirty cents a copy.

No writer yet has been able to accurately predict a hit or a flop. In fact, a certain publishing firm in New York will pay anyone \$25,000 a year just to predict hits and fizzles accurately month in and month out. But no one has ever held the job.

Sam Coslow wrote a song called "Three Little Piggies Went to Market." He wrote it as a gag. It became a hit. He sweated and tore his soul over a number called, "Fare-Thee-Well." It died.

One of the strangest phenomena about star-songs is the fact that in order to really enjoy and thrill to a melody, you must hear it several times and become familiar with it. "Love In Bloom" might have left you cold the first time you heard it—but after the tenth time you were probably holding her a little more tightly when the orchestra hit it up.

PERHAPS you've wondered why you hear the hit songs of a forthcoming movie over the radio weeks before you get a chance to see the picture.

Songs have to be "broken in." Usually the studio releases them to the broadcasting stations four to six weeks before the picture hits the theaters. But even by the time you begin to hear them, the harassed and hard working jingle twisters are tearing their hair chasing an inspiration for the score of the next picture assignment.

Mack Gordon and Harry Revell will hop on a train, or a boat, or a plane and go somewhere—anywhere. They have to have a change of scenery to dish up a new mess of tunes. Gordon literally picks 'em out of the air, or right off the street.

One day he and Revell were standing on a busy street corner. A beauteous damsel swished by. They approved.

"What a dream!" said Revell.

"A dream walking," agreed Gordon, "Mi-gosh—where's my pencil? 'Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?'"

Another night they walked into a dance. A little girl stopped Mack and asked for his autograph. Smiling, he wrote, "Stay As Sweet As You Are—Mack Gordon." Inside he met a girl named Cook.

"Why don't you write a song about me?" she bantered.

"Well—'Cook' isn't a very lyric name," sparred Gordon. "What else do they call you?"

"Cookie," she said.

That night two song hits were written—"Stay As Sweet As You Are" and "Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie!"

Larry Rodgers, of Rodgers and Hart, standing on a curb in Paris saw two taxis crash. Gendarmes hauled a frightened girl out of the wreckage. "Whew," she cried, "my heart stood still!"

Remember it?

Of course the classic song inspiration story of Hollywood concerns one Lou Alter who writes songs for Warner pictures. Alter was camping out on the desert near Palm Springs last Winter. In the middle of the night a full moon made the sands as light as day. He couldn't sleep. So he wrote "Moon Crazy."

A few hours later one of those sudden desert storms blew up. Rain pelted down on the back-to-nature insomniac. It ruined his rest, but it was a golden shower, for Alter wrote a song, "I Was Taken by Storm"!

Freak inspirations, however, can't compare with the hair twisting, brain racking, perspiring hours of creation passed by the clan of big B flat and G sharp men in the constant scurry to make new stars out of songs and keep old stars with new songs.

Trying to say "I Love You" in a new way forty or fifty times a year isn't such a set-up as it might seem.

"Everything's Been Done Before" is more than just a song. And transgressions are pardonable in the song racket.

Some years ago the same Al Dubin, of whom we have here sung, wrote a song called "A Fool There Was."

He was in New York at the time. Walking along the street, he met a friend of his just in from Chicago.

"Say, Al," said the friend. "I'm glad I met you. I was going to call you up to tell you about the guy who's stealing your song back in Chicago."

"Stealing my song?" said Dubin. "How?"

"Why," said the informer, "he's printing the words to your song on little cards and selling them all around the town."

"We haven't caught up with him yet—but believe me when we do, we'll put him where he belongs."

Dubin was interested.

"Who is this guy?" he wanted to know. "What's his name?"

"Wait," said the other. "I've got one right here." He produced a card. "Look," he said, "right there at the bottom—'Rudyard Kipling.' Ever hear of the guy?"

A Present for Mother

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

set and into their hearts with her genuine goodness and her genuine greatness.

Mary Gordon, who has been making pictures in Hollywood for fifteen years, playing extra parts and bits, hasn't any real name in Hollywood or anywhere else. But, of course, if you will listen for one minute to any one of Messrs. Bacon, Cagney, O'Brien or McHugh, you'll realize that all of that is due to be changed very soon now.

She is, they will tell you (and you'll remain told), capable of the most sincere and deeply moving emotional scenes of any actress in Hollywood. She is, they will assure you, the real star of their little picture, "The Irish In Us," and she will be, they predict vigorously, with half a chance, a grand old lady of the screen who will wring hearts in the manner of the late Marie Dressler or May Robson.

All because Mary Gordon has proved again that the greatest single word in the English language is "Mother."

And all because Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh have proved again that every man—and especially every Irishman—is forever just somebody's little boy.

"You could be the real mother of those three boys," was the first thing Lloyd Bacon said to Mary Gordon. For weeks he had been searching for someone who could be the mother of those three boys. The little picture he was about to direct was no epic. It was a simple little thing, short on story, dependent on feeling. It was a human story about a mother and her sons.

He knew it must be acted with something extra—with something from within—or else the whole picture would fail.

Bacon had tested seventeen prominent, established character actresses for the part, including Marjorie Rambeau, Beryl Mercer and Helen Lowell before this plump little lady informed him in a thick Scotch burr that she was the Mary Gordon who had sent him the note with the still pictures.

She had had a hard time getting in to see

about this job of mothering the Irish. They wouldn't let her in the studio gates, of course, without a ticket from Central Casting—because you can be in Hollywood for fifteen years, you know, and still be just an extra woman. So she had sent a note and some old photographs—one with Charlie Murray—and Bacon thought they told him something. He called up the casting office.

"Can you get a woman named Mary Gordon out here?"

"Mary Gordon?" they said. "Why, you don't want Mary Gordon, Mr. Bacon. She's just an old extra woman—Scotch. Been sitting around the sets for years. She'd never do for any sort of a part."

"Get her for me anyway," said Bacon.

WHEN he saw her standing there with her anxious eyes that mirrored sadness, with her hands that showed the marks of toil, with the indefinite aura of nobility which shines from the soul of a good woman, this director knew she was anybody's mother—everybody's mother.

He told her the story of the picture and she cried as he told it.

"You're a mother of sons?" he asked.

"No sons," she said, "only ma daughter, Molly."

He asked for her story and she told him. Maybe he didn't cry, but there was a lump in his throat.

"Don't you want to take a test?" said the supervisor.

"It's not necessary," said Bacon. "Here, Mary, take this script."

That is how Mary Gordon, after fifteen years of struggling to wring a meager living out of Hollywood, to raise and educate her daughter, came to the gates of her Promised Land.

She came on the set the first day nervous, naturally, and flustered. It all meant so much to her. Fifteen years' experience with stars had taught her what to expect—no mercy, no patience, no help, no tolerance, no attention to one of her caste—an extra woman.



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TUDDOR PLATE

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Three stars stood beside her. They would be quick and capable, efficient and at ease. They would be superior, jealous of their rights.

Her first lines were hard. She stumbled.

"I'm sorry," she heard a red headed boy say quickly to the director, "I muffed that. My fault. Let's try it again."

She faltered again. A take was such an important thing for an extra woman to spoil.

"What's the matter with me?" said a curly headed map of Ireland. "I read the wrong line."

Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh didn't consciously take Mary Gordon under their wings. It was instinctive. There wasn't a word spoken between them about the conspiracy which developed at once and grew day by day until every one of those three Irish muggs was fighting to outdo the other in creating a starring part for Mary Gordon.

"Look," Jimmy would say, "what you did then—that reminds me of my mother. She

up every trick of their experiences to hand her the picture.

And when five additional scenes had been written for Mary Gordon in the picture, when she realized what had happened, when they told her she would be famous and showed her the power of her tears on the screen, she paid her debt in full when she said:

"Ye might be my own sons. Sure—I couldn't have done it if I hadn't seen the tears in *your* eyes."

○F course, Mary Gordon hasn't any real sons. She's all alone in Hollywood except for Molly, whom she brought over from the old country as a wee bairn fifteen years ago.

They settled near the old Robertson-Cole studio—it was that long ago—where the RKO-Radio lot stands today. Hollywood then was as Hollywood is today—lavish with the few it honored, cruel to the many it spurned.



No, they're not giving motor boating trophies away. They all belong to Gene Richee, Paramount's famous portrait photographer, but he will probably have some difficulty getting back the one Carole Lombard's holding. Even Fred MacMurray is unable to induce her to part with it

used to say to me, 'Jimmy, you're so thin. You'll have to drink a glass of muddy water so I can see you—can't we work that in for Mary?'"

"I had an Irish aunt," Frank McHugh would remember, "when she got annoyed she used to give a little sniff—like this. Try it, Mary."

"Here," would offer Pat O'Brien, "why don't you get your face into the camera more, honey. Nobody wants to look at my mugg all the time. Give me your arm—now, turn around—like that"

And Mary would dab at her eyes and say in her Scotch burr, which Frank McHugh had patiently turred into an Irish brogue, "Ah—bhoys, ye're so g-r-r-and to me. I can't understand it. Actor people just aren't that *way*."

But what Mary Gordon didn't realize was that those boys saw in her the image of their own mothers. Then they weren't actor people—they were just boys, her boys. She didn't know that they were having the time of their lives babying her and helping her and conjuring

Mary saw an ad in the paper. She was looking for work. "Wtd." it ran, "short time waitress in the Robertson-Cole studio lunchroom" She got the job. Five dollars a week and free lunches. She got a chance to cook and wait tables too for fourteen dollars, so she doubled up, because she was used to hard work. Hadn't she run a boarding house in the old country during the war? Hadn't she shined thirty-five pairs of boots each morn before breakfast?

Soon Mary was boss of the lunchroom. There she saw the great actors. She saw them troupe in at noon and separate themselves haughtily from the lowly extras. That's why she expected to be treated as she was when the studio changed hands and she started gleaning a living from five and sometimes seven-and-a-half dollar extra checks.

But Molly was growing up. She wanted to go on with her schooling, so Mary Gordon played scrubwomen—usually always scrubwomen, and landladies and cooks and old

crones, thankful for the all-too-infrequent calls which grew fewer unto the vanishing point when the depression came and business was bad.

The rent was the big thing. They could eat and manage to live with the occasional checks from the studios, with what Mary could make on nursing jobs and what Molly picked up every now and then for extra work. But the rent. There was a chance to move up over the garage behind a fine Hollywood home—rent free. It meant hard work, but that was to be expected from life.

For two and a half years Mary Gordon did all the work of that great house, cared for the garden and even polished the big car in the garage below. There was an agreement that when a studio call came she could drop her work and go. But calls didn't come very often.

Molly finished high school and won a scholarship of three hundred dollars. She wanted to go on to college. Then one day she came home to Mary with a pain in her side and her young cheeks were pale. The doctor said! "Appendicitis," and the hospital took the three hundred dollars.

BUT Molly went to college. Mary Gordon saw to that. She worked. She did anything to make an honest dollar. In her creed that's what a mother should do.

Not long ago when things were very bad, Mary went down to the Assistance League in Hollywood to see Mrs. John Ford, the wife of the director, who had always managed to find an extra spot somewhere in his pictures for Mary.

"I need some work, Mrs. Ford," said Mary. Her blue eyes were serious. "I'll do anything to make an honest dollar."

"God bless you, Mary," said Mrs. Ford, "we'll find something."

She did, and Mary went to work in the home of a Hollywood actor, preparing meals—until things picked up again.

That is the story that Lloyd Bacon learned—the valiant story of Mary Gordon, the little extra woman whose goodness and motherliness shone from her face like the light from a saint. He drew it from her the day he first interviewed her for the part that was so hard to fill in "The Irish In Us." He knew that a mother of that steel was the mother for the three boys in his picture. He knew it the minute he met her.

And so did the three boys.

This year Molly graduates with honors from college, and this same year Mary graduates with honors from the college of work and worry—which is Hollywood, the one side of Hollywood you don't always hear about.

And that is a supremely satisfying ending to the bittersweet story of a Hollywood mother, who besides being a mother is as noble a Scott as the Gordons who fought at Bannockburn with Bruce.

And it's a promising commencement that her triumph in tears foretold that day on the set in the biggest scene of her picture which, in the autumn of her years, was also the biggest scene of her life.

Now there is a present for Mother.

Mary Gordon's courage and devotion have come back to her threefold. She will reap her reward this side of Heaven—right here in Hollywood, where she has earned it. She is a great actress, and the world will know it.

At least, that's what her three new Irish sons will tell you. If you think differently you'll have to reckon with Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh.

And that is a pretty large order.

What Matters Most In Life?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

wicker chairs on wheels came by. It was a crazy thing to do, but we squandered our last cent and rented those two chairs. And we sat in them, pompously, eating popcorn, pockets empty, while the darkies in their white coats pushed us through the crowds."

The corners of his mouth quirked at the memory. "The best part of it all was what the girl on the boardwalk said. The darkies have little whistles that they blow to make a path for the chairs; and this girl—she had red hair and was about seventeen, I remember—had to jump out of the way. She was pretty sore. She said: 'Oh—make way! Make way for the rich folks!'"

And there were other incidents, other simple pleasant things that made up living and happiness for Pat and his wife. There were long rides through the sharp clear nights of Manhattan, on the high top of a double-decker bus; from 86th and Fifth Avenue to Washington Square—a stroll through the Village—and then out Riverside Drive clear to 196th Street.

THERE was the period in Plainfield, New Jersey. "I was in a stock company there," Pat told me, "but I lived in Brooklyn and ferried across every night. They asked me why I didn't take an apartment near the theater and save the long trip back and forth." He twisted his cigar between his fingers. "But you see that ferry trip was part of my happiness. I couldn't tell them why—I couldn't tell them about standing among the parked cars in the bow and hearing the sounds of the boat, nor of watching New York come slowly nearer. . . ."

He could not talk of these things, then. He knew only that standing there, he could catch the black, cool smell of water; that standing there, he could see two cities—one upright and glowing and lit by a billion stars; one wavering and magical in the bay below. He could not give up these things.

And so with Hollywood, and wealth, and all the things he'd ever dreamed of, Pat has not been any happier than before. Luck has enhanced his appreciation and his scope, but if it changed again—he'd laugh once more in a shanty.

"There are still the basic things," he insisted, crushing his cigar in a tray. "My wife, my baby, my friends. What does it matter where we are, how we live? I had to learn to drive a car when I came to California and could finally afford one; I get a bang out of the Mayfair, because it's new to me—but I'd still rather buy a bag of popcorn and do the roller-coaster at Ocean Park.

"We're leaving for Panama in a few days, on my vacation. And we're going in a freighter. We'll be happier doing that, do you see?"

I understood then that Pat O'Brien has no scale of values. He doesn't need one, because all the important things in his life are merely sub-topics to the first Roman Numeral: Happiness.

GENE RAYMOND waved away the waiter, put his elbows on the table, and lifted his glass.

"Success, of course," he answered me. "What else is there?"

I smiled. "Suppose you define your term. Success is an elastic word, you know—stuck

full of meanings and implications. Just what do you mean by it?"

Gene stared at me a moment and then frowned. "I'd never thought of taking it apart before. The word to me means achievement—achievement of the task you want to accomplish. It doesn't matter very much what that is. . . . But in the end you've got to have success with yourself. In addition to all the other things—fame, money, love—you've got to have an inner satisfaction; you must know that you've not gone back on any one of your ideals."

He sat quiet for a time, thinking. "In my case," he went on finally, "all this is tied up with the business of making pictures—with Hollywood. Any success I have must be in that field. But I'm beginning to realize that my definition of the word is generally outlawed here. There aren't many ideals connected with the movies—rather, you could almost put the Hollywood attitude in two words: So what?"

"What I mean," he explained, "is that, as a general rule, the producers don't actually set out to make a great picture. Most of them work on the theory that when a production turns out especially well it's an accident. So they get a story, choose a cast, make a budget, and shoot as fast as possible, knowing it will probably be just another feature.

"If, occasionally, the critics rave and the public hurrahs—then everyone sits back smugly and says, 'Luck is with us. Another hit!'"

GENE thumped his spoon on the table. "Well, they're wrong. Somewhere in back of every great picture there is one man with ideals, one man who set out in the beginning to make it a thing of genius. And that man—star, or director—is the one who has had the real success when the thing is found to be a masterpiece. There's no such thing as an accidental hit."

Gene Raymond holds this special brief, and you cannot make him deny it. In considering the lead for any production he must first read the script, and believe in its superiority, before he can give his answer. And in every picture that he makes there is his basic ideal, his conviction that it will be a good movie—so when the audience applauds, he has achieved success not only in their eyes but in his own as well.

Nearly two years ago Samuel Goldwyn was introducing a ready-made star named Anna Sten; it was an experiment in the realm of publicity to see what ballyhoo could make of an unknown personality. He needed a male lead and sent for Gene Raymond.

But there was no script.

Gene was sorry.

Three months later Goldwyn had a story, unwritten as yet but still—a story. He sent a casting director to Columbia with a synopsis for Gene's approval; and stubborn Mr. Raymond entered the producer's sanctum next day with thumbs pointed firmly groundward.

There was storm and fury—a half-hour sales-talk—more storm and fury. Gene, standing solidly by his ideals, was immovable. One of the requirements would have been that he dye his hair. He said! "I'm certain you can find someone whose hair is already dark, who'd fit the part much better than I would"—and went away.

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

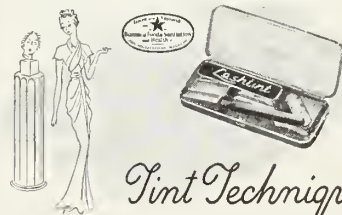
THE NAKED EYE!

To your naked eye, it probably looks as if the country were full of women more beautiful than you, about to steal your best beau! Probably that's the trouble—your naked eye! Try slipping your lashes into KURLASH. Lo! your lashes are curled up in a fascinating sweep like a movie star's, looking twice as long, dark and glamorous. Your eyes sparkle (that's more light entering!), are deeper and more colorful! No heat—no cosmetics! \$1, at stores near you.



Sweet Subtlety

Dear Mrs. J. M.—far from being "obvious" eye make-up is extremely subtle. Apply a little SHADETTE—\$1—in blue, violet, green or brown to your eyelids, close to the lashes and blend it outward. It defies detection but how your eyes deepen and sparkle!



Tint Technique

Lashes also need never look "made up." Try this Lashtint Compact. The little sponge stays damp for hours—and supplies just the right moisture to insure even applications of the fine mascara. Result: silky, natural looking lashes! \$1, in black, blue or brown.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department A-11, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

But a code of this sort must carry with it persistence, patience. "Not the patience of Job," Gene grinned, drawing on his menu a profile of Lily Pons who was in the next booth. "And not drudgery. I knew a person once who worked at his job diligently, every hour of the day and every day of his life—waiting for opportunity. But he died with the job unfinished. . . . I think it's a question of the truism modified: 'All things come to him who hustles while he waits.'"

He folded the menu and sent it by a bus-boy to Miss Pons. "Of course," he continued, "I want a lot of things. I want all the things money can buy—I want the perfect love, certainly—I want the international fame that comes with being a star.

"But I've got to have this *first*: I've got to fight discouragement, and I've got to have success with myself. Even if I never get any of those other things—if I have nothing left but the knowledge that I've lived up to my convictions—then I shall have succeeded in life."

GLENDA FARRELL, in white slacks, romped through the doorway, and with her came a sort of breathless excitement. I flung my question at her and she laughed her answer: "Love!"

Lounging opposite each other, we started a rapid fire dialogue with only an occasional pause for breath.

Glenda: It's the most important thing in the world. Take it away from me for just one day and I die a little, inside. Everything I do, all my philosophy, my living, is centered in it.

I: Who is he?

Glenda: Oh, I don't mean just the popular-song type of thing. (Humming) "A world without love is a world without"—that's only a small percentage. I mean the deep affection I have for my family, for my friends, even for the menagerie I keep. And they must love me in return. You can define Glenda Farrell in four words—"Love and be loved". . . .

I: You think there are two kinds of love, then? One connected with a single definite person, I suppose, and spelled in capitals: L-O-V-E. And then the every-day pleasant affection for the cat and the two kid cousins and your friends at the studio.

Glenda: I suppose that's it. Maybe I just have a warm-hearted nature. But I *can't* hate anyone—and I can't bear it if somebody doesn't like me. Of course I fight like the dickens with my family, but we always make up six minutes later. I can't think of a person I dislike—there's always something lovable in everyone, you know. I say if you radiate love, others are bound to love you; overlook things in other people, be willing to give—of yourself and of your time and of your thoughts. If you don't enjoy doing that there's no happiness for you.

I: It takes a pretty big person to live like that. Petty people wouldn't stand a show.

Glenda: (Succinctly) Then be big.

I: Isn't success, money, important too?

Glenda: (Disposing of success with a movement of her hand) Not so important. Of course I want it, but mostly so I can give my family things. It all gets back to the basic foundation of love—I adore them, so I must have success and money to make them happy.

I: But Glenda, love! Love in capitals. Where does that come in?

Glenda: (Frowning, biting her lip) I'm almost afraid to talk about that. It's a paradox, a bugaboo.

I: Why?

Glenda: Because I'm searching for something all-encompassing that I can't quite find. (Sitting up straight) If I could love someone the way I loved that truck-driver in my neighborhood when I was fifteen—if I could recapture a worship, so complete and unselfish, as that—then the world would be mine. (Lying back with closed eyes) It was a Mack truck he drove. . . . I never met him.

I: First love is always incomparable.

Glenda: That's why a woman shouldn't marry until she's older. The man she loves at seventeen is not the man she loves at twenty-five. She changes mentally and every other way—grows up, let's say—between those ages.

(Smiling suddenly) My son Tommy's in love now with his first girl. And what he goes through! He lies on his stomach on the floor and dreams into the distance. He says: "Well, I guess I'll make a phone call—" and then broods darkly for a while. Finally he says: "Mama, would it be good technique to call her today?—after all I said I would," and I tell him: "Make them wait, Tommy, make them wait." But he gets so miserable I tell him to go ahead. . . .

And of course it's agony. I know. I suffer right along with him. But he lives on it—and so do I.

HE WAS TOLD THAT HE COULD NEVER WALK AGAIN

In his late fifties, Fred Stone thought he was down and out. His health had been broken in a terrible accident. His career as a dancer was finished. Today, at 62, Fred Stone is hailed as Hollywood's greatest discovery. Read his dramatic story in December

PHOTOPLAY

Out November 5

Appointments were changed, I had blow-outs on the way, and a nearsighted servant mumbled at me that Madame did *not* want to buy a vacuum-cleaner—but when at last I sat opposite Dolores Del Rio and asked: "What do you think is the most important thing in life?" she answered, "Living." And I knew it had been worth all the trouble.

Living to lovely Mrs. Cedric Gibbons has a vivid connotation: it is composed of her passionate love for life; of her invincible faith in herself and in her God; of courage. It is a bright arc, not yet beginning to fade. And it has grown from a vital, sensitive personality that expresses itself in her words:

"I must live well—I must experience everything fully! I must not be afraid of new things or new people or new adventures, but seek them glorying in the strangeness. If they have danger then I must not be the coward that runs off crying; if they leave a bad taste then I must find something new to take the taste away. But I must not regret anything I have ever done. . . . Only the things I have been afraid to do!

"And I must love spontaneously without thought of futures nor of faults. I have not

hidden from dangerous men because they might hurt me; if there is a little hurt, bah! It makes you appreciate the better people."

This is her exciting brief, the creed by which she lives; but once, when she lived the quiet cloistered life of a girl-of-good-family in old Mexico City, there was no chance for adventure, no opportunity for living deeply. Then her days were made of a million small fears, her nights—which might have been richly colored interludes in that romantic legend of a city—were spent reading, preparing for bed. Then she refused invitations to skate in Winter, because she might slip and hurt herself; then she wore second-best gowns to parties, fearful of tearing a beautiful new dress made especially for this event—and derided herself later for the craven, miserable evening.

She was seventeen when she got her slender curious hands on a small volume named "*La Peur de Vivre*"—"The Fear of Living"—and read about the tribulations of a French family who were afraid to face life, who backed away from problems and the ordeal of existence. "I thought," she told me, "'this book is about me! I am fearful of living—I have *peur de vivre*.'"

AND it set Dolores Del Rio to thinking. Slowly she ventured a little, found what excitement and adventure were, began a loud beating of small wings. Two years later she made her decision, imperilled her fortune and her social position, and came to Hollywood where she had only one chance in a thousand of finding justification.

"I was mad to do it," she laughed, "because my family and my friends would have ostracized me if I'd been a failure. I couldn't have gone back. But you see—I found success! And I'm so glad I came—how awful to have stayed, to have met the same people every day, to have done the same things—how incredibly dull!"

She chuckled softly. "So many people have *peur de vivre*. I am constantly giving my advice to young friends: 'Leave home, find a job, make your own way, live fully, you will succeed,' I tell them. I say: 'Forget this safe, secure position. Take a chance, find a better thing'—and then for months I am tortured for fear I have been wrong. But it has always turned out well. . . . the advice has always been good.

"Living for me is made of three things: Love, travel, and good books or music. Success—it never made me happy. Fame—when I had it most, I was miserable. Money—love costs nothing, you can travel third-class, there are libraries. Excitement is not based on night-clubs or gaiety, but for me it is in a kiss; in arriving at a new land; in the crescendo of a symphony. . . ."

"And if you were deprived of those things?"

"Then I would still live. I love the earth and what's on it—the mountains, that sea out there, they'd still exist. The sun still shines; I could always take sun-baths. Besides, you've forgotten my faith. I'd get my three things back somehow. Even if I didn't—to live would be enough. Just to live well."

And here in this house, built like a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set, by Cedric Gibbons, master of set designers, gorgeous Dolores has settled herself with a stubborn courage and a panorama for life.

To Hollywood, then, I asked my question: "What matters most in life?" And looking within itself it found four answers. Happiness! Success! Love! Living! Four flags on a single tower.

Spinning Around With Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

I giggled, thinking of Mickey doing leaps and twirls with a bunch of nymphs. My next question was a little more practical.

"What did you enjoy the most on your trip to Europe?"

"Coming home," he said patly. "But there was one awfully nice thing, though, I read *you* all through Europe!" Bluggs, the smelling salts!

Talking about airplanes—or were we? Did you read about the one that crashed into Connie Bennett's front yard at Malibu? Ooh! Was the lady mad! Not because it dirtied up her sand pile or becuz the newspapers said it narrowly escaped scraping her epidermis when she was actually many miles away, but because she wasn't there to see it!

"Malibu," moaned the thin woman, "has been so abysmally dull this year."

BUT nothing's ever dull around the Pat O'Brien ménage. If it isn't one thing, it's half a dozen of another. The latest took place at the missus' swanky dress shop in Beverly. A nice looking woman, *avec* spouse, came in and asked to try on an expensive gown. When she had been properly buttoned up she trotted back to the front of the store to show hubby. Suddenly the salesgirl spotted a suspicious-looking bit of material dangling from his slightly bulging coat.

"Hey!" yelled she, "give me back that dress!" She yanked and out came not one, but three gowns that the gent had purloined whilst the wife had the salesgirl safely out of sight in the fitting room.

Then Mrs. Pat appeared on the scene just in time to see the woman streaking madly out of the front door with the dress still on and still unpaid for! Mrs. Pat dashed out after her, and galloped down the street yelling wildly, "Help! Police! Help! Police!"

But nobody paid the least bit of attention to her.

Finally she cornered the thief-ess in a back alley, pinned her to the wall, stripped \$49.50 of satin-back crêpe from off'n her hide, and left the lidy in her petticoat!

For months and months me and Marian Marsh (you've never seen a lovelier lass) swapped lunches. First it was her turn, then mine. Last week she phoned: "Let's go in for bigger and better lunches, Mitzi, let's bring along our maws."

So we brought the ladies to the Vendome, introduced them to each other, and right off everybody started talking at the same time! Between tossing the gab about, yelling hulloes to Anita Stewart, Douglass Montgomery, the lovely Ruth Selwyn, Maxie Rosenbloom, Arline Judge, Lyle Talbot and Jeanette MacDonald, to say nothing of Marian signing autographs every four minutes for admiring visitors, we had a ducky lunch. I couldn't exactly tell you what we ate, but we managed to decorate our innards satisfactorily. Both parents, incidentally, had themselves a chi-chi time. Ma Cummings was tossing "My Mitzi, etc.," all over the place. And Ma Marsh was fighting for opportunities about "My Marian!" Great institution, mothers!

Which reminds me about Fay Wray and the reporter. She was being interviewed just before paddling off to Europe, and the reporter was kind of running out of questions. Fay was a little weary of it all.

"Oh, Miss Wray," suddenly shot the bright young fella, "what do you think of the quintuplets?"

"Why, I think," chirruped the actress naively, "that there are five of them, don't you?"

And that's some youngster Glenda Farrell has. Always up to something. Course Glenda adores him, but occasionally, being all boy, he exasperates pretty mama. I got a taste of it over the phone the other day. We were talking about this-and-that, mostly about her interior decorating, when suddenly she started to shriek offside, "Tomme-ee! You little devil, take your dirty feet off my white satin chaise longue!"

Then she exploded into the phone, "Heavens! I give that imp a swell room for himself. I put linoleum on the floor with a zebra rug. I give him a big armchair all upholstered in a leopard skin, and I hang dandy animal pictures on the wall. If he wallows in the mud he still can't spoil anything in there, but he has to come into my room, with all my white silks and satins and plunk his muddy shoes right on my . . ."

Suddenly Tommy tee-heed: "Sing, mother, sing!"

Which reminds me of the boylet of the Donald Woods. They call him Splinter. Splinter has a turned-up nose and a determined little chin, and one day he'd been very naughty. His handsome, acting papa took him to task at the luncheon table and gave him a regal dressing-down. This ended with a dignified "And I think I ought to give you a spanking. What do you have to say about it, Splinter?"

Whereupon that one rose upon his haunches and piped: "If it's all the same to you, Mr. Wood, I'd rather you'd whistle!"

This is my day with the younger generation . . . three-year-olds are just my style! Nephew Stephen is always saying the darnedest things, too. Yep, Stephen, is a one. On a nice Saturday morning his daddy, director Roy Rowland, took him for a walk in the park. They stopped at a lily pool where some frogs were disporting. Stevie was entranced. Suddenly a great, monstrous hopper leaped on the edge of the pool and blinked his eyes. "Ooh, daddy!" cried the young one in amazement. "Look at the Saint Bernard frog!"

AND then, next day, Stevie was in the park with his nurse. He was scooping up pebbles and flinging them in every direction. For this he was reprimanded, and he promised to behave himself. But when nana's back was turned he was at it, whereupon his little pal, Karen Morley's infant, rushed up, banked excitedly at her skirts and cried: "Lady, lady, he's doing that business again!"

One of the loveliest women in these here hills is Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, whose sister is married to the mighty Nicholas Schenk. Mrs. S. has a love of a garden, all trimmed up in marine blue sunshades and chairs on one side of the swimming pool, and lemon yellow ones on the other. In the pool swims a coupla mattresses and a cunning sailboat built for two—if you squeeze tight enough! In the garden is also a white piano, a teeny one. Last week Con ("Continental" and other hits) Conrad sat down and played and played and played! Those who sat entranced was your girl-friend; Countess De Maigret; Alice Nikitina, famous ballerina; Princess Paley, and several nice gents.



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Mrs. Selwyn curled herself atop the piano and sung and sung and sung. The eyes and ears were enjoying a big time when suddenly a handsome barytone voice from somewhere busted in and juggled some pretty high notes. We all jumped up and looked. There, over the garden wall, was a good-looking blonde head and a laughing face. "You've got no right to disturb the peace this way," he grinned, "so I just decided to be a good neighbor and give you a little of the same."

It was Nelson Eddy!

YOU know that bracelet of mine? The white one with the alternating black and white rings from which are suspended hundreds of black and white round tabs? I take it off and amuse myself by shaking it like a tambourine . . . remember? Well, my sweet potato, I shall never do that again. But never. Nope, I shall frame it and show it to my babes. All because while one hand was busy shovelling sustenance into my cavern while in the M-G-M commissary the other day, Clark Gable happened along and noted the other fin waving the fan-dangle bracelet.

"Oh, let me see that!" exclaimed the big, beautiful he-man excitedly. "I never saw a bracelet like that before!"

I handed it over and Clark, like a four-year-old, waggled it and wiggled it with great joy. Then, with a grin on his pan, he tried to shove it on his wrist. But it stuck. It wouldn't go further, and it wouldn't go back. Clark perspired. Clark perspired some more. But there it was! Finally he braced himself against my chair. "Pull," he commanded, "pull hard!"

So I took a deep breath, pitted my 103 pounds of brawn and muscle against the fellah's mighty torso and yanked! Off it came, but so suddenly and unexpectedly that I went flying back on the chair . . . a heap of confusion!

But dear Clark set me right, thanked me profusely, patted me on the head and went his way to the accompaniment of several dozens of sighs from female lookers-on.

Ergo, Joan, I frame my bracelet!

And speaking of handsome heroes, seeing Joe Penner, the duck fancier, in a pair of swimming trunks is quite a revelation! When I popped out and told him so, the lad dipped himself into a pot of rosy red and stuttered so everyone got the giggles.

"Speaking of embarrassing moments," said he to me, "reminds me of the time in Coney Island.

"I took a ride in a tiny automobile on a concession and I was having a swell time racing myself all over the place, when suddenly the starter . . ." he paused to gulp while his wife grinned, "spotted me. He turned around and relayed it to the barker who immediately began to yell to the passing crowds: 'Ladees and gentlemen! Joe Penner . . . Penner of 'Wanna Buy a Duck,' is in here riding in a miniature auto. Step right up, ladees and gentlemen, step right up!"

"I immediately signalled the starter to stop the electricity so I could get out, but the guy pooh-hooed the idea and only threw it on the harder. Meanwhile the crowds jammed the railing to look, and there I was, looking like a monkey riding around and around in a kiddie car!

"I pulled a five dollar bill out of my pocket and waved it at the starter, but he shook his head and kept the juice on. Then I flashed a ten at him. He pulled the switch! I leaped out of the car and started to leave, but I was so dizzy from going around twenty-two times that I fell down.

"I was so blooming mad, and so embarrassed and so dizzy I didn't know who to fight first."

Whee-eee-ee! And Whoops-a-day! . . . Did I step last Sunday afternoon. Wuz I an

elegant! Wuz a bit of all right, though! Miss Lily Pons gave a party. And Miss Mitzi Cummings went in her best white hat and diamond joolery.

Jeannette MacDonald was there. Irene Dunne was there. Lawrence Tibbett was there. Many others were there.

Lark Pons, petite, vivid and possessing a childlike enthusiasm, was enchanting in a long white crêpe tea-gown, princess waist, high, round little neck, and flowing sleeves.

So many people kept telling her how much they'd enjoyed her singing here and there. To every one Lily would reel off, like lightning, her entire repertoire in Detroit, or New York, or Dallas, or wherever it was the individual had heard her sing.

An amazing memory when you consider the number of concerts she's given, and the extent of her repertoire. I sat and gaped at it all, but more I gaped at the prima donna's animated face, because, s-s-sh!—you can share a secret—some people had said I resembled her!

Finally I told her so.

"But yes!" she exclaimed excitedly, "eet ees so! You are Franch?"

"No," I shook my noodle.

"Spaneesh, yes?"

"Sorry."

"Not a Latin?" she queried. "Then Rooshun!"

"Well . . ." I began, when suddenly Pan Berman, the youthfully brilliant executive of RKO butted in.

"SO MITZI, your eyes are like Miss Pons and your coloring is alike . . . and your mouths, I think. But," he flicked his hand meaningfully, "how is your voice?"

Paderewski, queeck . . . play me the Funeral March!

Yours with a whiz and a bang!

MITZI.

Why Virginia Bruce Won't Marry for Five Years

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

and thrilled and breathless with her girl friends while the Great Lover flashed his imperious, pulse-stirring way across the screen to the strains of "The Merry Widow" and the dramatic pace of "The Big Parade." And she had never dared to dream that she would ever speak his name, touch his hand, see him face to face.

And I remembered her telling me, that first time we talked, how even after she had come to Hollywood and was signed by M-G-M she used to sit in the commissary at luncheon watching Jack come in and feeling her hands go cold and her body rigid, unable to eat because of the painful thudding of her heart and the tightening of her throat. And then the meeting and the part in his picture and a few brief weeks and the incredible magic of the words: "I want you to marry me . . ."

Oh, of all the fantastical, Never-Never Land things to happen, surely this was the most Never-Never of them all!

And now, yesterday, I sat with the girl Virginia who has been John Gilbert's wife and the mother of his child and who grew up, grew sadder and wiser and somehow more sculpturally beautiful since the door of that House on the Hill closed behind her.

I said to Virginia: "Make believe that at the

end of the five years it should be Jack who would ask you to marry him again—would you?"

And Virginia couldn't answer me, not in words.

But our eyes went, involuntarily, around the room. To the framed picture of Virginia and the baby on one wall, to the portrait of Jack on the dressing table, Jack happy and laughing and gay.

She said at length: "You can say this for me—I would rather have had Jack for the father of my baby than any other man in the world. I would be *really* unhappy now if I had not had Susan Ann. Out of all the world he is the man I would have chosen to father my child. And I think the combination of Jack and me, as parents, is perfect. For the baby has my sort of quietness and calm and she has, also, Jack's fire and artistic temperament and drama. I think she is going to be a remarkable person. She is growing to look more like me as she grows older. She's nearly two, you know. But Jack is there, in her gestures, in her quick likes and dislikes, in the fire that animates that darling baby face. And I am glad."

"Why," I said, "do you give yourself five years? Any reason for that special length of time?"

"Yes," said Virginia, "there is. I want another baby. I intend to have one. And I want to have my other baby before I am thirty. At the end of five years I'll be twenty-nine. That is the major reason.

"The other is, that I need five years to make of myself what I want to be. You see, I've reversed the customary tables. I am beginning my career, beginning to work, living at home with my parents, going out with boys, having my growing-up time *after* marriage instead of before. And my work is what I want now. I gave it up once. I shall not give it up again.

"If anyone should offer me today a final choice between a career and being married and having a home of my own again I'd choose the career without an instant's hesitation. I don't know what that makes of me, a selfish person, perhaps—but it's the simple truth. And I," laughed Virginia, "am too honest to be able to shade the truth. It's one of my defects, I guess. I don't seem to know how to be any other way. Jack is honest, too. But if possible I am *honest*. And that was one of our difficulties. I must learn, among other things, to be more subtle, have more finesse.

"I want to Amount To Something with capital letters. I want to have all the contacts and experiences, all of the travel and knowl-

edge of myself that I should have had before I married Jack. I'd had so few experiences before my marriage. And almost no emotion save for my fan-worship of Jack.

"As a matter of fact," Virginia said, "my chief claim to fame still lies in the fact that I once married John Gilbert. I want five years to *stake a claim for myself*."

I WANT to have romances, too, of course. I wouldn't be honest to try to say that I intend to live for five years with nothing of tenderness, nothing of glamour in my life. But sometimes," said Virginia with that look again of one who sees something others cannot see, "sometimes it is a little difficult . . . it is *very* difficult to have loved John Gilbert *first* . . .

"And then, too, I want to be free for the baby. Romances, just going out with boys and men is all right. I can work them in without interfering with the baby. Marriage would be another matter. Now, when I am through here at the studio I go home and have time with Susan Ann before she goes to bed. I undress her and play with her. I read nursery rhymes to her. I teach her her prayers. I can be with her all I want. There is no other demand upon me. And then, after she is asleep, I can go out. Mother does all the housekeeping and managing. I live exactly as a girl lives at home before marriage. The only difference is that now I have the baby—and memories instead of dreams.

"My career and my baby—it is to them that I dedicate the next five years of my life."

"What kind of man do you hope you will marry when the five years are over?"

"I know exactly the kind of a man I would like to marry," Virginia said, gravely. "Of course you have to allow for the unpredictable, for the fact that you are apt to fall in love with the direct opposite of your own ideal.

"The man I hope to marry would be an older man, in the first place. I'd want him to be at least ten years older than I. I could never be content with a young, inexperienced

man—not now. I would want a man who would be interested in me and in my work and so he would have to be a professional, connected with pictures in some capacity. I would want him to have money, not that money is so essential to me, but I would not want to embarrass him by making myself as much or more than he might make.

"I'd want," Virginia smiled that reminiscent smile again, "I'd want a man who would—well, fight with me now and then! I'd miss the ups and downs, the fierce rebellions and the beautifulness of making up again if I lived always on a sunny level plane. After all, peace is never so precious as it is after war.

"Why, do you know," Virginia laughed, a gentle note of amusement at herself in her voice, "do you know, I find myself deliberately picking arguments with the boys and men I go out with just so we can have a reconciliation scene afterwards.

"Storms," sighed Virginia, remembering, "can be so *beautiful*."

THEN, let's see. I would want him to be a man who would encourage me and stimulate me in my work. Someone who would be proud of me, who would believe in me as an actress, as a woman. I need that sort of encouragement. I'd want it to be a give and take marriage.

"But I have five years before this problem becomes imminent. I may change in that time. I may not want then what I think I want now.

"That is why I am giving myself five years. That is what I want to find out.

"What I want.
"What I *am*.

"What life and love are all about and how best to handle them.

"I have taken my vow," said Virginia, "and if I break it it will be because . . . because," she laughed with a little twist of that sensitive, flowery mouth, "I am a *woman* who knows what love can do."

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Here is an ample representation of the Lloyd family all ready for the customary early morning dip. Seems as though the water's a bit chilly and everyone is waiting for Harold to dive in. Near him are Peggy and Gloria, his daughters, Gaylord Lloyd, nephew, and Harold Lloyd, Jr.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skillful support by Roseoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FRANKIE AND JOINNIE—Select-RKO Release.—The American classic suffers from the censor's scissors on the screen, but you'll enjoy seeing Helen Morgan as the notorious *Frankie*, Chester Morris as the great lover, and the late Lilyan Tashman as *Nellie Bly*. (Aug.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warners.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

★ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

★ **GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE**—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tohin, Ralph Forbes. (Oct.)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle. C. Henry Gordon. (May)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)



Leaving the church after the nuptials, Hallam Cooley, an ex-actor who is now an agent for the stars, is photographed with his charming new bride. She was Doris McMahan

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor, top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh, steals the show. (Oct.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the White-oakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (Oct.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (Oct.)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indo-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evelyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recount of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wabby story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinnor. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Oct.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents, Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

LOVE ME FOREVER—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll) (June)

MAD LOVE — M-G-M. — Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MOON — Universal. — Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as Pa who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hating her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngest whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

NO MORE LADIES—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-

cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-1 direction. (July)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP — B.I.P.-Alliance. — Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous Quilp. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

OUR LITTLE GIRL—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

PAGE MISS GLORY—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, Dawn Glory, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

PRIVATE WORLDS—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

PUBLIC HERO No. 1—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RAVEN, THE — Universal. — Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)



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ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (Sept.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film debut as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (Oct.)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (Oct.)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry he-man engineer George Brent because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (June)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)



Arlene Judge is the wistful little lady in the picture. But you can't blame her. You'd be wistful too if that sign was outside of your door

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, Junc Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino. Armida. (Aug.)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny, Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Warners.—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

★ **WOMAN WANTED**—M-G-M.—A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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The Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING MARCH

For *Mme. Maria Jeritza*, Viennese song-star, and *Winfield Sheehan*, late Fox boss, at romantic Santa Barbara Mission.

For *Bob Steele*, two-gun Western screen hero, and *Alice Petty*, school day sweetheart, after air-elopement to Reno.

For *Arthur Rankin*, Barrymore relative actor, and *Marian Mansfield*, radiotress.

For *Barbara Davis*, sister of *Bette Davis*, and *Robert Pelgram*, Manhattan aviationeer, at Tijuana, Mexico.

For *Lanny Ross* and *Olive White*, his manager, who kept it a secret two weeks.

For *Jayne Shaddock*, actress and ex-spouse of *Jack Kirkland*, playwright of "Tobacco Road," and *Henry J. Topping, Jr.*, rich boy, by J. of P. Julius Raven.

For *Mrs. Mattie Teasdale*, mother of *Verree Teasdale*, and *Joshua M. Didricksen*. Son-in-law *Adolphe Menjou* was best man.

And for *Fred Wallace*, 20th Century-Fox actor, and *Terry Ray*, Mid-West actress.

SHATTERED SHACKLES

Mrs. Clyde Richardson Collins, mother of *Cora Sue Collins*, legally severed from *Young C. Collins*.

Mrs. Juliette Novis discarded *Donald Novis*, by order of the court.

Pauline Haley, film "double" and stand-in for *Joan Bennett*, dropped *Hugh W. Haley* legally.

Margot Grahame, from British actor husband *Francis Lister* in a "friendly separation."

Claudette Colbert was granted a Mexican divorce from *Norman Foster*.

ON THE DOCKET

Francis Lederer defended himself in a plagiarism suit brought by *Jack Quartaro* over plot of "Romance in Manhattan."

Billie Burke in a suit for \$648 brought by Hollywood Bath and Tennis Club. Claimed Billie never paid her dues.

Evelyn Venable and agents, *Ad Schulberg-Kenneth Feldman, Inc.*, settled differences and marked their contract release suit off the calendar.

Reginald Denny, petition for voluntary bankruptcy.

Elissa Landi sued by photographer for \$128.50. Photographer said Elissa would pay up.

HELLO, NURSE

Stepin Fetchit failed to duck. A pool ball caromed off his head. Stitches.

June Collyer weathered a major operation necessitated by *June Dorothea's* birth.

Alice Brady sang herself sick, went to bed with a badly strained throat.

Frank Mayo, old time screen idol, put a crimp in his comeback when a girder from a Universal serial set fell and fractured his skull.

Mrs. Wallace Beery entered Johns Hopkins Hospital for observation and treatment, when she arrived home from London.



These two Indian boys who are amusing *Barbara Stanwyck* and *Preston Foster* on the set of "Shooting Stars," are the sons of *Jim Thorpe*, all-time, All-American Indian athlete, now doing bits in the movies



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Why Million Dollar Pictures Are Coming Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

you to Cecil B. De Mille for one answer to that.

De Mille always spends prodigious sums, and his spectacles, Biblical or otherwise, invariably pay out. His "Ten Commandments" grossed five million; his "King of Kings," four million. "Sign of the Cross" cost better than a million dollars to make, and it grossed well over three million. De Mille always spends in a lavish way, and always the box-office returns repay him. He figures, too, that in making films of "universal appeal and wide sweeping background," he can get foreign business, which less important films

If you will think back, these and "The Sign of the Cross," which antedated them, were the first really big pictures since the advent of sound. Some of the musicals, such as "The Gold Diggers," cost a lot of money, yes, but nowhere near as much as the old silent spectacles. I think a little history of the fall and rise of spectacles might be interesting.

When sound came in, we were in an era of spectacles. We had things like "The Big Trail," "The Trail of '98," "Old Ironsides," "The Covered Wagon," and Howard Hughes was working on his tremendous airplane film.

Public, who are pretty wise, began to shop for their pictures. If they couldn't have quality, they would have quantity.

In a frantic effort to get box-office customers, the sex drama reached its ultimate. Films became more and more daring as producers vied with each other.

Censorship stuck up its forthright, threatening head!

Pictures a year ago were in an awful fix. Something had to be done. But what?

The immediate problem was censorship, and oddly enough, in coping with that, producers found their way out of the maelstrom into which they had plunged themselves. They turned to literature and history for great stories which could be put upon the screen. They began to look for musicals which really had music and appeal. Out of the past, they plucked Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield." From Broadway they brought "Roberta."

Now, obviously, if they were going to make "Copperfield," they had to make it well. No inexpensive production, no cheap, shoddy imitation of this famous and beloved novel of Dickens would satisfy moviegoers. So M-G-M loosened the purse strings, and David Selznick started out to give us the "David Copperfield" he could. It cost around a million dollars. There were sixty-four speaking parts and a fine cast. Much time and large sums of money were spent in delving into the past so that every historical detail might be correct.



Vincente Escudero, internationally famous Spanish gypsy dancer, shown here with his partner, Carmita, is making his screen debut in "Here's to Romance." Jesse L. Lasky, who is producing the film, takes time off to be photographed with this widely celebrated dancer

miss. His foreign intake has amounted to twice his domestic, but that is a trade detail.

I also give you the example of all times, "Ben Hur," the epic of silent days, the most costly picture ever produced. The expense sheet on it was estimated at \$3,500,000, but at last reports "Ben Hur," in the years since it first saw light, had grossed well over ten million dollars. (Of course, "Ben Hur" cost far too much because of a series of mistakes, two sets of directors, two casts, and its ill-fated trip to Italy, but that is beside the point. It finally paid out.)

I also point out—and what are tremendously important for their effect on the industry as a whole—the more recent examples of good, well-made, expensive pictures which paid their way—"David Copperfield" and "Roberta"—one based on a literary classic of all time and the other a fine musical show. Both were in the million dollar class, and both were inspirations for the present producers' rush toward large expenditures on good films.

"Hell's Angels," with Jean Harlow, and which picture eventually had to be remade into a talking film.

All of these, even as "The Birth of a Nation" and "Ben Hur" of days previous, were money makers. The producers, by giving Mr. and Mrs. John Public sweep and pageantry and action and movement and masses of people, were doing right well financially.

THEN sound brought mechanical limitations. There developed the intimate Drawing Room Drama. We went into an era of intimate talking pictures, talkie things with little or no movement but so-called bright dialogue. And then came the Depression. Producers hysterically began an economy wave. Between the two D's, the Drawing Room Drama and Depression, spectacles suddenly faded out of sight. Pictures became more limited in appeal. The producer began to spend less and less, until films became worse and worse. The Double Bill Menace arose. Mr. and Mrs. John

ONE of the most expensive items of Radio's "Roberta" was found under the heading, "Clothes, \$100,000." There was a style parade in this which took your breath away because of the lovely things shown. The dancing, the music, the original cost of the show, plus the cast, all contributed heavily to the total.

But—these two pictures made money, big money, and other producers began to sit up and take notice. And—almost before Hollywood knew it, the million dollar picture era had started again. Now we are right in the midst of it.

Undoubtedly the picture of the biggest spectacle value this year will be "A Tale of Two Cities," being produced at M-G-M. Its cost will be tremendous, well toward a million and a half dollars, if not more. It is, incidentally, if you are interested in how producers can spend such a chunk of money on one film, a good illustration of why pictures reach the million dollar mark or more. In the sequence of the fall of the Bastille, five thousand people milled around on a huge six-acre set one day. Take five thousand extras at five dollars daily, and it totals twenty-five thousand dollars right there. This, plus the staggering salaries paid the star cast, headed by Ronald Colman, including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, and others. On another big set in the guillotining of Marie Antoinette in the Place de la Concorde, twenty-seven hundred people were used, and on a third, in the revolutionary tribunal where the aristocrats were tried eleven hundred extras reported. At this writing, the picture is in its sixteenth week of production, and it is estimated that it will go nearly five months.

Why "Midsummer Night's Dream" cost one million, two hundred thousand dollars is easy to figure out when you consider not only its stellar cast and the length of time it took to shoot it (it was actually in production three months), but its difficult and delicate camera work and the beautiful forest scene set designed by Anton Grot. This is one of the loveliest things you have ever seen in a motion picture studio. Not to forget, of course, Max Reinhardt's salary and the costly infinite details upon which he insisted.

I am told by those who have seen the secret rushes of "Mutiny on the Bounty" that this picture is tremendous. It has power, sweep, and beauty on a magnificent scale. Certainly supreme effort on the part of everybody at M-G-M has gone into its making, and it is authentic from beginning to end. For weeks they sailed a replica of the old H. M. S. Bounty off the Isthmus of Catalina while camera and star crews labored on scenes. A whole city was built up on the Isthmus for the period of shooting. In addition, another crew sailed to Tahiti and still another shot off the Santa Barbara coast—where a cameraman lost his life and forty thousand dollars in equipment went down in the ocean—so that the picture would have authenticity.

IN "Captain Blood," there are three huge ship sets, two great galleons being erected on the Warners' Burbank lot and the third on the old Vitagraph site, where also a complete Cuban waterfront has been built. In addition, parts of two ships have been constructed at the Isthmus of Catalina. The picture will be from twelve to fourteen weeks in shooting.

"China Seas" belongs in the million dollar class. It was planned on a lower cost basis, but before the studio finished, it had moved up into the big money category.

But the money spent on "China Seas" was well worth it. The returns at the box-office show that it grossed fifty thousand dollars the opening week in New York.

In Radio's "Last Days of Pompeii," with Preston Foster and Dorothy Wilson, a whole

city will be buried by a volcano. Four stages have been put together for this. Radio's "The Three Musketeers," based on the Alexander Dumas novel, has a spectacular tournament where the knights of old combat. An expensive picture, although it will not reach the million dollar mark, will be Radio's "Annie Oakley," based on the famous feminine rifle shot of the Buffalo Bill shows. (Barbara Stanwyck is in the title rôle.)

Universal promises to throw its hat into the ring this year with "Sutter's Gold," a drama of the mother lode country in California, and also with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

"So Red the Rose," a saga of the South, a sweeping picture of the Civil War days, has already been several months in the shooting at Paramount and has employed thousands of people as extras. King Vidor directs, and Vidor never gets out for less than a good-sized sum! Margaret Sullavan and Randolph Scott have the important rôles. Also on the Paramount schedule is "Rose of the Rancho," a story of early days in California, with Gladys Swarthout and John Boles.

There is no doubt that "Anthony Adverse," which Warners are producing and for which they have borrowed Fredric March at a salary something like one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, will be pushed up into the million dollar class.

Darryl Zanuck, who is often regarded as the Barnum of Hollywood, because he has such sure-fire instinct as a showman, will begin to toss out aspirants to the million dollar class with "Metropolitan," the Lawrence Tibbett picture, and also with "Shark Island," which covers the reconstruction period following Lincoln's assassination.

The new Charlie Chaplin effort, called at this writing, "Charlie Chaplin in Modern Times," will cost plenty by the time it is completed. The story is that it will be done pretty soon, but one never knows with Charlie. He need not worry, however, about how much it costs, for his last, "City Lights," grossed a total of six million.

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Unloved




The Trocadero still holds forth as the foremost gathering spot of the Hollywood stars. Spencer Tracy was lucky to corner Bob Taylor at just the right moment. It appears as if Spencer and Bob have similar preferences in cigarettes they smoke, but Bob is not annoyed

Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

"ALICE ADAMS" — RKO-RADIO. — From the novel by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Dorothy Yost, Mortimer Offner and Jane Muff. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Alice Adams*, Katharine Hepburn; *Arthur Russell*, Fred MacMurray; *Mr. Adams*, Fred Stone; *Mildred Palmer*, Evelyn Venable; *Walter Adams*, Frank Albertson; *Mrs. Adams*, Ann Shoemaker; *Mr. Lamb*, Charles Grapewin; *Frank Dowling*, Grady Sutton; *Mrs. Palmer*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Palmer*, Jonathan Hale; *Henrietta Lamb*, Janet McLeod; *Mrs. Dowling*, Virginia Howell; *Mrs. Dresser*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Ella Dowling*, Ella McKenzie; *Malena*, Hattie McDaniels.

"ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Stephen Avery. Screen play by Dale Van Every and Frank Craven. Directed by Alexander Hall. The cast: *Commander Fitzhugh*, Sir Guy Standing; *Morton "Click" Haley*, Tom Brown; *Boyce Avery*, Richard Cromwell; *Madelaine Deming*, Rosalind Keith; *Duncan Haley*, John Howard; *Zimmer*, Benny Baker; *Miranda*, Louise Beavers; *Dr. Bryant*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Jim Stockton*, Richard Brodus; *Porter*, John Darrow; *Adams*, Ben Alexander; *Commodore Briggs*, Minor Watson; *Clayton Beale*, Oscar Rudolph; *Inspection Officer*, Frank Losee; *Bumboo Charlie*, William Collier, Sr.; *1st Upper Classman*, John Morley; *Chaperone*, Dorothy Vaughan; *Admiral*, Guy Usher; *White House Policeman*, Brady Kline; *Lieutenant*, David Newell.

"BONNIE SCOTLAND" — M-G-M. — From the story by Frank Butler and Jeff Moffitt. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast: *Stanley McLaurel*, Stan Laurel; *Oliver Hardy*, Himself; *Lorna McLaurel*, June Lang; *Alan Douglas*, William Janney; *Lady Violet Ormsby*, Anne Grey; *Colonel McGregor*, D.S.O. Vernon Steel; *Sergeant Major*, James Finlayson; *Mr. Miggs*, David Torrence; *Mir Jutra*, Maurice Black; *Mille*, Daphne Pollard; *Mrs. Bickerdike*, Mary Gordon; *Blacksmith*, Lionel Belmore.

"CAPPY RICKS RETURNS" — REPUBLIC. — From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adaptation and screen play by George Waggener. Directed by Mack Wright. The cast: *Cappy Ricks*, Robert McWade; *Bill Peck*, Ray Walker; *Barbara*, Florine McKinney; *Skinner*, Lucien Littlefield; *Winton*, Bradley Page; *Floppy*, Lois Wilson; *Blake*, Oscar Apfel; *Peasley*, Kenneth Harlan; *Anaf*, Man Mountain Dean.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — From the original story and screen play by Edward T. Lowe and Gerard Fairlie. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Diana Woodland*, Irene Hervey; *Philip Nash*, Charles Locher; *James Andrews*, Russell Hicks; *Lee Chan*, Keye Luke; *Chief of Police*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Burke*, Frederik Vogeding; *Dakin*, Neil Fitzgerald; *Taxi Driver*, Max Wagner.

"DARK ANGEL, THE" — SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS. — From the play by Guy Bolton. Screen play by Lillian Hellman and Mordaunt Shaipr. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Alan Trent*, Fredric March; *Kitty Vane*, Merle Oberon; *Gerald Shannon*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Shannon*, Janet Beecher; *Sir George Barton*, John Halliday; *Granny Vane*, Henrietta Crossman; *Ann West*, Frieda Inescourt; *Lawrence Bidley*, Claude Allister; *Joe*, George Breakston; *Betty*, Fay Chaldecott; *Ginger*, Denis Chaldecott; *Roadston*, Douglas Walton; *Mrs. Bidley*, Sarah Edwards; *Mr. Vane*, John Milner; *Mills*, Olaf Hytton; *Mr. Tanner*, Lawrence Grant; *Hannah*, Helena Bryne-Grant; *Mrs. Gallop*, Ann Fiedler; *Mr. Shannon*, David Torrence; *Kitty (as a child)*, Cora Sue Collins; *Gerald (as a child)*, Jimmy Butler; *Alan (as a child)*, Jimmy Baxter; *Lawrence (as a child)*, Randolph Connolly.

"FORBIDDEN HEAVEN" — REPUBLIC. — From the story by Christine Jope-Slade. Adaptation and screen play by Sada Cowan. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Nibs*, Charles Farrell; *Ann*, Charlotte Henry; *Agnes*, Beryl Mercer; *Pluffy*, Fred Walton; *Sybil*, Phyllis Barry; *Radford*, Eric Wilton; *Allen*, Barry Winton; *Speaker*, Eric Snowden.

"GAY DECEPTION, THE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — From the original screen play by Stephen Avery and Don Hartman. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: *Sandro*, Francis Lederer; *Mirabel*, Frances Dee; *Miss Channing*, Benita Hume; *Lord Cleve*, Alan Mowbray; *Consul-General*, Lennox Pawle; *Lucille*, Adele St. Maur; *Mr. Squires*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Mr. Spitzer*, Richard Carle; *Peg DeForest*, Lanita Lane; *John Dennison*, Barbara Fritchley; *Bell Captain*, Paul Hurst; *Adolph*, Robert Greig; *Ernest*, Luis Albreri; *Gettel*, Lionel Stander; *Spellek*, Akim Tamiroff.

"GIRL FRIEND, THE" — COLUMBIA. — From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Benny Rubin. Directed by Edward N. Buzzell. The cast: *Linda*, Ann Sothern; *Henry*, Jack Haley; *George*, Roger Pryor; *Harmon*, Thurston Hall; *Sunshine*, Victor Kilian; *Doc*, Ray Walker; *Hilds*, Inez Courtney; *Grandma*, Margaret Seddon.

"HARMONY LANE" — MASCOT. — From the screen play by Joseph Santley and Elizabeth Meehan.

Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Stephen Foster*, Douglass Montgomery; *Susan Pentland*, Evelyn Venable; *Jane McDowell*, Adrienne Ames; *Kleber*, Joseph Cawthorne; *Christy*, William Frawley; *Old Joe*, Clarence Muse; *Mr. Foster*, Gilbert Emery; *Mrs. Foster*, Florence Roberts; *Morrison Foster*, James Bush; *Mr. Pentland*, David Torrence; *William Foster, Jr.*, Victor DeCamp; *Henrietta Foster*, Edith Craig; *Marion*, Cora Sue Collins; *Andrew Robinson*, Lloyd Hughes; *Mr. Pond*, Ferdinand Munier; *Delia*, Mildred Gover; *Proprietor*, James B. Carson; *Mr. Wade*, Rodney Hildebrand; *Mrs. Wade*, Mary McLaren; *Tambo*, Al Herman; *Bones*, Earl Hodgins; *Singer*, Wynne Davis; *Lisa*, Hattie McDaniels. Also the Shaw Choir of two hundred voices.

"HERE COMES COOKIE" — PARAMOUNT. — From the original story by Sam Mintz and Don Hartman. Screen play by Don Hartman. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *George Burns*, George Burns; *Gracie Allen*, Gracie Allen; *Harrison Allen*, George Barbier; *Phyllis Allen*, Betty Furness; *Bots*, Andrew Tombes; *Jack*, Jack Powell; *Ramon del Ramos*, Rafael Storm; *Broken-Nose Reilly*, James Burke; *Mr. Dinglecorp*, Lee Kohlmar; *Mrs. Dinglecorp*, Milla Davenport; *Stuffy*, Harry Holman; *Lloyd*, Frank Darien; *Wilbur*, Jack Duffy; *Lloyd*, Del Henderson; *Milkman*, Duke York; *1st Drunk*, Arthur Housman; *2nd Drunk*, Jack Henderson; *Policeman*, Edward Gargan; *Taxi Driver*, Eddie Dunn; *Sam*, Richard Carle.

Vaudeville Acts: Cal Norris and Monkey; Jester and Mole—Bicycle Act; Jack Cavanaugh and Partner—Knife Throwing Act; Six Olympics—Acrobatic tumblers; Seymour and Corncob—Rube comedy act and Musicians; Moro and Yaconelli—Comedy Italian act and Musicians; Johnson and Dove—Comedy Indian Club Jugglers; Big Boy Williams—One Man Band; Pascale Perry and Partner—Shooting Act; Six Candreve Brothers—Trumpeteer Act; The Buccaneers, Eight Singers.

"HERE'S TO ROMANCE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — From the original story by Ernest Pascal and Sonya Levien. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Arthur Richman. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Nino Donelli*, Nino Martin; *Kathleen Gerard*, Genevieve Tobin; *Lydia Luboo*, Anita Louise; *Rosa*, Maria Gambarelli; *Mme. Schumann-Heink*, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink; *Emery Gerard*, Reginald Denny; *Spanish Gypsy Dancer*, Vincenta Escudero; *Sandowal*, Mathilde Comont; *Enid*, Elsa Buchanan; *Bert*, Miles Mander; *Saito*, Keye Luke; *Fred*, Pat Somerset; *Lefevre*, Albert Conti; *Descaries*, Egon Brecher; *Carstairs*, Orrin Burke; *Andriot*, Armand Kalz.

"HOT TIP" — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play by Hugh Cummings, Olive Cooper and Louise Stevens. Directed by Ray McCarey and James Gleason. The cast: *Jimmy McGill*, James Gleason; *Ellie McGill*, ZaSu Pitts; *Jane McGill*, Margaret Callahan; *Ben Johnson*, Russell Gleason; *Harvey Hooper*, Arthur Stone; *Henry Cramm*, Rollo Lloyd; *Kid Tyler*, Ray Mayer; *Spider Dorgan*, Donald Kerr; *Oscar Clausen*, Del Henderson; *Matt McHugh*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Apollo*, Willie Best; *Queenie*, Kitty McHugh.

"HOP-ALONG CASSIDY" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Clarence E. Mifford. Screen play and adaptation by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Hop-Along Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Johnny Nelson*, Jimmy Ellison; *Mary Meeker*, Paula Stone; *Buck Peepers*, Charles Middleton; *Jack Anthony*, Kenneth Thomson; *Jim Meeker*, Robert Warwick; *Red Connors*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *Uncle Ben*, George Hays; *Tom Shaw*, Jim Mason; *Hall*, Ted Adams; *Salom*, William Fung; *Riley*, Franklyn Farnum; *Frisco*, Frank Campeau.

"LA MATERNELLE" — METROPOLIS PICTURES. — From the Concourt prize novel by Leon Frapie. Adapted and directed by Jean Benoit-Levy and Marie Epstein. The cast: *Rose*, Madeleine Renaud; *The Superintendent*, Alice Tissot; *Marie*, Paulette Elamberg; *Marie's mother*, Sylvette Fillacier; *Mme. Paulin*, Mady Berry; *Dr. Libois*, Henri Debain; *The Professor*, Alex Bernard; *Father Paulin*, Edward van Deele; *The Inspector*, Severin; *The Teacher*, Mariane; *The Singer*, Delille (Opera Comique); *M. Antoine*, Aman Maistre.

"LOST CITY, THE" — SUPER-SERIAL PROD. — From the original story by Zelma Carroll, George W. Merrick and Robert Dillon. Screen play by Parley Poore Sheehan, Eddie Graneman, and Leon d'Usseau. Directed by Harry Revier. The cast: *Zolok*, William Boyd; *Bruce Gordon*, Kane Richmond; *Natcha*, Claudia Dell; *Manyuns*, Josef Swickard; *Butterfield*, George F. Hayes; *Raynolds*, Ralph Lewis; *Gozro*, William Bletcher; *Jerry*, Eddie Fetherston; *Andrews*, Milburn Moranti; *Queen Rama*, Margot D'Use; *Apolyon*, Jerry Frank; *Colton*, William Millman; *Ben Ali*, Ginlo Carrado; *Ilugo*, Sam Baker.

"MORALS OF MARCUS, THE" — G.B. — Adapted from W. J. Locke's famous play. Directed by Miles Mander. The cast: *Carlotta*, Lupe Velez; *Sir Marcus Ordeyne*, Ian Hunter; *Judith*, Adrienne Allen; *Tony Pasquale*, Noel Madison. Also includes J. H. Roberts, H. F. Maltby, Arnold Lucy, Frank Atkinson, D. J. Williams, James Raglan, Agnes Inlay and Johnny Nitt.

"POWDER SMOKE RANGE" — RKO-RADIO. — From the novel by William Colt MacDonald. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Wallace Fox. The cast: *Tucson Smith*, Harry Carey; *Stony Brooke*, Hoot Gibson; *Lullaby Joslin*, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; *Jeff Ferguson*, Bob Steele; *Sundown Saunders*, Tom Tyler; *Caroline Sibley*, Boots Mallory; *Big Steve Oden*, Sam Hardy; *Sourdough Jenkins*, Francis Ford; *Brose Glasgow*, Adrian Morris; *Jim Reece*, Franklyn Farnum; *Happy Hopkins*, Bill Desmond; *Bud Taggart*, Wally Wales; *Rub Phelps*, Art Mix; *Tex Malcolm*, Buffalo Bill, Jr.; *Bat Wing*, Buzz Barton; *Jake Elliott*, Eddie Dunn; *Chap Bell*, Ray Mayer; *Dan Orcham*, William Farnum.

"SHE MARRIED HER BOSS" — COLUMBIA. — From the story by Thyra Samter Winslow. Screen play by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Julia Scott*, Claudette Colbert; *Richard Barclay*, Melvyn Douglas; *Leonard Rogers*, Michael Bartlett; *Franklyn*, Raymond Walburn; *Martha Pryor*, Jean Dixon; *Gertrude Barclay*, Katharine Alexander; *Annabel Barclay*, Edith Fellows; *Parsons*, Clara Kimball Young; *Agnes Mayo*, Grace Hale; *Victor Jessup*, Charles E. Arnt; *Chauffeur*, Cluylter Shaw.

"SPECIAL AGENT" — WARNERS — COSMOPOLITAN. — From the story idea by Martin Mooney. Screen play by Laird Doyle and Abem Finkel. Directed by William Keighley. The cast: *Julie Gardner*, Bette Davis; *Bill Bradford*, George Brent; *Carlson*, Ricardo Cortez; *Andrews*, Jack LaRue; *District Attorney*, Henry O'Neill; *Armitage*, Robert Strange; *Chief of Police*, Joseph Crehan; *Durell*, J. Carol Naish; *Kitch*, Joseph Sauters; *Young*, William Davidson; *Head of the Internal Rev. Dept.*, Robert Barrat; *Secretary to District Attorney*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Wilson*, Joseph King; *U. S. District Attorney*, Irving Pichel.

"STREAMLINE EXPRESS" — MASCOT. — From the story by Wellyn Totman. Screen play by Leonard Fields, Dave Silverstein and Olive Cooper. Directed by Leonard Fields. The cast: *Elaine Zinson*, Esther Ralston; *Gilbert Landon*, Sidney Blackmer; *Patricia Wallis*, Evelyn Venable; *Fred Arnold*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Forbes*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Jimmy Hait*, Victor Jory; *Jones*, Vince Barnett; *Wilbur*, Tommy Bupp; *John Forbes*, Clay Clement; *Gerald Wilson*, Bobby Watson; *Larry Houston*, Lee Moran; *Purser*, Edward Hearn; *Conductor*, Allan Cavan; *Steward*, Sid Saylor; *Fawn*, Libby Taylor; *Steve*, Harry Tyler; *Bartender*, Morgan Brown; *Baggage Galeman*, Wage Boteler; *1st Baggage Man*, Jock Raymond; *Physician*, Montague Shaw; *Radio Operator*, Lynton Brent.

"THIS IS THE LIFE" — 20TH CENTURY-FOX. — From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Arthur Horman. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Geraldine Revier*, Jane Withers; *Michael Grant*, John McGuire; *Itelen Davis*, Sally Blane; *Professor Breckenridge*, Sidney Toler; *Diane Revier*, Gloria Roy; *Ed Revier*, Gordon Westcott; *Sticky*, Francis Ford; *Mrs. Davis*, Emma Dunn.

"TOP HAT" — RKO-RADIO. — From the screen play by Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott. From the adaptation by Karl Noti. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Jerry Travers*, Fred Astaire; *Dale Tremont*, Ginger Rogers; *Horace Hardwick*, Edward Everett Horton; *Madge*, Helen Broderick; *Alberto*, Erik Rhodes; *Bates*, Eric Blone.

"TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS" — REPUBLIC. — From the story by Alan Ludwig. Screen play by Ford Beebe. Directed by Joseph Kane. The cast: *Gene*, Gene Autry; *Smiley*, Smiley Burnette; *Jerry*, Lucile Browne; *Janet*, Norma Taylor; *Dr. Parker*, George Hayes; *Craven*, Edward Hearn; *McWade*, Jack Rockwell; *Shorty*, Frankie Marvin; *Connors*, George Cheseboro; *Lightball*, Eugene Jackson; *Blaze*, Charles King; *Higgins*, Charles Whitaker; *Sheriff*, George Burton; *Sykes*, Tom London; *Harry Brooks*, Cornelius Keefe; *1st Henchman*, Tommy Coates; *2nd Henchman*, Cliff Lyons; *3rd Henchman*, Bud Pope; *4th Henchman*, Tracy Layne.

"TWO FOR TONIGHT" — PARAMOUNT. — From a play by Max Lief and J. O. Lief. Screen play by George Marion, Jr. and Jane Storm. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Gilbert Gordon*, Bing Crosby; *Bobbie Lockwood*, Joan Bennett; *Mrs. J. S. K. Smythe*, Mary Boland; *Harry Kling*, Lynne Overman; *Lilly Bianca*, Thelma Todd; *Buster Da Costa*, James Blakeley; *Pooch Donahue*, Douglas Fowley; *Homps*, Ernest Cossart; *Alexander Myers*, Maurice Cass; *Author*, Charles L. Lane; *Jailer*, A. S. "Pop" Byron; *Prisoner*, John Gough; *Benny the Good*, Charles E. Arnt.

"WITHOUT REGRET" — PARAMOUNT. — Adapted from a play by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Charles Brackett. Directed by Harold Young. The cast: *Jennifer Gage*, Elissa Landi; *Sir Robert Godfrey*, Paul Cavanagh; *Mona Gould*, Frances Drake; *Steven Paradise*, Kent Taylor; *Bill Gage*, David Niven; *Gwen*, Viva Tattersall; *Jessup*, Joseph North; *Godfrey Bowe*, Betty Holt; *Inspector Hayes*, Gilbert Emery; *Drum*, Stuart Hall; *Cleaver*, Colin Tapley; *Reporter*, Reginald Sheffield; *Doctor*, Forrester Harvey.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio

HARD riding, straight shooting and tender loving keep excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. As usual it's a hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks but the story has several neat and unexpected touches. Guinn Williams, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Bob Steele head a great Western name cast. Swell for the kids.

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis

BRILLIANT performances abound in this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery, reminiscent in plot in some respects of "Maedchen in Uniform." Woven through the story's pattern, is the theme thread of *Marie*, deserted by her demimondaine mother, and her tragic devotion to a maid. Done in French with English subtitles, the picture will appeal to the discriminating

WITHOUT REGRET—Paramount

KENT TAYLOR and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. Miss Landi unfreezes considerably in this one, yet manages to avoid the super-vitality that almost ruined her career. Admirable support is given by Paul Cavanagh and Frances Drake.

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot

DRAMATIC incidents in the lives of various persons including a playwright-producer (Victor Jory), his temperamental star (Evelyn Venable), a crook and his ex-sweetie (Sidney Blackmer and Esther Ralston), a husband and the wife he is deserting, and a race against the stork are climaxed on a cross-country record run of a streamline train. Fair film fare.

THE GIRL FRIEND—Columbia

MOSTLY a musical burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Roger Pryor, a broke actor, poses as a big producer in a hick town, rashly promises to produce bumpkin Jack Haley's play, then falls in love with his sister, Ann Sothern, and has to come through. Hence the amateur musical. Good song or two—but don't cry if you miss it.

THE LOST CITY—Super-Serial

CHUCK logic and common sense overboard and you might have some fun laughing at this wild story of an engineer (Kane Richmond) and his expedition to a fantastic city in Africa. There's an incredulous scientific set-up, a mad master of it all (William Boyd) and his henchman (Josef Swickard) to do the dirty work. Also a beautiful girl whom Boyd rescues.

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic

PETER B. KYNE'S beloved character, *Cappy Ricks* (Robert McWade) emerges from retirement again to best his arch business enemy, *Blake* (Oscar Apfel) in a crooked deal involving legislative discrimination against *Cappy's* redwood shingles. Photography, direction, dialogue and performances are well up to par in this amusing picture. Ray Walker, McWade, Bradley Page, the villain, and Florine McKinney, the girl, carry the plot.

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount

BILL BOYD and the rest of the competent cast should ride along to new film favor in this first picturization of the famous Clarence E. Mulford "Hop-Along Cassidy" stories. The rôle of the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand fits Boyd like a glove and the action is fast from start to finish. Paula Stone is the girl and Jimmy Ellison is Boyd's pal.

All Hollywood Plays This New Game

Hollywood calls it: "RADIO," but it might have been called: "Hot and Cold." It's a new version of "Blind Man's Buff" without the bandage over the eyes. Here's the way it's played:

Send one person from the room and then you, the group, decides what he shall do and say when he returns. For instance, you might want him to do this: remove the ring from a certain girl's hand and place it on the finger of another person in the room. Or pick up a glass of water from a table and walk to a particular spot in the room, face the group and propose a toast. Have the "it" do anything, the crazier the better.

When the person returns to the room, here's what happens:

He starts around the room slowly, with arms outstretched, and waves his hands over every person and object he approaches, lamps, pictures, furniture or people. While he is doing this, one of the gang sits at the controls of the radio (or plays the piano). Very softly comes the music until the person comes near the first object. The radio is tuned up in volume to let the person know he is getting *warm*. When he gets very close, the volume is even louder to warn him that he is *hot*.

In the ring exchange: the radio would play softly until the person waved his hand near the right girl. When he waves over the correct hand, tune louder and when he touches the ring play even louder until he actually takes it off. Then tune the radio down while he walks around the room with the ring. When he comes near the second girl, start tuning louder again until he does the thing as planned. If the person does the wrong thing while the radio is loud—it should be tuned softer to warn him.

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And So You Think He's Funny!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

storm came up, and the steerage passengers had to be locked below because of danger of heavy seas washing them overboard. For several days they had nothing to eat but dry bread and moldy cheese. When they arrived at Ellis Island, they were detained again, locked up while their fellow passengers went on. But finally everything was straightened out, and they were released to look at the tall city. Joe left his name tag behind at Ellis Island, but he carried under his arm a huge map on which was marked the route they were to follow to Detroit. On the crowded streets he continually bumped people with the ends of the map, surly individuals who shouted rude, untranslatable words at the funny looking little boy and the two old people. To this day, Joe hates to carry packages!

WHEN he met his mother at the Detroit station, he only felt more strange. He didn't believe it was she. He hadn't seen her for seven years, and it was a great shock to hear this pretty, modishly dressed American woman call him son and shower him with kisses. Joe told me: "I get out at the station. I am lugging this big map, and all of a sudden, a woman starts kissing me. I don't know what to do, and then my grandparents say: 'This is your mother.' I feel very silly. I keep looking at this nice woman in the big hat, all pretty and corseted, like I had never seen a woman, and I don't know what to do."

And so life began in America. Father Pinter's wages were none too large, and there were times when the five Pinters knew what hunger was. Joe, himself, always sensitive to "nice things and nice clothes," realized he wasn't as well dressed as the other boys and girls with whom he was thrust into public school. Also, to his great distress, because he couldn't speak English, he was pushed into the primary class. And because children are cruel, when they discovered his sensitiveness, they laughed at the funny little Hungarian lad, and he drew within himself. Nine years old, at that most impressionable age, he felt a humiliation which seared him deeply and which still can make shivers run up his back.

As he grew older, even though he quickly made up the lost grades, he became more and more self-conscious. He didn't have girls because he didn't have any clothes, but he started getting jobs. First, he sold papers on the street long before he could pronounce English names, standing on the corner yelling "Droy Free Press" (Detroit Free Press)—probably as intelligible an interpretation of the name as lots of American boys give it today!—but Joe didn't know that. And then—I think this is swell—he got himself a job as a Western Union lad because he thought it would be so nice to dress up in that uniform. He even joined the Episcopal choir—and his family were not Episcopalians—in order to wear a choir robe and also to take advantage of the training in singing. Eventually he became a bell boy in a Turkish bath because here he made the most money.

Last year when Joe and his wife were making their way into a St. Louis hotel, the bell boy carrying their bags kept giving Joe funny looks. Finally, he banged down the luggage and said: "I'll be damned if I'll carry your bags. We used to sit on a bell together." Joe laughed

and said: "Well, I guess we did." The bell boy said: "Well, what do you know about that!" and shook him heartily by the hand.

He joined a crew of boys "working their way through college" by selling magazines. He went around signing people up for violin lessons and giving them a violin free. At one time he was well launched on a straight business career at the Ford factory, working himself up from messenger boy at \$18 a week to a purchasing clerk station at \$250 a month. He can still tell you about the lovely glass-enclosed office which Edsel Ford occupied and the great oak room on the second floor where Henry sat. He loved his job; it meant money and respectability and "nice things" for his mother.

But here Fate intervened to sock him on the jaw again—the Joe Pinter who, he thought, was at last actually getting a foothold in the country where he had started so poorly. The Ford place cut down, and a ruling went out that two members of one family could not hold jobs. Joe, of course, gave up his job in favor of his father. "I was making more money, but my father loved his job. He had had it so many years."

Then Joe tried to learn a trade as a painter, and all he did was lug heavy ladders around for an ignorant boss. He made little money, but what he could, he invested in his clothes, "to look nice." Sometimes he had to hock these clothes, and once, when he was selling hand-painted photographs, of all things, he went without an overcoat and food for three days.

"You know," he said to me, "those scenes in movies where you see a hungry guy standing outside a bakery shop and looking longingly at the bread and pies within? You think that's all baloney? I tell you differently. I know the feeling in the pit of the stomach, and I know a shop in Toledo where I stood one Winter afternoon, almost starved. Finally, I went in, and a nice benevolent woman behind the counter gave me some rolls and coffee after I had cried out my tale. That was the longest stretch I've gone without food, but I was hungry often."

A JOB as prop man with the Rex Mind Reading Act launched him in the show business. Of course, he had always loved shows. As a kid, when he carried his lunch to school, he used to amuse the other lunch-box kids during the noon hour by reciting, first, "Cohen on the Telephone" and then "The Sign of the Rose," first getting the kids laughing at Cohen and then pulling the tears with "Sign of the Rose." "I would really give it my all," he told me. "I'd get awfully dramatic and cry."

On amateur nights, he told jokes that seldom won the prize because he wasn't a cute, handsome kid.

Recently, he saw this same old, heart-breaking experience of his youth on a Joe Penner amateur night. A cute little tad who wasn't funny for sour beans was applauded by the audience the most and won the prize. Afterward, Joe went and found the boy who didn't win and slipped him a bill. "You were good, son," he said. "You should have won. I've been in your shoes many times."

The evolution of Joe from a prop man into a low comic eventually occurred, and Joe was happy. Soon he had courage enough to answer an ad in Billboard which announced Desmond's

New York Roof Garden Review wanted a comedian. When the answer was favorable, Joe hocked his clothes and violin for a ticket to New York, and when he got there, the manager didn't want to hire him because he had no costumes. "So help me," said Joe, "I've come all the way from Michigan for this job, and I'll be just as funny without costumes, I promise you."

Well, they gave him a tryout. They traveled all day Sunday, and on Monday night Joe went on, sick to his stomach with lack of food, and knees shaking for fear he wouldn't make good. To add to his troubles, he found himself, a comic, following that teary D. W. Griffith movie, "Hearts of the World," on the bill. It was a tough spot for any comic and particularly a hungry, nervous one. But Joe made them laugh. When he came back, the manager slapped him on the back and said: "You were great." Joe's knees gave way, and he sat down suddenly. "If you think I'm all right, could I please have a dollar in advance to get some food?"

FROM Desmond's New York Roof Garden Review (I love the sound of that name), Joe went in other shows. He was the fall comedian, the guy that took the big tumbles, and other comics took a malevolent pleasure in kicking this sensitive, self-conscious kid all around the place. They tore off his clothes, they bounced him on his face, and all for laughs. But Joe stood up under the beating. Although he made no friends and stayed by himself, he kept reassuring himself that some day he would know nice people and get nice clothes. He lived up to every nickel he made.

They made so much fun of Joe Penner during those low comic days that to this day he can't kid with anybody. He can take it but he thinks kidding, unless you have an awfully tough skin, is a cruel form of humor. In his youth it was simply a way of being made fun of.

There was one individual he knew loved him and still thought he was aces. That was his mother. And his first visit home to her after he was "in the money" was really something. He decked himself up in sartorial splendor with spats, cane, derby and tucked a \$50 bill in his vest pocket. Getting off the train in Detroit, he hailed a taxi (he had never ridden in one before!) and rolled up to his mother's door in style.

"I told the driver to toot the horn because I wanted Ma to see me arrive," he said. "He tooted and tooted, but nothing happened. So finally, I jumped out, ran up, and punched the door bell and then went back into the taxi. I wanted her to know I was really successful when I could ride a cab. Well, there was a big meeting. I'm crying, and she's crying, and she's saying, 'Oh, my boy,' and I'm saying, 'Oh, my mother,' and we're in each other's arms, and the top to it all is that, just before I get out this \$50 bill for her, she runs in the back room and comes out with \$50 to give me, which she'd saved out of the two and one buck bills I've sent her!"

I'll skip the details of Joe's rise to fame. Suffice to say, he went on being a good comic, getting better and better jobs, was in several Broadway shows, and finally found himself with a radio contract. Then he really became famous, and Hollywood beckoned.

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Walter C. Kelly
Jan Kiepura
Billy Lee

Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Grete Natzler
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mac West
Henry Wilcoxon
Toby Wing

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
George Arliss
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blane
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Ronald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Pietro Gentili
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Jack Haley
Edward Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge

Paul Kelly
Rosina Lawrence
Edmund Lowe
Fredric March
Nino Martini
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Tutta Rolf
Simone
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Andrew Tombes
Claire Trevor
Edward Trevor
Henry B. Walthall
Jane Withers
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
James Barton
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Dave Chasen
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Helen Gahagan
Wynne Gibson
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Alan Hale
Jane Hamilton
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding

Katharine Hepburn
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Helen Mack
Ray Mayer
Raymond Middleton
Helen Parrish
Evelyn Poe
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Lionel Stander
Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Sutton
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
John Wood
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Michael Bartlett
Wyrley Birch
Tala Birell
Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Nancy Carroll
Andy Clyde
Walter Connolly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory

Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
George McKay
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Lloyd Nolan
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Ann Sothern
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Constance Collier
Cicely Courtneidge
Joan Crawford
Live de Maigret
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Igor Gorin
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Gyles Isham
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger
Frances Langford

Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Mala
Marx Brothers
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owens
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchot
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Harvey Stephen
Henry Stephenson
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Charles Townbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castello
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Valerie Hobson
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King

Frank Lawton
Edmund Lowe
Bela Lugosi
Henry Mollinson
Hugh O'Connell
Dorothy Page
Marina Passerowa
ZaSu Pitts
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
John Arledge
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Paul de Ricou
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Ericson
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Virginia Grey
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson

Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Anita Kerry
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Martha Merrill
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Phillip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Joseph Sauers
Louise Seidel
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Martha Tippetts
Genevieve Tobin
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.



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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. P-11

1925 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN wrote the insanities for the Marx Brothers' latest opus, "A Night at the Opera."

Reading Mr. Kaufman's script is an unusual experience.

For instance, we ran across this bit of instruction:

"Chico plays 'Pagliacci' with his right hand and 'Stars and Stripes Forever' with his left"—and then in brackets—"let the so-and-so try *this one!*".

DOWNRIGHT genius, that's what it was. Richard Boleslawski, 20th Century-Fox director, exhibited when dealing with one dress problem.

Gowns were ordered for Alice Brady. They were too small at the first fitting, and were ordered altered. Came the second fitting and they were too big. Miss Brady, in the few days, had shrunk considerable pounds.

So Boleslawski ordered Alice to eat until she did fit them.

NEVER in the history of Hollywood have the armies of autograph hunters been more swollen, persistent and downright ghastly as they've been this past Summer.

Every opening, major or minor, has been engulfed by swarms of pencil wavers. Not long ago Joan Crawford found a human skull popped in front of her to sign. She had to shudder and decline the honor. The other day a touring car ran over one of Kay Johnson's turkeys out in Hidden Valley. Immediately the driver popped out and asked for the deceased fowl as a souvenir!

The whole thing seems to have become a morbid national sport. You can't blame the stars if they take to head shaking when attacked by the ruthless, bad-mannered hordes of curiosity seekers.

VERILY, out of the mouths of babes.

Sonny, an 11-year-old beau of Wendy Barrie, doing nicely in "A Feather in Her Hat" for Columbia, was watching Wendy in a fast game at the Bath and Tennis Club. It was a hot afternoon and Wendy was a bit the worse for wear. Nonetheless, Sonny gallantly continued his expounding and extolling of her charms and virtues.

"Of course," he added honestly, "she screens much better than she looks."

TEN years ago last August Garbo came to Hollywood. On her anniversary she was away again—back home in Sweden. But how different after those ten years!

Then she cashed a weekly paycheck of \$300. Today, every time she makes a picture, she multiplies that \$300 by \$1000. Any one of a dozen sponsors would fight to pay her up to \$50,000 for a few minutes on the air any given night. If she chose to endorse anything, she could name her own terms.

Her pictures are not great hits. She is the object of constant criticism—but she's the greatest living legend. She's more than an actress, more than a personality, more than a star.

She's Garbo—she's magic!
Can you explain it?

ROTUND and genial Walter Connolly spent a recent Sunday showing some out-of-town friends the "sights" of Hollywood. The party ended up at the polo matches.

"What was the score?" Mrs. Connolly asked. "Fourteen screen stars, six directors and Peter the Hermit," Connolly counted.

IT'S a funny thing about humor. You never can tell.

For instance, popping in on Harold Lloyd's picture, "The Milky Way," Cal was informed about the care with which Harold Lloyd is shooting. One scene a day or thereabouts. Gags and laugh formulas filmed to perfection.

"So that at the end of the day," confided Bill Gargan, "we've been doing the same thing all day long and it isn't by any chance funny to any of us. Yet the last take is the one they'll print—and when we see it the next morning in the rushes we all laugh our heads off!"

Maybe a good night's rest does it.



Bobby Breen, eight-year-old lyric tenor, no less, is the latest child discovery of Sol Lesser, pioneer independent producer who has been identified with the success of Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, and other juvenile stars. Bobby's voice has had high praise from top singers

EVERY bit as exciting as one of those mad movie chases was Mary Boland's recent exit from Hollywood.

Faced with a \$150,000 suit, Mary, dodging process servers, hid out at the William Gargan the eve before she was supposed to take the train for New York and a part in "Jubilee." The process servers immediately besieged the Gargan castle, stayed there all night until, in the wee small hours, Bill and his wife and Mary mustered all the cars available and roared out of the drive in different directions.

They met at the airport, where Paul Mantz, the "Honeymoon Pilot," hustled Mary Boland and Mary Gargan aboard his ship and hopped off. Bill stayed behind to punch the time clock on "The Milky Way."

THE most disillusioned girl in Hollywood at the moment is Kitty Carlisle.

Kitty expected mayhem at least when she was assigned to do "A Night at the Opera" with the mad Marx Brothers. She was sure they'd boot her about like a football.

But imagine her surprise and disappointment to find that the fun-loving Marxes had reformed or something. Groucho, instead of pouring catsup down her neck, sat and discussed the more serious side of literature with her; Harpo, instead of hanging his thigh on her elbow, analyzed economic Russia and Chico played the piano soulfully in between scenes.

She finds herself now through with the picture and not a scratch or a black and blue mark to show for it!

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER
25 CENTS



LORETTA
YOUNG

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PRIVATE
LIFE OF
FRED
ASTAIRE

THE VOICE FROM THE GRAVE
THAT GUIDES HOLLYWOOD



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PRESENTS TO AMERICA

the perfume that captured five continents
The fragrance Gemey

Paris adores it. "*Ravissant, le parfum Gemey!*" exclaims the smart Parisienne. London loves it... the gay young fragrance of Gemey perfume is "*quite the top!*" And in Barcelona, Buenos Aires... in 75 nations the world around... where women are glamorous, where men are gallant, there, too, is the fragrance Gemey. Young, fresh, joyous, Gemey has captured the feminine hearts of five continents. *And now in America*, Richard Hudnut, parfumeur international, presents this secret of continental charm. Wear it... feel your spirits soar. Wear it... *expect* magic moments. Wear it... for the man you like best... the world-preferred fragrance Gemey!



In crystal-clear flacons for your dressing table, \$2.50 and \$3.75.



ALONG THE RIVIERA, in London, Barcelona—the world around—Gemey is the fragrance. Try it... your nearest perfume counter has Gemey.

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!



Gargle Listerine to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—when resistance is low.

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

Year in, year out, those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener, caught about half as many colds and sore throats as non-users. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were extremely mild, while non-users reported more severe developments.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢



SIXTEEN MEN . . .

From the blood-drenched decks of a man o' war to the ecstasy of a sun-baked paradise isle . . . from the tyrannical grasp of a brutal captain to the arms of native beauties who brought them love and forgetfulness . . . came sixteen men from the "Bounty". Now their romantic story lives on the screens of the world . . . in one of the greatest entertainments since the birth of motion pictures!



**AMAZING FACTS
ABOUT M-G-M's
\$2,000,000
PRODUCTION**

Nearly two years in the making . . . Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at a cost in excess of two millions of dollars. The good ships "Bounty" and "Pandora" rebuilt from original plans loaned by the British Admiralty.

On Catalina Island, picturesque Portsmouth Harbor duplicated exactly as it was in 1787 when the "Bounty" sailed.

A complete M-G-M production unit sent 14,000 miles in tropic waters to film scenes in the actual locale. Six villages erected; 5,000 natives appearing in the Tahitian scenes.

Nearly 25,000,000 have read the famous best-seller by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall . . . Now you see it on the screen in all its thrilling reality.



Three of Hollywood's biggest stars head the notable cast

C H A R L E S C L A R K
LAUGHTON · GABLE

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's greatest production

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

with

FRANCHOT TONE

Herbert Mundin · Eddie Quillan · Dudley Digges · Donald Crisp

A FRANK LLOYD Production

Albert Lewin, Associate Producer



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Loretta Young

IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE

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Bill Henry and Cecelia Parker are the big romance of the month in Hollywood. And where's poor Eric Linden?



The bride and groom of the month, above, Sylvia Sidney and husband Bennett Cerf, publisher, veddy happy. At the Vendome

Since Joan Blondell and George Barnes separated, Joan and Dick Powell are one of the most-frequently-together couples



Your Dreams Of Romance
Set To Music!

Dreams of gay, mad, exciting love! Dreams of glamorous beauty ..brought to life by the charm of the screen's loveliest singing star...and poured forth in an inspiring rhapsody of Jerome Kern's music by the glorious voice that thrilled the world!

LILY PONS

in

"I DREAM TOO MUCH"

an RKO-Radio Picture with
HENRY FONDA
Osgood PERKINS • Eric BLORE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Bernian Production

Music by JEROME KERN
composer of "ROBERTA"



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW



Fourteen reasons why "Broadway Melody of 1936" is the hit it is: June Knight, Robert Taylor and "Melody Maidens"

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sydney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Rohson. (Aug.)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Nov.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount.—A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BLACK SHEEP—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BONNIE SCOTLAND—Roach-MGM.—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Coming Soon

to special theatres in leading cities . . . following its remarkable reception in New York and other world capitals . . . the spectacle connoisseurs consider "the most important production ever done in talking pictures."

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
MAX REINHARDT'S
FIRST MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

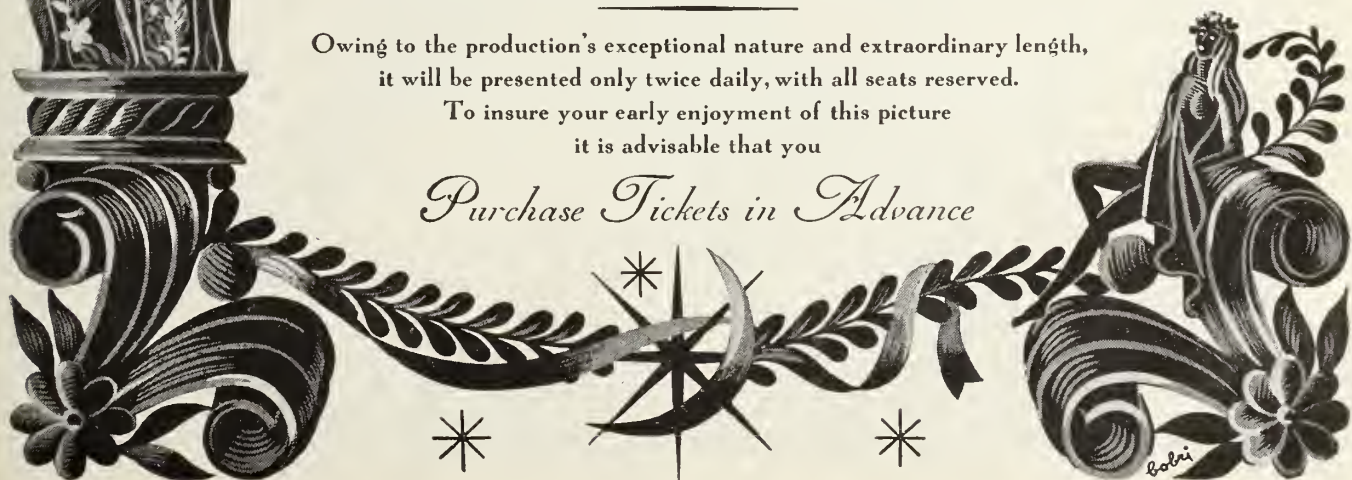
James Cagney	Joe E. Brown	Dick Powell
Anita Louise	Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Hugh Herbert	Frank McHugh	Ross Alexander
Verree Teasdale	Ian Hunter	Victor Jory
Mickey Rooney	Hobart Cavanaugh	Grant Mitchell

And nearly one thousand Dancers and Supernumeraries

Owing to the production's exceptional nature and extraordinary length, it will be presented only twice daily, with all seats reserved.

To insure your early enjoyment of this picture it is advisable that you

Purchase Tickets in Advance





Boos & Bouquets

Photoplay Magazine believes good opinions are valuable. See below for announcement of prize letters

Who said opera stars are never lovely to behold? Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan opera and Paramount star. For a little less revealing but just as nice glimpse of her see page 53

Beginning with this issue, PHOTOPLAY Magazine awards a total of \$35 for the best eight letters of the month. The \$35 is distributed in this manner: \$15 first prize, \$10 second prize, \$5 third prize, and five \$1 prizes. There are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players, pro and con. PHOTOPLAY Magazine reserves the right to use letters submitted in whole or in part.

FIRST PRIZE—\$15

PRAISES TODAY'S FILMS

THE views of your correspondents often make one want to compare notes with them further. I agree with the lady who wrote that we've never seen any pictures so well worth-while as those of today. Only, I should modify it by "the best of today." I do not know much about the majority of pictures, but the variety and fine performance of those that I have seen have been a rich treat. One would never forget "David Copperfield," "Black Fury," or "Les Miserables,"—to mention only recent pleasures. I want to see every Hepburn picture, and I've enjoyed Myrna Loy and Jean Parker and others, but I wonder why there seems to be none who impresses one with the greatness of personality of a Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Ada Rehan, or a Julia Marlow? Isn't it a mistake to make youth so important? The great actors in the movies seem to outnumber the great actresses—at least one can mention a half dozen who are doing remarkable work.

Mrs. Wm. H., Middletown, O.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10

NEED FOR BOTH

It would be unpardonable to compare the golden voices of Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald, but, as the saying is, a cat may look at a queen. So, without an attempt to hurt anyone's feelings; I like to see the MacDonald pictures again

and again, but, so far, one delightful evening with Miss Moore has been sufficient.

You see, I can understand the words of Miss MacDonald's songs, but I can only guess at Miss Moore's. And yet we have need for both of these golden-voiced young women.

At least I think so.

IRMA THOMPSON IRELAND, New Orleans, La.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5

ASTAIRE MAKES A LIFE

Fred Astaire—he did it! He has made my life one dance after another!

If it weren't for him I'd most certainly be training for another vocation.

When the period of musical pictures presented itself, people went to see them because they were something new—but not until Fred Astaire's "dancing feet" made their appearance, did American audiences become "dance conscious."

Fred Astaire has made me want to follow in his footsteps. My friends think I'm wasting my time on dancing, but, someday, I'll show them.

JOHN GRESE, Irvington, N. J.

\$1 PRIZE

DUCK, MR. GABLE

Why is it every girl goes crazy over Clark Gable? Or am I crazy?

Maybe you think so, but I would like to see the day when he could slap me down and make me like it!

Now I hope I don't have all the girls to whip just for saying what I think.

How about it, girls?

CHRISTINE HIGHT, Hanford, Calif.

\$1 PRIZE

CAN CRAWFORD ACT?

Isn't it about time for Joan Crawford to break down and act? I remember the days when she used to—and you can't tell me that any one with a life like hers can't act . . . or re-enact. In short, I want to see Joan doing something that demands no lavish clothes, with a plot not sprinkled with catchy lines, and in a part which calls for some of the power, the intense energy, the fight and bitterness of life she has known perhaps too well. Come down to the sordid life, Joan, and be a human!

R. CAROL LE GRANDE, Floral Park, N. Y.

\$1 PRIZE

WHY NOT BEHAVE?

Without any disposition to criticize anyone, one wonders why so many of the leading artists at Hollywood ruin their careers by an utter disregard of the generally accepted principles of good conduct! The first domestic scandal usually marks the beginning of their failure. Apparently the public is rather weary of the cheapness of many of the movie people and loses interest in those involved, refusing to spend their good, hard-earned money in support of them. Am I right?

KATHRYNE M. LYNCH, Schenevus, N. Y.

\$1 PRIZE

WELCOME BACK, NORMA

Our Norma Shearer will soon return to the screen and I am rejoicing. I have followed the career of this truly gifted actress almost from the first appearance in the movies. To me she has ever been an inspiration; not only in her profession but as a young woman of fine discrimination. Although the characters she has portrayed on the screen may not have always been of the highest type, nevertheless this actress has not glorified them nor tried to canonize them. There is always a delicate finesse in her characterization.

EVELYN S. HILL, Cleveland, Ohio.

\$1 PRIZE

BETTER RÔLE FOR "HE-MAN"

Why doesn't a "he-man" like Randolph Scott get a better chance in the movies? That is a question that is asked by women everywhere and, as they are the most ardent movie fans, I believe they should have a voice in the matter. Men, too, need no special invitation or coaxing to go to

movies if real he-men are seen in the leading rôles. Give Randolph Scott leading ladies like Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Connie Bennett, Rosalind Russell or some other striking actress and I warrant he will go places.

C. F., Merrill, Wis.

AWARD FOR GARBO

Somebody wrote that "Anna Karenina" will re-establish Garbo. Garbo does not need to be re-established. She goes steadily forward, even when miscast, as in "Mata Hari." "Grand Hotel" was a great success, as for the magnificent "Queen Christina," I have seen it ten times and I would see it again. It has had a great success in Europe, even in Garbo's native Stockholm where it was at first opposed because it was not accurate historically. Also, it seems it should be Garbo's turn to receive the annual Motion Picture Academy Award.

ANN TAESSLOVA, Richmond, Va

AGAINST CRITICISM

I wish to criticize the things people from all over the world send in to you, such as a criticism of the astounding Bing Crosby's crooning. I think he and young Nelson Eddy are two of the best singers in the world. Also about that little darling of the screen, Shirley Temple, saying she was too bold. I think it is the worst thing anyone could say about anyone who works his or her head off to please us. And please, for the fan's sake, don't make Mr. Eddy [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

How are you at figures? And we don't mean mathematics, not even when we say Gertrude Michael's curves speak for themselves—rather, they speak for herself



The *greatest* thrill in sound..

THE MIGHTY VOICE OF TIBBETT!

He stirs you as never before in this great picture, revealing the glamour and glory . . . comedy and caprice . . . rivalries and loves . . . behind the curtain of the world's most spectacular opera house!



LAWRENCE TIBBETT METROPOLITAN

**VIRGINIA BRUCE
ALICE BRADY
CESAR ROMERO
THURSTON HALL**

**A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Richard Boleslawski**

HEAR THE GREAT TIBBETT SING:

Pagliacci • *The Road to Mandalay*
The Toreador Song from Carmen
The Barber of Seville • *Faust*



Close ups and long shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY



TEN years ago, almost to the day, I came on the staff of PHOTOPLAY. Up until then I had just been a cub reporter on a New York City newspaper. I still don't know how Jim Quirk had ever heard of me. But there followed five years of working side by side with that man who was one of the greatest editors who ever lived.

Today Jim is dead and I find myself editor of the magazine he created. I know I shall never be able to equal his work but I shall try as much as I can to tag along in his footsteps.

Jim Quirk had the most amazing vision about people. He could spot talent in any line. He recognized, at a glance, people who were coming along, who someday were to be important writers, illustrators, actors.

There was a girl writing for the San Francisco papers some dozen years ago. Her chief claim to fame then was her amazing father, and her own exciting young face and skeptical mind.

As Adela Rogers St. Johns she came on the staff of PHOTOPLAY and today is its most distinguished graduate. With novels, short stories, movies she conquered the literary world. So I hope you understand how happy I am to point to page twenty-three of this issue and show you Adela Rogers St. Johns' name once again in this magazine and to promise you that she will be here monthly, which is a guarantee of twelve fine stories yearly. And how I do wish I could call across the distance and say, "Look, Jim, Adela's back."

ANOTHER great writer you are going to read monthly in these pages from now on is Frederick L. Collins. The way we both discovered the story which you can read beginning on page fourteen of this issue is one of those accidents that make editing exciting.

We were having tea together one afternoon—yes, that kind of tea—and wondering about destiny and such things when suddenly I asked,

"Weren't you Evangeline Adams' literary executor?"

"Yes, I was," said Mr. Collins.

"Could you get at her horoscopes?"

"Easily."

"Let's see what she prophesied years ago for movie people today," I suggested. So Mr. Collins looked it up, but we never dreamed we would find the amazing story you'll discover.

THE reason I am doing all this horn-tooting is because Jim Quirk way back there ten years ago taught me to believe that a magazine on motion pictures could be just as well written as the best class of magazine. He didn't believe in tripe or cheapness, and he taught me not to. So I do want you to believe that hereafter in these pages you are going to find stories written by talented people for readers of intelligence and taste.

THERE has been, as we both know, the most unmitigated tripe written about Hollywood the last few years and it is still being written. The sex ballyhoo has been going full blast and I'll wager the thirty-seven fifty I made on the Baer-Louis fight that a lot of you are as bored with it as I am.

PERSONALLY I am sickened with the vulgarity that surrounded Joan Crawford's recent marriage to Franchot Tone. For almost two years now, Joan has been most coy on the subject of marriage and Mr. Tone. Just before her latest trip East quite positive word was

given out that the marriage would be performed. It would have been very simple for Joan to have played square with the entire press. Instead, her studio executives, both East and West, issued for her a positive denial of an impending marriage. When reporters, noting that she and Franchot had traveled across the continent together and had registered together at the same hotel, asked matrimonial questions, Joan wept and said how terribly they were treating her. Crawford is a great personality and a good actress. Her private life is most certainly her own. But she can't expect to kiss in the spotlight and then ask the world to pretend it hasn't noticed. That is in rotten bad taste.

WHEN Claudette Colbert got her divorce, a few months ago, she arranged a time and a place for the reporters to come and get all the answers to any questions they were puzzled over. And even more recently when the completely unfounded rumor was printed that Frances Dee and Joel McCrea were separating, I wired those two most-in-love people. They wired back instantly, "If it were true, darling, you'd be the first to know." (I was so relieved to get that answer, that I promise not to hold them to that.) The facts were, as later disclosed, that an over-ambitious reporter had seen Dorothy Lee who actually was in Reno getting a divorce from Marshall Duffield. The eager young man misunderstood her name and without checking further sent in the story as concerning Miss Dee. Which proves him not only a bad reporter but a terrible movie fan if he couldn't tell at a glance the difference between the flapper Dorothy Lee and the exquisite beauty of Frances McCrea. But in the cases of Claudette and the McCreas in so quickly replying to logical queries, the stars were acting with intelligence and courtesy.

THIS much is certain. More intelligence and taste are coming into the movie world every day of its busy life. Interestingly enough that is due to two very different elements. One is the new music crowd. The other is the threat of English pictures.

The music stars, debonair, lovely people, recreate that brand of glamour that Barbara La Marr and Negri and Swanson had in the old days. Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Nino Martini, who is handsomer than he screens, and who has the same sincere ingenuousness that was Valentino's, Lily Pons, all are bringing a splash of color, a Continental charm to the gardens of Beverly Hills.

They are worldly idealists, these musicians. And simply because they are, with the exception of Grace Moore, so new to pictures, such babes in Hollywood that they provide their own merriment.

They have fun. That is their great distinction and it is also the thing that distinguishes English pictures. The actors have fun making them.

I remember an anecdote I heard Leslie Howard tell concerning how he learned about living through making "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in England for Alexander Korda.

He said that all his adult life, while he had tried both

on the stage and in pictures to do the artistic thing, he had been, primarily, concerned with making money.

He had a position to maintain, a wife and two growing children to support, and he was everlastingly haunted by the fear that dogs all actors that one day his popularity might just disappear and he would, henceforth, have no further earning capacity. He therefore made pictures as fast and frequently as he could, only indulging himself once in a while to do a stage play, or make "Secrets" with Mary Pickford, because he felt Mary represented a tradition in movies with which he liked to be identified. But as he faced the forties rushing toward him, he put by as platinum a nest egg as he could. It was in this mood that he went to England to make "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

NOW Alexander Korda wasn't much of a success in Hollywood when he directed here. It was before the days of sound, and his major claim to fame in Hollywood was that he was the Hungarian husband of Maria Korda, as beautiful a woman as the screen has ever reflected.

But Leslie Howard met in London the Korda who had made "Henry the VIII," a man with a fine eye for feminine beauty, and something even more important, Korda has a sense of leisure, of having pleasure. Time and again, Leslie discovered production being stopped for the, in movie circles, unbelievable reason that it was such a beautiful day that Korda thought the cast would have much more fun going on a picnic than shooting scenes. Of course, it held up production, but they all did have a wonderful time. They turned out a fine picture and Leslie discovered that while it had taken him longer than usual to make a certain sum, he had, meanwhile, been living through some of the most delightful days of his existence.

CURRENTLY Hollywood is hueing and crying over the possibility of losing many of its players, both English and American, to English pictures, due to the taxes on picture salaries. Many English stars like Howard, Herbert Marshall, Brian Aherne, Arliss, Ronnie Colman, have to pay a triple tax, to England, the United States and to the state of California. They can either go back to England and avoid some of it, or make fewer pictures.

I can see why, as a Hollywood producer, this can be regarded as a danger. But merely as a movie-goer, I regard it as all to the good.

A star making two pictures a year is very apt to give those pictures more thought and devotion than if making six a year. Producers will have to discover new personalities. Productions simply can not become so standardized under these arrangements and we, the public, will see some different pictures.

AND, incidentally, speaking of the pleasures of life, I don't mean to gossip or anything, having explained a few paragraphs back how I feel about that, but that second McCrea baby will be here about the time you are reading this.



● GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Lovely to look at, delightful to see — is Gladys Swarthout, who will make you revise the notion that all operatic stars are fair, fat and forty. A piquant personality . . . a charm and grace all her own . . . a voice of molten gold . . . audiences will take Miss Swarthout to their hearts when they see her in Paramount's colorful "Rose of the Rancho" in which she is co-starred with John Boles.

Advertisement

The VOICE from the GRAVE that

These uncannily accurate prophecies and warnings link
Hollywood's great with a great woman three years dead!

By Frederick L. Collins

EVANGELINE ADAMS is dead. It is three years now since she ceased those mysterious earthly activities which linked her so closely with the supernatural. But she still lives in the careers of Hollywood celebrities who followed her astrological advice—and in our memories of those who didn't.

"Will Rogers has a very fortunate horoscope." I remember her saying, as we sat together in that famous studio in Carnegie Hall where the world's great, from John Burroughs to J. Pierpont Morgan the elder, had come so often for advice. "There is no reason why he shouldn't live to a very great age, if he takes care of himself."

"What do you mean, take care of himself?" I asked. "I know Will, and if ever a man lived an exemplary—"

"Oh, I don't mean that," replied the great astrologer. "The kind of care Will Rogers must take of himself is not to run unnecessary risks when he is under what we astrologers call 'accidental conditions.'"

I did not need to ask the inevitable question, "When?"

Already, her fine eyes, which had been gazing out on the huddled rooftops of Midtown Manhattan, had dropped to the clock-like chart on the desk between us. The great astrologer was busy with those enigmatic scribbles by which she arrived at her inexplicable conclusions. Presently, she began rattling off a series of dates—I have my own written record of them in front of me as I write—when the beloved philosopher would be most in danger of losing his life.

"But by far the worst time," she concluded, "is the summer of 1935. That's when he'll be tempted to take unnecessary chances with some kind of a machine—an automobile or a train or an airplane—and if he does, it will wreck him."

She bent low over her figures. I could see that she was checking and double-checking her cold, mathematical calculations.

"Yes," she said solemnly, "it will wreck him."

She told me the same thing about Wally Beery—only the date she set, when Wally would have to exercise the greatest care to avoid disaster, was 1940. I remember the Beery prediction distinctly, and so would you if you had been in my place:

"All people born at just the time Wallace Beery was born—and that includes you, Fred Collins—must be careful not to travel by air or water in January or February, 1940."

Naturally, although I was at that time the veriest unbeliever, and can't even now see *why* the things she foresaw came so amazingly and inescapably true—well, naturally, I wrote down the date, and I hope that my good friend Wally Beery, if he reads these lines, will do the same.

And while I am in the business of saving Hollywood lives, I might as well tell Ruth Chatterton to be careful, and, as the lamented Mr. Chevalier used to say, be careful *right now*—for Evangeline once said that Ruth was in grave danger of disaster during 1935 and 1936. The fact that Miss Chatterton, who used to work herself into a lather of worry every time

George Brent insisted on going up in his plane, suddenly took up aviation on her own account in 1935 may not mean anything—I sincerely hope it doesn't mean anything for 1936—but she had better be careful just the same.

For, understand it or not, believe it or not, a voice from the grave still rules Hollywood!

"Oh, yeah?" you say, you skeptics—and in my saner moments I am inclined to "Oh, yeah?" with you—but how are you going to explain away the fact that this strangely gifted woman could foresee death by airplane some fifteen years ago for the great Will Rogers, who at that time had never left the earth in anything giddier than an elevator?

I should explain, perhaps, that I know Evangeline Adams more intimately than any one else who touched her busy life, except of course her immediate family, and that it was our custom, because of our common interest in things theatrical, to discuss the horoscope of each new star of stage or screen the moment it, or he or she, rose above the theatrical horizon.

Sometimes, the individual discussed would be a client of Miss Adams' with whose chart she was already familiar. For example, I remember seeing on her desk one day a telegram which began:

"DEAR EVANGELINE ADAMS PLEASE WIRE IF IT WILL BE SAFE FOR DOUGLAS TO FLY FROM HOLLYWOOD TO NEW YORK ON SATURDAY . . ."

The telegram was signed, as you have probably guessed—since it was dated back in the good old days of Pickfair happiness—"MARY PICKFORD."

Yes, Miss Adams had a big theatrical clientele but sometimes the horoscopes she discussed with me were of people whom she had never seen—and sometimes of people whose



Out of the past came a command to Joan Crawford to avoid marriage this year! Wow—!

If Wally Beery is ruled by the "warning voice" he must not travel early in 1940

GUIDES Hollywood

Those mysterious supernatural activities of Evangeline Adams let her foresee in 1932 Will Rogers' dire fate in 1935

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

names she didn't know. I remember handing her Jean Harlow's date when that gorgeous lady first flashed in Howard Hughes' "Hell's Angels." Evangeline didn't even know whether the owner of the birth date was a man or a woman.

"This person," she exclaimed, with that stark, scared look, which so often came into her eyes when she saw something alarming in a chart, "should *never* marry!"

This was long before the platinum one had married the ill-starred Paul Bern, or the bed-reading Hal Rosson—years before the rumors of her impending marriage to thin-man Bill Powell.

She said the same thing, by the way, about Gloria Swanson, but the statement in Gloria's case, was not so surprising, since la Swanson had already started on her long series of disastrous adventures with those gallant gentlemen, the Hollywood Swansoneers. She said what was to me a much more interesting thing about the beautiful Gloria.

"Miss Swanson's great talent is not acting. It's writing." And then she added, quite irrelevantly, as was her habit: "So is Jean Hersholt's."

Eagerly I await the fulfillment of these two prophecies from the grave; for no two people in all Hollywood could write more interesting or more different stories.

For Miss Adams to say that a person should *never* marry was a most unusual occurrence. She believed in marriage, and died feeling that she had guided many a client into a successful marital career. But she was always warning those who came to her not to marry certain kinds of people or not to marry at all during certain unfavorable periods; and I feel sure that if she had been alive, she would have told Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone not to marry during 1935.

Joan's horoscope always intrigued her, because it showed with almost photographic clearness the inevitable reasons for her outstanding success in the movies; but it also showed that she should think long and earnestly before contracting a marriage with anyone during the year which is just closing or—I regret to say it, for I think Joan and Franchot are both swell people and I wish them well—1936. But now, the die is cast!

Miss Adams read Tone's horoscope long before he met Miss Crawford, while he was still an aspiring leading man with the Theatre Guild; and she read Claudette Colbert's at the same time. Claudette was a Theatre Guilder, too, you know, before she became Hollywood's busiest actress. I have looked up my notes on Evangeline's predictions for Miss Colbert, but all I can find is a warning to look out for some kind of violent attack from another person during late 1935 or early 1936, and the suggestion of a possible scandal sometime in 1935.

Well, Claudette has beaten her stars so far. She has certainly escaped mayhem during 1935; and scandal, too. Come to think of it, though, her divorce from Norman Foster, although there was nothing scandalous about it, did receive a good deal of publicity, and *that* in the eyes of an old New England puritan like Evangeline Adams—she was a descendant of old John and Samuel Adams, you know!—may have passed for "scandal."

For all her straight-laced ways, however, Evangeline had an uncanny flair for spotting unsuccessful marriages long before

the world knew they were that way. I remember what she once said about Colleen Moore when Colleen was to all outward appearances happily married to the genial and recently Johan-ized John McCormick:

"You think of Colleen Moore as a gay, irresponsible youngster"—and who, in those bobbed days, didn't?—"but that is because she is a real actress; according to her chart, one of the finest actresses on the screen. But there is nothing irresponsible about this girl in real life. Her Mercury, which as you know, or ought to know, rules the mind, is in the systematic, methodical, planning sign Virgo. The only home that such a person will ever be happy in is one which she makes herself and over which she has exercised absolute dominion down to the smallest detail. Yet, a girl whose Venus is as strongly placed in the home sign Cancer as Colleen's is, must make some kind of home."

I have often thought of that long-ago reading of the stars in the light of Colleen's pride and satisfaction in her famous \$500,000 doll house, perhaps the only home which she has been able to make

herself and over which she could exercise fully her own will.

If you are as skeptical of all this stuff as I was when I first met Miss Adams, you are probably laughing at the possibility of an astrologer, sitting in a studio three thousand miles from Hollywood, knowing what was going to happen to a movie star five or even ten or fifteen years from the time she read his or her chart. Well, I have ceased to laugh. I knew and loved Rudolph Valentino—and this is what Evangeline Adams prophesied for Rudy more than three years before his death:

"The year 1925 will bring this actor under very contradictory aspects," she said. "It will depend wholly on his ability to propitiate the Fates as to whether he will be on the crest or submerged in the cellar so far as popularity is concerned."

Then she went on, in a conversation which was sprinkled with Saturns and Uranuses and Tauruses and such like, to explain that Rudy was under most depressing influences which might affect both his health and his reputation, bring out the most undesirable side of his character, expose him to public humiliation and gossip and rob him of his power and possibly of his life. On the other hand, if he disregarded outside influences and immersed himself in constructive work, it was just *possible* that he might make the very best picture of his career. These were her concluding words:

"There will, however, be no middle course for this actor in 1924 and extending into 1925. It must either be the banner time of his life, because he develops into being a star of the first magnitude, or he will be lost in space."

What happened was this:

Rudy, at the height of his career in January, 1924, was publicly crowned "King of the Movies." In July of that year he broke with his managers, involved himself in contract litigation, and entered upon a long period of absence from the screen. In November, Chicago organizations passed resolutions denouncing him as an actor and a man. The following year, he was publicly accused of having been a slacker in the world war and his wife, the gifted Rambova, sued him for divorce.

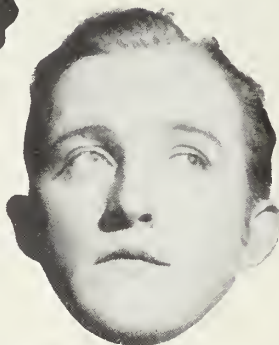
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

It was Evangeline Adams who foresaw the striking comeback of Grace Moore



You'll be amazed at what was foretold about Garbo's private romantic life!

What was foreseen for Bing Crosby was the happiest augury of all the forecasts!





Hurrell

■ Superb in suave "other woman" rôles, M-G-M's favorite meteor, Rosalind Russell, is Bill Powell's newest heroine. Those luminous brown eyes first saw light in Connecticut



■ Charles Boyer, the most Latin sex-appeal since Valentino! The world and its girl-friend, mainly the girl-friend, excitedly await his return from England to do another film

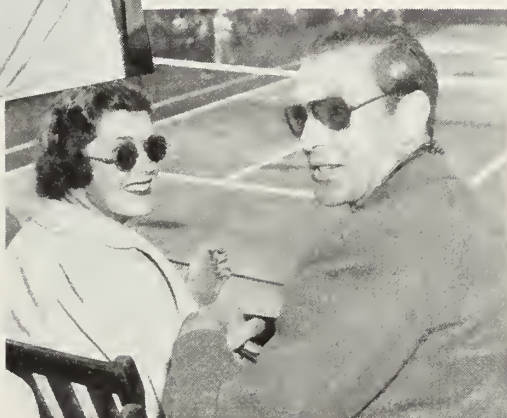


You'll probably be seeing her soon—Gloria Swanson. With Herbert Marshall, Warner Baxter, and Elizabeth Allan

The Gary Coopers, one of Hollywood's most-seen-together couples, about to enjoy a spot of tennis at the L. A. matches



Janet Gaynor, smiling and well after her skull fracture from her accidental collision with Henry Fonda on the set. That's Eadie Adams with her



Cute as a boarding school deb. None other than Carole Lombard, the sophisticated of sophisticated screen ladies

On the Spot NEWS



ROBERT TAYLOR'S FAN MAIL JUMPS TO 300 PER DAY

M-G-M star rewarded—gets "Three Live Ghosts" part

"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE" NEXT ALL TECHNICOLOR

Sylvia Sidney signed for lead with Henry Fonda, MacMurray, Paulette Goddard wanted for cast, but Chaplin says no. Wants her to appear first in his film, "Modern Times," which will release later than "The Pine"

JOAN BENNETT SURPRISES HUBBY GENE MARKEY IN NEW YORK

Flies to meet his boat from Europe and thus spikes reports of domestic rift current for weeks

NO MORE ENGLAND FOR FAY WRAY

Writes friends she will stay in Hollywood on her return

POLLY ANN YOUNG TO WED J. CARTER HERMANN IN JANUARY

Lets news out at sister Sally Blane-Norman Foster nuptials

RANDOLPH SCOTT SAVES THE DAY FOR CAROLE LOMBARD AND HER PRODUCTION, "SPINSTER DINNER"

Looked as if it would have lived up to title—couldn't find a leading man to suit her

GARBO FROM ALL INDICATIONS TO MAKE HOLLYWOOD HER HOME ON HER RETURN

She's going to bring her two brothers with her

DIETRICH MOVES INTO SEVENTH HOUSE SINCE COMING TO HOLLYWOOD

WALLACE BEERY THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Introduces new-comer or old-timer on weekly radio broadcast in hope of giving them better break

ON the night before Christmas when the stockings are hung by the chimney with care in the hope that St. Nicholas soon will be there the most famous child the world has ever known intends to stay awake in her little bed and keep her eyes very wide open. Because **THIS** year she expects to catch Santa Claus.

And what Shirley Temple wants Santa Claus to bring her for Christmas is the Dionne quintuplets.

She told me so herself.

Shirley Temple believes in Santa Claus. In fact, last year she heard on the roof the prancing and pawing of each little hoof and she caught just a glimpse of Santa Claus, but he was too quick for her. This Christmas she's going to be quicker. She told me that, too.

There is just one worry in Shirley's six-year-old mind as the day of cheer and holly and lighted candles draws near.

"There is a chimbley in our patio," she said, seriously, "I'm scared he'll come down that by mistake and then he'd be outside and how could he find my stocking?"

She contemplated this catastrophe gravely for a full minute, her head on one side, her mouth puckered. Then the smile that has made the whole world smile back at her twinkled out at me. "If I leave the door unlocked he'll come in the house all right, because to be Santa Claus he must be pretty smart, don't you think? Mother, can I be sure to leave the door unlocked Christmas Eve?"

Her mother said she could and Shirley returned momentarily to her spinach. (We were at lunch in her studio bungalow.)

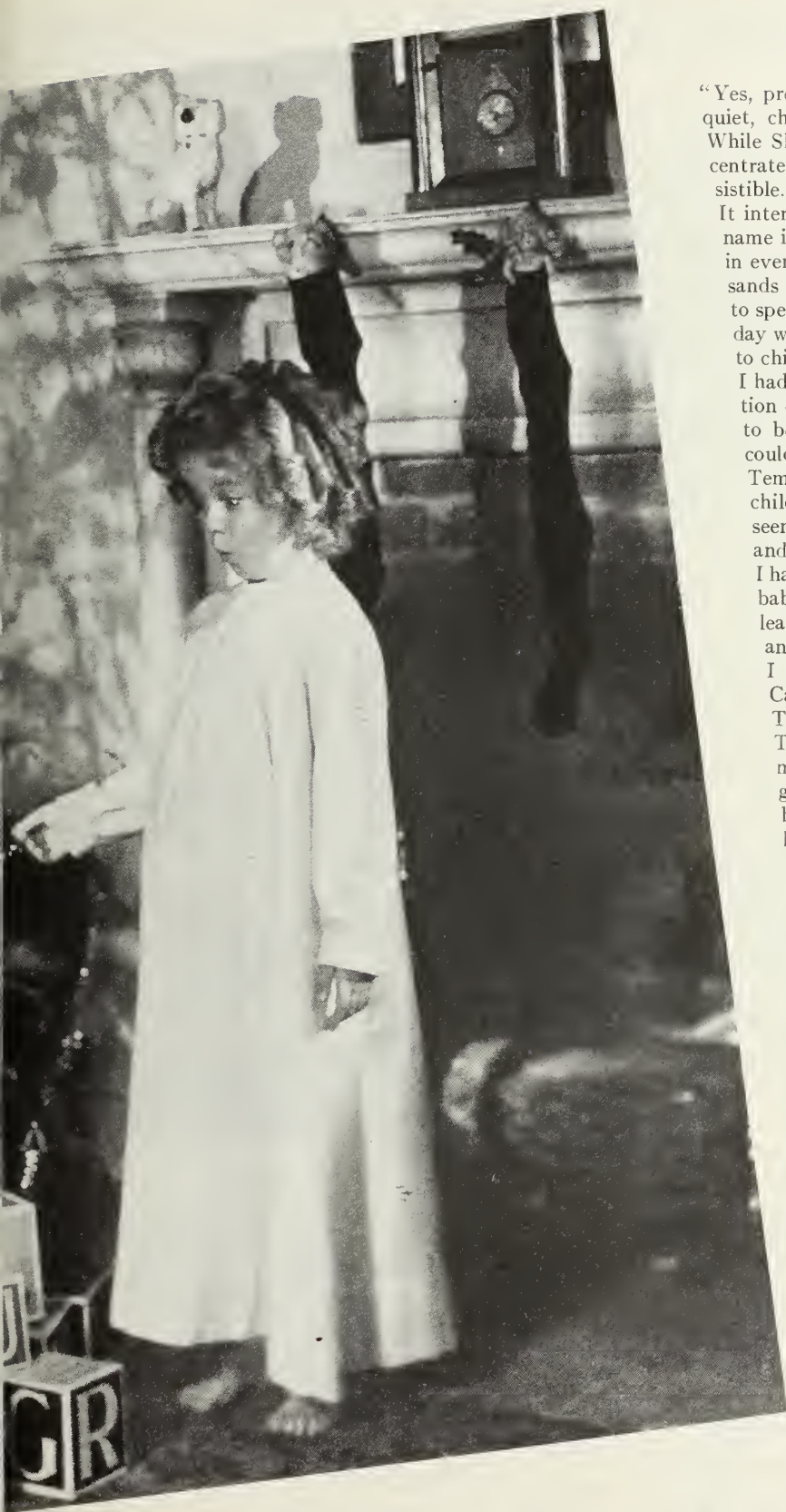
She took a very large mouthful of spinach and remarked: "Of course he can't get the quintuplets in my stocking—nor the doll buggy either." That tickled her and she laughed that never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-recaptured laughter of childhood that trails clouds of glory. "I thought a lot," she said, when both the laughter and the spinach had disappeared. "If I went to sleep quick, in a minute it'd be morning and I could see my presents. But if I stay awake *every minute* and stick my eyes wide open, I might see Santa Claus. Which'd you do?"

I said I thought I'd try to stay awake but if I couldn't, I'd console myself when I woke up by remembering how quick Christmas had come.

"Santa Claus never makes any noise," said Shirley, "but the reindeers do. Dancer and Prancer and Dunder and Blitzen make noise. Mother, do I have to eat all my carrots and peas? I ate all my spinach."



Shirley Wants the Quintuplets



for Christmas

By Adela
Rogers St. Johns

"Yes, precious, you know you do," said Mrs. Temple's quiet, charming voice.

While Shirley concentrated on carrots and peas, I concentrated for a moment on Shirley. Shirley the irresistible.

It interested me greatly to know how this baby whose name is known to millions, whose little face is beloved in every civilized place on the globe, who earns thousands and thousands of dollars every week, was going to spend Christmas Day, what she thought about that day which has been consecrated since time immemorial to childhood.

I hadn't met her before—and I went with a combination of excitement and dread. I am a little inclined to believe in Santa Claus myself and I felt I just couldn't bear it if Shirley Temple wasn't—Shirley Temple. I do not as a rule like stage children nor child actors. I don't approve of them and I have seen tragedy surround them in their sacred youth and tragedy destroy them in their maturity too often. I have had my heart wrung by the poor self-conscious babies of the spotlight, by the unnatural life they lead, the hard little eyes peering out of little masks and affected voices saying studied phrases.

I felt, that morning, as I drove through a light California fog, that I couldn't bear it if Shirley Temple was like that off the screen. Shirley Temple belongs to me as she belongs to every mother. She's the living memory of the little girl who grew up—the little girl who grew up to be your best pal and your greatest pride, but who lives now only in the long ago. She's the baby daughter some women never had. She belongs to my boys, who continue to demand another baby sister just like Shirley Temple. I have laughed and wept with her and loved her as humanity must love kids if it's to go on at all. Well, knowing Shirley Temple will remain one of the exquisite experiences of my life, something to take out on days when life hurts, when faith slips through tired fingers, when ghosts of dead dreams and unanswered prayers bring heartaches. It's—it's *good* to find that love has been given where love belongs, that altars such as a confused, weary world has erected to this child are sure and steady altars. It's well to know we were right when we took this baby to our hearts and let a little child lead us into hours of simple tears and simple laughter that left us stronger and cleaner and more confident that God made us to be happy.

I might just as well break down right here and admit that finding Shirley Temple believing in Santa Claus as a love that surely would come to her on Christmas morning made my Christmas bound to be happier. When you know her, there still isn't any way to explain Shirley Temple. You just have to love her, that's all. As you adore Alice in Wonderland.

You see, Shirley doesn't know she's famous. She doesn't know she earns a fortune with her dancing steps and her twinkling smile. She doesn't know she's acting. She's the luckiest child in the world.

It's like this.

Your children and mine play house—they play Indian—they play dolls and G-men and war. They get rigged up

HOW THE MOST FAMOUS LITTLE GIRL

in cowboy suits or mother's old clothes. They dig trenches in the back yard and they get up shows and circuses and pretend to be Buck Rogers or the Little Princess. Well, Shirley Temple does that all day long, only she has the whole darn 20th Century-Fox studio to do it in, the wardrobe department to make her costumes, the art department to arrange her sets. That's all. The grown-ups don't always have time to make believe with the kids, you and I know that. We don't always have time to stop and be pirate chief or the train conductor. But Shirley Temple has Jimmy Dunn and John Boles and Bill Robinson there to play with her all day long. She IS Alice in Wonderland. And that's what keeps her normal and simple and happy. She's an imaginative child and they make a make-believe world for her and she plays in it with all her heart and soul.

And Christmas is just as big an adventure to her as it is to every other child in this land who hangs up a stocking with care.

"Do you expect," said Shirley, "that anybody ever gets tired of presents?"

Having dealt properly with the carrots and peas she got up sedately and backed up to her mother, and mother removed the hooped skirt and frilled pantalettes of the "Littlest Rebel" and Shirley went into the tiled bathroom of her studio bungalow, which to her isn't a star's dressing room but a play house par excellence. Pretty soon she called me in, her voice a conspiratorial whisper.

"I'm going to give mother a new watch for Christmas," she said, twinkling up at me. "Don't tell. You don't expect she'll get one for herself before Christmas, do you? That would be awful, wouldn't it?"

I said I was sure she wouldn't do that.

"Then that's all right," said Shirley, with a sigh of relief.

"I have an awful lot of Christmas shopping to do. But I'm making Daddy's present my own self. I can't tell *anybody* about that. It's a surprise."

And she didn't tell me.

"Are all your teeth real or have you got any false teeth?" she said suddenly.

I said that to date my teeth were all my own and Shirley shook her head in pity. "Come on in and see me put on my false tooth," she said.

We went into the small shiny white dressing room. Shirley opened her mouth with great expectation and rolled her eyes at me and pointed one small finger at her teeth. One of the front ones hadn't quite grown down yet—the pearly little second tooth. Her mother adjusted a tiny porcelain cap over it and Shirley squirmed and wriggled with delight. Then she showed me the result with pardonable pride. "I got a false tooth," she said, with a wide grin.

"What's the nicest part of Christmas, Shirley?" I said.

"My bruvvers'll come home," said Shirley instantly.

There are two big brothers. Jack who is at Stanford University, and George, Jr. who is at New Mexico Military Institute.

"It's lonesome having my bruvvers at school like that," said Shirley. Then her face lighted up. "But if they hadn't



gone away it wouldn't be so much fun having 'em come home."

"More fun than presents?" I asked.

"O—hh, yes!" said Shirley, wiggling frantically, while her hoop skirts were readjusted.

"Do stand still, precious," said Mrs. Temple.

"All right," said Shirley, and stood still for thirty seconds and then began wiggling once more. "Last year I had presents and presents and presents. All the rooms were full of presents and presents. It looked more fun to open them and it took me days and days. I opened and opened. I had so many presents I could give a whole lot of them away. A *whole* lot."

"Do you like a Christmas tree?" I asked.

"Yes," said Shirley, "but I like hanging up my stocking best. You have to wait till morning—that's the most fun."

We went back to the set and then I really fell in love with Shirley Temple forever and ever.

The scene in the picture went something like this: Big Boy Williams, playing a drunken Yankee soldier, told Shirley to pull off his boots. He leaned back in his chair and Shirley pretended to pull off his boots, and instead she shoved him over backward and he went flat on the floor. Then he jumped up and chased her, murder in his eye. The chase was to end when he caught her directly in front of the camera. The re-

IN THE WORLD WILL SPEND CHRISTMAS



These most delightful pictures of Shirley Temple speak for themselves. And there's not a human being, young or old, wealthy or poor, who won't feel richer in spirit when he's read this great story

hearsals went off perfectly, but when they started to shoot Shirley had discovered that if she ran as fast as she could, Big Boy Williams couldn't catch her until she was at the other end of the set. That, decided Shirley, was much more fun than stopping right in front of the camera for a close-up. So, squealing with laughter, she beat Big Boy Williams to the other end of the set and came back still uproarious, shouting to Director David Butler, "I can run faster than he can—I can run faster than he can." It was a glorious game and Shirley liked her own version of it much better than the one in the script. "I can run faster than anybody," she yelled gleefully.

All the lights and the cameras and the people didn't mean anything to her. It was more fun to beat Big Boy Williams. It took quite a while to convince her that she had to do it the other way and then the close up of terror was amazing

"I'm not really scared of you, Big Boy," she told him, patting his arm. "I'm just pretending."

The Christmas of the world's most famous child will be—Christmas. As quiet as Mrs. Temple can make it. As simple. The boys will be home from school. Grandmother will be there. A tree. A stocking by the fireplace. Turkey. Presents that Shirley gives and gets. Shirley [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]



Abroad he acquired that English way of dressing and talking that leads so many people to think of him as English-born

NECKTIES get Fred Astaire down. He has as many of them as Bill Powell has hats — which, the last time I looked into Bill's closet, was fifty, and probably is a hundred by now.

But there is a difference between Fred's ties and Bill's hats, a difference other than color and shape. Fred *wears* his ties. Bill doesn't wear his hats. He just collects them as another nut might collect Napoleana or Americana or Hollywoodana. They're museum pieces, Bill's hats, all except the old gray one he has always worn and always will wear—and that's sort of a museum piece, too.

Fred's ties, on the other hand, are in continual circulation. He can only wear one at a time—such is the silly rule! — but he sometimes tries on as many as fifteen before he finds that one. And then, just for good measure, he ties the runner-up around his middle as a belt.

He probably got the idea from his pal, the Prince of Wales. Davy has a suit for every day in the year—and many a time he refuses to go to the royal sewing circle because he really hasn't anything to wear!

But, back to Fred.

When in New York, Fred did his neckties daily dozen in a big, sunny, mannish bedroom, the walls of which were littered with pictures of famous race horses. The bedroom couldn't very well help being sunny because it was in a penthouse on the roof of 875 Park Avenue. It wasn't as big a penthouse as the late Ivar Kreuger's, and it didn't have a tree growing up in the middle of it. But Fred's penthouse was plenty big enough to house him and his ties, and in the pre-altar days, his mother and his sister.

It can hardly be said that they lived extravagantly, considering that Fred and his sister were getting \$4,000 a week from Ziegfeld in 1931. But to appreciate the causes for the simple tastes of the Astaires, it is necessary to go back to the beginning,



The Private Life

The real facts—from noodle soup to his great romance—

to Omaha. Now I am not going to tell you much of Fred's early life, for you must already have read that since his climb to movie fame. But a sort of broad outline of Freddie from Omaha to Hollywood can do no harm.

In character and career, Fred Astaire may seem to resemble the bubbling effervescence of champagne rather than the slow, heavy foaming of the humbler beer. But Fred's father was a brewer; and prohibition—Nebraska being a state where they take such things seriously—ruined his business; and so fat little Freddy and his talented sister had to "take steps" to retrieve the family fortunes.

We should drink to Mr. Volstead then, we admirers of the man who has made the nation dance-conscious, because it was the much abused Eighteenth Amendment and the still more abused Volstead Law that gave us Fred Astaire.

Of course, as all the world should know by now, his name wasn't Astaire but Austerlitz. Why the change from Germany to France, nobody knows. But when the dancing pair finally



At the ripe old age of six and seven Fred and Adele were cavorting in amateur theatricals in New York — like this!

charity entertainment, when Fred was a little less than eight and Adele was a little more than nine, that Martin Beck, head of the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit, is said to have offered them thirty weeks in the sticks on the two-a-day.

"Two-a-day!" exclaimed Sister Adele, in recalling those early troupings. "Pollyanna was a pessimist compared with the humorist who first called vaudeville the two-a-day. Two-a-day for us would have meant that the theater had burned down in the middle of the afternoon."

Behind the gayety with which both Astaires now speak of those first struggles lie years of draughty little vaudeville houses in Western one-horse towns, all-night journeys in stuffy day coaches, meals, if any, in greasy, one-arm lunchrooms — and two forlorn youngsters in their early teens, who hoped for some better spot than the "opener"

of Fred Astaire

about the shyest star of all

By Frederick Lewis

appeared at a Winter Garden Sunday Night Concert in New York, Monday morning critics *did* solemnly comment on "the Parisian chic of the young Astaires."

Of course, Dely and Freddy didn't make the Winter Garden in one jump. As a matter of fact, they didn't make anywhere for some time, except the local dancing school, where brown-eyed Freddy was known as "that talented Austerlitz girl's little brother."

Subsequently, Mother Astaire brought her two "Nebraska golliwoggles" to New York. She still had enough money to pay for dancing lessons, and she believed in going to one school for one kind of step and to another for another. That's how so many dancing masters are now able to stick out their heaving chests and say, with some show of truth:

"I taught Fred Astaire."

One dancing teacher did do something for the kids. That was Ned Wayburn. Ned wrote their first one-act skit, "A Rainy Saturday." It was while they were doing this act at a

on vaudeville bills. They had great courage, those two.

At last, the break came—or so they thought. Their act was booked, for a solid week at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater in New York, where Douglas Fairbanks was the headliner. Of course, they opened the bill. They expected that. But they didn't expect to get their notice after the first performance on Monday afternoon. But when Freddy, who was business manager as well as dance originator and ballet master, went around to the theater office to ask why the act was cancelled he got his answer in four words:

"Because it was terrible!"

Six weeks later, they were on Broadway again, really on Broadway, filling a featured spot in Ed Wynn's "Over the Top."

"That," commented Freddy as he told the story, "is show business."

Whatever it was, Fred Astaire had his chance, at last, to show the show-shop world "the feet that can talk and sing."



Left, Fred and sister Adele when they were ten and eleven; center, a year later, when professional photographers came into their lives; right, at the ages of thirteen and fourteen, those difficult days of training, filled with school and dancing classes and the ever-present hope for a better "spot"

After "Over the Top" came "The Passing Show," "Apple Blossoms," "The Love Letter," "The Bunch and Judy," and "Round the Town"—then "For Goodness Sake," Europe and the Grand Slam!

It was in London that Fred began to pull away, artistically I mean, from his popular madcap sister. Perhaps it was a case of the prophet and his own country. Anyhow, when Fred Astaire sailed away from New York, he was considered by all but a few of the most discriminating as just another snappy hooper; when he arrived in London, he was immediately hailed as a master.

"Mr. Astaire is an actor from the knees down . . . his ankles articulate ecstasy or despair . . . every footflicker tells a story . . . his laughing eyes . . . his smile, illuminated by intelligence . . . an impish soul in an Every-man's body . . . feet that tell a love story . . . comedian . . . a man of the world . . . commanding all the secrets of caressing . . . the gallery rose to frenzy . . . in the stalls, the women by their glances betokened beatitude. . . ."

But to get back to 875 Park Avenue. Mother Astaire was a wise woman. She had Omaha ideas. Adele used to say that her mother only allowed her a hundred dollars a week out of her \$2,000, even though she, Adele, was thirty-one when she quit. I imagine Mother pursued more of a hands-off policy with the man of the house—it's still a man's world, especially

with mothers—but she was certainly no playgirl when it came to household expenses.

There was Mandy, last name unknown, who served as general, colonel and inajor factotem. Mandy's chief job was to answer the telephone, and say nothing. Delly's maid was Louize Lux, presumably of the well known Suddsy Luxes of Hollywood and points East. Louise's motto was "Keep the pretties clean." Tom Gisborn ran the Rolls Royce. That was a little something that got by Ma! In fact, it got by everybody the way Tom drove it.

Tom led a hard life. His boss was always getting away from him. Once he glanced back in the traffic on Fifth Avenue in front of the Public Library and found the back seat absolutely Astaireless. Tom was puzzled. He knew that the boss's reading was confined within closely charted limits: detective pulps and racing form sheets. Fred was not one to while away an afternoon browsing about the library. But Tom had been caught with his back door open before. He eased his big boat up to the curb, and waited.

And waited! Finally, the "young master" emerged from Woolworth's on the Fortieth Street corner munching something which he had extracted with difficulty from a paper bag. He had spent an hour and three quarters in the Five-and-Ten, and all he'd bought was a bag of popcorn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Remember, boys, that little girl second from the left is the talented dramatic actress I discovered in Caliente last week-end

WE COVER



The "hit-makers," director Wes Ruggles, Claudette Colbert, and writer Claude Binyon talk it up



The place where the most things happen in Hollywood is right smack in the studios. That probably sounds so simple to you there seems to be little sense in stating it, and yet most reporters hang around the Trocadero bar, the Vendome at lunch time, the studio press departments, to get what news they garner.

The new PHOTOPLAY wants to bring you, monthly, exactly what is really happening in the most fascinating town on earth. You'll get the drama and the color and the personalities, we promise, but we also want to give you the facts.

With this in mind, PHOTOPLAY herewith starts a new department. Every picture shooting will be visited direct on the set each month.

We'll tell you just what the new pictures are about, who's in them, and the little stories that lie behind the dramatic stories that you finally see on the screen.

Hollywood is boiling these days. This month, each week, more than forty pictures have been working. Some of those pictures finish in seven days. Others take months.

Watch this department for the complete news on each and all of them regularly.

R. W.

THE first stop on our tour of the month's most interesting "pictures in the work" took us to the bustling Warner lot, where the outlook is so optimistic they are building three huge new sound stages.

It's all pirates, blood and thunder on the "Captain Blood" set. This is Warner's big outdoor thriller and about two million dollars are being invested in it. That two million is being risked on an actor you have never seen.

Errol Flynn is his name. He's a tall, graceful Irishman with a delicate handsomeness that belies his background. Twenty-six years old, he has been amateur light-heavy weight boxing champion of Ireland, has dived for pearls in the South Seas, captained a freighter, and prospected for gold in New Guinea.

We watched Mr. Flynn do a long difficult scene on board the ship, *Cinco Laggos*. The ship is a beautiful model of studio craftsmanship, being an exact copy of the one used in the outdoor takes. They have to have this one for the close-ups. You can't take close-ups on a pitching ocean. In this sequence, Flynn addresses a group of pirates. In the background is a painted ocean, decorated with tinselled bits of silver and gold paper so that when you squint it is exactly like sunshine on

THE STUDIOS

An Early Bird's-Eye View Of Pictures in the Making

By Michael Jackson



Eric Linden and Cecelia Parker, the young lovers (off-screen, no!) in O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness"

Warner Baxter as the bold, bad man in "Robin Hood of Eldorado," a tale of the exciting days of '49

water. Michael Curtiz, the director of the film and the man who made "Black Fury," let us look through the camera. The scene is absolutely real through that glass eye.

As the camera moves back and forth to give the effect of the ship's roll, the ocean, synchronized, moves up and down, too. It's just like being at sea.

Flynn, still bearing scars from a too realistic saber duel the script demanded with Basil Rathbone, tells his crew what reward they will receive if wounded by the enemy. Five hundred guilder for loss of a right arm. Five hundred for loss of an eye. The same for loss of a right leg. Four hundred for the loss of a left arm or leg. "If a man's lucky, he can get rich!" pipes one of the tough looking crew.

"Greedy, greedy," mutters Pirate Guy Kibbee.

"Captain Blood" is taken from the Rafael Sabatini thriller. Flynn and his men are seen as fugitives in the King Charles' rebellion. Once useful members of society, they intend to plunder their way back to security. A richly costumed and lavishly mounted affair, "Captain Blood" should be a stirring adventure film. I suspect that Mr. Flynn, recently married to Lily Damita, is a star of the future.

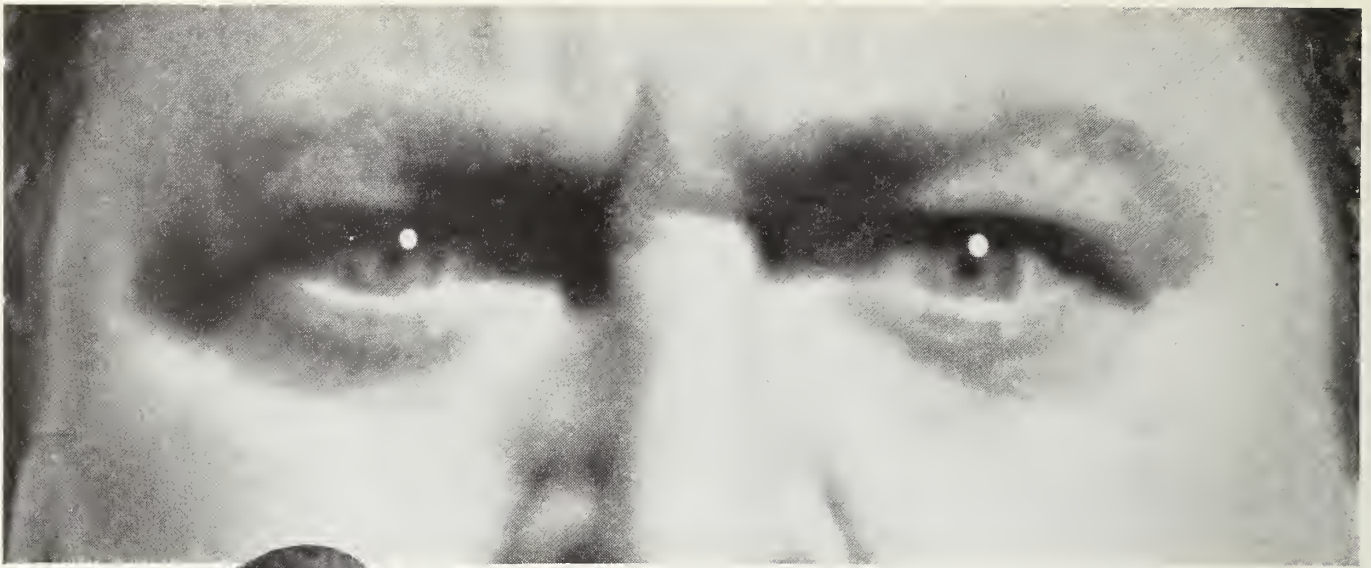
Straight from this lusty atmosphere, we went to the "Enemy of Man" set, where the air is almost sanctified. For here a great actor is portraying a great man. You feel conscious of that immediately. "Enemy of Man" is based on the life of Dr. Louis Pasteur. Paul Muni plays the physician-chemist.

The scene is in a hospital. All about are extras quietly lying in bed. Pasteur—you can't help thinking of Muni as the character he portrays—is near death himself. He is an old man, somehow very noble and kind, yet sad with a sort of world weariness. Muni wears a grey beard and his hair is touched with grey. His face is not heavily lined, nor are his hands made up. Yet every little gesture conveys his age. Pretending illness, Muni is pushed up to the camera in a wheelchair.

William Dieterle rehearses the scene slowly. Dieterle always wears spotless white gloves when he directs. We asked the press department why. They said he had given so many reasons they didn't know themselves. The extras lie in their beds, waiting for the lights and cameras. We asked one of them if that wasn't a fine job lying in bed all day.

"No," he said simply. Extras don't like anything.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



The eyes of the law! Movie or no movie, they set your rich red corpuscles racing. The coldly calculating brain behind the twin points of steel is Edward Arnold's, the inspector, in Dostoevsky's aptly titled "Crime and Punishment"



Lorre, the criminal in "Crime and Punishment," achieves his "menace" without the use of any make-up. He merely has his pate close-cropped

The candid camera shot, right, of Lorre and Marian Marsh and the other remarkably graphic pictures in this spread are by Victor Haveman



Edward Arnold, with his triumph as Diamond Jim still echoing, is expected to attain even greater heights as a character delineator in "Crime and Punishment." Marian Marsh, with him above, is the prostitute in the storied tragedy. Her assignment to the film raises a neat question. Columbia, in entering the motion picture world's heavy-classics tourney after smash hits in the lighter field, with such as "It Happened One Night," and "One Night of Love," engaged the deDietriched Von Sternberg. Now, without Dietrich, will Marsh become Von Sternberg's new Trilby? Oddly coincidental is the fact Marian played Trilby to John Barrymore's Svengali in the picture of that name. The European star, Peter Lorre, left, came to the American movie-goer's attention with the imported "M," and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." But his first Hollywood picture, "Mad Love," was a set-back to the promise in the two earlier films. The Dostoevsky tragedy should prove whether the set-back was temporary

Face Down

By Charles J. Kenny

Illustration by Frank Godwin



CHAPTER VII

DICK BRENT held out his arms. "Take it easy," he cautioned.

For a moment he thought that she didn't see him. Then she gave one last, startled glance over her shoulder and flung herself into his arms.

"What is it?" Dick asked. "What's the matter?"

"That awful thing," she gasped, "back of me. It's coming! It's coming! I tell you it's coming!"

Dick looked down the vacant corridor and said, "Steady now. There's nothing coming."

She buried her face against his shoulder and shuddered, clinging to him until her fingers dug through his coat.

"Listen," he told her, "you've got to snap out of it. Turn around and look down the corridor. You can see for yourself there's no one coming."

She kept her head pressed tightly against his coat.

"Come on," he told her, "turn around and look."

Gently he raised his hands to her face, forced her to look back down the corridor.

"No! No! No!" she screamed. "Don't make me. I can't bear to see it again."

"See what?" he asked.

"It," she said, twisting her face free and holding herself close to him as a frightened child clings to his parent.



Dick Brent whirled on the girl. "You," he said, "killed him. You were having an argument with him as I arrived. I heard it"

For a moment they stood motionless, and in that moment the wind whipped around the house, moaning from a low-pitched sound into a shrill scream.

Dick felt her suck in her breath, knew that she was going to scream again. He pressed his hand over her lips.

"Now listen," he told her, "come down to earth. Where's Alter?"

She shook her head and raised her hands to push his palm from her lips. Her eyes, staring at him over the top of his hand, were glassy and distended with horror.

Dick realized there was only one thing to be done and he did it.

Bending slightly, he placed one arm about her waist, one about her knees, swung her from the floor and carried her into the room. He sat her down in a chair. She clung to his hand.

"Don't go away," she said.

Dick thought perhaps a bit of facetiousness might help.

"I'm only going over to that big chair and sit down," he told her. "You can send me a wire if you need me, or if it's something urgent, write a note and pin it to the arm of your chair. Or, perhaps you'd prefer to come and sit on my lap."

"Yes," she told him, "I'll sit on your lap."

Dick looked at her and saw that she was in earnest, so he crouched by the side of her chair, holding her hand in his left hand, patting the back of it gently with his right.

"If there's really someone in this house," he said, "I want to know it. I want to know where he is and what he looks like. All this hysterical business isn't helping us any. Tell me what happened."

"Close the door," she pleaded.

Dick closed the door, hesitated a moment, then pushed the chair against it in such a way that the back of the chair was under the knob of the door.

She sat motionless, save for her eyes, which followed his every move.

"Come back over here," she begged, "and tell me who you are."

He came to her and she grabbed at his hand, clinging tightly to his wrist and fingers.

"The name," he said, "is Brent, Dick Brent."

"I've never heard of you," she told him. "Are you a friend of Mr. Alter?"

He avoided the question. "Right now," he said, "the big thing is to talk about *you*. Tell me *your* name."

He thought perhaps she might lie to him, but she said frankly, "I'm Merla Smith."

"I think," he told her, "I've heard of you. Aren't you the daughter of J. Benton Smith?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing here?"

He could see that she was trying to keep him from discovering something, and the necessity of keeping that something from him did more to restore her poise than all of his reassurances.

"When you saw me," she said, "I was running down the corridor."

"How long had you been here?"

"I didn't look at the time when I came."

"Had you seen Alter?"

"Naturally. One doesn't enter a person's house without seeing the host."

"Where is Alter?"

"I don't know. He was here in this room . . . that is . . . I don't know."

"Were you here when I rang the bell?"

"Does it make any difference?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid you'll have to ask Mr. Alter about that."

"Why were you calling on him?"

"Need we go into that?"

"I think we'd better."

"Well," she said, her eyes now back to normal dimensions and surveying him with wary appraisal, "Mr. Alter is a lawyer. It might have been that I was consulting him in his professional capacity. On the other hand, it might have been merely a social visit. Alter is a very eligible bachelor, you know. Of course, Dad might not approve of him. Dad's ideas of legal ethics might not be exactly the same as Mr. Alter's."

Brent waited until her eyes were fastened on his. They now held that mocking expression of amused tolerance with which young women of the modern generation regard persistent masculine attempts to overcome feminine resistance.

"Look here," he said, "did you know Dr. Copeland?"

That question jarred her out of her composure. She tried to set her face in a mask so that he could not read her expression, and failed. Apprehension darkened her eyes.

"Go on," he told her, "answer."

"Yes," she said, "I know him."

"Intimately?"

"No."

"In a friendly or professional capacity?"

"Neither."

"What was it?"

"I'm not going to tell."

Brent released his hand from her gripping fingers. Those fingers were ice cold.

"Now listen," he told her, "you and I are going to have an understanding. You may not like it, and when I'm done you may not like me, but whether you like it or not, we're going to have an understanding."

"Now, Alter had occasion to mention a certain person early this evening. He didn't want to give that person's real name so he referred to her as Mary Smith. At that time I didn't think much of it. Mary Smith is rather a common name, but that person was connected in some way with Dr. Copeland. Now, I'm wondering if the name *Mary Smith* didn't pop into Frank Alter's mind because he was thinking of *Merla Smith*."

She sat perfectly motionless, and after a moment said tonelessly, "This person was a woman?"

"Naturally."

"She was connected with Dr. Copeland?"

"Yes."

"And Frank Alter was representing her?"

"Yes."

She inhaled a deep, quivering breath, and in a voice which she fought to keep from showing emotion said, "Who was the woman?"

Dick shook his head.

"And she was mixed up in some way with Dr. Copeland?"

"You might say," Brent said, "that she knew something about Dr. Copeland's murder. You see, Dr. Copeland . . ."

Her quick, gasping intake of breath warned him. He stopped, watched the expression of her eyes.

"Dr. Copeland dead!" she exclaimed. "Do you know what you're talking about? Are you sure?"

He nodded.

"Good heavens, it's impossible. It can't be. Why I saw him only . . . Never mind . . . No matter. Only you're mistaken. He can't be dead."

"Don't spread it on *too* thick," Brent warned. "If you want to register surprise, that's one thing. If you want to lay a foundation for your innocence, that's another. I said Dr. Copeland had been murdered. Now, tell me what you know about *that*."

"N-n-n-n-nothing."

"Yes you do."

"No I don't. Honestly. On my word of honor I know nothing about it. Only, perhaps it's going to change things very much so far as I'm concerned. I must think it over."

Brent, watching her, said, "You're all right now. You've got a grasp on yourself again."

"Was that why you were questioning me?" she asked.

"Partially," he said.

He stepped to the door, pulled back the chair. As he opened the door, a gust of wind rushed down the corridor, and billowed the curtains.

Brent said, slowly, "H-m-m-m . . . that didn't happen before. Something's been left open. Tell me, where's Alter. Did he go out?"

"I tell you I don't know. I didn't see Alter."

Dick raised his voice and shouted, "Oh Frank, Frank Alter! Hell-o-o-o-o-o!"

There was no answer. The wind howled down through the corridor.

"What was it you saw?" Dick asked her.

She could control herself now.

"I didn't see anything," she told him. "It was dark. Some one clicked a switch and the corridor was all black, and then this thing jumped out at me. There were fingers clutching at my throat. My God, he almost got me!"

"Where was he when he turned out the lights?"

"In one of the bedrooms down the corridor."

"Where were you?"

"In the corridor."

"And then what happened?"

"I walked past the door and the lights went out. Then he jumped out at me. He grabbed and his hand caught in my blouse. He almost had me by the throat. It was my backward leap that saved me."

"So then what?"

"Then I turned and ran as hard as I could."

"And what happened?"

"I heard him coming after me."

"You could hear him running? What was it like? Describe it."

"Yes, I could hear him run. He ran like an animal, a *pad-pad-pad*. Oh I know what it was. He didn't have any shoes on. I heard his feet and I could hear him breathe. It was a peculiar breathing. It sounded as though his mouth was open and his breath was hot and smelly, like the breath that comes from a caged lion, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean," Dick told her.

There was a telephone in a corner of the room. Dick crossed to it.

"What's that?" he asked, suddenly looking toward the corridor.

Her frightened eyes turned toward the door, and, having made certain that she could not watch the number he was turning on the dial, Dick dialed Vilma Fenton's number.

A moment later he heard the butler's voice on the wire.

"This is Dick Brent," he said. "I left there a few minutes ago. You'll remember me, James."

"Yes, sir, I remember you perfectly, sir. If you'll pardon my saying so, sir, I'm going to remember you for a long time. And the name is not James. It's Arthur."

"Quite right, Arthur," Brent said. "Tell your mistress I'm on the line."

A moment later he heard Vilma Fenton's voice.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad you called. I want to tell you . . ."

"Listen," he interrupted, "this [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]

OUR NEW PERSONALITY of this MONTH



A New Career at 62

By Kirtley Baskette

THE preview was almost over. Next to the rugged, ruddy faced man with the thinning curly hair, watching himself for the first time on the screen, sat a man whose maverick iron-grey shock fell close to keen eyes. His own shadow face was nothing new to those eyes, but the début of his best friend had made them more than usually alert.

Suddenly they turned, and a bronzed hand reached out from broad shoulders to bestow an assuring slap on his friend's knee. Will Rogers pulled his wide grin wider with a wink.

"Okay Fred," he whispered, "okay."



Fred Stone and his talented daughters, Paula, Dorothy, Carol, as the old master—sorry—the young feller—points up their steps. And headlines once screamed: "Stone Never to Dance Again!"

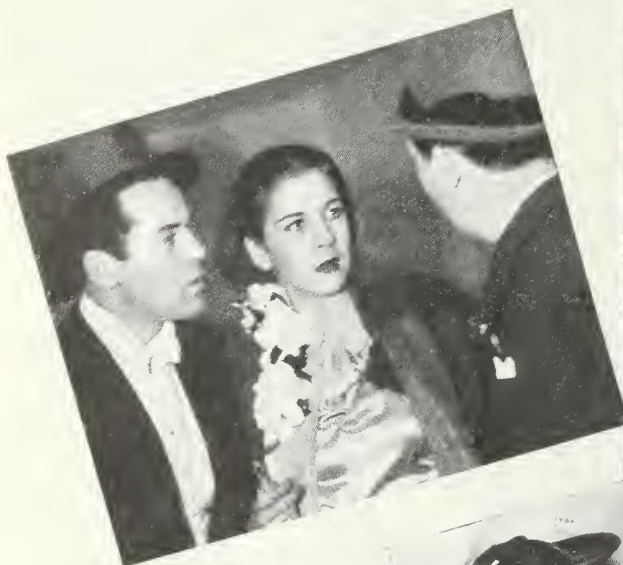
Fred Stone, one of the greatest entertainers Broadway ever knew, can look to that last whispered tribute from Will Rogers, one of the greatest entertainers Hollywood ever knew, for a benediction upon the new career which is beginning for him at sixty-two.

For only a few days after that preview of "Alice Adams," Bill Rogers flew away to join the old timers of the Cherokee Strip and Fred Stone, a boy from the Kansas plains next door, stayed, wet-eyed, to cross his trouping trail as he had crossed it in the old days.

But this is not the story of the friendship of those two fine

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP



Cupid keeps right on going in Hollywood. First of our romantic pairs are Henry Fonda and Shirley Ross leaving the Cafe Trocadero. Marriage is expected at an early date



Gilbert Roland, always with Constance Bennett wherever Connie appears, decides to turn the tables and to get a shot of the cameraman at the Los Angeles tennis matches



Sally Blane, who has become Mrs. Norman Foster since this picture was taken, and her devoted Norman interchanging glances



The newest object of Jackie Coogan's affections is Betty Grable. Unless this romance lasts a week we just won't take it seriously

THOUGH she never worked with him, Shirley Temple is already showing unmistakable signs of that ready wit of Will Rogers'. Shirley met the Gallic actress, Simone, the other day and decided it would be a good time to put her six months' lessons in French to the acid test. She started firing questions at Simone. Simone listened attentively but each time had to ask for a repetition in English.

Finally Shirley threw up her hands in disgust.

"Miss Simone," she said. "I guess you and I just don't speak the same kind of French."

WITH the tiny patter of little feet and all that expected in the Fred Astaire household before long, Fred has already started hustling to buy baby the needed new shoes.

Fred will drag down an over-riding percentage on top of his salary for his next twinkletoes epic, "Follow the Fleet." You'll be glad to know that his little side-kick, Ginger, get's a few more kopeks on her salary check too. You'll also be glad to know that those rumors about Ginger and Fred being mad at each other and jealous, and anxious to split up professionally is just a lot of old apple-butter.

They never have been pals, they never have been intimate or even close. They don't go around together socially very much. It's a strictly business arrangement, but they both have plenty of respect for each other, and neither one is taking all the bows. There—I guess that clears that up.

CAROLE LOMBARD is no longer wearing that 80 karat trifle given her by Bill Powell during the halcyon period of marital accord.

She's replaced it with a 152 karat star sapphire she gave herself.

EMILY POST would have had some work cut out for her over at the 20th Century-Fox lot the other day.

On one stage were Lawrence Tibbett, Mrs. Tibbett No. 1 and the children, Mrs. Tibbett No. 2, and Virginia Bruce who, 'tis whispered, thinks Larry is pretty swell herself.

AFTER all these years, Josef von Sternberg has decided to stay with us movie people for a permanent while—at least the old maestro is practically done with his new house away out Chatsworth way in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Joel McCrea's rancho.

Von has put himself up a very modern-modern house. It's miles away from everyone you ever knew and (he hasn't decided yet) but it looks as if the whole exterior will be covered with bronze paint. Won't that be nice?

However, what makes us wonder what bothers Joe is the fact that we understand all of his glassware, windows, door fronts, everything is to be bullet-proof glass!

OF HOLLYWOOD



Helen Vinson, the very new Mrs. Fred Perry, serves wedding cake to her guests Ralph Bellamy, Wally Ford, Johnny Mack Brown, Walter Connolly. Her bridegroom, Fred Perry, is second from left

Photos by Hyman Fink



On the day they left Hollywood for New York and marriage Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone looked starry eyed and loving even on milk and fruit



Why Miss Sothern! What are you so haughty about, and yet so nice, too? That's Mr. Roger Pryor and we know you like him

Margaret Sullavan and her husband, William Wyler, who really do have a swell time together despite little flashes of temperament



THE ghost of Napoleon caused Warner Brothers *beaucoup* grief and trouble—just as old Nap himself caused a lot of other people a bit of worry during his mortal span.

After keeping it up the sleeve for some moons now, we understand that anyone who wants to step up and buy the script can do so at a modest and reasonable sum.

What's more the buyer can have Paul Muni as the Little Corporal, if they want him. Paul has been cuh-razy to play the part for a long time, but so many stars at Warner Brothers wanted to play Bonaparte that it looked like a Civil War if they made the picture on the home lot.

OVER Paramount way they're resurrecting that old "Horses, horses, crazy over horses" thing for Charlie Gorman's benefit.

For Charlie's had the delicate task of bleaching Agnes—and Agnes is a horse.

A trick horse was needed, it seems, for an important part in Harold Lloyd's new "Milky Way" and it had to be a white horse. Agnes could do tricks, but she wasn't white. So into the bleach pots she went.

Bleaching a horse turns out to be somewhat of a gargantuan task and rather expensive. Only half a horse can be bleached at a time, for one thing, and it takes five bleaches to turn brown into white when it's a horse.

So far the score is 20 gallons of peroxide, 20 pounds of white henna and 5 gallons of ammonia.

And still going strong.

Agnes is quite put out about it all.

SHE'S young and she's pretty and she's got a pretty swell dad. But—

The other day she came to Max Factor with a tale of woe.

"Blast the day you made that elegant white toupee for dad," she moaned. "Now he thinks he's a Kentucky colonel and you should see our liquor bill!"

NAT PENDLETON comes in for our special "Better Manners For Pets" medal this month.

Nat goes for snakes as little house-mates, and he's been making a labor of love out of training his little reptilian not to stick his tongue out at guests!

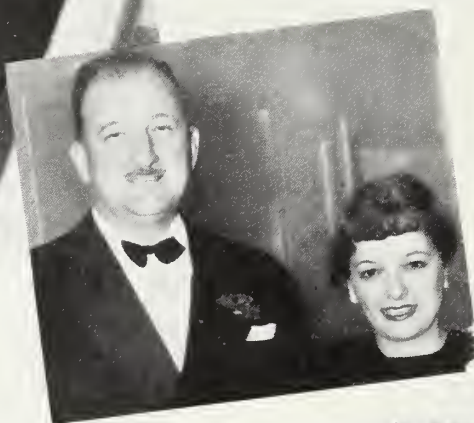
THE Beverly Hills city fathers don't know it yet, but the name of Alpine Drive has been officially changed by three of its eminent residents.

It is now known as "Harmony Row." And the new name is the brainchild of Nelson Eddy, Gladys Swarthout and Lawrence Tibbet who all live in a row next to each other.

Incidentally all complain to each other about the noise next door.



Virginia Bruce, the belle of all parties, is a lovelier than ever picture when dated by the handsome Cesar Romero. Isn't he the Brummell?



Bill Seiter poses very proudly with his pretty wife, Marian Nixon. After a year of wedded life, this couple are still so very blissfully happy

The Don Stewarts and the Richard Barthelmesses are always pal-ing around together and here they are at the Trocadero at Bill Goetz' party

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has kept a record of her impressions of her first year in pictures in a big scrap book. It starts with sentences scrawled and printed in her childish handwriting and ends, in a firm little hand, with:

"I wish I could work with Will Rogers."

THAT man's around again—which is to say the rumor fello.

This time he says that Arline Judge and husband Wesley Ruggles are going through one of those matrimonial ripples, but let's hope he's all wet (as he sometimes is), at least that nothing serious will come of any such misunderstanding as might exist.

What with a nice baby and a new house and two nice people like that. But you never can tell. Hollywood is still punch drunk from the Joan Blondell-George Barnes divorce bolt.

A PROP boy was much puzzled the other day on the "Anything Goes" set to find Ethel Merman standing in an uncomfortable position while all around her ungentlemanly gentlemen were seated.

"Pardon me, Miss Merman," he said gallantly offering her a chair. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, no," she laughed. "I've just finished that banister sliding scene and I've got a bad case of —er—woodburn!"

WHAT'S that old wheeze about love being a woman's whole life?

Consider, in refutation, the case of Peggy Conklin, bright young thing of the New York stage who's playing the lead in Columbia's "One Way Ticket."

Peggy married James Thompson, a New York broker, in an elopement ceremony in Bedford. Seven days later—still the technical honeymoon period—she up and left him flat. The movies were wagging such an enticing finger in her direction.

After a successful technicolor test for Walter Wanger, to whom she is under contract, she flew back to her desolate groom to take up the threads of the honeymoon. Three days later Columbia called and Peggy again answered.

Husband Jimmy is dizzy with these comings and goings and has decided he'll have to do a little traveling himself if he wants more than a nodding acquaintance with his bride.

NEDDA HARRIGAN, wife of Walter Connolly, startled her friends the other day by flashing an exquisite square cut diamond.

"It's my engagement ring," she announced.

It was the ring to mark her engagement to Connolly whom she married fifteen years ago.

"When we got married I simply couldn't afford to give her one," Walter explained the fifteen year delay. "Then I wanted to wait until I could give her the kind she deserves."



Celebrating their return home after a lengthy absence, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon greeted many friends at the Goetz party



The Gary Coopers, Hollywood's most popular married pair, took the exotic Dolores Del Rio along with them to the Bill Goetz celebration



Darryl Zanuck and Mrs. Zanuck arrive late for the Bill Goetz' party, unaware that the party was given in their honor. But what a lot of fun



The Robert Montgomerys and the Elliot Nugents always see the stage plays together so, of course, they turned out in force for Miss Claire's play



Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable who go everywhere were among those present at the opening of Ina Claire's play at the Belasco

IT seems now that you have to hate 'em first, before you can love 'em.

Anyway, Barton MacLane, the magnetic meany of "G-Men," has dashed right from Dillinger to stardom.

MacLane, who has been taking the raw end of things all the way since he came to Hollywood, is too good to waste, the Brothers Warner have decided.

So—they're going to star him. And his first picture, after all these tough egg, bullet-stopping parts is going to be called (can you take it?)—"Country Boy!"

CAN you imagine frail, ethereal Lillian Gish playing the rôle of a mystery woman?

That's what she was though, just the same, for Hollywood buzzed with exciting rumors that Lillian, who looks today exactly as she did years ago when she was your big sister's favorite star, was set to be an important attraction again.

It all came about because Mary Pickford, her hostess, and Jesse Lasky kissed and shook hands and signed a joint producer agreement. That brought back old memories of the old days when Our Mary and Jesse Lasky were together as Famous Players-Lasky. Lillian Gish belonged in that era, which seemed to be in the process of being revived. It was only natural to wonder if Lillian could have any part in the future plans of Pickford-Lasky.

FRED MacMURRAY'S sense of humor saved his blood pressure r'other day when he went out on the "The Bride Comes Home" set to listen to a record of a broadcast made a few days previously.

Loud and insulting Bronx cheers issued from the loud-speaker during every lapse in the dialogue. Mystified, Fred decided it was a new form of criticism from the director. Something subtle. Also amusing.

The sound department had dubbed in the cheers to see if Fred could take it. He could.

YOU'D hardly think that anyone who has been around Hollywood as long as Glenda Farrell would have any illusions left.

Nevertheless when Joan Blondell, one of Glenda's closest friends, ended her marriage with George Barnes a very pet illusion of Glenda's went decidedly ph-h-t.

She had always considered their union romantically perfect, and was really all cut up and dumfounded when it went to the divorce court. In fact, they say that it is making things tough for the several ardent gentlemen who would lead Glenda altarwards. One in particular, Addison Randall, who rumor insists has popped the question repeatedly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

For the first and last time—

DIETRICH

THEY have plans at Paramount to remake Marlene Dietrich.

But I wonder—do you remake someone like Marlene Dietrich?

You re-mold her masque on the screen—yes—and you pipe a new and spirited tune which may better carry an obligato of tinkling silver in the box-office till.

But you don't drown out with the brighter tune of today the deep, haunting undertones of yesterday's symphony. You don't say "switch your faith, alter your ideals" and behold the transformation—just like that. You don't pour out the wine and expect the glass to sparkle more brightly.

She sat across from me in the exotically decorated drawing room of her home. Her white silk lounging pajamas were only a little more white and a little more soft than her complexion. While I munched a piece of her famous "bee's nest cake," telling myself once more that of all the beautiful women in Hollywood she was surely the most beautiful, I thought of those plans and wondered.

We had talked for possibly five minutes. Then I realized. The song is ended for Marlene Dietrich.

Her real song, which was her work with Josef von Sternberg, is ended now—but the melody lingers on.

It echoed in her words—

"When you have been so devoted to the ideals of someone for so long and then change, it is not the same.

"I failed him," she stated simply. "I was never the ideal he sought. I tried to do what he wanted, but I didn't succeed. He was never quite satisfied with any of the pictures we made. He expected something great, something we never achieved."

She smiled slowly. Always, it seems, no matter what her words, her face wears a soft, composed smile.

"Perhaps that was his fault—expecting so much—but I don't think it was a fault. And I would rather be a failure hunting that goal than a success going along the average line.

"Just making pictures doesn't mean anything to me. It has never been enough. All my life I have had to have a higher interest."

After five years, I think it is time to try to understand Marlene Dietrich.

Now that there is no longer any theatrically occult Svengali-Trilby ogre to rise out of a bottle, like the Geneii of the "Arabian Nights," every time you mention her name, perhaps we hospitable Americans, we who have made her life miserable because we must have our intriguing legends, can settle down and relax into an open mind.

Marlene Dietrich happens to be, despite her unholy beauty, I think, something of an idealist



TALKS

about her relationship, now broken, with Joseph von Sternberg, concerning which the movie world is still wondering

By Chet Green

If she had been the artificial, glamour-seeking poseur for which she has been wantonly denounced, I think she would have had for me, her first interviewer since the split, perhaps an artful explanation handy to toss off her professional divorce from von Sternberg. Furthermore, if she were playing to the grandstand, I think she would have had a glowing promise for the future handy.

She had neither. No guile nor gloss. Her words were simple and sincere, as simple and sincere as her beauty.

"It was I who insisted that he direct my last two pictures," she said. "Mr. von Sternberg did not want to direct them. He thought we should part long ago. He has always known what was right for me. He has always predicted what would happen.

"I remember when we made 'Morocco.' It was the time when there was a great deal of talk in every picture. He cut down the dialogue so that when the rushes were shown at the studio everyone said, 'What's the matter? Why doesn't she talk?'

"'Wait and see,' he told them. It was something quite new and welcome, and, of course, it was successful.

"I had to beg him to direct my last two pictures. 'It will be bad for you,' he told me. He said the average public would not see the things in them that we worked so hard to get. He was right. He sensed the reaction of the public perfectly. But I would rather do them—I would rather do something different and daring than to be just a popular success. It is personal perhaps. I liked the pictures. I'm not influenced by public opinion, although I can understand. I do not resent it.

"I'm not sure, though, that the public knows what it does want."

Marlene Dietrich smiled again, that quiet, soft amused smile.

She told of the steady stream of criticism because she was so "still and set" in her pictures. Yet when the last one, "The Devil Is A Woman," was released, protests poured in

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Jean Arthur Charms Men

She charms good rôles from Columbia, too, as you'll discover in this, the best story yet written about her

By Don Ryan



Jean Arthur is a girl who couldn't be downed, not even when Hollywood said she was through

JEAN ARTHUR'S eyes have captured the blue of the sea. Not the deep indigo of the outer ocean, but a paler yet more poignant tint. The azure light that lies in pools under a summer sky, where the northern ocean wanders among its rocky fjords.

When she looked up from the canary pillows against which the blond head rested, the blue eyes opened like a sunny day. With a girlish frankness calculated to disarm one—if one happens to be merely a man. And when she spoke in the voice that records so well in pictures, a voice clear but with a mellow quality that gives it the illusion of a drawl—her words were equally frank.

"It wasn't because I got seasick on the location trip," she said. "They took me out of that part—it was my first dramatic lead in pictures—because I wasn't any good."

"Well, now—I wouldn't say that."

"Oh, yes you would, if you had seen me," she proclaimed defiantly. "I was terrible."

She inhaled her cigarette with a quick, nervous breath. Jean Arthur straightened against the pillows with a flash of legs that

appeared most shapely, encased in sheerest hosiery.

"The studio gave that story out—about my getting seasick on the way to Santa Cruz Island. It was nice of them. They wanted to let me down easy." She laughed—a throaty sound with the tinkle of a tiny bell in it. "I don't get seasick. My ancestors were Vikings."

We were talking about something that happened to Jean several years ago, but something that has left an indelible impression on this descendant of Norwegian ancestors who has succeeded, after many trials, in carving out a permanent niche in the hard surface of moviedom.

They had shipped her out to Hollywood after

giving her a test in New York—a blond vision of young womanhood such as we sometimes see looking out from the glossy cover of a magazine; all of her ardent hope for a career trembling in the eagerness of those sea blue eyes.

"I had been posing for a commercial photographer," she explained. "Advertising hats, stockings, dresses and so on. I knew nothing about acting. I listened to the director and tried to do exactly what he said. I followed direction so closely I even took his intonations. And I flopped. You see, I still believed, even after I was grown up, that any older man knew so much more than I did."

It's a horrible feeling for anyone to have, that sickening feeling when you see the door that has just opened on the fulfillment of your life's ambition immediately close again. They put Jean Arthur into pie-slinging comedies after she flopped in the dramatic rôle. But all the time she was being pushed around in comedies there was forming in her young mind a stubborn determination to find out what was the matter with her.

"There wasn't a spark from within," she admitted. "I was acting like a mechanical doll the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins



Classic Beauty was the 1915-1919 vogue and Billie Burke provided a favorite example



"I attribute my screen success to my ability, and not to my beauty," said Corinne Griffith

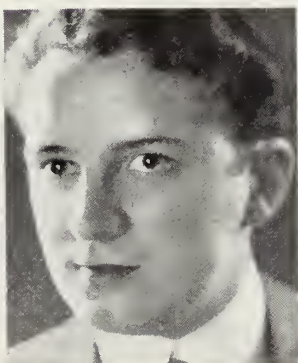


Francis Ford gave up acting and was directing his first serial, "The Silent Mystery"



Because audiences would not dislike Jack Holt as a villain, he was cast as a hero

Below, the cherubic naiveté of Colleen Moore at sixteen made her a popular favorite



Below, the ever serious and alert H. B. Warner deserted a stage career for the screen



Bryant Washburn was responsible for that far away look in the eyes of many a woman

Olive Thomas, adjudged the world's most beautiful woman, was in a Ziegfeld chorus





As Harold Lockwood, Metro star, appeared on the screen men yawned, women fainted



Right, when hair was considered woman's crowning glory Lila Lee was—pardon—"tops"



Above, smoky-eyed Theda Bara lured much-too-innocent men to ruin in those halcyon days



Wind whispering in imported poplars soothed jittery Pola Negri!



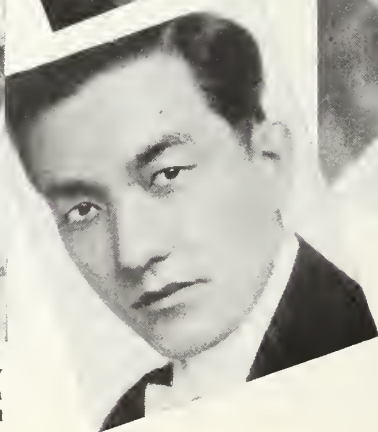
When screen siren Dorothy Dalton was caught smoking a cigarette her reputation was made



Right, William Farnham won his Tom Sanchi fight in "The Spoilers"



Charming and beautiful May Allison did her emoting on the Lasky Photodramas lot



Above, Sweden's contribution to the American screen was the ill-fated Anna Q. Nilsson



Left, Sessue Hayakawa came from a land of idols to be set up here as one himself

Tom Mix, of the ten-gallon hat, put his name in Mazdas—on his own front lawn



Charlie Chaplin was convulsing movie-goers with his hilarious war travesty, "Shoulder Arms"

Harold Lloyd (newly spectacled) appeared with "Bud" Jamison and Bebe Daniels in an early comedy



Charles Ray, the shy and retiring hayseed, was riding the crest of a Horatio Alger wave



Madame Alla Nazimova landed in Hollywood, like the marines, to save the town for art



Wallace Beery, right, and Gloria still gathered at the corner drug store—but were soon to part



Thomas Meighan, just before he set out to raise his own poke to finance "The Miracle Man"

Left, nobody doubted that Mary Miles Minter's claim to fame was her Mary Pickford curls



Lon Chaney began to cash in on the value of a chill via make-up



Left, artists termed Pauline Frederick a pure American beauty



Fashion in coiffures were set by Alice Joyce, one of the reigning film beauties



In 1917, the sensations of the day, despite the War, were Mack Sennett's nifties

Cecil De Mille, Jesse Lasky, Wm. C. De Mille explain her scenario to Geraldine Farrar



Gloria Swanson's first dramatic rôle after Keystone comedies, with William Desmond



A new personality was about to enter into the life of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks



Norma Talmadge's favorite leading man of this period was matinee idol Eugene O'Brien



Bebe Daniels, in 1918, still a bathing beauty, with a penchant for very gay parasols



The Talmadge sisters, Connie and Norma, at the seashore. Note Norma's daring garter!



Betty Compson, in 1917, was a Christie comedies star, and modest



The bouncing Doug Fairbanks came out of the East, and it led to a new era in pictures

NEXT MONTH:
VALENTINO AND THE
GOLDEN AGE



Gals, Nelson Eddy, left, is asking our Mitzi to pop off with him to Lake Tahoe, one of the most gorgeous spots in California, and she refused! Above, with Chic Sale, hearing about Lincoln, Chic's favorite character

SALUTATIONS, Joanie!
And how are you, my little Totem Pole? Me? Still recovering from my recent Alaskan trip.

To get away from Hollywood, that was my cry, and get away far. So, beautiful Alaska with amazingly big flowers, snow plastered mountains, scrumptious glaciers, and a few whales and icebergs now and then, just appealed to this party-wearly femme. And what did I find in Alaska? Movie Stars! And what did people talk about in Alaska? Hollywood!

In Ketchikan, in a little post-card and trinket store sat the young lady clerk behind the counter browsing happily over PHOTOPLAY! Then she took one look at me, standing patiently with pictures of huskies and totem poles (two for five) in my hand, and quick, she whisked through the pages of said magazine, found therein a tintype of me and Fred Astaire and blurted out, "Ain't this you?" Shyly I nodded my raven curls, then took the pen she thrust in my pinkie and wrote my name. "Write more," she commanded, so with a wave and a flourish I dashed off, "Buy PHOTOPLAY in Ketchikan, it's the Aristocrat of Motion Picture magazines." She was that pleased I got my post-cards all for nothing!

Well, sir, I finds myself next in Skagway. That's a great

little place, Skagway. There I met the peppy, old, walrus-mustached gent, Martin Itjen who drove down to Hollywood last year in his gayly adorned "Skagway Streetcar" just to see Mae West. He saw her, all right, and they had their pictures taken together. All us tourists paid Martin fifty cents, for which he drove us around the town in the "streetcar" which is really a bus with a stuffed bear on the front platform, and a figure of the famous Gold Rush bad boy, Soapy Smith, in the rear. Martin took us to places like the Pullen House, which was the doggy place to stay for the gold-glutted gents of '98 . . . and to the graveyard of the well-touted Soapy . . . and such. He also recited poems of his stay in Hollywood, and his visit with Mae.

"What did you find to say to her?" I piped.

"I asked her to come up and see me some time," said he, "and I meant it!"

Episode Three was brief. I saw a fine big yacht gliding out of the Juneau harbor, spied a handsome, white-headed gent on board, and let out a startled yelp. It was Lew Stone!

And then, coming down the historic Trail of '98, I found me a handsome lad. He stood out on the platform singing hosannahs to the hills and streams. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Confidentially yours,
Mitzi

Divorce Taught Them

how truly they



Any woman who reads Bruce Cabot's honest statements in this story will instantly understand why Adrienne Ames fell so much in love with him

THE speaker was that big, hulking, shambling, loose-jointed, long-lipped, and disconcertingly good-looking French-Canadian giant, who tries to conceal himself under the Scotch-Bostonese name of Mr. Bruce Cabot.

Bruce was in one of those spots. After several years of histrionic effort, he had at last crashed through in "Robin Hood of El Dorado," and after only one year of marital happiness, he had cracked up with Adrienne Ames.

And now, in a sort of back-handed way, he was trying to say that if Adrienne was willing—and he had reason to believe that she was—they were going to pick themselves up and attempt the matrimonial flight again.

It was while he was on location up in the mountain doing his crashing through, it seems, that he got his first definite word of the cracking up—of what he described as the "shock" of divorce—and he thinks this fact had something to do with the effect upon him, perhaps upon them both.

"It's hard to explain the awful feeling of finality about a divorce," he continued, "especially when you're so far away as I was, marooned in the open with so much time to think. Suddenly, I realized that there was nothing in the world I wanted so much as Adrienne. She was the only girl in the world for me—and we were divorced!"

"Believe me, I did things I hadn't done since the early days of our marriage. It was a sixty mile drive over rotten roads to the nearest telephone, but I made it every night just for the chance to talk with her. Crazy, wasn't it—when we couldn't talk honestly while we were together? But with hundreds of miles between us and with only the aid of the telephone wires we became honest with each other, poured out our hearts.

"I told her all the things that had been tearing at me and she told me the things that had broken her heart. All at once we both realized how unimportant those things were compared with the real feeling we still had for one another. I remember the last telephone conversation we had. I asked her if, after I had returned and we had succeeded in getting our affairs in shape, there was a chance for us, for me. Her 'Yes' was as thrilling as anything I've ever heard."

The fact that the young Cabots were going to try it again didn't strike me as so important as the fact that through the bitter experience of divorce they had learned things about themselves and their feelings which had eluded them while they were married.

How many young wives who change under the supposed lack of "freedom," how many young husbands who sulk in the belief that they are "misunderstood," might discover similar things about themselves if given sufficient "time to think"?

Don't misunderstand me. I am not advocating Trial Divorce, even though it may seem like a logical sequence to Trial Marriage. I am sure Bruce isn't, either. But there is something in these young people's experience which should be of value to all true lovers, either before or after marriage, who find themselves on the verge of parting in angry haste with the possibility of repenting at lonely leisure.

For if there was one thing that all Hollywood knew, even if they did not, it was that Adrienne and Bruce *were* true lovers. It didn't take a divorce to prove that.

I remember them the night they returned from their honeymoon at the housewarming Dorothy di Frasso gave

were married!

By George Stevens



Bruce and Adrienne at their first party after their marriage

Adrienne Ames, the beautiful, who wants true love or none



at the beautiful Beverly Hills home now occupied by Marlene Dietrich. The two youngsters clung to each other for all the world like the brides and grooms in those after-the-battle cabinet photos in the windows of the small town photographers.

As a matter of fact, it didn't take even a marriage to prove that Bruce and Adrienne loved each other. There had been plenty of earlier evidences of the strength of the emotion which had drawn them together.

Adrienne had come to Hollywood the pampered wife of a young Texas millionaire, Stephen Ames. When the linking of her name with Bruce Cabot's started ugly rumors of a marital rift, both of them—one might say all three of them, for Ames

came up from Texas and was duly photographed with his wife and her favorite escort—made an honest effort to maintain the status quo.

But it was no use. All Hollywood saw that love like theirs was not to be denied.

Stephen Ames saw it, too, and stepped aside. Perhaps the fact that he had met in his Hollywood journeyings the beautiful Raquel Torres may have had something to do with the speed of his stepping. Anyhow, he stepped—and true love, in the persons of Adrienne and Bruce, was free to run what seemed to be its allotted course.

For almost a year it did run that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



How's this for a Sunday afternoon get-together? Seated, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman (Gladys Swarthout), Clark Gable, Dick Barthelme, Mrs. Gable. Standing, Clifton Webb, Mrs. Barthelme, and Countess de Maigret, social sensation of the hour



Above, seldom does this handsome young couple get a chance to be together. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson, who is Bette Davis to us folks



Hmm, Van Smith with Mary Carlisle this time! Van has been, or still is, or something, mentioned in connection with Nancy Carroll, Estelle Taylor



It must be love, that's what Hollywood says, anyhow. Janet Gaynor and Al Scott, broker, who used to be married to Colleen Moore

**HOLLYWOOD'S
BEST OUTFIT
of the MONTH**



Gladys Swarthout, Paramount star, in a winter ensemble for all but the most formal occasions. Her costume consists of a brief nutria swagger coat, flared to wrap or swing freely; tomato red lining of tweed. Her hat from Descat; black cloqué crêpe frock with front fullness; her hand-stitched gloves, suède pumps

This winter's woolens are so versatile!



Above left: Rosalind Keith wears a black homespun wool skirt, topped by a gold and black striped jacket, belted and smartly fringed

Above right: Soutache braid and frogs trim Miss Keith's grey angora wool suit with its matching hat and black kid pull-ons, bag and pumps

Left: Gail Patrick, in an unrivaled alliance, black wool and Persian lamb. The maroon corduroy velvet blouse to be alternated with lamé



Above: Stitched detail is the distinguishing note of the tunic frock. Rosalind tucks a gay ascot in the open neckline. A smart pouch, gloves and ties, brown suède



Right: For spectator sports, Gail Patrick prefers a softly tailored woolen. To her oxblood suit she adds a bold plaid swagger top coat with badger tuxedo revers collar





Above: Wide lapels characterize Mr. Eddy's dinner jacket. His long tie with pointed ends is conventional deviation

Left: Double-breasted with peak lapels of brown Saxony over-plaided fabric. Buckskin shoes, calf trim

Coat and lapelled waistcoat of a hard finished worsted. Grey trousers, extreme stripe, full drape. A French scarf



Very Good, Eddy

Selected as the best dressed man of the month, Nelson Eddy offers a fashion theme of new and original ideas

A chalk striped blue worsted coat in contrast to grey of trousers and buckskin shoes is Mr. Eddy's choice for informal daytime wear



High waisted tailcoat has an extreme curve cut front. Waistcoat, singlebreasted with wide lapels. The bold wings of the collar extend beyond the conventional tie, a butterfly bow

Ginger Goes Grecian



The back of the gown shown left is a repetition of the front motif, with the draped fullness of pale green pebble satin caught casually onto a cord at the shoulder line

Paris says the classic note is smart. Hollywood echoes it, and the gay Miss Rogers, but recently a hey-hey girl shows how exquisitely she can become a modern Helen

At left: two views of Ginger's new coiffure "The Golden Plaque" with smooth crown, the hair is softly waved over the ears, ending in soft coils placed low on neck



Above: Row upon row of bias satin, edged with maribou, form the voluminous sleeves of Ginger's rose pastel negligee. The fitted bodice is fastened with rhinestone buttons



In the mood of Botticelli is the black velvet gown shown above. The off-shoulder motif is expressed in the black chiffon yoke, tied at throat with narrow cord. A deep lace veil crowns the Juliet cap. At left: Ginger has donned a silver fox cape





A Raphael madonna was the inspiration for Helen Vinson's velvet toque for the cocktail or dinner hour. Yards of veiling swathes her throat and shoulders. Helen's hats, from Dache



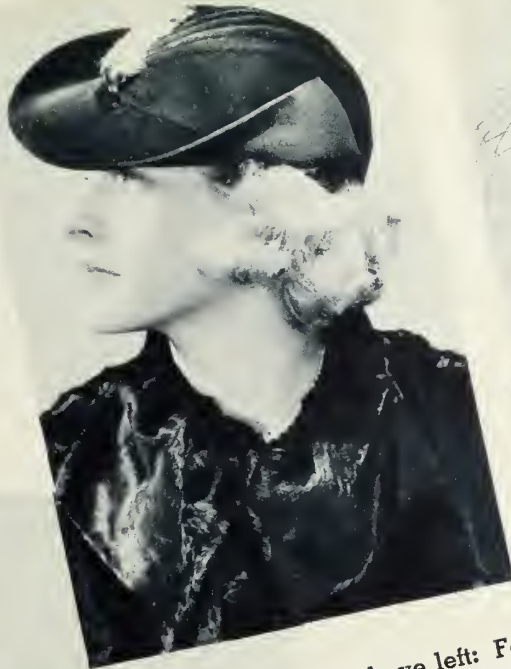
Lower left: Red Riding Hood has entered the realm of fashion with the advent of a hooded shoulder cape of unborn lamb. Flared pleats give an effect of shoulder epaulets



Above: Softly draped turban for afternoon wear, high sweep from back to crown with pleated detail low on the right side. Helen wears it with fur coats

Left: A slightly different version of Miss Vinson's hat, shown above is fashioned in velvet to match the fabric of her frock. Note! Curls and pearls

Head Lines



Above left: For afternoon, Martha selects black velvet with corded crown detail, which flaunts the colorful parroquet plumage, René Martin. Caracul cape is a charming design

Above right: There's even a flare in little face veils as shown on the brown felt costume hat worn by Cecelia Parker. Conventional flowers of self material are mobilized front



Right: Shades of Robin Hood. With its dashing little feather pointing skyward, the brown felt is worn by Marsha Hunt



Above: Martha Sleeper shows the swagger lines of Tonleigh Square, a sports felt to wear with tweeds and page boy bob



Bert Longworth

Pearl fisher, gold prospector, adventurer in the South Seas, present husband of Lily Damita, handsome hero. All this is Errol Flynn. After such a background, it doesn't surprise him much that he, a total unknown, with no acting experience was chosen for "Captain Blood"



M. Marigold

Olivia de Havilland is a little thing with a voice like warm honey. Max Reinhardt discovered her and she was lovely as Hermia in his Warner production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Her outstanding work in this got her the feminine lead in "Captain Blood"



Extremes in personalities are emphasized by the quiet, childlike beauty of Joan Bennett as offset by the compelling, man-of-the-world manner of Ronald Colman. Both appear in "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

WINS THE PHOTOPLAY
GOLD MEDAL AS BEST
PICTURE OF 1934



BY exactly one vote, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" won the most coveted award in motion pictures, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, as the best production of 1934.

It was the closest voting in all the twenty years that PHOTOPLAY has been making the award, and never have such fine screen offerings been runners-up for the honor.

"The Barretts" just nosed out that saucy comedy, "It Happened One Night." Close after that came "One Night of Love," with "The Gay Divorcee" in fourth place.

Yet characteristically enough, the choice of our readers was typical of the PHOTOPLAY public. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," for all its outstanding box-office success, its "curiosity" appeal, and its stellar cast, just made it as the BEST picture of the past year. The decision unquestionably was a difficult one to make due to the high class of the competition "The Barretts" faced. The closeness of the decision speaks in highest praise of the outstanding motion pictures of 1934—and also of the universality of their appeal, which is a good mark in favor of the motion picture industry.

But the highest praise of all goes to PHOTOPLAY readers in the fineness of their discernment and knowledge of what constitutes a good picture—story, cast, and the ability of that cast to portray the story with credibility and authenticity. Congratulations, PHOTOPLAY readers!

It should be emphasized that the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal award is an unbiased, uninfluenced decision of the public.

PHOTOPLAY makes no recommendations. No committee of decision sits in judgment—as the votes fall so they are counted, without fear or favor, and the award goes to the highest. It is one award which the public itself decides.

PHOTOPLAY itself also looked with high favor on "The Barretts," listing the picture among the best of the month, which rate a star in the magazine. Not only that, four of the outstanding cast were listed in the best performances of the month. The



Top, a replica of the solid gold, Tiffany designed, Photoplay Gold Medal for the best picture of the year. Above and left, Fredric March, Charles Laughton, and Norma Shearer in the 1934 medal winner

four were Norma Shearer as *Elizabeth Barrett*, Fredric March as *Robert Browning*, Charles Laughton as the tyrannical head of the house of Barrett, and Maureen O'Sullivan as *Henrietta Barrett*. Others in the cast were Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Marion Clayton, Ian Wolfe, Ferdinand Munier, and Leo Carroll.

The picture was taken from the play of the same name by Rudolf Besier, in which Katharine Cornell starred. Ernest Vajda, Claudine West, and Donald Ogden Stewart did the admirable screen adaptation, and Sidney Franklin was the director, M-G-M the studio.

All honor then to PHOTOPLAY readers, and "The Barretts."



★ I LIVE MY LIFE—M-G-M

AGAINST the usual smart background, Joan Crawford revels in a brand new, becoming character—a society snobby with a weak streak of sincerity which shows only under pressure.

The pressure comes from Brian Aherne, a stubborn Irish archeologist, who takes a Greek island flirtation seriously, follows to New York with honorable intentions. The ensuing battle of opposite attitudes, richly humorous and vital, is played to the limit by a bountiful cast, including Frank Morgan, Jessie Ralph and Frank Conroy.

Director Van Dyke keeps the see-saw struggle humming, even to the final clash at the altar. Joan, never more stunning, dwarfs her startling wardrobe with her personal vitality. At that Brian Aherne almost steals the show.



★ HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Paramount

IF your funnybone is in need of a tickling, don't miss this sparkling and sometimes uproarious comedy of a manicurist who's determined to marry money and winds up behind the eight ball of poor but honest love.

Not since "Twentieth Century" has Carole Lombard had such ample scope for her fine flair for sophisticated light comedy, punctuated by telling tenderness, as in this rôle of the manicurist, *Regi Allen*. A grand teammate, Fred MacMurray as the blueblood playboy with empty pockets shares performance honors with her.

Astrid Allwyn is excellent as the rich gal who loses MacMurray to Lombard and Ralph Bellamy grabs off a load of sympathy as the crippled and wealthy *Maelyn* who loves and loses *Regi*. Marie Prevost wows with her dumb *Nona*.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



★ BARBARY COAST—Sam Goldwyn

STRONG motion picture fare in this exciting and colorful melodrama, played with distinction against the background of the disreputable water front district of San Francisco in the early gold rush days.

It is a man-sized chunk of human nature in the raw yet woven throughout are scenes of infinite tenderness and beauty.

So adroitly is the touchy angle—the well known immorality of the district and its people—handled, that even the most squeamish cannot complain of a single squeam yet at no time is its basic strength sapped by this artistic compromise. You may, indeed, even wish for a more virile ending, so attuned will you have become to its pulse.

Mary Rutledge (Miriam Hopkins) comes to the district from New York to marry a wealthy man only to learn upon her arrival that he has been killed in a roulette game argument by *Louis Chamalis* (Edward G. Robinson), vice lord of the district. Greedy for gold, she becomes queen of *Chamalis'* enterprises and mistress of his actions. Into this mess, love comes in the person of poetical *James Carmichael* (Joel McCrea) and *Louis* turns out to have a little gold in his heart as well as a lot in his pockets.

Of the three stars, McCrea's work is outstanding; but a bit player, Walter Brennan, as *Old Atrocity*, steals scenes right and left.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BARBARY COAST HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM SHIPMATES FOREVER
I LIVE MY LIFE THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Miriam Hopkins in "Barbary Coast"
Edward G. Robinson in "Barbary Coast"
Joel McCrea in "Barbary Coast"
Walter Brennan in "Barbary Coast"
Joe E. Brown in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Anita Louise in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Olivia de Havilland in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
Carole Lombard in "Hands Across the Table"
Fred MacMurray in "Hands Across the Table"
Preston Foster in "Last Days of Pompeii"
Eric Von Stroheim in "The Crime of Doctor Crespi"



★ A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—Warner Brothers

WARNER BROTHERS have done almost as great a thing in producing Max Reinhart's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as they did when they revolutionized the movies by the introduction of sound. For here is not only motion picture production raised to the realm of art but entertainment that will appeal equally to everyone.

Shakespeare has been followed respectfully and faithfully. The most beautiful score Mendelssohn ever wrote has been orchestrated exquisitely. The playing is perfect, and the costuming, settings, and photography blend together into enchantment that would have delighted the Bard.

The story, of course, reveals the plight of the four earthly lovers when they wander into a wood and fall under the spell of *Puck*, who mischievously is obeying the will of *Oberon* to show *Titania*, queen of the fairies, what fools love can create. The mists of the morning dispel the dream of the night, while the fantasy descends into good, rowdy farce.

Particular honors should be bestowed on Jimmy Cagney, as *Bottom*, Olivia de Havilland as *Herminia*, Mickey Rooney as *Puck* and Victor Jory as the black-browed *Oberon*, though every member of this truly all-star cast play their scenes with gusto. To Warner Bros. for their courage, to Max Reinhart for the inspiration, to William Dieterle for his direction, to Hal Mohr for the camera work, and to Erich Wolfgang Korngold for the scoring, congratulations.



★ SHIPMATES FOREVER—Warners
Cosmopolitan

THE perennial Annapolis story emerges here fresh and appealing, thanks to the knockout juvenile performances of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler under the deft and sympathetic direction of Frank Borzage. Dick, as a big time crooner, enters the Academy only to please his admiral dad, Lewis Stone. However, he enters under the wrong auspices and in a contrary frame of mind which leads to his unpopularity. During the final year, he goes on a cruise with his class and when a steam pipe blows up at battle practice, Dick risks his life to save his former roommate and eventually becomes the hero of the fleet and of the Academy. The naval minded ditties second the inspiring Annapolis color and make it all the more reason for being a picture to merit much fine praise and amusing attention.



★ THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS—First
National

HILARIOUS and farcical comedy is the keynote of this deep, fast paced mystery melodrama that is handled with skillful precision and logical clarity. Warren William, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. Patricia Ellis and Peggy Shannon are the lovely suspects who keep your busy brain spinning to keep up with this Erle Stanley Gardner baffle. You'll have a grand time trying to find out who did it and you'll laugh uproariously at the frolicsome mirth and merriment that dominates the entire picture from beginning to end. There's the full stock of strange and mysterious happenings together with the chain of murders and the subsequent suspects who are innocent, to thrill and chill you.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



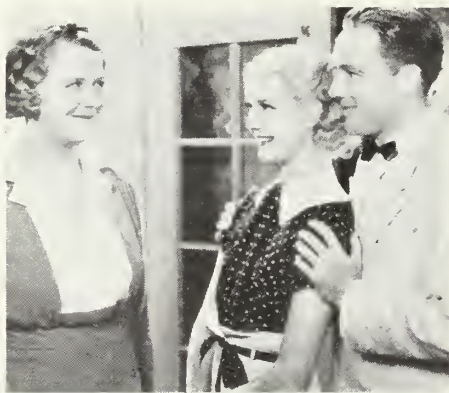
THE THREE MUSKETEERS
—RKO-Radio



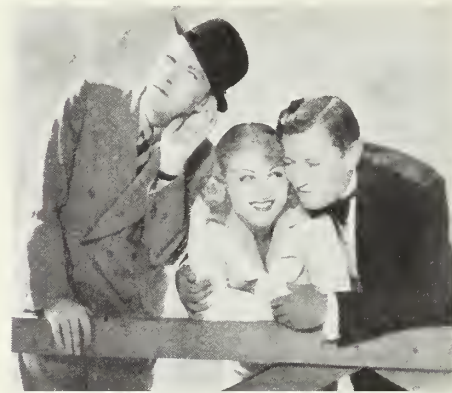
O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY
—M-G-M

EN GARDE! It's that dashing Gascon, *D'Artagnan*, and his trouble loving pals in a delightfully romantic new presentation of Dumas' swashbuckling classic of royal intrigue. Walter Abel, able but less acrobatic than Douglas Fairbanks of yore, leads the sword flashing quartet to the dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. Beautifully produced, acted with spirit.

WALLACE BEERY and Jackie Cooper click again in another tender and often tearful father and son story with the same powerful appeal as "The Champ." The heart tugs arrive when Wally, a stumblebum animal trainer, fights to win back the love of his son, reared to hate him by a meddling sister-in-law. It's brightened by colorful circus atmosphere.



PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—
Warner Bros.



TWO FISTED
—Paramount

THIS warmly human, clever and thoroughly delightful little picture glorifies the family maid. Ruth Donnelly is *Lizzie*, whose deft persuasiveness manoeuvres the lives of an interesting average family to Long Island mansions and various happy endings. Full of skillful "touches" with some real drama at the end. Margaret Lindsay, Warren Hull and Arthur Treacher.

JIMMY GLEASON'S old stage hit, "Is Zat So," brightened and brushed up, gives Lee Tracy that fast and furious farce rôle he has needed so long. Lee and Roscoe Karns are the smooth-tongued pair, who buttle and battle through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way.



LAST DAYS OF POMPEII
—RKO-Radio



THE VIRGINIA JUDGE—
Paramount

ASPECTACULAR drama of pagan splendor during the loose, lax period of the Roman Empire assumes the same title as Bulwer-Lytton's famous novel but is entirely different in plot and action and worth while seeing. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the blacksmith who sets up god as his God after losing his wife and son because of poverty.

WALTER C. KELLY in the rôle of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture a warmly human and appealing story. You'll get laughs from that colored lazybones, Stepin Fetchit, as the be-plumed ruler of the Pearly Gates of Heaven Lodge who is involved in crap games and razor arguments.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



FRECKLES—
RKO-Radio

GENE STRATTON PORTER'S latest contribution to the screen is probably an excuse for introducing another child actress to movie audiences. As such, it is a pleasant, though unexciting little story of love in a lumber camp. Tom Brown and Carol Stone are the shy lovers, while little Virginia Weidler is permitted full range to flaunt her talents.



**SHE
COULDN'T
TAKE IT—**
Columbia

YOU'VE seen this idea before, but you'll probably like the new speedy version. A harassed millionaire, Walter Connolly, flees to prison from his mad, spoiled family, makes George Raft, gangster inmate, trustee of his wealth when he dies. Released, George takes command, battles with spoiled deb daughter, Joan Bennett, until love crashes through.



NAVY WIFE
—20th
Century-Fox

BECAUSE of her family experiences, Navy nurse Claire Trevor is afraid of love and marriage in this so-so program picture. When she does wed Navy doctor Ralph Bellamy, a secret assignment from the Intelligence Department develops complications for her husband in the form of an adventuress spy. Ben Lyon does well with an unimportant rôle.



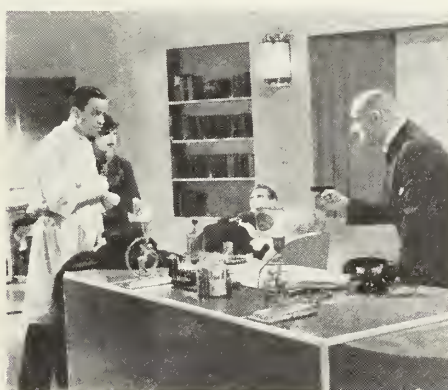
**MUSIC IS
MAGIC—**
Fox

BEBE DANIELS steps out and shows 'em some real trouping in this pleasant little semi-musical, headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, of the vaudeville gal who finally makes the grade in Hollywood. Bebe plays to the hilt her rôle of the aging movie queen who won't be her age. Her scene in the hot-cha song number will wow you. Some catchy tunes, too.



**FIGHTING
YOUTH—**
Universal

A HANDFUL of radical students upset college routine in this so-so film of campus life. Charles Farrell makes a none too convincing football hero who is tricked into ditching the game by radical, Ann Sheridan, June Martel, Farrell's college sweetheart, aids federal investigators to clean out the radicals and all eventually ends well.



**THE CRIME
OF DOCTOR
CRESPI—**
Republic

EDGAR ALLAN POE would have been well pleased with this admirable and authentic adaptation the producers have made of "The Premature Burial." Transposed to the screen, it becomes one of the most harrowing and gruesome of thrillers. Eric Von Stroheim is excellent as *Doctor Crespi*.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]



Eleanor Powell, three years and a half ago, long before her "transformation," when she was in the Varieties

The Glorifying of Eleanor Powell

How in twelve months
she's been trans-
formed from an Ugly
Duckling into a vivid,
radiant film beauty!

By Mary
Watkins Reeves

A YEAR ago, if you'd asked any of the Broadway biggies what they thought of Eleanor Powell's chances in the movies, they would have answered quite honestly, "No soap—she's not good-looking enough."

A year ago Eleanor Powell was the acknowledged Ugly Duckling of the Great White Way. Today she is one of the loveliest stars in Hollywood. Between the two extremes lies a story which has never been equalled in all show business.

For in twelve months' time Eleanor Powell has transformed herself from sheer ugliness into actual, radiant beauty!

You saw that beauty in "Broadway Melody of 1936." And this, if you want to be lovelier, is the true story of how she achieved it. Eleanor has given me the complete, intimate details behind the greatest change the theater has ever seen in any of its daughters, the greatest change I have ever seen in a girl in all my life.

When Broadway first knew this young star she was a homely,

freckle-faced, spindly-legged kid of sixteen. True, she had a definite personality and she was something *very extra-special* when it came to dancing, but that was all. Enough grease-paint, and long-legged or skirted costumes, and her looks got by on a stage. But in real life she was an unlovely youngster if one ever lived. The only really appealing feature about her was her nose, a cute cross between piquant and pug. But a nose alone can't save a plain face, a disproportioned figure. Broadway branded her Ugly Duckling. And the name stuck.

Well, it isn't so bad when Broadway thinks you're homely. It isn't so bad when you think so yourself, as Eleanor often had to admit. But when your own mother—a stage mother at that—agrees, that's the ultimate! It's up to mamas to consider their offspring perfectly devastating when nobody else in the world does.

Yet Mrs. Powell said to me very frankly the other day, "Eleanor wasn't even a pretty baby. She was too fat when she was four, too thin when she was eight, and at ten she was a—a *problem!* Bashful, awkward, gawky—"

So, wisely she enrolled her little girl in dancing school. The child developed not only a new poise but a marked innate talent for rhythm. At sixteen, fresh from Springfield, Massachusetts, Eleanor descended on New York to "get in a show." And did.



The "new" Eleanor Powell, the pulsating dancing sensation of "Broadway Melody of 1936." Left, when she first came to the attention of Broadway—freckled and spindly



She got in lots of shows and vaudeville, topping off her stage career with a spectacular success in George White's *Scandals*. She became recognized, by her twenty-first birthday, not only as the foremost girl tap dancer of the country, but as the *Baby of The Street*, as Broadway affectionately called her. It was natural that Eleanor turn her eyes toward Hollywood for further fields to conquer.

In her own unusual way she was refreshingly attractive. Schoolgirlishly boisterous, invariably tweeded, tailored from her undies to her slim sporty coats. When she sat she sprawled, when she danced she was lightning. A speck of powder and a light lip-rouging was all the make-up you ever saw added to that plain, scrubbed-clean sort of face [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Charles E. Kerlee

Jean Harlow's Christmas Dinner Table

- Flat silver: in Francis I by Gorham.
- Service plates, goblets and flower bowl; Georgian by Wallace.
- Candlesticks: 1780 Sheffield.
- China: Oakleaf by Wedgwood.
- Crystal: design by Tiffany.
- Doilies: in old Point Venice lace.
- Napkins: madeira linen with Berano inserts.
- Furniture: Louis XVI.
- Candelabra on buffet: 1730 Sheffield.

THE gossamer of glamour is finely spun. So it is eminently fitting that Christmas dinner in lovely Jean Harlow's white hilltop home in Bel-Air should be a formal affair of gracious dignity, adult gaiety and roast pheasant rather than the noisy informality, heart-warming as that is, of a family gathered around turkey and trimmings.

Dinner is served in the Harlow home at 8:30 o'clock by Brown, the colored butler of serious mien. So at eight-fifteenish you'll be in the antique ivory and soft green drawing room sipping a cocktail or, if your taste runs stronger, a highball. Your hostess rarely uses liquor but on this holiday night she may indulge in one dry Martini. Regardless of her personal taste, however, you may have what you will in the liquor line.

Chatting near you this night will be glorious Norma Shearer and her brilliant husband, Irving Thalberg; dark-eyed Dolores Del Rio and her clever decorator husband, Cedric Gibbons; Mr. and Mrs. Carey Wilson (she was Carmelita Geraghty and is Jean's closest friend) and suave William Powell who's beaunting Jean these exciting days. Eight carefully chosen guests, Jean believes, is perfect for the dinner party and this eight pluperfect.

At eight-thirty Brown will swing wide the ivory doors of the rather intimate dining room. Light from twenty-three tall white tapers will bathe the room in a soft, balanced glow. Four tapers will stand in heavily encrusted silver sticks on the table, ten will be in two candelabra on the buffet and nine will be held in one massive candelabrum in the far corner of the room.

Candle light for all evening meals is Miss Harlow's choice and in this instance it is a wise one indeed for the flickering light and shadows dancing over the gleaming silver and crystal appointments vastly enriches their beauty.

Regardless of vogue, Miss Harlow prefers lace to damask so the burnished mahogany surface of the antique ivory Louix XVI table likewise will reflect the capers of the candles. Spread on it will be a runner and oblong individual place doilies of fine old Point Venice lace. The graceful chairs are upholstered in soft coral velvet and the same dull green of the drawing room covers the floor.

Though it is a Christmas dinner, there will be no seasonal hint in the floral centerpiece. Two dozen short stemmed Talisman roses will be simply but effectively arranged in a low silver bowl with rolling edges. Roses, Miss Harlow believes, are the perfect flower for the formal dinner.

At one end will be a silver dish of bon-bons; at the other will stand a matching dish of mixed nuts. Before each place, too, will be an individual basket of nuts and ready for the smokers will be silver ash trays, monogrammed silver match boxes and flat silver trays of various brands of cigarettes.

Silver water goblets, chaste in design, and sparkling crystal glasses for the red Bordeaux, 1921, to be served with the pheasant, will stand at the tip of the dinner knife of the exquisite flat silver which has been in Miss Harlow's family for so many years. Napkins of Madeira linen with Berano inserts will lie ready for use on handsome silver service plates.

For this Christmas dinner Miss Harlow has planned mock turtle soup, pheasant with brown almond sauce, asparagus with butter sauce, hot buttered rolls, tomato en aspic with tiny toasted cheese rolls, and Baked Alaska Diablo.

It may strike you as a simple menu for such a formal dinner but it is in strict accord with Miss Harlow's preference in such matters. She never serves a full course dinner; rather, she says, each of the few courses must be chosen with discretion

and each must be perfect unto itself. An incomparable plan!

To help you achieve the perfect beginning, middle and end of this menu, should you choose to copy it, Miss Harlow's colored cook, Nanny, has parted with three prized recipes.

Materials essential for Nanny's mock turtle soup include: 1 calf's head, 2 cups of brown stock (beef or vegetable extracts dissolved in water or canned consomme or bouillon), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sliced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup carrot cut in dice, 1 cup stewed and strained tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2 sprigs thyme, 6 allspice berries, 6 cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppercorns and Madeira wine to taste if desired.

Nanny concocts the delight this way: clean and wash calf's head; soak 1 hour in cold water to cover. Cook until tender in 3 quarts boiling water to which seasoning and vegetables have been added. Remove head; boil stock until reduced to one quart. Strain and cool. Melt and brown butter, add flour, stir until well browned. Pour on brown stock slowly and bring to boil. Add the headstock, tomatoes, 1 cup diced face meat, and lemon juice. Simmer 5 minutes and serve.

To properly roast the pheasant, Nanny says, tie a fat piece of bacon over the breast with a piece of string. Baste frequently while baking 30 to 40 minutes. Serve on buttered toast garnished with watercress.

The delectable brown almond sauce is made by browning $\frac{1}{2}$ pound blanched and chopped almonds in 2 tablespoons of butter. Then add 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper. Finally pour over this mixture 1 pint of thin cream and bring slowly to boiling point.

For Nanny's Baked Alaska Diablo you'll need: a meringue of 4 egg whites, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar and 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1 quart brick ice cream, frozen hard; thin sheet sponge cake; cherries soaked in brandy.

Cover a baking board with brown sugar, arrange cake on paper and ice cream on cake, having cake extend $\frac{1}{2}$ inch beyond the ice cream. Quickly spread the entire cake and cream with the meringue and place the whole in a hot oven for about 5 minutes. Turn the board if necessary to brown evenly. Slide the browned cake and cream from paper to platter. Place cherries soaked in brandy on top, set fire to cherries and serve at once. The cake board and brown paper must be used; they are non-conductors of heat.

When you have thrilled to the last bite of Baked Alaska Diablo, close to two hours magically will have passed at table. This, too, is in keeping with the strict Harlow rule of dining leisurely that food, spiced with sprightly conversation, may be enjoyed to its fullest.

Coffee will be brought to the drawing room in plain white Wedgewood demi-tasse cups on a heavy Georgian silver tray. Liqueurs will be served to those who wish them. You'll probably enjoy Miss Harlow's pet substitute—a cube of sugar dipped in brandy.

There'll be no bridge or games to stir you up after this perfect dinner; Miss Harlow doesn't believe in them. In lieu, you'll round out this evening of carefully engineered relaxation by sinking deeply into comfortable chairs and talking. Eager, stimulating talk.

The art of conversation is a great one, Miss Harlow believes, and she encourages its practise.

Before you know it the hands of the clock will have sped around to that hour when Miss Harlow must graciously shoo you out the door, much as she rues it. After all, morning is coming all too soon and morning, for this hostess, means grinding, hard work before a camera cruelly ready to pick up the most minute evidences of beauty neglect the night before.

Preview of the Perfect Christmas ▲ Dinner ▲



THE CHESTER



Manchester Morris (above) all grown up and known as Chester. Right, the Morrises in that sterling drama written by papa William. "All the Horrors of Home." Left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Chester, Adrian (free-lance actor) and Wilhelma (now on the radio)

If you asked anyone you might know to name the big theatrical families of this country he would probably reply, "Why, the Barrymores, of course, the Bennetts, and possibly the Costellos."

If you mentioned the name "Morris," his thoughts would probably turn to an easy chair or perhaps a salary loan.

Yet out on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood where it curves as if to dodge the spotlighted struttings at the Clover Club and the Trocadero just ahead, perches a little low Spanish bungalow. There quietly lives a man who is the pappy of the biggest theatrical tribe of them all.

His name is William Morris, and in his day he was the

busiest and highest paid actor on Broadway. He played with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett and John McCullough. He was Modjeska's leading man.

Some thirty odd years ago David Belasco introduced him, at a rehearsal of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," to a young actress named Etta Hawkins who had come to New York from Aurora, Illinois, with a letter to Daniel Frohman. They were married and later during an acting engagement in Manchester, N. H., a son was born and named after the town.

Smart Now



The make-up experts all favor outlining and defining the eyes with the color of the lash line, blended, as is Dolores Del Rio's, into her eyeshadow. But this is for evening only, or for those of you who have light lashes. Rouge is used sparingly or not at all, blended, applied before powdering



Joan Crawford's eyes become even more expressive, framed by natural unplucked brows. Jack Dawn, M-G-M make-up artist, shapes Joan's brows to conform to the curve of the eyes as outlined by her lashes. Her lip make-up is no longer exotic, but subordinated, keeping accent on her eyes



CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Above: Marian Marsh's washing mits are a very satisfactory addition to her bath accessories. She selects them in pastel plaids to match her decorative towels



A three minute make-up. Dorothy Page finds the answer in a new liquid, which is astringent, foundation and powder, all in one



Left: Rouge, as Loretta Young applies it, adds a very natural color emphasis to her make-up. Follow the cheek-bone curve, and blend with the finger-tips

Lower left: Ann Rutherford is making up her lashes with a new creamy, run-proof mascara. It comes with a brush in a satin case which she slips in her bag

Making Up



Above: A compact little chest contains Tala Birell's manicure necessities, — cuticle remover, polish and its remover. Tala is applying a natural polish



Above: A good hand lotion is an indispensable item now that winter is in the offing. Ann Shirley's hands reflect her scrupulous care



Left: Patting your powder up close to the lower eyelid will conceal deep shadows and make your eyes sparkle with youth, is Evelyn Venable's tip to you



Lower left: Ann selects a non-drying lipstick of medium tone. Its clever case comes in three colors and carries its own unbreakable lip-shaped mirror

To Beauty

Ask The Answer Man

WATCH your heart when Robert Donat appears on the screen! This handsome young man with his wavy auburn hair, brown eyes, and his ready smile is the newest male heart throb and annexes a new contingent of feminine admirers every time his face is flashed upon the screen. The sighing "ohs" and "ahs" heard in the audiences when he appeared in "Henry the Eighth" and in "The Count of Monte Cristo" were merely forerunners of the acclaim that has recently been accorded him.

Robert Donat (pronounced Dough-nat) was born in the residential suburb of Withington, a mile or so away from Manchester, England, on March 18, 1905, and is descended from a family that has been progressively Italian, French, German, Polish and English. At the age of seven, he wrote a play called "The Hunchback" which he produced in his mother's kitchen and in which he played the leading part. After his stirring performance, his parents insisted that he learn to recite and thenceforth, every family gathering was an occasion for him to again hang Danny Deever or to Carry the News from Ghent to Aix. At the age of eighteen, because of his matchless voice and perfect diction, he won the gold medal of the Academy of Music and Elocution.

In spite of the swashbuckling rôles he portrays on the screen, Donat, in person, is a very modest and likable young man who has an infectious sense of humor and an engaging personality. He is fond of hiking, riding, motor-ing and fencing (at which he excels) and reads anything from a detective thriller to a Greek play, depending upon his mood. He regards Long Island Roast Duckling as America's greatest single contribution to civilization.

His latest appearance on the screen is with Madeleine Carroll in the Gaumont-British production, "39 Steps."

KAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—You are right, and we feel the same way you do. The above brief biography will give you all the information you are seeking. Yes, there is a Mrs. Robert Donat, also two young Donats.

ADELYN GRAVES, NARBERTH, PA.—Indeed, Ann Harding is a lovely person. She was born at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on August 7th and is 5 and one-half feet tall. She has ash blonde hair and blue-grey eyes and tips the scales at 106 pounds. Before entering the motion pictures, she appeared on the legitimate stage in "Tarnish," "Stolen Fruit," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." She was recently divorced from Harry Bannister. Her next appearance on the screen will be in "Peter Ibbetson."

L. J. DAVISON, NEW YORK CITY.—Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the sixth of January, 1913. She is 5 feet 3 and one-half inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her stage career began at the age of four but she did not enter the movies until 1927. Grant Withers was her one and only husband but they are divorced at present.

You will soon see her in "Ramona," her latest picture.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

THE ANSWER MAN is a library of fact, fancy and personalities on pictures and players, and hasn't been stumped for an answer yet. Naturally, he does not limit you on your questions, but brevity is desirable. If you prefer an answer direct, be sure and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Also, be sure and address your queries to **The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.**



Robert Donat, who reads anything from a detective thriller to a Greek play, and who considers roast duckling the top in food

MRS. W. C. BRADLEY, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Frank Morgan took the part of the Governor of Louisiana in "Naughty Marietta."

Laura F. Beebe, Sturgis, Mich.—Noah Beery is very much alive. At the present time he is over in England making "King of the Damned."

Wallace Beery was the one who played in "The Champ."

Yes, "East Lynne" was made into a "talkie" in 1931. Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook were in the cast.

Betty Snyder, Rochester, N. Y.—Figeac, France, is the birthplace of Charles Boyer. He was educated in the grade and high school there and later attended the Sorbonne in Paris. Besides being an accomplished actor, Charles Boyer is the author of many published short stories. He has also appeared on the legitimate stage before entering the movies. He was born on August 28th, but does not reveal the year. His height is 5 feet 11 inches and he weighs 154 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes.

Mildred Haselwood, Wichita, Kan.—You will have to write to the studios directly for your information, but unless you are thoroughly familiar with the studio routine and the motion picture industry, the possibility of securing the kind of employment you desire is very slim. Furthermore, the work is far more difficult and exacting than you think. The script girl is held responsible, to a certain extent, for errors that occur in the films.

Esther, Fort Wayne, Ind.—Dick Powell was divorced in 1932. His wife was a non-professional and there were no children by his marriage. Donald Cook was married twice and was divorced the same number of times. He is the father of little Donna Daily who was born March 21, 1934.

Alice N. Morrison, Seattle, Wash.—Unless the songs are used in a musical production, we do not keep any record of the titles. Hugh Herbert really is that gentleman's name, and a grand gentleman he is. Binghamton, New York, is the place of his birth. Many thanks for your charming sentiments.

L. J. Ellis, Melbourne, Australia.—Tacoma, Washington, claims Bing Crosby as one of its natives, and the date of his birth is May 5, 1904. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes the shade that his feminine admirers describe as pastel blue. At one time, Bing intended to become a lawyer and studied for the bar at Gonzaga University, but somehow he was side-tracked and found himself being billed as one of the three "Rhythm Boys" appearing with Paul Whiteman's band. He is married to Dixie Lee, an actress, and is the father of three boys. Bob Crosby is his only brother. His favorite hobbies are boating and fishing and he owns quite an enviable stable of racing ponies, although we don't know whether you would consider that a hobby or a worry. Bing is now at work making the screen version of "Anything Goes."

Shirley Temple was born April 24, 1929, at Santa Monica, California. She is 40 inches tall and weighs 42 pounds. Her hair is the color of gold and her eyes hazel. She has two brothers, Jack and George, both of whom are much older than Shirley. She loves to memorize lines from plays and to collect dolls, but most of all she is very fond of riding on her pony. "Captain January" is the name of her next picture.

Bevelyn Hendricks, Tucson, Ariz.—Your question regarding Loretta Young has been answered above.

"I'm a fan for Lux"

says **GLORIA STUART**

"It's a winner with washables— keeps them like new!"

"WHEN a player is a box office hit, fans won't stand for someone else taking her place. No other player is 'just as good.' I'm that way about Lux.

"With Lux, stockings practically never get runs, undies keep the darling colors they have when new, sweaters stay soft, unshrunk. Naturally I'm keen about Lux!"

Do YOU follow the lead of the Hollywood stars and insist on Lux? They know it's safe—that it has none of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often have—never weakens threads or fades colors as cake-soap rubbing may. Saves stocking runs, too!

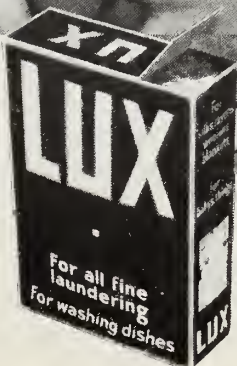
Thousands of girls who must count every penny find Lux helps them to look as well-groomed as their favorite stars. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios

"All costumes on the Universal lot that are washable at all are cared for with Lux," says Vera West, Wardrobe Supervisor. "It cleans like magic—I wouldn't be without it if it cost \$1.00 a box!"



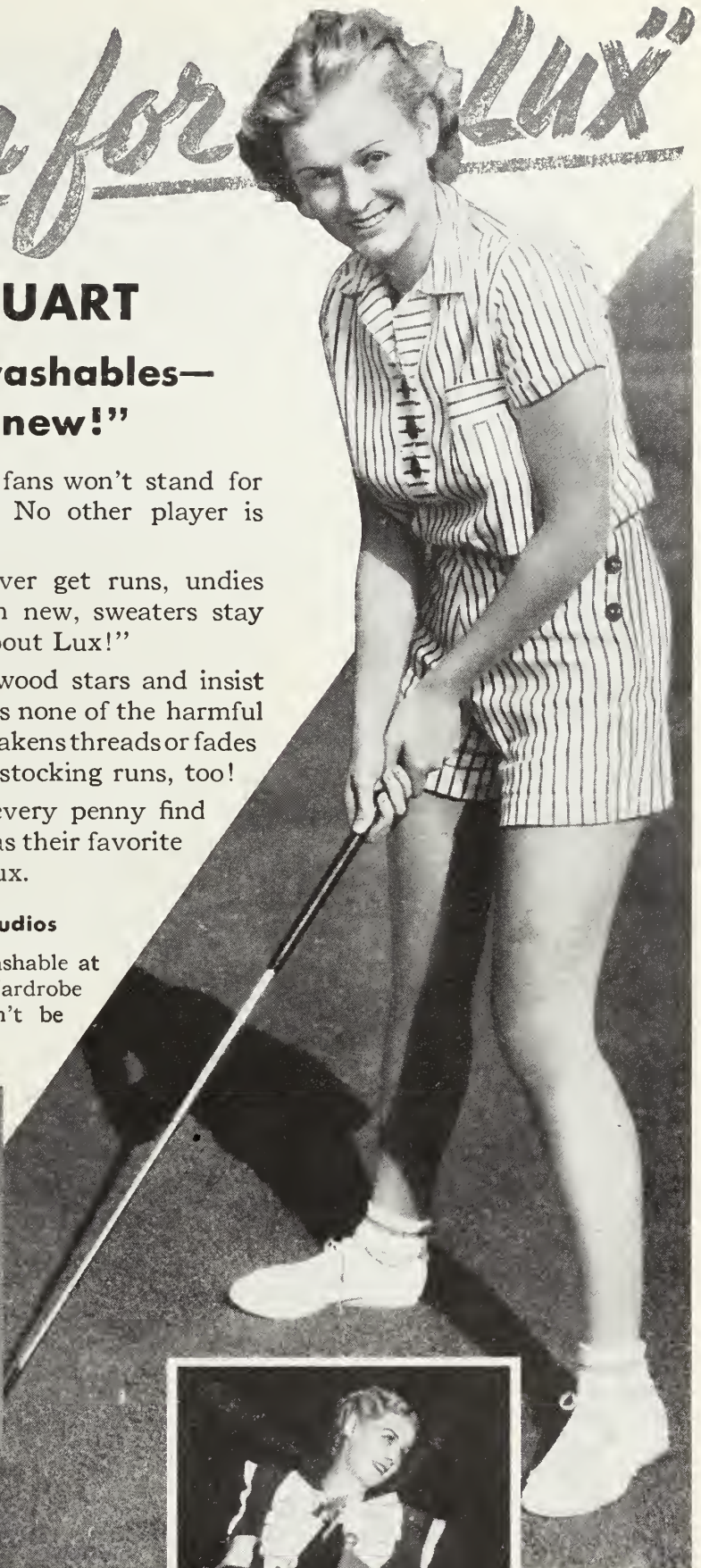
Luxable fashions are important in the wardrobe of this popular star. You'll see her wearing them in Universal pictures. Clever girls take her advice—stick to Lux!



Every costume that's safe in water, Gloria Stuart insists must be Luxed. Others, like the frock she's wearing at right, must have Luxable trimmings!



"I try to guess how often my things have been Luxed, but they look new so long I'm a mile off!" says Gloria.



Face Down

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 |

is important. I sent a man out to keep a watch on the front of the house. His name is Peters. I want you to put him on the telephone and let me talk with him."

"I'll get him," she said. "He came here and reported just a few minutes ago, but listen, I wanted to tell you something. My car's been stolen."

"Stolen?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You're certain?"

"Yes. And Arthur," she went on, "that's the butler, you know, saw the tracks of the man who stole it—at least we think he's the one; he's got bare feet. He was . . ."

"You," he ordered, "get out of that house. Are your guests still there?"

"Yes."

"MAKE some excuse," he told her, *any* "excuse I don't care what it is. Get Peters to drive you. Go to the Roosevelt Hotel, register under the name under which I first met you. Tell Peters that I said you were to have Jim Sweet as a bodyguard. Peters will know how to arrange it. Tell Peters to see that you get to the hotel, and *leave that house at once*. After that, have Peters come out to where I am now."

"Where are you now?"

"At Frank Alter's residence."

"Is he there?"

"There's no time for answering questions," he told her. "Get Peters and get started, and tell Peters to take care of you first and then get out here just as quickly as he can."

Brent slammed the receiver back on the hook.

"To whom were you talking?" Merla Smith asked.

"Curious?"

"Not particularly."

He chuckled and said, "Only so curious that you forgot your fear in an attempt to find out who it was. . . . Come on, we're going down the corridor to where you saw this man."

"No. No. No."

"Suit yourself," he told her. "I'm going."

"But you can't leave me here alone."

"Then you can come."

She started to protest, but Dick brushed her protestations aside, strode to the door, took a flashlight from his pocket and started down the long corridor.

CHAPTER VIII

AS Brent approached the turn in the corridor around which Merla Smith had run screaming, she came close to him, clung to his right arm.

He shook her loose. "Listen," he told her, "I don't know what's down here but I don't want some girl cramping my style if I have to go into action. Beat it. Why don't you lock yourself in one of the bedrooms, close the window, lock the door and wait until . . ."

"No!" she half screamed. "I won't! I won't! I tell you I won't! I won't be left alone in this house. There's something awful here."

"Because you saw a man who didn't wear any shoes?" he asked. "Don't you know that was probably Frank Alter? He wanted you out of the way, so he made a stall slipped

down the corridor, took off his shoes and waited for you."

"Don't be foolish!" she exclaimed. "Frank wouldn't have done that. This man grabbed for my throat. Look! You can see the scratches on my skin. See where his nails scratched down against the flesh!"

She pulled aside the torn blouse, disclosed the sweep of a perfect throat, the soft whiteness of the rounded contours.

Dick kept his eyes peering down the corridor.

"Show it to me some other time," he told her. "I don't care if he grabbed at your



Gail Patrick and John Engstead who appear together very often, stifle all rumors by saying that they are just good friends and nothing more

throat a dozen times. I tell you it *could* have been Alter."

"You're no help at a time like this," she said bitterly.

"It all depends on what you call help," Dick answered, grinning. "What were you doing, prowling around Alter's bedrooms?"

"None of your business!"

"Very well, then," Dick agreed cheerfully "it's none of my business. So that's that. Now what'll we talk about?"

All the time he was talking he was walking down the corridor.

"Look," she said, pointing to the lighted corridor, "he switched the lights back on. He turned them out when he was chasing me and then he turned them on again."

Dick paid no attention to her but raised his voice and once more shouted, "Alter! Frank! Where are you? Hello-o-o!"

Once more there was no sound save the scream of the howling wind which sent moaning noises whistling from the caves of the house.

"Look here," Brent said, "there's a door open somewhere. You can feel the wind coming down this corridor. Now tell me, was the wind blowing down the corridor before this man grabbed at you?"

"I don't think so."

"Can't you be certain?"

"Yes, I'm certain it wasn't."

"That," he said, "would indicate the man had left the premises. I'll take a look."

He led the way around another bend in the corridor. The huge house, built to enclose a patio, had long corridors running between rooms, which, on one side of the corridor, opened on the patio and on the other, the outer side of the house.

"What does a bachelor want with such a big house?" Brent asked half musingly.

"Perhaps he had a chance to buy it cheap and is holding it for speculation. He's only using part of the rooms to live in."

"Is that the reason?" Brent asked.

"I guess . . . er . . . I don't know. I was only guessing."

"You seemed to know what you were talking about."

"Did I?"

"Yes."

"There's the open door," she said, pointing.

They had approached the end of the hallway. The corridor broadened into a little reception room at the side of which a massive door swung on its hinges while gusts of wind swept rain in through the opening.

"Perhaps it blew open," she suggested.

Brent indicated the huge bolt in the door, the massive wrought-iron catch and the brass chain.

"JUST about one chance in a million," he said, "that this door blew open—about one chance in ten million that it was opened from the outside. Whoever opened that door opened it from the inside and went through it in a hurry."

Brent's flashlight located the light switch. He clicked it on and the little reception hallway, the porch, and the graveled walk leading across the patio were flooded with light.

"This still isn't the front door," Brent said.

"No, the front door is on the other side, across the patio. This walk leads toward it."

Brent indicated the moisture on the hardwood floor. "You can see," he said, "that this door hasn't been open long. The rain is blowing in fast, yet there isn't very much on the floor. Now then, where the devil do you suppose Alter went to? *He'd* hardly have come out and left the door open."

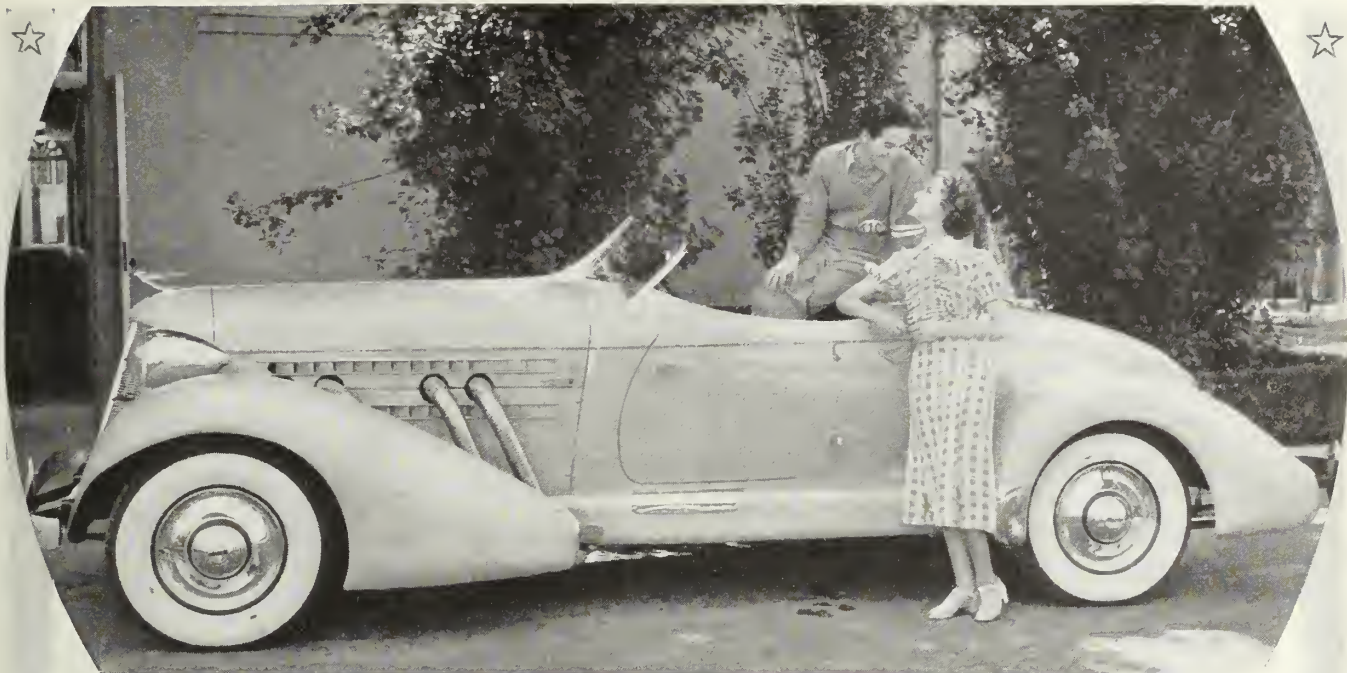
"Oh, I know what must have happened," she said. "Alter must have been chasing the thing that grabbed me. Isn't that logical?"

Dick didn't answer her. He was bent forward examining the graveled walk.

"Only one person came out of this door," he said, "and that person was running, and . . ." he said slowly, "running in his bare feet."

The beating rain had moistened the ground underneath the surface of the gravel so that pounding feet had left deep indentations which were filled with water. Dick pointed them out, focused the beam of his flashlight on a

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 |



Johnny Downs and Marsha Hunt in a scene from the Paramount picture, "The Virginia Judge"

1936

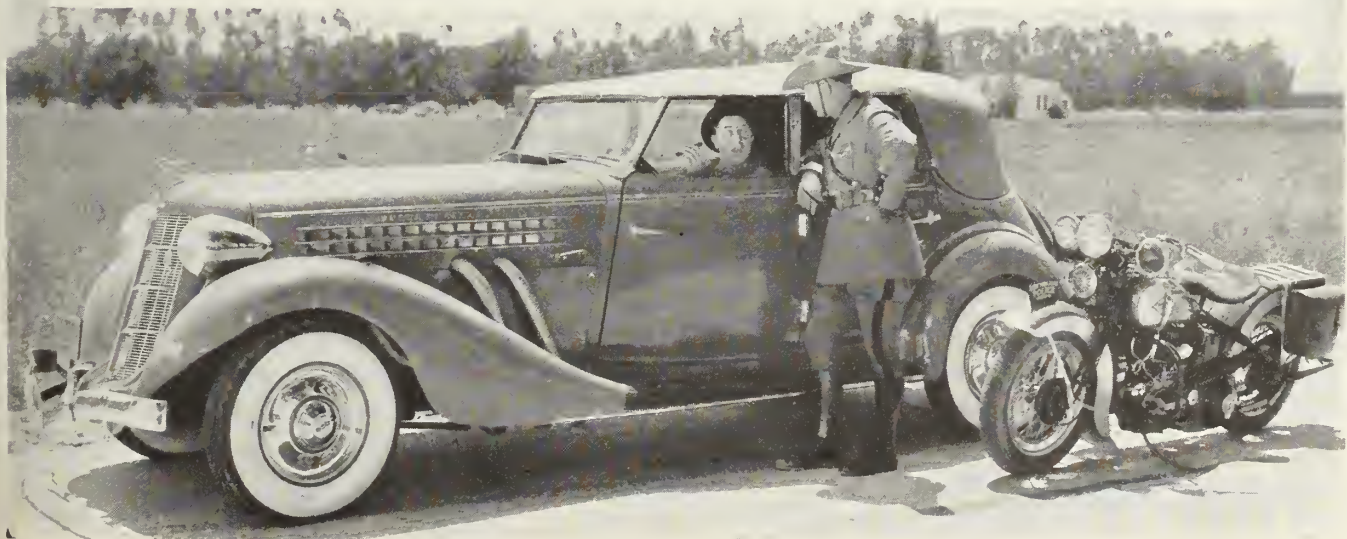
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Not only in Hollywood, but wherever discriminating men and women demand exceptional smartness, and performance, Auburn Super-Charged models have become tremendous favorites. A champion never pushes people around, therefore you can ride in safety and comfort in an Auburn Super-Charged car, letting all cars go by, secure in your knowledge that beneath your hood you have a superior car which has already been proven and needs no further demonstrations. We invite you to inspect and drive one of these 150 Horse Power Super-Charged Auburns.

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Joe Penner, in the Paramount picture "Collegiate"



Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

place where the man had quit the walk and cut across the patio. The patio was paved with stone flags. In between them were patches of ground soaked with rain until it had reached the consistency of soft putty. In several of these strips of earth there were the marks of bare feet. The heels had left no imprints, but the toes had dug deeply into the ground.

"Come on," Dick said, "we're going to find where this man went."

They were both out in the driving rain, both equally unconscious of the downpour which was drenching their clothing.

"Be careful," Dick warned, "only to step on these rocks. We don't want to leave our tracks here."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Just a precaution," he told her. "You can't tell what's going to happen."

"You mean," she said in an undertone, "what *has happened*."

"What was that?" he asked, turning toward her.

"Nothing," she answered. "I was just talking."

"Humph," he grunted, and shot the beam of his spotlight to an open window.

WHERE do you suppose that window goes?" she asked.

"It looks," he said, "as though it went to a cellar. I'm going through it."

"No! No!" she protested. "It's dark down there! You can't go through it."

He thrust his flashlight through the window, said, "Yes, it's a cellar. I'm going down. You can go back if you want to."

"I don't dare go back. Don't leave me!"

Brent slid down through the window without bothering to make any answer.

"Wait!" she cried. "Take me with you. Don't leave without me!"

Brent, standing on the floor beneath the window, sent his flashlight in a sweeping circle about the basement. A wine rack, well filled with cobwebby bottles, sent back the beam of his flashlight in dull reflections. A pile of old law books was in one corner. There were various boxes, barrels, odds and ends, but no sign of life.

Brent completed his survey, looked up through the window and called, "All right, slide down if you want to come. Otherwise go back to the house."

She tried to wrap her skirt tightly about her legs and slide through the window but, as she slid, her skirt, moving upward, disclosed a perfectly formed pair of legs.

After a moment she stopped and said, "I can't."

"Come on if you're coming," Brent called. "Don't mind me. This is business."

"Damn you," she said. "I hate you! You're a beast," and, with that, squirmed through the window, kicking with her legs violently as she slid through the casement.

Brent grabbed her, eased her to the floor. Then as she readjusted her garments, Brent started exploring the cellar. He peered back of the furnace, back of the stacked boxes, found a light switch and turned on the electric lights.

"No one here," he said.

Stairs led up to the upper floor. Brent climbed those stairs, twisted the knob of the door at the top of the stairs and frowned.

"This door's locked," he said.

"Well, what of it?" she asked. "With all of this wine down here you'd think he would keep the door locked."

"That isn't the point," he told her. "There's only one window to this cellar. That's high enough from the floor so it would be pretty difficult for a man to get out through it unless he put a box or something under it, and there's no box in evidence. Now then, how did this bare-footed man get out through a locked door?"

"He could have had a key," she observed sarcastically.

"Exactly the point I'm making," Brent told her. "Whoever came down through this cellar window had a key to this door, or else he must be still in this cellar. And if he is—"



The golden voiced Lily Pons peers wistfully through glass, not iron, bars in a scene from "Love Song," which marks her debut in pictures

"You're still trying to prove it was Frank Alter who grabbed me?" she asked.

"Not necessarily. I'm simply thinking out loud," he observed.

He produced his flashlight, started examining the walls of the cellar, checking over each foot of the concrete. Abruptly he stopped and said, "Look here. What's this?"

HE pried at the concrete, pushed and hammered. Nothing happened. He searched about with groping fingertips, finally found a slightly raised section in the wall and pressed it. The raised spot in the wall receded under the pressure of his thumb. A dull click sounded from the interior. Slowly, ponderously, a section of solid masonry slid inward, actuated by some unseen mechanism which swung the heavy slab on noiseless hinges.

"Now then," Brent remarked, "we're getting somewhere."

The flashlight illuminated an underground chamber which had no light. Its walls were of mortared rock. From it came a peculiar fetid stench.

Merla Smith grabbed at Dick's arm.

"The same smell!" she cried. "It's like a caged lion! It . . ."

Dick shook her free.

The little room contained an iron bedstead, mattress, blankets. There was a folding card table, a water tap in the side of the wall, and built into the solid masonry, two iron rings from which dangled chains. Below the chains, on the cement floor, lay twin bands of steel, ratcheted like padlocks.

"Look," he said, "those are made like handcuffs, and you can see where that chain has been filed or sawed. See," he went on, his voice high-pitched with excitement, "someone was held a captive here! He was chained by his wrists to that wall. The chains allowed him to lie on the bed and to move around a little bit, but not much. That person sawed or filed through the chains and escaped."

"Then what?" she asked.

Dick shrugged his shoulders and said, "Then perhaps he tried to grab you by the throat."

"And you mean to say that Frank Alter, the lawyer, kept a man chained down here like a caged animal?"

"I mean to say nothing of the sort," he told her. "I am merely pointing out to you unmistakable evidence that some man was kept chained in this room. There's another room. Let's see what's behind *that* door."

DICK'S right hand slipped a gun from his shoulder holster to a position of instant readiness. His left hand held the flashlight. Slowly he stepped forward. The beam from the flashlight illuminated the second room.

Abruptly Dick froze into immobility, the gun thrust forward ready for instant action.

The beam from the light had caught a pool of thick red which had welled slowly from that inner room, along a richly carpeted floor, until, as the beams of the detective's flashlight struck its surface, it sent forth a vague ruby reflection which danced in crimson light upon the tinted plaster walls of the inner room.

"Keep back," Dick told her, "unless you want to be shocked."

He stepped quickly forward. The beam of his flashlight disclosed a dead hand clutching against the rug, the fingers covered with encrusted red. Another step—an arm came into view, stretched out at a grotesque angle. Another step and Dick Brent was staring down upon the dead form of Frank Alter, the criminal lawyer—the handle of a big knife protruding from his back.

From the street outside of the house, sounded the blare of an automobile horn.

Dick Brent whirled on Merla Smith.

"You," he said, "*killed Frank Alter!*"

She shook her head.

"Yes you did," he told her. "You were having an argument with him when I came. He told you to hide. You came down to this room. It's very evident what sort of a place this is. Alter has kept it as a hide-out."

She tried to speak, but words would not come to her quivering lips.

From the rain-swept darkness just outside of the house, there sounded once more the impatient blaring of an automobile horn.

(Did Merla Smith kill Frank Alter? Who was the frightful menace in the dark? Can lovely Vilma Fenton, the actress, escape him? The next installment of "Face Down" brings even more electrifying, diabolical events. In January PHOTOPLAY, out December 5.)



**But
secretly
she cried
over her
pimpley
skin**



Don't let adolescent pimples cramp YOUR style

From 13 to 25 years of age, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the sensitive skin and make pimples break through.

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—clears the skin

**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

**"I THINK YOU'RE
WONDERFUL"**



I use cosmetics, of course!
But thanks to **Lux Toilet
Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid
of Cosmetic Skin



JOAN BLONDELL

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Romance

comes to the girl who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

SWEET, SMOOTH SKIN is very hard to resist. So don't risk losing this charm. You can use all the rouge and powder you wish! But be sure to *remove* stale cosmetics *thoroughly* with the care 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars have used for years—gentle Lux Toilet Soap!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. It guards against the dangerous pore choking that results in tiny blemishes, en-

larged pores, blackheads, perhaps—signs of Cosmetic Skin. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that frees the pores completely of all hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

To protect your skin—keep it always smooth and clear—follow this easy rule: Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap!

You want to have the kind of skin that makes men say, "I think you're wonderful!"

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills Good. (July)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Oct.)

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evelyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (Oct.)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth. Sterling Holloway. (July)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover. Clive Brook, only to re-discover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Roy is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a denoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothern is the romantic prize. (July)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Miscast as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—Brit ish & Dominion-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the wife who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Oct.)

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FLAME WITHIN, THE—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

FORBIDDEN HEAVEN—Republic.—A simple story which tells of the banding together of four human delinquents on the night of a heavy London fog and how Charles Farrell brings them love and happiness. Charlotte Henry, Beryl Mercer, Fred Walton Fair-ish. (Nov.)



Something brand new from Boston way—Jean Rogers, who won a beauty contest, and landed in the feminine lead of Universal's film, "Stormy"

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warners.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on between reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy. Good entertainment. (Sept.)

★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel. Frances Dee leads. (Nov.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Roger Pryor Ann Sothern starring. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tohin, Ralph Forbes. (Oct.)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the role of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HEADLINE WOMAN, THE—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

HEALER, THE—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa. (Nov.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice. (Nov.)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)

HOORAY FOR LOVE—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Nov.)

HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (Nov.)

FLL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

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BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh steals the show. (Oct.)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the Whiteoakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (Oct.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story, with Neil Hamilton good as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth. For the family. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (Oct.)

KLIQU—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of India-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Monogram.—Rapidly paced, well acted, this one gives the down on the news-reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dare-devil, Evalyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis.—Reminiscent in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (Nov.)

LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Oct.)

LOST CITY, THE—Sherman S. Krellberg Production.—If you chuck logic and common sense overboard, you will enjoy this wild story of an engineer and his expedition to a fantastic city in Africa. Kane Richmond, William Boyd head the cast. (Nov.)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—G.B.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as *Pa* who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton leads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lupe Velez' fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

NIT WITS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-1 direction. (July)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—B.I.P.—Alliance.—Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous *Quilp*. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PARIS IN SPRING—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossip stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

PHOTOPLAYS Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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MAD LOVE—M-G-M.—Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.—Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (Nov.)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RAVEN, THE—Universal.—Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER—London Films-United Artists.—Paul Robeson's singing, Leslie Banks' acting, and the true portrayal of cannibalistic tribes of the African interior, make this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (Sept.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

★ **SHE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen Gahagan makes her film début as the magnificent immortal ruler of the mythical kingdom of Kor. Randy Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack find her when they travel beyond the Arctic searching for "the flame of life." Mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (Oct.)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing rôles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)



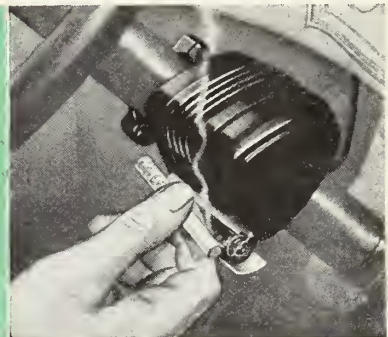
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★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (Oct.)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery Charles Arnt. (June)

STRANDED—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, by the struggle which ensues when social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry her man engineer George Brent because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is ace high. (June)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn (July)

SIO RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (July)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order

to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (Nov.)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS—Republic.—Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (Nov.)

TWO FOR TONIGHT—Paramount.—Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—Fox.—A last romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino. Armida. (Aug.)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too

dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny, Frank Craven. (June)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Warners.—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

WITHOUT REGRET—Paramount.—Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

★ **WOMAN WANTED**—M-G-M.—A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

The lights go on and Muni rolls slowly into the scene. The movie doctors press about him, their attitude reverent, attendant. Muni reaches slowly for the phials on the table. "This," he says, giving a doctor some syrup, "is for patient number one. This for number three. Try this on that new case." Muni's voice is faded but warm, detached and deeply touching. This is the twilight of the great career of Pasteur. It is also the kind of scene only Muni could play with such sincerity.

When the scene is over, you go out into the bright sunlight, surprised to find yourself in Burbank, California.

Up and over the hill takes you not to the poor house, but to Paramount studio. Here Claudette Colbert, the wisest actress in Hollywood, is shooting "The Bride Comes Home." Wesley Ruggles is directing the film and that's a guarantee of entertainment. If advance signs mean anything, this should be one of the most pleasant pictures of the year. In this case, they do mean a lot for Claudette, Wesley and author Claude Binyon form one of the town's best actress-director-writer teams. Their last joint product was "The Gilded Lily."

Wesley Ruggles is also producing the film himself. But it's really a more or less cooperative job, with everyone pitching in with all he has and having a lot of fun doing it. It's the smoothness and the efficiency of the group that you notice most of all. Not even the gags that are continually passing—such as having grotesque faces painted all over the set to try and break up Claudette in her love scene, and

Bob Young claiming he is an M-G-M spy every time he misses a cue—let you forget that here is a bunch who knows its business and knows it well.

Claudette wears a simple little black and white dress. She's supposed to be in love with Fred MacMurray and Bob Young, his rival, is telling her what a heel MacMurray is. MacMurray sits off stage, studying his lines. Between scenes he tells Claudette what a heller Young is.

"The Bride Comes Home" is set in Chicago. Near that city is a town called Crown Point. You may have heard of it. Crown Point is the place where all Chicagoans elope. The village is plastered with signs like "GET MARRIED HERE," "TWO DOLLARS FOR QUICK MARRIAGE," "SEE THE MARRYING PARSON FOR YOUR WEDDING." Now the thing that worries Wesley Ruggles is this. Will people believe this if he puts it in his picture? Or will the scene become more real with a little less realism? He doesn't know.

We left Wes to his worries and dashed over to the "Anything Goes" set, where Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman sing "You're The Top" to Paramount's greatest all-star cast. The all-star cast was on the sidelines. For the whole studio had jammed itself behind the camera for this number.

The set is a smartly reconstructed deck of a modern ocean liner. Bing and Ethel give the bright Cole Porter song all the dash and verve of their rhythmic voices. You feel as if the whole sound stage were swaying with them. In the story, Ethel loves Bing but Bing loves some other gal, but this doesn't have any detri-

mental effect on their vocalizing. Wait till you hear them! And the lyrics are all new, too.

Later, Wes's brother, Charlie Ruggles, does a scene with a dog. Charlie Ruggles is supposed to be Public Enemy No. 13 and no matter how bad he tries to be he can't improve his rating. He was disguised in a minister's black frocking when we watched him. Mr. Ruggles seemed quite holy until you looked at his face.

Holiness made us think of Marlene Dietrich, so we went to the "Desire" set to watch her emote in her first venture without the arty guidance of von Sternberg. Frank Borzage is directing this one. We saw Marlene, but we didn't see any costumed, slow talking woman of dark mystery. The woman we saw was as modern as Myrna Loy and as vivacious as Ginger Rogers. Some visitors approached her for an autographed photo. When she gave them the pictures and smiled good-bye, they said, "Thanks, Miss Dietrich." So it must have been she. Next month the electricians will be calling her Toots.

In "Desire," Dietrich wears her smartest clothes. They are modern, but not extreme, the sort of thing that well dressed women all over the world could wear. Travis Banton, Paramount's stylist, explained Hollywood's sudden style importance by saying the stars are wearing the same sort of clothes on the set that they wear off. With improved photography and an improved general taste, an actress, Travis declares, no longer has to knock your eye out to get across the fact that she is wealthy and worldly.

Marlene Dietrich has changed. She's doing comedy now, and you're in for an agreeable surprise when you see "Desire." In this bit, she explains to Doctor Alan Mowbray that her husband wears, of all things, lace nighties. Don't ask us why—that's the scenario writer's idea. Not only that, but he thinks he's a girl and wants to play with dolls. Now this is a pretty state of affairs for any husband. But for La Dietrich's husband to go around crimping his hair is hardly cricket. Not even as much fun, we'd say.

Dr. Mowbray tells Miss Dietrich not to worry. He'll have her husband out of lace nighties and back in pyjamas in no time. The scene is played in a straight faced gravity that has you holding your sides. I'm worried about Mr. Dietrich, though.

NONE of the desperados in M-G-M's "Robin Hood of Eldorado" wear lace nighties. This is a rough, yet romantic, outdoor costume film based on the thrilling life of *Murieta*, California's Robin Hood bandit. Warner Baxter is the star. He wears a handsome black and silver Caballero outfit, gun hanging from his side and his middle wrapped with a twenty-foot cummerbund.

The film is completed when we call except for one retake. The scene is the interior of a mountain cabin, the exterior having been shot in Sonora, California, the heart of the gold country. Ann Loring, getting her first big break, plays opposite Baxter. She is a dark, lithe girl, poised and seemingly of great promise.

Wild Bill Wellman, who cracked up so many planes during the war they called him the German Ace, directs this dramatic bit. Baxter is thanking Miss Loring for having helped him. "I am a woman," she tells him. "Of course I would help you."

"But you are deefereent," he accents. (Sure, the Spanish use that line, too.) Before their love scene can get down to facts, one of Baxter's screen friends breaks in to warn him that danger is approaching.

It is a highly exciting scene the way Baxter plays it. And when he dashes out the door, you feel as if you'd like to follow him and see the fight. But outside all is suavity and dated elegance. For you have wandered onto another set and this is New York's Savoy Hotel of the late nineteenth century. It is, for the nonce, whatever a nonce is, Anna Held's suite.

Luiise Rainer, the screen's current discovery rave, plays *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld." She's a tiny thing with great big brown eyes that dominate her mobile, delicate face. Resting between scenes, she wears a flowered kimono. She talks about her dog, which she has just acquired and of which she is very proud.

"Have you got a playmate for him yet?" director Bob Leonard asks her.

"What is that, a playmate?" she asks in her accented voice.

"It's a—well—I mean, did you get him another dog to love?"

"Poof! He will find one for himself."

The one and only Bill Powell plays *Ziegfeld*. Maybe it's just admiration, or maybe it's gratitude because she co-starred with him in "Escapade," but whatever the reason, Miss Rainer's eyes are filled with more than friendship when she looks at the sleek Mr. Powell.

The scene we watch Powell do is the one wherein he tries to convince *Anna Held's* maid that it would be a good publicity stunt to have the French take milk baths. Mr. Powell, the smoothie, could convince anyone of anything.



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So we left the set certain all would go properly if they ever got the lights adjusted.

"Ah, Wilderness," the Eugene O'Neill bit of nostalgia, is shooting on the next stage. The scene: a high-school graduation in the early part of the century. All the boys look like immature Herbert Hoovers in their high starched collars. The girls wear calf-length white dresses, white bows in their hair and white sashes around their waists. And white cotton stockings, if you've forgotten there are such things.

IT'S a mystery where the casting director rounded up these faces. Not that they are all homely, but each one has that unprettied and sometimes comic look that is certain to bring back your own high-school days, unless you're still having them.

Lionel Barrymore plays the part George M. Cohan did in New York and Will Rogers did on the Hollywood stage. Eric Linden is his son and class valetictorian. He does a farewell speech. It's somehow very funny and very sad. His elocution is grand.



Robert Montgomery and Richard Barthelmess are two of the film colony's most ardent tennis fans who spend a great deal of their time at the Los Angeles Tennis Club indulging in tennis or food or, quite often, both

Before Linden does his piece one talented member of the class recites "The Bells." A lisper gives a talk on "My Mythical Trip Through Switzerland." If you think it's easy, say it fast three times.

This is a film close to director Clarence Brown's heart. Generally he is associated with Garbo and glamour affairs, but "Ah, Wilderness" touches much of Brown's personal background. For the exteriors, he took the company back to his home, Grafton, Mass. Which is a pretty slick way to visit your own home town if you ask us.

Baby Peggy is so grown-up now that she plays one of the graduates and Cecelia Parker, who makes no disguise of her affection for Eric Linden, does the lead.

From a high-school graduation ceremony, we went to a grammar school, a real one on the M-G-M lot, with real students hard at real work. They are the kids who appear in "Riff Raff," the Frances Marion story starring Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy.

The kids, ranging from about five to ten years old, had their heads bent over improvised

desks while two teachers walked among them. One defiant child, we noticed, would have none of this dull study. He ran about, bumping into chairs and raising general cain.

"Cornwell!" the teacher called. "Can't you be quiet?"

"No, ma'm," he answered, politely. "I'm rehearsing a scene."

And surely enough, he was. For when we followed him a bit farther, we came upon a fully lighted set. A waterfront dance hall, with hundreds of extras drinking real beer while a dance band blared strident tunes. A run down, badly dressed crowd sat at the tables. It was the kid's part to run among them, amusing himself as he could.

Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy stood in the center of the crowd. Miss Harlow is now called a "brownette" by the press department. Actually, her locks are a kind of dark gold shade for the film. The Harlow figure, we are happy to report, is unchanged.

Tracy is smiling at Jean and shaking a pair of dice. The idea seems to be that Tracy is jealous of Miss Harlow's Greek boy friend.

waterfall that trickles over an expanse of age-worn rock. It's a lovely setting. "Rose Marie" is the first musical to be made outdoors. Van Dyke, back in his element as a location director, is bent on making it the best musical of any sort. What with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald as the stars, he has a pretty good chance.

The most interesting fact learned on the trip to "Rose Marie" is this: Nelson Eddy is not the romantic type. He's a practical joker. Ask Jeanette MacDonald.

THERE was real snow in the mountains above Lake Tahoe. The set of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which stars Gene Raymond, has studio snow, being as how this is being shot right in Hollywood on the RKO lot. The press department wouldn't tell us how the prop snow was made, so we felt and then tasted some. All we can say after this experiment is that it looks like thin cornflakes and tastes like chalk.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" is one of those perennial favorites. It was written by the late Earl Derr Biggers, whose name is now more famous for his Charlie Chan series. The set that we saw was one of those deserted cobwebby places where nothing ever happens. It's the country hotel where novelist Gene Raymond goes to get peace and quiet so that he can write a book. So much action was popping around our head that we got dizzy.

But we don't forget that gruesome bit where Moroni (nothing to do with his intelligence) Olson pointed a gun at us as we were behind the camera. He backed away, leering and saying, "Thank you for your hearty cooperation and fine fidelity." Then, still pointing the gun, he backed out into the snow.

This was no healthy place. Over on the "It Happened In Hollywood" set everything was much more homey. This is a musical farce about a gangster who gets his face lifted and tries to get in the movies. Finally a publicity man beats up the actor-convict. A lot of press agents are going to get a kick out of that scene.

Wally Ford and Molly Lamont are the stars and the picture is directed by Christy Cabanne, one of the old time movie people. Mr. Cabanne doesn't look old, though. He was sitting on the set being quite at ease and comfortable while nothing at all kept on happening.

Since no one seemed inclined to make news, I'll tell you about the set. It's a modern, unpretentious home done predominantly in white. Anyone planning to decorate a house might see "It Happened In Hollywood" for the judicious use of ornament and color that is shown. The property man said that it all cost no more than average small house furnishings.

AJACKHAMMER is a drill that shakes the stuffings out of you. Workingmen use them to tear up streets and to make sleeping in the neighborhood a sporting proposition, with all the odds on the jackhammer user's side. Now Columbia is making a picture by that name. Victor Jory and Sally O'Neill star.

The scene is an office near a construction camp and Miss O'Neill, a newspaper gal, is trying to get a story out of Mr. Jory. Mr. Jory won't give a story but he tells Sally that the dam is liable to break any minute. Being a movie dam it probably will. Mr. Jory isn't a meanie, but he tells the writer he can't spare any men to take her home.

What the movies need are a few competent engineers. They all look handsome enough in their open shirts and riding boots. But why can't any of them construct works strong enough to withstand the ravages of a prop nature for seven reels?

From the smallest lot in Hollywood we take you to 20th Century-Fox, the largest. This studio is so big that men have been known to wander out in its great enclosure and get lost for days, living on nothing but Shirley Temples, Janet Gaynors and Joan Bennetts. We saw a bunch of Northern soldiers and followed them for a few miles to "The Littlest Rebel" set, where Southerner Shirley Temple was doing her precocious stuff for director David Butler.

Between scenes Shirley practices tap dancing with Bill Robinson, who is teaching her a new Harlem routine called "The Trucking." The Temple infant is still unharmed by her fame, still the queen of her tiny realm.

In "The Littlest Rebel," Shirley wears a pantalooned outfit that, when modified, is going to be seen in all the kindergarten classes from here to Siam. On Shirley it's cute.

John Boles plays Shirley's father. He's a spy for the South. In the scene we watched, Mr. Boles is standing outside the ol' plantation and doing a farewell scene, just barely escaping before the arrival of the Yankees. The rehearsal seemed to go okay to everybody but Shirley. She kept one nervous eye on Boles and the other on the inmarching Northerners. Shirley began to jump up and down. Finally, she could stand it no longer.

"Mr. Butler!" she pleaded to the director. "You better hurry up and get Mr. Boles out of here. Those Yankees are going to catch him."

OUR last stop on the tour of the sets is the lavish Casino at Monte Carlo, where Ronald Colman is happy again with his moustache. Colman's new picture is called "The Man Who Broke The Bank At Monte Carlo." The only way to get that title on a marquee is to put it up in rubber letters. Or write it like this: *The man who broke the bank at monte carlo with ronald colman and joan bennett.* Or they might just call it Bank Night.

In this film (we refuse to mention the title again), Mr. Colman plays a Russian expatriate. Then he hits upon a system for winning at roulette. All his friends raise what little money they have and send their champion to the gambling resort. Oddly enough—the system works. Time after time Colman wins. Finally the house has no more money. Mr. Colman is offered a check.

"I want cash," Mr. Colman replies.

"But you can't carry that much money."

"Oh, yes I can." And Colman whips out a trunk.

"Then you knew you were going to win?"

"Yes."

And with that Mr. Colman carries his load of money off the elegant set. While we're quite happy to see anyone so rich, we're just as sorry that we had no more sets to tell you about. But watch us next month.

HOLLYWOOD'S SADDEST STORY COMES TRUE

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

For years Hollywood has prophesied that Barbara Stanwyck's and Frank Fay's marriage had to fail. For years Barbara and Frank have said that would never happen

READ WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THESE TWO AMAZING PEOPLE, TOLD AS ONLY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS CAN TELL IT IN JANUARY PHOTOPLAY



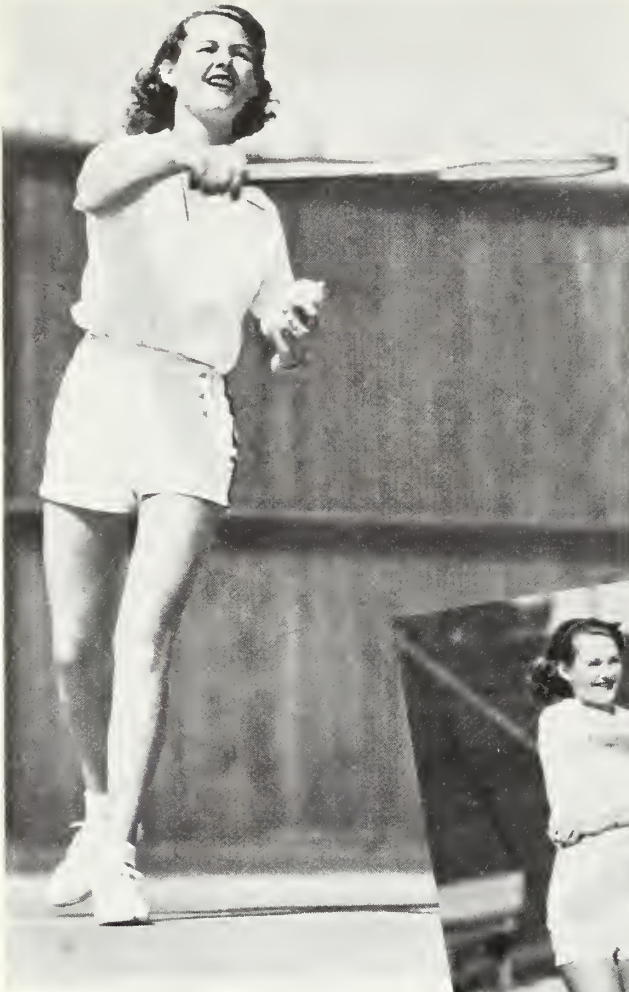
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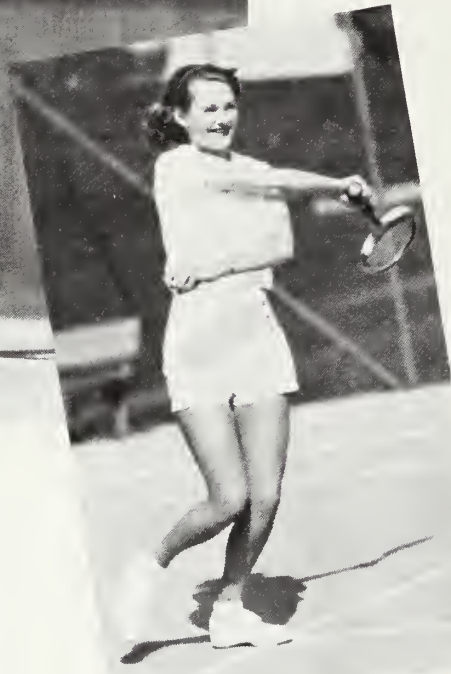
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Boos & Bouquets

Read what the public has written about the movies and stars on these pages



Elizabeth Allan is one of the screen colony's most ardent and accomplished tennis players as well as a contender for more acting honors in her new M.G.M film, "A Tale of Two Cities"



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

play with Grace Moore. Her voice is not at all comparable to Jeanette MacDonald's.

IRLA MACINTYRE, FAIRVIEW VILLAGE, O.

BACKS HEPBURN

How could anyone have the heart to write such an article, "Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?" as appeared in PHOTOPLAY? I think it is a perfect shame. Katharine Hepburn is the greatest actress which Hollywood has given the world. By her own versatility and genius in the art of acting, her artistry stands supreme.

JOSEPHINE B. BECKER, Cincinnati, O.

SHIRLEY'S PICTURES POOR?

I have seen Shirley Temple in each of her many pictures and I have found that each picture lessens in value. The youngster can do good work if the right pictures are given to her. My suggestion is to let her play "Heidi." I'm sure this character will suit Shirley and bring her to the height of her career.

B. B., Cambridge, Mass.

"ESCAPADE" BEST OF YEAR?

I went to see the picture "Our Little Girl" simply because Joel McCrea and Shirley Temple played in it. I came out praising Rosemary Ames. I also went to see "Escapade," but for no special reason. Luise Rainer is a great actress. It has been a long time since I have seen an actress display so much emotion on the screen. In fact this was the best picture I have seen this year.

ANN McTYER, Edison, Ga.

ANN HARDING RUINING SELF?

Ann Harding is a fine actress and a very lovely woman, but she is ruining herself on the screen. In every picture she appears in she is mothering some good looking, capable-appearing young man. This would be all right for one or two pictures, but she does it in every one. She gives the appearance that everything is going to come out perfectly if she is there. This monotonous repetition and silly effect has driven me away from her pictures, even though I like Ann Harding as an actress. I

happen to know a whole group of people who have stopped going to her pictures just on account of the reason herein explained, so I think it's time someone said: "For heaven's sake, stop being so darn perfect and act human once in a while."

LENNOX ALLEN, Glenview, Ky.

SHIRLEY UNLOVELY?

So they say that Shirley Temple is approaching the "unlovely" age. Well, I don't think so. Let's watch her grow. She's such a lovely star. Jane Withers is a star in one world and Shirley in another. There never could be another Shirley Temple. Let's hope that she will always stay as sweet as she is and in the future years be a big star. I always am glad to see a Temple picture. Here's hoping to see lots more!

A SHIRLEY TEMPLE FAN, Gabsburg, Ill.

GRACE MOORE LOVELY

I think Grace Moore is lovely. She is very beautiful, her voice is exquisite, and her personality charming. Her naturalness and utter lack of affectation make her doubly appealing.

EVELYN ROGERS, South Orange, N. J.

Shirley Wants the Quintuplets for Christmas

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

will get more presents than any other child in the United States—that's the only difference.

"Do you let her have all her presents?" I asked Mrs. Temple.

She nodded, her hazel eyes a little wistful. Shirley Temple's mother is a tall, slim young woman, with a peculiarly sensitive mouth, a gentle voice, a rather shy glance. She wore a simple dark dress and a small dark hat over her smooth hair. Her manner with this famous child of hers is exactly that of any other loving mother. She says, "Shirley, don't talk with your mouth full. Precious, do be quiet and remember what Mr. Butler tells you."

Something, at lunch, was said about Kansas. Shirley said, "I want to go to Kansas. I want to see Dorothy. Mother, can I go to Kansas?" It turned out that Dorothy was the same Dorothy we have all loved—Dorothy of Oz, who was carried away by a cyclone.

Mrs. Temple said, "I want Shirley to play Dorothy."

SHIRLEY said, "How can I play Dorothy—she's a *real* girl." The contemplative look came back. Then, "I guess I could pretend I'm Dorothy. I guess she wouldn't mind. Do you think she would mind, mother?" She thought again, "But we couldn't have a tin woodman and a scarecrow because there aren't any tin woodmen or scarecrows except in Oz." This time, the smile flashed with her inspiration. "But we could *pretend* we had a tin woodman and a scarecrow!"

Mrs. Temple explained about the presents. "There's so much love with them," she said, "I want her to have them because of that. And I'm sure the givers won't mind if—after a while—she passes them on, shares them. That makes her almost happier than getting them. I think it's because there's so much love with them that they never spoil her. We let her open the Santa Claus presents and our own family ones first—and then every day is Christmas for a week. And then she plays Santa Claus herself. I—it's all so strange sometimes. After my boys grew up, I wanted a little girl so badly, and I was so happy when she came. But I never expected it would turn the whole world upside down as it has. But—she's happy. I want her to go on as long as she's happy."

Shirley romped over to say good-bye to me. "I hope you have a very Merry Christmas," she said.

"I'm sure I will," I said. "And I hope you do, too."

"And all your little boys and girls, too," said Shirley politely.

"Thank you, darling," I said.

"Do you think Santa Claus will bring me the quintuplets?" Shirley asked breathlessly. "I'd take very good care of them."

I gulped a little. "Perhaps he can't," I said. "You know—they belong to someone else."

The bright face fell under a cloud, the mouth puckered, the little brows drew down. Then again that smile flashed, "Oh well," said Shirley, "I can pretend he did, anyhow."

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The Glorifying of Eleanor Powell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

of hers. She looked about as much like a dancer as any athletically inclined co-ed. She looked clean-cut, intelligently *nice*. That was the closest she came to prettiness.

Fox, looking for a dancer, made a screen test of her in the East. It was her big chance. Makeup and cameramen did their darndest and so did Eleanor.

"And it flopped so hard, that test," she told me, "that as far as pictures were concerned I could have gotten no further West than Jersey City."

THE trouble was simple and evident. You can't make a raving beauty out of an ugly duckling any more than you can manufacture bricks without straw. This girl, in the eyes of the camera, hadn't even the fundamentals on which an artificial beauty could be built. She was just plain *hopeless*, and they told her so and it almost broke her heart—at first. Then she got mad—and madder—and furious. And finally, one five A. M., Eleanor Powell exploded!

She decided she was going to be beautiful.

"I did explode," she told me. "It's something that happens inside me now and then. I've never done it but twice in my life—the first time was when I determined I simply had to come to New York, and the second time was when I'd lain awake all night crying like a big booby because I wasn't good-looking enough for Hollywood.

"Looks hadn't really mattered before, you see. On the stage it was my dancing, pure and simple. I wanted to dance in pictures but I found I'd have to be lovely to look at and listen to as well or my dancing wouldn't be worth *anything*. That's what hurt. So I determined I'd be good-looking if it took ten years and every cent of money I owned."

There comes at least one time in the life of every girl when she decides she's *got* to be beautiful. Usually the reason's a man. With Eleanor it was a career. Maybe careers are more compelling than love. Anyway, Eleanor began from "the inside out, and the top down," as she put it, to deliberately *achieve* beauty. And this is what she did.

First of all she started with her hair, a dull but not unpretty shade of brown. She'd always worn it in a short Dutch bob, casual, straight, severely shingled. It flopped about her head in a pert fashion when she danced, but off-stage—well, it was just coarse enough to give an impression of stringiness even immediately after washing. She visited a famous Fifth Avenue hairdresser, told him her problem and her plans. He moved her part from the side to the middle to give her face length, prescribed a good tar shampoo and advised, "Let your hair grow to shoulder length. Hollywood will do the rest."

So Eleanor began letting her hair grow.

The next problem was her skin. It was nice skin so far as complete absence of blemishes went but the pores in her nose and chin were enlarged and her cheeks were peppered with vari-sized freckles. A dermatologist took her in hand and through a series of skillful violet-ray treatments which caused gradual peeling the freckles disappeared. Then he put her on the following skin-care routine for the reduction of pores:

After her make-up had been thoroughly removed with cold cream she was to lather her

face with a good pure soap and lukewarm water, rub the lather well into the skin and allow it to partially dry. She was to follow that with a rinsing in clear warm water, wrap an ice cube in sterile gauze and gently move it over every portion of her face, into all the crevices, the hairline, underneath the chin and back as far as the ears. Then she could pat her face dry with a towel and apply a good softening lotion to prevent roughness or chapping.

In less than a month of those treatments, Eleanor told me, her complexion showed a noticeable improvement.

One of her worst defects, as revealed by the camera, was her teeth. Odd, but in real life you never thought of Eleanor's teeth as being unattractive. True, they were crooked and they could have been whiter, but she had such an infectious, incessant grin you seldom noticed anything of it but its gaiety. The camera, however, picked that grin all apart and revealed badly crooked, dull and yellow *dents*. And something drastic had to be done about them.

Her dentist, for whitening purposes, put her on a sort of triple-threat cleaning regime. Morning and night she was to brush her teeth with soda, then salt, then a dentifrice; that was to be followed by a thorough session with a good long piece of dental floss. Too, he put braces on her—the awful gold and glisteny variety that catch a spotlight and reflect it back to the last row in the house. Eleanor had her choice of those or another type which can be easily removed for stage appearances. She took the former because they worked faster, and Hollywood was to be only a year away. She could stand it for a year—for results.

There was the little item of eyelashes, too. Hers were thick and curly but short to the point of stubbiness. An actress friend suggested an upward, outward rub of them each night with plain old Number One Yellow Oxide. If I told you that Eleanor's lashes are almost an inch long now you wouldn't believe me. Look at her closely, for proof, in "Broadway Melody of 1936." While the ones she wears as *Mlle. Arlette* are of course artificial, the ones she displays in the character of *Irene Foster* are the bona-fide, home-grown product.

Concerning eyebrows Eleanor decided, after much thought, that she'd leave hers strictly *as was*. She liked them that way. They were wide but they had a good natural arch in them, and besides there hadn't been a tweezer in the Powell family for generations.

NEXT came her voice. Nobody'd ever criticized her near-Boston accent before, and she hadn't had to sing any solos. Trust the sound-track, though, to amplify three faults that would have to be rectified before she could make a successful screen test: her diction, her voice quality, her singing.

So there was a dramatics teacher and a vocal instructor who took an hour apiece out of every single day. At the end of a year Eleanor could read lines with or without feeling, breathe from the diaphragm like an old-timer, and trill a much more melodious scale in G.

The problem of her figure really was a *problem*. Lots had to be done about her legs, chest and hips. Until she was sixteen, you see, she had never done any tap dancing. It had been ballet, acrobatic and interpretive, which develop the short muscles in the legs. Have

you ever seen a toe dancer's legs off-stage? Eleanor's were like that—knotty, bunched muscles at the calf and thigh. Until, from sixteen on, she concentrated almost solely on tapping, which develops the long muscles.

As a result, at twenty-one, her legs were not the roundly-developed, shapely things they might have been had she exercised both sets of muscles equally. Her knees, while not actually large, seemed very much so in their setting. "So darn much so," Eleanor confided, "that one of Walter Winchell's pet similes was 'As homely as Eleanor Powell's knees.'" The general leg effect, if she wore shorts for dancing was pretty poor showmanship.

So she put herself on a strict two-hour schedule of short-muscle exercises every day. Bar and toe work, somersaults, twists and splits. It helped. Too, she discovered that very high heels could work wonders. Tapping heels are seldom taller than an inch and a half. But let her put on some four-inch spikes (Note: she wore them in the picture where her legs were prominently black-silk-stockinged) and the up-thrust of the ankle threw a certain fullness forward into the leg. Eleanor donned teetering heels whenever she could.

Her chest and hips, by virtue of background for each other, were deadly enemies, since each made the other look more the way it shouldn't be. Aside from a slight tendency to slump when she stood, which affected a thorax cave-in, her chest was naturally small anyway. And "dancer's hips," well developed and proportioned, can make a chest like that look practically minute and at the same time make themselves look enormous.

ELEANOR went to her favorite costume company, designed and had them execute one of the trickiest little foundation garments I ever saw. It's gossamer-thin of a sort of lastex material, but if it gives one iota when you yank on it I'll eat my hat. Very tightly it molds her hips and tummy and fluffy rosettes of tulle inside the brassiere give a beautifully contoured build-up. To further improve that portion of her figure she began holding her shoulders arrow-straight, using on her clothes and costumes plenty of big frilly collars, liberal blousing or tucks around the shoulders, flowers at a low neckline and all the other things that can add height to a slight chest. It's clever guimpery and it works. Her hips, which happen to be perfect thirty-sixes, no longer look out of proportion by comparison.

For a long time Eleanor Powell worked hard on herself, longer and harder than most girls would have the perseverance to hold out. When finally the day came on which she was to go to the Astoria studios for her second screen test she was a different person. Not perfect, not ravishingly beautiful—neither of those. But she had so improved that the cameraman who "shot" her a year before failed to recognize her at all. She was greatly pleased.

And the test—well, M-G-M leaned backwards over it. The girl showed great possibilities. "American Girl—Outdoor Type" they hailed her. And that time they paid hers and her mother's transportation to the coast.

"I haven't any idea," Eleanor told me, "how many people actually had part in changing me for the screen. There seemed to be everybody from Mr. Mayer on down to my maid,

making suggestions, trying different things."

They kept her hair at shoulder length, gave her a permanent wave, combed wispy little curls around her cheeks and forehead until her whole face was unbelievably softened. Every morning the hairdresser applied a lightening rinse to her hair—not a dye, a mild preparation that photographs like lustre. The effect of a new, very feminine hair-do made as much change in Eleanor as almost everything else they did put together.

THEN they made neat little white porcelain caps to cover three of her crooked teeth. A skillful mouth makeup cut off, from the camera's eye, a thin slice of her lower lip. They plucked her eyebrows into a narrow line then shaved them vertically in two so that the outer halves might be drawn on to suit each makeup, each costume.

They made her rest and gain twelve pounds. It filled in her legs, her neck and shoulders. It was a becoming improvement. Eleanor had always been a little on the thin side.

In two places they padded her screen clothes to perfect her figure. At the chest, of course, and also *over the shoulder blades*. Hips, side-view, shrink to proper proportions when the shoulder blades are filled in. It's a smart discovery of Adrian's.

They fashioned her nails (Eleanor had loathed fancy manicures before) into feminine rounded points and lacquered them to bright red perfection. They taught her how to do the right things with her hands—broad gesticulation was a habit she had to be broken of. There was a time when I could not have imagined Eleanor's telling anything without an energetic shuttling of arms and fingers through the air. Hollywood calmed that down.

They encountered another difficulty with their new star too. She's such a one for dancing *all over* that after two steps of a routine her carefully coiffed hair would be just so much mop flopping around her head. So they put a large-meshed invisible net over her finished coiffure, pulled a thin layer of hair through each section and waved it over the net. The results were swell—only a froth of waves went bobbing and you couldn't see the net holding down the rest of her hair.

Smart, this Hollywood.

And they decreed that no matter what, glamorous pedicures notwithstanding, nothing but long shots should be taken of her bare feet. Eleanor wears a size 6 shoe. Her feet are generously proportioned and well shaped but she has "toe dancer's toes" which are greatly oversized. A pair of clever beach sandals or mules could nicely conceal them in any emergency.

When Hollywood was done with the tricks of its trade it leaned back beaming with pride over the transformation of Eleanor Powell. Justly so, for she walked away with honors in every one of her scenes in "Broadway Melody of 1936." The greatest beaming of all, though, was Eleanor's to do. She returned to Broadway a very different person from the tweeded, wholesomely homely, plain, boisterous youngster she used to be. She's *femme*, she's grown-up, sophisticated in a more becoming way.

And she's radiantly lovely to look at. Her skin, her smile, her clothes, her figure and her eyes are practically perfection. She kept the movie coiffure and manicure. She's letting the outer halves of her eyebrows grow back in again while she's starring in "At Home Abroad." She's keeping the twelve pounds by virtue of cream between meals and ten hours sleep every

night. And despite the fact that Hollywood gave her a "being-tall complex," as she calls it (since she discovered herself a fraction lengthier than Kay Francis and an almost tie with Garbo), she's still holding her shoulders and head high for the sake of her chest.

There's much to keep doing and to accomplish over a period of years. The braces must go back on her teeth, she must continue her short-muscle exercises, the business of bobby-pinning uncten waves in her hair each bedtime, her skin treatments and voice lessons.

"It takes me two hours every night to get ready for bed," she told me, "but it's worth it." In addition to the aforementioned items she must also include an eyewash, the doctoring and bandaging of her frequently irritated and blistered dancing feet, a hand-softener, twenty-five splits all the way to the floor, a saucer of hot milk toast, an alcohol rub and a final flop into bed. Which, all except the latter, is no girl's idea of fun.

BROADWAY, usually indifferent, is happy for the change in its *Baby*, for the healthy, natural looking, improvement-on-nature loveliness she's acquired. People, she tells me, have exclaimed, "Eleanor, *not you!*" at her until she's beginning to feel miserably Exhibit A-ish. Well, she needn't. The only thing that could really justify her feeling like that would be for her to have gone and gotten prissy, fol-de-rol, doll-beauty beautiful. She hasn't.

The last time I saw her she had on an old green Hoover apron and those "grandma" laced black practice shoes of hers, going through her exercises on the deserted stage of the Winter Garden. Her hair was a big brown tangle, her face scrubbed clean of cosmetics.

And she still looked pretty.

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The Voice from the Grave that Guides Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

The fateful years 1924 and 1925 had gotten in their work. And what work!

The months that followed told the story. In January, his pictures were howled off the screen in his native Italy. That same month, his wife won her divorce in the Paris courts. In July he ran into that "powder puffs for males" attack which threatened to wreck forever his popularity with the American public. On August 16th, he was operated on for gastric ulcers—and on August 24th, he was dead.

You don't have to take my word for that one. Evangeline's exact words about Rudy were printed over her own signature in this very magazine three years before he died, and the facts in regard to Valentino are written indelibly on the pages of cinematic history.

But to turn to more cheerful subjects, Evangeline always insisted that Grace Moore, who was at that time merely a musical comedy artist seeking to be a grand opera prima donna, would become "sometime in the early Thirties"—meaning the early Nineteen Thirties—a motion picture star of the first rank.

I NEVER did know what it was that led Miss Adams to have such absolute confidence in Grace Moore's success at this time, but I suspect that she saw in the opera singer's chart that the planet Uranus which rules the unexpected and thumbs its planetary nose at all rules laid down by men or stars, was coming into a favorable position which would open up a new road to popularity; and, inasmuch as Miss Moore had already tried the stage and the opera, that road must almost surely lead across the motion picture screen.

P. S. and FLASH: I have checked this up with one of my astrological friends, and I find it to be absolutely according to the stars. Moreover, the particular kind of favorable aspect of Uranus which happened to the heroine of "One Night of Love" was one that indicated that the man in her life would have much to do with achieving this unexpected success—and those of us who think we know our Hollywood credit Valentin Parera, the dashing husband Grace Moore married in 1931 ("the early Thirties," you will note), with persuading his beautiful bride to forget an earlier unsuccessful attempt to storm the Hollywood heights, and once more to try her fortunes before the singing camera.

Her most outstanding reading of this cheerful variety was, however, of a boy who had not then appeared on the screen, but who was becoming known throughout the land because of his intriguing failure to remember the words of the songs he sang to the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience.

"Bing Crosby," she told me in one of those intimate meetings, the minutes of which I kept as faithfully as if they were the monthly sessions of the board of directors of World, Incorporated, "is one of the few people whose charts I have read, who just cannot help having a happy marriage. He may not be so easy to live with. He's stubborn, Bing is. But he has the kind of chart that brings the right kind of wife and children—plenty of children."

Of course, I asked Evangeline about Garbo. She foresaw even in the days when Greta was posing in bathing suits and sports suits to please the publicity boys, that she must inevitably adopt the policy of secrecy and mystery which is with her not a pose but a true

expression of her real character. She also prophesied that there would be no diminution of her financial fortunes up to the date of her death—which ought to silence some of the calamity-howlers who have been prophesying that Greta would soon go home for good. Evangeline also said that she did not see any romance *ever* in Garbo's private life.

Regarding Dietrich, she was less committal. However, I find notes on one significant point affecting recent Hollywood history. The year 1935, so Evangeline said, was a time when people born under Marlene's stars should not test their popularity with the public, unless it was absolutely necessary to do so. Poor Marlene! I daresay she wishes she had followed



Sally Eilers affects a new set of bangs in her latest for Universal, "Remember Last Night," which, you may recall, was tagged, "The Hangover Murders"

that advice and waited until 1936, which looks so much more promising for her motion picture career. Incidentally, 1935 was one of those years in which Marlene's favorite director, von Sternberg, was due to take it on the chin.

And, speaking of Garbo, Evangeline told me back in 1928, and later repeated the statement in print, that the other member of the famous "team," Jack Gilbert, would never attain in the talkies the same high position which he had achieved in the silent pictures for the very good astrological reason that in his chart, the sign Taurus, which rules the voice, was what astrologers call "afflicted." She also said that Jack ought to turn to writing scenarios—which is interesting in view of the fact that that is the way he started in the movies, as scenario man and assistant director.

I suppose you would also like to know, too, if Evangeline said anything about a romance between Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Well, I remember being in the broadcasting studio one night when she read the latter's horoscope on the air. Before we left, Buddy, who had been listening with a group of friends,

called up on the telephone. He had never met Evangeline, but he wanted to right away.

"Was what I said true?" modestly asked the great astrologer.

"True!" exclaimed Buddy. "It was so true it was embarrassing."

Well, you might as well know that the burden of Evangeline's delineation of Buddy Rogers' horoscope was that, according to astrology, he was the kind of person who would be attracted to a woman somewhat older than himself, probably a married woman, and that he would exercise a powerful influence over this woman—so powerful that it might bring both him and her into the limelight.

As a general thing, Evangeline was a prophet of good rather than evil, but of course it was her duty to warn people. She told Norma Shearer in one of her broadcasts that although she had a most fortunate chart for success in the movies and in home life, it was almost inevitable that her husband would be unfairly criticized in connection with her work. It was interesting, in view of this statement, that of all of the producers in Hollywood, the highly intelligent and artistically ambitious Irving Thalberg was singled out for criticism in the recent censorship drive because he had permitted his wife to play the rôles of divorced, and hence censurable, women.

Incidentally, Evangeline told Freddie March—at least she would have told him if he had been sitting, as I was, in her studio one evening in the early days of the great March march to fame—that he should be careful at just this time, 1936, to see that Old Lady Grundy didn't throw a spoke into his matrimonial wheels, the said spoke being a married woman or a widow. This would be too bad because Freddie March, in spite of his attraction for women, has very little interest in them outside his own family, and is, according both to the stars and real life, a most devoted husband. Look out, Florence and Freddie, for the widow's mile!

EVANGELINE always said that Warner Baxter's horoscope was such that he might never command as much critical acclaim as his really great acting deserved, but that with Jupiter and the Sun in conjunction, he would survive business earthquakes and cataclysms which would wreck the ordinary man. I smiled recently at the memory of this statement when I read that of all of the celebrities on the old Fox roster Warner Baxter was the first to be assigned a starring vehicle under the new 20th Century regime.

Evangeline did a good job, too, on Bebe Daniels. Way back in the middle Twenties, when Bebe's movie star, which had risen at the age of seven, seemed about to go into permanent eclipse, Evangeline said that in 1928 she would again come into power in her chosen profession. We know now what '28, the year of the talkies, did for Bebe's glorious voice.

And speaking of comebacks, which is always pleasant—especially in anticipation!—there is Clara Bow. Another voice from the grave, you say? Perhaps, since memory in the picture business is so short-lived. But it won't be long now—Evangeline placed it in 1937—when the Bow may have produced an arrow that will be shot around the world.

Alas! The great astrologer is dead. If she were here, we would ask her:

"Is it another Shirley Temple?"

A New Career at 62

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

American men, Will Rogers and Fred Stone.

This is the story of a man old now, as some measure age, in years, but young, as others measure it, in spirit, who tumbled and danced and joked and sang his way from prairie tent shows, circuses and minstrels to the high priced palaces of Broadway. This is the story of a man sturdy in the timber of character, solid of the foundation of faith in the goodness of the world, rich in the drappings of humor; the story of a man who, like Mr. Britling, saw it through when the wave of a new age swept over what he had built.

This is the story of Fred Stone who now sees his reward in—of all places—Hollywood.

To this day the proudly titled town of Wellington, Kansas, holds a celebration every Fourth of July. For many years the city fathers of Wellington convened before each celebration and dispatched a telegram to Fred Stone in New York asking him to join the fun.

Business always seemed to keep Fred away, but he always answered the telegram with a check to help out the festivities, and an extra ten dollars "for the boy who climbs the greased pole."

And that was because fifty-three years ago at just such a Fourth of July celebration in Wellington, two tousled boys stood on the inner edge of the crowd and watched ten lads like themselves assault the slithering sides of a pole larded like a potato ready for baking.

THE Stones had just settled in Wellington. They had settled several places before, in little towns in Colorado, Fred's native state. They had settled in Halstead, and Burton and Nickerson, in Kansas, where Fred's father had known Jesse James.

In fact, the Stones were always "settling" somewhere in that rough and ready, politically troubled Jayhawk country of the '70s.

Fred will tell you with a grin that as soon as they settled *down* in some new place, the place they had just left would write and invite them to come back and settle *up!*

It seemed now to the Stone boys that it was time to establish themselves in the community of Wellington. So the eleventh boy who shinnied up the greased pole toward the flag at the top was Eddie Stone, and in the back pocket of his "britches" he carried a load of sand which he wisely sprayed ahead of his advance. When he slipped to earth in defeat he said to his little brother,

"I think you can make it now, Fred."

Fred made it. He brought back the flag and held out his hand for the five round dollars while his nine years reasoned that you can climb pretty high with a little sand to help.

Fred Stone has never lacked that sand. Not in all the fifty-three years of hard, active tramping that have hoisted him to a new career at sixty-two in Hollywood. Not since the day he walked the high wire in a visiting circus and dragged the impressed show boss over to his dad at the barber shop.

"You say you want to join the circus, Fred?" said his father.

"I sure do," said Fred.

"All right," said his father, "go on."

Fred Stone started his professional career bedecked in a flouncy skirt and a parasol on the high wire of that visiting circus in Wellington. He was billed as "Mlle. de Octogé de

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Something or Other." The ringmaster pronounced the French prefix "Millie" and one stern Kansas sister exclaimed as Fred teetered across the tightrope,

"What a shame! Sending that poor little girl away up on that dangerous rope."

Fred paused in his prancing and leaned on his parasol. His nine-year-old cheeks flaming, he yelled indignantly:

"I ain't no girl—I'm a boy!"

He felt that he left Wellington in disgrace. But years later on one of his early flights across the country to see his pal, Will Rogers, out in Hollywood, Fred landed at Wichita, Kansas. The folks at Wellington forty miles away, proud of the boy who had started his path to glory in the town, even if he had disguised his sex, urged him to fly up for a visit. Fred accepted and landing on the golf course was surprised to discover a large crowd formed for a parade with a brass band.

They marched back through town, band blaring. It was a fine parade. Fred said so.

"But," he observed in puzzlement, as they passed down empty streets, "where is everybody? Nobody's watching it."

"There ain't anybody left to watch it," explained the grand marshal, "they're all in the parade!"

YOU read the rise of Fred Stone from a colorful page of the history of American variety. Tent shows, circuses, traveling vaudeville troupes, stock theaters, novelty stands, black face minstrels, show boats—all stream through those early, rough, precarious tramping days. Often he ran across an Oklahoma rope spinner with a shy smile and wise eyes, who called himself Will Rogers.

While Fred did one thing, he learned another. When he tumbled, he learned acrobatics on the side; when he danced, he learned to sing and do comic antics. He took up Australian whip cracking and became an expert. He carried a bicycle with him in a bicycle trunk; for a time his only suit besides his costume was a cycling outfit. He found hardships all the way, but he thought they were fun, even when he had to live off free oysters in New Orleans although he hated oysters.

Two things stand out in the early kaleidoscope of Fred Stone's story-packed early adventures. One was the day he saw the parade of Haverly's minstrels in Galveston, Texas, and shouted to an old friend, Dave Montgomery.

Montgomery wanted him to quit his job in the variety show and join the minstrel.

"You ought to go East, Fred," Montgomery told him. "Ever been East?"

"Sure," said Fred, "to Chicago."

"I mean clear East," explained Dave, "how much you making?"

"Twenty-five dollars," said Fred.

"Well—we don't pay salaries," said Montgomery, "but we can promise you twenty-five."

From then on for over a score of years the team of Montgomery and Stone was a tradition in the show world. It ended only when Dave Montgomery passed away in the third year of the run of "Chin Chin." There was never any business arrangement—it was always fifty-fifty.

The second significant event took place some time after their teaming in a Boston burlesque house, where Fred and Dave had been booked by their contractors, "Gus Hill's World of Novelties."

Montgomery and Stone went through their black faced song and dance. They couldn't see the audience for the tobacco smoke. The audience couldn't see Montgomery and Stone for anything. They wanted off-color jokes.

"We'll keep our act clean," said Fred Stone to his partner, "no matter what they want. Let's go back to New York."

For all the years that Fred Stone captured Broadway there was a saying around town that Fred Stone's shows were the kind that "parents could take their children to see."

Or as Fred wittily warped it, "the kind children could take their parents to see."

"The Wizard of Oz" started Fred Stone's unique reign on Broadway. Fred played the scarecrow; Dave the tin man. It ran four years. There was a little girl from Denver in the show. She was Mrs. Stone before the show closed—and she still is, by the way, and the mother of Dorothy, Paula and Carol Stone, three as talented girls as you've ever seen.

"The Red Mill" "The Old Town," "Lady



Lovely Anita Louise, the youthful Warner Brothers' star, radiates a glowing animation. "Enemy of Man" is her latest starring production

of the Slipper," "Chin Chin," "Jack O' Lattern," "Tip Top," "Stepping Stones," "Criss Cross"—the very names that spell Fred Stone's saga seem different somehow now—as of a past age. They were.

They were fanciful, gay, delightful shows telling whimsical stories of make-believe. They were before the hardboiled, clanging sarcastic revues, the sexy, sadistic and pathological spectacles staged for a desperate generation.

It was the week before rehearsals started for "Three Cheers" that Fred Stone took off in his latest love, his own airplane. Restlessly active, he had always fiddled on the side in polo, ice skating, trap shooting, baseball. Aviation was his pet. He had practically pioneered it in the show world. He had his pilot's license and hours to his credit. He could do spins and loops and wing overs.

Over New London, Connecticut, Fred leveled off too close to the ground that day. They picked him up with "everything that

could break" in his body broken. Thigh, legs, shoulder, ribs, ankle, jaw. They carried him gently to the hospital. One foot was badly shattered. The doctor thought it might have to come off. Perhaps he read the terror in Mrs. Stone's eyes.

"Is he a drinking man?" he asked. "Because if there's any alcohol in his system, I won't dare leave that foot on."

"The only thing he ever drinks," said Mrs. Stone with a sigh of profound relief, "is milk."

Fred Stone lay for months in the hospital mending his broken frame. His old friend, Bill Rogers, came back from out West to pinch hit for him in "Three Cheers." They decided to ship Fred to Florida to get well. Before he left he asked the doctor:

"How bad am I hurt?"

The surgeon was frank. "You'll never dance again," he informed him, "and I'm afraid you'll never walk."

"When I come back," said Fred Stone, "I'll run up these stairs to your office."

You can bet that it was the most astounded physician in the country some months later who watched his patient actually race up the stairs to grasp his hand. Fred had made a special trip up from Florida just to make good his promise!

It was a miracle of grit and courage and faith and patience that allowed the comeback of Fred Stone. He had spent days of tedious effort regaining the use of his limbs. Even while he was still on crutches he was so impatient to dance that he hobbled out a routine on the props.

In "Ripples," his comeback show on Broadway with his daughters Dorothy and Paula, he featured "the crutch dance" and the audience thundered.

BUT "Ripples" didn't run for three and four years as the old shows had done. Things had happened to Broadway. Ziegfeld was gone, the Erlanger theaters were breaking up. The days of his old producer, Charles Dillingham, for whom he had worked since 1906, were numbered. The old order had changed. And the new swift, brazen, sophisticated era of Broadway wasn't for Fred Stone. When "Ripples" closed he went to his home in Forest Hills and stayed there.

They called him for vaudeville and for radio. But it wasn't the same. He couldn't tolerate the passiveness of the microphone. He'd make gestures at it, shake his fist and dance before it. But that didn't register. It was funny to watch him broadcast—funny and sad.

The years had slipped by somehow—but not enough of them to let him sit in peace at home. Here was Carol now going to dramatic school and seeing producers about parts. One day she went to see about a part in "The Jayhawker," a play about early Kansas that Sinclair Lewis had just written.

"You know, I think Daddy might be interested in a part in a play," she ventured.

"Do you mean that?" asked Lewis. He called up Fred Stone. "Let me come out tonight and read this play to you."

"All right," said Fred.

Sinclair Lewis came out to Forest Hills. He read his drama of *Ace Burdette* and early Kansas politics to Fred Stone.

"I don't know," said Fred, "I've never done any real acting. It sounds pretty heavy for me."

"Heavy?" cried Lewis. "Why man, you are the Jayhawker."

Yes, come to think of it, Fred Stone was the Jayhawker, if anybody was. Wasn't he

reared, didn't he grow up in post-bellum faction-torn Kansas? Wasn't his father a member of the Oklahoma Boomers? Hadn't he ruffled the drums? Hadn't he marched with the flambeau paraders, blowing a torch into the black prairie skies?

He chuckled to himself as he remembered standing one night with Bill Rogers in a plains town and looking out over the crowd.

"See all those people there?" he had said, "well—they're all my cousins."

"No they ain't," Bill had cracked, "they're all mine."

Yep, he was of the Jayhawk breed if ever anyone was.

"Tell you want I'll do," Fred Stone told Sinclair Lewis, "I'll ask my brother-in-law and let you know."

Rex Beach read the play and laid down the law to his marriage relative.

"You play this, or I'll kick you square in the pants," he said.

And that is, of course, how Fred Stone happened to come to Hollywood as a dramatic actor, that and a few other hows—including the fact that a lot of his friends had moved out thisaway—one in particular named Bill Rogers.

The fullsome, mature, rounded Broadway characterization of the Kaw country's *Ace Burdette* woke up the talent scouts. They shot nine thousand feet of film testing Fred Stone, then they signed him up on a five year contract with Paramount.

At least that's where Fred Stone sent his trunks—to Paramount studios. But they've never been opened. The studio set apart a beautiful dressing room for him, too, but he hasn't been in it yet. He spent most of his time riding with Bill Rogers and playing golf with Will, caddying for him—until right recently.

HE did call Paramount a few times and say, "Gee whiz, don't you want me to work? All I'm doin's playin'," and they said:

"That's all right, Fred, go ahead, enjoy yourself, we'll call you."

And they did call him to loan him to RKO-Radio for a picture with Miss Hepburn, the one that Bill saw at the preview, "Alice Adams."

He really enjoyed making it. He felt right in the part.

And he felt much better when Bill liked it that night.

He doesn't want to be a star. Let the young folks be the stars. He just wants to keep busy.

Of course, most people feel, after knowing Fred Stone and feeling somehow that same spark of affection that they felt for Will Rogers, after seeing him on the screen and seeing that something registered there—most people feel that if there is anyone who could help fill that numbing absence left when Will flew away to the unfenced range up there, it is Fred Stone.

But Fred Stone doesn't think so.

Fred Stone thinks there will never be anyone who can fill Bill Rogers' boots—and maybe he's right.

Only I can't help feeling that if he could—that up there behind those mists which are always so close to Fred Stone and to us all, a bronzed hand would reach out from broad shoulders to rest an approving slap on his knee, as it did that night at the preview of Fred's first picture.

And a familiar voice would whisper, as a wink pulled a wide grin wider:

"Okay, Fred—okay."

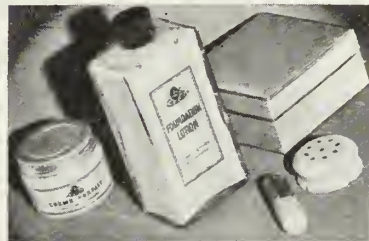


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The Chester Morris Plan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe were gorgeous, romantic figures he never forgot. Chester and Adrian and Gordon and Wilhelma pulled down the plush curtains and borrowed the plumes from their mother's new bonnet for a homemade version of "Romeo and Juliet." Any part with a sword and a duel was heaven for Chester.

Jane Cowl, the lovely Jane Cowl, was the most beautiful woman in the world in the Morris children's eyes. Chester fell in love with her when she played with his dad. William Morris thought it would be a nice gesture if Chester and Gordon took her to dinner one night. Placing the money in their hands he instructed them how to knock at the door, bow and ask Miss Cowl to dine. (It was all pre-arranged of course, although Miss Cowl was to be taken by surprise and delighted no end.)

They marched to the Hermitage Hotel. Chester and Gordon, seven and nine, with their dream lady to dine. But when the check came around Chester managed to forget the money. Love was one thing, and money was another. Jane Cowl paid the check.

"I'm going to be an actor!" How many times father William Morris heard that statement from his offspring, especially Chester, would be hard to estimate.

"No you're not," he invariably informed Chester, "you're going to have a college education, then you'll know what you want to be."

But there was that matter of acting blood.

At sixteen the issue reached a climax. Something had to be done. William Morris stuck to his guns. It was his duty, he thought, to discourage his children from sampling the fatal lure of the footlights. Chester vetoed college, but having a talent for drawing, consented to go to art school and learn magazine illustration.

He went one month. Most of that was spent in theaters across from the school. One day he couldn't stand it any longer. Secretly he stole into an agent's office.

"I'm William Morris' son," he said, "and I want a part in Augustus Thomas' play."

"The Copperhead?" said the agent. "Sure, Mr. Thomas will give you a little part, I know, for your dad's sake." Chester was afraid to explain it wasn't for his dad's sake, by any remote interpretation.

But he put blue on his face for a beard and donned a sergeant's uniform and stumbled around in a few scenes behind Lionel Barrymore.

When William Morris found it out, he boiled indignantly. Chester came on the carpet, for

the rebuke of his life. But somehow he knew that the old man was secretly pleased. He knew it because his father started giving advice.

"If you're going to act," he said, "play good parts. You'll never be good in poor ones."

"Another thing," he said, "always keep your credit good at your tailors. You might be out of work for six months and then have a chance at a part. When you need a wardrobe, you want to be able to get one."

"Make acting a business—keep your salary up."

Years later, after William Morris had bowed to the inevitable with subconscious pleasure and written "All the Horrors of Home" to take

While he was playing on Broadway in "Yellow," and after he had attained a measure of success which seemed to predict a reasonably successful future, Chester Morris met a girl named Sue Kilborn. She was in stock with Paramount in New York. He met her at a dress rehearsal, and whether that theatrical setting, or the fact that her father was a theatrical man, and her mother an actress had anything to do with it, they fell in love.

The precarious warnings of his father had seeped into Chester by now. He and Sue agreed to wait until "Yellow" looked like a hit before they said it to the preacher. But Harry Bannister, who was in the cast, married a girl named Ann Harding, and Chester and Sue talked themselves into believing that "Yellow" was going to be a hit. They got married.

On their way back, they passed the theater and popped in to break the news. On the bulletin board a notice glared mockingly: The show closed in two weeks.

And to make matters worse Sue's Paramount contract had been automatically cancelled when she said "I do"!

Perhaps it is the "strictly business" teachings of William Morris which Chester Morris and the other Morris have adopted after a few slaps by the world that have kept them out of the public awareness as an acting clan.

Whenever you mention theatrical families, there is prone to rise in the vision of the ordinary mortal the somewhat terrifying picture of an esoteric breed, apart from the normal, whose apparently innate exhibitionism plants them consistently on front pages.

The whole Morris family dwells out in spotlighted Hollywood. But you never hear anything sensational about any of them.

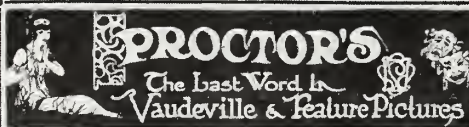
Gordon Morris writes for the movies. His last scenario was "Under the Pampas Moon." Adrian Morris is a free-lance actor around the studios. Wilhelma Morris acts over the radio.

William Morris couldn't stand the confusion of making pictures after his years on the stage. After a few tries he gave it up. Now he writes plays. The last acting he did was with Billie Burke in the Los Angeles stage production of "The Vinegar Tree."

Apart from the screen no one is more of a plain, ordinary unexciting Mr. Citizen than Chester. Let him alone by the swimming pool, in his backyard gym or workshop and all's right with the world. Sue played in one picture, "She Had to Say Yes," and then had to say no. Now she's just a housewife, and prefers it to practically everything.

But three concessions to theatrical standing

DAILY ARGUS, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1924




PROCTOR'S
The Last Word in
Vaudeville & Feature Pictures

**Thursday
Friday
Saturday**

Almost an All Mount Vernon Bill of Stars Who
Formerly Resided In This City

WILLIAM MORRIS & FAMILY
FORMERLY OF MOUNT VERNON

MR. AND MRS. WM. MORRIS
WILHELMA MORRIS
CHESTER MORRIS
ADRIAN MORRIS
IN A NEW COMEDY
"ALL THE HORRORS OF HOME"



WILLIAM MORRIS

FORMERLY OF MOUNT VERNON
GRACE LARUE
The International Star of Song

FORMERLY OF MOUNT VERNON
NOVELTY CLINTONS
Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Peterson

A Resident of Petham Who is a Musical Comedy Star
HARRY ROSE
THE BROADWAY JESTER

LEO VIRGINIA
HENNING and WATSON
in "YOUTH TIME"

IRENE RUTH
MARTIN and FRANCIS
in "YOUTHFUL IDEAS"

"WINE"
WITH A CAST OF
LIVE-WIRE STARS

Clara Bow - Forrest Stanley - Myrtle Stedman - Huntley Gordon

The Morrises, naturally, were the sensation in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., their old home town, in 1924. Top billing, no less

the whole family on the road together, he would stop Chester when he came home after seeing a producer.

"How does it look?" he would ask.

"Good."

"Talk money?"

"No."

"Then you won't play it," William Morris would say.

"Oh yes, they said they wanted me. It's all set."

"You won't play it," Father William would repeat. "Unless they talk money, they aren't interested."

Too many times Chester found this all too true.

does Chester make: he dresses well, looks well, drives a smart car.

For four years he was under contract to United Artists. He was driving an old heap of doubtful worth. Every morning the gate-man waved him back. He parked across the street and walked in.

One day he remembered a story his dad had told him. It was about a down-and-out actor on Broadway who "touched" William Morris for a small—er—advance. "I haven't had anything to eat today, Mr. Morris," he said, "I spent my last quarter for a boutonniere."

Chester wasn't down to his last two-bits, nor was he hungry. But he went out and bought a nice, shiny, blue Cadillac. Next morning he drove it to work.

The gate-man bowed low with a flashing smile. "Good morning, Mr. Morris," he beamed. The gates swung open hospitably.

But that's the extent of his "front"—and I might add, there's a back to it. A very solid, democratic, sensible back.

Brooks, aged seven, and Cynthia, aged four, are the young hopes of the Many Morrises.

BROOKS was going to the fashionable Carl Curtis School, where so many of the little movie angels learn their ABC's. A bus was picking him up each morning at the Morris Beverly Hills home.

One day he came to Chester. "I don't want to ride on the bus any more, Daddy," he declared.

"What's wrong with the bus?" asked Chester.

"Nothing," said Brooks, "but I want to ride up with a chauffeur like the rest of the kids."

"Wh-h-h-o-a!" gasped Chester Morris. "I'm glad you told me. Chauffeurs, eh?"

Now Brooks goes to public school and has a swell little Filipino pal.

Naturally there are moments when it is inevitable for fond parents and fond grandparents to speculate upon the future careers of the third generation of Morrises.

"Don't worry, Dad," Chester reassured him one day, "neither one of them shows the least bit of talent. Look, I'll show you."

Brooks was called in. "Now, Brooks," said Chester, "go out of the room and make an entrance. I'll say, 'How do you do? I'm the man to see you about that dog.' Then you shake my hand and say, 'Oh yes, sit down, won't you?' Go on now."

Brooks came in. "How do you do," said Chester, "I'm the man to see you about that dog."

"What dog?" said Brooks. "We're just making believe, Brooks," explained Chester.

"Oh," said Brooks, "but what dog?" "You see," said Chester to his perturbed father, "not a chance—no talent at all."

The next week William Morris came out on his usual visit. He toted a huge package. "Just a little toy I made for the children," explained William Morris gruffly.

Chester took the package, unwrapped it. There was a complete miniature theater, backdrops, curtains, scenery, actors and all.

"Um-hum," um-humed Chester Morris, nodding his head, "and you don't want them to grow up to be actors!"

There may be no "theatrical blood" in the veins of the Morrises, as William Morris insists, but in their hearts, as in the hearts of every great footlight family, there is a love for the stage that has a hard time dying out.



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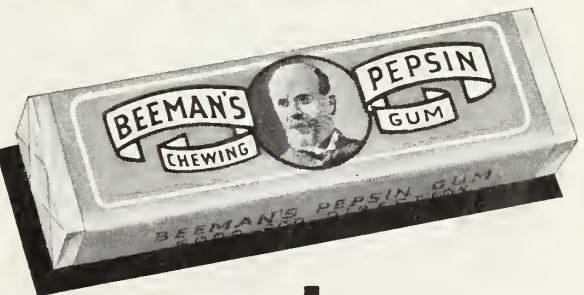


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For the First and Last Time Marlene Dietrich Talks

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 |

saying, "Where's the old Marlene? Why is she *jumping around!*"

She told of her recent trip to New York. She wanted badly to see "Point Valaine" with Noel Coward, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. By the time she had arrived in New York, the play was closed. That array of great talent was not enough to fill a theater in New York, where tastes are pretty high and well delineated.

"Yet they ask us to please the audiences of every theater in the world," she smiled; "I don't think you can do that unless you keep right at the average line."

I wondered if that wasn't her job

"That's a question," she replied thoughtfully. "I don't know. It may be my job—but it isn't what I want to do

IF I were a film actress at heart, if I could not live without making a picture—that would be different," she explained. "I have always made pictures because I wanted to work for Mr. von Sternberg—not because I wanted to be a film star

"I only came to Hollywood to work with him. I only stayed to work with him. I have always admired him. I think he is a great artist. I had had offers to come to Hollywood before he called me, but I said no to them. I did not want to leave my family and my country just to be a screen star."

That is true. Both Fox and B. P. Schulberg tried to talk Marlene Dietrich into a contract. She wouldn't listen. After von Sternberg had finished "The Blue Angel," made in Germany, Dietrich gave him a book to read on the boat—"Morocco."

"I think it will make a good film for you," she had said, but there was no idea of herself in the part.

"From the boat he cabled me to come to Hollywood," she told me. "When he told me to come, I came. I would have come to work with him if he were in Australia."

If that sounds as if Marlene Dietrich holds no particular love for Hollywood, then certainly she can't be blamed for that.

It is hard to feel sorry for anyone as beautiful as Marlene Dietrich. It is always hard to feel sorry for a motion picture star who apparently has everything in the world.

Yet there is no doubt that Dietrich has been treated shamefully here. She was greeted—few could explain just why—more like an intruder than a visitor when she arrived. Immediately the Svengali-Trilby legend was spun to invest her with an unholy aura. She was accused of imitating Garbo.

Of course, what no one knew or bothered to find out was that Marlene Dietrich was not a recluse by nature, nor was she interested in drawing herself into a shell to create a legend.

She was merely alone in a strange, aggressive, frightening country with but one friend. She was desperately lonely without her husband, her adored little girl, her family.

She heard preposterous stories about herself, but soon learned there was no use talking back. No one wanted to believe her. They could make up much better stories. So she said nothing.

Only recently on her trip to New York, she went down to the boat to see her husband, Rudolf Sieber, off. News cameramen were all over the place and snapped them from all

angles. But not a picture was used in the newspapers.

With Sieber sailing for Europe, and Marlene returning to Hollywood, a separation story was much more intriguing, and pictures showing them together at the boat didn't help that out very much!

"I have been miserable often here in Hollywood," she told me. "During those first two years, when I was without my husband and Maria, I was terribly depressed. For the first two years when I lived in Santa Monica, I saw no one. I had no friends to see. When I returned to Europe for my family the crowds actually frightened me, I became hysterical. I had been so alone in Hollywood."



For little Sybil Jason's debut picture, Warners built a whole story about her, "Little Big Shot." The reports were so good that they now have cast her in the important "I Found Stella Parrish"

Recently, of course, Marlene Dietrich has found a few friends in Hollywood. She pals around a lot with Carole Lombard and she advised me that the Richard Barthelmesses were steady customers for the bee's nest cake.

But few of her friends are close. She still feels as she has always felt—like an expatriate. And there are no interests of any importance outside her work with von Sternberg, of which she says reverently, "the experience of working all these years with his beautiful brain is something I would not have missed for all the world."

But now, of course, that is ended. Not because Marlene Dietrich wanted it to end and not because the studio wanted it to end.

When she knew it was ended, when she saw that to insist longer was to harm him, she said: "All right, I shall go back to Germany."

"You mustn't do that," von Sternberg told her. "They won't think you're sincere. They will call it a publicity gesture. No one will believe you. You should stay and make two pictures at least with someone else

"It will be good for you," he went on, "and it will be easier for you. It is so easy, after what we have been doing on the screen to show emotions in the natural, average way. You must stay."

It was some time before Marlene Dietrich's new contract was signed. She wanted to go back to Europe, but she saw that if she did, it would make von Sternberg out as the bad man—the Svengali. They would blame it on him. They would say he told her to go

One day she called him up from her dressing room. The contract was on her dressing table.

"Shall I sign or not?" she asked him. "You are always right. Tell me—because I really don't want to sign."

"Sign," said von Sternberg.

"So I signed," smiled Marlene Dietrich. "But I shall go home in the winter."

"My plans?" she repeated slowly. "Oh yes, my plans are definite." Then in the next breath she said, "I never make plans."

It didn't sound as absurd as it reads. It wasn't even contradictory to me, for I knew she was talking about two different things—the plans which were to complete the new contract she had just signed—they were definite. Beyond that—who knows?

"Yes," she said, "everything is decided." Although her voice is always soft and her manner deliberate, there now seemed but little spirit in her voice. Like champagne that has kept its bouquet but lost its bubbles. Perhaps she was tired

I SHALL make two pictures here. The first is "Desire," an original story written for me—one that Ernst Lubitsch was to direct me in before he became production head of the studio. I play a French adventuress. Gary Cooper plays with me and Frank Borzage directs it.

"The second is to be 'Hotel Imperial'—you remember?—the picture Pola Negri made years ago with Maurice Stiller. Lewis Milestone will direct it.

"The first is light and adventurous. The second is dramatic and thrilling. They are regular film stories," she explained.

Her slow smile widened

"But my contract will be up soon and then I shall go to Europe. I think I shall stay quite a long time. There are many places I want to go—England, Italy, Austria. I want to see my family, my sister and my mother in Berlin, and my husband who is now in Paris. Maria is ten now. She adores America, but I want her to be educated in Europe. It is time she started in school there. I can't think of being separated from her.

"Pictures? I don't know. Perhaps I may make pictures in England or France or Germany—perhaps not. Perhaps Mr von Sternberg will come to Europe. I hope he does.

"Miss Hollywood? Yes, I probably shall I may want to come back. But I will not sign a contract—any contract—just to be signing

"It would have to be like the one I have now. You know," she smiled, "in my contract I have my choice of story, cameraman—"

"And director?" I asked

"And director," she confirmed

"Then you could have Mr von Sternberg again?"

"Yes," she smiled, "if he would direct me."

I remembered the Paramount decree I had read in the newspaper. "We are going to remake Marlene Dietrich—"

But I don't think you ever remake someone like Marlene Dietrich. You don't remake an idealist without remaking the ideal.

The Facts of Hollywood Life

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Helen Vinson and *Fred Perry*, world's Number One Racqueteer, made it love match following *Perry's* startling defeat in the national tennis finals.

Honeymooned in Hollywood.

Conchita Montenegro and *Raul Roulien* carried a Latin love from Hollywood to an altar in Paris.

John Warburton and *Lucille Morrison*, Los Angeles society eminent, became one in Tijuana, Mexico.

Katherine Cornwall Williams, 1934 Wampas Baby Star, changed her name to Mrs. Daniel E. Vandraegan, and her vocation to that of a Washington University professor's wife.

Sam Coslow, the tunesmith, (Cocktails For Two) made a Mexican marriage with *Esther Muir* safe and sound by repeating in California.

Inez Courtney and *Luigi Filiasi* toasted their union in the bridegroom's wine.

Kay Sutton, "Roberta" model, and *Edward Cronjager* followed through on a set romance. Cronjager ground the camera. Found her in the finder.

Sylvia Sidney and *Bennett Cerf*, Manhattan publisher, proved at Phoenix, Arizona, they weren't fooling with that golden band.

John Joseph Quillan, brother of *Eddie Quillan* and *Anita Thompson* took the vows together.

Sally Blane and *Norman Foster*, *Claudette Colbert's* real recent ex, in Hollywood.

Franchot Tone and *Joan Crawford*, at Englewood Cliffs, N. J. Joan reversing her opinion that an actress should never marry, made after she divorced *Doug Fairbanks, Jr.*

OH, PROMISE ME

Josephine Dunne will become *Mrs. Carroll Case* as soon as her divorce from *Eugene J. Lewis* is final. Case writes for a living.

Jacqueline Wells and *Walter Brooks*, Philadelphia blue-blooder, have it all arranged for a quick wedding.

Dorothy Appleby and *Sidney Korshak*, her attorney in a breach of promise suit against *Sidney M. Spiegel*, found common interests in court.

They'll make it legal around Christmas.

Carol Pradeau, private secretary and companion to *Myrna Loy*, answers the mating call soon with *Carlee Hood*, New York business man.

LITTLE STRANGERS

A five pound boy raised the family to five for Director *Joseph Santley* and *Mrs. Santley*.

Fred Astaire and *Mrs. Astaire*, the former *Phyllis Potter*, New York social regitrite, will dance for joy around about February when the heir arrives.

FORKS IN THE ROAD

Joan Blondell got her melting papers from *George Barnes* and custody of nine-months-old *Norman Scott Barnes*.

Nancy Carroll divorced her already re-wed husband, *Bolton Mallory*, in Reno.

Ben Bernie won his freedom from *Rose H. Anzelevitz* (the maestro's real monicker) in a secret hearing in Chicago.

Roscoe Ates failed to stutter a protest to *Mrs. Clara Ates* divorce suit. Granted.

Lona Andre, for the second time asked annulment of her marriage to *Edward Norris*, writer. First time, she backed down.

Mrs. Jean Bello, mother of *Jean Harlow*, sought to drop husband *Marino Bello*, via the courts.

Dorothy Lee packed off to Reno to end it all with *Marshall Duffield*, former U. S. C. football ace.

Dorothy Gish asked for restoration of her maiden name in her divorce suit against *James Rennie*.

TELL IT TO THE JUDGE

Busby Berkeley, coryphee mentor, faces two manslaughter indictments and a suit for \$150,000 following a doubly fatal auto accident on the Coast Highway near Santa Monica.

Bryant Washburn, Jr. arraigned on a manslaughter charge after fatally injuring a pedestrian.

Erskine Gwynne, Vanderbilt scion, former playboy of Paris, and present Hollywood scenarist, paid fifty dollars, pledged abstinence for ninety days on a drunk-in-auto charge.

Baroness Carla Janssen, titled scenarist, filed plagiarism suit against RKO studios.

Charles Spencer Chaplin won the right to direct the investment of the \$200,000 trust fund established for his two sons, *Charles, Jr.*, and *Sidney Earl*.

Geneva Mitchell's press agent, *George Talbot*, went to jail and Geneva was questioned when a fake hold-up publicity gag was exposed.

Rosetta and *Vivian Duncan* failed in a motion to discharge their bankruptcy status. They're still insolvent.

Alice White settled a \$30,000 damage suit based on a traffic accident, for \$2,000.

QUIET, PLEASE

Charles Bickford looked good to a lion, got bit in the neck. Fangs narrowly missed jugular vein, severed a muscle. Doing nicely.

Gertrude Michael recovering speedily from a near fatal auto smash on way home from Arrowhead. Broken leg, cracked spine, cuts and bruises.

David Holt cheated death in an infantile paralysis attack. Well now—no bad effects.

Ruth Donnelly set a record for an appendectomy. Up in six days. *Fifi D'Orsay's* divorce from her appendix took longer.

Mary Pickford sent to bed after curious crowd mauled her as she autographed copies of her book "Demi-Widow" in a Los Angeles store.

Bette Davis left "Hard Luck Dame" with ptomaine poisoning.

Darryl Zanuck, Little Napoleon of films, cut up when his horse threw him into a barbed wire fence.

Erik Rhodes got in the way of a polo mallet. Horse danced on him. Arnica and liniment.

Claire Trevor held off pneumonia in a severe influenza siege.

BIRTHDAY CANDLES

For *Greta Garbo*—thirty of them—at her birthday party in her villa near Nyokoping, Sweden.

FAREWELL

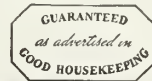
To *Sam Hardy*, who died in Hollywood, after an emergency operation.



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The Private Life of Fred Astaire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

Fred is that way about stores; but usually it's hardware stores. He likes to wander around them and try out the new gadgets—he's probably looking for a necktie-chooser—but he seldom buys anything himself. Before his marriage, his mother bought even his ties.

I never knew him to go wild on pop-corn before, but he has a sweet tooth. He used to send Walter out for vanilla ice cream on matinee days at five o'clock, when, if he were as English as some people think he is, he'd be having tea. Fred's favorite viand, as you may have read, is noodle soup. But, of course, he didn't send Walter out for that at five in the afternoon; not because he wouldn't gladly eat it then—he'd eat it for breakfast—but because he knew Walter couldn't find the kind he liked in any of the Forty-second Street soup kitchens. Freddy's noodles must be flat and broad like his neckties, the kind of noodles he used to get at Alfredo's in Rome.

WALTER, as you may have gathered, is Fred's dresser, valet, handy-man, errand-boy and butt. He is of the same color persuasion as Mandy and Louise, but he has a much harder time. His master has a quick temper and a quicker sense of humor, and Walter never knows when he is going to run afoul of one or the other. Of the two, he'll take the temper any day. It is less of a strain on the Ethiopian mentality.

Walter causes Fred plenty of trouble, too. Five times he has been sent to Europe, and five times he has had to be sent back home—for no other reason than that he was lonesome for the Cotton Club of dear old Lenox Avenue.

"The world to Walter," his master once said, "is Harlem surrounded by a lot of unimportant territory."

But Fred doesn't dare fire Walter, for the dresser is the only human being who knows where the Bridgeport bath robe is kept. On the first night of every show and the first day of the shooting of every picture, Walter solemnly produces this funny old red-and-green dressing gown, which Fred bought many years ago in Bridgeport, Connecticut. During that night or day, Fred dutifully wears it. Neither acknowledges the incident by word or look. It is not considered good form. Then, Walter, solemnly packs the robe away, and nobody sees it again until it is time for it to be dragged once more out of the wardrobe.

This sort of thing has been going on for about fifteen years, during which Fred has had many more successes than failures, so, although he insists he isn't superstitious, he'd kind of hate to open without the bathrobe—and Walter.

The brightest spot in the latter's life are days when he is mentioned in the papers. For instance, this—with an accompanying description of Fred's dressing room during the run of "The Band Wagon"—from the late *Graffice*:

"Over at the New Amsterdam, one flight up, you find Fred Astaire tenanting the star's quarters.

"You are apt to find a Whitney or a Vanderbilt in Astaire's place. The youthful dancing star claims most of the younger social set as bosom pals, or, perhaps I should twist that around and point out that they claim him.

"Fred's droll colored dresser provides a

lighter note for the guests here, providing he knows them. If he likes them, he will even go out of the theater to get them a glass of Fred's favorite after-performance beverage, milk."

This "quote," although substantially accurate, omits one or two characteristic details about Fred's dressing room at the New Amsterdam. On the dressing table, in a prominent position, stood the china horse and jockey with which a grateful management presented him the night he opened in "Funny Face." Above the mirror, also in a prominent position, was the sign, "No singing or dancing around this dressing room." And stuck in the side of the mirror, were invariably to be found a collection of magazines and newspaper clippings—showing that the boy is human, and does care what people say about him!—a postcard or two, and, always a cable from Europe telling of the condition or performances of his prize colt, Nick the Greek.

Fred had become by 1931 a real figure in the racing world. Besides Nick the Greek, he owned Mavis, Objection, High Hat and Topsy Turvy. In England Nick was consistently successful, and crowned his noble career by bringing home the buff-and-blue Astaire colors in front of the rich Glasgow Plate. Fred sold all the horses when his American engagements began to make his stays in England shorter and rarer; but if he ever starts to race his own stable at Santa Anna, he'll show Hollywood some race horses that are race horses. Fred knows. It has cost him a lot to find out. But he does know.

He knows about dogs, too. Adele had five in "The Band Wagon" period: a golden retriever and a Dachshund in London, and two West Highlanders and a Scotty in New York. She called the Dachshund Freddy, because he looked like her brother. Fred himself had about a dozen of assorted breeds. At one time the Astaire family had over twenty.

"Puppies were always expected," Fred explained, "which made life very interesting."

DOG days continued in the Astaire family, even after Fred's marriage to Phyllis Potter. Phyllis' cocker spaniel, Scamp, won at this year's show in San Francisco.

You might know!

If Phyllis Astaire had a dog, it would be a prize-winner. She's the blue ribbon type.

"The Band Wagon" was the last show Fred and Adele did together, and there was "Lady Be Good" and "Funny Face" in between, not to mention, out of respect for the dead, Mr. Ziegfeld's wry "Smiles."

"Lady Be Good"—remember the song of that name!—was another "For Goodness Sake," only immeasurably better. The Astaires took this show to England, too, after its run on Broadway, and duplicated, perhaps even exceeded, their previous success. It was a heavy English joke during this period that whereas the Astaires' first show had had almost as long a run as the British Museum, their second threatened to become a career.

Fred tells some swell stories about their European experiences, but characteristically they mostly featured Adele in the leading rôle. There was, for example, the classic one about Bernard Shaw.

"What do you think of actors?" asked Adele in a desperate effort to make small talk with the most brilliant mind in Europe.

"Nothing," replied Shaw. "If it wasn't for us authors, there wouldn't be any."

Silence. Then Adele said with a meekness she seldom experienced:

"I'm a dancer, you know, Mr. Shaw."

The Astaires became great friends with Shaw after that, and with John Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie, of "Peter Pan" and "What Every Woman Knows" fame, and Hugh Walpole, the novelist who recently helped adapt "David Copperfield" for the screen, and acted the part of the curate in that hugely successful production. But none of them—least of all, Fred Astaire—ever thought then of writing or acting for the movies.

AS a matter of fact, the Fred Astaire of that day—it was about 1926 when he went abroad with "Lady Be Good"—was not a very likely candidate for cinematic honors. Sixteen years trouping, supported by means of doubtful frequency, had reduced the fat little boy of the Omaha period to a gangling lad of twenty-five, whose one hundred and thirty-four pounds were spread sparsely over five feet, nine inches of bones and joints. He had more of that sand-colored hair above his long, lantern-jawed face than he has now, but not enough to start a riot at a barber's convention. He had the same large ears and the same curiously shaped head—like an inverted Bartlett pear—but somehow the ears and the head hadn't gotten together then on such a good working basis. In short, he was no Rudolph Valentino.

Some years later, a wise observer said that Fred was physically a combination of Jimmy Walker and Ichabod Crane. Well, in 1922, he was definitely on the Ichabod side.

Nevertheless, he was already becoming something of a man of the world. He could play most games fairly well, especially golf. He had, as we have seen, acquired a racing stable, and sat up in bed every night after the show, reading the form sheets. He was ready to gamble on anything—and is now: if you don't find him on the set, he's shooting craps with the electricians in the alley outside. And he had already graduated from fifteen dollar ready-mades to the products of the best Bond Street tailors, plus monograms on his shirts, pajamas, dressing gowns and underwear.

Sister handled the society end in those days. Nobility, then royalty took her up—and Little Brother, as in the old Omaha dancing school period, went along to see her perform. Altogether, the two kids from the corn belt did very well for themselves.

"Columbus may have danced with joy at discovering America," unbent the London *Times*, "but how he would have cavorted had he also discovered Fred and Adele Astaire!"

It was during these long periods of residence abroad that Freddy Astaire acquired that English way of dressing and that slightly English way of talking which leads so many people, even native born Britishers, to take him for English-born.

Fred, who is just as American as you or I or the Mississippi River, thinks this is a great joke—on the British.

It isn't a pose with Freddy, this hang-over from his protracted theatrical spree in England. Long before he went abroad, he had realized that the sloppy London style of tailoring was more becoming to his rangy type of chassis than the tight-fitting American style. And as for talking British, I dare any perfectly

good American to stay four months in the British Isles, let alone four years, without talking like a blooming Englisher.

It is interesting, though, that the English in the air did seep in so much deeper with Freddy than with his sister, who doesn't look one bit English. (As a matter of fact, she looks amazingly like our new songbird of the screen, Lily Pons.) Frankly, the only thing British about Adele, except, of course, Lord Cavendish, is an English oath, which sounds simply devastating on her child-like lips. Incidentally, she used to play piccolo with those lips, but she had to give it up because it swelled them.

"Funny Face" was notable, not only because it derived its name from Fred Astaire's brotherly characterization of his sister, but because in its music it was the fulfillment of a pledge made more than ten years before: that someday Fred Astaire would be starred in a George Gershwin musical show.

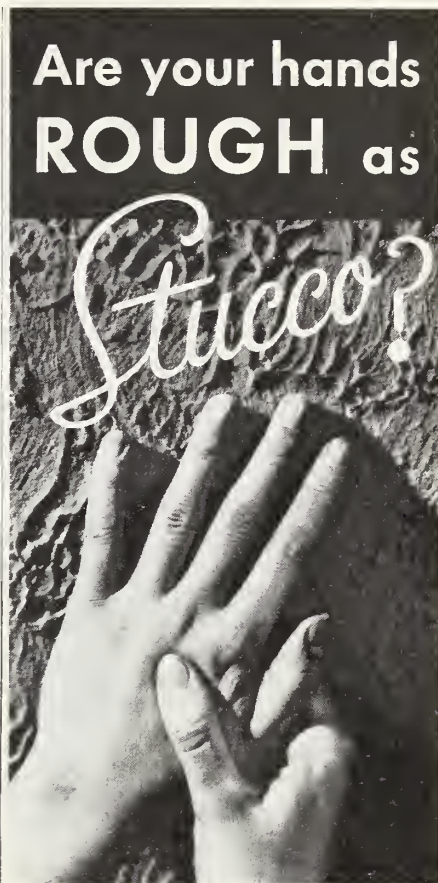
It sounds too good to be true—like some of those press agent yarns about Fred that come out of Hollywood—but it is true that George Gershwin, now America's foremost composer but then a piano player in Remick's Music House, was one of Fred Astaire's earliest friends in New York, and it is highly probable that when gangling Fred went up to Tin Pan Alley to try out some new songs, he and George entered into some Horatio G. Alger agreement.

"Funny Face" was in 1927 and New York was catching up with London in its appreciation of the master. A more tangible evidence of the same thing was the fact already chronicled: that Florenz Ziegfeld, the greatest musical comedy impresario of them all, offered Fred and his sister \$4,000 a week to star with Marilyn Miller in his ill-fated "Smiles."

While some of these things were happening to Fred Astaire, his future dancing partner, Ginger Rogers, late of Independence, Missouri, was trying out a few new steps across the street in another Gershwin show, "Girl Crazy." Ginger had just won a Charleston contest in Fort Worth, Texas, and had moved in on New York for a little professional training—first in the stage show at the Paramount with the then reigning maestro, Paul Ash, and later in "Top Speed" and the aforesaid "Girl Crazy"—and it is a mighty good thing she got it, because future events were already casting their shadows before them in the dressing room gossip at the New Amsterdam.

DELLY, Ginger's brown-eyed, black-haired predecessor as Fred's dancing partner, was getting tired. It was fun to be the toast of two continents, to pick up her *Vanity Fair* and read that "without doubt the Astaires are the reigning family of Broadway," to be kissed by Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy and have her hand held by Sir James Barrie, but what she really wanted was to have a good time. According to most standards, she had managed to have a fairly good one as she went along, but, after twenty years of nearly continuous trouping, she was hardly to blame for wanting to give up all her waking hours to the supposedly pleasanter things of life.

There wasn't a drop of theatrical blood in either of the Astaires. They had gone on the stage because they had to, and had stayed there because it was the only way they knew to earn a living. They had never really been a part of the theater. As Adele used to say, "It was an acquired taste like olives." Fred had a driving ambition to keep him going,



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the zeal to excel. If he had been in the plumbing business, he'd have felt the same urge. Adele had none of that. It was common gossip that she wanted to quit.

She had had plenty of opportunities to do so. The British peerage, as we have seen, had fallen *en masse*. Since her triumphant return to this country, American millionaires had been equally precipitate. It was a dull month when Adele wasn't reported engaged. There was William Gaunt, Jr., who went broke, allegedly because he was paying more attention to Adele Astaire than to his financial affairs. There was John Hay Whitney, angel of Technicolor, with whom marriage seemed any day imminent. (She ended up by being a bridesmaid at his wedding.) And there was the far-famed Billy Leeds.

BILLY, as all the world once knew, was married to Princess Xenia of Greece. In fact, the Leedses, mother and son, married a considerable segment of the Greek royal family, only to have Greece go a republic on them. Then, when Billy was all washed up with royalty, he bought himself a series of fast-going yachts. Things were always happening on Billy's yachts. You remember what happened to our own Claire Windsor! But the nearest to a fatality happened to that delectable imp, Delly Astaire.

A few weeks after their engagement was rumored in the Broadway and Park Avenue hot spots, Adele and Billy were speeding along the shore of Long Island in the latter's new oil-burner, when something went wrong with the works. There was a fearful explosion, a geyser of burning oil, a blinding cloud of smoke and soot, and out of the reeking vapors, they pulled the bedraggled body of little Adele Astaire. Her head, face and shoulders were badly burned.

She was nearly thirty when all this happened to her, but she still had the body of a child. Only the summer before, she had been refused admission to the casino at Le Touquet because she was believed to be under-age, whereas an English sub-deb of seventeen, who was with her, was passed through the portals unquestioned. She never weighed more than a hundred and six pounds, and wore a size fourteen dress. The last day she reported at the theater, the old doorkeep muttered to his buddy:

"Miss Delly, she looks like a baby coming to her first day at the kindergarten."

And now, so the Broadway wiseacres said, she would never act again. But the resources of modern medicine and surgery are inexhaustible when you can afford to tap them as Adele Astaire could. For a time she did retire from the public eye. Speculation became hot as to what Fred would do without her

whether he could stand on his own ambling feet as an individual star. Then, suddenly, in the spring of 1931, Max Gordon astounded the theatrical world by announcing that he would present Fred and Adele Astaire in Howard Dietz' and George Kaufman's "The Band Wagon."

This was the show Frank Morgan was in and also the attenuated Helen Broderick, who made such a comedy hit in "Top Hat." Fred is great for taking his favorite people along with him. The two priceless Eric's, Rhodes and Blore, were with him in the stage production of "Gay Divorcee" in the same parts they later played on the screen; and they, too, were with him in "Top Hat."

In "The Band Wagon," Adele was the same vivacious, electric personality she had always been. The difference was in Freddy.

When "Funny Face" was produced, there had been critical rumblings to the effect that the artistic pulling-away progress that we have already noted during their London performances was still proceeding apace. Neither brother nor sister could help it. They still danced together like "twin souls creating perfect harmony." But the years of continuous practice on Fred's part and the years of continuous refusal to practice on Adele's part were beginning to tell.

Before every performance in all those twenty years, Fred Astaire had arrived early and had spent minutes, sometimes hours, limbering up his muscles, perfecting himself in his routines. Adele Astaire, after the first night of the show, never practiced. As a result, Fred had become by far the better dancer of the two. He was ready for a partner who would match his ambition with her ambition, his energy with her energy.

He was ready for Ginger Rogers. "The Band Wagon" settled it, as we shall see. And the year that followed, as we shall also see, put the final seal on the brother-and-sister act of Fred-and-Adele Astaire.

Adele fell in love with a clerk in J. P. Morgan's office, an upstanding young Englishman known thereabouts simply as Cavendish, but who turned out to be the son of the richest duke in the British Empire. And Fred—well, Fred found the only girl with whom he had ever thought he could find happiness.

There was only one flaw in this situation so far as Fred was concerned. The "only girl" was married, very much married to a another man.

Don't fail to read how Fred Astaire felt when he came to Hollywood and found out that few there had ever heard of him! You'll learn about this and the many details of his personal life, never before published, in PHOTOPLAY for January.

**THE MIDNIGHT RIDE
OF
ROBERT MONTGOMERY**

It happened one night in old England. It was on a motorcycle, and Mr. Montgomery was trying to keep both his seat and his dignity. But let Mr. Montgomery tell you in his own waggish words. It is just as lunatic as most of the rôles Bob plays on the screen, and we don't know of any other actor who would tell such a crazy story about himself. In the January Photoplay.

ON SALE NOVEMBER 5TH

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

HEREAFTER one 15-year-old Ruth Krist of Chicago isn't going to take anybody's word for anything in Hollywood.

She's discovered that seeing needn't be believing.

The girl was in California on a visit. Eddie Lowe, who's starring in Columbia's "Grand Exit," is her favorite star, it seems, and she followed the company on a location trip in hope of snapping his picture with her camera. She saw a handsome man lounging in a studio chair not far away. Beside her stood a dirty, tousled villain.

"That's Edmund Lowe over there, isn't it?" she asked him, indicating the h.m. "Do you think he'd care if I took his picture?"

"He'd be flattered, I'm sure," the villain grinned.

So with shaking hands she snapped merrily away, using all but one on her roll of films. It was only when she turned to go that Ann Sothern, who had watched the episode, revealed to the girl that the handsome man was an extra and the dirty villain was Lowe.

To make up for it, Eddie made sure little Ruth got a good posed picture of himself on her one remaining film.

THEY'RE scurrying around out at 20th Century-Fox, scratching heads, having long conferences and delving through piles of photographs trying to decide who they'll get to play Dr. Allan R. Dafoe, physician of the Dionne quintuplets, in the dramatized version of his life to be called "The Country Doctor."

Offhand I'd say they might give the doctor a break and let him play himself. He's reported willing and the stipend undoubtedly would be welcome to the Dafoe exchequer, country doctors' pay being what it is.

JANE FROMAN will be plenty glad when Christmas rolls around this year, for it will mark the end of a practical joke that's been driving her nutty once a week for the past year.

Seems Donald Ross, her husband, caught her furtively perusing an old copy of *The Police Gazette*. He at once entered a year's subscription to the magazine for her—and persuaded seven other friends, Gertrude Niessen, James Melton, Lanny Ross and Paul Whiteman among them, to do the same.

For almost a year now eight copies of that classic, pink and gaudy, have arrived for Jane each week.

THEY were getting set to shoot one of Rochelle Hudson's big emotional scenes in "Snatched" the other day when a resounding crash was heard. A studio truck had backed into a brand new gray coupe parked by the stage and the whisper quickly went around that it was Rochelle's new car which had been damaged.

"Don't tell her!" Director George Marshall implored. "Not till after this scene."

After the scene was shot, Marshall broke the sad news and led her outside to view the remains.

As they approached the crumpled mass, Rochelle broke into wild laughter. The smashed coupe was Marshall's.

DAVID BUTLER was directing a scene in which actors were driving spirited teams of horses. The scene lacked punch and Butler put on the steam.

"Come on you horses and actors!" he stormed. "Give me some real excitement this time."

One of the drivers threw down his reins and glared at Butler.

"Well, well, and what's the matter with you?" Butler asked.

The driver drew up haughtily. "You might at least mention the actors first!" he rebuked him.

A LOT of water has run under that well known bridge since Esther Ralston and Dick Arlen were starring on the same lot—Paramount.

The two met again the other day. This time it was at Republic where Esther's making "Forced Landing" and Dick is doing "Legion of the Lost."

YOU'D think it would be absolutely impossible, but Fanny Brice actually forgot the words to the song that has always been closely identified with her.

She had to get the music and bone up on—need we tell you?—"My Man," the other day when the number was scheduled before the mike.

BOB MONTGOMERY and his perennial pal, Chester Morris, fished for three solid days in the briny blue for Marlin swordfish. They came back with a big string of nothing.

Then Ruth Etting sailed forth and proceeded to hook a peach—way over 100 pounds. She reeled it in herself. Bob and Chet heard the news.

"I know," Bob sighed, "she sang it to sleep."

IT'S getting to be almost an axiom that a songstress doesn't mix business with kisses.

First of all it was Gladys Swarthout, who was due for a necking scene with John Boles. She admitted she hadn't done anything like that before, right in front of the cameras and everybody, but they talked her into it, with hubby looking on.

Everybody blushed, and Miss Swarthout's complexion was red as paint.

Then, just the other day Jane Froman, the radiocanary, stamped her pretty French heels down firmly and said "no kisses."

"I don't kiss anyone but my husband."

WITH the Bing Crosbys forsaking, or at least planning to desert their Toluca Lake manor and build themselves a much larger edition out in fashionable Bel-Air, it seems all the more pertinent to point to the Pat O'Briens who have remained in their small Brentwood cottage now for many many moons.

Most stars manage to do just what Bing is planning to do—move into a large place as their fortunes and family increased, but Pat always compromises by building on a room. Already he's built on three, and his argument is that when you build a house around you it's a real home, because all of it has been well lived in and the new parts are born of necessity.

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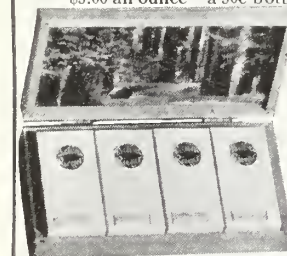
But he changed his mind. For she puzzled him. She was glamorous, tantalizing, unpredictable—a mystery he could never solve. No wonder she occupied his every thought. No wonder other women seemed dull and uninteresting compared to her. The strange thing was that she had learned to create this effect. She had acquired the art of appealing to men's psychology. And now, in his eyes, no other woman in all the world had such charm. You, too, may learn this necessary art. You, too, may be popular, have hosts of friends, and win the reverent devotion of the man of your choice. Our home-study course in Charm and Fascination tells how to use the simple laws of psychology and human nature to make yourself charming, glamorous, fascinating. It tells how to play upon the imagination of men, how to build up in their minds a captivating picture of yourself. If you wish to achieve distinction in a world ruled by men, you must learn how to influence them. In social life or in business, this is the road to success. Ask for our FREE booklet—"Technique of Fascination"—which reveals the fundamental secret of our astonishing new method. It's yours for the asking. Just send your name and address to PATRICIA PAIGE, 5226 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. Dept. 18. © 1935.

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

AND speaking of Bing—
"Twas distinctly nice—and clever—the way Bing and Mrs. Crosby handled the recent situation of the young girl who arrived in Hollywood chanting her infatuation for Bing and bellowing her determination to tell him of her love, even if it was a hopeless one.

Bing and Dixie invited the gal to their home for dinner, showered gracious attentions on her and then bundled her back to her hotel, cured of her silliness and doubly enthusiastic about Bing.

But—don't come storming the Crosby gates for dinner, gals. That was a special case.

IT ALL depends on the point of view—or contact.

A 15-foot boa constrictor was to coil dangerously above Victor Jory's head in a scene in Columbia's "Song of the Damned." As the cameras ground and the snake moved closer and closer to Vic's top-knot, Director Al Rogell was moved to words.

"There's beauty!" he breathed.
"Beauty, my eye!" Jory returned. "There's jitters!"

OTTO KRUGER seems to have got the jump on the fond father and the Christmas-present-for-the-kid gag. While little Ottilie, his daughter, was in the East, Kruger had a swell little three-foot motor boat made for her to use in their swimming pool. He's had so much fun playing with it, it's now practically a second-hand present.

DOING it up brown, I call it. Michael Bartlett, being one of the f.f. of New England, chose a Connecticut farmhouse theme for his new home in Hollywood and landscaped it completely in transplanted New England shrubs and flowers.

THE Jean Harlow-Bill Powell romance is turning out to be a family affair. No one can say they aren't well chaperoned.

Jean's ma, Mrs. Marino Bello, has been doing most of the honors so far, accompanying the coo-ers on all of their trips and excursions. And now Bill's family has moved out from Kansas City and settled down in the new Powell mansion.

FOR weeks Gloria Stuart and Hubby Art Sheekman planned big doings for the first wedding anniversary.

Came the night. They dressed up in their very finest rags, made reservations at the Troc, ordered champagne.

They toasted each other with the champagne. They toasted each other again with the champagne. They toasted—

At eleven o'clock the champagne was a little low and Gloria and Art decided they were sleepy. They went home.

That's being married.

A CERTAIN Hollywood producer (we won't give him away) sallied forth to view a play in one of those little theaters.

He drove up resplendent in his big shiny limousine and told his chauffeur to wait out front.

The play turned out to be one of those crusading Communistic things, fairly dripping with red. The producer squirmed in his seat.

Halfway through the third act he arose quietly and soft shoed it out the door.

"Drive that big car around the block," he ordered his chauffeur "I'll meet you there."

BOB ARMSTRONG has lost his best friend. His mother, Mrs. Mina Armstrong, died last month.

For years Bob, a confirmed bachelor, worshipped his mother. No one was ever a better son. The happiest day of Bob's life was when he had installed his mother in her own home. No matter how hard his work or how pressing his affairs, he never failed to have dinner with her at least once a week—usually oftener.

Theirs was a fine relationship, and Bob's heavy heart must be lightened somewhat by its memories.

REMEMBER Louise Glaum, the bold bad vamp of the dear dead days?

Louise left Hollywood some years ago and ran a moving picture house in National City, down near Agua Caliente. Now she's back running a playhouse in Hollywood, producing her own shows with maybe just a faint eye to the movies.



Marcel Lamaze, owner of the popular Cafe Lamaze in Hollywood, tries to tempt Marlene Dietrich and Fritz Lang with his choicest grapes, but they apparently are interested in the aged and bottled variety

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

THE LAST OUTPOST—Paramount

THE age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife, Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, respectively. But the real stars are the co-directors, Louis Gasnier and Charles Barton, and the scenarist, who throw in elephant stampedes, mountain climbing, swollen rivers and death in the desert, making *Tarzan's* adventures look like fun in the Zoo in comparison. Just a fair picture.

KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal

WHILE this mildly musical melodrama has nothing to do with Haile Selassie's ancestor, it's full of wise guys and queens who put all the answers up to Edmund Lowe, a smooth night club boss. The wise men covet his club and the queens his heart—and keeping both is some fun. Pleasing ditties now and then by Pinky Tomlin help a pointless story.

RED SALUTE—Reliance—U. A. Release

THERE'S just enough red youth in this to justify the title. Mostly, it's an amusing boy and girl cross-country flight *a la* "It Happened One Night." Barbara Stanwyck, exiled by her army dad to Mexico away from radical crush Hardie Albright, lures dough-boy Robert Young into desertion and wholesale grief before he makes her see the patriotic light.

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British

AN exciting and plausible detective yarn done in the traditional British fashion, interspersed with bits of humor and breathless thrills but lacking the salient features of American mysteries makes this just another detective story. Jack Hulbert goes through his bag of comic antics as he rescues Fay Wray and recovers stolen gems from a gang of thieves.

TWO SINNERS—Republic

OTTO KRUGER and Martha Sleeper are the principals in this tedious, tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation. Complications arise when Kruger finds himself in love with Martha Sleeper and is impelled by a sense of righteousness to divulge his past. Cora Sue Collins plays the (inevitable) brat but adds the necessary and welcome relief.

THE AFFAIR OF SUSAN—Universal

ZASU PITTS in an amusing "lonelyhearts" comedy with Hugh O'Connell. Hugh works in an auto assembling plant putting tail lights on cars; ZaSu sticks tails on chocolate scotties in a candy factory. Coney Island provides the background for most of the film, with the new lovers separated when a chute-the-chute capsizes. Walter Catlett is the romance disturber.

THE BISHOP MISBEHAVES—M-G-M

WHEN an adventurous bishop mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American,

you can expect most anything. In this case, you can expect a neat British farce dripping with Cockney brogue and swiftly paced with side-splitting complications. Edmund Gwenn is the meddling clergyman. Fast and funny.

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M

YOU don't have to be a Benny fan (but aren't we all?) to pile up a week's good humor from this harmless concoction. There's Ted Healy, too, Una Merkel and Nat Pendleton. Jack and Ted, a leap ahead of the law, invade a swank desert resort, pose as high flyers and have to make good in a stratosphere balloon. It's terrific! Benny's first starring part.

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount

THE magnificent adventure and heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition has been strikingly captured and assembled into a thrilling, educational and important picture. The why and how of the trip, related by vivid photography and instructive, chatty narration affords a tremendous screen experience you shouldn't miss. Admiral Byrd makes a personable and handsome actor. The stark beauty of the ice barriers is unforgettable. Full picture length.

MELODY TRAIL—Republic

GENE AUTRY just about proves himself to be the perfect man to have around the house—what with his versatile abilities in breaking broncos, cooking biscuits, crooning lullabies to screaming, attention-demanding, infants; catching cattle rustlers, and winning the hearts of ladies. He does all this in a slow-moving and unexciting film

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936—Paramount

TALENT—great big bundles of it—singing, dancing, musical talent, spiced with inimitable nit wits and fun fanatics makes Paramount's annual film revue a solid wow—right down to the last stanza of extravaganza. The story is mainly about a great radio lover lured to the island villa of a beautiful and modern Circe who loves 'em and slays 'em.

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal

REMEMBER? You'll never forget it! The wildest party you ever saw, some beautiful hangovers, four—count 'em—four murders and a suicide, with a whole batch of people to suspect. That's this super mystery dish which either burlesques or openly copies "The Thin Man" style. Drawn out and over-complicated but with its moments and a swell cast including Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny.

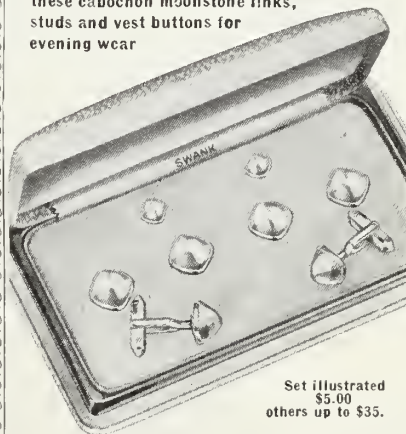
STORMY—Universal

HERE'S one of the finest horse pictures ever made. Spectacular action photography and wide range Western beauty—with a tender, touching story of a boy's love for his horse, lifting it high above the "horse opera" class. Noah Beery, Jr., looking like



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Cravat Chain, boxed \$1.00 Sterling \$1.50



Personalized Ensemble

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a future star, and Rex, a magnificent animal, are the principals. Jean Rogers is the sweet romance; Fred Kohler the meanie. Heartily recommended to all animal lovers. Must for the children.

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount

WITH all the fireworks going on you'll want to know your Ethiopia—and here's your chance. Graphic, colorful, accurate and comprehensive, well narrated and assembled, this timely full length travelogue is exactly what you'll be wanting to see to understand what it's all about over there. It's a raw film

cross-section of a primitive land, so expect a few chills, thrills and shocks in Selassie's Land. Good photography.

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio

A SLIGHTLY absurd and ridiculous comedy brings James Barton back to the screen again. The story itself, involving a mayoralty campaign which hinges upon whether or not the candidate changed his name from Murphy to Murfree, is without a redeeming feature and runs through a series of too familiar situations in which the humor fails to register.

Divorce Taught Them How Truly They Were Married

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

course; and smoothly, too. Both at home and in public places the newlyweds were to be found together, usually alone, sometimes with another young married couple happily mated like themselves. If Adrienne went on a visit to the folks at home, Bruce ate his meals in a restaurant alone. If Bruce was away on location, Adrienne didn't go out at all.

Then, kerplunk, separation—followed by rumors of divorce!

THE news didn't cause the sensation it might have, because, matrimonially speaking Hollywood has been passing through a hard couple of years. Bill Powell and Carole Lombard had gone Reno-ing. Kenneth MacKenna had gone to New York while Kay Francis stayed in Hollywood. Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster had decided to put their separate establishments on a permanent basis. Jean Harlow had married her cameraman and divorced him. Richard Dix had divorced his wife and married his secretary. Virginia Bruce had extended Jack Gilbert's series of matrimonial debacles to four. Lila Lee had married and divorced Jack Paine. And, most engrossing of all, our Mary had divorced her Doug.

In the wake of all this excitement, nobody stopped to analyze the reason for the apparent failure of a less spectacular marriage which had started off so auspiciously. If anybody had, he would have found that it was a reason which is causing misunderstanding, worry, anguish, tragedy in thousands of homes which are basically no different from Adrienne's and Bruce's.

Stephen Ames was not only a very rich but a very generous husband. He had given his wife a veritable mansion in Beverly Hills. Adrienne loved that house. Any girl would. So it was natural that she should persuade her new husband who had no permanent home of his own, to pack up his few bachelor belongings and bring them from his simple diggings to the big house on the hill. And it was natural that the new husband should let himself be persuaded.

Neither, apparently, gave a thought as to how such a home or such a scale of living was to be maintained—except by the age-old mistake of living beyond their income, the mistake which the youthful Cabots forthwith made.

Adrienne had never done much actual work in pictures. She was known as the rich girl who got her break in Hollywood by paying a

famous photographer a thousand dollars for one devastatingly beautiful sample photograph. This reputation hurt her in the honest efforts she later made to show her real ability. So, naturally, did the fact that she didn't need the money. As a result, by the time she married Bruce Cabot she had become almost the forgotten woman of the studio casting offices. Her earnings were practically nil.

Cabot had fared better. Staggering out from under the handicap of having been hailed as "another Clark Gable," he had managed to stand on his own capable legs, and to keep fairly busy in moderately important parts. But he was far from being what Hollywood calls "in the money." He may have gotten five hundred a week—when he got it. But his year's earnings would scarcely have paid the expenses of the family motor cars and the taxes on the family estate.

In short, the Cabots were broke.

"It was all my fault," said Bruce, "for not telling Adrienne in the very beginning that I couldn't afford the upkeep on that sort of thing."

I suppose he saw from my silence that I agreed with him.

"Why didn't I tell her? Well, you must remember that I was terribly in love with a girl who had been used to everything under the sun in the way of material comforts and luxuries. Perhaps I was a little stubborn in my determination to keep them up for her when I knew that our bank balance couldn't possibly stand the strain.

"It wasn't the sort of life I liked, it wasn't the sort of life I would have chosen for myself. But I thought that it was as much a part of Adrienne's happiness as my small house and inexpensive clothes were of mine. So I didn't in any way indicate that I was out over my head.

"I guess we both knew instinctively that there was something wrong with the set up. But we chose exactly the wrong way of trying to remedy things. We took to buying the most costly and unnecessary gifts for one another, things that neither of us really needed."

"That last statement strikes a responsive chord," I ventured, for I knew from experience that many a young couple had made just this human and thoroughly understandable mistake.

"As time went on and I was going nearly crazy trying to figure out how I was going to make both ends meet, I still didn't take the

simple way of having a heart-to-heart talk with Adrienne. Instead, I took to running away from what had become our white elephant, our home. I spent every day I could on the golf links.

"Who can blame Adrienne for becoming resentful? I couldn't explain that I wasn't really trying to avoid her, that I was merely escaping from the worry of the bills I knew I couldn't meet. That was my big mistake, I wasn't honest with her.

"As the bills continued to mount and prey on my mind, I suppose I became a pretty tough guy to live with. Little things, absurd things began to vex me out of all proportion. We began to get on each other's nerves. To be perfectly truthful, I really wasn't surprised when Adrienne came to me, just before I was to start on that long location trip, and told me she thought our marriage had been a failure and that she was thinking of filing suit for divorce while I was away."

As I listened to this simple, ingenuous tale of two young people caught in a trap which has been set for so many newly married couples since the beginning of matrimonial time, I asked myself:

"Can this be Hollywood?"

OF course it can, and was. For this was the story of two average youngsters of an average town. And Hollywood is definitely average. People who don't know it very well are apt to regard it as a place apart. They look at it through Klieg lights of curiosity and polychromatic lenses of gossip. They emphasize and exaggerate faults and foibles which pass unheralded in Toledo or South Bend. But Hollywood is an even more accurate cross-section specimen of average America than either of these typical mid-western cities. Hollywood is Toledo and South Bend; but it is also Boston and San Francisco, Seattle and Miami, Carson City and Baton Rouge.

Obviously, the misfortune which overtook Bruce and Adrienne Cabot might have overtaken them in New York or Chicago or Summit, New Jersey. The rocks on which their marriage had split might have strewn any road to marital success.

In their case, the rocks happened to be financial ones. In many cases, they do! But they might have been social ones, or domestic ones, or political ones, or just plain gastronomic ones.

They might have been the way she made up her eyes and the color she daubed on her nails. They might have been the way he blew his nose or the angle at which he wore his derby hat.

They might have been any two or twenty of the reasons why a young wife looks at a young husband or a young husband looks at a young wife, and asks:

"Am I really in love with *that*?"

You may have read in the paper about a school teacher wife, who took a good look at her husband and gave him seventy-three demerits. But the husband was not crushed. Being an accountant by profession, he started adding up his wife's deficiencies and totalled forty-three.

Well, if any one or any twenty of those marital failings had existed even in the imagination of Bruce or Adrienne Cabot, one or the other of them—matrimonial times being what they are—might have rushed headlong into the divorce courts—even as you and I!

Well, Adrienne did sue for divorce, and got it on one of the stock Hollywood grounds permitted by the hospitable California courts. In this case, I believe, it was something about

Bruce's not liking her family! Then followed the telephone recourtship which Bruce has described, and an interlude in which both members of the temporarily disrupted firm began making a strenuous effort literally to balance their books.

Adrienne moved from the big house to a much more modest home, drove a flivver instead of a Rolls, messed around the kitchen as she used to do before she became the rich Mrs. Ames and the famous Mrs. Cabot, and made a serious business and definite success of her renewed work in the studios. She was good in "Harmony Lane," excellent in "Woman Wanted."

Bruce's professional progress, as we have seen, was even more marked. He began getting bigger and better rôles and playing them in a bigger and better way. He had a wonderful chance in "Snatched," for which he was loaned by his own studio. And financially he made all the progress that could be expected of a firm determination bulwarked by a strict regime of economy.

"Things were a little more involved with me, of course," he explained. "I hadn't realized how deeply I had managed to plunge into debt. It was necessary to borrow money to bring my obligations up to date and I am now paying that back out of my salary—which means that I am budgeted right down to the quick. But, I am sure that by the first of the year I shall have paid off the last installment on our first year of marriage.

"That was the reason for the delay, the reason we didn't hurl ourselves back into marriage the way we hurled ourselves out of it," he continued calmly. "When we tried again, both Adrienne and I wanted the slate wiped clean of all past mistakes and debts. We wanted to start out absolutely free of all that—well, all of the things that separated us before."

And what chance have they of success in their new venture?

Very good, I should say—they being the kind of simple folk they are. They aren't Beacon Hill Cabots or Ameses, you know. They weren't born to the purple or in a Rolls. They haven't been accustomed from birth to the luxuries which fate thrust temporarily upon them. Adrienne is just a pretty little Texas girl who happened to attract the attention of a rich young man. Bruce is a Canadian country boy who has maintained himself for many years in many jobs—one of them, if my memory serves me, that of bouncer in a cafe.

WHY shouldn't they find happiness, these two?

Why shouldn't any married couple who face their problems as frankly and as fearlessly as Bruce and Adrienne are facing theirs?

Even in Hollywood?

Certainly.

Marriage is not necessarily a failure in the Hollywood hills. Stable Hollywood unions outnumber unstable ones in about the same proportion that they do in any other community. The picture business presents difficulties, of course. The hours are long, and annoyingly uncertain. Wives can't plan trips to Europe or dinner parties or even picnics with any assurance that their actor husbands will not be held for re-takes at the studio. But all businesses have some drawbacks, and so do all towns—even an average town like Hollywood.

If Adrienne and Bruce have really learned the lesson which some of us learn in marriage, and others apparently only in divorce—that love is the only thing that counts—they have learned the only lesson that counts.



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HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

- Paramount Studios**
- Benny Baker
 - George Barbier
 - Wendy Barrie
 - Mary Boland
 - Grace Bradley
 - Carl Brisson
 - Kathleen Burke
 - Burns and Allen
 - Kitty Carlisle
 - Claudette Colbert
 - Gary Cooper
 - Bing Crosby
 - Katherine DeMille
 - Marlene Dietrich
 - Frances Drake
 - Mary Ellis
 - W. C. Fields
 - William Frawley
 - Trixie Friganza
 - Cary Grant
 - Julie Haydon
 - Samuel Hinds
 - David Holt
 - John Howard
 - Marsha Hunt
 - Helen Jepson
 - Roscoe Karns
 - Rosalind Keith
 - Walter C. Kelly
 - Jan Kiepura
 - Baby LeRoy

20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

- Astrid Allwyn
- George Arliss
- Mona Barrie
- Warner Baxter
- Thomas Beck
- William Benedict
- Barbara Blane
- John Boles
- Rita Casino
- Ronald Colman
- Jane Darwell
- Alan Dinehart
- James Dunn
- Jack Durant
- Alice Faye
- Stepin Fetchit
- Ketti Gallian
- Janet Gaynor
- Frances Grant
- Harry Green
- Jack Haley
- Edward Everett Horton
- Rochelle Hudson
- Arlene Judo
- Paul Kelly
- Edmund Lowe
- Fredric March
- Nino Martini
- John J. McGuire
- Victor McLaglen
- Frank Melton
- Frank Mitchell
- Warner Oland
- Pat O'erson
- Regina Rambeau
- Bill Robinson
- Gilbert Roland
- Tutta Rolf
- Simone
- Slim Summerville
- Shirley Temple
- Andrew Tombes
- Claire Trevor
- Edward Trevor
- Henry B. Walthall
- Jane Withers
- Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

- Walter Abel
- Fred Astaire
- Lucille Ball
- James Barton
- John Beal
- Willie Best
- Eric Blore
- Helen Broderick
- Margaret Callahan
- Dave Chasen
- Richard Dix
- Steffi Duna
- Irene Dunne
- Hazel Forbes
- Preston Foster
- Helen Gahagan
- Wynne Gibson
- James Gleason
- Betty Grable
- Margot Grahame
- Alan Hale
- Jane Hamilton
- Margaret Hamilton
- Ann Harding
- Katharine Hepburn
- Maxine Jennings
- Molly Lamont
- Helen Mack
- Ray Mayer
- Raymond Middleton
- Helen Parrish
- Evelyn Poe
- Lily Pons
- Gene Raymond
- Virginia Reid
- Erik Rhodes
- Buddy Rogers
- Ginger Rogers
- Anne Shirley
- Lionel Stander
- Barbara Stanwyck
- Kay Sutton
- Frank Thomas, Jr.
- Helen Westley
- Bert Wheeler
- John Wood
- Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

- Eddie Cantor
- Charles Chaplin
- Douglas Fairbanks
- Miriam Hopkins
- Joel McCrea
- Mary Pickford

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

- Robert Allen
- Jean Arthur
- Michael Bartlett
- Wyrley Birch
- Tala Birell
- Nana Bryant
- Leo Carrillo
- Nancy Carroll
- Andy Clyde
- Walter Connolly
- Douglas Dumbrille
- Leon Errol
- Thurston Hall
- Arthur Hohl
- Victor Jory
- Fred Keating
- Arthur Killian
- Peter Lorre
- Marian Marsh
- Ken Maynard
- George McKay
- Robert Middlemass
- Geneva Mitchell
- Grace Moore
- George Murphy
- Lloyd Nolan
- Arthur Rankin
- Florence Rice
- Ann Sothern
- Raymond Walburn

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas

- Alan Baxter
- Joan Bennett
- Charles Boyer
- Peggy Conklin
- Henry Fonda
- Frances Langford
- Sylvia Sidney

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

- Hal Roach Studios**
- Don Barclay
 - Billy Bletcher
 - Charley Chase
 - Billy Gilbert
 - Oliver Hardy
 - Patsy Kelly
 - Stan Laurel
 - Billy Nelson
 - Our Gang
 - Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

- Brian Aherne
- Elizabeth Allan
- Lionel Barrymore
- Granville Bates
- Wallace Beery
- Robert Benchley
- Constance Bennett
- Virginia Bruce
- John Buckler
- Ralph Bushman
- Charles Butterworth
- Bruce Cabot
- Mary Carlisle
- Constance Collier
- Cicely Courtneidge
- Joan Crawford
- Live de Maigret
- Dudley Digges
- Nelson Eddy
- Stuart Erwin
- Madge Evans
- Louise Fazenda
- Betty Furness
- Clark Gable
- Greta Garbo
- Gladys George
- Igor Gorin
- Jean Harlow
- Frank Hayes
- Helen Hayes
- Louis Hayward
- Ted Healy
- Louise Henry
- William Henry
- Jean Hersholt
- Irene Hervey
- Gyles Isham
- Allan Jones
- June Knight
- Otto Kruger
- Myrna Loy
- Paul Lukas
- Jeanette MacDonald
- Mala
- Marx Brothers
- Una Merkel
- Robert Montgomery
- Frank Morgan
- Chester Morris
- Edna May Oliver
- Maureen O'Sullivan
- Reginald Owen
- Cecilia Parker
- Jean Parker
- Nat Pendleton
- Rosamond Pinchot
- Eleanor Powell
- William Powell
- Luise Rainer
- May Robson
- Mickey Rooney
- Shirley Ross
- Rosalind Russell
- Norma Shearer
- Frank Shields
- Harvey Stephen
- Henry Stephenson
- Harry Stockwell
- Lewis Stone
- Gloria Swanson
- William Tannen
- Robert Taylor
- Franchot Tone
- Spencer Tracy
- Charles Trowbridge
- Henry Wadsworth
- Lucille Watson
- Johnny Weissmuller
- Diana Wynyard
- Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

- Universal Studios**
- Baby Jane
 - Binnie Barnes
 - Willy Castello
 - June Clayworth
 - Andy Devine
 - Jean Dixon
 - Irene Dunne
 - Marta Eggerth
 - Sally Eilers
 - Valerie Hobson
 - Jack Holt
 - Buck Jones
 - Boris Karloff
 - John King
 - Frank Lawton
 - Edmund Lowe
 - Bela Lugosi
 - Henry Molliinson
 - Hugh O'Connell
 - Dorothy Page
 - Marina Passerova
 - ZaSu Pitts
 - Jean Rogers
 - Cesar Romero
 - Gloria Stuart
 - Margaret Sullavan
 - Clark Williams
 - Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

- Eddie Acuff
- Ross Alexander
- John Arledge
- Mary Astor
- Robert Barrat
- Joan Blondell
- George Brent
- Joe E. Brown
- James Cagney
- Hobart Cavanaugh
- Colin Clive
- Ricardo Cortez
- Joseph Crehan
- Marion Davies
- Bette Davis
- Olivia de Havilland
- Paul de Rieux
- Dolores Del Rio
- Claire Dodd
- Robert Donat
- Maxine Doyle
- Ann Dvorak
- John Eldredge
- Gordon Elliott
- Patricia Ellis
- Helen Ericson
- Florence Fair
- Glenda Farrell
- Errol Flynn
- Kay Francis
- William Gargan
- Virginia Grey
- Hugh Herbert
- Leslie Howard
- Warren Hull
- Jan Hunter
- Josephine Hutchinson
- Sybil Jason
- Allen Jenkins
- Al Jolson
- Ruby Keeler
- Anita Kerry
- Guy Kibbee
- Joseph King
- Margaret Lindsay
- Anita Louise
- Helen Lowell
- Barton MacLane
- Everett Marshall
- Frank McHugh
- James Melton
- Martha Merrill
- Jean Muir
- Paul Muni
- Pat O'Brien
- Henry O'Neill
- Dick Powell
- Phillip Reed
- Phillip Regan
- Edward G. Robinson
- Mary Russell
- Joseph Sauters
- Louise Seidel
- Winifred Shaw
- Eddie Shubert
- Lyle Talbot
- Verree Teasdale
- Martha Tibbets
- Genevieve Tobin
- June Tracy
- Mary Treen
- Rudy Vallee
- Warren William
- Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
 Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

He was clad in high and dirty boots, open shirt, and wicked looking hunting knife. Clark Gable had nothing on this beauteous he-man. Hollywood had come to Alaska—I would bring Alaska to Hollywood! And wouldn't he make a sensation!

"Wouldn't you like to come to Hollywood?" "Hollywood?" he snorted. "Why, I go there every winter and work in the Ambassador Hotel . . . say, how's the old Coconut Grove, anyway?"

THEN came Vancouver, and who should I meet but Robert Cromie, famous publisher of the Vancouver Sun, and his charming family. From them I learned that Norma Shearer is Canada's pet—and that ended that! No more movie discussions! Until next day. At their cocktail party. Young thing No. 1 grabbed my shoulder and begged, "What does Freddie March look like? Is he really that handsome?"

"Well," I began, when Young Thing No. 2 bombasted me with:

"No, tell me about Merle Oberon! Is she really and truly so exotic looking?"

"She's very—" I started when another swooped down:

"Oh, tell me everything about Shirley Temple—is she actually as darling in real life?"

I crawled under the couch and stayed there. After all, this was supposed to be a vacation!

But I must tell you . . . On the train to Seattle a nice, elderly man came and sat with me while his berth was being made up. The more we chatted the more I noticed a peculiar thing. He looked exactly like Will Rogers. Finally I told him so. He said that many people had remarked about it.

"Did you know him?" I asked.

He smiled sadly. "Yes," he answered, "I guess I did . . . for nearly twenty-five years. My name is Reverend Brougner. I just buried Will."

How would you like to take a little jaunt to Europe that cost you seventeen thousand five hundred dollars before you even got started? Nope! I'm not loony, but that's how Douglass Montgomery just lost . . . and all because he's superstitious.

For a long, long time Doug has wanted to take a trip to Europe, but everytime he even dared to dream about it, something came up to stop him, which was swell, for that something was usually a juicy job. Recently, however, our blond boy finished "Harmony Lane" (which is the life of Stephen Foster who wrote all the delightful old Southern melodies) and went right out and bought his tickets. "Now," said he firmly, "I've got to go, no matter what happens, because it's bad luck to cancel reservations."

So, what happens? First, Columbia offers him twenty-five hundred dollars a week with a six week guarantee, to do "Song of the Damned." Our iron-chinned boy turns it down. Second, in Washington, they beg him to take fifteen hundred dollars to come out and make one personal appearance with "Harmony Lane," but Doug again shakes his noodle. Unh-uhn! He'll not get to N. Y. in time if he stays over. Finally, in New York he is offered one thousand berries to do a single broadcast, but this is out or Douglass will miss his boat.



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Another gent what's travelling these days is Edward Arnold, or will be, any moment that Mrs. "Diamond Jim" can finish all her shopping. "You'd think," sighed the gent, "that we were going to take a trip around the world instead of going to Honolulu for a week." The missus looked around at all the trunks and suitcases and boxes and parcels that overflowed the room. "What are we going to do with it all?" she sighed.

Mr. Arnold grinned. "I'd suggest that we leave it at home!"

Traditions of the theater are not lost in the movies. The show must go on. Herbert Mundin, that excellent little comedian with the heavy eyebrows and the expressive nose, started doing a hilariously funny scene at nine sharp one morning last week in "Charlie Chan's Secret." At the same moment his very beautiful wife was lying on a hospital operating table for an appendectomy!

ONCE upon a time, my child, there was a little boy who lived in Springfield, Illinois. (Pome!) He always used to gaze at the statue of Abe Lincoln on the State House grounds . . . and he used to go into the President's old house which was open to the public and sort-of look around and absorb things. The little fellow grew up and went on the stage. He played homey, lovable characters. And in the Ziegfeld Follies, in the midst of riotous laughter and pageants of lovely ladies, he did a touching act in which he played an old veteran who knew Lincoln. He played it so well, and so sincerely that the house always turned to tears, and their applause would ring to the roof. And then this man went into the movies. He still gave his homey characterizations of country folk, and he did a lot of writing on the side. He won a great place in the hearts of the American people. And then came the realization of a dream. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked him to play the part of Lincoln in a short, based on "The Perfect Tribute" by Mary Shipman Andrews. Sister Ruth Cummings made the adaptation which turned out so beautifully that when Mrs. Andrews saw the completed picture in the projection room she remarked that she wished she had thought of writing, in her book, some of the sequences added in the short.

As if this wasn't praise enough, the Governor of Illinois saw the little picture, realized what a gem it was, and invited the portrayer of Lincoln to come to Springfield during a coming Lincoln celebration; live in the Executive Mansion, and make a personal appearance when the short is shown! Said portrayer wants to bring his pa and ma with him, although they're getting pretty old to make the journey . . . and then he wants to take another look around where he was born and say howdy to his old friends who probably haven't forgotten Chic Sale.

Laff? I thought I'd turn myself into a permanent wave! Went to see the Duncan Sisters last week at a downtown theater, and they were sweller than ever. Later, back stage, we met the tiny Evelyn, daughter of Vivian and the divorced Nils Asther. Evelyn is the picture of daddy and the sweetest, most well bred babe I've ever met. We all drove back to their hotel, and while the young one napped, we sat around and yarned and gossiped and dished the dirt about old times.

We parted with the promise to get together the next P.M.

But next A.M. I got a surprise. A postcard with an imposing picture of the Normandie. On the back was the following:

"Just wanted to say hullo. On my way to London to make a picture. Regards to mother. Nils Asther."

Still in Babyland, lambie. And will you let me take time off to chuckle in my long gray beard? I'm thinking of Evelyn Venable who is soon to have a wee one. Just recently a friend of hers came calling.

In answer to his ring, the maid opened the door and the visitor proceeded directly to the living room.

There sat Evelyn, totally unaware that she had a caller, struggling to pin a diaper on a life size baby doll!

When she saw she had company, she chucked the diaper quick under a sofa pillow, but forgot to take the safety-pin out of her rosebud mouth!

The friend busted out laughing and the actress, sunset-hued with confusion, explained that she felt she might as well learn a few tricks ahead of time. Even though she'd have a nurse to care for the baby, smiled Evelyn, breathed there a mother with soul so dead, who never to herself hath said, "This is my child, my only one, and I'll get this diaper on if it takes till Kingdom Come!"

Hey, you! Dig into your money-bags and mail a buck to Gene Raymond for the World's Most Embarrassing Question. Then slip in another one for the Prize Comeback. And now that you are penniless, I shall explain. First off, Monsieur Raymond, when he was on Broadway, was a smoothie for comedy rôles. Oh, no, he hasn't played a funny man in pictures, but that's what he should be doing. Well, one day along comes a lady interviewer who plied him with questions on thisathing and thatathing

Just toward the end she thought of a bright one.

"What," she shot joyously, "is your opinion of a trial honeymoon properly chaperoned?"

"My dear lady," lightened Gene, "what is your opinion of a trial chaperon properly honeymooned!"

WHICH reminds me of my pal, Nelson Eddy! And the Haunting Spectre of the Might-Have-Been! Yesterday I bumped into the singer in the mail department of his home studio, just as he was in the midst of collecting fan mail which, if laid end on end, would stretch to . . . There!

"I thought you were in Alaska?" he questioned.

"I thought you were in Lake Tahoe making 'Rose Marie,'" I twittered right back.

"Going this evening," said Nelson. "Couldn't you take another holiday and come along?"

Regretfully and mournfully I shook my head. Nelson sighed. "Well," he said, "I guess I'll have to spend my time answering fan-mail in my compartment, instead of talking to you." He packed his load of two thousand letters under his arms, grabbed his coat and suitcase and started off.

"Well, bye-bye," he grinned, "if you change your mind, Mitzi, it's the six-twenty at Glendale."

Weeps and wails, I couldn't go to Tahoe; but at least I could send a message. And this was it: "Mr. Nelson Eddy, car 26, care conductor, Southern Pacific, Glendale, California. 'If you had been a little more persuasive you might have had help with your fan-mail exclamation point stop anyway the mostest of the bestest signed

Naughty Mitzi."

Jean Arthur Charms Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

director wound up and put through a scene. I got very stubborn with myself. I made up my mind to find out why I didn't click. I know now what the matter was. I know it's the finest thing in the world if anyone can be completely herself at any time. But I don't think Hollywood is the place to be yourself. There are too many formulas in pictures. The individual ought to find herself before coming to Hollywood. Then she'll have a chance.

"So I muddled along. I didn't improve. I was completely frustrated. And then I realized that if I ever expected to be any good in pictures I'd have to grow. I threw up my contract and decided to go back to New York.

"It wasn't easy to get a job on the stage that winter of 1931-32. There were too many capable, experienced people haunting the booking offices, glad to get any kind of a part. But finally I did land a job. On the stage I found myself in a different world. The individual counted. The director encouraged me and I learned how to be myself."

IF the words sounded a bit egotistical they were belied by the honest smile with which she accompanied them. She leaned over and held a match to my cigarette.

It's pleasant for a man to have his cigarette lighted by a shapely feminine hand on which the nails preserve the natural rosy hue of dawn. Jean Arthur knows that men hate women's nails that are enameled to resemble the claws of a boiled lobster. Instinctively she knows this little item, just as she knows dozens of other trifles that make an impression on the opposite sex. Her whole life—not consciously, but so directed just the same—has been a business of handling men. And men are her best audience when she appears on the screen. Women are not so enthusiastic about Jean Arthur. Many frankly dislike her. No wonder. In learning how to handle the clumsy but necessary male, Miss Arthur has made herself a formidable competitor in that feminine

struggle always going on—the struggle to win recognition in a world controlled by men.

Nature did her part in equipping Miss Arthur for this struggle. The young woman reclining against the canary pillows on the wicker lounge possessed compact curves. The curve of her naturally red lips was provoking to say the least. But curves are not enough to win other than the shallowest of victories in the battle of the sexes. Brains are essential. Brains she has.

Many women give a man the feeling he should be on his guard. But there is a boyish quality about this young woman that instantly disarms the male. He doesn't feel her to be an alien creature.

Jean Arthur has been terribly frustrated in this battle for recognition but she has refused to accept defeat. Instead, she has set up a defense and perfected her essentially feminine technique. The defense—outcome of her frustration—is the thing that makes her unpopular sometimes. Around the studios Miss Arthur has the reputation of being "hard to handle." She'll fight like a wildcat for what she wants in a certain scene. But she fights for it because she knows it will help her to give the best possible performance in that scene. This means she is always fighting for an individual characterization—against the convenient formula system that is such a dead weight in pictures.

We had come that afternoon from a set on which Miss Arthur was working at Columbia in "Lady Beware." Her blond bobbed hair waved at the ends and parted on the side; in a cheap white satin blouse and black skirt she was playing one of those hard-boiled ingenue rôles she seems always fated to draw. The producers have her pegged for this type and she is still frustrated, still fighting for the mature parts she feels she is now capable of handling.

Meanwhile she does the best she can with these hard-boiled flappers who so persistently run to type in a movie script—trying to differentiate them—to give each girl her particular



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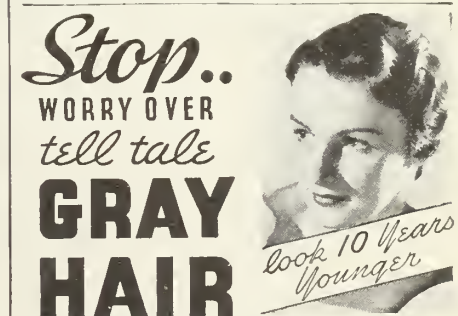
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The screen's newest romantic combination, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, who did so admirably in "Barbary Coast," are to appear together again in "Splendor," which Samuel Goldwyn is now producing

personality. And she had been arguing on the set about that very thing.

While people on the set went about shaking their heads, whispering something about her being temperamental.

Her scene began. The little flapper walks slowly from one room of her small apartment to another. She is still dazed by the tragic revelation of a previous scene in which her boy friend told her he was through. Suddenly two burly men confront her.

"What do you want?"

The voice uncomprehending, pitiful. The burliest of the men sticks out his fist, a gold badge glittering in his palm.

"Homicide squad."

The blue eyes widen, the hand goes instinctively to the head, ruffling the waved blond hair. The knowledge that she is suspected of a murder comes slowly into the dazed face of the little flapper.

"Get your hat on."

BRUSQUELY the heavy-footed detective takes her arm. They lead the little flapper off to prison.

She may be what they call temperamental in Hollywood — but Arthur troups. All afternoon under the boring lights, getting arrested over and over by those two perspiring, heavy-handed dicks.

We escaped towards evening to the cool retreat of a screened-in porch that overlooks a patio planted with shubbery and flowers.

The blond hair was combed out now, the blouse and skirt replaced by a simple garment that zipped up the front, some rough material that nevertheless knew how to cling—for it was a Jean Arthur dress.

We sipped cold beer. Around us was the radiance of a California day. Nestled in this radiance of eternal summer the bungalow in Beverly Hills lifted white stucco walls. Tall palm trees lined the street and waved about the patio wall. This is a home Jean Arthur has made a reflection of herself—of that persistent femininity that is her stock-in-trade.

"Nice?" she smiled. "Yes, I've remodeled the place to suit myself—

though we only rent it. I love a house. I like to decorate and arrange interiors. I never go into a room without saying to myself: 'How lovely!' Or, 'Wouldn't this be charming if they would only change the drapes!'"

She was so innocent of the forces that have moulded her into this perfectly feminine

creature who yet retains an almost boyish charm. I studied her, this Viking girl, whose pale but warmly colored tints, whose soft white skin—soft, but gilded by the shadows, by I know not what vaporous effusion of femininity—glowed as though with reflected rays of color and light.

Jean Arthur seems created for charming the opposite sex by a particular effort of nature. But it is not so. Beauty nature gave her, yes. But it was what happened to her in her earliest childhood that made Jean Arthur into a woman who is able to offer that impression of boyish

years older than I was. It was like having four fathers. They all told me what to do. I was entirely dependent on their opinions. Even after I was fully grown up, I always deferred to a man, to any older man."

"And you never played with girls, did you?"

"Why, no. I was a regular tomboy. I played with the boys all the time. I loved the game of Indians and cowboys. I loved dolls too, but I never liked to play with them with other girls. I got along with girls all right, but I never belonged to girls' clubs, that sort of thing. Even now I don't like hen parties. I

talk about clothes with a lot of other women."

"What's the first thing you remember as a little girl?"

She laughed a gay tinkle. "What makes you ask that? I have a very vivid memory of something when I was only four years old. I remember walking to church with my mother. I had a little taffeta petticoat. It rustled when I walked and I thought, 'How like a grown-up lady!'"

Artlessly she went on to tell about her earliest ambition. To be a tight rope walker. To wear a short ballet skirt, which at that early age little Miss Arthur believed to be made of mosquito netting. To balance herself, holding a white parasol, high above the heads of the admiring throng below.

Could anything be more expressive of the prototype, the pattern for her future life, which this young lady was forming? Her goal was already fixed when she was rustling the taffeta petticoat and in her dreams seeing a dazzling vision of herself in a fluffy skirt, high over the heads of the crowd. Jean was already headed for the stage.

IMAGINE the situation of this pretty blond child, undoubtedly petted and "spoiled," the only girl in that household with her "four fathers." Her actual father was an artistic individual, a photographer who painted a little on the side. Her oldest brother, almost a man when she was a tiny mite, felt it incumbent to watch over his small sister. He bossed her. The other boys also bossed her and combined to suppress the

only girl in the family.

The oldest brother continued to boss his little sister, while she was in high school and posing—along with a schoolmate by the name of Norma Shearer—for commercial photographs. When Jean took the train for Hollywood, the brother decided she was headed straight for ruin!

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

Remember "Murder"? Well, murder will out—pardon—murder *is* out. That is, it is in Hollywood.

It is a grand game. But instead of enacting a crime you detect the criminal of an already cooked-up crime.

Here's the rule book. Assuming you and your playmates are all settled in one room, you pick two of the gathering and send them out of the room.

While they're out, the rest of the party cook up a murder story—just like you read it in the papers. "Joseph Xavier Doakes found dead on the back porch of his home. He was shot through the ear. The body was in an upright position. The socks were gone. His watch had stopped at 12 midnight"—and so on—all the details of the crime.

Then you take two slips of paper. On one the details are written. The other is blank. Put the papers in a hat. No one in the room is to know which is the real one and which is the blank piece. Call in the victims, have them draw, and then send them out again, this time to separate rooms (so they can't compare notes).

Now the stage is set. No one in the room knows which one knows the details—but the one who does (that is, the one who has drawn the paper with the crime information on it) is the guilty one.

The object is to discover him. So both are haled back in again on the carpet and the whole room gets a round of questions to ask them both.

The one who knows what it's all about is going to lie to defend himself. And the one who doesn't know anything is bound to give ridiculous answers.

So it's up to the crowd to find out which one knows and is therefore guilty of the bloody deed.

There will be all sorts of dissenting opinions so the best way to get the verdict is to take a vote.

If the verdict is all wet, the drinks are on the crowd. If it's right, the murderer is sentenced to a round of whatever is left in the house. And you don't get that sort of service at every murder trial.

comradeship which is most attractive to man.

It all came out the moment I asked her what I already suspected, if she hadn't been the only girl in the family.

"Why, yes," she said with a little pucker of surprise. "That's right. I was the only girl. I had three brothers. The youngest was ten

