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REET & SMITH'S

Picture Play

15¢
1/- IN ENGLAND

JANUARY 1938



JOAN CRAWFORD
5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

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Eleanor **POWELL**

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
• JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
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Produced by
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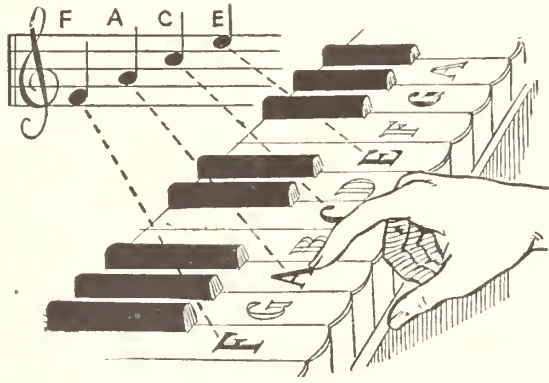


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Pantego, N. C.

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY



JANUARY 1938

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IN FEBRUARY:

Streamlining the Stars



Photo by Lewis Williams

VIRGINIA BRUCE

The beautiful widow is engaged to marry J. Walter Ruben, who directed her in "Bad Man of Brimstone."



Photo by Schloter

Which is the greater artist, Grace Moore or Jeanette MacDonald? Gladys Meaney's letter from England tells why she thinks the Tennessee mocking-bird has it all over Jeanette.

Sour Grapes.

AT last a few letters in favor of Miss Grace Moore have been printed. So much has been said about the Eddy-MacDonald pair that I was beginning to think they had a financial interest in some of the fan magazines. I agree with Anne O'Brien in challenging Norbert Lusk's statement that Grace Moore must take second place to Jeanette MacDonald. That's impossible. She never has and never will as far as singing is concerned. Grace Moore is billed *Miss* Grace Moore because she was a prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera before she even thought of films. She is one of the greatest artists, and should not be confused with other film actresses with voices made pleasant by studio mechanism.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

What happened to Miss MacDonald when the MacDonald-Chevalier team broke up? She has to be grateful to Miss Moore for popularizing singing films, for it was not until after "One Night of Love" had achieved such success, that Miss MacDonald began making films again. But instead of going on from where she left off, with such light musicals as "The Love Parade" et cetera, for which she was suited, she tried to emulate the opera singers and in my opinion that was ridiculous. You can't convince me that Miss MacDonald refused an offer to sing at the Metropolitan. That's just a case of sour grapes. I suppose if Caruso were in films to-day he wouldn't stand a chance against Bing Crosby!

GLADYS MEANEY.

14 Norfolk Road,
Shirley, Southampton, England.

Tyrone's Dying-duck Expression.

MAY I present a "bird" to that very arrogant person, namely, Tyrone Power. How can any man possess so much conceit and yet live! What has he done to rate so much ballyhoo? This greenhorn actor probably doesn't know himself what it is all about. Who is Tyrone Power, Sr. anyhow, that his son can ride to glory on his coat tails? I never heard of him before Junior's million-dollar publicity campaign began.

Why should he, a supposedly great Shakespearean actor play second fiddle to a foreign skating champion? Why? Because he doesn't stand up to anything his press agents claim. His acting is just ordinary, or would you even consider it acting? As for looks, his Charlie McCarthy profile would take the seriousness out of any part he portrays.

What about the he-man attributes our leading men are supposed to possess? Mr. Power is absolutely lacking in virility, physique and personality. The best tailor couldn't make a man out of him. His dying-duck expression gives me the jitters.

The publicity men who think they are being good to him would do well to put him under a doctor's care, for the poor boy looks as though he couldn't hold out much longer. Maybe it is his guilty conscience in knowing that he has been forced upon the public.

It's news to no one that we cannot buy a magazine without Mr. Power being in it from cover to cover. Say what you like, I think he is positively unbearable.

More power to magazines who give us less Power!

PAT ELLISON.

1122 Jordan,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Stop Applauding Kids.

I WISH somebody would explain to me the reason for all the furor over Deanna Durbin as a screen star. She is a very pretty, and apparently sweet little girl, and what of it? She has a very clear, high voice, that will probably make her a lot of money as a star, but why not wait till she is grown up? Good heavens, who is (Continued on page 6)

REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN • LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva • James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

GENE AUTRY

LEO CARRILLO

CAB CALLOWAY

KAY THOMPSON

TED LEWIS

JOE DiMAGGIO

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CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
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Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES . . .

- "Round Up Time In Reno"
- "Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
- "Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
- "I Owe You"
- "All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS



Continued from page 4

interested in girls of fourteen? As stars, particularly. They ought to be in the schoolroom learning the things they'll need to know when they are older.

Psychologists probably would say the widespread interest in children as heroes and heroines of movies was a very unhealthy business for obvious reasons—unhealthy for the audiences and for the poor kids, too. Shirley Temple, for instance, gives me the saddest mixture of feelings; sorrow for her as a child without a childhood, pity for her when she is made to stand up and go through her little paces like a pony on display, wonder as to her problematic future, and amusement when she actually comes through with a good bit of acting and sways the audience—poor, pathetic baby earning luxury for her family at eight!

Some of the other children of the films are horrible; that bumptious show-off, Bobby Breen, for instance. Not that he is to blame. Blame falls on the parents or guardians of these children, and on the foolish audiences who applaud them as stars—Heaven save the mark!—and

What the Fans Think

listen to their prattle as if it were worth listening to, which at their age it could never be.

Think of the absurdity of it, a breathless world applauding the posturing of mites like Temple and Breen! They may be charming children; many people say they are; but how long can they possibly remain so? What will they feel when they become adult and find that the cruel world no longer bows down to them as it did to their baby precocity?

One of the most pathetic sights I ever saw was a one-time child "genius" grown up and unhappy because through no fault of his own he was discarded and unwanted at the age of twenty.

I say, let us stop applauding children on the screen, and turn our attention to adults. It is said that all movies are made for the "average intelligence, which is from twelve to fourteen years of age." When I see these child stars grinning at me from the pages of every newspaper, I believe those ages are too high by some three or four years. ALVAN BROWN.

New Albany, Indiana.

What Is Eddy Afraid Of?

WELL, I must declare I'm thoroughly disgusted with movie fans who are stupid enough to put faith and exaggeration in so inferior a voice as Nelson Eddy's.

Miss Elizabeth D. Murphy has nerve enough to call Tibbett and Thomas Nelson Eddy's equal. This young lady as well as a number of others should be informed as several other readers of Picture Play have written: "Nelson Eddy's voice is flat and unemotional." And as for the maiden who stated that Nelson Eddy should never have left the concert stage, I wish to say this: We concert-goers don't want Nelson Eddy!

It was my misfortune to hear Mr. Eddy in concert in Philadelphia last season. There he was in his home town (well, it's practically his home town) and he should have at least taken them over. But no, I can't really describe our party's dismay at hearing him sing. He sang as though he were just being given a sum of money to do so. None of us felt as though he enjoyed singing. One thing was certain—Nelson Eddy depended entirely upon his comedy to put him across!

Do you call that the work of a concert artist? I can only say he gave the appearance of a movie star on a personal-appearance tour. And his audience was comprised mostly of school children.

Nelson Eddy's singing is the very simple type. Force as he may, he cannot command his vocal apparatus (he has a very small range; I should say about one and a half octaves, if you want to be technical) to grow into an exhilarating crescendo with the brilliance and ease as does Charles Igor Gorin.

Whatever power Nelson Eddy's voice possesses, it is of such quality that it should be limited to radio, where, with the help of the technicians, it may amount to something. But then it's still unemotional.

And Miss Murphy would compare the Eddy voice with Tibbett and Thomas. What an insult to intelligent music-lovers. Here we have world-renowned artists who have been widely acclaimed by Metropolitan audiences. But did Nelson Eddy ever sing at the Met? And come to think of it, why doesn't he give a concert in New York? Is he afraid the critics and audience will laugh at him?

I'll name you a singer who is as good if not better than Tibbett and Thomas. He's Charles Igor Gorin, whose programs I have been listening to ever since he came to sing on "Hollywood Hotel." I also had the pleasure of seeing and hearing him in "Broadway Melody of 1938." Gorin's got a voice and a grand personality. He's the one who should sing opera on the screen.

GLADYS JOHNSON.

New York, N. Y.

What About Jeanette's Acting?

CAN you tell me why one so seldom reads anything regarding the histrionic abilities of Jeanette MacDonald? We read much of her sparkling beauty, her charm, and her lovely singing voice. And that is all as it should be. She is

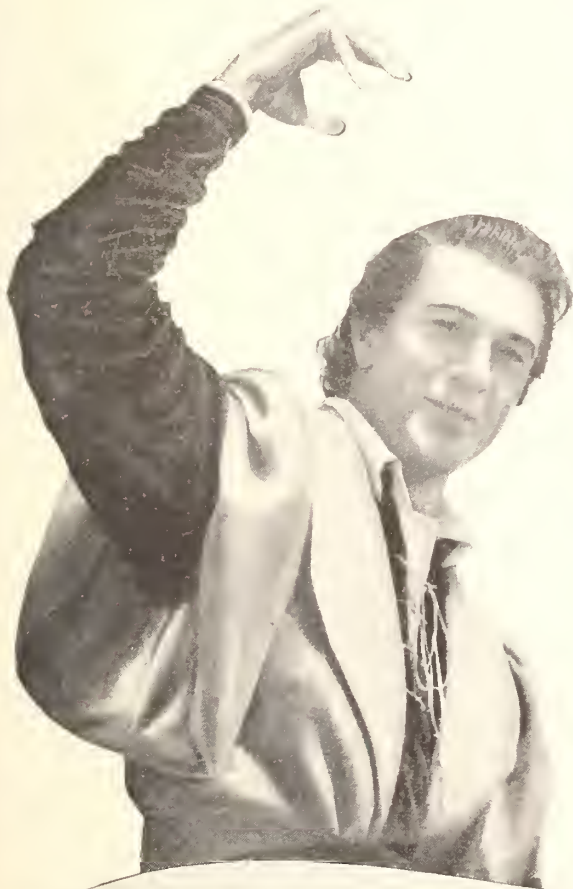
Continued on page 8



Looking charming in winter suits are Virginia Grey, left, who will be in "Rosalie," and Priscilla Lawson, who played in "Double Wedding."

66 Come with me!"

Around the world...from romantic Venice to the mystery and wonder of old China. Do you want beautiful women? To Gauble? To Trade? Want Money? Want a Good Fight? With wealth, beauty and love...if you win?



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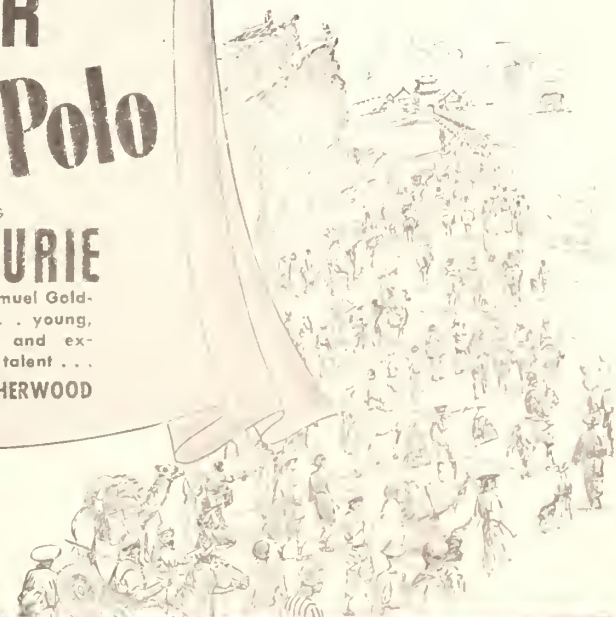
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Continued from page 6

delightful to look at and her voice is unequalled. But she is also an actress.

I find her the most interesting, the most versatile, and the most capable actress on the screen—now that Helen Hayes is no longer making pictures. I make this statement after long consideration, cognizant of all that it implies. And, make no mistake, I keenly appreciate the fine performances that have been given by other feminine stars. Some of them have given an occasional excellent performance, some have contributed many. Some can be depended upon always to do perfect work. But I have noticed that of this latter group the performances have invariably been of the sustained type.

Miss MacDonald is not restricted to a sustained rôle in order to turn in a perfect performance. She is as convincing as she is easy in turning from one emotion to another. She has run the entire gamut of emotions in one picture, her work being flawless throughout. And, even so, the depth of Miss MacDonald's emotional ability has not yet been tested.

The spontaneity of her work gives it a freshness that is delightful. She has a remarkable sense of scene value. She never overdoes a scene, never underdoes one. She has made an effective and efficient tool of her speaking voice, an asset so generally overlooked by the ladies who sing. Her lines have the effect of being her own and not memorized words. Although there is endless meticulous work underlying such effect, one is never conscious of it in the finished work. But it is not accidental any more than is her

exquisite grace in wearing the gowns of any period.

Miss MacDonald's unusual ability is the evidence of unique intelligence and sheer hard work. She is a great actress as well as a great singer. She should be recognized for both talents.

LINDA JORDAN.

Detroit Michigan.

Is Robert Taylor a Sissy?

ROBERT TAYLOR may be the big moment in the lives of old maids, shopgirls and the dizzy coeds of America, but he's no favorite of mine—far from it. Because I'm a male, probably his admirers will dismiss my words as petty jealousy. However, that is not why I dislike him. The most important reason is that he has nothing to contribute to the screen. He is an amazingly poor actor, apparently believing that raising his eyebrows and displaying his profile passes for acting. He has yet to turn in even a fair performance, and in "Camille" and "Magnificent Obsession" he had a real chance to display at least potential ability.

I am probably far from the first to call him a ham, but I believe I'm the first to say that he's not handsome. Pretty, beautiful, perfect features, yes, but not handsome. To call him representative of American manhood is idiotic. He's much too daintily perfect for that. To demonstrate my idea of the typical American youth, I mention Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray, and Nelson Eddy. There are hundreds more.

Taylor is overwhelmingly conceited, and no press agent's stories to the contrary can change my opinion. All his life he has had everything his way, in fact, the chance to be in the movies fell in his lap. I prefer men who have worked hard and suffered discouragement and even hunger before they at last found success.

Taylor lets it be known in almost every interview that he was never spanked. I can fully believe that and it increases my dislike. I know Gable and MacMurray weren't spoiled, and I'm sure they were thrashed if they were disobedient. Taylor should be now. It is never too late. Taylor is a big sissy, too. He is effeminate to the point where I squirm in my seat to watch him. It is too obvious why he hasn't appeared in those written-in scenes to thrill the women, as almost every other star has—Gable, MacMurray, Errol Flynn, Gene Raymond, and even Dick Powell. Robert Taylor in the shower, at the beach, and Robert Taylor taking off his pants. What a laugh they would be!

Taylor won't last. Men dislike him and the sort of women who do are notoriously fickle.

FRANK BAILEY.

1124 State Street,
Schenectady, New York.

A Rhapsody in Gold.

I GET around the country a great deal, traveling with my husband, and we attend many picture shows. We absorb considerable cross-currents of opinion, naturally, and for that reason I was most interested to find the article, "The Box Office Tells the Story," tallying very closely with those opinions. I hope the story will go far toward settling some of the arguments that have raged lately among readers of this magazine.

I was not surprised to find a total absence of foreign players in the top flight, and as I have never yet met an admirer of Dietrich or Garbo outside the Picture Play letter page, I was also quite prepared for their deficiency. Katharine Hepburn's fans, too, seem few and far between, as are Fredric March's; Clark Gable and Joan Crawford still have plenty of friends, but I am one of many who feels that the Gable vogue is passing; Crawford's essential honesty and genuine ambition, let us hope, will carry her through a run of bad pictures.

As for Robert Taylor, his popularity with schoolgirls is great at the moment, due to the feverish build-up his studio accords him, keeping him constantly on the screen, but Evelyn North was unquestionably right when she named Nelson Eddy king of filmland. Taylor is prettily pleasing enough, but Eddy is the beloved star, a real man of mature charm, impressive accomplishments, idealistic purpose. His bright presence, romantic warmth and rare voice cause old and young to dream dreams and see visions. In my twenty years of movie-going I can think of only two or three others who have so inspired actual devotion and downright love in the hearts of their public. A rhapsody in gold is Nelson—golden hair, golden voice, golden heart.

I have lived too long to venture to pre-



Betty Grable and Larry Crabbe in a scene from the Paramount musical, "Thrill of a Lifetime," which has a big cast, including The Yacht Club Boys.

diet, especially in the matter of Hollywood whimsies, but I do think we are headed for much greater talents on the screen. Good music and perfect dancing are here already; good directors and a few good scenarists also. If we could muster up some original ideas and half a dozen boys and girls who could be made to forget about mugging and prating their lines per dramatic school instructions, thinking they must all be tragediennes to be great, we might find the movies emerging from the mists of medieval mawkishness. And banish forever such macabre spectacles as "Camille" and "The Garden of Allah," such debacles as "Mary of Scotland," "Quality Street," "Anthony Adverse," and "Parnell."

WILLIE HIX.

Edroy, Texas.

Jeanette Second Best to Nelson.

IT has been said that every person that buys a ticket at the box office has paid for the right to be a critic. If that is true, here goes for some up-to-the-minute criticism from your amateur critic. First, my nomination for the greatest singer of this generation—Nelson Eddy. The most natural actor—Nelson Eddy. And the most interesting, worth-while person to come before the public in many years—Nelson Eddy.

Now I want to correct a few erroneous ideas. I say give credit where credit is due. First of all, he acts better than John Barrymore and he doesn't have to

snort all over the place or chew the scenery to do it, either. He just behaves as the character would in the given circumstances, and what more do you want?

Another thing, while Jeanette MacDonald is my favorite actress and I think the most charming and beautiful woman on the screen, she still is only second best to Nelson Eddy, and would you please see what you could do about having her appear at least forty minutes after the picture starts in "Girl of the Golden West," and have Nelson in the very first scene? We waited twenty-five minutes for him in "Naughty Marietta," twenty-five minutes in "Rose-Marie," and worst of all, thirty-five minutes in "Maytime." The more popular he becomes the longer we have to wait for him. Some of these days I really expect they will put him in a singing version of "The Invisible Man." We pay our money to see and hear Nelson Eddy.

Another fact, Nelson has made Jeanette the great success she is to-day. If any one else had been with her in "Naughty Marietta" she would now be retired. She was starred with Maurice Chevalier, and what happened? A moderately successful actress who sang. Then she was put in "The Vagabond King," with that singing star from the stage, Dennis King. Most people don't even remember this picture. Then came "The Cat and the Fiddle" and what happened? Nothing, except Jeanette was left to wend her way slowly but surely into oblivion. As a last try she made "The Merry Widow" which completely flopped and so finished her. Then MGM in desperation, put her in "Naughty Marietta" and the rest is history. (Sung to the tune of "Sweet Mystery of Life.")

IRENE LEONARD WOOD.

1615 Minor Avenue,
Seattle, Washington.

Why Anti-MacDonald Campaign?

I HAVE noticed growing animosity toward the unrivaled queen of singing stars. The first flavor of this was evident when an article was published some time ago which apparently intended to convey the impression that Jeanette MacDonald suffered from an inflated ego, and which set out to reduce said ego by criticizing the lady's acting, singing, appearance, conduct and private life.

This contemptible slander has been followed by various insulting subtleties, a typical example of which is the comment on the star's wedding in the September issue. The description of Hollywood's reception of the event is strangely at odds with the account given in other publications.

The antipathy seems to have spread to readers, too. In the same issue are two letters from misguided young ladies who sign themselves Cecile and Anne O'Brien. Their outpourings exhibit the despicable, back-stabbing type of abuse which seems to be a characteristic of Americans.

To take Cecile's first insult. She states that "there has been altogether too much of Jeanette MacDonald in all the Eddy films" and that "the crowd was rather restive . . . until Mr. Eddy appeared." Apart from the fact that Miss MacDonald's name is always placed at the head

of the cast and that, strictly speaking, they should be called the "MacDonald films," my experience of whispers among the audience has always been phrases such as "isn't she beautiful," and "hasn't she a wonderful voice," and the like. As for Miss MacDonald holding the spotlight—well, in the past many articles by her costars have appeared and, without exception, they praised her consideration for her fellow players.

By the way, if I have created the impression that I dislike Nelson Eddy I must hasten to correct this, because I have nothing but admiration for his voice and personality.

Anne O'Brien is not content with one or two scathing remarks. She can find no good in Miss MacDonald at all. Perhaps it is her Hibernian blood which makes her so venomous.

An analysis of her letter produces remarkable contradictions and paradoxes. To begin with, she says that a star is no better than her story, director, et cetera. It seems to have escaped her notice that this applies as much to Grace Moore as to Miss MacDonald. Her statement about improved recording being the cause of Miss MacDonald's present dizzy success is far more applicable to Grace Moore, who once made a brief appearance in the early days of the talkies and was a total flop. Miss MacDonald was then at the Fox Studio and there she struggled through the worst vehicles ever unloaded on a star.

Continued on page 79



Lana Turner, the cute little trick who was murdered in "They Won't Forget," becomes a Tartar hand- maiden for "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Ain't art grand?



Isa Miranda, Italian cinema star, is having her English ironed out before starting a picture for Paramount.



ROSALIE

Hollywood is raving about Ilona Massey, Nelson Eddy's singing partner in "Rosalie." She is a Viennese importation and is the black-gowned figure in the group above. Eleanor Powell in tights and a white wig is Nelson's sweetheart in the other shot.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK, EDITOR

THE only great actress of the screen is Garbo. Every other talent is mundane. She is of the ether, the stars and the moon, the sea and the sky. She is poetry, music, the still, small voice in the heart of man: she is more than mortal when she acts. You have seen, or soon will see, all this in "Conquest." Seeing, feeling, your mind in flower and your senses ravished, you will forget never a divine woman and the reverence we give her.

HOLLYWOOD, still stumped by Barbara Stanwyck's stunt in "Stella Dallas," is quick to assert that Charles Boyer dominates "Conquest" and steals the picture from Garbo. That is no more true than was the discovery by Hollywood of Marie Dressler's theft of "Anna Christie" from Garbo. By such evaluation, any one who gives a conspicuous performance in a Garbo picture always surpasses Garbo: it is Hollywood's belief that she cannot act at all! The world outside the barricade knows otherwise.

"Conquest" is a magnificent picture but not a great one. It is the actors who give it moments of splendor. Lasting two hours, it has passages that seem forced, scenes that could be spared, but it is always a superb spectacle, and moving drama sometimes. The chief characters are *Napoleon Bonaparte* and the Polish Countess *Marie Walewska*, who surrendered herself to him to preserve her country's independence. Historical fact is blown up to yield a passionate, undivided love, the picture ending with *Marie* and their son bidding *Bonaparte* farewell as he is tricked into boarding a British frigate to spend the rest of his life in exile. So much for the story.

MR. BOYER has great advantage in playing *Napoleon*. His characterization is strengthened by tradition and public consciousness, and he is himself French. Every schoolboy has his idea of what the Corsican was like. Few have ever heard of *Count Walewski's* wife. Historians skip her. It is the dramatists that found her out. Therefore, Garbo has only herself to draw upon, only her sorcery to create a woman of exquisite feeling, of such warm flesh and blood that words given her by the writers of the screen play have the rhythm of music, the poignance of sublime poetry. "I shall never long for spring again," she says, knowing that only winter keeps *Napoleon* with her. "You gave me more than love—you gave me life," she murmurs in his arms, and it is as if violin and cello spoke in woman's triumphant acknowledgment of all she owes to man. (I would give my ears to hear Garbo read Shakespeare.)



Garbo and Charles Boyer divide honors equally in "Conquest," but hers is the more difficult rôle.

NOW, it does not follow that Mr. Boyer is less than a perfect *Napoleon*. He is imperious, cunning, simple, weary, passionate—any and everything that entered into the self of the man of destiny as we know him a century after he lived. Nor is his

Soft and Sharp Focus

perfection a matter of make-up. He is amazingly like portraits of the emperor, but it is the actor's subconsciousness that is expressed in his portrayal. Hollywood cosmeticians can do anything, but they can counterfeit no more than outward character. Mr. Boyer's acting comes straight from his mind and soul. I doubt if he studied the character in the way of actors who pick up a catalogue of mannerisms from biographies. To say that he dims the glory of Garbo is as far-fetched as to say that she overshadows him. He is *Bonaparte* and *Bonaparte* only, but hers is a larger and more difficult rôle. She takes a character that is no more than a name, a comma on history's parchment, and breathes such magic upon it that the atom becomes a beautiful woman. And presently her beauty grows until we are face to face with every woman in love. That is the marvel of Garbo in "Conquest."

* * *

THE Duke of Windsor and Paul Muni recently "made" the newspapers the same day on the same topic. It was a plea for privacy. His Royal Highness reminded the American public, while in the midst of crowds in Germany, that he would come to this country as a private individual. His plea was that he be treated as one. You know by now whether or not he was ignored and permitted to go his way unobserved!



Paul Muni

Mr. Muni belongs to the royalty of the acting profession, so our concern is with him just now. Like other royalties, he is not above making himself silly and being kidded for it. The newspaper head was this: "Paul Muni Seeks Privacy, So He Comes to New York. Threatens To Go Home If He Is Noticed Here." He said to a reporter, "This was to have been my first real vacation in thirty years of acting." (How about that trip to Russia a few years ago, Mr. Muni?) "I want to rest," he went on, "but it's difficult to avoid a certain amount of ballyhoo and parade. People expect you to do a lot of things you're not interested in doing. I like popularity and appreciation, of course, but I have worked hard and want my rest," he said.

LIKE most artists, Mr. Muni dreams of Utopia and overlooks certain realities. He sees himself the grand actor he is, enjoying the popularity and appreciation he admits he likes, and turning it on and off at will. He would like, it seems, to study his rôles in seclusion, lose himself in the joy of living the character of the moment before the camera, receive material returns for his time and talent in the form of large sums of money, widespread publicity and strict adherence to the terms of his shrewdly dictated contract—and then forget all about it! The public must be content with value received in return for what it pays to see him—and then forget all about him until they have the privilege of seeing him in his next picture.

An ideal state of affairs for the tired artist, but it won't work, Mr. Muni, it won't work! The public being what it is—human—it will continue to ask for autographs and it will keep on asking "inane questions" when it corners you aboard ship. It won't keep its distance. Not the American public. It never has. Not only is it inquisitive, but it argues that it made its favorites what they are to-day. It doesn't respect genius to the extent of turning its eyes the other way, and it can't understand why celebrities should shun notice when they appear in public and crave it when they appear on the screen.

Picture-goers make no distinction. Once a celebrity, always a celebrity—until that dread day of forgetfulness when the star is no longer a star and his past glory counts for nothing with a new public that never saw it. Hollywood has its forgotten stars, New York its great ones of the stage and opera who used to stop traffic, and who now might query a thousand passers-by without finding one who remembered their name. You can't have your cake, Mr. Muni, and eat it too. You admit you like popularity and appreciation. Unbend. Be tolerant of those who in their annoying way are paying tribute to a great actor and a winning gentleman.

* * *

THIS is the Christmas number of Picture Play, in a manner of speaking, although you will find scarcely a reminder of the Yuletide season in the magazine. Lack of Christmas hokum does not imply suppression of the true feeling associated with the season. We are fairly bursting with good will toward all; toward the stars who have entertained us, especially those who have thrilled us anew with greater talent in fine pictures, and toward our readers who have remained loyal to Picture Play through thick and thin. Not alone our good will but our gratitude is yours for preferring Picture Play to all others. You are to have tangible proof of this in the near future, too. Our program of expansion in 1933 is definite and costly, the most positive we have ever planned. Picture Play's twenty-third year will bring *more* to you. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!



In a surpassingly graceful gesture Carole Lombard swirls her cape around her at the finish of "Nothing Sacred," with Fredric March. She knows it ends a good job well done. Then she filmed "True Confession," with Fred MacMurray and John Barrymore, and right now is costarring with Fernand Gravet in "Food for Scandal." She picks every rôle she plays. Carole has reached the top at last!



SHE LOVES

THIS is just a *sample*," said Sonja Henie merrily. "Last summer at Mount Ranier, where we were on location for 'Thin Ice,' Tyrone and I were sitting before a log fire after dinner playing a two-handed game of Hearts." ("With bridge cards," she hastily added, so I couldn't get that wrong.) "One of the assistant directors strolled in smiling, with a newspaper under his arm, and said, 'Here's something—it will interest you kids,' and what do you think it was? A piece in a gossip column saying, like this, 'Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power are glaring. Last night Sonja danced till closing at the Troc with Mr. Soandso.'"

"How we laughed! You should have seen us: we just laughed until we ached! Because we were not glaring and we never had been—and I couldn't have been dancing at the Troc because I was at Mount Ranier on that very evening—and I'd never even met Mr. Soandso!"

"Oh," said Sonja, "Tyrone and I—we always laugh at those things. They are so made up! They are so ridiculous!"

It was Sunday afternoon and Sonja, her trim rounded figure accented by briefly tailored white shorts and halter (she wears white and black exclusively, doesn't like colors) was absorbing her weekly allotment of violet rays. The outdoors, she explained, is something she can't get enough of in Hollywood.

She is used, being an athlete, to long hours and the early-to-bed, early-to-rise routine required by picture-making, but she isn't used to being shut up week after week inside dressing rooms and sound stages. She misses exercise and sunshine, tries to cram them into her one free day. Regu-

Latest low-down on the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie romance has them just good friends. Or so she says in this story. Perhaps it's because of Janet Gaynor's and Loretta Young's interest in Tyrone while Sonja was away. Anyway, this is her first interview since she came back. She tells about her boy friends in Europe, too.



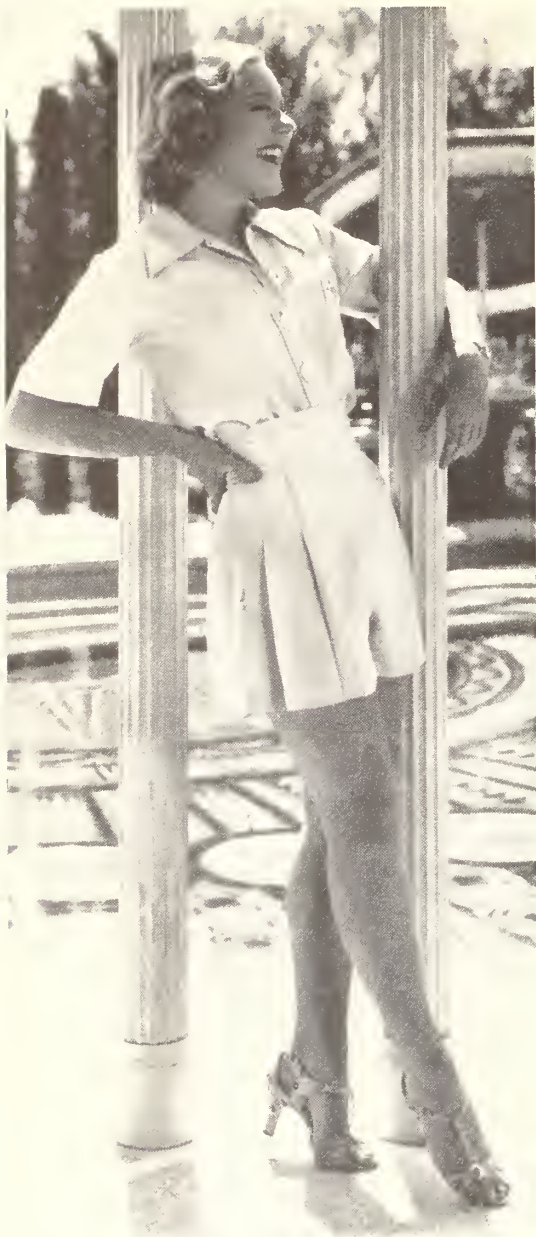
HIM, SHE LOVES HIM NOT

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

larily every Monday her bosses on the set of "Happy Ending" throw a mild fit of protest over the sunburn she brings to work. Just as regularly every Sunday she goes in for sun, swimming and more sun.

The beautiful Sonja, lately returned from a European vacation, looked even more dimpled and vivacious than ever. She'd brought back a trunk full of Paris clothes and a heart full of pride and happiness. Seventy-five thousand of her countryfolk had gathered along the waterfront of Oslo to honor her home-coming, her first return since she left two years ago for the Berlin Olympics.





Sonja Henie says the gossip columnists make things up about Tyrone and herself. Of all things!

They'd showered her with cheers and applause, with greetings of flowers and gifts and letters, even with airplanes writing *velkome* in the sky. During the weeks she spent resting at her family's seashore place (more sun, more swimming) they had come in droves every day by car, carriage and foot. Oh, they'd been gladder to see her than she'd ever dreamed they'd be!

"They walked right into our house," she explained proudly, "until we had to—mother and my brother Lief and I—lock all the doors. But one thing they did not do in my country—even when I went dancing with the same young man three, five, six times in a row—they would not write in the papers that I was engaged to him or in love. They would not make up what is ridiculous."

The subject, naturally, had got around to Sonja's romances. Ever since her silver skates cut their first sensational figure across the attention of Hollywood she has been reported married, engaged, romancing and not romancing with one man after the other. Mostly with Tyrone Power, of course.

But it's always been somebody else doing the reporting, not Sonja. And it seemed about time that she talk for herself, once and for all give out the inside story about the state of her heart.

"You know," she said, wrinkling her brow, "I don't think you Americans understand the Continental attitude between men and women. Over here all is love. Over there a girl can have boy friends, she can go out with one man night after night just for companionship, without even thinking of love. That is the way I have been raised. That is what I like to do.

"And that," she added with emphasis, "is what I *am* doing!"

The blond Sonja is making up for lost time these days. And that's one reason she's not in love with Tyrone Power or any one else. Until she turned professional two years ago she'd lived all her life under the strict regimen of an athlete. Instead of staying out late at parties with boys, she went to bed early and dated ice skates night and day.

"All that was necessary to be a good skater. I was happy for a long time that way. But now——"

Now she can surge out in fluffy white chiffon and dance until dawn, and even sport occasional circles under her eyes, if she wants to—just like any other girl can do at sixteen. Only she had to wait until she was twenty-two to begin having fun, so she's busy having a lot of it.

Hollywood, characteristically, has never stopped to realize that it has given Sonja Henie absolutely nothing that she didn't have before except a picture career. A champion since she was twelve, she has always had fame. Youngest in a family of fur merchants, she has always had wealth. Pretty and charming and widely traveled, she has always had clusters of men about her.

Take her European vacation, for instance. True, there came cables, phone calls, and letters from Tyrone. (Continued on page 78)





Photo by William Walling

Picture play's famous previews

JOHN TRENT AND SHIRLEY ROSS

IN "BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY!"

TAMARA GEVA IN "MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"



Photo by Otto Dyar



TOVARICH

Claudette Colbert, a grand duchess, and her husband, Charles Boyer, a prince, flee to Paris after the Russian Revolution. Living in dire poverty, though they have been intrusted by the Czar with forty billion francs, they are forced to go to work. They emerge as maid and butler. Above, Miss Colbert serves cocktails to guests, who seem to be aware of her real identity.





TOVARICH

In a dingy garret room, above, Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert quarrel over the family wash. Isabel Jeans, left, instructs her new servants in their duties. Anita Louise and Maurice Murphy, right, are fascinated with the unusual butler. Their parents have employed Basil Rathbone, center, thinks he recognizes the Grand Duchess Tatiana.





Warners' big naval picture comes to the screen with Wayne Morris in the leading rôle. Pat O'Brien trains the new crew for the submarine which is being built, and George Brent is to be in command. Outer right, consoling Doris Weston, while Veda Ann Borg looks on. With Mr. Morris, right, are Dennie Moore and Frank McHugh, comedians of the piece.



SUBMARINE D-1



THE



GOLDWYN FOLLIES

Helen Jepson and Charles Kullmann, both of the Metropolitan Opera, make their screen debut in Samuel Goldwyn's extravagant technicolor musical. Outer left, Mr. Kullmann with Heidi Vosseler and Kathryn Mulloony of the American ballet. Miss Vosseler, left, ready for the ballet. Miss Jepson, bottom, sings an operatic aria. Below, Vivian Cole and Charles Lewis Laskey, dancers.



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Claudette
COLBERT
Charles
BOYER

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THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOWAIRICHI

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
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MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English
Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture



*It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest
love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A
glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.*

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

fun, glamour and romance!



Yesterday is done! Tomorrow— who knows?
... "Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gogo night in Paris! ... with 4 billion
francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call
their own!



The runaway lovers took to the roof in one of
the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and
here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face
with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.



SECOND HONEYMOON



Though Loretta Young has divorced Tyrone Power to marry Lyle Talbot, they are still in love, and finally rediscover each other after her present husband has proved himself unworthy. With Mr. Talbot, upper right, are J. Edward Bromberg and Claire Trevor. Mr. Power, center, sips cocktails with Marjorie Weaver and Stuart Erwin.







THE BUCCANEER



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Fredric March and Franciska Gaal, who is making her American screen debut in this picture, head the cast of a thrilling love story, set against a stirring period in American history. British success in the War of 1812 hinges on the capture of New Orleans, and Mr. March is a leading role in taking the city. Left, center, Anthony Quinn as Beluche. Fredric March as Robert Barrat, about to fight it out.





THE BUCCANEER

Franciska Gaal, a little Dutch girl who was the only survivor of a ship scuttled by Fredric March's men, against his orders, saves Jean Lafitte's life. But she is about to lose her own, above, at the hands of Robert Barrat. With Mr. March, right, is Ian Keith.





by Eugene Robert Richee

TTY GRABLE AND LEIF ERIKSON IN "THRILL OF A LIFETIME."



Photo by Hurrell

Joan Crawford's long contract for pictures expires next July. Then she will be free to chalk off another milestone in her ambitious career by becoming a Broadway stage star.

FOR years Joan Crawford has rightfully worn the insignia of "Glamour Girl of Hollywood."

Next fall she hopes to win a new, a more simple and less showy badge of merit—"actress of the New York stage." She aspires to chalk off another milestone in the career she has been marking out for herself.

Joan's contract with MGM expires in July. This is a contract which has endured a long time, through studio turmoil and executive shifts, through the precarious bridging of silent and vociferous pictures, in the face of rivalry on her own lot, through two marriages and one divorce, through practically everything a glamour girl can experience in Hollywood.

In July it's all over and Joan is planning to desert California for Manhattan, where wintry winds blow and critics may blast the daylights out of her.

At last JOAN IS READY FOR THE Stage

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

To Picture Play, in a simple statement, she admits her plans:

"My contract expires in July. Franchot's is up three months later. This leaves us free to do the thing we have hoped and plotted for three years—a New York play. I have read hundreds of scripts, searching for something that's right. It has to be a good play.

"I have a curious feeling as the time grows near. The venture will not be easy, but it is going to be interesting, exciting and exhilarating."

My hunch was, as I listened to Joan's words, that the venture is going to be *mighty* interesting.

Whatever Joan Crawford does is interesting. Let's consider her for a moment, not as a glamour girl with a vividly painted mouth, costumes by Adrian, home by William Haines, a sure box-office bet, an idol of fans, whose every word, gesture and move, on screen or off, is copy for publicity men, reporters, magazine writers, critics, or the subject of vivisection by women's club commentators.

Let's consider her not as this flaming personality of the cinema, but just as Joan Craw-

ford born Billie Cassin in San Antonio, Texas, who had not too much education nor exposure to more than mediocre influences for culture. Who was successively a telephone operator, a department store sales girl, a floor show dancer, a Shubert chorine, a Charleston cup winner, a movie starlet, a movie star, the bride—not without raised eyebrows—first of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and then Franchot Tone. Who has gone through distinct phases of personal and professional development to emerge as one of the more interesting career women in America to-day.

Joan is no longer giddy Billie Cassin of the banged, frizzy hair and the too-tight-over-the-hips dresses. She is an entirely different person. Or perhaps she isn't, and therein lies our story.

Billie Cassin was looking for an escape from the prosaic switchboard and handing chemises over the counter. She

was a lively, healthy, high-kicking, high-stepping gal who wanted to get out and see the world. Of course, Billie—later Lucille Le Seuer—didn't know anything about hooked rugs, Stravinsky, that small dinner parties are more correct than extravagantly mounted feasts. Knew but vaguely the names of Schiaparelli, Patou, Balzac, Proust, Ernest Hemingway, Cézanne, Botticelli, Stokowski, or even Edna Ferber and Fanny Hurst, all of whom, and more, Joan Crawford can discuss intelligently to-day.

But Billie Cassin had burning, driving ambition.

So has Joan Crawford. It marks everything in her life—her hopes, her dreams, her work, study, dress, home, friendships and the love she has borne two men.

It is her motivating force. It is the explanation of what she has accomplished and what she has not.

Joan has always wanted and won, as best she could, the best. She is a reacher for the stars. Like all reachers, the important thing is what lies ahead.

Just over the hill this time is the New York stage. Joan is scared of what she is about to tackle. Why shouldn't she be? The stage is an old story to Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Henry Fonda, Fredric March or any of the Hollywood luminaries who tried their luck this year. They have faced audiences before. Joan hasn't.

Photo by Hurrell



Preparation for her venture into the lions' den has been going on three years. It has taken the form of carefully chosen radio appearances—before audiences—work in a little theater which she and Franchot rigged up in their back garden and in singing lessons.

The radio engagements have been most difficult. The first time, two years ago this winter, that Joan stood up before a small audience on a Bing Crosby program, her knees wobbled so that a chair was dragged from the wings and pushed back of her to prop her up. She nearly fainted before she got off the platform.

A few months later she went at it again, tackling a more difficult job, by appearing in "Elizabeth the Queen," the Maxwell Anderson drama, with Franchot Tone opposite her. Although it was a more taxing vehicle, things went off better. Joan had conquered some of her fear.

She has devoted hours to reading aloud poetry, drama, novels, biographies—anything which interests her and is couched in good and beautiful English.

Much has been written about how Joan reads all the new books, sees as many of the new plays as she can, attends practically every Philharmonic concert, goes to all the good art exhibitions. It is true. Always she wants to know more about what is going on, always she is cultivating her taste and training herself to discriminate.

This applies even to her relationships with people. She seeks and acquires friendships with individuals whom she admires, who perhaps know more than she does. This is instinctive rather than deliberate, as with all persons of intense ambition. It has never made her a snob or a climber, but rather a definite hero-worshiper.

Her friendship with Jean Dixon, the stage actress who was a pupil and played with the great (Continued on page 73)



The hey-hey girl of yesterday is the polished sophisticate of to-day, and one of the more interesting career women in the western world.



FOOD AND FUN

BELIEVE it or not, Hollywood has a hard time finding ways to amuse itself. The time element complicates everything so.

The jaded millionaire at least has plenty of time to become jaded. He may select his sometimes singular amusements, devote himself to them until he is bored, and then hie himself to a spa, or something.

Your Hollywoodian—often with just as much money to spend on such things, and generally twice as much energy—is faced with the necessity of hurrying with his fun, on account of that early call at the studio to-morrow, or the six weeks' location trip which looms in the immediate future.

Hollywood must take its fun on the run—between takes, as it were; and you rarely hear of a Hollywoodian sojourning at a spa. They're all too busy. When they play, they play frantically, feverishly, sometimes noisily. And no wonder.

You rarely find them gathering in small, desultory groups for placid conversation. They must have novelty, gags, practical jokes, *surprises*. The hostess who can arrange to have a pickaninny pop out of the baked ham, or can scare the daylights out of her guests by introducing a seemingly authentic lion into the drawing-room, or can conceal a bassoon player in the chandelier, is an instant success.

And then there are games. They must pin the tail on the donkey, guess riddles, throw cards into a hat, or gamble. They will kneel cheerfully, and even painfully, on broomsticks, and pick up things in their teeth, or they will bowl or roller skate, or bicycle, or have frog races. They'll even bring their own frogs. But they must never be left to their own devices. They'll swoon with horror.

From the Fourth of July until mid-November, the colony becomes extremely alfresco. Barbecues, or simple buffet

snacks, served out of doors for two or three hundred people, are the usual rule. Thanksgiving ushers in a series of really swank affairs, with fruits, flowers, and strange things imported from the Antipodes and way points. There are ladies swathed in sables and emeralds, and severe white satin.

There was not a great deal of entertaining of any sort in Hollywood until the racing season closed at Del Mar. Then things perked up a bit, in their alfresco fashion.

Myrna Loy and Husband Arthur Hornblow moved into their new house, and were enchanted with their kitchen—a nice large kitchen which opens onto a patio, and is admirably suited to informal affairs. Myrna and Arthur didn't hesitate a moment about whether to entertain before

The hostess who can conceal a bassoon player in the chandelier is a success.





ON THE RUN

BY DICK
PINE

or after a première. After—after practically anything, they thought—is the time to do things in such a kitchen.

The Hornblows' "after parties" have become something of a Hollywood institution. There are scrambled eggs, old-fashioned pancakes with maple sirup; there are whole baked apples, crisp bacon, and creamed smoked beef.

Carole Lombard's parties are robust, informal, and a trifle strenuous. They are usually, at this time of year, buffet suppers in the large patio-garden. But Carole can't bear to have just a patio-garden. She must disguise it as something else—a carnival tent, or a stable, or a chicken house. It's really quite startling when one hears the strains of a Russian orchestra emanating from what looks like a hen coop.

Carole is an excellent cook, and takes pride in her dinners; especially her favorite roast beef and Yorkshire pudding dinners.

Days before one of these occasions, Carole and her faithful "Fieldsie" visit a certain market and select the monumental roast which is to be "hung" at just the right temperature, until it is delivered some twenty-four hours before it is to be cooked.

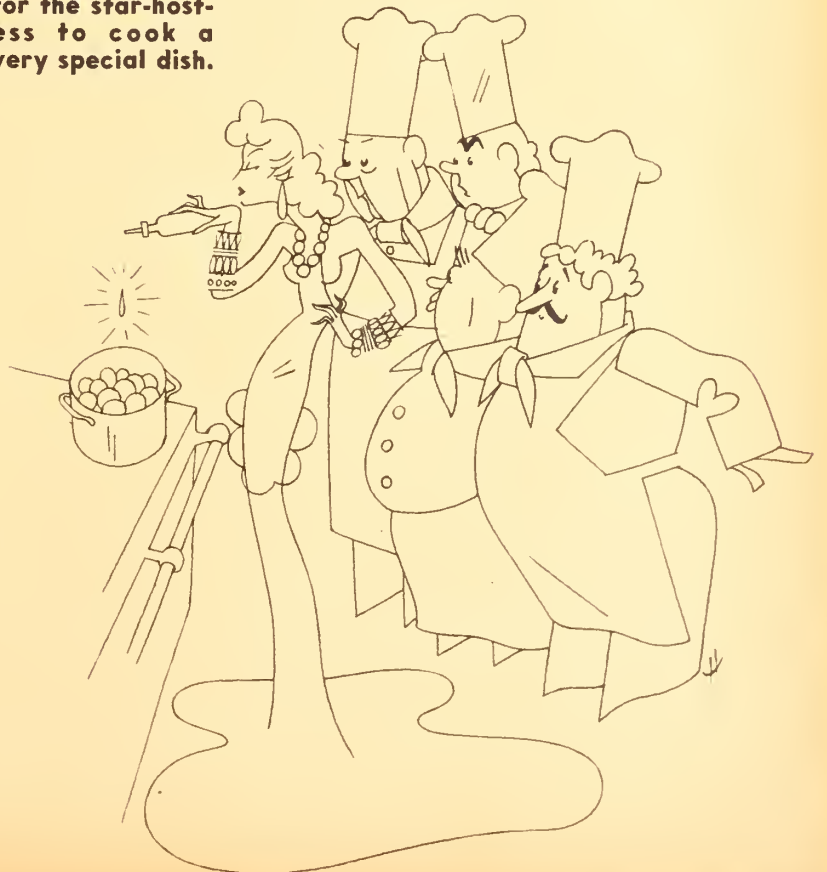
Upon which, Carole's 250-pound colored cook, "Mammy," takes tender charge of the beef, massaging it with dry English mustard and lemon juice, coaxing it gently to room temperature, bathing it, basting it, soaking it with sherry. When it is finally bedecked with its titbits of suet, and is ready to pop into the just-so-hot oven for its twelve minutes per pound roasting, "Mammy" calls Carole to inspect it. Carole supervises the Yorkshire pudding.

After her guests have been fed—and I mean fed—Carole resorts to no sedentary table games or guessing games or restful relaxation. You find yourself playing leap frog or mounting a tricycle or trying, feebly, to avoid strapping roller skates

to your unaccustomed feet. But you do something, doggone it, and you find, while rubbing tired muscles the next day, that you've had a whale of a lot of fun.

Claudette Colbert's parties in the winter are pretty formal affairs. Small, and with white ties. But in the warm weather—which lasts until Christ- (Continued on page 74)

**It's fashionable
for the star-hostess
to cook a
very special dish.**



H O L L Y W O O D

COMES the time of year when forecasts are made of Academy winners in Hollywood, an election which is surrounded with a great deal of fanfare—more, sometimes, than seems justified by the actual selections. But then Hollywood always manages to celebrate this festival with abundant éclat, and has its own peculiar and private way of picking its favorites.

Normally, first honors on the masculine side should go to Paul Muni for his *Emile Zola*, but since he won the Award last year for "The Story of Louis Pasteur," this will doubtless put him out of the running. It is almost a tradition of the Academy that no actor may be singled out two years in succession for a golden statuette.

Furthermore, it is in the cards this year that Spencer Tracy shall receive the tribute. He's immensely well liked, and he played in "Captains Courageous." Hollywood is about of one mind to-day in regarding Tracy as its triumphing actor.

Just so, while many of the public might be inclined to vote for Garbo's "Camille" to be supremely fêted, the movie electors will unquestionably choose Barbara Stanwyck because of "Stella Dallas." Nor is there any denying her worthiness, because Barbara gave the rôle everything that the story permitted. It was an acting feat.

Because of "The Good Earth," Luise Rainer might be in the running, but she, too, had the misfortune to gain the prize last year. The picture, though, is very likely to be reckoned the best production of the year. Its closest rival will probably be "The Life of Emile Zola"—unless the colony suddenly becomes comedy minded, as it did two years ago when "It Happened One Night" swept the board, and picks the newest and most clever of merry scherzos, "The Awful Truth."

This picture will likely figure as a directorial triumph for Leo McCarey who, oddly enough, was also responsible for the weepy "Make Way for To-morrow."

THE comedy craze has lately gone to the wildest extremes of insanity in Hollywood. "Double Wedding" and "Love Before Breakfast" take the most violent liberties with hitherto polished and reserved players. Particularly does Herbert Marshall suffer indignities in "Love Before Breakfast," climaxing with his being bashed on the head with a cake, remnants of which remain to trickle on his face.

Most people were disgusted with the result at the preview, because of the character and quality of previous Marshall portrayals. He also sustained a black eye inflicted by Barbara Stanwyck, who endured her share of being mauled.

The beginnings of this "trend" are traced to "My Man Godfrey," with Mischa Auer's imitation of a monkey, and William Powell's antics while supposed to be inebriated. But these goings-on were mild.

The tendency proceeded much farther with the wrecking of the automat in "Easy Living," and the adventures of Ray Milland and Jean Arthur in the DeMille-ish bathtub setting. However, that again was mild in comparison with the unadulterated slapstick tactics in the two newer exhibits mentioned.

"Double Wedding," with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, and "Love Before Breakfast" possibly typify the darkness that prevails before the dawn of a better day in comedy.

"The Awful Truth" seems successfully to escape knock-about humor, and manages to be an excellent picture partly on that account.

The more physical comedy should be left to the Ritz Brothers, and considering the course they took in "Life Begins in College," they'll even have to do a great deal better.

It might be mentioned that "Double Wedding" was the Powell picture that was in progress at the time of Jean Harlow's death.

DUE to "Stage Door" Andrea Leeds, who attracted first in "Come and Get It," is now named as one of the most prominent of young rising stars. She's under contract to Samuel Goldwyn, looks a bit like Olivia de Havilland around the eyes, and has become auburn-haired instead of dark. Goldwyn has installed her in the "Follies," which naturally spells no great opportunity for her except to be beautiful. Revues, by this time, should be infamous for not adding much to the artistic stature of talented young actresses. As leads they can at best only look decorative while playing in such movie vaudeville.

Somebody has suggested that Miss Leeds would do ideally for the story of "Serena Blandish," if Goldwyn could bring himself to make that. The thought is inspired by a musical revival of the stage version, which met with only moderate success when originally produced.

Serena Blandish herself is a charming character around whom to weave a story. The novel bore a subtitle about the "trouble of getting married," and had to do with the heroine's romantic adventures and misadventures—mostly the latter. It is the part that requires just that delicate shading that Miss Leeds proved she could give to her frustrated young actress in "Stage Door."

THE storm has scarcely died down as yet that resulted from the visit of Vittorio Mussolini, son of Il Duce, who was the guest of Hal Roach, comedy producer. The whole affair had aspects of a political imbroglio that might even stretch across the seas. And the "inside story" reveals decisively how keenly anti-imperialist feelings run in some quarters of the movie colony, for it was the anti-Nazi league which leveled a heavy barrage at the visitor.

Leading figures in this organization are the novelist, Donald Ogden Stewart, the Fredric Marches, Franchot Tone, James Cagney, who wasn't on the scene at the time, and others.

Certain utterances attributed to young Mussolini at the time of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia concerning war being a sport were seized upon by the anti-Nazists (who are also anti-Fascists) and heartily denounced during the Italian's visit. Members and sympathizers were advised to shun the presence of this Vittorio.

Roach gave the chap a party on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday, but there was cold-shouldering of this event, and in the end the Roach deal for the production of pictures in Italy was called off.

The only break that followed for Il Duce was the reuniting of Laurel and Hardy in pictures. This may have been a concession to Mussolini, because he is fond of the two comedians, and mourned to Roach during his visit to Italy the fact that the "Fat and Thin" men had been separated.

(Continued on page 72)

T O - D A Y

by Grant now gets \$100,000 per picture, a far cry from stilt-walking and deville obscurity only a few years ago.



Freddie Bartholomew's breakout won \$50,000 a year increase from M. Aunt Mylicent is the swellest manager of them all.



It's practically sure that Barbara Stanwyck's Stella Dallas will be rated best acting of the year by the Academy.



Andrea Leeds is looked upon as a star of to-morrow on the strength of her work in "Stage Door."

Hollywood says Spencer Tracy is all set for the Academy award because of "Captains Courageous."



The Tasmanian boy, Ra Hould, becomes Ronald Sinclair for "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," replacing Freddie Bartholomew.

Let

Kay

BUDGET

your

WARDROBE

EVER since her advent into pictures Kay Francis has been nominated as one of the best-dressed women. And in the days before she entered pictures, when she was struggling in New York—broke most of the time—she was one of the best-dressed women on the stage.

She laughs about it now and tells that at the time she earned the latter reputation she had but four outfits to her name—a beige afternoon frock and a black one. Two evening gowns—one black, the other green. With all these she wore a black fox scarf. And in one outfit or the other she was suitably gowned for any occasion.

Who then more qualified to tell you how to dress well on a limited budget?

"Yes," she nodded when I broached the subject, "a woman *can* be well dressed on a limited income, but it takes a deal of thought and doing. Most women, I've found, are not willing to go to the trouble.

"To get the right clothes at the right prices or, rather, at the prices you can afford to pay, you have to shop, and shop, and shop. You have to keep your wardrobe up so you're never caught short in the middle of the season. If you do that you never have to pay full price for anything.

"You should lay aside a certain amount each week for clothes and in that way you always have a fund to draw on when a bargain offers itself. The clearance sales at the end of the season are when the shrewd woman can outfit herself beautifully on comparatively little."

"How little?" I asked.

"Oh, say \$150 to \$300, exclusive of underwear and hose. And if she shops carefully, she can be really well dressed on that."

I expressed polite disbelief.

"Look," said Kay. "I'll show you.

HERE ARE TWO BUDGETS FROM KAY

1 suit	\$20.	to	\$40.
2 blouses, 2 vestees	5.	"	7.50
3 wash dresses	8.75	"	45.
2 street dresses	20.	"	30.
2 evening gowns	20.	"	50.
1 fur piece	35.	"	50.
1 heavy coat	25.	"	40.
1 pair shoes	5.	"	7.50
2 bags	3.	"	4.
2 hats	5.	"	10.
Accessories	5.	"	10.

\$151.75 \$294.

Photos by Scotty Welbourne

Kay Francis tells the average girl of limited means how to dress thriftily and still be smart-looking. Kay did it and she knows the figures.

"Personally, I think the most important item in a woman's wardrobe is a suit. You're always well groomed in a suit and it saves wear on your other clothes. This is one of the three items in my wardrobe on which I'd splurge if I had to watch my pennies. If a woman shops carefully for a suit she can get an excellent one for between twenty dollars and forty dollars.

"As far as I'm concerned, I'd rather spend more on a suit and get a good one, economizing on something else. They never wear out and you're always well dressed in them. You can vary your appearance in a suit by using different blouses and vestees.

"The reason I'm so rabid on the subject of suits is because you can go anywhere in one and be appropriately dressed. For instance, you can put on a suit in the morning, go downtown shopping, have lunch anywhere, go to a bridge in the afternoon and, if necessary, dine in it and then go to the theater and never have to change anything but your make-up.

"A couple of blouses and two vestees shouldn't cost more than five dollars to seven dollars and fifty cents.

"Of course, the locale in which you live figures largely in selecting your wardrobe, but I still think wash dresses and tub silks are a godsend to women without unlimited means. You can keep them looking fresh and that's a big item in being well dressed. Even in winter you can use these same materials if you choose your colors carefully. Unfortunately, they are not as practicable in large cities as in small places but they can still be used. These can be had for anywhere between two dollars and ninety-five cents and fifteen dollars. Three of these should be ample.

"Two evening dresses can be enough for any woman. The one thing I would impress on the woman with a small wardrobe—particularly as regards evening gowns—is not to get red, green or yellow because you're spotted if you do. A pastel color does not impress itself on the mind as indelibly as a vivid one.

"If I had only two evening gowns I'd have either a black or a white, and a pastel. And I'd have them cut as simply as possible. Their appearance can be changed a great deal by the accessories you use with them—sash, girdle or even the flowers. Anything with a pronounced pattern should be avoided, no matter how becoming it may be. Your friends are sure to comment on the length of time you've been wearing it.

"The trouble with cheap dresses is that they're usually piped in some conspicuous contrasting color or they're trimmed with everything but the kitchen stove. I'd rather have two evening dresses—plain but good—than many cheap ones. They don't get hard wear and by taking care of them they can be made to last a long time.

"I should say a good evening dress can be had for from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars. If you can spend more, so much the better. Get them as good as you can afford. But I would sooner have two at twenty-five dollars apiece than five at ten dollars.

"As for afternoon dresses, I think the so-called cocktail dress is greatly over-rated and can easily be got along without. But you do need two one-piece dresses for street wear and, if they're carefully selected, they will also do service for a cocktail dress. It's a matter of personal taste with me but I don't like

satin. If satin is used at all it should only be used for evening wear. Even then, if I were dressing on a small budget I'd avoid it because there is nothing shoddier-looking than cheap satin. So, for my street dresses, I'd select either georgette or crêpe. Say ten dollars to fifteen dollars each for the two dresses.

"A fur piece is the second of the three things on which I said I'd splurge. If I had to watch my



Photos by Scotty Weibourne



BY SAMUEL
RICHARD
MOOK



Photos by Scotty Welbourne

pennies I wouldn't get one of the fashionable furs. That may sound paradoxical when I'm trying to tell you how to be well dressed, but it's quite simple.

"By getting a fur that isn't enjoying a great vogue you can get the best of its kind for less than a cheap skin of a fashionable fur.

"Many women who couldn't afford a silver fox buy pointed fox. A pointed fox is nothing but black fox with white hairs stuck in. I would rather have a good scarf of fitch or stone-marten or cross fox than I would a pointed fox, and it wouldn't cost nearly so much.

"There's nothing rattier than a cheap fur piece after it's been used a little, whereas a good fur looks good as long as there is any fur left on the hide. Say thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars for a fur piece.

"Oh, yes! Don't ever roll a fur. It mats the fur and breaks the skins. Either lay it flat in the drawer or hang it up. And every time you take it out, shake it well. I've had my silver foxes five years and my sables six—and they still look like new.

"Of course, you need one heavy coat and let me urge you to stay away from coats with fur trimmings. Most of your money goes into the fur and, even so, it's still the cheapest fur obtainable—except in very expensive coats. For twenty-

five dollars to forty dollars you can get an excellent coat without fur and all your money goes into the material and workmanship. You already have your fur piece to tone it up.

"Shoes are the third thing on which I'd indulge myself. Possibly that's because they are my one extravagance.

"But even if I had only one pair I'd see to it that they were good. One pair of good shoes will outlast two or three pairs of cheap ones. In addition, they hold their shape until they are worn out—especially if you put trees in them at night. I'd say five dollars to seven dollars and fifty cents a pair for shoes.

"Don't wear French heels with a suit. Cuban heels, yes, but not French.

"Keep your bags clean on the inside! There's nothing worse than seeing some one open a bag and having the inside covered with lipstick, rouge, powder and dirt. A good bag will last for years and, at sales, you can get good ones for two dollars. Suède, of course, looks beautiful but it's difficult to keep fresh. Unless you can afford several bags I would stick to leather.

"In summer I go in for linen-covered bags. I have several that I bought on sale for two dollars and ninety-eight cents, including an initial. I imagine without the initial they could be had for one dollar and fifty cents. The nicest part about them is you can take the cover off, wash and iron it at home and it always looks fresh and new.

"Don't ask me about hats because I loathe them, but two hats should be enough and they should be as plain as possible. Two dollars and fifty cents to five dollars apiece for hats.

"Underclothes should be as tailored as possible and cheap lace strictly taboo. The plainer inexpensive underthings are, the fresher they can be kept looking and here, again, as in the case of evening gowns and winter coats, your money goes for material rather than trimming. Undergarments and hose are staple. You know what they cost without my telling you.

"In closing, let me say this: I think a woman is well dressed when she, herself, is predominant and her clothes seem a part of her—like her skin. When she walks into a room she shouldn't make you gasp, 'What a gorgeous gown!' Rather, she should make you aware of her personal charm. It takes thought to be well dressed. If women would spend more thought on quality and less money on quantity they would be better dressed. I would rather have one ensemble that is absolutely right than a lavish wardrobe of halfway things!"

Kay is right. You have only to scan the average actress in Hollywood to see that she runs to the fault of most women. She is likely to have too many clothes, too many changes, without owning one ensemble of such superlative quality and style that it stamps her as well-dressed for as long as she wears it.

Fashions



Photos by Walter Seigal

KITTY CARLISLE



MISS CARLISLE'S COSTUMES AND HATS ARE FROM HATTIE CARNEGIE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM.



- Kitty Carlisle's evening gown, above, is of royal-purple velvet, an elaborate rosace design over silk lining of the same color.
- Her other evening gown is of brilliant-scarlet velvet in a moyen age silhouette accented by rows of scarlet crystal beads.
- On the opposite page is displayed Kitty's suit of duvetyn in French military blue set off by a collar of mink. Her folded hat is of carmine velvet.
- White slipper satin composes her evening gown, the wide belt line stitched into cartridgelike pleats. White aigrettes are a dashing finale.



K I T T Y C A R L I S L E

LOUISE CAMPBELL



● On this and the opposite page Louise Campbell shows front and back views of an unusually graceful evening gown. It is of dusty-pink crêpe, the accompanying scarf trimmed with blue fox.

● Her formal evening gown under the youthful coat of Russian ermine is of draped white crêpe with a girdle of gold kid.

● For street wear Louise selects this dress of beige kasha, with pleated peplum and a jabot and cuffs of chiffon also in beige.





THE CANDID CAMERA



1 Vera Zorina shows the hard-working side of a ballerina's life. She débuts in "The Goldwyn Follies."

2 Katherine DeMille and Anthony Quinn, both hot types on the screen, have a cool Episcopal wedding with orchids.

3 Delmer Daves, scenario writer, is Kay Francis's enduring boy friend—some say her fourth husband.

4 Franchot Tone studies the script for those troublesome lines that snag every actor.

5 Study of an actor eating a hot dog: Cesar Romero has an audience of Marian Marsh and Dick Arlen.

6 Mrs. Fred Astaire loathes publicity and she loathes being photographed, but the camera spares her not.

7 Mrs. Jack Warner tops all the towering hats as she sails for Europe with her husband.

8 Marcia Ralston is the wife of Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, when she isn't acting.

9 Carole Lombard takes time out from her art to pitch a little ball on the set.

10 The candid camera was just as busy when Joan Crawford was a chorine in "Innocent Eyes" as it is to-day when she is a big star.





Tony Martin brought his mother-in-law to Manhattan for a round of the night spots.

Danielle Darrieux, left, is Universal's French threat to other stars, domestic and imported.

Madge Evans, below, is looking for a play and a lot of producers are looking for Madge.

They Say in

NEW YORK-

BY KAREN HOLLIS

MANHATTAN'S annual winter outburst of plays and cafés, orchids and sables, got under way with no small help from Hollywood. Brian Aherne, Herbert Marshall, Douglass and Robert Montgomery were suave ambassadors from the film city who were stage-struck anew on seeing Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish in "The Star-Wagon"; who laughed hilariously at the savage mimicry of Sheila Barrett and hoped that it is true that she is going into pictures, and who tried, with a few hundred others, to wedge themselves into the smallest and most select night haunts.

Madge Evans and Joan Bennett vied with the season's debutantes at parties and came out ahead by the omission of sequins, birds in the hair, and mask make-ups.

George Raft emerged from a bridge game long enough to cable his old dancing pal, the Duke of Windsor, an invitation to be his guest in Beverly Hills.

Arlene Judge confronted the Yacht Club Boys at the Paramount Theater with a placard reading "Unfair to the Ritz Brothers."

Elissa Landi and Nino Martini went to all the most unlikely places for tea, but were swamped by autograph fiends and decided it was more peaceful to be lost in a crowd of celebrities at "21."

Broadway Tonic.—Undismayed by the mild success of Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, and Elissa Landi in their current stage plays, Madge Evans is determined to appear on Broadway this winter. She's read a flock of plays submitted to her, without finding anything exciting enough. So she has gone back to Hollywood to wait until Philip Barry finishes one that has a grand part for her.



Catching up with her in a fitting room, I saw a collection of outfits that would rouse your most covetous instincts. The girl will have no truck with eccentric or exaggerated fashions, but has an instinct that guides her to select supple fabrics, distinguished lines. In this year of sartorial whimsies, she manages to look arresting and yet like a lady.

She wants to do a play, not only to remind Hollywood producers that she is an actress, not just an ingénue, but also for her own enjoyment. It is seven years since she experienced the excitement of a Broadway hit. But it is only sixteen years since the willowy Madge was the Shirley Temple of her day and was starring in, of all things, "Heidi."

Another Illusion Smashed.—Victor McLaglen roared into New York like a lion, en route to London where he will play in the first picture Gracie Fields makes for 20th Century-Fox, and dropped a bomb in our midst.

He introduced Marjorie Lane Donlevy as the girl whose voice doubles for Eleanor Powell whenever she is called upon to sing on the screen. He also introduced Brian Donlevy as "the greatest actor in the world." A man can be right in his facts and wrong in his opinions.

Defense of Double Bills.—A large and flourishing organization has sprung up all over the country that is demanding the abolishing of two pictures for the price of one. They maintain that dual bills just encourage Hollywood to turn out a lot of limp and careless productions. Not a voice was raised in their defense until Herbert Marshall at a lunch in New York faced the leaders of the anti-double bill movement. "Gentlemen," he pleaded, "what chance would I have of being seen on the screen if it were not for the second feature on double bills?"

She Learns Fast.—

When Danielle Darrieux, enchanting young French star imported to make pictures for Universal, has time to sort out her kaleidoscopic impressions of these United States, she says that she will find it all enchanting.

She bore up brilliantly under receptions and sight-seeing tours, but began to wonder if New York was entirely populated by news photographers and reporters, she met so many of them.

She wanted to visit Harlem, and wagered that she could learn the Big Apple, Truckin' and the Suzy-Q in one visit. She learned to speak English in three months, didn't she? And delightful English it is, too, with slang tucked into the most unexpected places.



Elissa Landi, above, is stuck in a rut of mild successes and no hits.

Annabella, left, comes from France with a name that everybody can pronounce. Her advantage over others is enormous.



At a party in her honor she wore a very full skirted black tulle dress incrustated with dots of dull gold, and her blond hair was piled high on her head in a quaint pompadour effect. If your local theaters do not show French pictures regularly, beg them to show "Mayerling," Miss Darrieux's favorite of all her twenty-three films. You'll love her.

New Mode in Heroines?—Hardly had the town subsided from welcoming Danielle when 20th Century-Fox put down the red carpet, took orchids out of the ice box, and beat the drums for the arrival of Annabella, known here for her work in "Wings of the Morning." Annabella, too, is young, sensitive, candid, ingenuous. If you know a more pleasant word that means cute, she is that, too.

This all looks like a concerted effort to bring back the ingénue heroine, but in brand-new guise of Parisian chic. And just as we were so happy with our dashing and slyly humorous Lombard and Colbert, our willowy Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce, our intense Joan Crawford, and our mature Kay Francis and Rosalind Russell.

Honeymoon Without Bride.

Tony Martin rushed to New York during one of his lulls between pictures, but Alice Faye could not come because illness had delayed the final scenes of her film. When she did finally get off, Tony had been summoned back to Hollywood. Meanwhile Tony had the Broadway gossips a little upset. They saw him around with an attractive woman and he seemed brazen about it—didn't go to obscure places or dash for a taxi when old pals of Alice showed up. It never occurred to him that people would not know that his companion was Alice's mother.

This Is Fame.—When a newspaper identifying Constance Collier for its readers dismissed her lightly as "An RKO film player," shrieks of startled laughter echoed through Actors' Equity, the Authors' League, and haunts of socialites, but the philosophical Miss Collier only smiled ruefully as we chatted in the Algonquin lobby. "I wonder how long you have to act and write before you become known," she said.

It would be impossible to tell in brief who Constance Collier is, unless you just said that she is a thoroughly grand person who has done so much in and for the theater that anything shorter than "Harlequinade," her book of memoirs, couldn't hit even the highest of high spots in her career.

Twenty years ago she was lured from the stage to films as the one who would lend most luster to an ambitious production.

A painter commissioned to paint America's most blue-blooded dowagers complained because they weren't as (Continued on page 76)



REDUCED TO FOUR SERVANTS

BY MYRTLE GEBHART



Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Billie Burke to-day practices gracefully the art of living pleasantly with four servants instead of twenty when she was mistress of a great estate. She pauses, above, in the entrance hall of her rented Beverly Hills home.

FEW of us would regard as hardship a house and four servants. But to Billie Burke the situation is something of a comedown. As the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, she presided over their estate at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, supervising twenty servants besides gardeners and chauffeurs.

His death left financial affairs tangled. She wonders, wistfully, what "they" have done with her precious ruby glassware, with stems a foot long, her fragile china, and her priceless laces. The few choice things which she salvaged furnish her rented Beverly Hills home.

She has bridged the gap from wealth to moderate luxury with gallantry and charm. In middle-age she must earn her comforts.

Into her eyes memories crowded: acres of terraced gardens, a sprawling mansion. A glamorous setting for red-haired, freckled, fluttery Billie Burke Ziegfeld and the little one, Patricia.

"What I miss most is Mr. Ziegfeld's beneficent protection," she said, her hand clasping mine. "I hadn't a care except to make his home beautiful, until sudden catastrophe turned my world topsy-turvy.

"Gradually, out of that numbness and all those hours with lawyers and creditors, one thing crystallized in my mind: I must make a home for Patricia and myself. I must earn it. The MGM Studio accorded me that privilege.

"This place was redecorated, following my designs, and the furniture is ours."

Between the bubble of Billie Burke, the hostess, directing Tony to serve orange juice or milk—sensible, healthful liquids, but presented with ceremony—and Mrs. Ziegfeld, there were distances.

Decorated by Adrian, the dining room is walled in turquoise with inset mirrors. The table top is of green veined marble.

The living room is softly colorful: rose rug, twin chairs in dark-green satin, a beige love-seat, pale-yellow walls.

I thought of them as dollars: the old, hard millions which Mrs. Ziegfeld, by her magical artistry, converted into home-beauty for her husband's esthetic enjoyment, and the fewer dollars, which now she must earn again, but which she spends on the graceful art of living.

She said, on a sigh: "I do miss my gardens and conservatories. On free days, I putter around among my flowers. I would die without flowers. Such a small back-yard garden! Now I must buy many of them."

Bowls of white roses daily bestow her respects before Mr. Ziegfeld's pictures and beside her parents' photographs.

Let us make formal entrance to the house, of white stucco and gray rock, with its quaint turret effects and odd angles. Tall trees and hedges surround it. From window-boxes plants give greeting. It looks like a homy ouse.

A Filipino boy opens the door. Two dogs, Ziegy and Tot-Cha, yelp their welcome. Standing in the rotunda, lowly we sip in the exquisite beauty of it. Only Billie Burke, with her delicately skillful touch, could create such fragile charm. The average woman, given that entrance, would crowd it with hunks of solemn statuary.

Because it is small, yet so different—high and circular—Miss Burke's flawless taste has embowered it with cool white and green. Over the tile floor there is a pale-blue and-hooked rug. Along the walls are trailing ivy and frail ferns. On a stand of white fretwork, plants surround a marble figure.

A white stairway curves upward. The light step is that of a young girl. That breathless, eager quality is Miss Burke's most delightful asset. Trim in her green sports frock, and

wearing the charm bracelet which has been "growing" sixteen years, she greets us and leads the way.

At the arched entrance to the dining room we gasp in delight. Adrian designed it to express the Burke ideals of home beauty. The walls are turquoise. Apple-green curtains with pleated folds frame the French door and the windows.

Silver on buffets and stands—coffee and tea sets and tureens and candelabra—reflect their gleams in two mirrored walls. A cabinet holds a collection of Dresden figurines. Across the center of the room the table stands, the top of veined green marble.

We step down into the drawing-room. Large windows, bordered by gold taffeta curtains, make oblongs of light in the pale-yellow walls. The rug is rose.

The dominant notes of the room are the fireplace made of marble slabs, with walnut mantel on which elephants guard a photograph of Mr. Ziegfeld, the grand piano of inlaid rosewood which is almost smothered with flowers, and



Billie's den is supremely comfortable and full of color. She calls it her "give up and slump" room.



Her bedroom is wholly feminine—turquoise walls and rug, mauve satin bedspread, the love-seat a gem in bisque and mauve.

the mural—fully twenty feet across—by Ben Ali Haggin, a portrait of Mrs. Ziegfeld and Patricia, done in 1924. On the other side there is one of Patricia alone, by Oswald Burley, painted when she was nine years old.

One divan is upholstered in yellow satin damask, another in orchid. Two chairs are covered with dark-green brocaded satin, one with rose velvet, and there is a beige love-seat.

Delicately chased silver vases, four feet tall, orchid lamps and a few Chinese scrolls in subtle tints comprise the ornaments.

Red curtains, a tan-and-scarlet-striped divan and club chairs make the den a cheery room. Crowded, too, with that air of family occupancy: a desk heaped with letters, shelves of books, photographs of Mr. Ziegfeld and of many friends.

Rough tan stucco walls paneled in dark wood, and brown chairs with gay yellow cushions, invite us into the

playroom, at one end which is Ye Olde Pub, with its pewter tankards.

Flitting before us with her butterfly grace, our hostess leads us up the winding stairs, through the hall and into her bedroom. Turquoise walls and rug and white-and-yellow curtains, form the background for the satinwood furniture.

The wide, low bed has mauve satin spread. At its foot is an antique *prairie*.

Chairs covered in bisque and in mauve, a glass-topped table, and Japanese water colors combine to add charm. In seasonal masses of hydrangeas flank the white marble fireplace.

"For loveliness," Miss Burke murmured, "I choose my bedroom or my dining room. They seem to hold condensed, the lavish luxury of my former home. But when I am tired the den is most restful. I call it my 'give up and slump' room.

"The most important thing in a readjustment is to maintain a standard," she said later. "We must hold true to our ideals adapting them, in details, to changed circumstances. Otherwise the spirit would sag and we would feel futile, drift, get sloppy.

"Our linens must be changed daily. That is one luxury to which I cling

stubbornly. Everything must be immaculate. And I must have flowers. That means I must work—and economize in other ways."

I had said to her, "I understand that you live in a state of studied elegance." Laughingly she had responded, "Oh, it's studied all right! You should see us bending over our budget.

"We don't care for meat; we prefer vegetables served with delicious sauces, and elaborate salads.

"But we find that we can concoct a meat dinner more cheaply than a vegetable-and-fruit meal. The Ziegfelds"—she sighed ruefully—"always seem to like the most expensive things."

Patricia, now twenty, superintends the household's management and makes out the menus under her mother's guidance. Miss Burke is the first one up each morning, at five thirty when she is working, at (Continued on page 73)

Photo by Lazlo Willinger

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ACCENT GRAVE AND GAY

BY RICHARD GRIFFITH

HE really has no accent at all. In my three hours with Fernand Gravet he misplaced emphasis only on the word "comparison."

Of Belgian birth, educated in England, he has seen life from Berlin to Hollywood, from Cairo to Buenos Aires. Meeting the grave, correct young man, you can guess nothing of his background, his experience, even his age. You know only that he is not an American. His speech is idiomatic but has not the flavor of Hollywood and New York.

Introduced over here as an accent-and-glamour boy, he will never be typed in romantic rôles. After fifteen years of stage and screen, he is too seasoned, too sensible an actor not to demand a variety of rôles. Behind the glamour and youthful good looks of his public personality, there is a maturity, a seriousness of purpose, an ironic amusement at the theater world he has known from childhood, that sets him apart from his kind.

He is an international, and as such fits into Hollywood without being a real part of the scene. Comparatively unpublicized at his American début, he won fans in "The King and the Chorus Girl" with a dynamic air and a sparkling, suggestive smile. But the smile with which he greets you when you meet him is courteous, pleasant, his manner placid and relaxed. Only his good looks betray the star. Otherwise you might place him as an athletic business man, an art critic, a soldier.

We met in the studio of one of New York's ace photographers. Gravet had just returned from Europe and was having a portrait sitting before going to Hollywood to make "Food For Scandal," with Carole Lombard.

He listens before he speaks, and intervenes with a remark only

when it contributes to the conversation. The ten or fifteen writers in the room all had been summoned from the corners of New York to spend an afternoon ministering in their various capacities to the stellar Mr. Gravet. Yet he never for a moment betrayed consciousness of his central importance. So completely, casually, does he make himself part of a group that he seems almost to be daring you to wrench the talk from social channels to the subject of Fernand Gravet, his life and times. An interviewer's lot is not a happy one



Fernand Gravet returns to Hollywood for "Food For Scandal." Here is the first true appraisal of him as he is off the screen.

It is only indirectly that he speaks of himself. He talked little of his career in Europe, of his success there at an early age. But when the subject of Continental films in general was introduced, he spoke enthusiastically and at length.

The movies took him from the stage with the advent of sound in 1929, and since then he has worked in the Berlin, Paris, and London studios as well as in Hollywood.

Midway through the production of his first film, the leading lady became ill, necessitating a delay of two months while he remained idle on salary. Instead of accepting the money as his contract permitted, he took half his living expenses and worked out the two months as assistant cameraman and film cutter.

Most actors see no more of the making of a picture than is visible on the sound stage. Gravet understands films from script to screen. He knows all the great figures of the European cinema and discussed acutely and at length the trends he observed on his last trip abroad. He is the informed master of the picture business, not a cog in its wheels.

This shrewd appraisal of the field in which he works led him to refuse his first American offers. In Europe he was secure, well known; Hollywood had been the professional death of many of his friends. Mervyn LeRoy, branching out as a producer-director and looking for a sensational "find," had to beg on bended knee before Gravet would consider becoming a Warner star.

"Hollywood is the world championship field, the big league, as you say," he said. "If you win, you are at the highest peak. If you lose there, you lose everywhere. That's why I divide the year between



All photos by Lazarnick

France and America. I must make pictures in Paris as well as Hollywood so that I won't be forgotten at home."

He will return to Europe early next year for another film. His insistence upon remaining an international star has caused all manner of trouble at Warners, where he was scheduled for two films in 1936 and three in 1937. Of the first two, only "The King and the Chorus Girl" was made, so that he supposedly has four more pictures to make before 1938. In all probability he will only make one. Questioned as to what the studio thought of this, he merely smiled and stuck to his guns. He will make a foreign film in January no matter what Warners think.

One gets the impression that working in America is just another chore for him, not unpleasant, richly rewarding in many ways, but unconnected with his real life, which is in France. His country home in Touraine is a more suitable setting than Hollywood for his pastimes of riding and fencing and his engrossing hobby, the research and design of military miniatures. He will not bring his fine stable here for fear the horses might get seasick, apparently a fatal equine disease.

He is interested in what America may do (Continued on page 75)





"Stand-in" has the compassionate quality of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" by the same author.

"Stand-in."—United Artists. Look far and wide this month and you'll not find any picture that touches this comedy of Hollywood life. The equal of "A Star is Born," though in a lighter mood, it has the heart-warming, compassionate quality of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." This is easily accounted for when we realize that Clarence Budington Kelland wrote them both. The equivalent of *Mr. Deeds* here is *Atterbury Dodd*, the efficiency expert of a group of bankers who is certain that his knowledge of mathematics can reorganize and put on a paying basis the movie studio owned by his firm. But the studio is just like any other—a hotbed of temperament, friction and politics, with *Atterbury Dodd* a lamb among wolves, a mathematician bewildered by emotional folk. He is even puzzled by the one person he meets who approaches sanity, a star's stand-in, *Thelma Plum*, who puts him right regarding the others and initiates him into many things. These two are irresistible characters, their adventures lively, original, credible. The screen offers nothing fresher and funnier than the scene where *Thelma* teaches *Atterbury* to dance by chalked squares, or when they practice jujutsu on each other, nothing more triumphantly right than when he per-

"Ebb Tide" is a pretentious sea story in gaudy technicolor.



"The Great Garrick" is an elaborately decorated eggshell.



"Live, Love and Learn" describes an artist's problems.



NORBERT LUSK'S REVIEWS

suades the discharged workers to return and save the studio for themselves and the stockholders. The dialogue has sting and charm, acting depth and the tenderness of life, not fiction. Leslie Howard at his brilliant best as *Atterbury Dodd*, Joan Blondell is perfect as the girl, and Humphrey Bogart once more shows his remarkable quality as a movie supervisor.

"The Awful Truth."—Columbia. Keyed to the vogue for far when it's goofy, this is one of the best examples of the smart trend pictures. It is wilder far than Irene Dunne's "Theodora Goes Wild" and marks her ultimate emergence from decorum. It might be dangerous and disillusioning for her to emerge one step farther. But the picture is entertaining. Make no mistake about that. By the time you read this it probably will be the talk of your town and rolling up huge receipts everywhere. In case you want to know what it's about—the isn't much left of Ina Claire's stage play in case you're wondering—I'll tell you. Miss Dunne and Cary Grant are a politely two-timing wife and husband with an inexhaustible capacity for witty give and take. Sometimes they are witty for the love of it. They quarrel, divorce, and quibble for the custody of their dog, "Mr. Smith." Miss Dunne wins the decision and her ex-husband is a frequent caller to see the dog. He meets there Ralph Bellamy, a slow-witted admirer of Miss Dunne, and she comes in contact with the rich girl Mr. Grant intends to marry. She breaks up the match while he contrives to disillusion Mr. Bellamy and the latter's suspicious mother. This leaves the divorced couple free for a bedroom reconciliation and remarriage next day. At least one hopes it's marriage, for the sake of the censors. The picture's popular appeal is not the story but fast action, sharp dialogue and sudden embarrassments. Perhaps I'm going out of my way to carp, but I wish Miss Dunne wouldn't call a masseuse a "massoocoe."

"Ebb Tide."—Paramount. Photographed entirely in technicolor is hardly a recommendation to a picture who

it resembles circus lithographs. That is how the color strikes me here. Of course, a less boring film would find me more tolerant no matter what the photography. The scene is the South Seas, and there is some good acting—character acting—but it counts for little because neither the characters nor their objective are interesting. Three men take over the trading ship of a dead captain whose daughter, a stowaway, turns up to claim ownership. There is considerable plotting and counter-plotting during the long voyage which ends when a storm blows the ship off its course and the quartet land on an uncharted island. It is in possession of a morbid trader who kills two of the intruders in their attempt to rob him of pearls. This leaves hero and heroine free to sail away to doubtful happiness. Oscar Homolka, the Dutch actor, is impressive. So, too, is Barry Fitzgerald of the Abbey Players. Ray Milland has a negative rôle and Frances Farmer is laughably hoity-toity as the dead captain's daughter. Her stock in trade seems to be holding herself superior to everything and everybody.

"The Great Garrick."—Warners. A wealth of wigs and costumes and beauty patches tell us that the period is 1750, that David Garrick was the greatest actor of his time, and that that isn't enough to make anything more than a stagy picture. The germ of life is missing from this elaborately decorated eggshell. If it's artificial comedy you want, however, this is the only one of its kind now current. Brian Aherne, too seldom seen in films, is a graceful, resourceful *Garrick*, and Olivia de Havilland is his lovely ladylove with more depth and feeling than any one else. She is concerned in a fanciful adventure that might have occurred in the life of the actor and obviously didn't. An aristocratic beauty, she stops at a wayside inn for the night and finds herself suspected by *Garrick* of being part of a plot. The inn has been taken over by members of the Comédie Française disguised as guests and servants in revenge upon *Garrick* for a fancied slight. He sees through the deception, turns the tables on his enemies, but is fooled by Miss De Havilland who is, of course, innocent of plotting to snare him. The piece ends happily in florid bombast.

"Live, Love and Learn."—MGM. Robert Montgomery returns to light comedy after sinister doings in "Night Must Fall" and he never has been pleasanter. Paired with Rosalind Russell, he plays with restraint and keen insight into character while she is mocking, charming and not quite sincere. They have an excellent aid in Robert Benchley as a flippant, friendly observer of one of the more interesting and believable screen marriages. Mr. Montgomery is a penniless artist, Miss Russell a society girl who faces facts in the modern manner and strikes no sacrificial attitude in exchanging luxury for love in an attic. She is coolly intelligent, even in the face of her husband's bohemian habits and friends and her own inquisitive schoolmate, Helen Vinson. Success comes to the artist by a fluke, Miss Vinson promotes him among the rich, he has a penthouse studio

"Double Wedding" pitches Bill Powell and Myrna Loy into rough-house.

"It's Love I'm After" shows the comic futility of fan worship.

"The Perfect Specimen" is Errol Flynn's best since "Captain Blood."



"The Awful Truth" has Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in infectious nonsense that everybody likes.

and paints trash for fat fees. Inevitably comes the crash, the awakening, and a happy ending. All this is bright, witty, often amusing, but I don't think audiences will like it much. The story is told in such a way that not every one will "get" the fine ethical point involved. Many will take it as a success story that goes wrong when the artist doesn't go on painting dowagers and horses for fat fees. They will sympathize with Miss Vinson as a promoter whose efforts weren't appreciated.

"Double Wedding."—MGM. Here is William Powell's and Myrna Loy's contribution to higgledy-piggledy farce. It's all right of its kind, but I'd just as soon see these ingratiating, accomplished stars in a more legitimate picture. The antic mood becomes definitely rough-house and that doesn't become the subtle talents of Mr. Powell and Miss Loy. We must accept this as a salaam to the box office on the part of their employers, and forgive and forget. After all, the picture *is* entertaining nonsense. Just what it's all about doesn't matter. Enough to say that Mr. Powell is a violently eccentric artist who lives in an auto trailer. Miss Loy is a proper young (Continued on page 71)





BARBARA READ

ON AND OFF THE SET

JOAN CRAWFORD, sitting on the set of "Mannequin," remarked, "I hate this rushing during the football season, trying to crowd six days' work into five and a half on account of the games."

"Don't you enjoy the games?" we asked.

"I don't go," she answered. "Every one else on the set goes so I don't feel I ought to keep them away when they get so much pleasure out of it—but I should get in those crowds when there are other things I can do! Not me, baby!"

LAST month Marlene Dietrich phoned from abroad for false eyelashes. This month she cabled for some finger nails. As Jack Oakie once remarked anent Bing Crosby, "She's just a robot glamour girl!"

IN an advertisement in a trade paper Frank Capra took occasion to thank Columbia for all they've done for him in the past and all they're doing for him now. At the moment Columbia is suing him for \$100,000 for breach of contract.

A THEATER in Hollywood recently revived the successful "Twentieth Century," made four years ago. John Barrymore is starred and Carole Lombard merely featured

below the name of the picture. To-day Carole is starred in "True Confession" and John plays a supporting rôle. That's Hollywood—and fame.

SPEAKING of "Twentieth Century" brings to mind that after the picture was completed Barrymore was approached by a broadcasting company with an offer to do the play on the air. He was offered \$7,500 for the broadcast, the only stipulation being that he get Carole for his lead. He told Carole the broadcast meant a lot to him and, like a good sport, she appeared. Barrymore collected his pay and Carole got—not even a rose.

A LARGE spread in a Los Angeles newspaper tells of Joe Penner's new \$100,000 French château on Beverly Glen Boulevard. A six-line squib the following day announced an auction of the furnishings at the Ralph Graves estate on the same street. Remember Ralph? He was once a star.

EVEN Stan Laurel is a sensitive soul at heart. When he began scrapping with his wife he also started fighting with Oliver Hardy and Hal Roach, his film buddies. He cut himself off from both, with a legal sweep. But now

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hat he's emotionally serene, a full-fledged bachelor, he's given up the notion of producing his own pictures and is back with Olly and Hal.

FOR a while Warren William had MGM really awed.

When he checked in on the lot he brought a dressing room built into the back of an automobile. Other stars were pushed into drabness with their lumbering portable rooms as Warren's man drove off 'n' on the sets. But alas! Word has just reached the studio that Warren and his wife have been trailering clear to Canada; and it seems his ultra effect is simply a station wagon designed principally for inexpensive touring.

WHAT have your Christmas cards cost you? Stars won't tell. But here's an idea. Harry Joe Brown, producer-husband of Sally Eilers, has been arguing with income tax men. He wants an exemption for his holiday greetings bill, asserting that his cards cost exactly \$683. And producers don't know half as many people as popular players.

LOLA LANE grew just a little bitter about the real rubies Louella Parsons wears in "Hollywood Hotel." Louella plays a reporter; Lola plays a movie star, and felt her gems should be the real thing, too. But they gave Lola some fake jewelry and explained that Miss Parsons, a real-life columnist, is an exception.

EVER notice that Joan Crawford's pictures seem to take place mainly in drawing-rooms, with seldom an outdoor set? We hadn't until a fellow with MGM confided that Joan dislikes to be photographed outdoors, except in long shots. She feels that studio lights are needed to dramatize her beauty. It's just one of those whims, a cameraman told us.

GENE AUTRY seemed pretty embarrassed the other day on location when game wardens took away his fancy gun and kept it twenty-four hours. The movie cowboy apparently had been taking pot shots here and there, after a day's filming, contrary to game laws. And Uncle Sam's wardens weren't a bit impressed by his cinema standing.

A GROUP of stars got a great chuckle from a ten-year-old autograph seeker at a recent sports event.

After getting autographs and smiles from Bing Crosby, Ronald Colman, Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis and several others, the lad handed his book to Rosalind Russell, who was about to leave. In the well-known Russell manner, which is somewhat on the ritzy side, she signed her name, brushed aside his thanks and hurried away.

The youngster's grin faded. Shaking his head sadly he remarked to the assembled celebrities, "She's awful pretty—but she ain't very nice, is she?"

FREDRIC MARCH tells this on himself.

His brother Jack was visiting the set of "Buccaneer," so March began explaining various movie gadgets to him. Suddenly Freddie noted an unwonted stillness on the set. He paused guiltily, thinking the bell had rung for silence. Every one was staring at him, and now they laughed.

"Bravo, Freddie!" some one cried. "What gestures, what oratory! Probably your finest acting, all to explain what a 'gobo' is!" That rebuke, coming from fellow actors, made March vow never again to be caught gesticulating except for the camera.

IRENE DUNNE, looking unusually lovely in a green sports suit, was recognized by three ladies in a Hollywood department store.

They watched her buy a coffee set, and two of them hurriedly duplicated the purchase. Then they followed her to the sports department. Irene purchased a beige suède jacket. One of the ladies promptly purchased a similar jacket.

They might have duplicated still other purchases if they hadn't lost Irene's trail. We wonder if they'd have copied her at all had they known she was buying the things for a servant's birthday.

CLARK GABLE was spending a few hours in an airplane factory to get atmosphere for a forthcoming film. He didn't have much to say, and the mechanics developed an antagonistic attitude toward him.

FRANCISKA GAAL





OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND



VIRGINIA GREY



CLAIRE TREVOR

When lunch time came, Clark asked them where they ate. "There's a fancy place at the airport that might suit *you*," one of them told him, with a thinly veiled sneer.

Gable grinned disarmingly.

"But I want a hamburger and a cup of coffee," he said.

So the mechanics lined up with him at a near-by lunch stand and voted him a good guy after all.

BASIL RATHBONE, who has always boasted that he grew his own personal mustaches, admits defeat at this moment. He grew dandy for "Tovarich," changed its shape slightly for "Marco Polo," was recalled for retakes on "Tovarich." This gave him a few bad days' getting the brush into shape again.

But just then they called him for "Robin Hood," which required an entirely new set-up on his upper lip. Well, even Rathbone has his limitations—and the mustache you will see in "Robin Hood" will be an example of the make-up artist's art. And the lip which bears it will be a tired lip.

WE'VE cried our eyes out for years about the unfeeling parents who drag children about Hollywood, hoping that a producer will notice them. It took Clara Bow to put one of these enterprising mothers in her place. The mother sent a three-year-old, clad in grass skirt, to wiggle her baby hips before the table at which Clara sat in her Hollywood café. Clara watched for a moment, jumped up, took the child to the ladies' room where she washed the rouge and lipstick from her face. She gave the baby ice cream and the mother a piece of the Bow mind. Nice going, Clara!

NOBODY really believes Dick Arlen when he tells a fish story. But every one likes to hear them. He says that the last time he and Preston Foster went fishing they made a bet—Dick betting that his first catch would be a barracuda, Preston betting that his would be a rock bass. Dick says that he had a double hook on his line and that at the first tug he pulled up—a barracuda and a rock bass. What Mr. Foster has to say about this, we shouldn't like to tell you here.

WE didn't believe this, either, when we first heard it. But, s'help us, Irene Hervey has had a gadget installed in the nursery of her young hopeful which has a loudspeaker attachment in her bedroom—just so that if the child wails in the night, mamma will hear and rush to the assistance of the nurse.

WENDY BARRIE was pretty surprised a few weeks ago to read in the public prints that she was engaged to marry a gentleman named Lawrence who turned out to be a respectable married man with four children. When a radio gossip announced this week that she would wed Woolworth Donahue, one of the Woolworth heirs, Wendy sighed and said: "They're getting warmer. At least I've met Mr. Donahue."

THE moody Charles Chaplin now says he is sorry he ever made "Modern Times," his last picture. "It wasn't the right time for it, he wails, and although it is making money, he insists it—the picture—is not a success. He also says quite seriously that he may never appear in another picture, but we've heard that one before.

He has consented to Paulette Goddard's accepting the rôle of *Scarlett* in "Gone With the Wind" on condition that she is paid a large salary.

IN spite of everything, Mary Astor won't stop writing. Now she spends spare time on the set or backstage writing letters to her daughter. Her friends try to stop her and recently felt quite hopeful when she became interested in sketching. Now, when they find her with pen or pencil in hand, they gently take it from her and say "You'd better paint, dear."

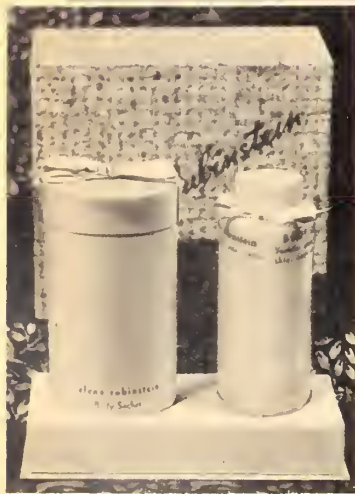
A FOURSOME seen about Hollywood frequently consists of Toby Wing, Wesley Ruggles, Toby's sister, Pat, and Charles Butterworth. And everywhere they go they are followed by a detective hired by Pat's ex-husband, with whom she is quarreling over money. A dozen more pleasant ways to have a good time could be written here, but Pat and Toby don't seem to mind. (Continued on page 7)



ROBERT TAYLOR

Photo by Lazlo Willinger

ANITA LOUISE



FOUNDATIONS OF Beauty

BY LAURA BENHAM

LET YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BE GIFTS OF CHARM AND FRAGRANCE

Of course, you're all knee-deep in Christmas lists this month! But whether you do your shopping early or wait until five minutes before the stores close on Christmas Eve, I believe you'll find cosmetics the solution to most of your gift problems.

For the nicest gifts are those that look gay and frivolous and completely luxurious, yet have practical virtues beneath their holiday wrappings. Gifts that afford pleasure long after the holly wreaths have been taken down and the lights stripped from the tree.

Certainly cosmetics meet both these requirements, and this year they are more handsome, more varied and more versatile than ever before. In fact, there's a gift to suit every taste and every budget as well as every name on your list.

So, after scouting around for several months, visiting manufacturers both large and small, looking at gift sets that cost seventy-five dollars and others priced at fifty cents, I'm going to tell you about the ones I consider the cream of the crop. I hope it will make your shopping easier.

To begin with, there are the lovely Elizabeth Arden gifts ranging from the expensive, elaborate beauty kits to the lipstick that makes a perfect stuffing for the toe of a Christmas stocking.

Of them all, the kit that caught my eye was one containing generous sizes of everything necessary for skin care and make-up, even including a large jar of the new Velva-sque, which is an entire facial in itself. Packaged in an attractive pink box, this is one of the medium-priced kits that would make a perfect gift for your mother or for any other woman to whom you wish to give something really fine and impressive.

Then, opposite any number of names on your list you may well cite "June Geranium Dusting Powder and Soap Set." For this Arden duo is both smart-looking and luxurious and is the sort of gift every woman enjoys. It's surprisingly modest in price, too.

Lipsticks always make the gifts, and this sea-

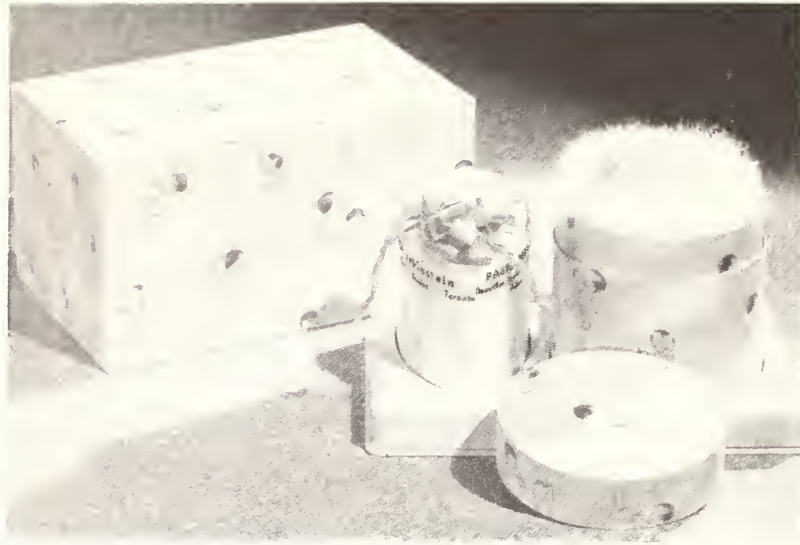
son Elizabeth Arden has run a band of jewels down the golden case of her famous mirror lipstick, making it even lovelier than before. You can have your choice of simulated rubies, emeralds or sapphires, so if you are seeking a small remembrance for a girl who "has everything," check her name off with this lipstick.

Another famous beauty specialist who has done her part to make our Christmas shopping easy is Helena Rubinstein, whose newest kit, the "Week-ender," is a marvel. Containing no less than thirteen preparations especially combined for either dry or oily skin, this kit is fashioned of leather in several shades, and is shaped like one of the new square bulky hand bags so smart this season. To make it even more up-to-the-minute, the handle is adjustable and may be worn regular purse length or elongated to swing from your shoulder. And the price of this stunning bag is incredibly moderate.

From this salon, too, has come the fine "Body Smooth," which is a delightfully scented lotion for keeping the skin supple and unchapped during the winter. It's to be used instead of an eau de cologne and packaged with a matching dusting powder, it makes a gift that's really different and is especially appropriate for the woman who has a dry, sensitive skin.

Of course no woman can receive too much eau de cologne or dusting powder at Christmas or any other time. And I think these two items are especially choice when matched with a bath oil like Dorothy Gray's Bath Essence. You can





obtain these three matching items in a delicate lavender scent, packaged in an attractive striped box that will do justice to the prettiest dressing table.

And speaking of eau de colognes, I must tell you of two of the newest and nicest. First, there's Lucien Lelong's latest creation, "Opening Night," a fresh, spicy fragrance in the globular, thin-stemmed bottle characteristic of this house.

Then, there's "Sonata," to match the perfume of that name which Daggett & Ramsdell recently added to their family of fine products. Of course, for the girl who is particular about her hands and does her own nails, a manicure kit is one of the most appropriate gifts. And one of the nicest kits I've seen is that of Barbara Bates, for it contains not only the items necessary for a simple home manicure, but a buffer as well. And you know how important buffing is in keeping nails nice and strong and healthy.

This kit comes in several attractive finishes and besides the buffer, contains hand lotion, a fine file, a "smoothie" stock, an ivory orange-stick, a crystalite manicure stick, cuticle oil, oily polish remover, liquid polish and a dry polish to use for buffing before the liquid polish is applied.

Speaking of kits takes me right back to another treatment kit I must tell you about, too. It's the DuBarry "Beauty Angle Kit," a very lovely pink semicircular box containing DuBarry Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener, special lubricating cream, Derma-Sec Formula (to save your neck), Rose Cream Mask (a delightful pick-up treatment), make-up foundation and face powder.

There's a good-sized mirror inside the cover and a package of cleansing tissues—everything in its own place, and within easy reach. And inclosed in this box are complete directions for giving oneself the splendid Beauty Angle facial treatment that is a specialty of the Hudnut salon in New York.

Then, there's another type of kit for the girl who likes to be a step ahead of her friends, and that's the Sunclyme House Beauty Box. In a pale-cream box with black letters, this treatment set consists of four essential preparations in liquid form, for Sunclyme House believes in liquids. There's a lime and lemon cleansing emollient, a papaya-skin tonic, an avocado night emollient and a Persian lime foundation lotion.

Then, because you can't judge the real value of a gift by its price tag, I want to tell you about the inexpensive but truly complete Christmas package made by Pond's. It's a nice, square box containing generous sizes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Face Powder and a bottle of the new Pond's Skin Lotion called Danya.

Certainly it's a gift any girl will be happy to receive, for the creams are the choice of smart women all over the world.

As you know, these creams contain the marvelous Skin Vitamin, the vitamin that helps your body rebuild skin tissue. This is not the "sunshine" vitamin nor the orange juice vitamin, but a real Skin Vitamin that scientists have learned helps wounds, burns and infections mend quickly and helps your body to rebuild skin tissues.

Now, Pond's have put this precious vitamin in their creams and so the girl who receives one of these Christmas sets is really being given a lovely, fresh new complexion that will last long after the holidays are over.

Another inexpensive but fine Christmas box is that of Colgate, containing toilet water, hand lotion and soap in the famous Cashmere Bouquet odor.

Now, while I'll admit that thinking of gifts for one's girl friends is a problem, it's really the men we have to shop for that cause us the most worry.

But this year London House has come to our rescue by introducing a luxury line of men's toilet preparation. Packaged distinctively in ceramic bottles of a rich pigskin shade with dull gold stoppers, the line includes an after-shave lotion, an after-shave talc and a non-oily, non-stick hair dressing as well as a fine shaving soap in a sturdy attractive bowl.

These products are delicately scented, not perfumed, and will be really appreciated by any man lucky enough to receive them, for they strike a thoroughly masculine, though luxurious, note.

Another perfect gift for a man is the Ogilvie Sisters Men's Hair-kit. In a compact leatherette case are a bottle of tonic cleanser, a jar of scalp pomade and a fine liquid hair dressing. It's an inexpensive item, but of the high quality typical of all Ogilvie products, and every man who receives this kit will enjoy it.

And speaking of "problem" names on your list, there is, of course, the baby of one's best friend! What to give the little darling who has already been showered with everything?

Well, this year Helena Rubinstein has solved this problem for you by introducing a line of baby's toiletries and any young mother will adore receiving for her offspring a set of Pasteurized Milk Bath and Dusting Powder package in cunning nursery boxes.

And don't forget the task that stares nearly every girl in the face sometime before Christmas—that of selecting a gift for the boss to give his wife, or for a brother to give his best girl.

For this very particular gift I think the most exciting thing to choose will be Weil's "Noir" perfume, which will just be reaching the shops about the time you read this.

Expensive, as are all of Weil's products, Noir is a heavy, heady fragrance that lasts and lasts and has the sort of subtle sophistication that most women to-day strive to achieve.

As its name, Noir, implies, it is keyed to black and other glamorous dark shades, and the package itself is charming.

There's the spirited "Infanta," newest member of the royal Matchabelli family of perfumes. Named after Velasquez's painting, this fragrance has rare distinction.

Well, now that I've told you about the most exciting gifts I've seen, I'll go out and do my own Christmas shopping. I do hope I've been some help to you and that you receive as many of these lovely gifts as you bestow upon others. And a Merry Christmas to you!

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

Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

"GIVES BETTER COLOR. NOW MY SKIN IS CLEARER"

NEW KIND OF CREAM has been developed!

cream that puts into women's the substance that especially helps to make it beautiful—the active "skin-vitamin."

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

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

Women who had long used Pond's Cold Cream tried the new Pond's Cream with "skin-vitamin"—and found it better than ever." They said that it gives skin a bright, clear look; that it keeps skin so much smoother.



Joan Belmont—now Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Belmont

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin. Mrs. Bailey says: "I am so glad to use the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. It keeps my skin finer and softer, in spite of all my sports."

(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Foxed Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now the new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere—in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it as before—but see how much healthier and freer of faults it makes your skin look!

This new cream brings to your skin the vitamin that especially aids in keeping skin beautiful. Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. But the active "skin-vitamin."

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. H C. N. Clifton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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 Street _____
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Anita sets her own hair, then uses a hand dryer.

ANITA LOUISE WATCHES HER STE

BY EVE SAUNDER

Her scalp treatment begins with a stiff brush covered with a piece of China silk to pick up dust and grime.



All photos by Elmer Fryer

Of course, she uses cold cream morning and night.

THE ease of the prophet who lacked appreciation in his own country was as nothing compared to the plight of a pretty girl in Hollywood, where the waitresses are ex-beauty-contest winners and the girl who sells you posies today was, perhaps, Miss Keokuk of yesterday and may be the next film star of to-morrow.

For prettiness and rare loveliness are the rule, not the exception in the cinema capital, where stardom depends upon acting ability, personality and a certain photographic appeal rather than upon classic perfection of feature.

Therefore, of all the glamour girls who parade across the screen, only a few merit the appellation of "Beauty." And of those few, Anita Louise is one of the most conspicuous. Producers, directors, visiting artists and even other players acknowledge her loveliness, and she is the delight of every photographer who trains the lens of his camera upon her.

More than that, she is really lovelier off screen than on—which is the sort of tribute most difficult to make because it sounds like extravagant flattery.

But after knowing Anita for a number of years, the thing about her which impresses me most is that, without being smug or self-conscious about her beauty, she is nevertheless aware of it and she considers it a responsibility requiring and deserving care. And not just surface care, either, but the sort of care that begins from the skin out and includes everything that affects her person.



For she realizes that she was fortunate in being born with fine, delicate skin, and purely chiseled features, with soft golden hair and great blue eyes. But she also knows that from neglect her skin would lose its freshness, her hair its sheen, her eyes their luster. So she has worked out a complete but simple routine of care which she has disclosed in detail for the first time to readers of Picture Play.

"A clear skin is a healthy skin—and to keep skin healthy it must be cleansed thoroughly every day, not just on the surface, but deep in the pores," she explained as she sat before the satin-draped dressing table of her white-and-beach bedroom.

"While this is an important rule for every woman to follow, it is especially important for an actress who spends so many hours of every day with heavy make-up clogging her pores, preventing them from breathing and discharging impurities or absorbing the health-giving rays of the sun.

"Therefore, I have worked out two separate cleansing routines—one for the morning, to cleanse and protect my skin through the day, the other for night, to cleanse and nourish my skin before retiring.

"My morning routine begins with a thorough cleansing with one application of cream, which I massage gently into the pores, and then remove with tissues.

"Next I go over my face with a rough wash-cloth dipped in warm but not hot water. This is to remove any surplus cream that the tissues may have skipped, and is also to stimulate circulation, as I do quite a bit of firm but gentle rubbing with the rough cloth.

"I follow this by patting on a mild astringent or skin tonic and after this dries, I use a foundation of the emulsion type, before applying make-up. I find that this foundation protects my skin from my make-up, preventing the rouge and powder from seeping into my pores to cause blemishes and irritations, and it serves as a shield from dust and dirt as well.

"For make-up I use powder and a tiny bit of rouge, no eye shadow during the day, but a bit of blue shadow smoothed on my lids for evening, and I use black mascara, of course, and lots of creamy red lipstick.

"My evening cleansing routine is a far more intense and thorough one, and begins with three applications of cleans-



One of the most naturally beautiful girls in Hollywood, Anita Louise still exercises care in preserving her looks and health. Any girl may follow her simple rules for wholesome beauty.



She believes in the virtues of a skin tonic or astringent.

ing cream. For after a day of either work or play, there's so much dust and dirt, as well as make-up—whether of the street or screen variety—collected on my face, that one creaming doesn't begin to remove it all. Therefore I apply my cleansing cream—it's one especially blended for me—work it carefully into my pores, and remove with tissues not once, but three times.

"Next I saturate a small piece of cotton with a deep-pore cleanser and wipe away any surplus cream that may remain. And you may be sure that by this time my skin is as clean as that of a newborn baby.

"But all of this cleansing has (Continued on page 77)

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"CONQUEST"—MGM. Based on a book by Waclaw Gasterowski and a dramatization by Helen Jerome. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel, and S. N. Behrman. Directed by Clarence Brown.

CAST:
Marie Walewska.....Greta Garbo
Napoleon.....Charles Boyer
Tatletrand.....Reginald Owen
Captain D'Ornano.....Alan Marshall
Count Walewski.....Henry Stephenson
Paul Luchinski.....Leif Erikson
Laetitia Bonaparte.....Dame May Whitty
Prince Poniatowski.....C. Henry Gordon
Countess Pelagia.....Maria Ouspenskaya
Stephan.....Claude Gillingwater
Marshal Duroc.....George Houston
Senator Malachowski.....George Zucco
Rustan.....Noble Johnson
Constant.....George Givot
Alexandre.....Scotty Beckett
Senator Wybitki.....Henry Kolker
Cossack captain.....Ivan Lebedeff
Anna.....Bodil Rosing
Countess Potocka.....Lois Meredith
Count Potocka.....Oscar Apfel
Princess Mirska.....Betty Blythe
Grenadier.....George Davis
Persian ambassador.....Dr. Ferid
Persian interpreter.....Pasha Khan
Turkish ambassador.....Carlos de Valdez
Staps.....Roland Varno
Captain Laroux.....Robert Warwick
Prince Metternich.....Ien Witt
Maria Louisa.....Jean Penwick
Blanca.....Rosina Galli
Lejeune.....Ralf Harolde
Dying soldier.....Vladimir Sokoloff

"STAND-IN"—United Artists. From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Tay Garnett.

CAST:
Atterbury Dodd.....Leslie Howard
Lester Plum.....Joan Blondell
Quintain.....Humphrey Bogart
Koslofsky.....Alan Mowbray
Cherie.....Marla Shelton
Nassan.....C. Henry Gordon
Potts.....Jack Carson
Pettypacker, Jr.....J. C. Nugent
Pettypacker, Sr.....Tully Marshall
Pettypacker.....William V. Mong

"THE AWFUL TRUTH"—Columbia. Screen play by Vina Delmar. Based on the play by Arthur Richman. Directed by Leo McCarey.

CAST:
Lucy Warriner.....Irene Dunne
Jerry Warriner.....Gary Grant
Daniel Leeson.....Ralph Bellamy
Armand Duvalle.....Alexander D'Arcy
Aunt Patsy.....Cecil Cunningham
Barbara Vance.....Molly Lamont
Mrs. Leeson.....Esther Dale
"Toots" Binswanger.....Joyce Compton
Frank Randall.....Robert Allen
Mr. Vance.....Robert Warwick
Mrs. Vance.....Mary Forbes
Lord Fabian.....Clare Allister
Lady Fabian.....Zita Moulton

"LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN"—MGM. Screen play by Charles Brackett, Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum. Original story by Marion Personnel. Suggested by a story by Helen Grace Carlisle. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

CAST:
Bob Graham.....Robert Montgomery
Julie Stoddard.....Rosalind Russell
Oscar.....Robert Benchley
Lily Chalmers.....Helen Vinson
Jerry Crump.....Mickey Rooney
Mr. Pawlitude.....Monty Woolley
Mr. Palmiston.....E. E. Clive
Pedro Felipe.....Charles Judels
Mrs. Crump.....Maude Eburne
Justice of the peace.....Harlan Briggs
Post.....June Clayworth
Tram.....Al Shean

"THE PERFECT SPECIMEN"—Warners. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine. Lawrence Riley, Brewster Morse, and Fritz Falkenstein. From the story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

CAST:
Gerald Beresford Wicks.....Errol Flynn
Mona Carter.....Joan Blondell
Killgrew Shaw.....Hugh Herbert
Mr. Grattan.....Edward Everett Horton
Jink Carter.....Dick Foran
Mrs. Leona Wicks.....May Robson
Alfida.....Beverly Roberts
Clarabelle.....Dennie Moore
"Pinky".....Allen Jenkins
Snodgrass.....James Burke
Hotel clerk.....Hugh O'Connell
Carl Carter.....Harry Davenport
Hooker.....Granville Bates
Briggs.....Tim Henning

"THE GREAT GARRICK"—Warners. A play for the screen by Ernst Vajda. Personally supervised by Mervyn Leroy. Directed by James Whale.

CAST:
David Garrick.....Brian Aherne
Germaine.....Olivia de Havilland
"Tubby".....Edward Everett Horton
M. Picard.....Melville Cooper
Beaumarchais.....Lionel Atwill
Auber.....Lana Turner
Basset.....Luis Alberni
Molec.....Linda Perry
Nicolle.....Marie Wilson
Jean Cabot.....Etienne Girardot
Horatio.....Fritz Leiber
M. Janin.....Craig Reynolds
Mme. Moreau.....Dorothy Tree
M. Noverre.....Trevor Bardette
Innkeeper of the Adam and Eve.....Paul Everton
LeBrun.....Albert Van Dekker
Thierre.....Milton Owen
M. Moreau.....Chester Clute

"DOUBLE WEDDING"—MGM. From the play "The Great Love," by Ferenc Molnar. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Richard Thorpe.

CAST:
Charlie Lodge.....William Powell
Margit Agnew.....Myrna Loy
Irene Agnew.....Florence Rice
Waldo Beaver.....John Beal
Mrs. Kensington Bly.....Jessie Ralph
"Spike".....Edgar Kennedy
Keough.....Sidney Toler
Mrs. Keough.....Mary Gordon
Flint.....Barnett Parker
Claire Lodge.....Katharine Alexander
Folice.....Priscilla Lawson
Shrank.....Bert Roach

"IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER"—Warners. Original story by Maurice Hanline. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie L. Mayo.

CAST:
Basil.....Leslie Howard
Joyce.....Bette Davis
Marcia West.....Olivia de Havilland
Digges.....Erie Blore
William West.....George Barbier
Henry Grant.....Patric Knowles
Aunt Ella.....Spring Byington
Mrs. Kane.....Georgia Caine
Elsie.....Veda Ann Borg
Grace Kane.....Bonita Granville
Joyce's maid.....Valerie Bergere
First butler.....E. E. Clive
Mr. Hinkle.....Thomas Pogue
Mrs. Hinkle.....Sarah Edwards
Mr. Babson.....Harvey Clark
Mrs. Babson.....Grace Fields
Second butler.....Thomas Mills
Mr. Kane.....Ed Mortimer

"THE BRIDE WORE RED"—MGM. Based on the play "The Girl from Trieste," by Ferenc Molnar. Screen play by Tess Slesinger and Bradbury Foote. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

CAST:
Anni.....Joan Crawford
Giulio.....Franchot Tone
Rudi Pal.....Robert Young
Contessa di Melma.....Billie Burke
Admiral Montini.....Reginald Owen
Maddelena Montini.....Lynn Carver
Count Armalia.....George Zucco
Maria.....Mary Phillips
Nobili.....Paul Porcasi
Pietro.....Dickie Moore
Alberto.....Frank Puglia

"ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen. Story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Gene Fowler. Directed by David Butler.

CAST:
Ali Baba.....Eddie Cantor
Yusuf.....Tony Martin
Sultan.....Roland Young
Princess Miriam.....June Lang
Sultana.....Louise Hovick
Ishak.....John Carradine
Dinah.....Virginia Field
Boland.....Alan Dinehart
Prince Musah.....Douglas Dumbrille
Raymond Scott Quintet.....Themselves
Specialties.....Jeni Le Gon
Peter Sisters
Omar, the rug-maker.....Maurice Cass
Tramps.....Warren Hymer
Stanley Fields
Captain.....Paul Hurst
Radio announcer.....Sam Hayes
Selim.....Douglas Wood
Assistant director.....Sidney Fields
Chief councilor.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Doctor.....Charles Lane
Specialty.....Pearl Twins

"EBB TIDE"—Paramount. Screen play by Bertram Millhanser. Based on a story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Directed by James Hogan.

CAST:
Captain Thorbecke.....Oscar Homolka
Faith Wishart.....Frances Farmer
Robert Herrick.....Ray Milland
Attwater.....Lloyd Nolan
Huish.....Barry Fitzgerald
Port doctor.....Charles Judels
Uncle Ned.....Charles Stevens
Tapena Tom.....David Torrence
Attwater's servant.....Lina Basquette
Taniera.....Harry Field

"MADAME X"—MGM. Based on the play "Madame X," by Alexandre Bisson. Screen play by John Meehan. Directed by Sam Wood.

CAST:
Jacqueline Fleuriot.....Gladys George
Raymond Fleuriot.....John Beal
Bernard Fleuriot.....Warren William
Manrice Dourel.....Reginald Owen
Hugh Fariman, Jr.....William Henry
Leroche.....Henry Daniell
Jean.....Phillip Reed
Helene.....Lyne Carver
Rose.....Emma Dunn
Annette.....Ruth Hussey
Scipio.....Luis Alberni
Doctor La Farge.....George Zucco
Nora.....Cora Witherspoon
Hugh Fariman, Sr.....Jonathan Hale
Captain Dorcas.....Adia Kuznetzoff

"WEST OF SHANGHAI"—Warners. Based on a story by Porter E. Brown. Screen play by Crane Wilbur. Directed by John Farrow.

CAST:
Wu Yen Fang.....Boris Karloff
Jane Creed.....Beverly Roberts
Gordon Creed.....Ricardo Cortez
James Hallet.....Gordon Oliver
Lola Galt.....Sheila Bronley
Fu Shan.....Vladimir Sokoloff
Doctor Abernathy.....Gordon Hart
Mr. Cheng.....Richard Loo
Myron Galt.....Douglas Wood
Kung Nui.....Chester Chan
Chau.....Luke Chan
Hemingway.....Selmer Jackson
Pao.....James B. Leong
Mu.....Tetsu Komai
Wang Chung.....Eddie Lee
Conductor.....Maurice Lui
Hua Mei.....Mia Ichioaka

"BOY OF THE STREETS"—Monogram. Original story and screen play by Rowland Brown. Directed by William Nigh.

CAST:
Chuck.....Jackie Cooper
Nora.....Maureen O'Connor
Mary Brennan (Chuck's mother)
"Fog Horn" Brennan (Chuck's father)
Julie.....Gay Usher
Officer Rourke.....Kathleen Burke
Doctor.....Robert Emmett O'Connor
Tony.....Gordon Elliott
Blackie.....Don Latorre
Spike.....Mattie Fain
Droop.....Paul White
Lawyer.....Bobby Tucker
Organ grinder.....Wilbur Mack
Tony Barbato

Norbert Lusk's Reviews

Continued from page 59

oman who fears his influence over her sister, Florence Rice. John Beal is the latter's dim-witted fiancé. All are mixed up in slapstick, with Miss Loy using her poise and becoming as one with Mr. Powell in antic eccentricity. As with all pictures of this kind, it is what the characters say and do that keeps the screwball rolling, and not the telling of a story.

"The Perfect Specimen."—Warners. Errol Flynn goes in for lightest of light comedy and scores what I think is his biggest hit since "Captain Blood." And that doesn't mean he is surpassing artist, either. But it does mean that an amusing picture successfully shows off his pleasant personality and manly good looks, without trying to make too much of either. He is supposed to be a son of fabulous wealth and looks and acts it more convincingly than life and the screen usually permit. Mr. Flynn is better than the real thing. Shielded, trained, educated as a perfect specimen of manhood by his doting grandmother, he ticks but one thing—experience with life. It comes when a car crashes through his fence—and Joan Blondell pops out, a reporter bent on getting the low-down. The two are swept into a dizzy adventure. Mr. Flynn getting experience with life quickly and Miss Blondell getting her male.

"The Bride Wore Red."—MGM. Even Joan Crawford can't lift a poor script. This is not news, of course, but a reflection. Just why the story of her current picture won't do is hard to say. Or it is difficult to explain in a few words. It's unbelievable, for one thing, but it isn't sufficiently incredible to rate as a fantasy. Perhaps because it is too obviously a Cinderella story without an instant of truth and several moments that strain common sense. As, for example, when Paul Porcasi, the hotel keeper, orders Miss Crawford to leave his Tyrolean inn because of her connection with a dive in Trieste. He's the best-dressed woman on his register and the contents of her trunks would more than pay her bill. But he denounces her as if she were a leper. We are asked to believe that Miss Crawford settles down to a Tyrolean peasant wardrobe for life. She can do better than this. She must, for the sake of the faithful. She will.

"Ali Baba Goes to Town."—20th Century-Fox. There is only one Eddie Cantor. Either you love him or you hate him. At least he is like no other comedian. Give him credit for holding his own for years and years while imi-

tators have fallen by the wayside and been forgotten. His youthfulness and freshness are amazing, his showmanship expert, inspired, his clowning earthy, close to humanity. I consider him a fine artist, if for no other reason than he has never lost his head, never gone arty. Eddie is the people's choice, a man of the people, too. I never overlook another virtue of his, that of appearing seldom. One picture a year is his invariable quota. Would that the same could be said of every other star! Then their professional lives would be longer. But that is impossible when material returns are the first consideration and public loyalty is akin to human fickleness. His new picture is good, but not hilariously out of the ordinary, amusing but not festive. He is an ingenious tramp who is catapulted onto an Oriental movie set, has a dream that takes him into the real Orient. It ends with his adventure on a flying carpet—the children will love this as I did—and he finishes as a tramp outside a Hollywood theater where the première is held. The tramp looks on, bewildered, while Eddie Cantor takes the bows.

"It's Love I'm After."—Warners. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Eric Blore join in Warners' contribution to the month's epidemic of frenzied comedy. They are clever players experienced in projecting all moods, so it is no surprise to find them zestfully and amusingly antic in this. They are becomingly antic, too, which is something else again. But an hour and a half of furious farce is apt to be taxing. The characters wear thin and the strain begins to tell on the actors as well as the story. You are a wee bit relieved when the end comes and everybody, including yourself, can relax. At least so it seemed to me. We have Mr. Howard and Miss Davis a pair of Shakespearean actors, vain, conceited, forever bickering in the throes of temperamental love. Mr. Blore is Mr. Howard's dresser and the lovers' go-between. Miss De Havilland comes onto the scene as a moonstruck heiress suffering from a terrible case of star worship. Her fiancé induces Mr. Howard to go to her home and disillusion her. He arrives at three o'clock in the morning and puts the household in turmoil, remaining to insult and infuriate host and guests. Now, some of this is funny but such outrageous conduct is not compatible with Mr. Howard's intelligence and breeding, nor is Miss De Havilland's state of swooning hero-worship credible although it is put across prettily.



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Hollywood To-day

(Continued from page 39)

NORMA SHEARER actually allowed one full year to elapse following the death of Irving Thalberg before she began seriously to start the preliminaries of her return to the screen. It was probably the most remarkable tribute of all paid to the passing of the noted film executive.

Whether Norma might have resumed sooner, if it had not been for her illness that came after his death, cannot be said. She herself doubts it. There were many questions to be settled, let alone the fact that she herself scarcely, until recently, felt in the mood to renew her work.

Any warm tribute paid to Thalberg

ACTORS work about one-tenth of the time they're actually engaged for a picture, according to a high executive in the movie business. They have to be on hand the remaining nine-tenths while the lights are set up, and camera angles adjusted, but high-powered players don't even wait around to pose during the time that these arrangements are made. Stand-ins take their places.

And prices for actors run very high nowadays. Take Cary Grant, who is on the upgrade as a leading man. He receives \$75,000 per picture, and payments are likely to go even higher for his services in the future. His is a good



Charles Igor Gorin pours those thrilling baritone notes into the microphone while Frances Langford looks on.

still brings the deepest and heartiest response from her, while she constantly visits his tomb to place flowers in his memory.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced "The Great Ziegfeld," "Maytime," and "The Firefly," has taken charge of her picture "Marie Antoinette," which will be a pretentious renewal of Norma's career. There are no fewer than one hundred and fifty speaking parts in the production, which is one of the hugest casts ever assembled.

If she herself were willing Norma might still be the final choice for *Scarlett* in "Gone with the Wind."

example of the figure which a high-class leading man may command.

Edward Arnold, typifying the notable estate of the character actor, is held at \$75,000 to \$100,000 per picture.

There are other players who cost even more, anywhere from \$100,000 to \$150,000 per film. But practically anybody of starring or so-called featured prominence to-day in the movies is making big money, and really working just one-tenth of the time for which he or she is engaged!

Each word an actor utters must come at the rate of about ten dollars per

At Last! Joan Is Ready for the Stage

Continued from page 35

Bernhardt, was originally based on admiration of Miss Dixon. Joan gave the brilliant and bewildered Jean, who had never gone in for Hollywood society, a terrific rush.

Ellin Mackay Berlin, New York society girl who renounced family and position to marry Irving Berlin, Tinpan Alley song writer, is another great friend. Dissimilar as their backgrounds, Joan and Ellin have a common bond in admiration of any one who is working seriously along creative lines.

Two contrasting pictures of Joan are always sharply outlined in my mind. One is of her as I saw her on location for "Rose-Marie." She was a bare-

legged and boisterous girl with carrot hair who was romping all over the set. This was in her dance-cup days.

The other is of Joan last year, elegantly garbed in black, correct to the last pearl, standing beside her husband and Merle Armitage, Los Angeles musical impresario, in the receiving line at her tea, attended by the cream of California society, for Leopold Stokowski.

I'd like to be present on Joan's opening night in New York. If the very worst happens, if the play flops and Joan takes a beating from the critics, she still will have chalked off another milestone on her career path. She will have reached for another star.

Reduced to Four Servants

Continued from page 54

seven when between pictures. For breakfast both have only fruit juice and coffee.

The actress prefers formal dinners, with lace or linen place sets, her favorite being the smart gray linen, Joan Crawford's gift.

Susan, the cook, cleans the kitchen and dining room. Tony, the Filipino

boy, is responsible for the other downstairs rooms, and serves. The upstairs girl keeps the bedrooms spotless, washes the lingerie, and does the mending. Household linens are sent out.

"We get the gardener free," Miss Burke chuckled. "He comes with the house!"

JEANETTE MacDONALD

She is lovely to look at, delightful to hear,
Entrancing the eye and enrapturing the ear.
Her voice is so thrilling, her smile is so sweet,
Her ways captivating, her acting a treat.
As near to perfection as e'er will be met
Is exquisite, dainty, delicious Jeanette.

MARY BATTISCOMBE.



The young lady being cuddled by Wallace Beery is, believe it or not, his nurse. Wally was injured by a shotgun and needs the care of a trained blonde.

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Continued from page 57

mas—Claudette becomes as alfresco as any one else. People are invited for tennis and swimming. When twilight approaches, tables appear in the garden, laden with canapes; caviar in things which are so puffy that it's quite an adventure to try to convey one to your mouth without its going splat. There are rounds of hot cheesy things; imported biscuits spread with fishy things; stuffed cherry tomatoes. Meanwhile, if you cock an ear, you may hear Carlo, the chef, caroling over his culinary creations in the kitchen. "Tosca" seems to

Food and Fun on the Run

be his favorite opera. He puts his heart into it.

Claudette inherited Carlo from her father. Carlo is a musical and poetic soul. He outdid himself at one of Claudette's picnics when he concocted individual and perfect picnic lunches, each in its exquisite package. The *pièce de résistance*, however, was a complete surprise to everybody, including Claudette. With each lunch was a separate and personal sonnet for each guest.

It is almost a necessity to entertain buffet style in Hollywood. Hardly any

one gives sit-down dinners for more than about a dozen people. Of course, big executives do when they have "command" performances. It seems almost impossible to assemble all your guests at one time, and your arrangements, therefore, must be very elastic.

No one arrives until at least an hour after the specified time. As the latest guests arrive, some who are bored, and some who really mean it, are departing, pleading the ever potent excuse of an early call at the studio. The guest of honor is likely to call at the last moment, to announce that he or she cannot come. "One of those tiresome conferences, you understand!" It is, likely as not, quite true. You can't be offended. People have to snatch time to give parties—and attend them.

I don't know whether the growing fad for very fancy kitchens has anything to do with it, but it is fashionable just now for the host or hostess to cook some very special dish while admiring guests look on. The results of these efforts are sometimes fairly humorous.

Dick Arlen fancies himself as a cook, and urges people to come in on Thursday, the cook's night off. Jobyna, the perfect wife, waits placidly on the sidelines, until Dick has reached a state of frenzy in the kitchen. Then she quietly produces some chickens which have been in the back of the icebox all the time; rubs them with some butter-and-garlic stuff, broils them in a trice, whips out scalloped potatoes—which have also been there all the time—and every one has a fine time. Even Dick.

Pat O'Brien invites a "few" friends to bring their youngsters to frolic with his youngsters in the garden. The result of this is that dozens and dozens of grown-ups monopolize the slides, the merry-go-rounds and sand piles, while Pat aglow with hospitality does his stuff with steaks, chops, and pots of beans at his outdoor barbecue.

Whether the fun is swimming or roulette, whether the food is outdoor steaks or lark's tongues under glass, the pace is hectic. It's all food-and-fun-on-the-run.

IT'S ABOUT TIME

Fred is nimble.

Fred is quick:

It's fun to watch him

Bound and kick.

He's earned all his fame,

He's earned all his glory,

And, Oh, Producers,

He's earned a new story!

DEE CHAPMAN.



Vera Zorina had better be good when she dances in "The Goldwyn Follies." A ballerina has no right to such a striking photo if she isn't a knockout.

Accent Grave and Gay

Continued from page 57

er him; attracted by the possibilities of fast, slick Hollywood comedy, which contrasts so greatly with much of the serious work he did in Europe. But one feels his interest, however warmly expressed, is academic.

He will never smear his name across the front page to bolster his popularity. There is, despite the smile, the charm, the social ease, an essential gravity in his nature which makes acting itself more important than the results it brings. Gravely, casually, he takes for

granted an absolute separation between public and private life which must amaze Hollywood.

He has been married for many years to Jane Renouardt, a blond Parisian actress who will shortly follow him to America. He saw New York gayety in the company of Danielle Darrieux, beautiful French star of "Mayerling," also here for a picture. His speech and manner betray knowledge of women and the world. But one does not ask him about "romance"—meaning sex. It would astonish him to learn that American fans care to hear what he has to say on the subject. His serious, precise taste would not permit him to speak lightly, nor his Continental reserve let him bare his heart.

He likes American life—the cheering football crowds, the speed and intensity of New York, the efficiency of the studios. But he appreciates it from a distance, he does not enter in. Patiently he submitted to the long hours of sitting for portraits under hot lights the afternoon I saw him, answering the questions I shot at him as intelligently as though he were not distracted by the glare. Such details as that are part of the game. But one feels they do not touch him. He submits to them.

Where, then, does he fit into the Hollywood scene? At first glance the answer is nowhere. An American star would have made a portentous audience of the light afternoon which was the substance of my interview. And the American way is usually best. Stars who play up sex-glamour instead of talent and experience remain in the public eye.

Louella Parsons may not meet him every Sunday at Marion Davies's, but the customers will see on the screen a painstaking actor whose penetrating, polished performances have more than the attraction of a front-page personality.

Fernand Gravet has served his apprenticeship and can afford to defy movie tradition. He knows the answers and so does not have to evade the questions. He will be a Hollywood star *his* way, and you will like him for it. I did.



Bill Powell has returned from his European holiday and looks fit again, so his mother thinks. He's now costarring with Annabella, the French actress, in "Jean."

IT'S THE GYPSY IN HER

Gypsy Rose Lee wowed the bald-headed row,
With her strip act in the burlesque shows;
She received with arch calm each appreciative "Oh!"
As she daintily doffed all her clothes.

But Miss Lee is Miss Hovick of Hollywood now;
Gypsy's gone—we have with us Louise—
(Well, a Rose by any name, however highbrow,
Can't make us forget she's a Tease!)

DEE CHAPMAN.

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Your favorite of the Screen is?.....

Continued from page 62

WHEN Jack Benny returned to the broadcasting station after his European vacation he sneaked up behind Phil Harris, who was working on some music, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Hey," Phil yelled. "What's this?"

"Oh, just something I picked up in Paris," Jack replied nonchalantly.

WHEN Paramount lent Claudette Colbert to Warners for "Tovarich," she yearned to take along her favorite cameraman, Charles Lang, to photo-

graph the picture. She yearned so loudly and efficiently that after the picture was well under way, Lang was hired to finish it.

But it seems that the reason he is able to photograph Claudette just right is because he takes a lot of time, and with Claudette's interest at heart he took so much time that costs mounted and it seemed the picture never would be finished, so the first cameraman was recalled.

Claudette would have none of that

and, according to the story being told around, got together with Charles Boyer and Anatol Litvak, the director, and the three made up a purse of \$80,000 to cover the cost of delays due to having Lang finish the picture.

TYRONE POWER may have cast an eye about among the other pretty girls while Sonja Henie was away, but now that she has returned to Hollywood the two are constantly together. She accompanies him to the broadcasting station both for rehearsals and performances, and on Sunday, when he has to broadcast twice, they go out to dinner in the interim of two hours between his performances. One recent Sunday she looked as cute as any one could look, wearing a short ermine jacket which had sleeves made of the ermine tails.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 51

majestic as Constance. When she adapted and played in "Peter Ibbetson," John and Lionel Barrymore joined forces with her and the usually aloof Maude Adams turned up opening night to see that the stage lights were operated just right. Fellow workers don't just put her on a well-earned pedestal—they love her dearly.

Times without number I have seen the frantic tension of a rehearsal dispelled by the message, "Constance Collier is coming over. She'll see how to fix up those scenes."

"The Rat," one of several plays she wrote with Ivor Novello, is now being filmed. Hollywood chapters are being added for a new edition of her memoirs. While we were talking word came that her just finished novel had been enthusiastically read. By the time you read this, she will be setting a pace for Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in "The Joy of Loving."

Coach of many film great from Mary Pickford to Norma Shearer, Miss Collier would be just the one, I thought, to discover latent talent. "You can't really tell if any of those girls in 'Stage Door' have talent. Greg La Cava is nothing less than a magician. He draws from any player exactly what he wants for a scene," she told me.

NELSON EDDY

When handsome Nelson Eddy sings
With melody the welkin rings,
His vibrant voice both strong and clear,
Is pleasing to the listening ear.
Attractive in his looks and ways,
An actor worthy of all highest praise.

MARY BATTISCOMBE.



Deanna Durbin at this moment is in the midst of her new picture, "Mad About Music." Her recreation is carefully supervised for fear she may overtax her strength at her present critical age.

Anita Louise Watches Her Step

Continued from page 69

removed, along with the dirt and old make-up, some of the natural oil which is so necessary to keep a skin young and unlined. So it is necessary to use a rich nourishing cream to restore those oils which have been cleansed away.

"For that purpose I spread all over my face a tissue cream, which I allow to remain for about fifteen minutes before gently wiping away most of it. But I leave a thin film of it on my skin for the night, so that when I am sleeping, my body completely relaxed, my pores at rest, this tissue cream can sink deeply into these pores and give my skin the replenishment of oil that it needs."

Along with this definite face-routine, Anita is careful to safeguard the health and clarity of her skin by watching her diet. She drinks at least six glasses of water a day, has a large glass of orange juice every morning, and a large glass of tomato juice before dinner.

She manages to eat at least two fresh fruits every day, and for either lunch or dinner she has a green salad and a lean meat. While she is naturally slender and thus has no figure prob-

lems, she is careful to limit her desserts to those that will not place too great a burden upon her digestive system. She avoids fancy cakes, pastries and puddings, but eats as much ice cream, custard, rice pudding as she likes.

Next to her skin, her fair hair is Anita's greatest concern and she insists that the same rules that result in an unblemished complexion also give her silky, shining tresses.

"While some girls—mostly those with dark hair—find that a weekly shampoo is sufficient, it is necessary for me to wash my hair every four days to keep it looking its best.

"Usually I wash my hair at night, as this gives me plenty of time for a scalp treatment first, to stimulate the flow of fresh blood to the surface and to replenish the oils so necessary to hair beauty, which the frequent shampoos have a tendency to dry out.

"My scalp treatment begins with a thorough brushing with a stiff brush covered with a piece of China silk to pick up the dirt and grime, after which I part my hair in one-inch sections and apply a slightly heated mineral oil, rubbing it directly on the scalp with a small piece of cotton. Then with the tips of my fingers I massage this oil into the pores and follow this by wrapping my head in a huge bath towel soaked in water as hot as I can stand.

"Next I'm ready for the shampoo, and for this I use a liquid castile soap. To remove every vestige of oil, at least three and sometimes four soapings are necessary and then with a hand-spray I rinse and rinse and rinse, until my hair squeaks, and I know it's clean.

"At this point, I'll admit I'm fortunate, for I know how to set my own hair. And this I do with the aid of a small comb, pinning the waves into place with invisible hairpins, and using small curlers like those used in beauty shops for the ends.

"When I have finished setting my hair, I tie a loose net around it and with a magazine propped up in my lap, take my small hand-dryer in my hand and read a short story or two while my hair dries.

"Of course the scalp treatment and shampoo are only part of the routine necessary for keeping the hair at its best. For in order to keep it clean every day, it must be brushed thoroughly every night for at least ten minutes with the silk-wrapped brush.

"This not only removes the dirt that has collected during the day, but it serves to distribute evenly the natural oil that seeps from the pores, thus keeping the hair silky and shining as well as nourished and healthy."



Like all the film belles who go in for cookery by photograph, Jean Chatburn poses for cake-making with an empty flour-sifter.



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Continued from page 16

But in Oslo there is a tall young Norwegian of good family who has been Sonja's close friend since she wore yellow curls long enough to sit on. The two have corresponded for years, and when she returned home they eagerly renewed their friendship. Together they played tennis and shot grouse and drove over the blue hills of their beautiful country; they entertained their old gang at a dinner party, and afterward played Bingo with the set Sonja had brought from America.

Not many of Hollywood's glamour girls, accustomed to the Coconut Grove and the Trocadero, would get a thrill out of going back to Cedar Junction and dancing to victrola music at the Grange Hall on Saturday nights with the same un-glamorous kids they'd grown up with.

"And oh, they told me I hadn't changed a bit!" she exclaimed proudly. "That was the nicest of all. I do so dislike people who change just because they become actors or actresses."

Outside of Tyrone, Sonja states that one of her best friends in Hollywood is Don Ameche. "He is so full of jokes," she says, "and he has been so kind to my mother and me." In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Ameche have a standing invitation to call on Sonja to be their baby-watcher any time they want to go out on the nurse's night off.

Dotted all over the globe are the petite Henie's admirers of whom she has made such steadfast friends. In Berlin there is Gus Jaenecke, a well-known football player and one of her favorites from her early Olympic days.

In Paris, when she goes there to

shop, she is apt to do the town with Jeff Dickson, manager of the Palais de Sports which corresponds to our Madison Square Garden in New York.

In Vienna, there is Carl Sheaffer, champion male ice skater.

In Manhattan there is a modest young correspondent for a foreign newspaper whose friend she has been for ten years.

It was this young man who explained to me. "The nice thing about Sonja is that she treats everybody the same. I've been out with her and Tyrone and a party of others and she always pays as much attention to every one in the group as she does to Ty or whomever she's escorted by."

"That is the way that I have been brought up," Sonja explained when I repeated this to her. "Over here you often see a couple out somewhere with a party of friends and they stay to themselves, they dance and talk only with each other. I have always been taught that a girl must be equally nice to every one when she is with a group of people.

"Tyrone," she went on, "understands all these things. He is my closest friend and I am very fond of him. We like to go out and we like to stay home and talk, and sometimes mother talks with us. Why is it that people are always trying to marry us off just because of that? We both want careers and we need to be free to work hard, so we don't even think of love, we never consider marriage in any way. I have my friends and he has his and we still have each other's companionship, and it is very nice that way.

"Sometimes people say to me 'Sonja, you are twenty-four, and if you don't make up your mind to marry soon you may never do it.' Then I always remember what my father said to me when I was just seven and he was teaching me to go off a high ski jump and I was frightened. He said, 'Kjaerven, don't be afraid; each thing happens the way it is supposed to happen.' So I went off and I wasn't afraid any more. I say to these people who ask me about marriage, 'It will happen as it should.'

"I have always said what I would do and I have done it. At fourteen I said, 'I will win ten championships and then I will make pictures.' I did that. Now I say, 'I will have a career for four more years and then I will think of marriage.'

"Tell me," said Sonja, her brown eyes very serious, "do you know these people who make up the gossip in the newspapers? Are they your friends? Can you stop them?"

Nobody can stop them, but at least the truth can be passed along: that Sonja Henie says she is entirely fancy-free and having a grand time that way.



Nelson Eddy, a football-playing cadet in "Rosalie," learned the game under expert instruction. To look at him in action you would never think him a singer with a sensitive throat.

Continued from page 9

What the Fans Think

As for the Metropolitan Opera, she has refused several offers to appear there, and, of far greater importance than that, she was recently invited to sing at La Scala, Milan, which is the center of the opera world, in comparison with which the Metropolitan is merely a local theater.

Miss Moore has depended entirely upon her stories and her supporting players for her success. After her overblown initial triumph in "One Night of Love," the public is rapidly tiring of her—mainly owing to her lack of versatility—and she is descending the ladder to oblivion.

Miss O'Brien's comment concerning Nelson Eddy adding to Miss MacDonald's popularity is pure balderdash. I recently noticed a paragraph in an English publication which said that Allan Jones's teaming with Miss MacDonald would result in an increase in his popularity—a fact which, I think, speaks for itself.

RONALD LUNDIE.

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Middlesex, England.

A Silly Fan.

TO Sidney Ann Gold: You seem to be an ardent theater fan who still does not take the screen seriously. Just because school children attend the movies you think no cultured people care about the cinema.

I am not going to brag about myself. But I would like you to know I am not writing this in my own language, but in a foreign one I learned when I was a child. My own language is Spanish, though I speak French just as well, and my limited English barely permits me to write these colorless lines. So I would like to know if you call me uncultured just because I like movies and consider there are many talented stars in Hollywood.

I went to New York this past season and I attended many stage plays. I was mad over John Gielgud's "Hamlet." I had seen him in London, but never liked him as the *Prince of Denmark*. Lillian Gish as *Ophelia* was greater than ever, and did you see her in "Within the Gates"? Katharine Cornell in "The Wingless Victory" didn't please me as much as in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and petite Helen Hayes was just as good as Gaby Morlay as *Victoria Regina*. By the way, Mr. Gold, have you ever seen Mlle. Morlay on the stage in Paris?

I am a devoted theater fan. I see plays in three different languages and like Gish, Cornell, Gielgud, and Hayes in the United States as much as Mlle. Morlay, Sascha Guitry, Cecile Sorel, and Françoise Rosay in France, and Margarita Xirgu, Maria Tuhau, Lola Membrives, and Ernesto Vilches in Cuba or Spain.

You only speak for the New York theater. You say Broadway is the place where true talent exists and Hollywood where "hams" exist. Well, Mr. Gold, it depends. There is a play in New York which hasn't the slightest shadow of art, "Tobacco Road," yet it has been running for five years and applauded by that public which you call well-bred and

intelligent. "Tobacco Road," the great play of the American stage, couldn't last a week out of the States.

And you have, on the other hand, two pictures that are sweeping the whole world. Both American, both grand. "A Star Is Born" and "The Good Earth."

I saw "The Good Earth" on the stage in New York, with Nazimova, and you know it was a flop. Would you compare it with the movie masterpiece and could you find an actress capable of playing *O-Lan* as Luise Rainer did?

You only mention Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power as Hollywood stars. You make me laugh. Why didn't you list the names of Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Elisabeth Bergner, Janet Gaynor, Luise Rainer, and Bette Davis? And John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Boyer, Fredric March, Leslie Howard, and Charles Laughton? Most of them once belonged to the footlights.

I saw Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse and Maria Guerrero and the other actresses of the past. I even considered La Argentina one of my best friends.

I think the American theater should feel proud of having Lillian Gish, Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes and Eva Le Gallienne among its actresses as much as the movies who own a Luise Rainer, a Greta Garbo, and a Janet Gaynor whose performances in "The Good Earth," "Camille" and "A Star Is Born" speak for themselves.

Please, Mr. Gold, accept this answer in English from one of the silliest movie fans. MARIA DEL CARMEN DE BORBOA.

Havana, Cuba.

Open Your Eyes.

I HAVE read Mildred Post's letter in the June issue, in which she commences by running down Nelson Eddy, and winds up by idiotically suggesting Nino Martini as a partner for Jeanette MacDonald. Surely, if she is a constant picture-goer, Miss Post will see how unsuited Mr. Martini is to Miss MacDonald. His acting—if such it can be called—could never compare with the queenly grace and spontaneity of the diva. Only a partner possessing that elusive quality, chivalry, and all the charm of an Old

World lover, could ever suit the singing star. In this rôle Nelson Eddy is incomparable.

Mr. Eddy is not exceedingly handsome—by which I mean he has not the usual perfect features and handbox appearance of the screen heroes, who all seem to have been made in the same mold. However, in place of this common handsomeness, he has the rugged charm, sincere manner and frank speech of a real man. He does not ape the great screen lover of all time as do some of these creatures who pretend to be stars. His voice, of course, is superb, and in the estimation of many, he has plenty of acting ability.

Perhaps Miss Post does not appreciate the arresting genuineness of Nelson Eddy's acting because she has seen too much of the overdone love-making of the dapper and effeminate Mr. Martini. In this respect, I pity her greatly. To be blind to the faults of an actor whose only decent feature is his voice, and also to be blind to the fact that Nelson Eddy is one of the screen's best stars, and is setting a vogue for a more manly hero, must indeed be a terrible affliction.

MAUREEN OSBORNE.

21 Cliftonville Parade,
Belfast, North Ireland.

A Pair of Nitwits.

NOTICING in October Picture Play that my idol of screen, radio and opera, Nino Martini, was unduly ridiculed, I wish to state the following: The audacity of a person saying Mr. Martini's voice is nasal! I consider that person to be very ignorant concerning vocal art. Also disgusted with Miss M. for agreeing to such ignorance. They both make an excellent pair of nitwits. The glorious voice of Martini has thrilled thousands, and I thank God that I am able to see as well as hear him.

My friends and I are anxiously awaiting his "Music for Madame." We in Toronto adore Martini.

Once again I salute Mr. Martini, the great, the unattainable!

EVELYN WILSON.

Gerrard Street,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



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ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

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Robert Allen	Walter Connolly	Douglass Montgomery
Astrid Allwyn	Richard Dix	Grace Moore
Richard Arlen	Melvyn Douglas	Chester Morris
Jean Arthur	Frances Drake	Jean Parker
Mary Astor	Edith Fellows	Charles Quigley
George Bancroft	Wynne Gibson	Lionel Stander
Ralph Bellamy	Cary Grant	Charles Starrett
Herman Bing	Jack Holt	Gloria Swanson
Grace Bradley	Buck Jones	Raymond Walburn
Leo Carrillo	Francis Lederer	Barbara Weeks
Marguerite Churchill	Leona Maricle	Fay Wray

20th CENTURY-FOX STUDIO

Beverly Hills, California

Annabella	Jack Haley	Ritz Brotherts
Don Ameche	Sonja Henie	Bill Robinson
Smith Ballew	Louise Henry	Mary Rogers
Warner Baxter	Jean Hersholt	Cesar Romero
Thomas Beck	Kenneth Howell	Sig Rumann
Ben Bernie	Louise Hovick	George Sanders
J. Edward Bromberg	Rochelle Hudson	Joseph Schildkraut
Eddie Cantor	Robert Kent	Douglas Scott
John Carradine	Allan Lane	Simone Simon
Lon Chaney	June Lang	Gloria Stuart
Jane Darwell	Peter Lorre	Slim Summerville
Joan Davis	Keye Luke	Shirley Temple
Alan Dinehart	John Marsh	Arthur Treacher
Brian Donlevy	Tony Martin	Claire Trevor
Dixie Dunbar	Victor McLaglen	Helen Westley
George Ernest	Warner Oland	Michael Whalen
Alice Faye	Tyrone Power	Walter Winchell
Virginia Field	Gregory Ratoff	Jane Withers
Douglas Fowley	Leah Ray	Loretta Young

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO

Culver City, California

Lionel Barrymore	Bonita Granville	Nat Pendleton
Freddie Bartholomew	Cedric Hardwicke	Walter Pidgeon
John Beal	William Henry	Eleanor Powell
Janet Beecher	Irene Hervey	William Powell
Wallace Beery	Henry Hull	Juanita Quigley
Virginia Bruce	Josephine Hutchinson	Luise Rainer
Billie Burke	Rita Johnson	Jessie Ralph
Bruce Cabot	Allan Jones	Florence Rice
Joseph Calleia	Guy Kibbee	Mickey Rooney
Jean Chatburn	Frances Langford	Rosalind Russell
June Clayworth	Edmund Lowe	Ann Rutherford
Joan Crawford	Myrna Loy	Norma Shearer
Alan Curtis	Jeanette MacDonald	James Stewart
Henry Daniell	Una Merkel	Lewis Stone
Buddy Ebsen	Robert Montgomery	Robert Taylor
Nelson Eddy	Frank Morgan	Franchot Tone
Betty Furness	Stanley Morner	Spencer Tracy
Clark Gable	George Murphy	Sophie Tucker
Greta Garbo	Edna May Oliver	Johnny Weissmuller
Judy Garland	Maurcen O'Sullivan	Warren William
Gladys George	Reginald Owen	Robert Young
Charles Igor Gorin	Cecilia Parker	

UNIVERSAL STUDIO

Universal City, California

Henry Armetta	James Dunn	Alma Kruger
Mischa Auer	Deanna Durbin	Ella Logan
Judith Barrett	Sally Eilers	Barbara Read
Wendy Barrie	Nan Grey	Jean Rogers
Noah Beery, Jr.	Louis Hayward	Polly Rowles
Tala Birell	Samuel S. Hinds	Kent Taylor
Alice Brady	Henry Hunter	John Wayne
Billy Burrud	Frank Jenks	Charles Winninger
Andy Devine	John King	

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Culver City, California

Edward Arnold	Fredric March	Adolphe Menjou
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Alan Marshal	C. Aubrey Smith
Janet Gaynor		

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO

1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California

Binnie Barnes	Paulette Goddard	Merle Oberon
Elisabeth Bergner	Miriam Hopkins	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Andrea Leeds	Frank Shields
Gary Cooper	Joel McCrea	Ernest Truex

RKO STUDIO

780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California

Walter Abel	Katharine Hepburn	Joe Penner
Heather Angel	Harriet Hilliard	Barbara Pepper
John Arledge	Gordon Jones	Lily Pons
Fred Astaire	Ruby Keeler	Gene Raymond
Fay Bainter	Thelma Leeds	Erik Rhodes
Lucille Ball	Marjorie Lord	Ginger Rogers
Milton Berle	Herbert Marshall	Anne Shirley
Bobby Breen	Burgess Meredith	Ann Sothern
Helen Broderick	Gertrude Michael	Barbara Stanwyck
Joe E. Brown	Victor Moore	Fred Stone
Preston Foster	Jack Oakie	Bert Wheeler
Joan Fontaine	George O'Brien	Robert Woolsey
Margot Grahame		

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO

Burbank, California

Kenny Baker	Fernand Gravet	Paul Muni
Joan Blondell	Hugh Herbert	Pat O'Brien
Humphrey Bogart	Leslie Howard	Dick Powell
Veda Ann Borg	Ian Hunter	Dick Purcell
George Brent	Allen Jenkins	Claude Rains
Jane Bryan	Patric Knowles	Marcia Ralston
Marion Davies	Margaret Lindsay	Basil Rathbone
Bette Davis	Anita Louise	Beverly Roberts
Olivia de Havilland	Mary Maguire	Edward G. Robinson
Lee Dixon	Billy and	Ann Sheridan
Patricia Ellis	Bobby Mauch	June Travis
Glenda Farrell	Barton MacLane	Lana Turner
Errol Flynn	Frank McHugh	Rudy Vallée
Dick Foran	Wayne Morris	Jane Wyman
Kay Francis		

PARAMOUNT STUDIO

5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California

Gracie Allen	Robert Cummings	Fred MacMurray
Stella Ardler	Rufe Davis	Ray Milland
Lew Ayres	Frances Dee	Isa Miranda
Benny Baker	Marlene Dietrich	Lloyd Nolan
Elaine Barrie	Johnny Downs	Lynne Overman
John Barrymore	Irene Dunne	Elizabeth Patterson
Bennie Bartlett	James Ellison	Gail Patrick
Jack Benny	Leif Erikson	John Payne
Charles Bickford	Frances Farmer	Anthony Quinn
Ben Blue	W. C. Fields	George Raft
Beulah Bondi	Franciska Gaal	Martha Raye
William Boyd	Betty Grable	Gilbert Roland
Olympie Bradna	David Jack Holt	Shirley Ross
Bob Burns	John Howard	Charles Ruggles
George Burns	Marsha Hunt	Randolph Scott
Louise Campbell	Roscoe Karns	Gladys Swarthout
Judy Canova	Dorothy Lamour	Akim Tamiroff
Mary Carlisle	Beatrice Lillie	John Trent
Claudette Colbert	Mary Livingstone	Terry Walker
Ruth Coleman	Harold Lloyd	Virginia Weidler
Gary Cooper	Carole Lombard	Mae West
Larry Crabbe	Ida Lupino	Eleanore Whitney
Bing Crosby		

WALTER WANGER PRODUCTIONS

1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California

Alan Baxter	Peggy Conklin	Louise Platt
Joan Bennett	Henry Fonda	Marla Shelton
Charles Boyer	William Gargan	Sylvia Sydney
Madeleine Carroll	Pat Paterson	Helen Vinson

HAL ROACH STUDIO

Culver City, California

Brian Aherne	Oliver Hardy	Alan Mowbray
Constance Bennett	Patsy Kelly	Lyda Roberti
Ronald Colman	Stan Laurel	Margaret Sullavan
Bonita Granville		



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**OLLYWOOD
MORALS**

MAIN STREET



ALICE FAYE

Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!



Robert Taylor
in
A YANK AT OXFORD



with LIONEL BARRYMORE

Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh

Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders

Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Hearts Skip a Beat

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

PERHAPS you've seen her—this girl whose wistful beauty captures the eager glance. You stare—a little breathless—waiting for that smile which will light up, *intensify*, her loveliness.

And then it comes—but with what bitter disappointment! For her smile is dull, dingy. It erases her beauty as if a candle had been blown out...another tragedy of dental ignorance or neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

The warning may some day come to you—that faint tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush. It may seem harmless, triv-

ial, unimportant—but *never ignore it!*

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist*. It may not mean trouble ahead, but let him decide. Modern menus—from which hard, fibrous foods have largely disappeared—are robbing your gums of necessary work. They've grown flabby, sensitive. "Pink tooth brush" is simply their plea for help. And usually your dentist's suggestion will be "more exercise, more vigorous chewing" and, very often, the added suggestion, "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your

teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation within the gums increases—helps bring a new healthy firmness to the gum walls.

Why not take steps now to help protect yourself against tender, ailing gums? Make Ipana and massage a part of your daily routine. With your gums healthy and sound, your teeth sparkingly clean—there can be *no disappointment*, nothing to mar the beauty of your smile.

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STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

MARCH 1938

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR: MURIEL BABCOCK

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IN APRIL:

WHO MAKES THE MOST MONEY IN HOLLYWOOD? A FRANK, AUTHENTIC ARTICLE REVEALING ACTUAL SALARIES OF THE STARS.



Photo by George Hurrell

S H I R L E Y T E M P L E

Presenting the winner—for the third year in succession—of the annual box-office poll, Miss Shirley Temple, soon to be seen in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Now at the ripe old age of nine and still going strong, Miss Temple nosed out her glamorous screen rivals by a big margin.



WHAT THE FANS THINK

Crosby Better than Caruso!

AT last I have courage enough to tell the world of my admiration for Bing Crosby. What gave me courage? Well, it is because of some of the catty, unkind letters about him which I have recently read here.

In defense of Bing, I would like to say that, in my opinion, he is the most versatile actor on the screen to-day. No matter what rôle he portrays he is always calm and self-assured. Besides superb acting ability, he sings divinely. Surely no one can deny that his is the only voice on the screen and air to-day which possesses that certain quality to hold an audience for hours.

Many singers train for years to get into the Metropolitan Opera. But what singer's voice in opera is any more *renowned* than Bing Crosby's? The name Caruso was no more famous than Bing Crosby.

For years I have been collecting photos of Bing until my collection now consists of five thousand eight hundred and forty-nine.

Kathlyn Browning.

Camden, Mississippi.

Long or Short Hair?

BEWARE. Dorothy Lamour, your long hair will be your undoing. The truth is, you get rôles because you have long hair, instead of because you have ability to act, beautiful classic features, a wonderful voice that touches the heartstrings.

You will be hopelessly typed if you do two more pictures of the "take down your hair" type. Yes, I know your hair is magnificent. I know that you love it and wouldn't think of parting with it. But it must be cut short if you are ever to be recognized as the great actress and singer you really are.

Don't let them type you! Take up the shears and snip! Let's see those ears! And some cute bangs on your forehead. Then you will not be weighted down from recognition which is rightfully yours.

All right, now. Take down your hair for the last time, pick up the shears and—right now!—let's cut the whole thing off.

D. Callen.

San Francisco, California.

Modern Romance.

WE are six average American women, members of the same club, and we have two complaints to make.

First, every one needs to see the amusing side of life and enjoy a good laugh, but the studios are giving us an overdose of comedies. We wish the producers would give us more variety in pictures and not ruin our taste for comedy by making ninety per cent of pictures comedies.

Second, our members would like Hollywood to revive the modern, romantic pictures which they prefer above other types. Romance has returned in everything, after being in exile for several years, except the movies. We haven't had modern romantic pictures since the days of Vilma Banky, Claire Windsor, Corinne Griffith, and Billie Dove. We, like the world in general, are interested in women who are beautiful, dainty, refined, cultured and feminine in the modern manner.

We would like to see beautiful Gladys Swarthout in romantic musicals similar to what she gave over the radio a few seasons ago. Beautiful, regal Elissa Landi, an accomplished actress and musician who suggests romance in modern romantic pictures.

Virginia Bruce of a Dresden china beauty, very appealing in a romantic way, good actress and singer of romantic ballads.

Olivia de Havilland, beautiful, romantic-looking and a splendid actress, should be given more prominence.

(Continued on page 7)

In Kathlyn Browning's whole-hearted tribute to Bing Crosby she asks what singer in opera is more renowned than Bing? Even Caruso was no more famous, she insists.

A gallant with the ladies... beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans... feared by those rats of the Seven Seas... his bold, bad buccaneers... Jean Lafitte... the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen... Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic... "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took

time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British... Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag... Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.

Adolph Zukor presents
a Cecil B. DeMille
 PRODUCTION
FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"

with Franciska Gaal
 Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
 Walter Brennan

Ian Keith • Anthony Quinn
 Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
 Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothorn
 Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes
 Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon

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INFORMATION, PLEASE

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BY THE ORACLE

THERESA MITCHELL.—"Maytime" was previewed in this magazine in March, 1937. The film was reviewed in June, 1937. Either issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents for each to our Subscription Dept. We do not publish fictionized versions of movie stories.



MICKY LEE.—Errol Flynn's biography tells us that he was born in Antrim, near Belfast, Ireland, on June 20, 1909. He is six feet two, weighs 180, and has brown hair and eyes. A story about him appeared in May, 1937. Ronald Colman is a native of Richmond, Surrey, England, born there February 9, 1891; five feet eleven, weighs 165, black hair, brown eyes. Our last story about him appeared in May, 1936. A list of fan clubs will be mailed to you upon receipt of a stamped envelope.



MARY LOUISE II.—Their birthdates are: Basil Rathbone, June 13, 1892; Luise Rainer, January 12, 1912; Olivia de Havilland, July 1, 1916; Katharine Hepburn, November 8, 1907; Joan Fontaine, October 22nd; Lucille Ball, August 6th, Olympe Bradna, August 12th.

Mrs. F. R. C.—That was Harry Stockwell who sang "Prairie Moon" in "Here Comes the Band."



A FRIEND.—Nan Grey's next is "The Black Doll," with Donald Woods. She was born July 25, 1918; five feet four, weighs 118. Olympe Bradna is French; five feet three, weighs 115. Rosina Lawrence celebrates her birthday on December 30th. Jane Bryan is currently appearing in "A Slight Case of Murder."

LORRAINE SATZ.—Billy Halop, who played the rôle of Tommy in "Dead End," is sixteen years old, a product of Brooklyn, New York. His father is a lawyer. You'll be seeing him again in "Boys' Town" with the other youngsters of his first picture, besides Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, and

Mickey Rooney. "Dead End" was previewed last October, which included the only picture we have ever used of Billy.

A READER.—Ray Milland gives Droggheda, Ireland, as his birthplace, and January 3, 1905, as the date. He is six feet one, weighs 168, with dark-brown hair and hazel eyes. For his photograph, address him at the Paramount Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost.

ETHEL HENNIG.—Craig Reynolds is a native of Anaheim, California, born there July 15, 1909; six feet two, weighs 180, dark wavy hair, blue eyes. Was educated at Monte Vista School, Highland Park School, and Franklin High School. While he did not take part in any school dramatics, he had a suppressed desire to be an actor. The opportunity came when he went into the Drama Art Workshop in the Little Theater in Los Angeles. During these appearances a talent scout saw him and signed him to a contract. Still single.



BORIS.—"Stills" are scenes from pictures such as you see displayed in theater lobbies advertising current and forthcoming productions. Gary Cooper will celebrate his thirty-seventh birthday on May 7th. Now that he has completed "The Adventures of Marco Polo" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," he is slated for "The Cowboy and the Heiress," with Merle Oberon, and then probably "Beau Geste." Boris Karloff was fifty-one on November 23rd. His current picture is "Without Warning," to be followed by "Invisible Menace."

FLORENCE.—John Litel and Gordon Oliver are with Warners, but on completion of "Jezebel" the latter will leave that studio.

NOREEN C.—Don Ameche comes from Kenosha, Wisconsin, where he was born May 31, 1908; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 170, brown hair, hazel eyes. He attended the University of Wisconsin. In April and December, 1937, we published stories about Don which will tell you all you wish to know about him.

CLARA.—Edna May Oliver was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 12, 1893. She is now playing in "Rosalie," and will be seen next in "Three Men in the Snow."



A. M. EULNER.—Lionel Atwill played the rôle of *Ivan Igor* in "The Mystery of the Wax Museum."

G. S.—Stanley Morner studied music at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wisconsin, and eventually appeared on the concert stage. Mary Garden heard him sing and recommended him to MGM for "The Great Ziegfeld." But first he made "I Conquer the Sea." He was born in Marshfield, Wisconsin, on a certain December 20th. Not married. Johnnie Davis sang "Old King Cole" in "Varsity Show." Elsewhere in the department you will find information about him.

JEANNE ANNETTE.—Deanna Durbin is now about five feet two and a half, and weighs about 108. I do not have these measurements for Judy Garland.



D. J. S.—Johnnie Davis, whose films include "Varsity Show," "Over the Goal," and "Hollywood Hotel," was born John Gus Davis in Brazil, Indiana, on May 11, 1910. Is five feet ten, weighs 158, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He comes of a musical family, his father having been conductor of the Brazil concert band for twenty-five years. Johnnie appeared with several popular orchestras. After an engagement with Will Osborne he joined Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. During the summer of 1932 he had his own band at the Lowry Hotel in St. Paul and after five months rejoined Waring on his radio program. On April Fool's Day of 1934 he married Martha Lee Garber, sweetheart of his high-school days.

BETTY MORRIS.—Edward Arnold, Francine Larrimore, Gail Patrick, and George Bancroft played the leads in "John Meade's Woman."





"It's always fair weather when good fellows——" Spence Tracy, Bing Crosby, Jack Holt chinning about horses.

Continued from page 4

Loretta Young, a very fragile feminine beauty, also of the romantic type. Her studio seems to recognize the public is again interested in the beautiful, feminine and romantic and are giving her the breaks she deserves.

Of course, there are others as beautiful and talented in Hollywood who are of the romantic type, but we only list our favorites.

We hear of certain male stars being handsome and romantic, but it has been years since the beautiful romantic feminine star has held the spotlight.

We want to see the modern romantic picture along with the comedies, adventure stories, melodrama, historical and biographical themes.

Six Young Dallas Women.

Dallas, Texas.

Trial-horse for Ingénues.

SPEAKING of "studio stepchildren," if there's one star who's being sorely neglected by his studio, it's Dick Powell. There are dozens of stories to be chosen from the best magazines, but when it's a Powell film that's being decided upon, that gentleman's studio can think of only two plots: 1. Young singer makes good on Broadway or radio: 2. The show must go on.

Time was when Mr. Powell was given songs worthy of his voice, but now the best tunes are handed over to the lesser lights of his films, and Dick hasn't had a hit tune in months. Other actors of Dick's popularity are given talented and established leading ladies, but Warners see fit to use good-natured Dick as a sort of trial horse for their untried young ingénues. (Joe E. Brown used to be the goat.) He's had three of them during the past year, and not one with a spark of personality or acting ability.

Marie L. Dailey.

Racine, Wisconsin.

What a Mess!

I HAVE just seen "Conquest," and want to chide MGM for ever producing such a mess. What could have been a masterpiece is nothing but a dull, illogical spectacle, the characters of which we watch as we would trained fleas in a side show.

The Napoleon of "Conquest" bears small resemblance to the Napoleon of history.

This is in part due to Charles Boyer's performance. He never once catches the flame of ambition that was afire in France's Emperor; he fills one with no emotion of any kind. Garbo fares badly. Her part is contradictory, entirely lacking in power, and a bit stupid. Nevertheless, she gives a good performance under the circumstances.

The trouble with "Conquest" is that it is far too impressive, worrying too much about detail and too little about depth. It never touches beneath the surface of the lives of the characters. The continuity is poor, the love scenes dull and empty, the story powerless. This is all due to the bad adaptation.

Daniel Eisen.

84 West 138th Street, New York.

Open Letter to Joan Crawford.

YOUR career has always been of absorbing interest to me, not because you are so innately gifted as an actress, but because your place in the Hollywood sun has been won by your own grit and ambition, always in the face of opposition. And now there is a crisis, it seems, in your career.

That makes me just damn mad. This so-called crisis is a fabrication, an illusion, provoked and fostered by newspaper and radio commentators, all of whom apparently cherish an undying malevolence toward the very name of Crawford.



One is Billy, the other is Bobby Mauch. Kind of convenient to be twins because when one works at "Penrod," the other can play.

What the Fans Think

Now I have seen every picture you have ever made. Joan, the good and the bad. Some have been very good, indeed, and others excruciatingly bad. I don't think any other star could have survived MGM's "Rain." But through them all has shone the steady, clear light that is yourself and what you have made of yourself. Few people realize that you have acquired one of the most beautiful speaking voices, a voice you did not have in "Four Walls." In "The Bride Wore Red" you sang. And it was very evident that you had learned to sing, and learned correctly.

Forget about being a big star, forget coiffure and pose and Adrian's idea of how you should look. Forget the yapping herd of your critics—they're like sheep anyway.

Forget everything but the fact that you're an actress with an enormous, devoted following. You are no longer a girl torn between two loves. You have achieved maturity and this maturity as an actress and a woman should be your strongest weapon in your future screen life. We all believe in you.

H. M. Bishop.

Waukegan, Illinois.

See, Smarty!

RENA BERG'S letter in December Picture Play is amusing. Letters that ridicule Shirley Temple are usually written by people who can't find anything better to criticize than an eight-year-old child. I do

not know where Miss Berg received her information, but I do want to refute every argument she brought up. I have had contact with Shirley a little closer than through writers for fan magazines.

First, it is not true that Shirley is not permitted to go on the air because her parents are afraid of spoiling her. Mrs. Temple receives countless letters from persons who are afraid Shirley is being overworked. Mrs. Temple hastened to assure them that Shirley is not being overworked, but that radio might bring about such difficulties. As it is now, the Number One star has a correct balance between work, play, and school.

Secondly, Shirley most certainly *does* know how important she is. The famous Abbe children in their story about visiting Shirley brought out that she is the most famous child in the world and knows it. It is through careful guidance that she has not become spoiled through this knowledge. It is the conception of her importance taught her by Mrs. Temple that has kept Shirley the same sweet little girl as she has always been.

You don't think Shirley could face a mike! Shirley had millions listening the night she walked into the forecourt of the Carthay Circle Theater amid cheering thousands and spoke for the first time over the air last summer. It was the occasion of the premiere of "Wee Willie Winkie."

Finally, I wish to refute your truly preposterous statement, "She is no real actress." If you consider your opinion better than that of directors, actors, and critics who have referred to her as a Baby Bernhardt, Diminutive Duse and countless other remarks, you had better get in touch with Hollywood; they need some one like you! When the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences handed her the special award of merit in 1935, when David Butler, director, called her the greatest actress in Hollywood, when a critic in a review of "Heidi" called her the Great Temple, it is too bad they didn't consult you first to discover, to their amazement and to the amazement of the whole world, that Shirley Temple is no real actress!

Bill Dawkins.

114-24 175th Street,
St. Albans, New York.

A Tip to Joan.

I HAVE read so many letters debating the merits of Joan Crawford that I feel it time to put in my say. My opinion of Miss Crawford can be put forth very briefly and very easily. She wears clothes nicely and looks glamorous. Otherwise, she has no talent whatever.

I first saw her in "Rain," and although my likes and dislikes in the cinema were not many, I instantly conceived a dislike for her. It was not because she was Joan Crawford nor because of the silly sob stories written about her, nor was it because of her private life which was of no concern whatever to me.

There was only one reason. She could not act. She took a good dramatic rôle and turned it into something between a burlesque interpretation of a drama and a comedy dance. Her performance of *Sadie Thompson* was atrocious and only Walter Huston's magnificent acting made the film worth seeing.

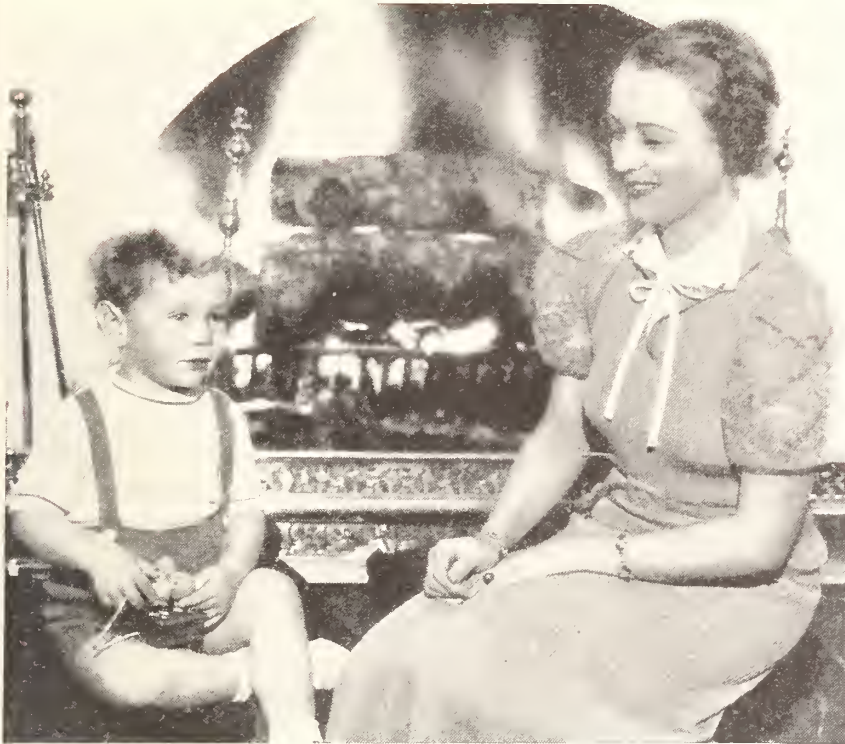
I saw Miss Crawford quite often after that. In all her films, excepting one, her acting was more like that of a two-year-old than a grown-up.

Nathan Cohn.

Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada.



Two members of the younger set, Patricia Ellis and Paula Stone talk it over. The conversation? Oh, probably clothes or beaux.



"Co-Co" is the quaint nickname Sally Eilers gave her son whose real name is the same as his father's, Harry Joe Brown.

Bad Publicity.

I CHALLENGE Edith Spohr, whose letter was published in the November issue. She says that no matter what type of film Navarro returns in she is only too glad to have him back on the screen. I ask you, is this loyalty? The howling sentiment of myriad unshackled females has had a devastating effect on Navarro's career. And now one of them has the audacity to declare that she does not care what type of film it is, as long as Navarro is seen again!

I say let them be good or none. Surely it is understood that this setback in Navarro's career is mainly due to bad films. For pity's sake take a rational view. This creaming for Navarro, whether good or bad, is poor publicity. MGM listened to us, and only Navarro's sincerity and charm saved him from a show of fatuous idiocy. We do not want Republic to do the same. We want a Navarro that will please the public, as well as his fans—not a slow-eyed model of romance.

L. Mar.

3, Allington Road,
Hendon, London, N. W. 4, England.

Undisputed Stardom.

TO-DAY'S headlines are filled with the doings of Hollywood's younger heroes, the Taylors, Flynns, and Powers. Fan magazines delve deeply into their personal affairs, scores of photographs cover their every activity from a shower bath to a Hollywood remière. It is presumably of greatest importance to us whether or not a star has stars on his chest, and if so, how many.

In all Hollywood there is but one actor who has not submitted to this intimate publicity and yet reached undisputed stardom. Ronald Colman alone has done it—star from his very first film, made fifteen years ago. He is the only star who signs contracts with a clause demanding exclusive star billing. Even Claudette Colbert, a star, could only get featured rating in "Under Two Flags" under Colman.

The talking screen gave us his voice, both pleasing and interesting—as we ex-

pected it would be. Academy awards are given to the Munis, the Marches—yet every year, with his every picture, Colman is awarded sincere admiration by every one who sees and recognizes the character and integrity etched in every line of his face and carved in the set of his features. They see in him more than a fine actor. Charm, intelligence, refinement, good looks. Above it all that courteous honesty born within him, and which spurns Hollywood's too intimate advertising of human lives and souls as unnecessary and often cruel.

A great star and a greater man for fifteen years, and, by the grace of God, the greatest for many years to come—Ronald Colman!

Ernest Meryman.

92 Bowdoin Street,
Wintthrop, Massachusetts.

A Slave to Simone.

I AM quite tired of reading spiteful criticisms of Simone Simon, and I'd like to have my say in defense of the little lady.

I think she's enchanting. She has the most vivid and arresting personality seen on the screen since Hepburn blazed her fiery trail in "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Morning Glory." She combines the wistful charm of a child with elfin mischief and startling depth of emotion. She captivated me the first moment I saw her in "Girls' Dormitory," and ever since I have been her slave.

Her detractors lay emphasis on her childish pouting. In my opinion, it merely adds



Gladys George's third fling in pictures has yet to give her a part as effective as she was on the stage in "Personal Appearance." She is at her brilliant best in wise-cracking comedy, and promises to come across in "Love Is a Headache."

What the Fans Think

to her charm. It gives deeper meaning to her sudden, swift smile, likening it to brilliant sunshine after rain.

As for saying she cannot act, well, that is quite ridiculous. The heartbreaking loveliness of her *Diane* in "Seventh Heaven" was like a priceless, shimmering jewel, showing up the work of more prominent stars for the tawdry bits of glass they are.

P. T. O.

Boltan, Lancashire, England.

Slap Her Down.

WHY IS Ginger Rogers popular? She plays the snootiest gals on the screen; she walks with a pettish air; she pouts; she is never gracious, nor charming, nor attractively gowned. She is overdressed, in tinsel clothes, and her coiffures are outlandishly ugly.

She may be off-screen all the nice things that she never is permitted to be on it. I hope so. For on-screen she presents a smart-Aleck type that any fellow would long to slap if he met in real life.

Why doesn't she kick if she really isn't the spoiled, pettish rather stupid person she always plays, and make her bosses let her be human just once? And if she does, how I hope she will get rid of that queer pinky-yellow hair and get a decent hair-do!

John Louis Wilson.

Oxford, Ohio.

Carbon Copies.

THE STARLETS of Hollywood to-day are much better-looking than those of, say, ten years ago. They are de-lovely, beautiful, and charming; they drip glamour. Only—are my eyes deceiving me? These actresses are beginning to look as though they were all cut out with the same cookie cutter.

It's the fashion, now, for Miss Goldy Star to have a "big, generous mouth" painted over her own originally good-looking mouth. It's the fad for the actresses to look languid and ethereal and just a bit bored and to wear a flower topknot. For example:

Ginger Rogers; She's beautiful. But I often wonder if she didn't have just a bit

more individuality a few years back when she had her own cute figure and baby-doll face.

Simone Simon: Personally I don't consider her beautiful, but she possesses a piquant quality you'd go a long way to duplicate. That is, she *did* possess it. The movies, not satisfied with her own unique charm, gave her a Joan Crawford mouth and a hairdress à la Cinematown.

And now—I can't bear it any longer—look what they're doing to Sonja Henie. Winsome and cuddlesome, they're streamlining her to a fare-you-well and up pops that "big generous mouth" again. Heaven forbid!

It's pleasant to see so much feminine pulchritude on the screen, but aside from a few character actresses and Luise Rainer (and who knows when she will succumb?) they all look like a flock of pretty little carbon copies.

Ana Eisenberg.

San Lázaro, 177.

Havana, Cuba.

Submerged Talent.

IT seems to me that the main objective of Hollywood producers is to foist on a long-suffering public a motley collection of untrained, pert chorus girls and crude comedians who are the subject of overenthusiastic publicity, instead of extending a helping hand to such really talented players as Margot Grahame and Gertrude Michael, to name only two.

In my opinion, Miss Grahame is one of the great personalities of the screen, and certainly the loveliest. She has every requisite for stardom—a magnetic personality, real charm, beauty, and a delightful speaking voice—yet her talents are submerged in small rôles in unimportant pictures.

Her splendid performance in "The Informer" was proof enough that she is a great actress as well as a great beauty, but by some quirk of fate she has never been given the opportunity she merits and is consistently miscast in flimsy yarns such as "Night Waitress" and "Criminal Lawyer." "The Soldier and the Lady" was the first film in which her loveliness was shown to advantage, yet her rôle was small.

If given one really good story in which her sense of humor would be permitted to show itself, I know that Margot Grahame would be on a par with the Hollywood great—along with Garbo and Dietrich.

Margaret A. Bell.

41 Park Row North,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Hats Off to Tracy!

I'VE BEEN waiting to see a letter published praising that grand actor, Spencer Tracy, and as none has appeared, I decided to write one myself.

To begin with, how can Robert Taylor, Richard Cromwell, Donald Woods and others be called actors when a real actor like Spencer Tracy is around?

"San Francisco" couldn't have been what it was without Spencer Tracy to play the part of the priest. Take the part of *Manuel* in "Captains Courageous." This picture wouldn't have been the same without him.

Manuel was a simple, honest man who had a heart of gold beneath a rough front. The person who played this part needed to have those qualities himself and who but Tracy has them? And it takes a real actor to show them on the screen as he did. This rôle certainly puts him in line for the Academy award.

He's tops and a grand actor through and through, and so I say, "Hats off to the best actor in Hollywood!"

Mary Louise Bayles.

10 Bayamo Lane,
Edgewood Station, Rhode Island.



A cowboy and a sheik take a walk—probably to lunch at Republic Studio commissary where both Gene Autry and Ramon Novarro hold forth.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

The Most Popular Star Bar None.

HALL the First Lady of the Screen! She is Shirley Temple, in case you think we are up to our old trick of Carbo-worship. For the third successive year she is first among money-making stars, she is the personality that draws the greatest number of patrons to theaters throughout the nation and in Great Britain, too. This is the result of *The Motion Picture Herald's* yearly poll which is accepted without question as the one authoritative register of box-office values. No other star has ever held first place three times, and it is significant, says *The Herald*, that in the past six years Shirley, Will Rogers, and Marie Dressler have been outstanding stars because their appeal has been to the entire family—their pictures uniformly have been for the entire public, not for specialized groups. As we pointed out last year in these columns, the popularity of Shirley Temple proves that the public pays heaviest tribute to sweetness and wholesomeness, to the universal heart-warming appeal of an ideal child.



Shirley Temple

Phenomenal Rise of Jane Withers.

CONSIDER what also has happened to Jane Withers in the past year. From eleventh place on the honor roll of money-makers she has risen to sixth. She is now among the chosen ten box-office leaders, exceeding in popularity such brilliant adults as Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Sonja Henie, Gary Cooper, and Myrna Loy, all of whom follow her in appeal to the public in terms of dollars and cents. Only William Powell, Bing Crosby, Robert Taylor, Clark Gable, and Shirley top her in the token that counts with theater men—money paid at the ticket window.

Her unusual progress toward the top is no accident, no part of a vogue for child stars, and not because she appears in costly pictures. Her films are modest affairs. But Jane has grown as an individual as well as an entertainer. Far from being merely precocious or a likable tomboy, she communicates warmth, sympathy and humanness far beyond that expected of a clever child performer. It is this, and her sense of fun, that make the picture-going world Jane's kin.



Jane Withers

* * *

Songbirds Fall From Their Perches.

OPERATIC songbirds are flitting from the screen. The contracts of Lily Pons and Nino Martini were not renewed by RKO, it is fairly certain that Gladys Swarthout as made her last picture for Paramount, and Columbia has no plans for another Grace Moore songfest. Marion Talley gives all her attention to radio these days and Michael Bartlett appears opposite Kitty Carlisle in a Broadway show. It looks as if we wouldn't be hearing any more "Lakmé," "Lucia," "Madama Butterfly," and "Pagliacci" for some time, or at least not after Helen Gleason and Charles Kullman, both of the Metropolitan, have their fling in "La Traviata" for "The Goldwyn Follies," and Dagstad's voice gives glory to "The Big Broadcast." The vogue for opera on the screen is over, although Deanna Durbin will always sing fine music.

The complete absence of any operatic excerpts or arias from "Rosalie," with Nelson Eddy present to sing them if required, is, I think, significant. That and no schedule for the bona fide operatic artists like Pons, Martini, Swarthout, and Moore. It means that the public is surfeited with that curious hybrid entertainment which neces-



Lily Pons



Nino Martini

sarily must be built around an operatic singer. Try as they might, the producers never succeeded in making opera legitimately a part of screen entertainment, even when such numbers as "Minnie the Moocher" were alternated for down-to-earth appeal. The studios satisfied the public's craving for novelty, for new faces and names big in the musical world by signing opera singers and building pictures around them that should permit them to do the stuff for which they were famed and at the same time qualify as screen actors and actresses. The singers failed to do that. All the tricks of cameramen and studio beauticians could not give them the natural magnetism without which lasting success on the screen is impossible. They were part of a fad. Now it is ending.

Opera on the Screen.

BUT the possibility of opera on the screen is not dead, it is only dormant. Eventually a proper form for its presentation will be evolved. It will not be opera photographed and recorded as it is sung on the stage, nor will it be arias or scenes that climax the story of a poor girl who becomes a great diva. It will bear little resemblance to what we have hitherto accepted. My guess is that we shall hear the story of the opera in dialogue and action with the great moments sung. That would mean opera in English, for it is unlikely that speech would be in one language and song in another. Then those who love opera for its own sake would, I think, be satisfied, and those who are not moved by the melodious troubles of *Lakmé*, *Violetta*, and *Manon* would know what to avoid. Anyway, operatic films as we have known them for some years are doomed to disappear entirely. That alone is cause for thanksgiving.

* * *

Is Ginger Rogers a Menace to Marriage?

LET'S all sympathize with Ginger Rogers in her dark hour. She is singled out by a professor at Teachers College, Columbia University, as a symbol if not as an example of what films do to increase the divorce rate in this country! Says Doctor Goodwin Watson in the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"Many women go back to prosaic husbands after seeing screen lovers and are thoroughly dissatisfied. And it also works the other way. A husband, after seeing Ginger Rogers on the screen, does not want to go back to his prosaic wife. Such a situation helps to increase the divorce rate considerably."

Thus one of our hardest-working stars, and one of the most home-loving, is held up by one who does not know as a siren, a menace to the marital security of the nation. Quick, Watson, the needle! We always knew Ginger was alluring but we hadn't thought of her as having quite so much dynamite and danger in her talent and charm.



Ginger Rogers

* * *

Cagney and Warners Bury Hatchet.

ONE of the most famous fights between star and producer comes to an amicable end with James Cagney's return to Warner Brothers, who gave him his first chance in pictures and quick stardom. But they overworked him, complained Jimmy, in 1935 when he walked out, forced him to play "unsuitable" rôles, and there was something in his general grievance about not receiving the right billing—that is, his name was not displayed according to agreement. He was receiving \$4,500 weekly when he appealed to the law to free him from irksome bondage.

After long litigation the court upheld him and eventually he made two pictures for Grand National, "Smart Guy" and a musical, "Something to Sing About." That is not enough production to keep any star before the public for nearly three years, so our rebel returns to Warners not to resume his place in the sun, as if he hadn't stepped into shadow, but to make a new name for himself—to fight for a comeback. Jimmy is a born fighter, a brilliant actor, a gritty Irishman. Picture Play cheers him at the start!



James Cagney



Photo by Emmett Schoenbaum

KATHARINE HEPBURN

The one and only Katie makes a great decision. She gives up her stage ambitions and decides to stick to pictures for the time being. And to specialize in comedy at that. She's finished "Bringing Up Baby," with Cary Grant, and starts right away on another light piece, "The Mad Miss Manton."

Gossip OF STARS IN

CINEMA CELEBRITIES GO ON MANHATTAN WHIRL,
SEE NEW PLAYS, VISIT GAY NIGHT SPOTS.



Claire Dodd had a big time going places with handsome Gerald Lambert.

JOAN CRAWFORD is the only star I know who adores every last fan who chokes traffic wherever she goes. She is the only one, that is, who admits it, who has the vitality and interest to treat crowds as if they were treasured friends. Going shopping with her as I did, is like playing secretary to a three-alarm fire. Police had to be called to clear a path through clamoring throngs so that we could get out of a Radio City shop. I bordered on collapse, but she was all refreshed, fairly intoxicated with glee.

"Whenever I draw a grand crowd like that, I want to go right back and get in it again," she assured me later in the safety of her car. She gave autographs with genuine emotion saying "Thank you so much!" I bribed my way through the jostlers generously handing out the orchids Joan dropped.

Following the Crawford Mode.—The cock of Joan's hat, the lilt of her voice are copied by thousands, so here are the latest notes to guide you:

Key your voice down, with middle C on the piano the limit of your highest pitch of excitement. Normally, speak three tones lower. Be methodical, jot down the day's routine in advance and you won't develop brow wrinkles, fluttering hands, or nervous signs of self-reproach that wreck your poise.

As for clothes, you may note that Joan wears vivid copper-toned stockings, pumps cut out at heel and toe, and mostly hats with high pyramid crowns. With a wide-brimmed black hat, lined in blue, she wears a dotted veil that



Madeleine Carroll found herself center of attention from titled escorts.

NEW YORK

BY KAREN HOLLIS

comes just to her nose, twists around her neck scarf-fashion. Her box coat of silver fox is enormously wide at the shoulders, slim at the hips.

Her new evening dresses are of gleaming white satin and cloudy blue chiffon. Both have billowing, full skirts and deep V necks. For spring she has selected a vivid-blue print dress with figures of red and green, with full-pleated skirt stitched down to the knees. Over it she will wear a rather loose-fitting redingote of dark-blue wool.

Actually, it isn't the Crawford clothes that impress you, spectacular as they are. It is Joan's boundless energy and non-wilting interest in all that goes on around her.

...thel Merman wants to make dad happy now.

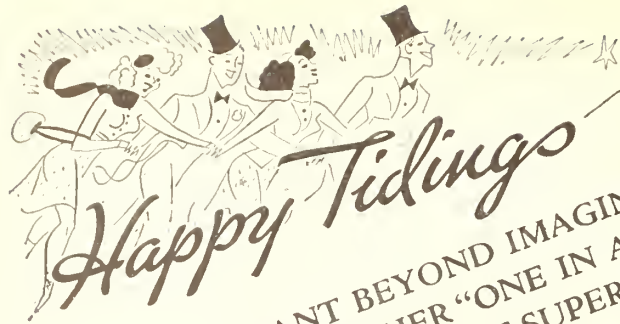
...ly Ford makes Broad- way by storm.

Shopping with magnetic Joan Crawford like answering three-alarm fire. Police called to clear her way through crowds.

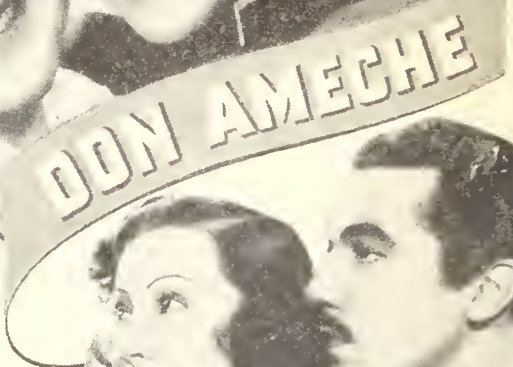
Dietrich Goes Hey-hey.—The most-quoted remark during Marlene Dietrich's visit was that "she's living in strictest seclusion in the most popular night clubs!" Of course, very grave and sedate she was in her black broadcloth dinner suit at the opening of "Of Mice and Men." But, some Princeton boys persuaded her to stomp and truck through some raucous-Big Apple numbers at La Conga, and she was a sensation. She scored an even bigger triumph when she was led past crowds of radio fans as the first visitor ever admitted to a broadcast of debonair Jean Sablon, current idol of air waves.

(Continued on page 76)

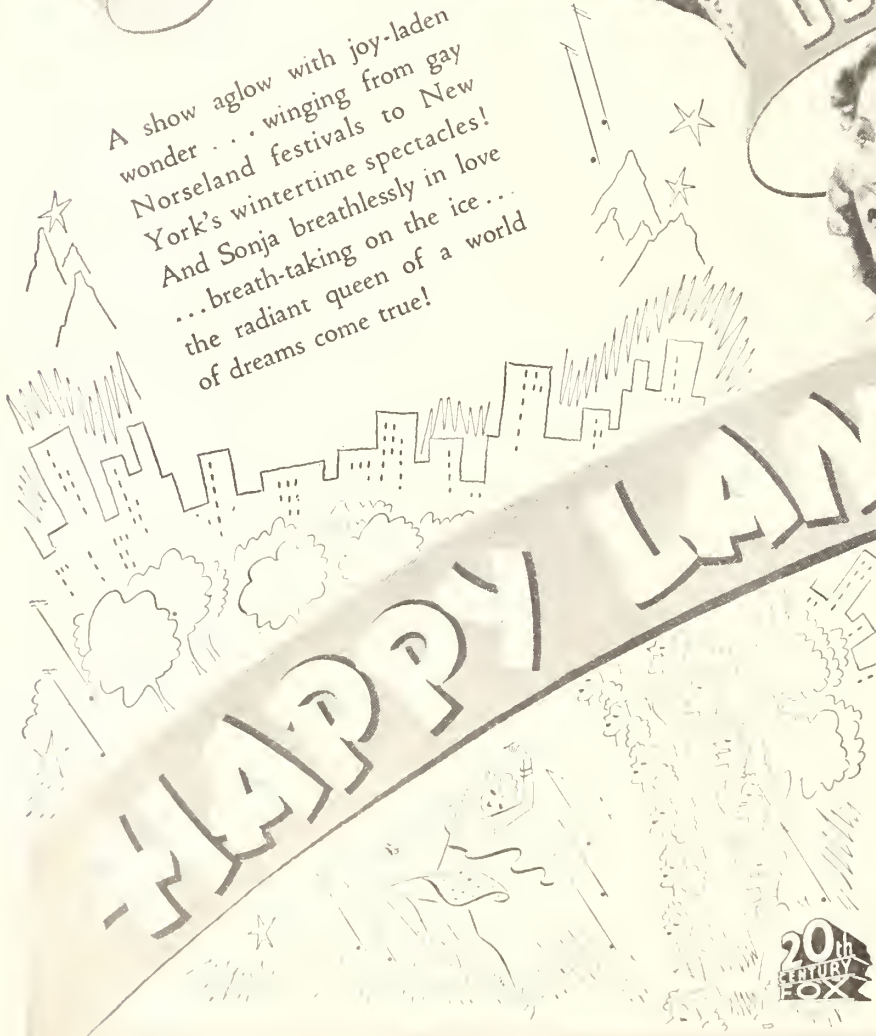




Happy Tidings
 A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED
 IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-
 HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!



A show aglow with joy-laden
 wonder...winging from gay
 Norseland festivals to New
 York's wintertime spectacles!
 And Sonja breathlessly in love
 ...breath-taking on the ice...
 the radiant queen of a world
 of dreams come true!



HAPPY LANDINGS

with
JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO
 BILLY GILBERT
 RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
 WALLY VERNON · LEAH RAY
 Directed by Roy Del Ruth
 Associate Producer David Hempstead
 Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling
 and Boris Ingster
SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!
 "Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
 "You Are The Music To The Words In
 My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah"
 by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen



It comes to you, of course, from DARRYL F. ZANUCK and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!

ARY COOPER AND
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
IN "BLUEBEARD'S
EIGHTH WIFE"

BY HAL A. McALPIN



Why should lovely Loretta be worrying her head about men? But —we guess no girl is ever really free of love troubles. Below: Bill Powell and Tyrone Power, both of whom have served as beaus.



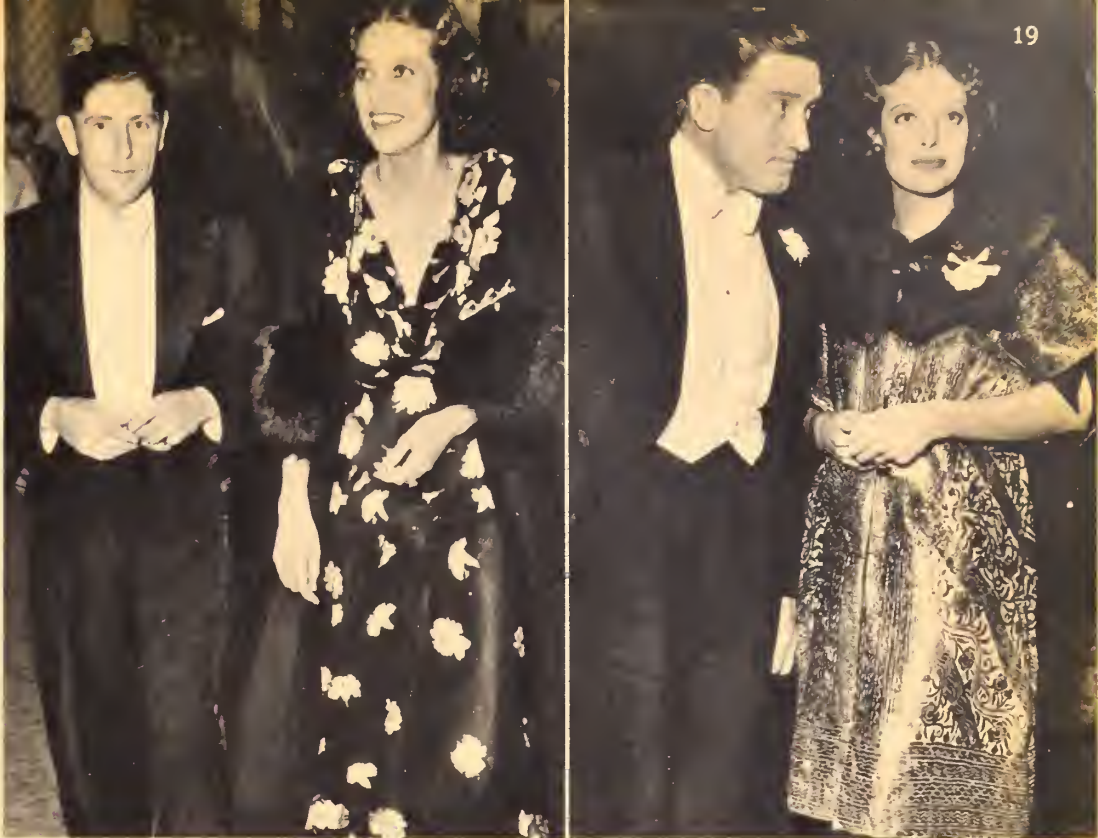
HELP SOLVE LORETTA'S LOVE PROBLEM

BY BEN MADDO

WHAT IS SHE GOING TO DO
ABOUT THE MEN IN HER LIFE?



Once upon a time, Spencer Tracy was head man in Loretta's life; more recently Eddie Sutherland has copped that honor. Here both men are, all dolled up in white tie and tails.



EVERY girl," said Loretta Young, "has a personal love problem. I have one. Mine is complicated frighteningly by the tale that I am 'mad about men.' This tale, which started as a whisper, has grown to startlingly large proportions.

"It is said behind my back that I am forever hurrying from one man to another. That I am romantically changeable. That I cannot settle my affection on one man—THE man. This is insinuated in the gossip columns. It comes back to me in fragments of conversation. Even strangers—

"I shudder when I think of the things that are said. Of course, they're not true. At first, I ignored them all. Why give them the dignity of notice? And yet they continue. They are pushed in my face wherever I go. I do not want to go on like this—I want a chance at happiness. I want a husband and my own family and the kind of love that matters! What am I going to do?"

Loretta sat across the tea table from me. I thought as I looked at her: "What an exquisite woman! Why should this beautiful, beautiful girl have problems—have a *man* problem? Any man would be lucky to win Loretta for a wife."

And yet, I remembered the stories I had heard. That every time she started a picture, her newest screen hero was in for "the works"! That she was always throwing one admirer over for another! I, too, had begun to wonder about her as a woman. How could she be so flirtatious and, if she weren't, how did these stories start? If they were not true, why didn't she do something about stopping them, answering them?

Loretta put a teacup down with an abruptness that was startling.

"I have a letter upstairs," she said surprisingly. "I'd like to read it to you." She brought it down, reëntering the room with that quiet grace which is a part of her. "I've saved it for six months. It's from a fan, a smart fan. A man of twenty-nine who lives in Larimore, North Dakota."

In a clear voice she began reading. "A more or less contradictory person is my final idea of you. . . . I lose myself for the duration of your films and then, as thousands do, I imagine, I wonder what you can really be like . . . of course the "dear" writers get busy to inform us of what goes on in Hollywood and they often would have me believe you are a fickle, sometimes cruel-hearted, good-time girl."

Loretta's eyes met mine gravely.

"He writes next, 'You made a mistake in love when you

were young and they don't seem to be able to forget it. They are the ones who are cruel. You saw your mistake and did your best to set things right.

"They let you alone for a while and then along came Spencer Tracy into your life—separated from his wife before he met you. Maybe you were madly in love with him for a time, but must they shout it from the housetops and then bring out a story on his revived home life? They made you sound like seven different brands of home-wrecker. Perhaps you even felt like one before they got through. Yet nothing happened to Tracy or his family—you were the victim.

"Followed Eddie Sutherland, evidently a prince of a fellow. The columnists thought up some new low-down—you ditched poor Eddie for Tyrone Power who—heavens!—wouldn't quite reciprocate. That was a nice picture! We were advised you practically camped on Tyrone's trail. Me, I wouldn't think it necessary for you to camp on anybody's trail."

Loretta stopped a second to mutter, "The darn fool." She gulped and went on reading.

"He says, 'Then I learned of your adopting those two lovely children. That showed me you must be warm-hearted and generous. I knew, too, that you'd have to be of good character to deserve the privilege of adopting them. This seems to set everything just right. I can almost see the look in your eyes when you look at them and dream.'

"Listen to this," she continued. "He concludes with, 'I've seen you only once in person. You were alone and didn't seem exactly happy. That was five years ago when I was out there. I had a strong urge to speak and try to make you understand that I only wanted to help you forget whatever it was that made you look that way. The antidote might have been a crazy day at the beach, a fast ride along the coast highway with hamburgers and pop on the way back, maybe a museum (if it wasn't too awful) and then dinner in a quiet place. The Bowl later, way up at the top where it's not crowded. I might have suggested the Grove, but I'd have lost you to your friends. It would only have been one day because on the next you'd have been busy again. But at least I'd (Continued on page 68)



Photo by John Mickle

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Danielle Darrieux





PHOTO BY EUGENE ROBERT R

MARTHA RAY
BEN BLUE

CLARK GABLE





FAME TOOK COMMAND OF DEANNA DURBIN. IN THIS WARM, HUMAN STORY YOU WILL DISCOVER HER AS SHE REALLY IS, THE GREATEST YOUTHFUL SONGBIRD THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.

Deanna at a singing lesson with her teacher, Andres de Seguro. Did anybody say Svengali and Trilby?

Here, below, Deanna in one of her rare café suppers with her mother. It's a thrill that celebrity doesn't often permit.

WHAT COST HIGH C AND FAME

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

THERE are many qualities besides voice that make a great singer, and I feel after being with Deanna Durbin at a lesson with her teacher, Andres de Seguro, that she has one of the most important of all qualities, and that is understanding—understanding of many things besides how to hit high C.

But she is still a little girl at heart and this was proved when she was sent to Philadelphia to make recordings for "100 Men and a Girl" with the conductor, Leopold Stokowski.

In the hotel where she was stopping with her mother and her manager, Jack Sherrill—to whom Deanna and her family are devoted because it was his belief in the young singer which resulted in her first film opportunity—a party was being given for a society débutante. A request was made for Deanna's presence. Would she come? Would she let a group of enthusiastic young people have a glimpse of her?

A discussion between Deanna and Mr. Sherrill and Mrs. Durbin followed, and it was decided that Deanna would appear at the party for a few moments, just long enough to say "hello" and sign some autographs.

The ballroom was filled with joyous young people who were having a glorious time—and then Deanna arrived as a sort of pièce de résistance of the evening.

She stood on a platform and spoke a few words, laughed and threw a kiss and then went up to her room amid a thunder of applause. When she got back upstairs she sat on her bed and for one long moment tried hard to hold back her tears. She tried bravely, but a few trickled down her cheeks just the same, and all she said was: "They're having lots of fun!" And the next moment she pulled herself together, undressed, and went to bed.



Deanna didn't know that I was listening to her singing lesson on a recent afternoon. She was in the living room of Andres de Seguro's hillside home, which this eminent teacher, former baritone of the Metropolitan Opera, uses as his studio for instructing the fifteen-year-old songbird of screen and radio as well as other singers.

In a hall adjoining the music room I heard Deanna and watched her quite a

while, unknown to her and her teacher. It seemed like sacrilege to stir until the lesson was over.

She wore a brown flannel skirt, white blouse with Peter Pan collar, a jacket of soft plaid, and angora socks which revealed tanned legs. Her hair is thick and brown with gold occasionally shimmering through, and it fell in soft, full waves away from her round, girlish face.

There was a rosy glow to her complexion which betrayed no make-up, and when she smiled there was an illumination about her countenance and her eyes sparkled and danced. Her smile is so effective because of its contrast to the seriousness of her expression when she listens to her teacher or some one else speaking, or when she is thinking about something.

Rather than high spirited and ebullient, her manner is reserved and thoughtful. Despite her youth, she gives the impression of being aware of the responsibilities and denials that great fame brings—not responsibilities necessarily that she feels she must carry, but responsibilities that have stepped right in and taken command of her. You sense that life for her can't be, even at fifteen, a matter of a great deal of bubbling schoolgirl talk, because there's too much to do and so little time in which to do it.

For the first few minutes scales were sung, beginning with the middle register of the young soprano's voice. These were taken easily, smoothly and softly, but always with complete, rounded tone. The danger of singing in half voice, which has ruined so many promising careers, is avoided by De Segurola because he knows better.

By degrees the scales advanced until E natural above high C was touched, and this was the culmination of a progression of rich, beautiful tones that glistened like drops of water in the sun.

From a purely technical standpoint, Deanna's striking of E natural in the lofty domain of tone wasn't a world feat, because it is done virtually every day by prima donnas and students, high sopranos and coloraturas when they vocalize. However, the fact that the tone opened up with such beauty and fullness and ease was an achievement, and showed the remarkable range of the lovely young singer's voice which encompasses two and one half octaves. Her lowest tone in exercises is A flat below middle C.

The test of a voice isn't a song, particularly in

pictures and radio, where sound engineers can very cleverly cover up, or at least minimize deficiencies of tone. That's why it was so gratifying to hear Deanna sing her scales and arpeggios with beauty and facility and without benefit of microphone. I had the pleasure of acquainting myself with her voice as is, and it is naturally rich and lovely, and well might belong to a girl several years her senior.

When I was brought into the music room by Mr. de Segurola, Deanna came forward to shake hands and chat for a few moments before proceeding with her lesson, which from that point was devoted to studying the new songs for her current picture, "Mad About Music," with particular concentration on Gounod's "Ave Maria" which will be the melodious high light of the production.

A successful singing career is a combination of two things—a good pupil and a good teacher. Deanna Durbin and De Segurola are that combination. She believes in him and he sees in her the promise of a career that will reach the highest attainment artistically for a singer—opera and concert—and a career that will endure many years.

"Deanna's artistic growth I feel certain of," Mr. de Segurola said to me, "because first, she is an earnest and understanding pupil; secondly, she has high intelligence; and thirdly, she has health and amazing vitality, which are strong weapons for sustaining a singer's career.

"Adolescence is a trying age, especially for a young girl doing the tremendous amount of work of Deanna—pictures, radio, music lessons almost daily, and general education. Yet she has survived the demands (Continued on page 79)



Practicing Gounod's "Ave Maria" for her new film, "Mad About Music."



Smiles and good fortune are Deanna's. Yes, but sometimes tears come for lost playtime.

hollywood morals go

MAIN STREET

BY HELEN PADE

Hollywood connubial bliss is personified in handsome Gene Raymond and lovely Jeanette MacDonald, prayer book in hand.

Bing Crosby started the rush toward making domesticity popular. With the family and Mamma Dixie Lee.



Charles Boyer plays dashing lover rôles, but he's in reality a model husband to his beautiful wife, Pat Paterson.



The Fredric Marches believe in home life. Plus a couple of children and all the comforts.

Irene Dunne with her solid, substantial husband, Dr. Francis Griffin.



HO, hum, don't tell anybody I told you, but Hollywood's going awfully moral!

Domesticity with a capital D and Babies with a capital B are the thing if you want to be somebody in the film colony these days.

You think it sounds almost too staidly Victorian and too, too, respectable for this mad, mad city by the sea where in the past the chief mischief-makers have been the big social lions? Where, for years, folks who amounted to anything in a society or "name" way were always cutting capers and tidos at cocktail parties, and who certainly went to formal dinner parties at Pickfair when invited, but who really had their most fun at one of Dorothy di Frasso's gay shindigs or sliding down the chutes when Carole Lombard threw a mean party.

Well, all we can say is that time and sometimes people change. Or maybe, like the folks who lived in Gopher Prairie in Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," they follow the leader.

Hollywood's leaders to-day happen to comprise a most respectable little domestic group, prominent among them the Don Ameches, the Bing Crosbys, the Gene Raymonds, the Gary Coopers, the Charles Boyers, the Dick Powells, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, the Fredric Marches, the Joel McCreas, the Allan Joneses, Claudette Colbert and her husband, et cetera. Even the younger, unmarried fry, such as Sonja Henie, (who works hard and goes home early most nights) Janet Gaynor (who hadn't been seen out at a gay night spot in many a moon until the Tyrone romance bloomed), Rosalind Russell, Ginger Rogers and any one of a number of others are following the quiet stay-home policy.

When you follow the leader you usually do so for good reason. Hollywood folk are shining up to and emulating the good taste, good manners and good morals of the group just named because, after all, these people are top numbers at the box office to-day.

Bing, Gary, Don and company have been human guinea pigs who have demonstrated that the virus domesticity, once thought fatal to star popularity, not only doesn't hurt a young man or a young girl's chances with the fans, but helps them.

Let's consider the facts: First, let's cut back a few years when the Valentino legend of a lady-killer Latin pursued

by hordes of languishing women was one of the most successful fictions in screen publicity. To the day when a handsome gent like John Boles was strongly advised to conceal the fact of his happy marriage and family of kids. To when Gloria Swanson was marrying and divorcing the Marquis de la Falaise, when Lupe and Gary made front-page news, when Pola Negri swished through the town in tantrums and Russian boots and with mysterious new lovers every few months.

Those were the days when some star contracts actually banned marriage. When wives and children were skeletons to be kept in the closet. When the bigger the box-office bet, the more romantic fables a star had to live.

Then along came Bing Crosby. Bing wouldn't play ball with the studio publicity department on the subject of his marriage to Dixie Lee. He told everybody who would listen about his wife and his kid, Gary. And when Dixie and he had twins, he just shouted his head off. There's nothing, simply nothing, even the most skilled and wary press agent can do about keeping the fact of twins a state secret. So sadly and with grim forebodings as to Bing's future career at the box office, and his romantic draw, the twins were publicized.

Well, nothing happened. Folks who went to Bing's pictures before he had twins, continued to go after they were born. If anything, the fans seemed to like him more than ever as a papa.

Then, by gum, Gary Cooper stuck out his chin and said he was going to be married and live quietly and happily, without worrying about his "romantic" future.

And the rush toward domesticity and not being quiet about it was on. What with all these happily married folk following the Main Street code, living pleasant Main Street lives—oh, sure, they have swimming pools and a couple more cars and a butler or two more than the average family in Gopher Prairie, but otherwise their essentials of living are pretty much the same—it has (Continued on page 74)

WILL BILL POWELL



to Fox to play in "The Baroness and the Butler," with Annabella.

To understand Powell's terrific and devastating reaction to Jean Harlow's passing, you must realize for one thing, that he never had been touched closely by death before. "Death was a remote thing," he explains. "It never had taken any one dear or close to me. I guess life had been pretty kind to me—up to that. So it stopped me in my tracks. It paralyzed my whole little world.

"I've been playing casual men-of-the-world, but

WHAT lies ahead for Bill Powell?

A few months ago he was a broken man. He fled from Hollywood to Europe to escape life—and death. The girl he had cared so much for, Jean Harlow, had died at twenty-six. Death had come suddenly, almost without warning, ending a strange, picturesque career at its very height.

Powell finished the one picture remaining on his Metro schedule—and slipped away. He dodged reporters, boarded a Dutch liner and was gone on his first vacation in seven years. A pathetic vacation, this pilgrimage to forget. Did he forget? Of course not. Will he ever forget? Well—

In New York, en route home, he told me he had found on his journey if not peace, at least some measure of solace and rest. He was going back to Hollywood and he had achieved a certain philosophy and plan of action for the future. His plans he expressed simply:

Not so much work.

Not so much money.

More time to find himself.

He is, he hopes, stronger in spirit. He has been through his great battle, the battle of a tortured soul.

His philosophy? "I'm going to find time to be master of my soul—or whatever it is that pushes you along," he said.

Yet, despite these brave words, the shock of old aches awaited him in the place he calls home.

In Hollywood, where he arrived two days after talking to me, Powell, if we are to believe reports, went straight to the crypt of Jean Harlow, spent hours consoling Jean's mother—and then Ronald Colman took him away to rest a few days before he had to report

my own horizon has been the studio. I did one picture after Jean left—a comedy, "Double Wedding," just when I felt laughter was pretty remote and then I ran away to find myself."

To understand Bill Powell and the emotional, self-torturing battle he has been undergoing, you must know he is an exceedingly honest man. He faces facts squarely. The great shock he felt at Jean Harlow's death forced him into a reevaluation of his own life and work.

Candidly he says: "I'm not young, I'm forty-five years old. I was born in 1892. I've been in pictures fifteen years. My first film was 'Sherlock Holmes,' with Jack Barrymore.

"In the old silent days I would have been washed up for some eight or ten years; probably I'd be doing bits now and then, when I could get them.

"I've had lucky breaks, for it is easy to be beaten by Hollywood. One bad film can pretty well wash you up, two can end your career. People said I was *through* when I left Warners in 1933. Then I made 'The Thin Man'—and the world was mine again!

"Hollywood is a continuous prize fight. And you have



FIND

Peace?

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

to win every round! Because I've always known that, known one had to fight to exist and have fought, I think I've let work overshadow my life more than it should. I haven't evaluated the real things of life as I should.

"Now I'm going to work less and play more, that's certain. That is easier to say than do. Hard work is a bad habit and a difficult one to break. And more difficult if you are earning a great deal for your employers. That your bosses like to make money with you is nothing against them. Everybody likes money.

"I've been working at top pressure, making as much as possible against time. I had some strange goal, always several good-sized annuities ahead. I'm changing all that.

"And I'm going to make fewer pictures. I'm going to get away to think. I'm going to buy a small spot on the island of Capri, where you can dream, away from everything, under the Mediterranean sun. I'm going to stop concentrating on money."

It was in the shadowed ruins of the Villa Tiberio, where once dwelt the brilliant, (Continued on page 77)



Mr. Powell and Myrna Loy in a giddy scene from "Double Wedding," upper left. Looking wan and tired, Bill meets the London press, outer left. In Budapest, gazing meditatively out over the waters of the historic blue Danube, left.



THE TRUE LOVE STORY OF *Alice* AND *Tony*

BY ETHEL H
BARRON



Alice Faye and Tony Martin have eyes for only each other to-day, but, my, my the battles they fought before their elopement!

THEY fell in love the moment they met. Boom—like that! They were crazy about each other. He bought a ring.

They started to fight—in no sissy, lilylike fashion, but in good, lusty telephone throwing, yelling, giving back the diamond, bitterly couched, “I’ll never call you again—why’d I ever meet you?” sort of warfare.

Then they eloped. Impulsively and suddenly after one of their most awful battles.

Fright seized the friends of Alice Faye, blond blues singer, and Tony Martin, black-haired, good-looking boy from St. Mary's College, whose musical urge was such that he tossed away higher education for it.

What, oh, what, would the domestic life of the Tony Martins be like? Would plates fly, would windows rattle from the force and impetus of their violent emotional sessions?

How would these two temperamental, restless, sensitive, good-looking youngsters, each on the crest of a high-flung career in the movies, react to marriage? Were they really in love? And if so, was theirs the kind of tempestuous, desperate fervor that brooked no peace?

Could they adjust their radically different viewpoints—for they were children of two diametrically opposed environments? Whether or not they felt alike, were in love, could they think and plan along similar enough lines to make a go of marriage?

Let me digress for a moment and tell you of Alice and Tony so that you may know their problem and what lay behind those embittered, blazing pre-marital feuds.

Alice, with her blue eyes and golden blond hair, her baby face which once caused a writer to comment that she looked more like Shirley Temple than Shirley herself, is a child of Broadway night life. Ex-blues singer, ex-chorus girl, ex-floor show entertainer, she had been literally brought up on bright lights. A lucky break on the Rudy Vallée hour catapulted her into pictures. Honest, direct, candid, with no artificial wiles, she was yet Broadway in person.

Tony, with his dark, flashing eyes, his Valentinolike qualities, was born and brought up quietly in Oakland, California. His father was a doctor. He, Tony, was to follow a profession. When he graduated from high school, he was sent to college. But like Alice, a certain sense of the rhythm of life, as told in jazz terms, flowed in his being. He loved jazz. He was fired from school when the brothers in charge at St. Mary's caught him experimenting with jazz on the chapel organ. So he went to work at making his living through his music. He led a band. He sang. A lucky break on the Lucky Strike hour and he, too, was off to the races, to Hollywood where he met Alice and found himself irresistibly attracted.

"Tony and I fell in love with each other the first time we met," Alice told me, "we had so much in common—we both like people and parties, we both love to laugh, we're both sort of gifted in the same way and we are alike emotionally.

"I guess that was the trouble. We were too much alike. We were just crazy about each other and yet we fought like cat and dog. And always about silly little things that never amounted to anything but would pile up until something big arose.

"It was just that we were both strong and definite personalities with too much pride. And we refused to break down and cater to each other. For example, Tony would say to me, 'I won't have time to call you to-morrow. Will you call me?' That burned me up and I'd answer, 'I've just as little time as you have. Why *should* I call you?' Then an argument would start and we'd bicker and say nasty things to each other, while inwardly both our hearts would be breaking.

"Then we'd say 'good night' to each other in a freezing tone and I'd go to my room and lie down on my bed and cry my heart out. It just seemed that we were bent on making each other as miserable as possible.

"The next day I'd forget all about what we had argued about and then we'd both call each other up and ask each other's pardon and have a grand time. Just two silly kids!

"Then Tony surprised me one night with a lovely diamond ring and I felt I was the happiest girl that ever lived. For a short while there was peace and harmony and then presto!—the arguments would start again. And always over some trifle. There was no question of finances involved—we both had our careers and were making good at them. There was no mother-in-law problem to contend with, nor a question of where we were to live. We were just two stubborn natures that wouldn't give in to each other.

"I decided"—and Alice's smile faded a little at the prospect of the happiness she almost missed—"I decided to give back the ring. I felt we could never be happy together and it was far better to discover it before rather than after.

"So I sent back the ring and I felt while I was doing it that I was giving up part of my soul as well.

"I didn't hear from Tony for several days. I was so miserable I couldn't work and I kept saying to myself, 'You fool, you fool, what have you done?' I knew then that I loved him more than I ever dreamed. But I was too proud to get in touch with him.

"But I guess fate was on my side after all. Tony was as miserable as I was. At last he called me and said, 'I guess even if we don't get married, we can always be friends. Will you have dinner with me to-night?'"

(Continued on page 78)

If you fight with your boy friend, maybe it's because you're in love, says Alice. Here she is in "Sally, Irene and Mary."





ON AND OFF THE SE

FANNY BRICE, ALLAN JONES, BILLIE BURKE, REGINALD OWEN, JUDY GARLAND, REGINALD GARDINER, LYNNE CARVER



CONSTANCE BENNETT

JOKESTERS with a macabre sense of humor have been telephoning newspapers that well-known stars have died. Recently Clark Gable was at Carole Lombard's home when they heard the voice of a newsboy outside crying, "Extra! Extra! Clark Gable killed!" Clark was just kissing Carole good-bye as they heard it. "For a dead one, you're doing all right," Carole murmured. But suppose he hadn't been there when she heard that cry!

WHEN people used to ask Phyllis Brooks if she and Cary Grant were engaged she'd grin and say, "Mr. Grant hasn't asked me." Now she merely looks annoyed and says nothing. Incidentally, here's a yarn about this same Phyllis working in "City Girl."

The cameraman and wardrobe woman spent almost half an hour arranging her veil for a scene so the polka dots wouldn't be superimposed on her eyes, nose and mouth. They finally got it arranged, pinned the veil tightly about her face and prepared to shoot. "But what'll I do with my gum?" Phyllis asked. "I can't swallow it." It took another ten minutes to unpin the veil while she parked the gum.

OH, that Wayne Morris! Is he trying to make a name for himself as the sheik of Hollywood, or can't he settle his affections on one girl? His friends had just got over the surprise of his rushing Eleanor Powell, when lo! and behold, comes an announcement of his "engagement" to Priscilla Lane, who is to be cofeatured in a Warner film with him. Wayne just shakes his head and grins when you tax him with being fickle, but Priscilla is more frank about the matter. In letters to friends she explains the romance as "publicity." Incidentally, Wayne's real name is Bertram de Wayne. Hi, Bertie!

WHAT'S this? Somebody tells us that Maurice Chevalier is willing to return to America—at \$5,000 a week. So he will probably remain in Paris.

PRISCILLA and Rosemary Lane, sisters of Lola, made a picture for Warners, got a contract and immediately bought a ranch at Encinas—with a swimming pool. Oh, Hollywood, my Hollywood!

RECENTLY "Sunrise," starring Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien—one of the great pictures of all time—was revived. Imagine George's surprise when one of our best-known actors asked why he had "given up" pictures. George is doing all right, thank you, and a lot better than some folks, as a rugged Western hero.

CLAIRE TREVOR and Vic Orsatti, the short-time groom of June Lang, were a recent new twosome at a night spot. Claire was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, has been a friend of Vic's for years, but refused to go out with him since his divorce for fear people would talk. But mebbe love conquers all.

CLARK GABLE went on a duck-hunting trip. He drove all night in the rain, sat in a duck-blind from daylight until long past noon in a drenching downpour and finally returned disgustedly to Hollywood with one forlorn, bedraggled duck. Oh, no, we wouldn't dare tell you what he said.

MARY MAGUIRE arrived on the Warner lot a year ago from Australia unheralded and unsung. First she was seen about with a young publicity man who could get her name in the papers. Her next escort was Joseph Schenck (no less!) head of 20th Century-Fox and presently Mary was sporting a diamond bracelet. Lately Mary has been flitting about, followed—not by a lamb—but by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt! Careful, Mary. Young Vanderbilt is known to be pretty cagy and has a lot of other Hollywood girls on his list.

JON "HURRICANE" HALL and Vicki Lester were night-clubbing. Where's Countess Di Frasso, Jon? And you weren't with her at Cary Grant's Trocadero party, either!

SPEAKING of romances, is Constance Bennett changing her mind again? Gossip links her name less and less frequently with Gilbert Roland.

ELEANOR POWELL and Billy Seymour seem to be fanning the embers of the romance that has been glowing for a couple of years. But where does that leave James Stewart? Or was *that* romance merely a product of the MGM publicity department?

OR POWELL and RAY BOLGER



DOROTHY LAMOUR

DESPITE their long and openly admitted romance, odds about town are that Kay Francis and Delmer Daves will never marry.

THE erstwhile silent Gary Cooper now spouts volubly on all occasions—when he can get any one to listen to him. But his friends shy away from him when they see a certain gleam in Gary's eye for they know the forthcoming discourse will be on the same subject they have been listening to many times before—his baby daughter. The proud papa!

BING CROSBY was invited to attend a recent celebration sponsored by the British colony. He appeared wearing a business suit and red tie. One of the guests jokingly remonstrated, saying Bing might have honored the occa-

sion by a white tie and tails as the other guests. "Yeah," Bing replied, "but this suit *I'm* wearing is paid for!"

YOU autograph hounds who come in for your share of criticism, don't let it get you down. The stars collect them, too—only not in books.

Clark Gable gets them "on the cuff," Kay Francis has all the members of the casts of her pictures autograph the scripts on which they've worked. Leo Carrillo has visitors autograph the silver conchos on a huge saddle, Hugh Herbert has a full-length mirror on which visitors to his home scratch their names with a diamond stylus, W. S. Van Dyke collects signatures on the buffalo-hide drum he brought back from Africa when he went there to make "Trader Horn." Shirley Temple, Eleanor Powell, and Sonja Henie are also inveterate autograph collectors.

JOHAN BARRYMORE, in a reminiscent mood, recalled his first meeting with Garbo on the set of "Grand Hotel." "The lights and cameras were all adjusted," John said, "and we had taken our places when Garbo called a halt and asked to have our positions changed. The director asked why. 'Mr. Barrymore's profile is not to the camera!' Garbo said."

LUISE RAINER isn't like the celebrated Brentwood couple who asked police to arrest a fan because he was staring into their yard from a high fence.

She was romping with her Scottie one day just before giving up her house. From her walled back yard she saw two youngsters on a telephone pole, peering at her.

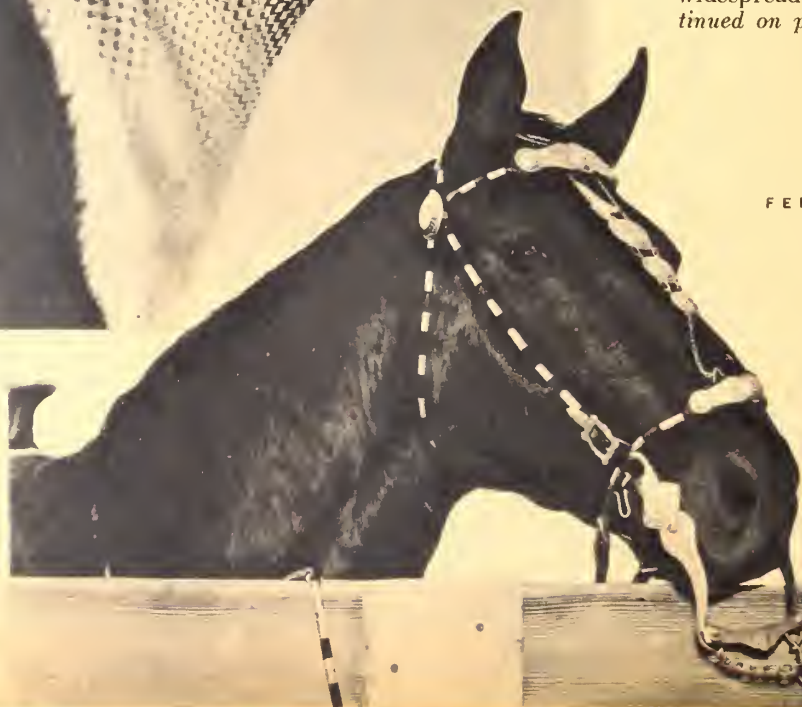
The star raced out into the street and shouted, "Get down from there before you fall! If you want to see my dog, why don't you come into the back yard and play with heem?"

ONE of the funniest duties yet delegated to a star's stooge came to our attention recently.

A certain top-flight actress began to suspect that her reputation for pungent speech was becoming too widespread. (*Continued on page 70*)



CLARK GABLE



FERNAND GRAVET

35
JAMES STEWART



COVERING HOLLYWOOD WITH CAMERA



What, no sparks flying? Four our girls get together at the Rathbone dinner. Norma Shi Constance Bennett, backgr Annabella, Tilly Losch, foregr

Romance in need of a shove. Robert Taylor, orriving from London, spikes New York reporters' plans to kid him on the "beauty or brains" subject by his tousled appearance.



Dorothy Lamour's pleased expression may be because she's listening to hubby Herb Kaye's orchestra music, or because Nelson Eddy has stopped at her table.



Are those broad grins on the faces of Adolphe Menjou and Jerome Cowan because their horse came in at Santa Anita, or did Som Goldwyn tell another joke?

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Yes, ma'am, but in Bing Crosby's case an apple is a pretty good substitute for a sandwich or milk shake if you're trying to avoid Mr. Avoirdupois.

They may be wed, or they may be split up by the time you read this, but when our photographer snapped this picture Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane had just blushing announced their engagement.



Why, Charlie McCarthy, you sly old devil! It looks very much to us as if you're one gent who has made Mae West make good on that famous line, "C'm up and see me sometime!"



When the eligible Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt is in town for the racing season, most of the Hollywood pretties go into a romantic dither and try to annex him. Here he is with Gertrude Niesen.

When Hollywood plays, it plays hard. Here's Joan Crawford riding for dear life, whacking the polo ball around. Careful, Joan, we want no broken bones.



Score? It's 20-20 and Ginger Rogers just has to make this shot, else her reputation as a champion ping pong player will be at stake.



Bob Taylor is a big hunting man from back in Nebraska where he grew up. Ducks, pheasants, prairie chickens, what have you? Bob brings 'em down.



That Wayne Morris is a fast worker on the tennis court as well as dance floor, judging from this picture. And takes it just as seriously.

There's always good horseback riding in California. James Ellison, Anita Louise, Fay Gray don Western togs and canter along the Ar-Ha Ranch trails.

Um and um! When a girl looks as pretty as this why go in the water? Kenny Baker admires Andrea Leeds as they relax in the sun by the Pacific.



One, two and three, skip, skip and skip and Betty Grable keeps herself shapely and rosy. We wager husband Jackie Coogan approves.

A swimming pool dolphin? No, just Fred MacMurray taking a back dive into the water.

Why, Eddie Horton and George Burns, are you making faces at each other? And over a game of croquet, too!



**AT HOME
WITH THE
DICK POWELL**





With five servants to keep things going, Joan and Dick and young Norman manage to keep quite comfortable, thank you, in their Beverly Hills home, English Victorian in its decorative scheme. But Joan lets Dick have his own way in his dressing room with its big wardrobe and drawer space. Incidentally, Dick wears the pants in the Powell ménage and finds himself keeping the family ledger and paying the bills!



YESTERDAY'S

1—Our clew to this one. From stage. Critics first complained about looks but never her singing voice. In 1930 engaged to handsome agent, last year wed handsome actor.

2—Taken at age of eighteen. Her first film, "Leathernecks," fiasco. Her private life her own. Hates radio. Shines equally in comedy, drama or musicals.



3—To make this easier—our subject first made mark in slinking Oriental rôles. To-day, our most beloved screen "wife."



4—Looks like plump, Southern matron? This was 1929. To-day, our most sophisticated song-bird. Glamour and Hollywood have had their way.

GLAMOUR

5—Last word in 1925 sweater and cap ensemble. Now mother of two, still big star.

A red-hot vampire as she slithered in "A Slave of Fashion."



7—Real name, Jane Peters. When this taken, 1931, happy wife of leading male star. Now divorced, girl friend to glamour boy Number One.



6—Yes, that's a double chin. Diet, beauty tricks, hard work have made her thin, pert, versatile star. Mamma runs actors' school.



- 1—Jeanette MacDonald
- 2—Irene Dunne
- 3—Myrna Loy
- 4—Grace Moore
- 5—Norma Shearer, twice.
- 6—Ginger Rogers
- 7—Carole Lombard

guess who these stars are

HEAD OVER HEELS IN Romance

IF Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power are married by the time you read this, it will be because Tyrone, madly in love, has overcome certain strong reservations and matrimonial convictions in Janet's mind that no other suitor has been able to since her marriage to Lydell Peck went on the rocks.

If they are not married, it will be because those reservations and convictions are stronger to Janet than Tyrone's ardently persistent arguments.

For make no mistake about it. Tyrone Power is head over heels in love with Janet. If he had his way they would have been married several months ago—particularly at the time when she was visiting in New York, and Tyrone flew East to be with her.

The little matter of a "no marriage" clause in his contract means exactly nothing to the white-headed boy of the Twentieth Century-Fox domain. Perhaps he is right in believing that outside of a slight peeve there's not much his studio could or would do about it, even though he ignored their wishes where marriage is concerned.

It isn't likely the powers that be would indulge in the famous sport of cutting off their noses to spite their faces and cancel one of the most valuable contracts on their roster if he married.

But even though they made the extreme gesture of disapproval—those closest to Tyrone know that it would make little difference if he could only prevail upon Janet to say "Yes."

In other words, he is a young man very much in love.

You may argue, "Ah, yes, but a year ago he was seemingly just as much in love with Sonja Henie." It's true that romance had reached the serious stage. Tyrone and Sonja, so close to the same age, so new to stardom, were inseparable companions. There was no doubt of their regard for one another, but there are those close to the youngsters at the time who will

tell you that Sonja's feelings for Tyrone were always deeper and more intense than were his for the little skating star.

Tyrone was truly fond of her. But their romance had begun to hit the wavering stage actually several months before Janet's lovely red head loomed on the horizon.

One of the most misunderstood points in this romantic triangle is the belief that Janet broke up Sonja and Tyrone. The truth is that long before her advent Ty was beginning to chafe a little at Sonja's almost maternal chidings and domination. The little Henie is a possessive person. To put it more frankly, she was a little too bossy. She wanted to know where her boy friend was every minute of the day and night. She loved to have him dancing attendance upon her, running little errands to prove how completely he belonged to her. She liked to "manage" him, to make suggestions about where he lived and what he ate and wore.

When they were together, it was no unusual thing to hear Sonja, pouting prettily, demand: "Come and sit by me, Tyrone," and a rather wryly embarrassed hero would obediently march over, perch himself on the arm of her chair and hold Sonja's hand.

At this particular stage of their romance, Tyrone was soaring at the box office. After years of struggling in minor professional jobs he was thrilled and pleased at the way the world had suddenly become his oyster cocktail. Famous women stars whom he had long admired just as big names on the screen were now eagerly his dancing partners. There was hardly an unmarried glamour girl in Hollywood who would not have accepted his dinner or dancing invitations.

And because he is very young and because life was suddenly very interesting and exciting for him, it began to be harder and harder for him to dance continuous attendance every time Sonja crooked her little finger.

For a short time, even at the height of the Sonja interlude, Tyrone's name was linked several times with Loretta Young's. But when the first rumors broke that Tyrone was visiting Janet at



Is Sonja dancing with tears in her eyes? Doesn't look that way from this big smile.

L A U R A

L S W O R T H

T C H

JANET GAYNOR

TYRONE POWER

SONJA HENIE



"Don Juan" Power, idol of thousands, adored Janet long before he met her. His affection and courtship have opened new vistas for the lonely heart of the lovely little Gaynor.

her beach home—no one believed them. Even Mr. Winchell, who knows so much about such matters, informed the world that this was just so much baloney and that Tyrone's heart was still safely within Sonja's keeping. "The kids are crazy about each other," is the way Mr. Winchell put it.

But soon Hollywood, and probably Mr. Winchell, could no longer doubt the evidence of their own eyes. For one thing, Tyrone came directly from putting Sonja on the plane on the first lap of her European vacation, to Janet's house. They dined together that evening and almost every evening after.

They were constantly together. When they danced in one of the quieter out-of-the-way night spots it was noted in next day's movie columns that Janet always removed her hat just before they stepped on the floor and that Tyrone's cheek invariably nestled against her hair. No matter where they were, they hardly took their eyes from one another—certainly young Power never took his away from Janet.

And since their love story has now reached the point where there can no longer be any doubt or skepticism about the way Tyrone really feels about her—let's pause a moment to consider the reasons (Continued on page 75)



IN Germany she is "die göttliche Garbo," in England "the divine woman." America called her "flaming star of the North" until her fans protested against the limited phrase. Sweden, the country which bore her genius and gave it depth and background, awarded her a royal medal. The world to-day calls her simply Garbo, and the name has become a symbol.

In the twelve years of her universal fame, she has received every tribute that an actress and a great woman can command. To-day she lacks only one. That austere institution, Hollywood's Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, still has failed to present her with the golden statuette which is its annual award.

Helen Hayes has been recognized, Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Janet Gaynor, Luise Rainer, and Norma Shearer all have graced the seat of honor at the annual Academy banquet and risen to receive the plaudits of those whose votes have given them the highest honor accorded by Hollywood to its gifted denizens. But the woman whose name is synonymous with the art of film acting goes statuetteless. She is acclaimed only by audiences; Hollywood gives her the cold shoulder.

Not that it matters. Not that her admirers care. After all, what *is* the Academy award? If one is to believe Hollywood's self-portrait in "A Star Is Born," it is bought with blood and brings with it only tears—and publicity. It gives its recipient a front-page story, a certain ephemeral prestige, and a chunk of metal to stick on the mantelpiece.

As a fan pointed out, Garbo's failure to receive the award is a reflection on the Academy, not on her pre-eminence. Still, the thing is strange. What's wrong with the Academy that it cannot see how much Garbo has done to lend prestige and importance to the screen? Why has Hollywood failed to add its trifling tribute to the volumes of praise which swell about this amazing woman? Hollywood is voluble in its answer.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was organized in 1927, one of its major purposes being the presentation of awards for the best work of the year. Originally, actors were nominated for the award by the actors' branch of the Academy, then voted on by the entire membership. Since 1933, however, when many actors and writers revolted from the Academy to form the Actors' and Writers' Guilds, the system has been changed, both nominations and elections coming from the Academy as a whole.

Those in the know tell us that the change has resulted in the Academy becoming more an organization

Garbo has received every tribute that an actress can command—except the Academy award. Hollywood doesn't think she can act! Above, as Susan Lenox, 1931.

BY RICHARD GRIFFITH

NO



run by the producers for their commercial benefit than an unbiased institution devoted to the recognition of true worth. With the actors' and writers' branches depleted by the formation of the Guilds, the producers have naturally become more influential. And Hollywood says this has much to do with the neglect of Garbo.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at one time was important in the Academy, and used its influence to secure the awards for its own stars. Rumor says that MGM was not interested in promoting Garbo since she already was universally recognized. Instead, the studio swung the vote for Helen Hayes in "Madelon Claudet," since she was a newcomer and needed boosting. They also secured the award for Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler, to give artistic prestige to two ladies who were already entrenched as personalities.

Each of these stars has contributed much to the screen. All honor to them for it. But what a strange view of acting must be taken by the Academy when Miss Shearer's "Divorcee" performance is preferred to Garbo in "Anna Christie," made the same year: when "Madelon Claudet" is chosen above the profound and haunting beauty of Garbo's "As You Desire Me." Is this justice? Is it even sense?

Warners have succeeded Metro in influence over the Academy, and they swung the 1935 vote to Bette Davis, presumably for her performance in "Dangerous," but really to compensate her for losing it the year before to Claudette Colbert, then riding the crest of the popularity of "It Happened One Night."

No one denies Miss Davis's right to recognition for her brilliant achievement in "Of Human Bondage." But the situation becomes silly when one remembers that the shallow "Dangerous" was released the same year as "Anna Karenina." Garbo's portrait of the soul of woman caught in the trap of a fatal love was apparently deemed inferior to Miss Davis as a neurotic actress. It is to laugh.

The hazards of electioneering is not the only reason given for the neglect of Garbo. They say on the Coast that much of it is due to Metro's habit of releasing her pictures late in December. Thus the membership of the Academy did not have a chance to see "Queen Christina," "The Painted Veil," and "Mata Hari" before the vote for the year was taken.

We are even told that "Camille" may not have a chance for the award because it was released on January 1, 1937, and thus was not included in the 1936

Hollywood says Charles Boyer won acting honors away from Garbo in "Conquest," just as Robert Taylor reached new heights in her "Camille." Above, as Anna Christie, 1930.

poll. By the time the 1937 awards are made next month, so goes the story. "Camille" may have been forgotten in favor of Barbara Stanwyck's "Stella Dallas"! Hollywood's memory is indeed an interesting psychological phenomenon.

Yes, the picture colony finds no difficulty in giving excuses for their failure to summon Garbo to the Academy banquet. But the reasons given thus far are purely circumstantial. Studio politics and the vagaries of release dates are not sufficient to explain neglect of the screen's most famous star over the twelve-year period of her supremacy. The third reason, though, is far more significant and revelatory.

Hollywood does not think Garbo can act!

According to those who should know, the colony is truly awed by Garbo. They respect her. (Continued on page 71)



Awards FOR Garbo

EXPOSING THE AMAZING REASONS BEHIND HOLLYWOOD'S TWELVE-YEAR NEGLECT

STREAMLINING THE STAR

The rocking-chair number. Back and forth, fifteen times, to get a flat tummy like Ann Miller's.

BY TERRY HUNT

PHYSICAL DIRECTOR UNCL
ARTISTS STUDIO



PERHAPS the question I am most often asked about my work is: "Are the stars temperamental, difficult to train and condition?"

I have had difficulty with very few. Most seem overeager to get in the best possible shape and feel daily conditioning stints are as much a part of their work as acting.

In common with those in less spectacular professions, the stars invariably do complain that cut-and-dried work-outs become monotonous. I heartily agree and believe the necessary exercises should include some game which the star likes to play.

Virginia Bruce, for instance, plays a few sets of tennis whenever she can. Ginger Rogers spends several evenings a week at a bowling alley, smacking down the pins. And this, certainly, will surprise you—the ultra-sophisticated Marlene Dietrich prefers, of all sports, skipping rope. Gary Cooper gets a huge kick out of punching the sandbag.

Another question people ask is whether fame doesn't tend to make stars lazy. Well, those who are affected that way do not remain in the marquee lights for very long!

Consider Gary Cooper and Fredric March, two top-ranking performers. While making "The Buccaneer," March was up at six o'clock every morning for a hard work-out with me. Freddy is fond of boxing and is quite deft at jabs and uppercuts. Every day during the months that "The Adventures of Marco Polo" was in production, Gary Cooper was at my gymnasium, immediately after the last "take" of the afternoon. Here is the exact routine he followed:

Stretching exercises to warm up, followed by a few moments at the pulleys. Ten minutes of punching the big sandbag, ending with a few advanced abdominal exercises. As is the case with my other clients, I always had Gary walk around for a few minutes following a session to enable his heart to slow down to a normal beat.

Incidentally, this is something any one who plays tennis or participates in strenuous exercises should do. He should keep on walking for a while after he is finished.

Those who rush into a cold shower and then into the street defeat the entire purpose of systematic exercise. We work out to eliminate the poisons and purify our blood

Ten times a day for this—stretch, stretch, stretch! And hope to look like Jean Parker.

stream and bring the blood to the surface. We want to keep it there for a while, instead of driving it down immediately by taking a cold shower. Some of the world's greatest athletes never take a cold shower. Keeping the blood on the surface tones up the muscles, burns up the surface fatty tissue and eliminates the poisons from the blood stream. This does not mean that I do not recommend a cold shower, but never take one immediately after a hard work-out.

Next time you go to the races watch what happens to the thoroughbreds after they cross the finish line. The trainers put blankets on them and walk them up and down in the paddock. If you want to win the race of life, it might profit you to be just as careful of your health as an owner is of a flashy three-year-old.

If you do the right routines correctly, only a twenty-minute daily work-out is sufficient. But one should always concentrate most on the portions of the body that require remodeling. Diet without exercise will reduce your weight but in the wrong parts of your anatomy. Your muscles will lose their firmness and strength, your skin will hang loosely. And unless a person's body possesses firmness, they will look older than they really are.

After Joan Bennett's baby was born three years ago, Joan was eager to resume her career. But she had put on weight. She exercised with me daily and in six weeks' time her body became again as shapely and lovely as that of any actress in Hollywood.

The following stretching and abdominal exercises, which are illustrated in the accompanying photographs, were included in her daily routine:

The first of these is a preliminary stretching exercise demonstrated by Jean Parker. Holding a broomstick above her head, Jean leans forward on her toes throwing back her head and shoulders and bending her back as much as possible without straining it. This stretches every muscle in her body and should be done ten times a day. If there is no one to hold the stick, you can brace yourself by holding your hands against the sides of a doorway. *(Continued on page 69)*



Why, Jacqueline Wells! We're surprised at you. The idea is to touch your toes, not stop halfway.



COURAGEOUS

IRISHMAN

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMIT

SIR JAMES BARRIE once wrote a play about a boy who never grew up.

I can't think of a better way of describing Spencer Tracy. For all his thirty-seven years, he is still a boy.

Oddly enough no complete character study ever has been written about Tracy. He's a regular guy and he is shy about talking of himself. When you ask him for opinions he shifts in his chair and studies the toe of his right shoe. He grins—and says he just can't think of anything interesting.

Ask him what he likes best and he promptly answers, "Acting and polo!" Then he adds, "and sailing."

Ask him to what he attributes his Hollywood prominence and he looks baffled. "Luck," is his answer, if you press him.

His friends call him Spence. He's a real guy and such a wallop good actor that his *Manuel*, above, in "Captains Courageous," won the Academy award. With Mrs. Tracy, right; in "Mannequin," with Joan Crawford, opposite.



Tracy admits to being Irish and superstitious. No three on a match for him. He believes in hunches, too.

He is looked upon as the best natural actor in all Hollywood. I am not quoting the critics on that, although most of them would agree. I quote all Hollywood from Mickey Rooney to Akim Tamiroff. Moreover, Tracy has received the annual Academy award for his tangy, racy, finely sympathetic performance of the Portuguese sailor, *Manuel*, in "Captains Courageous." Which proves that Hollywood believes in him.

If you ask Tracy how he makes his characters so human, he laughs and says, "I make them as everyday as possible."

About acting he is direct and forthright. "There's no magic about acting, once you have the trick of projecting a character's moods so that people can understand them," he says. "That is, after you've learned the simple rudiments of acting."

And he goes on in striking contrast to the average Hollywood theory.

"Out in the movie colony," he says, "you continually hear actors mourning the fact that they are not on Broadway. They put the speaking stage higher than the screen. To them there's something sacred about the Broadway theater. That's a false theory, I believe. You can develop faster, learn more in Hollywood in a year than you can on the Broadway stage. At best in New York you can do one or two stage rôles in that time. Out in Hollywood you would be playing four to eight varied parts. No, give me Hollywood in contrast to New York any day."

Right here let me present Tracy's tribute to Paul Muni. Muni, I suspect, almost won the Academy award away from Tracy with his *Zola*. But listen to Tracy:

"Muni is a great actor," he says. "And a great student of acting. He works in isolation. I don't mean with screens around him on the studio set. I mean that he seizes upon everything he can get about the person he is to play, takes all of it off to study and puts in months all alone examining the character. When he walks on the studio floor for the first scene, he is the character he is to depict. He was *Zola*, he was *Pasteur*. He knew their tiniest thoughts and motives.

"I can't work that way. I'm no isolationist. I need people about me. What I put into a rôle, I have got from my own experiences in life. I like to play an average person—such as the taxi driver in 'Big City'—and make him so understandable that you feel better about chauffeurs when next you get into a taxi. Not that I always succeed in doing that. But that's what I try for."

You know Tracy's life story. He was born in 1900 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, went to school as every American boy, was just a little tough as a youth. His parents, probably a little worried about him, sent him to Marquette Academy, to Northwestern Military Academy and to Ripon College, at Ripon, Wisconsin. Even then Tracy was a restless soul. Hence the frequent shifts in seats of learning.

Came the World War. Tracy tried to enlist with the marines but was turned back as too young. But the navy took him. He was sent to the Great Lakes Training School, on to Norfolk, Virginia. Then the War ended.

Tracy went back to Ripon. Professor H. P. Boody, head of the department of speech, was attracted to the boy. Professor Boody is the director, too, of the Ripon College Mask and Wig, the university's dramatic organization.

I am going to let you have Professor Boody's own comments about Tracy, never recorded by any one before.

"I never miss one of Spencer's pictures if I can help it,"

the professor tells me, "and needless to say he is my favorite star. In spite of his brilliant career in Hollywood he seems just the same to me as when I coached him in his first platform appearances. There never was any doubt in my mind that he had the rare qualities of a great actor and I encouraged his making the stage his profession.

"While Tracy was at Ripon he was enrolled in three of my classes: public speaking, debate and Shakespeare. His participation in plays was extra-curriculum. I think he is perfectly right in saying that at Ripon he really found himself. Before he left he had definitely decided what he wanted to accomplish in life.



"In speech classes he learned that he could control the minds and emotions of a group. I remember very vividly the occasions when we were working on problems of persuasion, his speeches would actually leave the class in tears. His dramatic instinct was shown in his surpassing ability in telling a story. There was always the proper sequence of events, the gradual rise to a climax, the carefully chosen ending. In the field of intercollegiate debate he was unusually successful.

"In speech classes and in dramatics Spencer found his element and through them evidently got his chart and compass for a remarkable career." (Continued on page 76)



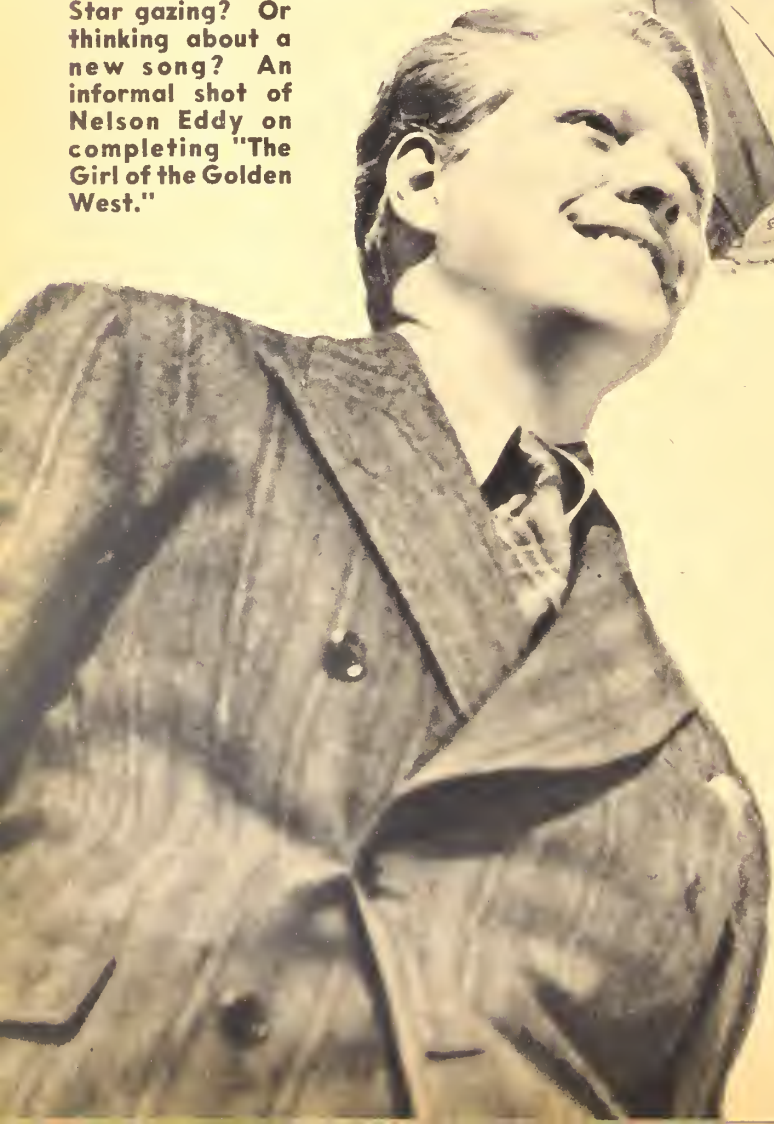
All dressed up and looking most dignified, we must say, are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Marlene Dietrich, Fritz Lang.

Why, Clara Bow! What old "it" secret did you whisper in Martha Raye's ear?



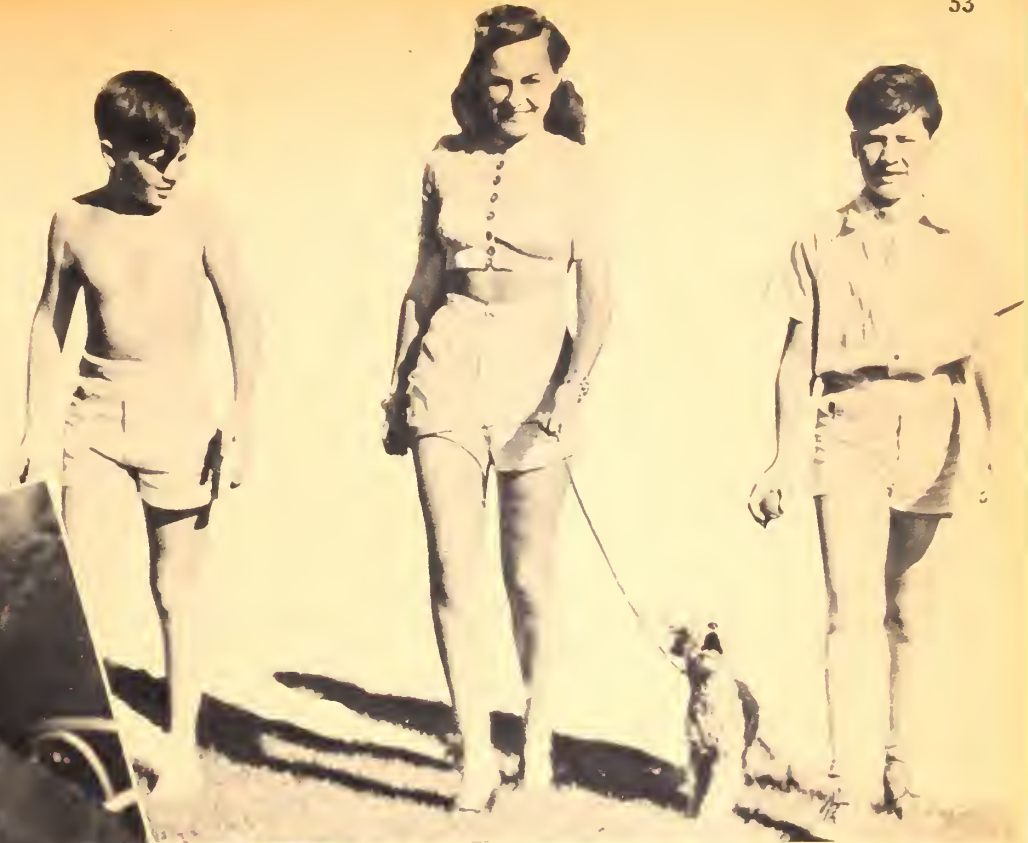
Just married and—Anne Shirley and John Howard Payne dine out at the Brown Derby! Mebbe Anne can't cook.

Star gazing? Or thinking about a new song? An informal shot of Nelson Eddy on completing "The Girl of the Golden West."



Yes, this is Mrs. Gary Cooper beside her famous husband. Our cameraman snaps a rare photograph of the pair.

Couple inches more and the Chaplin boys, Charles, Jr., and Sidney will be taller than pretty step-mamma Paulette Goddard.



The gentleman pressing his cheek, oh, so affectionately to Loretta Young's is Cesar Romero.



The Brian Donlevys look pretty jolly. And why not after a European holiday and reading the reviews of "In Old Chicago"?



"What did you say, Miss Virginia Bruce? Oh, uh, sorry, I mean Mrs. Walter Rubin. You're the wife now and this is our wedding supper!"

JANET GAYNOR

Fashion

If you're a diminutive redhead, you might notice these perky cute spring clothes of Janet Gaynor's. She wears the suit, double-breasted of green tweed, with rust accessories, when motor-ing in the country with boy friend Ty Power. The gold wool frock, under black tweed coat with rust accessories, is just the thing for those first mellow spring days.

UNA MERKEL



All photos by Willinger

Blow ye hot, blow ye cold, Una Merkel is ready with these gay little numbers. Above, she wears a lightweight woolen plaid jacket in brown, tan and burnt orange, with brown diagonal bands of black galyak trim and pheasant quill. Left, her black wool dress. Right, this giddy hot-weather sports frock is of Oxford gray background trimmed with strips of red and silver.



DOROTHY LAMOUR

All photos by William Walling

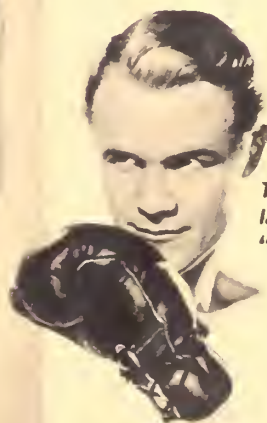


Hats are important! So Dorothy Lamour picks a small-peaked velvet model with white feather accent and trailing veil over shoulders. Dorothy dons a rakish chapeau for cocktail party wear. It, very madly, tips downward and forward and has a strap of velvet to hold to the head, also frothy black veil. Gail Patrick uses new thrush-brown antelope in a one-sided brim number.



GAIL PATRICK

"THE KID COMES BACK"



*The laughing,
larruping hero of
"Kid Galahad"!*

*The heart-break-
ing, chin-busting
gob of "Sub-
marine D-1"!*



Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

•

***Shooting another love punch straight
to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!***

with
**WAYNE
MORRIS**

A WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

Wayne Morris



PHOTO BY ELMER FRYER

Sanja Henie





MONA MASSEY



ELSON EDDY



Photo by Lazlo Willinger

B Y F R A N C D I L L O N



Tall, slender, good-looking, with deep-blue eyes—that's Patric Knowles who plays Will Scarlett in "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

OUT on the big sound stage where "The Adventures of Robin Hood" was being filmed, there were sounds of merriment rather than work. Something had gone wrong with an electric cable and while it was being repaired the company was being entertained by gay, good-looking Patric Knowles and lovely Olivia de Havilland.

"Go on, Pat," Olivia coaxed. "Make a monkey face."

"Put in your false teeth and keep quiet," Pat growled ferociously. "One of these days they'll fly across the stage and you'll never find 'em. Then you couldn't act."

Olivia giggled. "All right," and she clicked a cap between her two front teeth to fill a tiny space that the camera says is too wide. "They're in. Now look cross-eyed for the ladies."

Whereupon handsome, serious-faced Patric Knowles transformed his features into a Boris Karloff nightmare. Errol Flynn and the others on the set howled.

Michael Curtiz, the director, interrupted at that moment.

"Come on, now," he said good-naturedly, "let's make some faces for the camera." Recess was over and the company, relaxed, returned to the business of making a film.

Pat's attitude toward life in general was gay, and he was apparently on top of the world. Why? Well, for one thing an heir to the Knowles name is expected, and for another, his career is booming. Life is rosy.

"Come to tea to-morrow and we'll tell you all about it," he said. "When you come to an English house on the edge of Toluca Lake, you'll see a green bug in the driveway and the countess on the lawn. That's where we live."

The "bug," a little English car, wasn't difficult to recognize, for its vivid green could be seen for blocks, and it was evident that the dignified Dobermann on the lawn was the countess. The countess's seven children were in their dog house in the rear. Pat and his pretty little wife, Enid, were having tea.

Pat looks even younger off than on the screen and the house with its correct English furnishings added to the illusion that here was a pair of youngsters playing at having a party. They admitted they had been married about two years and that they were a little awed by Hollywood. Let me tell you of them.

In the first place, Pat and Enid are very much in love but wouldn't for the world have any one suspect it. Expecting the new arrival about April, Pat, in a calm, unemotional sort of way insists that Enid get plenty of sleep and the proper things to eat. Enid, in turn, makes nothing of it and insists on doing all the things Pat likes to do. They call one another "Knowles."

They have delightful informal gatherings—sometimes some of the bit players from the "Adventures of Robin Hood" company, sometimes visiting celebrities from England. Games are played until all hours of the morning. Everything is casual and you're made to feel very much at home no matter what hour of the day or night you happen to drop in. They have tea every day, even when they're alone—and I mean *tea*. (Continued on page 73)

Pat and Errol Flynn—Robin Hood in person—talk matters over on the rolling English greensward.



FOUNDATIONS OF

Beauty

BY LAURA BENHAM

IF YOU'LL REMEMBER THESE RULES, MEN WILL REMEMBER YOU

THERE was a time—not so long ago, either—when we argued over whether women wanted to look nice to please themselves, other women, or men!

To-day we've stopped arguing and frankly admit that most of us want to look our best to please the men we know—or would like to know. For it's still a man's world and in it the most exciting dates as well as the best jobs usually go to the girl whose appearance is attractive and appealing.

And the men, bless their souls, are pretty well agreed on what makes a woman attractive and appealing. After talking to literally hundreds of them recently, it was amazingly apparent that the college boys are looking for the same qualities in their dancing partners that hard-bitten business executives are demanding in their employees.

So whether it's social success or a business career, or just plain old-fashioned romance you're after, you'll do well to heed the opinions our masculine friends have so willingly expressed.

To begin with, men like a girl's general appearance to be immaculate. They like her to have an aura of freshness and laintiness, a sort of well-polished finish, or as some of them described it, that "well-scrubbed" look.

They want her hair to be well groomed, sweet and clean-looking and becomingly arranged. Most men prefer hair worn fairly long, but they want every strand to be in place—no stringy ends, please.

Men pay a lot of attention to skin, of course, and all agree that a clear, smooth complexion is one of the first things they seek and admire in a girl.

Sharp male eyes focus on teeth, too, and on elbows and hands and make-up. On this latter subject, men are quite, quite definite.

All of them feel that make-up should be used—but in moderation. No man wants to dance with or employ a girl whose rouge blazes like two red flags, or whose mascara is applied so heavily she can scarcely bat her eyes, or whose lipstick is used to construct a synthetic mouth twice as large as her own.

But they like make-up to be used discreetly to emphasize a girl's best features and minimize her less admirable ones—which is exactly how it should be used. In fact, I think it's quite heartening to realize that all the things men prefer in women are fundamentally sound and in good taste. Things that each of us can have for the asking—and doing.

lovely skin and becomingly arranged hair captivate the male of the species. Take a tip from Maureen O'Sullivan, if you would win in romance.





Carole Lombard knows you must apply make-up skillfully to appear smooth and intriguing.

So let's start at the top of the list and consider that well-scrubbed look that's in such demand.

As I'm sure you know, a well-scrubbed look isn't one that you apply casually, like lipstick, just before you fly out of the house twenty minutes late for that appointment.

For real daintiness is as much a *feeling* as it is a *look*, and the first rule for both feeling and looking immaculate is to take two baths a day, one in the morning—for no fastidious woman would dream of starting her day without a bath—and another in the evening either before you step out or before you retire.

And to make your bath a pleasure and a beauty ritual as well as a mere cleansing routine, you need the right tools.

First, a bottle of bath crystals or bath oil to throw in the tub to soften the water and scent it. Second, a good pure soap—I like mine scented, too—to work into a rich, fluffy lather that will penetrate your pores and help you relax as it cleanses.

And for a really thorough, luxurious cleansing, do get a big bath brush, preferably one with a long handle, to reach all over your back and shoulders. For a bath brush not only makes you feel tingly and well scrubbed, but its friction stimulates circulation and this makes the skin healthy and keeps it young and firm and smooth.

Then when you step from your tub, reach for your non-perspirant or deodorant, for nothing so robs a woman of charm and daintiness as even the faintest hint of perspiration odor.

And even if you think you don't perspire, *you do*. Every normal body releases several quarts of water a day through the pores—and while you may not be conscious of this fact, people around you are. So a nonperspirant or deodorant is a "must" on every girl's beauty budget during every season of the year.

Another must is a fine toilet water or eau de cologne. For nothing gives you a greater feeling of well-being than

Myrna Loy always has that well-groomed look, so important to men.



Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

to splash or spray a favorite scent all over your body, as this is the sort of fragrance that seems really to become part of you.

Next a light dusting of talcum or body powder and you've that from-the-skin-out daintiness that is the basis of all real charm. So, with a well-scrubbed look and feeling, you can turn your attention to your hair.

Now, a really well-groomed coiffure is the result of healthy hair plus a good permanent. And both these things are entirely up to you.

A clean scalp and healthy hair are yours for the brushing, for a hundred strokes a night are just as effective to-day as they were in grandmother's time—only you'll be able to use a better brush. And this regular brushing, plus a shampoo every week or ten days, will keep your hair in perfect condition.

For your permanent be sure you go to a reputable

beauty shop where the operators are well trained and only the best materials are used. There you'll be able to get the sort of soft, loose permanent that looks completely natural and that will last for from four to six months.

When it comes to skin, the rules you should follow for your own sake are those that will assure you a complexion that men admire. And the three steps in skin care are cleansing, toning and lubricating.

For cleansing choose a cream of the weight especially adapted to your own type of skin. If your skin is oily, a liquefying cream will be best, but if it's normal or dry, use a cream that is a bit richer and heavier.

Cleanse your face with this cream every morning, remove with tissues and apply an astringent or skin tonic. Allow this to dry before applying the foundation you use under your make-up.

Then at night repeat this same cream cleansing, but instead of applying astringent immediately after you've removed the cream, give yourself a good soap and water cleansing, then apply the skin tonic, and follow with a fine film of lubricating or nourishing cream which should remain overnight.

And while we're on the subject of skin, I want to tell you of one of the best pick-ups for tired faces I've ever found. It's a mask that smoothes out wrinkles as if by magic and takes only fifteen or twenty minutes to do its work.

Made by a woman who is preëminent in the cosmetic field, this mask is a creamy white paste with a faintly aromatic odor, and you apply it with (Continued from page 71)

In this New Cream
the "Skin-Vitamin"
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



Mrs. Cyden Golet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin, "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

(ABOVE) Mrs. Golet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Golet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

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

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful*. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In

animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and

**EXTRAORDINARY
 1¢ OFFER**

AT LOCAL STORES

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.



**BOTH CONTAIN
 THE ACTIVE
 "SKIN-VITAMIN"**

NOBBERT LUSK'S REVIEWS

"Tovarich."—Warners. One of the most successful plays of our generation comes to the screen as exceptional entertainment, a picture of such warmth, humanness and wit that I can imagine no one remaining immune to its charm. It is easy, flowing charm that comes from interplay of character and a fresh, lively sequence of events as well, of course, as from intelligent writing, sensitive acting and—oh, see "Tovarich" for yourself! It is about a couple of Russian refugees of royal blood in Paris and their adventures as butler and maid in an unconventional household. That tells little or nothing but it is all you need know. There hasn't ever been a pair of royalties like them, nor has there been a household like the one they serve. Nor, for that matter, a scene to equal that memorable moment when *Prince Mikail* and *Grand Duchess Tatiana* are recognized and pursue unruffled their task of waiting on table, serving their enemy the Soviet commissar who pursues them to the kitchen and succeeds in persuading *Mikail* to turn over forty billion francs in gold intrusted to him by the czar. The noble butler does it for the good of the Russian people. Right on the heels of his fine *Napoleon* in Garbo's "Conquest," Charles Boyer adapts himself with brilliant ease to the lighter requirements of this other royal rôle. More than that, he gives the character depth and compassion and serene repose. Claudette Colbert is no less ingratiating in what is perhaps the finest acting she has ever disclosed. Basil Rathbone is superb as the commissar. The picture of the month!



"Rosalie."

"Rosalie."—MGM. Empty of charm and romantic feeling, and overlong too, Nelson Eddy's first picture without Jeanette MacDonald is pretty much of a bore just as her "Firefly" missed without him. Fans had better reconcile themselves to seeing them together instead of quarreling over one's taking away the glory of the other. Instead of being hampered in his singing by Miss MacDonald's greater opportunities, Mr. Eddy sings less than usual without her and never seems to complete a song. He sings in snatches. With wonderful smoothness and beauty of tone, yes, but inconclusively, and there are no such melodies as were heard in his previous films. His appearance as a youthful

West Point cadet will thrill admirers, though. They will see the film as I see it—topheavy with spectacle and stunts, money and "names," handicapped by the silliest story ever. Miscast is Eleanor Powell as a tap-dancing princess of a mythical kingdom. Princess and cadet fall in love, he follows her to her country and leaves in a huff when he discovers her rank. She returns to visit West Point where all is forgiven. Interrupting this nursery tale are huge dance numbers, their lavish staging having no excuse: marches, tricky camera angles, magnificent costumes and a lot of hullabaloo. Ray Bolger, stage dancer, might have scored if given a chance to compete with Miss Powell in stepping. Frank Morgan and Edna May Oliver are helpful as king and queen. The show lasts over two hours and must have cost a million. It's gorgeous.

"Tovarich."





"Mannequin."



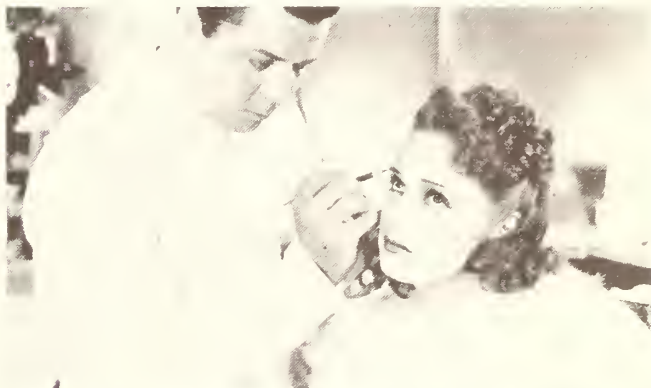
"Submarine D-1."

"Mannequin."—MGM. Joan Crawford shines again in an excellent picture with Spencer Tracy and a newcomer, Alan Curtis, as foils. The romance has life, movement and popular appeal, as well as more honesty than has been noted in some of Miss Crawford's films. Her acting benefits, too, and she gives simplicity and sincerity to a character that frequently is touching and always real. As a girl of the tenements she is not a prima donna slumming, but a poignantly unhappy victim of circumstances, her mistake in marrying a good-looking, worthless young man understandable and her development of character in subsequent marriage to Mr. Tracy the natural evolution of a human being. While Mr. Tracy is in top form as the harbor master who marries Miss Crawford only to turn against her when her first husband comes between them, I found Mr. Curtis exceedingly interesting as the villain of the piece, a fine example of intelligent casting. He has just the right sinister undertone, combined with good looks and magnetism, to excuse Miss Crawford's mistake as well as put himself forward as a young man with a future. Miss Crawford's dresses are a feature, of course, and not one of them is eccentric.

"Submarine D-1."—Warners. Instructive, absorbing, even thrilling at times, is this film of undersea preparation for war, authentic because produced with the cooperation of the government. Like all pictures of its kind, it fails in human interest and is peopled by pleasant stock figures who go through conventional paces. However, we overlook this natural deficiency when we go aboard the submarine and see the marvel of its mechanism; when we see it gliding beneath the keel of a battleship, and when we see the undersea craft sink to the bottom of the ocean. At this point we are shown the wonders of the mechanics of rescue. There is also martial music, a fluttering Old Glory and the young sailor gets the sweet ingénue. As if we cared! George Brent, Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Wayne Morris play the leads and somewhere about is the cutie whose name I forget and won't trouble to look up. So far as

young Mr. Morris goes, the picture is a disappointment. It gives him no such opportunity to be individual as "Kid Galahad" did. He gives no more to his part than the rôle gives him. He is only a fresh young sailor whose statement that he has been in the service eight years causes us to wonder how young he began. That doesn't matter, either. But the submarine certainly does.

"Hollywood Hotel."—Warners. Showy nonsense elaborately put together, this appeals to the eye and ear in a big way that many picture-goers will find irresistible. It is noisy, and there's a load of it, but it is minus finesse or cleverness and causes us to think what a terrible place to live gaudy Hollywood Hotel must be. However, the picture is linked with a popular radio program, so the combination is sure-fire for those who want brash, superficial entertainment. And entertaining the picture surely is. It attempts a broad burlesque of a movie star who goes to pieces when her double, a waitress, pinch hits for her at what they call in Hollywood a pree-meer. Real high light of the piece is when the eminent Mr. Perc Westmore makes up Rosemary Lane, the impostor, to look exactly like Lola Lane, the star. Positively (Continued on page 78)



"Hollywood Hotel."



"Wise Girl."



"Wells Fargo."

Continued from page 19

Help Solve Loretta's Love Problem

have something to think of out in this gosh-awful spot. No one ever comes here on purpose. I'll bet you don't know a soul who ever came here!"

Loretta laid the letter on a table, declaring she'd answered it with gratefulness.

Then I was astounded. She didn't pull her punches.

"You don't know," she began slowly, "how I've thought of that letter. It focused my problem.

"Every girl has one, but mine is complicated frighteningly by this growing tale that I'm mad about men. Yes, I've heard it. And I'm not blind; I read the 'inside' columns, read the magazines that prefer to think for me. And I shudder. A nice picture of me, isn't it?"

"How did the chapter about Tyrone and myself go? Let's see—that was last year's morsel. When Sonja Henie went out of town they said I tried to clinch my campaign for him, and when she got back that I fled to New York in defeat. 'Loretta Meets Mysterious Man in East' was the headline. I went on to Bermuda for—so I read—a rendezvous. When no man materialized with me there I was described as bravely having concocted a story of one to save my pride. I was in a Bermuda beauty parlor when I picked up a magazine to read about my torch-carrying. Honestly, my pride struck a new low!"

She ran sensitive fingers through her hair. Loretta always has such a time with her hair. I realized the tea-gown she wore was of rose chiffon. Her face, bare of make-up except for vermilion lipstick, became nearly stern.

I attempted to reassure her. "After all, Loretta, it's a compliment to be so glamorous that they want to gossip about you."

She shook her head. "No. It's not the kind I enjoy. It's embarrassing. Humiliating. I get furious. One night the wife of a star with whom I was acting telephoned. 'Just to let you know, Loretta, that I don't believe a word of what they are whispering about you and my husband.' She was being sweet, I suppose. But I wasn't delighted at her confidence in my decency. I was insulted. Why, because I'm an actress, should any man's wife have the privilege of assuring me I'm not so bad? I resented being engineered into such a position. I told her so.

"I've never given all this gossip the dignity of a denial. But perhaps I should. Because if more of these rumors pile up they may interfere with my hopes, may affect my personal future. A name that's in lights, that's known, is nice to have when you have worked for it. But, to me my reputa-

tion is more valuable. When I do want to get married, what will the man think of me?"

"It's getting so that after a couple of dates the gossip-mongers are positive I'm frantic over my escort. I've begun to be self-conscious when I consider a date. The man is apt to think he's stepping into something! Several times I've caught myself warning a new acquaintance that we're in for it if we go out. That's a silly prelimi-



Betty Jaynes, at seventeen, is an operatic prima donna. She really has the voice, too. She's to be starred in "The Student Prince," singing the rôle that Norma Shearer played some years ago.

nary to a carefree evening, isn't it?"

But, Loretta, what is behind all the stories?

She walked around the room, restlessly.

"Chiefly I'm in a spot where I'm a handsome target. And then I'm unmarried. If I were married, naturally they wouldn't dare to chatter so freely. I love attention. I love affection. When I was in New York vacationing I went out every evening with the most attractive men I could find—different men. Bill Powell was one.

"I do joke at the studio, on the sets," she went on, reflectively. "I recall that noon when Tyrone, Don Ameche, and another friend and I were lunching. I had on a huge false ring, a prop. Some one questioned me and I airily retorted, 'Why Tyrone gave it to me.' He gallantly rallied with, 'I didn't want to send just flowers.' Next day he chanced to wear a chime watch in his lapel, an heirloom his mother had discovered for him. 'I gave it to him, in return for the ring,' I laughingly commented. That hit the papers as factual proof we 'cared'!

"Here is true 'inside.' I'd been planning eagerly for my trip East. The director, kiddingly, vowed he'd go East, also. As we began the final scenes, Tyrone called me aside. 'When is the director returning—I do my next one with him and I want to arrange my vacation.' I replied, 'How should I know when he'll be back?' Tyrone said, solemnly, 'But I thought . . . aren't you and he . . . ?'

"So I must learn this: a girl mustn't joke. Not unless she roars loudly so every one realizes it's a gag.

"In New York, one evening in the Rainbow Room, my escort said to me, 'You go with men a while and then throw them over, don't you?' I'd devoted hours to preparing for a grand time, and that was popped at me!

"Have I ever thrown over a man? Yes, if I go about with a man and I foresee diverging principles. I don't waste my time nor his. If there must be a break, I make it quickly. When the type of love I want is not in the cards I shuffle the deck. Cut off the friendship. Yes I do that. But if I ever break a friendship with a man, believe me, it's for a purpose.

"In spite of everything, I haven't changed in what I want from life.

"This morning I passed a famous columnist on the lot. When he demanded why I'd gone to New York I replied, rather wearily, 'To have fun and to buy new clothes.' He's tagged the quote, in this afternoon's papers, with 'I don't think that's his name.'

"I know I'll fall in love again some day, that the lasting sort of love must be awaiting me. I want to be worthy of it.

"This careless gossip might be a barrier. What can I do about it?"

Loretta Young put it up to me. I put it up to you.

Streamlining the Stars

Continued from page 49

The second stretching exercise, also illustrated by Miss Parker, is similar except you do not need the broomstick; you throw your arms back as far as possible. Fifteen times a day for this one and, of course, you need some one to hold you.

In the exercise Jacqueline Wells is shown doing, the athlete first lies on her back with hands over her head. If there is no one around to hold up your feet, you can prop them on a chair. Sit up and lean forward until you touch your toes, repeating this ten times, inhaling through your nose as you go back and exhaling through the mouth as you come forward.

In the exercise Jean Parker seems to be enjoying so much, you lie on your back with hands stretched out. Bring your right leg up, as illustrated, touching the toe with your left hand, alternating with the left foot and right hand. Fifteen times quickly and, as you progress, do not touch feet to the floor, working legs scissor-fashion.

Ann Miller depicts another efficient way of reducing the mid-section. Lie on your stomach, hold your feet as Ann is doing and rock back and forth rapidly ten to fifteen times, letting weight rest on your abdomen and stretching your arms and shoulders as much as possible.



LOOK YOUR BEST IN ANY LIGHT

You Can If You Use *light-proof* Powder

Does your make-up flatter you at certain times—and betray you at others? It's the *light* that makes make-up so fickle. Even powdering has never overcome this—until now.

You can now get powder that is *light-proof*. Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. The use of this powder solves the old problem of "shine". With a finishing touch of this light-proof powder, your complexion is not constantly being light-struck, by day or by night.

An important discovery

Every woman should be careful to choose a becoming shade of powder. But more important than matching your complexion, is powder that is a match

for any light! Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light and makes your face shine like an apple.

Don't buy any powder

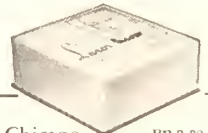
until you have made this test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then stand at a glaring window; or under the strongest electric light; in cross-lights. See if you can find *any* light this powder does not soften.

Get a large box at any drug or department store for 55c. Or a 10c size at the five-and-ten. Or, see coupon.



Beauteous Marlene Dietrich with her titled escort, handsome Earl of Warwick.

LUXOR LIGHT PROOF FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens with make-up that reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof and modifies the light rays.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago PP-3-38

Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof powder free and prepaid.

- Flesh Rachel
- Rose Rachel Rachel No. 2

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



"How
can I

HELP FIGHT

Infantile

Paralysis?"



Most of you who will read this appeal are parents. You know a mother's love... a father's devotion. Imagine for a moment that epidemic struck your city... may-be your own home! Think of the dear, little ones who might be stricken... tortured and twisted... perhaps snuffed out... by the great ravager... because your community did not possess the knowledge, the skill, the resources that only a powerful national organization could supply. Think it over... personally gruesome as it may be. Then we know that all will want to join with the President in supporting his plan for the new national Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Will you do your bit?



Please "do your bit." Send one dollar or more... whatever you can afford. We believe in after years you will say with millions of others, that it was the best investment you ever made... to insure the protection of happy childhood... and to help those now afflicted with that dread disease—Infantile Paralysis.

COMMITTEE FOR THE
CELEBRATION OF THE
PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

Please mail your contribution to
KEITH MORGAN, Chairman
50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Every penny... 100% of all you send goes directly to
the Foundation.

On and Off the Set

Continued from page 34

The stooge was instructed to be on the lookout constantly, to warn her when members of the press or other set visitors were near, so she could curb a tongue long accustomed to freedom.

Since not many visitors are allowed on her sets, the check didn't prove too much for her to bear.

MIRIAM HOPKINS had a musical horn on her make-up table which she sounded whenever she was ready to play a scene in "Wise Girl." But what is puzzling Hollywood is what the director sounded when *he* was ready to shoot a scene.

WHEN Jon Hall of "Hurricane" left Hollywood on a personal-appearance tour he took along the one suit that belonged to him, according to a slenth. The rest of his clothes and accessories, it was said, had to be borrowed from the studio wardrobe department. Now if this is true, Jon has been cutting his big social swath in Hollywood beaung the party-minded Countess Di Frasso around in a rented dress suit!

THE latest autograph fad is to get a star to place the imprint of her lips against a piece of paper, the lipstick forming the autograph. Kay Francis started it when she made six imprints of a kiss to be auctioned off for charity. Now Edith Fellows has placed the print of her mouth, in lipstick, on the original manuscripts of the songs she sings in her first starring picture, "Little Miss Roughneck," which she mailed as a present to her father. But what if the fans take up the idea and shove their autograph books against the stars' faces instead of into their hands? Um, we hate to think.

VIVACIOUS LADY," starring Ginger Rogers, which was half finished several months ago (when she was leading lady in James Stewart's life) and which was halted by the illness of Stewart, is now being finished. But Jimmie is even thinner now than he was then so how will the last half of the picture match up with the first half?

THE height of something is the Universal publicity department's announcement that the reason Barbara Read is so proud of her new coupé is because she designed the color scheme and painted the car wheels to match her lipstick!

FASHION note: Irene Dunne's new mink coat is fashioned on the lines of a full bath robe with rippled collar.

dress-maker interest at the hip line and tied at the waist by a red chiffon scarf. The white fox coat she wore in "The Awful Truth" and later purchased for her own use is made up of entire skins mounted vertically on black velvet, the center-front skins being blended high on the shoulder line to give a flattering framing effect for the head. Diagonal coat pockets are another novel touch.

DESPITE all reports we have Clark Gable's own word for it that he has not bought a ranch in San Fernando Valley, nor is he building a house there. He has merely rented the small ranch that Rex Ingram and Alice Terry used to call home.

AFTER playing in golf tournaments for 10! these many years and never getting beyond the qualifying stage, Richard Arlen has finally come through. He and his two teammates turned in a blistering fifty-nine to win the pro-amateur preliminary for the Southern California Open.



Jack Dunn, ex-skating partner of Sonja Henie, is doing all right with a Paramount contract.

Foundations of Beauty

Continued from page 64

your finger tips, spreading a light film over your entire face—skipping eyelids, of course. It dries in about fifteen minutes, during which time you'll feel it pulling and tightening and lifting. And when you remove it with lukewarm water and a soft cloth, your face will look so firm and fresh and young, with all the lines smoothed out, you'll scarcely know yourself.

And if you use this mask several times a week, you'll soon notice that many of the lines stay smoothed out permanently, and your face will be all the better prepared for a careful make-up.

For remember make-up should be applied so skillfully that it is never obvious. Be sure that your powder matches your skin tones and that your rouge is so artfully blended into your skin that the faint color it gives looks like the natural glow of youth.

Eye-shadow should be used sparingly, especially during the day, when the faintest bit will give just the right amount of shadowy background to your eyes. And if you'll use a fairly dry brush for applying your mascara, then carefully separate the lashes with a hairpin after the mascara is dry, you'll find your eyes look far more natural and attractive than if the mascara is heavy and artificial-looking.

When it comes to lipstick, all too many women make the mistake of splashing it on with a heavy hand. And most of the men I talked to mentioned a strong prejudice against such painted-on lips.

Choose a lipstick that will blend so perfectly with your skin tones that the subtle glow of your lips looks like nature's handiwork rather than your own.

Such a lipstick is the one made on the famous color-change principle. Pale orange in its case, when applied it seems to absorb and intensify your own coloring, giving your lips the lovely, soft rose vividness that men so admire.

What's more, this lipstick lasts and lasts, its indelibility defying even your pillow if you wear it to bed!

But even the finest lipstick can't make a mouth attractive if the teeth are not white and clean. So do give a thought to your dentifrice and choose your toothbrush with care.

For all toothbrushes are not alike, and in order to clean the teeth properly you need one that has strong, resilient, but not sharp bristles that can penetrate between the teeth and into the ridges, cleaning the inside as well as the outer surface.

**LIGHTS!
ACTION!
CAMERA!**



Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous refreshing make-up created for them by Miss Arden.

The great stars of Hollywood have found their answer to the relentless cameras, the hot lights, the demand for glamour and loveliness at any hour of the day or night . . .

They have discovered the new

SCREEN and STAGE MAKE-UP

by Elizabeth Arden

A complete line of preparations are available for professional—and taking a hint from the stars—for private use too. They are priced at a dollar (\$1.00) each, and sold by exclusive Elizabeth Arden distributors everywhere.

The booklet "Professional Information" B-3, containing procedure of make-up application for effective use, may be obtained by writing Screen and Stage Laboratories, 5533 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Please mention PICTURE PLAY when answering advertisement

NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

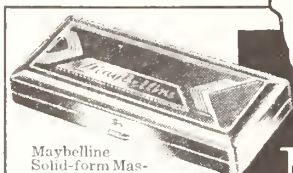
NEW YORK, N. Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal



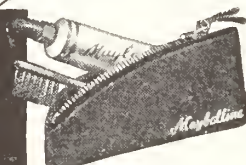
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.



Maybelline Harmonizing Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara, brush, dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c.



Maybelline Eye Cream guards against crows-feet, lines and wrinkles around eyes.



**NOW...
who *Dares*
be without
Maybelline
Eye BeautyAids**

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Please mention PICTURE PLAY when answering advertisements

No Awards for Garbo

Continued from page 47

are astonished by the consistency with which she repels publicity, and are no more immune than any one else to the potent spell of her physical loveliness. But after all, they say, the awards are made for excellence in *acting*. And Garbo, however persuasive and charming, is really just a personality, her personal power a matter of clever lighting and a camera face.

This is not the first time Hollywood has preferred the tinsel to the real, the transient to the enduring. Look back over the list of actresses who have received the Academy awards, and you will note the significant fact that each recipient was honored at the time of her first success or shortly thereafter.

Janet Gaynor's youthful freshness in "Seventh Heaven," Mary Pickford's change of type in "Coquette," the warm gusto of Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill," the technical precision of Helen Hayes's "Madelon Claudet," each in its own time was hailed as the precursor of a new age of screen acting.

Some of the owners of the statuettes to-day are absent from the screen. Others are reviled for poor acting as vehemently as they once were praised. Nearly all won their awards on the strength of the fashion of the moment, and perished with its passing. Garbo is never fashionable. Styles change but she does not.

She has grasped the simple principle which escaped most screen actors before her time—that to act is simply to believe a situation is true, as a child playing house believes. It is the simple sincerity of her pretending that makes her acting so great that it does not seem like acting at all. And it is of this that purblind Hollywood complains, not realizing how much she has contributed to the screen in creating an acting standard of complete simplicity, complete sincerity.

Her influence upon screen acting and its acceptance by audiences is not the blatant influence of a Mae West, but it is there all the same. Ten years ago the world thought of Gary Cooper as a mere personality. To-day he is praised because his acting is direct and economical, because he does not "act" at all. But he was just as innocent of tricks in 1927 as he is to-day. And who shall say that Garbo's pervasive influence has not had much to do with the new appreciation given to acting such as Gary's?

Continued from page 62

Brought over from England originally to play Errol Flynn's brother in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Pat resembles Errol slightly, in that he is tall and slender, although a bit less rugged, and has blue eyes, very blue, and curly dark hair.

Of Pat's picture career? It began when he made a hit in "There's Always Juliet" on the London stage. He had signed a contract with Warners' London studio and continued his stage work along with pictures. Then Hollywood sent for him. Upon his arrival he was rushed off to the location site of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Pat not only gives a fine performance and looks about as handsome as a tall Irishman possibly can look in "Robin Hood," which is in Technicolor, but he has recently completed leading rôles in two other films. "Extensive Husbands" and "The Patient in Room 18."

We talked of all the things that had happened and how he came to go on the stage, how he decided to be an actor when, at the age of six, he was taken to the theater for the first time. He told me although Irish by descent he was born in Yorkshire, England, later moved to Oxford, where his father publishes a magazine. At four-

teen, Pat left school to work for his father, and was successively errand boy, typesetter, junior reporter and, at eighteen, advertising manager.



Our cameraman snaps Barbara Stanwyck in court over her son Dion's custody.

"But then," he told me. "I had a little argument with my father and he told me to go and get a job some place else. He didn't intend I should leave home but I did. I went to London, determined to get on the stage."

Pat had no money. He slept in the railway station, on the Thames Embankment, in doorways or any place he could. Daily he made the rounds of managers' offices and employment bureaus.

"Finally my mother traced me," continued Pat, "and, realizing that I was determined to stick it out, put me up at the Y. M. C. A. There I met an Irishman who knew another Irishman who was a producer. He introduced me and the producer gave me a job with his stock company in Margate. I acted as his secretary, assistant stage manager, call boy and in some productions I carried a spear."

A year with this company prepared Pat for his next engagement, which was a great adventure, for he joined a group of traveling players whose route led them through rural Ireland for eighteen months.

Next he toured England with Frank Forbes-Robertson and then came his big opportunity on the London stage.

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Hollywood Morals Go Main Street

Continued from page 27

become sadly de trop these days to indulge in anything savoring of scandal, or to have attributed to you Valentino-like or sirenlike qualities.

George Brent found out about scandal when he received some big black frowns from the people who are Something in Hollywood as a result of his marital peccadillos with Constance Worth. And so did Martha Raye when her noisy battles with her husband, Buddy Westmore, were aired. And June Lang has been pretty unhappy about all the publicity about her unfortunate marriage.

Consider the ease of Robert Taylor, who was the luckless victim of old-fashioned and ill-advised press-agentry of Valentino vintage—women swooning in the streets, girls hiding under his bed—when he went through New York en route to London.

News reporters for the New York dailies, all good hearty, masculine gents, decided that they'd have fun with this chap who had been ballyhooed as an Apollo. They asked embarrassing questions and ribbed the daylights out of Bob with "beauty or brains" gags. And the ridiculous publicity was nearly fatal to the career of this normal, healthy, handsome guy who couldn't, by the farthest stretch of the imagination, live up to it.

Nope, that stuff doesn't go any more.

Take the ease of Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease girl, or the modern version of a siren. Hollywood never gave her a tumble when she came to town, although she had bedazzled Chicago and New York, by gum. Why should they be bothered with strip-tease numbers when they had their babies and their careers to look after?

And so Darryl Zanuck, who signed Miss Lee, told her to change her name to Louise Hovick and advised her to go eminently, eminently respectable. Miss Hovick was so stunned by Hollywood's indifference toward her and so impressed by Mr. Zanuck's advice that she followed it to the extent of taking her mamma along when she went on her honeymoon! Furthermore, she took that honeymoon in a trailer, the new vehicular symbol of middle-class respectability.

And there you are!

Even the hold-outs from matrimony among famous Hollywood twosomes can be classified as steady if not spectacular romances. We're thinking now of Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Clark Gable (when he gets his divorce) and Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman and Benita Hume, Kay Francis and Delmer Daves, and others.

To an observer on the side lines, the effect of the new morality trend on

movie divorcees is amusing. Couples about to split suddenly remember the social oblivion they face, the possible catastrophe to career involved. Then they rush back into each other's arms! Even the coldest alimony seeker hesitates when she realizes that divorce may ruin her meal ticket's career. What price alimony if he can't pay it?

Will the landslide toward Puritanism not only cancel a few divorcees, but have a stimulating effect on marriages because marriage boosts popularity? Well, we wouldn't be knowing.

It's hard to guide that rascal Dan Cupid, but we can point out that when Dick Powell married Joan Blondell, Joan's professional stature increased. So to a degree did Dick's, despite some indifferent films. And that the marriages of Gene Raymond to Jeanette MacDonald, Alice Faye to Tony Martin, Miriam Hopkins to Anatole Litvak, Anne Shirley to John Payne and Jackie Coogan to Betty Grable show similar favorable signs.

Even the press agents, once so grim and full of black forebodings, are becoming reconciled. The producers have already capitulated and are actually costarring husbands and wives. Francis Lederer and Margo, Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, John Barrymore and his Elaine, are to be paired on the screen. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are in "Wells Fargo." Alice Faye and Tony Martin have been teamed, and will be again. Even Dixie Lee Crosby has had to refuse more than once offers to appear with Bing.

Bing may have been kidding, one day on the Lakeside golf links, when he said something about a studio's desire to present the whole Crosby family in a big picture together. But maybe not. That sort of thing is the next logical step!



The attentive host, Basil Rathbone, with Mrs. Geoffrey Toye socialite.

Head Over Heels in Romance

Continued from page 45

Why Janet may *not* yield to his ardent pleadings and become Mrs. Power.

First, there is a small matter of difference in their ages. Tyrone is twenty-four. Janet is thirty-one. But this is the least of the stumblingblocks in their romance from Janet's angle.

Far more important is Janet's deep-rooted conviction that careers and matrimony do not mix. The experiment failed her once. Almost from the beginning, though their marriage lasted three years, Janet and Lydell never must have realized that their union was eventually doomed to failure.

Shortly after her separation from Lydell, Janet told me: "Neither was I to blame. Lydell was always sweet and understanding. But our lives seemed at such cross-purposes. Lydell was a business man. By six o'clock every day his working day was over. He had every right to expect to come home to find his wife sitting across the table from him and to look forward to an evening of social engagements. Yet, because of my work I doubt if we ever ate a meal at a regular hour. Frequently I worked at night just when Lydell had planned for me to meet some of his friends, or to celebrate a birthday or an anniversary. We seemed to be in two different worlds."

But overshadowing even these good arguments is another which I doubt if Janet herself will readily admit. It is merely that in spite of her great femininity and appeal and "littleness," Janet is more typically a bachelor girl than any other star I can name in Hollywood except Garbo.

Janet hates ties of any kind. She

does not enjoy anything in connection with the running or management of a home. In spite of her wealth she has never owned a home in California and the only piece of property she has ever bought is a cottage on the beach at Honolulu used exclusively for vacations.

Now let's look at the other side of the ledger and note the arguments why Janet, in spite of her convictions, *might* be willing to make another try at matrimony—with Tyrone.

In the first place, her closest friends believe that she is more sincerely in love than at any time since her famous romance with Charlie Farrell. I think it has always been ironical to Janet that she and Charlie allowed their ambition and their careers to come between them just long enough to permit them to meet, fall in love with and eventually marry—other people.

Strangely enough, Tyrone has come into her life at almost the same point in her career Charlie did—ten years later. Janet's star was just rising to the heights when she fell in love with Charlie. After a slump of two or three years, it is just beginning to rise again—and she meets Tyrone.

She made the mistake once of sacrificing love for ambition—now she has a second chance at that same decision. In many ways Janet has been a lonely girl. With the exception of her mother and one or two friends, there has been no one very close to her. Right now in her early thirties it is much more important for her to make the right decision regarding her future happiness than it was ten years ago.

I believe Tyrone's greatest appeal to her lies in the fact that he is a real companion as well as a devoted suitor. Unlike Lydell, he is in and of her own profession. They enjoy the same things, places and people. Moreover, Janet is "good" for Tyrone. She came into his life at a time when he was in a very good way of being spoiled by fame and attention and permitting it to go to his head a little.

Janet, wise in the ways of Hollywood, who knows every angle of the picture game, advised and guided him. And what woman can resist this strong appeal of dependency in the man she loves—even when he happens to be a romantic Don Juan of the movies?

Tyrone is Janet's second chance at the happiness that eluded her years ago. Will she take it? Or is she more content as "a woman alone," going her almost Garboesque way through life?

Only Janet knows the answer and she hasn't told—yet.



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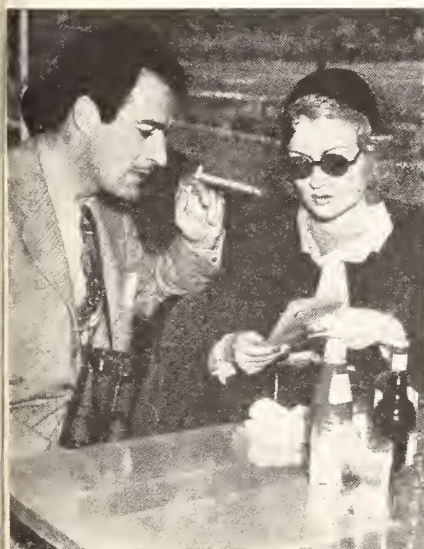
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The horse didn't come in, but Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett have other consolations.

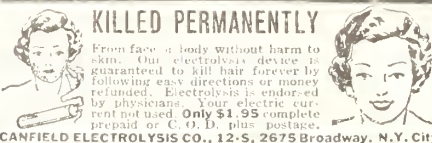


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Courageous Irishman

Continued from page 51

It was Professor Body who persuaded Tracy to try his luck in New York. Tracy attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts until his money gave out.

Then he got a job as an extra on the stage. He was a robot in "R. U. R." and he got fifteen dollars a week for it. Stock and other engagements followed. Bit by bit he advanced.

He met Louise Treadwell, leading woman of a stock company, and married her.

It wasn't until after he scored on Broadway as *Killer Mears* in "The Last Mile" that Hollywood wanted him. Fox signed him, used him in many films, never discovered the real qualities of the young actor. He was tossed into one program picture after another without pause.

The experience almost broke his heart. It did demoralize him for a curious period of his life.

After hitting passable success in the films, Tracy went into a Hollywood tailspin.

Suddenly Tracy threw everything aside, went away by himself, spent money recklessly, snapped his fingers at his career. Luckily his wife was understanding—and waited. In time Tracy came to himself.

Past these milestones, Tracy became

a real person. He learned from his boy's bravery and hope, from his father's faith in life to come, from his own brief weakness and his wife's understanding. He came to know himself.

You sense these things from his rôles. From passably effective film parts, Tracy suddenly did the victim of mob hysteria in "Fury," the hard fisted, understanding Catholic priest of "San Francisco," the Portuguese-sailor of "Captains Courageous." He had arrived.

Tracy says the friendship of Will Rogers helped him a great deal. They both loved polo, they both, at heart were simple souls. "I can't begin to express how much Rogers meant in my life. He was the sort of man we all would like to be. If Hollywood never gave me anything else, I'll eternally be in its debt for Will's friendship."

There you have Tracy. Ingenuous of simple faith. A pleasant Irishman diffident about his Hollywood success viewing life through the eyes of a boy. It takes a long time for an Irishman to grow up. His imagination is hiding always behind a guileless exterior. I suspect Spencer Tracy never will grow up.

Gossip of Stars in New York

Continued from page 15

Strangest of Careers.—While Warner Brothers were filming that series of "The Case of the Velvet Claw" they should have filmed the much more puzzling "Case of Claire Dodd." Even after six reels of revelations I doubt if you could figure how she came to be cast as a conniving other woman. She is a fragile, shy, medium-blond, and lives quietly in Hollywood. In Manhattan she was out for a whirl and scarcely missed a night spot. Most of the time her escort was tall, slender, wealthy and good-looking young Gerald Lambert, United Airlines executive, who was very attentive. Claire confided she had her mind on serious things, too, and she may play in Chicago and on tour the rôle that Frances Farmer is doing on Broadway in "Golden Boy" and if she does, see her.

Ethel's Dad Problem.—Harder than graduating from typist to Broadway's favorite singer, harder than making good in a big way in "Happy Landing" and getting a 20th Century-Fox contract, is Ethel Merman's struggle to get her father to move with her

to Hollywood. He has been accountant for the same firm for thirty five years and wants to go right on. Ethel is a girl who wants her family right around her all the time, and you know that steam-roller magnetism with which she puts over songs. Dad is going to give in all right, even if he doesn't think so.

Hollywood Impressed.—Wallace Ford has caused a real stir because of his brilliant performance in Broadway's most controversial play, "C Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck and glances out nightly over a star-studded audience. Better than all that "you were swell, darling, I always knew you were wonderful." et cetera sort of comments he has been getting was a personal tribute from Paul Muni who paid Ford a call in his dressing room and offered his personal congratulations for "one of the finest jobs of acting" this year. Ford, who has gone along quietly in Hollywood, says for "The Informer" and "Lost Patrol" is now being paged loudly by the producers.

Will Bill Powell Find Peace?

Continued from page 29

cruel Roman emperor, Tiberius, that Powell felt he had, for a time at least, found the solace and peace he sought.

He said: "Life is unhurried in Capri. The sun shines and gives you a certain peace of mind. You sit and listen to the beat of the surf and a curious nostalgia eases your aches. Hurts seem far away. Pain is remote and vague. The pulse of the world is off in the dim distance. I want to go back there again and again when life presses too hard."

Powell talked to me of California. "I shall never own another house here," he said. "I don't want to be anchored. I want to be free to move about, to pull up and flee when the mood hits me."

"Hollywood is expensive. Your standard of living climbs with your salary. Your taxes are terrific. Your expenses run away with you, no matter how you try to curb your budget. You strain and strain to make this money, which takes your time, keeps you from thinking, and then it all goes. I love California but I refuse to be in bondage to it."

Powell paid a tribute to his friends, Ronald Colman and Richard Barthel-

mess. "When you've been through as much as I, you begin to appreciate your friends," he said. "Ronnie stood by me so steadfastly here, Dick was so marvelous to me when I was on the other side."

"My grandest night on my trip was my first night in Paris. Dick Barthel-mess met me with his wife, Jessica. We went to a little restaurant and for an hour and a half we unburdened our souls. We had not seen each other in nearly two years—and we had so much to say. Dick had been terribly ill in London, with one sinus operation after another. We talked of this and that, going back to the moment I met him first, en route to Havana to make 'The Bright Shawl' in which he was to star. I had been signed for a rôle in the picture. We disliked each other at sight, had a few drinks together, discovered we weren't so bad, became bosom pals. And we've been pals since."

"A lot of things about my trip amazed me. The way people recognized me, everywhere, in the tiniest, most isolated villages. It was a revelation. It made me realize the far-reaching power of Hollywood."

"One old woman drawing water at a well in an Italian village saw me. She pointed at me, dropped her pitcher, screamed 'Pow-well!' Conductors on trains asked for autographs in the same breath they asked for my tickets. In an Amsterdam theater a young woman saw me, seized her mother's arm and whispered loudly, 'William Powell!' Her mother paid no attention. The girl did it over again. No response. Again. Then the mother, still without looking around, snapped, 'Nonsense, how could he be here?'"

"Another thing that impressed me was the way French, Italian and German voices are dubbed into Hollywood films. Stock companies are maintained, a player for each American star, so that the Crawford, or the Garbo, or the Powell voice in French, for instance, continues unchanged in every one of our films. These voices, in reality, become part of you. I met all my European selves—shook hands with all my 'voices.' It gave me a strange feeling."

He paused and looked out his hotel window across New York. It was dusk and the lights of the city were just beginning to gleam in the twilight.

"She was so young, so alive," he whispered, half to himself. There was a pause again. "Yes, it will hurt," he went on, "but work will be good for me again."

Is Bill Powell finding peace? Time will tell.



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Age _____

Continued from page 31

"I was so happy I could have screamed with joy, but I wasn't going to let Tony know it. 'What's the use of that?' I asked.

"If that's the way you feel," Tony began and then I just let my pride go—"I will, Tony, I will!"

"That night we had a long talk. We decided that we were two silly people who could be very happy if we'd give ourselves a chance. We decided that we'd better get married

quickly before we made a complete mess of our lives."

"And that's why you eloped so suddenly?" I asked.

"Yes, that's why we eloped so suddenly. We chartered a plane and flew to Yuma. Even my family didn't know a thing about it until we came back and said, 'It's done.'"

"Have you made any plans for your future?"

"No," Alice said. "we're both going

on with our careers and that's about all. I have great hopes for Tony. I feel he's very talented and will go far. He's headed for the very top. Maybe some day we'll have children, but not for a long while."

If Alice Faye and Tony Martin are an example of what marriage does to people, then I am all for it. And weren't they smart not to let a few scraps more or less stand in the way of their happiness?

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thrilling is his deftness in pasting on the strip of eyelashes to cover that optical nakedness which embarrasses every Hollywood actress. Of more spectacular interest are the orchestras of Benny Goodman and Raymond Paige and the broadcast of the well-known radio program from the orchid room, with columnist Louella Parsons as hostess. Dick Powell sings his familiar rôle of a hick who makes good on the air, and a varied assortment of personalities do their specialized stuff. I still think that Mr. Westmore's makeup stunt is the most interesting moment in the hodgepodge.

"Wise Girl."—RKO. Just where lies the wisdom of the character played by Miriam Hopkins in this terrible comedy, or where was lost the star's judgment in choosing to play it, who can tell? It is a mystery, as is why nobody reminded Miss Hopkins that she is plump in the wrong place, which in her case happens to be below the waistline. Well, anyway, she's a rich girl who learns that her disinherited sister's children are living in Greenwich Village. She goes to investigate and discovers a neighborhood more picturesque than could possibly exist anywhere but in a picture book. The children, two precocious little girls, are in charge of a never-do-well artist, Ray Milland, and he is the center of a bohemian group carefully chosen for picturesque dissimilarity. Miss Hopkins pretends to be poor in order to know every one better and first antagonizes then wins them all, Mr. Milland holding out longest because he is the hero. A courtroom scene determines who shall have custody of the children and a jail sentence benevolently maneuvered by Miss Hopkins for Mr. Milland in order to force him to paint and proclaim his genius, brings the rambling picture to a welcome end.

"Wells Fargo."—Paramount. All right in its way, if you want merely a picture with mass action against picturesque backgrounds, this fails sadly as drama or even entertainment. Despite its big canvas, it is a dull composite of "Cimarron," "The Covered

Norbert Lusk's Reviews

Wagon." "The Pony Express." without the attractiveness of any of these. It brings in the Civil War, too, and Abraham Lincoln, with a touch of about everything that happened in this country from 1840 till the reconstruction period. Failing to create interesting characters, the picture concerns itself with sketching episodes and trying hard to achieve human interest. Joel McCrea is colorless as a young man who is enthusiastically concerned in blazing a path across the country for Mr. Wells's express company, while Frances Dee has an assignment that is no more interesting. She is his St. Louis wife with a Southern accent that would seem to have originated in the Florida Everglades rather than in Missouri, if we relate speech to geography, as indeed we must. Even Lloyd Nolan and Porter Hall, prime villains always, do not come up to expectations in their evil doings because the scenario won't let them. Bob Burns is helpful as a drawling plainsman, though.

"I'll Take Romance."—Columbia. Grace Moore has shot her bolt, she no longer is a sensation and her pictures since "One Night of Love" have steadily diminished in novelty and interest. It marks the passing of a vogue, not the fading of an accomplished singer, for Miss Moore is still that. The days of the operatic films are numbered largely because our Metropolitan divas are not cinema actresses. The difficulty of combining operatic arias with a believable story becomes more labored. It is especially so in what I think will be Miss Moore's farewell film. In this she is an established prima donna who refuses an engagement in Buenos Aires but is tricked into sailing for South America by Melvyn Douglas disguised as a gaucho. Because Miss Moore has only two expressions, smiling and unsmiling, and she smiles practically all the time, the other characters are more interesting because more real. Stuart Erwin, for example, is excellent, and so is Helen Westley as an ex-prima donna, a sort of duenna to Miss Moore. Portions of "La Traviata," "Manon," and "Ma-

dame Butterfly" are elaborately presented and it is in these musical interludes that Miss Moore finds excuse for stardom on the screen.

"Navy Blue and Gold."—MGM. All Annapolis pictures are reminiscent of each other and this goes for West Point, submarine and naval films generally. So we don't look for novelty any more. We do find in the latest reprint of a familiar pattern some exceptional acting on the part of James Stewart. It probably is the best he has given us. Perhaps that's because he has long been absent on account of illness and we are glad to see him again. Be that as it may, this is his picture. His simplicity and honesty are beguiling and, as is the case with so-called natural acting, conceal skill in timing and in getting the most out of every situation and every word. What he does doesn't matter much, but it is pleasant. As a plebe at Annapolis he is chiefly concerned in clearing his father's name. Let the story stop there. There is football, a cynical classmate who doesn't respond to the nobility of the navy, a juvenile who is overenthusiastic about everything, and several stock figures that we have seen on the parade grounds before, including a lean-jawed coach admirably played by Paul Kelly. Robert Young and Tom Brown are others in a definitely pleasant but vastly unimportant picture.

"Love and Hisses."—20th Century Fox. The so-called feud of Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie is carried on in another musical and it's too, too much. And Simone Simon is wasted in the current attempt to put her across. The French girl sings for novelty and her soprano is sweet and thin, better than the singing of most actresses who suddenly develop voices. Otherwise the part she plays might be handled by any one. She is a provocative actress, not a musical-comedy ingénue, and deserves a better break than playing second fiddle to Messrs. Winchell and Bernie and a lot of a sorted entertainers.

What Cost High C and Fame?

Continued from page 25

nade upon her, and her voice grows in quality and strength each day. That's why I feel in four or five years, or possibly sooner, she will be ready to make her operatic debut at practically the same age as did Geraldine Farrar, Lucrezia Bori, Kirsten Flagstad, and many more famous prima donnas."

One need only recall Deanna's singing in "Three Smart Girls," delightful as it was, to be reminded of the progress she made in "100 Men and a Girl." Her tone is more buoyant and has greater luster. When you mention this to Deanna, she gives full credit to her teacher. She says: "Mr. de Segurola has taught me everything—how to visualize tone, how to lighten and brighten the voice. You see, you can color your tones just by thinking about them in the right way. If you think happy, you will sound that way. Of course, I realize how correct Mr. de Segurola is when he tells me to smile when singing, because smiling relaxes you and makes you happy."

It is really quite a sight to watch pupil and teacher work together. There exists the closest sympathy between them. De Segurola himself is a superb showman. A man of middle age and past, he brings a rich background of experience to his teaching, and he has found in Deanna a young, impressionable girl with a glowing talent who is eager to accept every bit of knowledge, training and tradition that he can impart to her.

There hovers about him the aura of the great musical yesterdays that included his name with Caruso, Norlicca, Tetrizzini, Destinn, Melba, Sembrich. Such is the teacher of Deanna.

When she asked if I would like to hear her sing "Ave Maria" of Gounod

—that is, if I didn't mind her "practicing"—De Segurola urged it and she graciously, simply and without the slightest self-consciousness walked over to the piano, stood perfectly still while the accompanist played the introductory measures, and then sang with exquisite beauty and deep meaning the devout and impassioned prayer.

During all this, De Segurola stood directly in front of her—only a few feet separated them—and in the fashion of a conductor he directed her singing. Once, twice, three times they stopped in the middle of a phrase and started over again. Several times she suggested: "Let's take that again; I know I can improve it." Everything she asked, her teacher assented to. Everything he suggested, she listened to intently and the next moment applied to her singing.

They are completely en rapport, and if the phrase weren't so obvious, one might say that they suggest *Sven-gali* and *Tribby*. Certainly the magnetism of De Segurola could be felt by a chair in the room, it is that intense. And Deanna herself relies upon it to a high degree, as she implicitly believes in his teaching. This was illustrated during the making of "100 Men and a Girl" when one day Henry Koster, the director, called De Segurola on the phone in frantic voice and said: "Come at once to the studio. One hundred men and Leopold Stokowski are waiting to record the aria 'Semper Libera' from 'Traviata'—and Deanna will not sing because she says she must first talk to you! Please hurry—we can't afford to wait much longer!"

The end of the anecdote is that De Segurola rushed out to Universal, talked with Deanna, and after a few moments she smiled and said: "We can go ahead now. Mr. de Segurola says it's all right!"

Deanna has developed a hobby. It is collecting elephants of all kinds and sizes. Her teacher started her in this by giving her a replica of one Caruso gave him. One day in the middle of a lesson she stopped abruptly and he waited to hear what she had to say. Instead of a typical question pertaining to the work in hand, she said abruptly: "I think the little porcelain elephant with the hat on his head is the cutest in your collection!"

"That's what I mean," De Segurola explained to me, "when I say that Deanna is a dual personality. She is a child and a matured woman in art, at one and the same time."



Gladys Swarthout and husband, Frank Chapman seem happy to be in New York.

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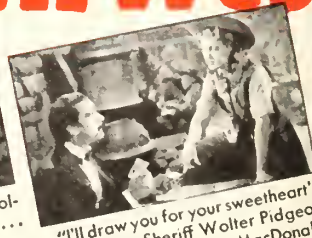
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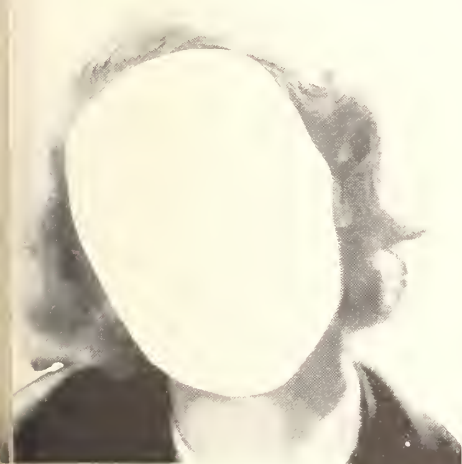
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and

BE DISCOVERED!

what the fans think



Photo by William C. ...

In her spirited defense of Robert Taylor, Elera Acuff observes that his uniform courtesy and sound morality make him a fine example to other stars

Taylor-made Man.

I WAS irritated beyond measure by the narrow, spiteful views expressed by Frank Bailey of Schenectady, New York, concerning Robert Taylor in January Picture Play.

I do not belong in any of the classifications he describes—shopgirls, old maids or dizzy coeds—but I am a great admirer of Robert Taylor. I am a business woman. I admire Mr. Taylor for his acting ability, his sincerity and his fine principles. His uniform courtesy and his sound morality make him a fine example for his associates in pictures.

Notwithstanding the biased and petty observations of Mr. Bailey, I notice that many men are among audiences that attend Mr. Taylor's pictures. It would be no exaggeration to say that as many men as women attend, and I do not believe men are "dragged" in by women.

Here in Seattle, one must go early to get a seat for a Taylor performance. It will continue so notwithstanding the smallness and the vindictiveness of all the Baileys in the country.

Elera Acuff.

1103 Seventh Avenue,
Seattle, Washington.

Why Myrna Loy?

I AM surprised that Myrna Loy, pretty and sweet as she is, was "elected" by a newspaper poll recently as "Queen of the Screen," because she has *never* carried a major picture to success on her own, and I am sure she could not more do it than she could fly.

In fact, what *can* she do at all except look pretty and sweet? Hollywood is full of those. So why Loy?

When has she given a hint that she can act? When has she acted a memorable scene? When has she created a single character that stands out?

Her *Nora* came nearest to being a real character, but I think most people will agree that William Powell was the real actor in "The Thin Man" stories.

In "Parnell," which was a dismal flop, Gable was so badly miscast that he couldn't carry the picture by himself, which he had to do, because Loy gave him no help, being just too busy being, as usual, "pretty and sweet." "Double Wedding," gosh! Powell was sick, and even that, he and John Beal were all that was good in the show. In "Man-proof," which is even poorer, Franchot Tone and Rosalind Russell do all the acting that's done. So why Loy?

H. B. Carey.

Oxford, Ohio.

(Continued on page ...)

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"



Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen's greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career . . . as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!

WARNER BROS.
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"Jezebel"

THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter
RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley,
Norman Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Please mention PICTURE PLAY when answering advertisements

INFORMATION PLEASE

BY THE ORACLE

ARDENT ADMIRER.—Marie Wilson is her real name and she was born in Anaheim, California. August 19, 1916; five feet five, weighs 104; very blond hair, brown eyes. She appeared with the Beverly Hills Players before entering pictures. Her latest is "Fools for Scandal," and she is to play the female lead in "Boy Meets Girl," with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

FRANK ESLINGER.—Ronald Sinclair used to be known as Ra Hould. The studio changed his name for "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry." He was born in Dunedin, New Zealand, January 21, 1924; brown hair, blue-gray eyes.

JUANITA BENNETT.—Robert Young is under contract to MGM, and it is quite possible that you will be able to reach Tom Brown at the same studio.

V. A. W.—The music for "The Sheik Steps Out" was by Felix Bernard, Winston Tharp, Alberto Colombo, and Elsie Janis. However, you'll have to write to the Republic Studio, 4021 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California, for the names of the various selections played throughout the picture.

D. L. YOUNT.—I am sure that if you write to Lionel Barrymore at the MGM Studio he will be glad to furnish the information you desire.

CHARLOTTE CHAMPION.—Jean Arthur was born in New York City, October 17, 1903; five feet three, weighs 107, blond hair, blue eyes. Nelson Eddy, Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901; six feet, weighs 173;

blond hair, blue eyes. Irene Hervey, Los Angeles, California, July 11th; five feet four, weighs 114; brown hair, hazel eyes. Harriet Hilliard, Des

early boyhood he followed a musical bent, studying various instruments while selling newspapers. At fourteen, he was playing violin solos at a local theater. Other instruments on which he became proficient were the guitar, piano, accordion and trombone. Several attempts to break into the movies failed. Success in pictures followed his popularity in the radio field. He reached radio after spending several years with various jazz bands, eventually establishing an organization of his own. Along with his education in instrumental music, Russ cultivated his voice, a rich baritone. He died on September 2, 1934, after an accidental shooting. For photo of the late Ross Alexander, address your request to the Warner Studio, enclosing twenty-five cents in stamps to cover the cost.

SAM MCGILL.—Fred Washington is colored. She made "One Mile from Heaven" for 20th Century Fox, but is not under contract to any studio. Dick and William Powell are not related. Jackie Moran is making "Tom Sawyer, Detective" for Selznick International. Bobby Breen will be eleven until November 4th. It is customary to send twenty-five cents with each request for a photo.



Two pals around the MGM lot are Ronald Sinclair, who used to be known as Ra Hould, and who scored in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry," and Freddie Bartholomew.

Moines, Iowa, July 18th; five feet five, weighs 110; blond hair, blue-gray eyes. Gene Raymond, New York City, August 13, 1903; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum hair, blue eyes.

DEE KERLAN.—The late Russ Columbo was born in San Francisco, California, January 14, 1903. His father was an Italian contractor. From

ELGIN BLAKE.—Joyce Compton comes from Lexington, Kentucky, where she was born March 17, 1900. She has blond hair, which I believe she has now dyed red, and brown eyes. I do not find any fan club in her honor, but there is one for Gertrude Niesen. A complete list of fan clubs will be sent to you upon receipt of a stamped return envelope.

ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

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IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG ★ RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

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★ A TALE OF TWO CITIES ★
★ VIVA VILLA ★
★ BORN ★

★ THE PRISONER OF ZENDA ★
★ LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY ★

Continued from page 4
At Close Inspection.

I AM a salesgirl in the finest shop on earth. I come in contact with stars of the screen every day. I study their personalities and know them far better than the average fan.

How can any one living in, let us say, Hackensack, New Jersey, decide that Carole Lombard is a marvelous person? In fact, she isn't a marvelous person at all. I've read how charming Constance Bennett is. I'd rather see the devil himself coming into the store than Miss Bennett. What a sad thing it would be if some of Robert Taylor's fans could meet him. He might go over in a big way in a sister act in vaudeville. As far as looks are concerned, Marlene Dietrich's chauffeur is far better-looking than any of the so-called he-man stars that work in films.

Why is it that no one ever reads about the real people in pictures? I've failed to see any article telling of the Marion Davies Foundation Fund or the work she is doing for charity. She is an artist worthy of praise and just as beautiful to-day as when I saw her across the footlights at the New Amsterdam Theater, in the Ziegfeld "Follies."

In brief summary I'll tell you what I think of the stars:

Joan Crawford: a lovely girl, very friendly, one whom you would really like to meet.

Dick Powell: I think he'd have had a much better time in the navy or the marine corps.

Mary Pickford: a really charming woman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd: really worth knowing.

Betty Furness and Paulette Goddard: beautiful and very friendly.

Katharine Hepburn: very unpleasant to wait on.

Nelson Eddy: I wouldn't walk across the street to hear him sing even if it were free. Cheap in every sense of the word.

What the Fans Think



Beatrice Lillie cops her man in "Doctor Rhythm." And Bing Crosby doesn't seem to mind.

Carole Lombard: ratty looking.

Joan Blondell: looks like she always needed to wash her neck.

Barbara Stanwyck: she certainly goes in for the feminine type in pictures. **Helen.**

Los Angeles, California.

Throw Away the Peroxide.

I'D like to put in a boost for one of the best actresses in Hollywood. In a picture loaded with stars, Claire Trevor grabbed all the spotlight a very meager rôle could get. For many years Claire has played second fiddle to stars or played leads in second-rate pictures. I think she deserves a chance. However, as one of her ardent fans, I must admit she has one thing that holds her back. Her bleached hair makes her look like so many other actresses. Her hair always seems to need touching up and I think she should stop bleaching.

It seems that every actress in Hollywood has to try peroxide sooner or later—but why? They all give the same old gag—photographic purposes. But I don't think it has helped any one yet. Joan Crawford tried to be a blonde several years ago and was unsuccessful. Fay Wray had the same experience. Margare Lindsay looked terrible as a blonde in "Public Enemy's Bride." Alice Faye has become a big star since she quit using peroxide. Binnie Barnes made a lot of progress with dark hair but only gets minor rôles now that her hair is bleached. Bette Davis, on the other hand, is becoming a bigger star since she stopped being light-haired.

By the way, Virginia Bruce insists she is natural blonde. She had dark-brown hair when she was in the Ziegfeld "Follies" and was in the show with her. It was while she was there that she became a blonde, but she's a rare exception for she looks well as blonde.

Dorothy L.

585 West End Avenue,
 New York, New York.



Once she reaches her native shore, Greta Garbo seems to be able to relax and be her natural self.

No Matinée Idol.

CONGRATULATIONS, Hollywood! You have finally recognized what a wealth of talent you have in Charles Boyer. Solely through his efforts, he saved from box-office failure such anemic pictures as "History Is Made at Night" and "The Garden of Allah"; and at last he is given, in "Conquest," a rôle that his artistic merits.

Here is a real actor, one who knows his craft thoroughly, whose work shows great sensitivity, a finished technique and a keen sense of characterization. And, above all, he has a vitality and humanness that colors every part he approaches.

Please, Hollywood, don't attempt to make Mr. Boyer into a matinée idol, for you won't succeed. He has too much respect for his work to take the easy road to popularity.

Katharine Sewall.

77 Linden Boulevard,
Brooklyn, New York.

Behold the Day!

IN your moments of gloom and mild insanity, after watching the antics of beautiful Robert Taylor, or hearing the rasping notes of Dick Powell, I respectfully suggest that you hurry to the nearest theater, where Basil Rathbone is appearing and you will be quickly reassured that acting and its technique are not vanishing from the earth.

Mr. Rathbone, an artist to his finger tips, has seldom appeared in really worth while pictures. The insanity of producers is further shown, for here is one of the great of the acting profession, in every way equal to Paul Muni, cast in picture after picture that insults his ability and talents. It is gratifying to know that he appears in "Tovarich."

As it is, the greatest box-office attractions can hardly be called actors. Particularly do I refer to Robert Taylor, Dick Powell, and Joe E. Brown. Three more insufferable bores it would be hard to imagine. Perhaps the public has yet to be educated to worth while entertainment. When that day comes, and it will, we shall be rid of the asininity of such players mentioned above.

Rathbone's Sincere Admirer.

Chicago, Illinois.

Just One More Chance.

THE majority of movie critics have had at least one thing in common for the past several months, namely, running down Frances Farmer. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that this makes them all out liars. When she made her first hit as *Lotta* in "Come and Get It," every reviewer had nothing but praise for her. She was acclaimed the most promising actress in Hollywood.

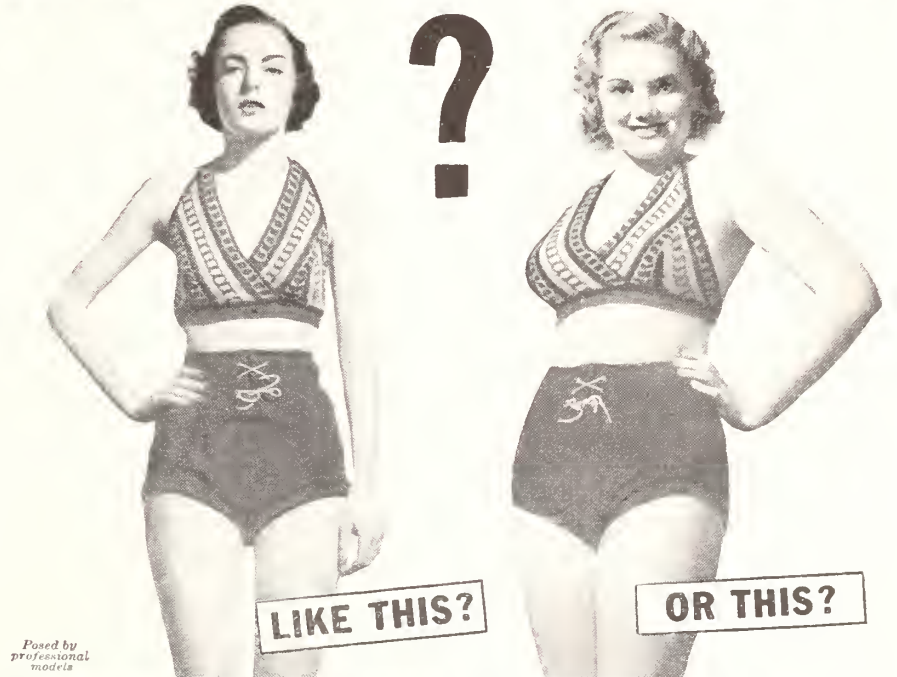
Then came "The Toast of New York." Same leading man, a much better cast, a million-dollar production, but a flop. Miss Farmer's performance was a lifeless piece of work, but all the blame should not rest on her shoulders. The part was frozen to begin with. There was hardly a lifelike line in it. Close on its heels, came "Exclusive," definitely an inferior production, but highly entertaining, if only for the performance of Frances Farmer. Her rôle was human and vibrant. Yet reviewers still expected super-work, and booed the film.

Her latest picture, "Ebb Tide," gives her no chance to act, makes her merely a prop with a rôle inferior and silly. Now Miss Farmer is appearing in a New York play and winning nothing but highest praise.

If Hollywood would give her a good part in a good picture, she would prove again what a great actress she is. If they don't, they're losing a gold mine. **A. V. Goynes, Jr.**

Longview, Texas.

HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT



Posed by
professional
models



**SKINNY? THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS
THIS NEW EASY WAY**

NEW IRONIZED YEAST ADDS POUNDS

— gives thousands natural sex-appealing curves

ARE you ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit, because you're too skinny and scrawny-looking? Then here's wonderful news! Thousands of the skinniest, most rundown men and women have gained 10 to 25 pounds of firm flesh, the women naturally alluring curves, with this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast.

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making English ale. By a new, costly process this rich yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron) and pasteurized English ale yeast are added. Finally every batch of this Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full weight-building power.

No wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive pounds, new charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a FULL SIZE package, and you don't risk a penny. For if with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 74, Atlanta, Ga.

THIS IS THEIR AFFAIR

BY BILL COLBY

THE romance of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor is the most exciting of all Hollywood love twosomes. Much of what has been said and written about their situation has been haphazard speculation, personal assumption and unfounded rumor. As a confidant of Barbara and Bob, I am writing *facts*.

Personally, I am inclined to feel that the day will eventually come when they see their way clear to marry. Yet, something or anything might happen to-morrow that

THE TRUE STORY OF THE ROBERT TAYLOR-BARBARA STANWYCK ROMANCE BROUGHT UP TO DATE, WITH MANY FACTS NEVER BEFORE REVEALED.



would make marriage impossible. Then again their marriage might be announced before this story reaches print. There are many reasons why such an alliance would be, from my viewpoint, the most wonderful thing that could ever happen to two such admirable persons. There are few reasons that present opposition. But let me tell you of Bob and Barbara as I know them, of their romance as I have observed it.

Every week I drive out to San Fernando Valley to have dinner with Barbara and Bob. Sometimes we dine at her beautiful ranch. Other times we drive over the three and a half miles that lie between Barbara's house and Bob's,



Dion Anthony, Barbara's son, gives all a child's devotion to Robert Taylor. He nicknamed him "Gentleman Bob" at first sight.



turns to her for advice is representative of his struggle for stability. Being quiet-living and quiet-mannered, he suffered when he found himself in the turmoil of fame. He started out in his studio life hoping some day to be a good actor. He was not prepared for what happened to him. Being torn by mobs, made the butt of jokes, was not his idea of a future. Bob, grateful, tried to adjust himself.

All the things that other women do, those over-worked feminine wives, those semisubtle bids for attention, those sexy looks in his direction, Barbara dismisses with a shrug. When it's time to be serious she talks to Bob right from the heart. When he has something to say she is his best listener. When the conversation becomes gay, she kids Bob good-naturedly about "his famous pan." Barbara has great respect for moods and the other person's point of view.

I have seen her wait hours until she thought it was the right time to point out some particular thing to Bob. And always when she finishes comes this question: "Do you agree or disagree with me? Tell me what you think because I'm judging from my own point of view. And I may be wrong."

When Bob went to Europe it was the turning point in their romance. After Bob left, Barbara and I went for a long drive. We almost reached Santa Barbara before she realized she had been talking all the way.

It is good for Barbara to talk. For so many years she denied herself the luxury of confiding in a friend. There wasn't much to make Barbara believe in people.

"This is going to be a new experience for me," Barbara

Bob and Barbara may marry any day, then again they may never wed. What stands between them and their perfect love?

This is the home that Barbara worked so hard on for Bob. He was in England and begged her to select the furnishings for him, to have the place in readiness for his return.

The enjoyment that Bob gets out of his new home is ample proof of the excellent job Barbara turned in. Every nook and corner is livable and attractive in masculine simplicity. Bob's preference for leather prompted Barbara to choose drapes in brown suede. The club chairs are upholstered in tweed and leather. The lamp standards are in the shape of riding boots, the general scheme of decoration features the horse motif. All the rooms are on one floor.

In his own home is a very different Bob Taylor. Seeing him there with Barbara Stanwyck presents him in a new light. Bob is definitely a one-woman man. He has proved this by two years of complete devotion to Barbara. And Barbara alone. Bob shows his great respect for her in the way he listens to her and watches her. Stretched out in front of the fireplace, he becomes any handsome young man who would rather take his ease with the woman he loves than cause feminine heartbeats. Sometimes hours go by and Bob never says a word.

He gets great comfort out of being with Barbara, because he knows she is for him all the way. The eager way he

was saying, "You see, I didn't go out for six months after my separation. The first night I did, I met Bob. I've never had a date with any other man since. Bob's kindnesses, his courtesies, his tender way of demonstrating his feelings toward me in front of other people, the great respect he has for all women, have played an important part in restoring belief in myself. But absence does strange things to people. It gives them time to think. Sometimes it brings people closer. Sometimes it gives them a chance to see how self-sufficient they are. It's so hard for me to believe that anything ever lasts. I want to believe! I've tried all my life to believe! But I can't help wondering how it's going to end."

That Barbara Stanwyck can believe in anything or any one is a miracle. The story of her childhood, the ugliness of her early background, has never been scratched below the surface in the telling. Some day I hope to write it.

One night Barbara and I sat seven hours before her fireplace and she told me about herself. There was no particular reason. Barbara does not encourage sympathy. But she had to keep talking about something to keep her senses together. She had that day spent torturing hours in court. As usually happens in such (Continued on page 78)

Glitz OF STARS IN NEW YORK

MANHATTAN THEATERS, CAFES AND HOTELS
FILLED WITH VISITING HOLLYWOOD CELEBRITIES.

BY KAREN HOLLIS



Benny Goodman and his band caused riot on Broadway, audiences dancing in theater aisles.



Vera Zorina, of "The Goldwyn Follies," preparing for film with Jascha Heifetz in June.

HARD-BOILED sports writers were completely won by Sonja Henie on her arrival in New York for appearances with her ice ballet at Madison Square Garden. She was quite composed through the attention and admiration bestowed upon her and had me completely baffled until I realized that she is a grown-up Shirley Temple.

Her head isn't turned by adulation, because she has had it ever since she was four. She knows her skating is magnificent, but is free from conceit about it. She acts as if that serene, doll-like creature who accomplishes incredible wonders on the ice were a creation as detached from her personality as the immortal *Dopey* is from Walt Disney. Just a little something she whipped up with some ice.

She disposes of questions about romance by pointing out that she has been very busy working, but when talk is of skating she is guileless and tender.

"Yes, that came out very nice, didn't it?" she says when you speak of the tremendous thrill you got from that crescendo of swoops and swirls in "Happy Land-ing" that seemed to grow artlessly out of sheer exuberance and not from painstaking practice.

It is little wonder that the Norwegian government had its minister in Washington knight her with the order of St. Olov for glorifying the ice sports of Nor-



Sonja Henie, shrewd business woman, just a grown-up Shirley Temple at heart.



Claudette Colbert goes to Europe for long rest and treatments by Vienna specialist.

way, no wonder at all that Astors, Vanderbilts, and Carnegies sponsored her ice ballet in New York so as to raise money for underprivileged children. The children got a lot, but Sonja got more.

They Won't Take It.—Soon after the Broadway critics' squad had buried the Fredric March play with their barbed shafts, Miriam Hopkins decided her play wasn't strong enough for Broadway and abandoned her company in Baltimore. Katharine Hepburn decided not to do "Jane Eyre" in New York for the Theater Guild, but to stay safely in Hollywood. Some Hollywoodians who weren't scared and who have made good include: Paul Lukas in "Doll's House," Sidney Blackmer in an old-fashioned play called "Stop Over," and Allyn Joslyn of "They Won't Forget" is one of the town's darlings in "All That Glitters."

Minding Her Own Business.—Theater managers are groaning because Constance Bennett, who couldn't be bribed to make personal appearances to help her pictures at the box office, will brave anything to promote her cosmetic company. She braved plenty when she spoke in the auditorium of a mass-trade department store in Brooklyn.

I thought I was pretty smart when I got two stalwart store cops to lead me around the edges of thousands of shoving women—and men—and deposit me up front with Constance and the Countess di Frasso. A minute later I would have traded my vantage point for the comparative peace of a subway jam or a May Day riot. No one had figured on the steam-roller tactics of the hardy Brooklyn schoolgirls. With a rush as terrifying as the crackle of an avalanche, they surged forward, filling the aisles, knocking over chairs and blocking the stream of light projecting a color movie of Miss Bennett's morning beauty ritual.

A store manager, terrified, recommended immediate flight out the rear door, but Constance, quavery but determined, ordered the picture stopped and got up on the platform to speak.

The elegant names she mentioned in her breezy address lent tone to it, but not to this audience which had obviously never heard of them. Hoarse whispers of "Is that mink or sable she's wearing?" and "Her dress is kinda plain, isn't it?" competed with her modulated tones. With good judgment she stopped talking and left. The impression of just her radiant appearance was better.

(Continued on page 80)




Eleanor Powell, eloquent only on her feet, is subdued when interviewed.



MARIE WILSON

IS THIS GIDDY, GOOFY COMÉDIENNE GOING GLAMOROUS ON US ALL OF A SUDDEN? OR IS IT JUST AMBITION THAT GNAWS MARIE? ANYWAY, SHE'S GIVEN HER ALL TO A TEST FOR THE LEAD IN "BOY MEETS GIRL," WITH JIMMY CAGNEY, AND ARE WE ROOTING FOR HER!



SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

BY NORBERT LUSK

A Contest That Is a Contest!

OLD-TIME readers know well how chary this magazine has been of contests in the twenty-three years of its existence. The few that have been sponsored by us can be counted on the fingers of one hand. That alone should cause you to read carefully the announcement on page three—and then reread it. For we believe it to be the most original, provocative and worth-while competition ever to be launched by *any* magazine.

Though aimed especially at followers of motion pictures it is by no means necessary to be a fan, or to have any knowledge of films, to compete and to become a winner. We consider our contest to be truly constructive, too. For it is not merely the possibility of winning a prize but of changing the fortunate ones' whole lives—and the lives of those nearest and dearest to them. Now read that preliminary announcement once more—and order the May number of Picture Play for the actual beginning of the big drive for success.

* * *

Why You Should Read Picture Play.

IF you don't believe Picture Play is getting better, let me tell you about some of the stories you will find in the pages following. I believe you will want to know just what you, our readers, are getting these days. Take, as Exhibit No. 1, Edwin Schallert's "The Truth About Star Salaries," page 22.

Everybody is interested in what the stars earn. Their pay checks are fabulous, unbelievable, to most of us. No one in his right mind *envies* a star or his salary, of course, although it's only human to wonder sometimes what they have which we haven't. Perhaps some of us never get over the thought that we have something of what it takes, too, if we only got a chance to demonstrate it. Then we must realize that forcing, creating, the chance is part—a very big part—of the talent that makes stars. . . . But about those salaries.

From time to time we read in the newspapers what this or that star earned last year or the year before that. Often as not it is in connection with income tax arrearages. Rarely, if ever, do we find Hollywood's salary list in its entirety, right up to the minute.

Such a list you will find in Mr. Schallert's article. You will find it nowhere but in Picture Play. It is complete, correct, authoritative. His sources of information are second to none, his figures based not on hearsay but fact. As drama and motion-picture editor of the *Los Angeles Times* for many years, Mr. Schallert occupies a position of unusual authority. This, plus integrity and perspective, gives unusual weight to his story on a subject as debatable as salaries. . . . Just another proof of Picture Play's intention of giving its readers the best on every subject covered in a fan magazine.

* * *

Most Honest and Courageous—Fredric March.

ANOTHER item in this month's magazine which every fan should read is "Freddie Takes a Fall," on page 54. It is important and significant because it reveals the honesty and candor of a leading actor. Fredric March, in facing facts and admitting a mistake. There is no self-delusion, no striving to save face and excuse failure in a recent stage venture. He admits he backed the show with his own money and he alone is to blame for its short life of one week.

Now, any one who is familiar with the mental make-up of the average star knows that assuming blame for anything—and especially a picture or a play—is next to impossible. He just can't see failure in that light. But Mr. March comes right out with the brutal truth about his play as well as other things.

"If it were not for Hollywood, I'd be a ham," he admits without a qualm!

16
He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE
PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like
ambitions serves a lady who thinks
he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!



Bill at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breath-
taking beauty and dramatic
fire you merely glimpsed in
"Wings of the Morning" . . .
now, in her first American-
made picture, the most glam-
orously exciting personality
ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM
POWELL
and
ANNABELLA
in
"The BARONESS
and the BUTLER"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play
by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!

ROCHELLE HUDSON

Lots of pep, fascination galore; no wonder the beaux
haunt her doorstep. You'll see her soon in "Gypsy."





MYRNA LOY

Our most glamorous screen wife.
Just for a change, plays Clark
Gable's girl friend in "Test Pilot."

Putting his gay, debonair charm to work in "Wooden Wedding" as a husband who sends his wife to alimony jail is—

Robert Montgomery



Ginger's got HER DANDER UP



Ginger Rogers is determined to star in her own. See for yourself how she makes out in "Having Wonderful Time," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as leading man.

GINGER ROGERS at last is going places on her own. She hasn't got red hair and nothing! Being first dancing lady of the screen isn't enough for her. Always she had to have some one to lean upon. Now she wants to carry a picture by herself. She wants to create character—to act.

Ginger doesn't admit this, however. She will tell you that today's job is enough for her. She will insist that she is content. Is any actress ever satisfied with success as it stands? If there were no ambition there would be no progress, no change to keep feet on their toes. And so Ginger has ambitions.

She is banking her hopes never before on two pictures. She recently has made "on her own" so to speak. Pictures without dancing—without Fred Astaire. This is "Having Wonderful Time" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as leading man in this. "Vivacious Lady" is the other, with James Stewart her hero. Good opportunities for the men, but Ginger Rogers is the star.

Ginger began to be ambitious for independence over two years

Of course Ginger will continue in dance pictures with Fred Astaire, but not as often as formerly. Daughter of a pioneer woman, trained in showmanship since she was a child, she is the hardest worker of any one in Hollywood.



ago when she made "In Person," with George Brent. The picture flopped. Before that she had been teamed with William Powell in "Star of Midnight," a sophisticated mystery yarn. She did well in it but the more experienced Powell outshone her. But she didn't give up. She bided her time.

Her increasing success and prestige in pictures with Astaire made it impossible for RKO to deny her—made it impossible for her to suppress her ambition. Then she was persuaded to play in the star-studded "Stage Door." Katharine Hepburn had the better part—in the script. That was Ginger's challenge, a means to an end, an outlet for her ambition. Ginger made her part the better one in the picture, won critics away from Hepburn, won for herself a new following, earned completely the right to star alone.

A close-up of the girl behind all this? Here is Ginger as she is.

Daughter of a career woman, trained in showmanship since she was a tot, Ginger Rogers is practical first of all.

She has dreams but she is afraid of them.

"I found out long ago that the things I dreamed about seldom came off," she told me recently. "The thing that is important is next day's job. Maybe it's fittings, rehearsals, some sort of appointments—or playing my rôle. I learned long ago not to plan much beyond to-morrow's job."

To-morrow's job for Ginger Rogers? Who can tell.

Yesterday's jobs have not been easy. They have taken not only a lot of good hard work, but a great deal of intestinal fortitude. There have been triumphs. There have been disappointments. For instance, Ginger speaks of those "first two dreadful years in Hollywood."

Fresh from the stage and good lusty vaudeville experience, bright and fresh and pretty, it seemed then as if all doors were open for Ginger. And she was pretty good. Once she was so good that a dancing sequence she made in "Gold Diggers" was cut completely from the picture because of "political" reasons.

That was a bitter period for Ginger. Later, when she was trying to catch her breath and remodel her career, came the crack-up of her marriage. Came other things. She was pretty young to cope with life as it unfolded and to learn. But—

"I did learn," she says, "not to depend upon friends or promises, not to lean upon any one. You have to do things for yourself."

The biggest lesson of all.

She was hurt and bruised. What's more, she was mad—fighting mad. She took her destiny into her own two small, firm hands and started out to lick Hollywood as she had licked other things in her younger days. Ask her ma about the fighting spirit she showed, the determination to get out and win, always to be trying something new. Ask Mrs. Lela Rogers, a brisk, businesslike stage mother who has turned her energies, since her daughter started to find her way up the ladder, toward developing other kids into actors and actresses.

Mrs. Rogers says she hasn't advised Ginger in years, and she has *never* made a decision for her. But she's watched Ginger—as what mother wouldn't?—and done a lot of observing and approving of this restless spirit which leads Ginger into new fields.

"She's always had it," Mrs. Rogers told me quite placidly. "It goes back to when Ginger was a tot. First she made a hobby of dressing dolls. Then she had to learn to play the piano. After that it was tennis, knitting, badminton, fudge, embroidery—"

"But I never," interrupted Ginger swiftly,



Mrs. Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, says she has never made a decision for her daughter. She stands aside and "observes."

"wanted to do any of those things better than anybody else could do them. I just wanted to prove to myself that I *could* do them."

"Exactly," her mother nodded. "You never finished an afghan or learned an entire number on the piano or—"

"But I knew I could do it," Ginger protested.

"And I finished the afghans," her mother added.

As I said in the beginning, she's a practical soul. And the hardest worker of anybody in Hollywood.

She doesn't give that impression when you meet her casually. If you watch her at work and at play, you cannot—unless you are a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—sense the earnest and sincere little artist which she really is. Ginger is always so gay!

She clowns consistently and insistently upon the set. She cannot be prevailed upon to sit down and relax between takes. She never admits being tired. A director said to her, "The only way we ever know Ginger is tired is when we find her in a crumpled heap somewhere."

Ginger and Fred Astaire—relaxing between shots—burlesqued some of their own dance numbers so successfully that the director included the burlesques (Continued on page 73)

To make doubly sure of her ability to star alone, Ginger made another independent picture, "Vivacious Lady." She loved acting with James Stewart.



THE TRUTH ABOUT



WHO makes the most money among the stars? Who the least? You've wondered about this and have been amazed at some of the figures you've read or heard. You have perhaps discovered that your favorite star, the one whose artistry you rate above all others, is receiving less money than some one you think cannot act at all.

Curious differences in the amounts paid stars can be attributed to various things. One of them is the varied types of contracts they make, and the fact that some very prominent stars are still working off old contracts.

As a rule, children, even though topnotch in popularity as stars, are not paid as much proportionately as adults. And a player who is engaged by the week will generally accept less than one who contracts by the picture. Contracts by the year are for forty weeks only, while big stars in class "A" films generally give from ten to twelve weeks of their time to the making of each picture.

Mae West continues to draw most money from the movies with a salary that amounts to \$15,000 a week. This, of course, includes her services as writer. William Powell leads the men with \$12,000 weekly. Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman are next at \$10,000 each.

Simone Simon at \$3,500 a week, and Don Ameche at \$2,500, are paired for the first time in "Josette."

Bing Crosby's salary is \$10,000 weekly—and this doesn't include radio work.

Marlene Dietrich's famous legs, as well as her unique appeal as a personality, are worth \$12,000 weekly.



STAR SALARIES

BY EDWIN SCHALLERT

It is interesting to note the salaries of some of the romantic twosomes, and to check up on the comparative earning power of some famous lovebirds. It proves—if anything—that opposites are attracted to each other on salary lists and that no one apparently is in love for money.

For example, Barbara Stanwyck is ever so much better off than Robert Taylor. She receives \$5,000 per week as against Bob's \$3,500—and she has earned it much longer. Even more of a disparity is found in the earnings of Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power. Her new contract with David N. Selznick raises her to \$11,000, while Tyrone worries long on a beginner's stipend—\$2,500.

Following is a list of stars and amounts they are normally paid at the present time:

Maureen West	\$15,000
Greta Garbo	13,000
Marlene Dietrich	12,000
Marx Brothers	12,000
William Powell	12,000
Claudette Colbert	11,000
Janet Gaynor	11,000
Jack Benny	10,000
Luth Chatterton	10,000
Donald Colman	10,000
Mary Cooper	10,000

Continued on page 77

Mary Cooper's earnings average \$10,000 per week. Claudette Colbert tops him by a thousand. They're together in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."



Joan Crawford's forty-week contract nets her \$7,000 every pay day, with radio broadcasts at \$5,000 per.

What Fame HAS DONE TO

BY TED MAGEE

ONLY yesterday, in the calendar of Hollywood affairs, Nelson Eddy was unknown.

Success came in a tidal wave with "Naughty Marietta." Succeeding pictures have maintained his position out in front of the pack. He is unquestionably the biggest box-office draw of all singers. Could Nelson face this sudden rise without it affecting him in some way? The answer is obvious—he couldn't, nobody could.

Let's find out, then, what fame has actually done to Nelson Eddy. Let's review his meteoric rise which swept away all familiar landmarks.

In the beginning, Nelson was a concert singer who had excited attention in the comparatively small circle of music lovers, who had won an MGM test as a result of an appearance at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. A contract resulted.

Came restless months while

Here he is, girls—Nelson Eddy, the warbling heart throb, as a rugged Western bandit.



Nelson awaited his break. Then an unimportant picture or two. Then "Naughty Marietta," which skyrocketed him as high as a film actor can go—which is pretty much elevation for any man in his right mind! Up to that time Nelson had seen success as his only objective. It probably had never occurred to him that success in itself was a costly thing, and a dangerous pal. He soon found out! His life was no longer his own.

In Hollywood he got so much attention that he hated to go down the street. His concert tours, once the great love of his life, became frightening tasks. He found himself yanked and pulled and beset by admirers who could not contain their enthusiasm.

In one Ohio town he had his clothes badly torn before a squad of policemen could rescue him from the stage-door crowd, commandeer a car, and rush him to his hotel. This was not the exception but the rule—and for a man who always loved freedom of movement and a measure of privacy.

Wherever he went it was the same. The tours became nightmares of trying to be polite and still save himself from exhaustion. And in Hollywood photographers, interviewers, autograph hunters, exploiters—all began spinning a web around him and his home.

No man could take this barrage calmly, nor ignore it. Nelson had to

This is Nelson in goggles with his real-life girl friend, Miss Ann Franklin. 'Tis said their romance flourishes.



do something—turn one way or the other. He decided he must grimly try to hang onto his character and resist the encroachments into his private life.

His decision may have been totally unconscious. But as his film stature grew, he went more and more into retirement. Not screen retirement, but he had to give up casual appearances in public life, shopping tours downtown, and visits to the night spots.

Stories started that he had become a sort of recluse, that he did nothing but stay home and bemoan his fame.

Such assumptions were ridiculous. Yes, he was a recluse from publicity, but strictly as a measure to preserve his sanity. Yes, he asked photographers and newspapermen to leave him alone except on obviously necessary occasions.

Some journalists understood and accepted his plea. Others decided he had gone high hat and tossed barbs at him. If they can get any pleasure out of it, they might as well know that the barbs hurt him personally but did nothing toward injuring his career.

"I really didn't become a recluse," Nelson says now. "As a matter of fact, hardly a week went by that I didn't have some sort of a quiet party at my home. People knew they could come to my house without fanfare, dressed as they darned pleased or as the occasion demanded, and think nothing of it. They always could and they still do.

"Perhaps there are only four or five people present, or perhaps twenty, but we have a swell time and there are no pho-

tographers flashing bulbs!"

That brings to light an unusual evening he spent recently. In a town near Beverly Hills a lecture was being given on the theory of music. Nelson felt he would benefit by attending, so he climbed into dress clothes after dinner and drove himself to the advertised lecture.

Only a handful of people were present in the hall, people interested in music and art. After the lecture, they gathered in a group and passed pleasantries. Nelson became one of the party. He realized that no one had recognized his face so he deliberately avoided giving his full name.

Soon he was asked, then urged, to join his new-found friends at a party at a near-by home. He accepted, and spent the whole evening without any one identifying him as Eddy, the film star. Strange as it may seem to some of us, he says that was a bigger thrill for him than recognition ever could have been.

Nelson has been steadfast in his determination not to go out in public socially. Until lately, when, after two years of comparative seclusion, he made several excursions into Hollywood night spots, astounding the gossip columnists, starting Hollywood guessing.

Nelson Eddy told me about these jaunts.

Said he:

"After one of our Sunday broadcasts Dorothy Lamour asked us to the Cotton Club where her husband, Herbie Kay, was leading his orchestra. Ed Bergen put Charlie McCarthy to bed in his suitcase, where all good dummies should be, and practically the whole cast of the air show grabbed hats and coats.

"After we got there Herbie asked us if we wouldn't like to entertain a bit. We were in the mood and the audience was giving us just the right kind of a reception. So Dorothy sang, Edgar did an act without Charlie, and the rest of us all added something. That's very logical and unimportant, isn't it?"

Obviously, the way Nelson Eddy told it, it was trivial. But what about the Swing Club, that giddy, noisy night spot which late-hour revelers frequent and which he hit later in the same week? After all, two reversals of form in one week—

"Well, that's simple enough, too," Nelson replied. "We had worked late on 'Rosalie' and perhaps should have been too tired to move. But one of the gang was curious to see what the Swing Club was like. So Ray Bolger, Van (Director W. S. Van Dyke), Frank Morgan and myself went over. We were quietly minding our own business, watching the crowds, when somebody asked us to dig up a touch of talent for the audience. You don't have to coax Bolger to dance. So Ray began the fun. Then Frank convulsed the crowd with a monologue. I sang a song or two. Van? He got up with a big grin on his face and sang, 'Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?' Boy, was that a nightmare!"

Nelson makes his sudden splurge into gayety sound insignificant. You wonder if there isn't more behind the story. I believe there is—whether or not Nelson himself realizes it.

To me, looking on from the sidelines, another facet of fame has sent (Continued on page 72)



Nelson is reunited with Jeanette MacDonald, his screen sweetheart, in "The Girl of the Golden West." Top, a youthful Nelson as he looked on arriving in Hollywood.

A pilot's girl should fly and Clai Gable persuades Myrna Loy to c for a spin. "Test Pilot"—MG



Bette Davis, a 1938 deb in a 1860 setting with Henry Fonda her Civil War day suitor. "Jezebel"—Warners.

Scouting the

BY DICK PINE

GIVE me a comfortable chair and a cigarette, and I can be very happy watching other people work. I have even been known to encourage the workers from my spot on the side lines, with uplifting words of good cheer. However, watching people work in pictures is not really as comfortable as it might be. If they would only just stay *put*, it would make it so much easier. If they would just work longer in one place, and not bounce about so, it would be far less strenuous for the watcher.

To illustrate. Over at Warners, they are making "Robin Hood." When I arrived on the set they had just completed a spirited brawl. The first person I encountered was *Friar Tuck* (Eugene Palette to you).

He flung himself into a chair next to me, and said, "Cripes! Am I tired!" He then launched into an animated discussion with a couple of juicers with regard to a horse in the fifth race at Santa Anita who *could* have won with two legs tied behind him. Lights were being dragged around. I was in the way of a sun arc—would I please move? Certainly I would. The show must go on. Then,

from nowhere, Basil Rathbone, resplendent in a red tunic, erupted. He took me by the arm.

"Come and watch me practice dying!" he demanded. "I've got a grand death scene to rehearse."

I went, obediently, to watch Basil dying. Above us were seventy-five arc lights, all around us were enormous sun arcs. It was really quite warm. Basil was to engage in a duel, and to topple backward over a parapet. "Errol Flynn kills me with a thrust," he explained, cheerily, "and then I do this!" He disappeared, base over apex, with a beautiful back flip. I ran to peer over the wall. Basil lay on a pile of mattresses, looking rueful. "Forgot to take the cigarette out of my mouth," he called up to me. "Burned my nose! And maybe, next time, I'd better drop the sword and dagger before I go over." Well, Basil went on practicing dying—backward, frontward, sidewise. Dying became a vice with him. Swooning with the heat, I managed to steal away after he had done a particularly spectacular "die," and found *Maid Marian* (Olivia de Havilland), who had permission to go home.

Maid Marian was devoid of any make-up whatever—not even a dash of powder—but, even so, she was devastatingly beautiful, and bubbling with high spirits. “I don’t know why I don’t go home,” she told me, “but I simply must watch this shot. This picture has taken all my sense of perspective, and I can think of nothing else.”

A few steps away is the “Jezebel” set, where I found a beautiful exterior of a Southern mansion. “Jezebel” sounds to me reminiscent of “Gone With the Wind,” and with which it will inevitably be compared when, and if, the latter reaches the screen in our generation. Bette Davis, on the veranda, was being serenaded by a group of Negroes; she joins them in song; at the end, she is inundated by a bunch of picaninnies who fall all over her. She explained her part to me afterward.

“I’m a 1938 débutante in an 1860 setting. I’m spoiled, selfish, hot-tempered and absolutely unconventional.” Sounds awfully like *Scarlett O’Hara* to me, even without the additional information that she has two suitors, *Pres Dillard* (Henry Fonda) a hard-working, ambitious banker—who could be *Ashley* in “Gone With the Wind”—and *Buck Cantrell* (George Brent), a hard-drinking, hard-riding, hot-tempered Southern dandy who spends his time

drinking, making love, and fighting duels, (who could be *Rhett Butler*). I left the “Jezebel” set wondering where on earth they dug up the old carriages—not made in the prop department—that you will see in this picture.

And so, a few more yards to the “Fools For Scandal” set, where I met Fernand Gravet and Carole Lombard. I thought Gravet was a Frenchman. He was; but he isn’t any more. His Gallic idiosyncrasies have been overshadowed by an English education, and he has that Anglo-Saxon poise that is often wooed but rarely won by Continentals. He plays the part of a bogus French nobleman laying siege to Lombard’s heart. In reality, he is a magnificent chef, masquerading. And resplendent in white wig and satin what nots.

The first was a kitchen scene where Ralph Bellamy, the rival for Lombard’s affections, was sending in a dinner “served backward” to Lombard and Gravet—you know, beginning with (Continued on page 76)

Sound Stages



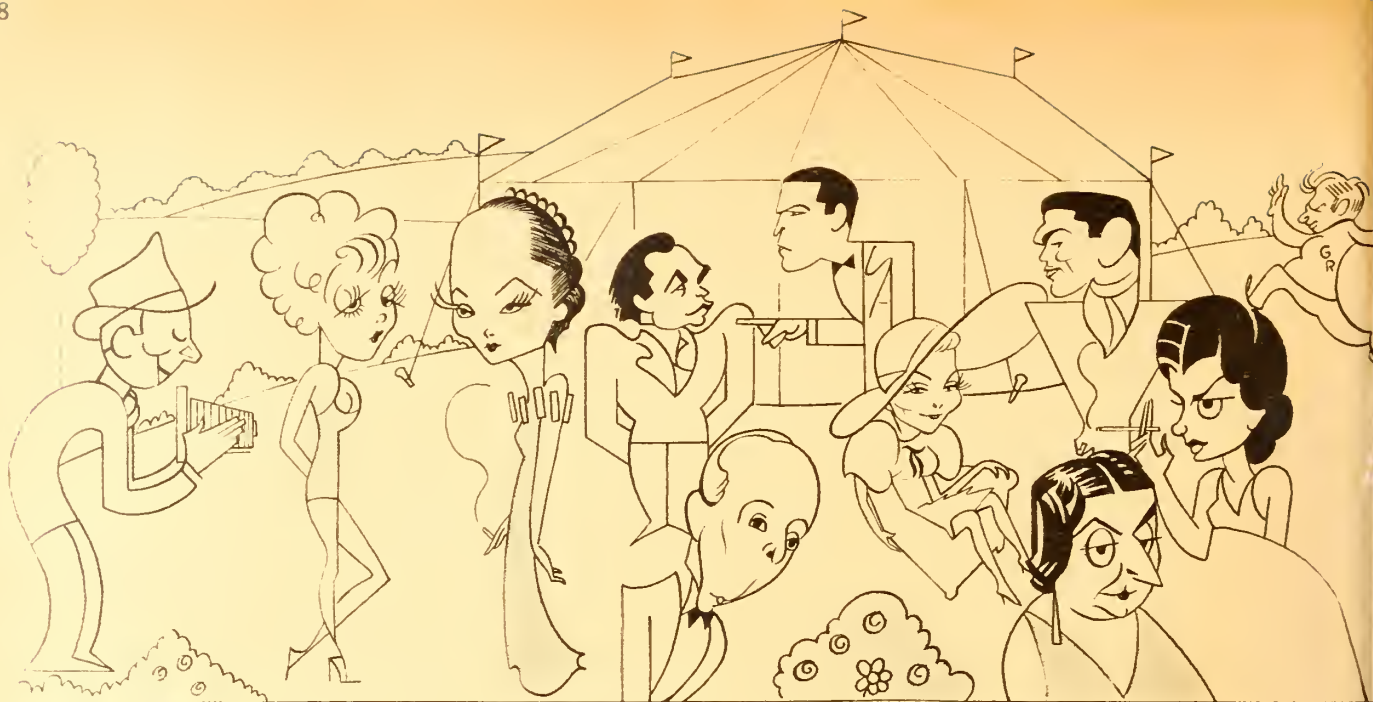
As soon as that air traffic clears, Spence Tracy, Clark and Myrna, above, are going for a sky ride. “Test Pilot”—MGM.



“The Baroness and the Butler,” upper right, otherwise known as Annabella and Bill Powell, are apparently miffed. Fox.



Jane Withers, right, as a knife-thrower, scares the daylights out of Borrah Minevitch. “Gypsy”—Fox.



Hilarious Holly

JUST because they are in pictures is no reason why all the Hollywood stars should or do know each other. Confidentially, if some of them hadn't met unexpectedly under unusual circumstances, they might never have met at all. For Hollywood is different from other small towns as, socially speaking, it is one hundred per cent closed shop. There are many different groups, sets and cliques. And never the twain shall meet. Even in spite of the Countess di Frasso and her little gatherings for five hundred of her intimate friends, the big-time Marion Davies tent shows and the Basil Rathbones, who are ready to entertain at the drop of a menu—the social paths of Hollywood seldom cross.

Irene Dunne's first meeting with William Powell took place in a shower! That is, Powell was in the shower. Irene was fully dressed and innocently unaware that a male Gypsy Rose Lee was in the same room.

A few weeks before Irene had completed "Magnificent Obsession." Bill Powell arrived on the Universal lot to

start work in "My Man Godfrey." When Irene was called back for retakes, it never occurred to her that her same dressing-room bungalow wouldn't still be waiting and unoccupied. Ladies as lovely as Irene Dunne aren't supposed to think of such inconsequential things.

So into the bungalow Irene walked. She thought the articles strewn around the room seemed strangely unfeminine. No one was in sight. Then, just as she started on an inspection tour, from the general direction of the shower came the voice of William Powell singing merrily as he washed away the cares of the working day.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my dressing room?" Irene called out. There was a moment of silence, as the running water gradually stopped.

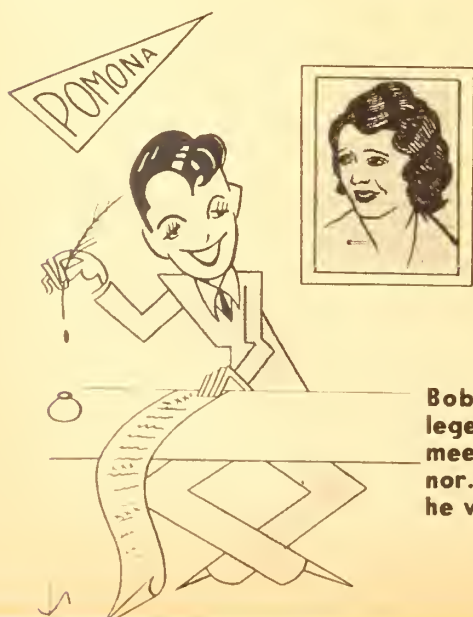
"Who are *you* and what are *you* doing in *my* dressing room?" Powell's voice answered back.

"My name is Irene Dunne. I thought I still belonged here," she nervously replied.

"My name is William Powell. I've always wanted to meet you. Sorry I can't ask you in," he shouted out again.

"T-t-hink nothing of it," Irene forced out. "I re-e-ally *must* be going now. It was nice meeting you." And Irene was out the door and gone. Bill Powell turned on the shower and began to sing again.

When Margot Grahame left England for Hollywood a mutual friend asked her to look up Joan Crawford and deliver messages. But Joan, like all Hollywood stars, had an unlisted telephone number. In the meantime Margot started work. So she never got around to getting in touch with Joan.



Bob Taylor's college dream was to meet Janet Gaynor. When he did, he was a star, too.

First time Franchot Tone met George Raft face to face, Georgie was in his shorts.





Hollywood's Howdy Do's

BY JERRY ASHER

One night Crawford entertained a few friends at the Trocadero. Excusing herself to make a telephone call, Joan noticed a blonde sitting in front of a dressing table mirror. The strap on her evening gown had torn away. Facing herself in the mirror, Margot Grahame was trying to repair the damage. Finally Joan walked over and introduced herself, then offered to help by sewing the strap herself. While Joan wielded needle and thread, Margot delivered the messages given to her in England.

The origin of the Cary Grant-Randolph Scott friendship dates to the time when both were struggling actors. It happened that each was living in an apartment and each terribly anxious to have his own home. The morning that Cary got a call from his rental agent, Randy got a call from his. Both actors showed up at the same house in the Los Feliz hills at the same time. Naturally an argument ensued. Both actors wanted the house. And both agents claimed the right to rent it. When the price was quoted it became a different story.

Cary and Randy were earning a small income. Neither could swing the deal alone. So they talked it over and decided to share the place. Several days later they discovered they were both under contract to the same studio.

Margo (Mrs. Francis Lederer) and Claudette Colbert have many mutual friends. Both have worked on the same lot at the same time. But they had never met until recently, when Claudette had to learn a Russian song to sing in "Tovarich." An ap-

pointment was made with Nina Koshetz, Hollywood voice coach.

Through an error Claudette was given the same time that had been reserved for Margo every day for a year. Claudette arrived first. When Margo walked in she graciously offered to wait, knowing that Claudette had torn herself from the studio. But Claudette insisted that it was Margo's time and she should have it. Finally it ended with the two actresses taking a singing lesson together. A duet, so to speak.

Like Fred Astaire, Franchot Tone has a "tough-guy" complex. Fred would rather see Jimmy Cagney on the screen than almost any other actor. Franchot, who made his first stage success as a cowboy, is a push-over for the George Raft kind of rôle. *(Continued on page 74)*

Their singing teacher introduced Claudette Colbert and Margo. So they sang a duet.



Illustrated by
IRVING HOFFMAN



Meet KID CASANOVA

ANY account of the amours of Wayne Morris would make Casanova, Don Juan and Lothario seem like pikers. Every movie column in the Los Angeles newspapers carries practically daily accounts of his social activities of the night before.

I first met Wayne Morris before he had started on his whirl, when outside of Lana Turner he hadn't a girl to bless himself with, and when the head waiters had yet to bow as he came through the door. He was an amiable, good-natured, likable kid who was always going to previews and sitting on the edge of his seat for fear people he knew wouldn't see him.

He was only playing second lead to Dick Purcell in "King of Hockey" then, but it didn't take a crystal-gazer to see that Wayne was going to overshadow Dick in that picture.

Then "Kid Galahad" came to the screen and a star was born. "Submarine D-1" reached the public and proved him not a flash in the pan but a full-fledged performer.

What no one guessed was that with success would come a love life that Jimmy Stewart and Lyle Talbot, or maybe even Valentino, in their palmiest days could never have hoped to equal.

To Wayne's everlasting credit, let it be said that, a kid himself, he has only gone with kids. The older and trained-in-fascinating-wiles glamour belles, the would-be socialites of Hollywood, the sophisticates such as Countess di Frasso, have had no play from Mr. Morris.

His first girl, that is, his first Hollywood girl friend was Lana Turner, also just starting at Warners. In reality, their flirtation was inspired by the publicity department who told the two to have some dates together, to attract attention and—publicity. They achieved the publicity and it launched Wayne on his romantic career.

Lana was succeeded by Nan Grey, another cute youngster. That was *not* a publicity romance. It came straight from the heart. It is sad but true that the hottest flames burn themselves out the fastest.

In no time at all. Nan had given

place to Cecilia Parker. Where Wayne met her, deponent sayeth not, but the boy gets around! When he starts out at night he really covers territory and there is nothing half-hearted about it.

While his passion for Cecilia was at a fiercer peak—when he was so miserable away from her that he had to go all the (Continued on page 70)

Left, The Kid, Wayne Morris, starting out on an informal date. Below, with Priscilla Lane, one girl who wore a real engagement ring.





John Boles

Handsome is as handsome does and Johnny, as an operatic star, never sang better than in "Romance in the Dark."

ON AND OFF THE SET

IT doesn't take long to get rich in the movies—when you click in a big way. Little more than a year ago Deanna Durbin's salary was \$125 a week. To-day she receives \$1,500 a week from the studio, plus a big bonus, draws a huge amount for her radio broadcasts and approximately \$100,000 a year more for indorsing Deanna Durbin hats, frocks and other articles. Pretty nice, but she's a pretty nice as well as brilliant little girl.

THE custom Hollywood hostesses have recently adopted of inviting guests to dinner and serving the food later and later, is becoming more and more of a problem to folks who get hungry

at regular eating times. At half past ten the night Kay Francis, Mrs. Jack Warner and Countess Di Frasso entertained we saw Mary Pickford, Constance Collier and their escorts in the Trocadero Grill fortifying themselves with a snack against the time supper would be served at the party—hours later.

INCIDENTALLY, two or three booths away from Mary in the grill sat Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard. Miss Pickford glanced directly at Mr. Chaplin but not the faintest glimmer of recognition passed between them, which made us suspect that the deadlock on the United Artists situation has strained one of Hollywood's oldest friendships.

WHAT'S this? We thought Hollywood was the fashion center of the world, but we began to doubt it when our eyes beheld Jane Bryan at the Santa Anita Turf Club in a sports dress, *ermine* coat—and white cap!

SOUNDS like a fish story, but our spy insists it's true. A visitor to Hollywood from New York offered a bonus of \$500 to any real-estate agent who could persuade Bette Davis to move out of her home—so he could rent it! He wanted to boast that he had lived in Bette's house.

STARS are being increasingly hard put to find disguises that will enable them to do their shopping without recognition by autograph hunters. Fred MacMurray, whose loud boast has always been that the best disguise is no disguise, now hides behind a pair of oversized smoked glasses. And Olympe Bradna, we are informed, went forth on a busy day in the stores in flat-heeled shoes and with studio make-up guaranteed to age her ten years.

IT seems to us Miss Bradna went to a lot of unnecessary bother and reminds us of the visit Cary Grant—only slightly known at the time— and Virginia Cherrill paid the Chicago Exposition. "We wore smoked glasses," he told a friend, "and not a soul recognized us."
"But," queried the friend, "would any one



her lips on one of the links. Men who formerly kissed her hand may now kiss her lips—on the bracelet!

THE opening scene in "Hollywood Hotel" shows Ted Healy and Louella Parsons, the prominent newspaper columnist, in an elevator. He taps her on the shoulder and says, "How about giving me a break in your column?" She replies, "But you're not news." The day after the preview her column carried an item mourning his death.

LANNY ROSS, whose two Paramount pictures were not exactly sensations, returns to the cinema as a Columbia star. He has taken out \$20,000 insurance on trophies he has won in athletics, public service and entertainment. He modestly announces he hopes to add the Academy statuette to the group. Well, there's no harm in hoping.

MARGARET LINDSAY bought a lottery ticket from her colored maid and then generously gave it back to the girl. The maid won \$600, bought a new car and quit her job! So Maggie is through being a girl scout!

SIGRID GURIE



GEORGE RAFT

BY the way, when John Howard entered pictures he announced whether he clicked or not he was only in the movies for two years to raise money enough to continue his study of law or medicine— whichever it was. But two years or more have passed and John is still with us. How about it, John? Are movies more luring than college?

LOOK alikes: Louise Campbell and Leatrice Joy, of fifteen years ago. Penny Singleton—formerly Dorothy McNulty—and Maureen O'Sullivan.

OUR own special In Love With Love Department: Marlene Dietrich with David Niven, Anderson Lawlor, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Dick Baldwin with Lynn Bari, Cecelia Parker, and June Lang. Charlie Butterworth and Lona André. Rubinoﬀ and Dorothy Ates. Rosalind Russell and James Stewart (at the time this goes to press, anyhow). Mary Maguire and Al Vanderbilt (but by the time you read this the races will be over and then who knows?). Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson (once more!).

REGRET to Inform You Department: Allan Jones and MGM are scrapping again. This time it's salary. You remember they scrapped over his rôle in "Everybody Sing," a couple of months ago. Also, it is said George Burns and Gracie Allen are peeved because Martha Raye is billed above them in "College Swing" and that Martha is peeved because her publicity has dropped off since she refused to pose for any more gag pictures.

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LOOK alikes: Louise Campbell and Leatrice Joy, of fifteen years ago. Penny Singleton—formerly Dorothy McNulty—and Maureen O'Sullivan.

OUR Own Success Yarn—Ann Miller, who sprang into prominence as Ginger Rogers's dancing partner in "Stage Door" wanted a part in "Radio City Revels," but the producer said he wanted a singer as well as an actress. So Ann gambled \$200 of her own money to hire a five-piece orchestra and have one of the local recording stations record her singing two popular tunes—one in swing time and the other as a ballad. P. S. She got the part. Hollywood appreciates gestures like this.

IN "Every Day's A Holiday," Mae West is billed as "Mlle. Fifi" and sings a song in French dialect. Digging into the files we find that *The New York Dramatic Mirror*, dated April 17, 1912, reviews a show called "A Winsome Widow" and lists Mae West (no less!) as portraying a character called "La Petite Daffy." In reviewing her performance, the *Mirror* merely states, "Mae West assaults the welkin vigorously." We wonder if "Mlle. Fifi" and "La Petite Daffy" are one and the same.

AD in a local trade paper: "For sale—new home. Neighbors, Claudette Colbert, Raquel Torres, Irene Dunne and Walter Wanger." Is it a build-up or a warning?

IT was a sentimental occasion and a swell one. The famous Hollywood Hotel—the first hostelry in the city—celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary. Every star and featured player in Hollywood attended.

On the tattered pages of its registers, on display, were the names of the honeymooning Rudolph Valentino and Jean Acker; Fannie Ward and Jack Dean; Nazimova; Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen; Francis X. Bushman; Shirley Mason; Viola Dana; Grace Darmond; May Allison; Harold Lockwood; the Harry Houdinis; Betty Blythe; Marguerite Clark; Ella Hall; Gareth Hughes; Norman Kerry; Elinor Glyn and dozens of others of whom you who go to the movies to-day have probably never heard. But in their day they outshone the Crawfords, Garbos, Colberts, Gables, Lombards, and Taylors.

JANE WITHERS'S new auto trailer is really sumpin. One part can be closed off as a school-room, there is a dressing table, sleeping accommodations for four, stove, ice box, bathroom, dining table and desk. We sneaked in and tried the desk, thinking we might be inspired by sitting in Janey's chair. But it was too small. Some trailer, though.

YOU should have seen him! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., started sneezing on the "Joy of Loving" set and Irene Dunne lent him her fur coat. He wore it all day between scenes.



KAY FRANCIS

IT was a very swanky party and everybody looked pretty gorgeous at the affair given by Mrs. Jack Warner and Kay Francis for Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben following their wedding. Kay wore a black gown with a white flower at the belt; Dietrich was in black velvet with an emerald pendant relieving the neckline; Mrs. Gary Cooper in white chiffon with a bolero jacket solidly incrustated with rhinestones and lined with emerald green; Virginia Bruce, white tulle cut very low in front, a fitted bodice and an extremely full skirt of many layers of tulle; Constance Bennett, mostly white beads (to our eye) and Maureen O'Sullivan in cream-colored slipper satin.

EVERY one knows what passport photos look like, but when Claudette Colbert and her husband, Doctor Pressman, had theirs taken for their European trip, Claudette took one look at hers and shuddered violently. She was reaching for a pen to indicate where it should be retouched when Doctor Pressman put his foot down. "They want us as we are and if that's the way we look, that's the way they'll get us," he announced. But there is slight resemblance between the picture of Claudette in her passport and the pictures you see of her in magazines.

CLARA BOW and Rex Bell are expecting another baby in May.

MISCHA AUER is receiving \$3,000 a week on his personal-appearance tour. A few years ago we used to meet him at Neil Hamilton's when he hardly knew where his next meal was coming from. In fact, things became so tough for a time he gave up acting and led an orchestra at one of Pasadena's fashionable (Continued on page 71)





COVERING *Hollywood* WITH CAMERA

PENNY SINGLETON

CAUGHT OFF GUARD ON THE



1—Our hero, Fernand Grav, levels his glasses at—

3—So? She gets the French razzberry!



4—Why, Carole, you don't take him seriously!



Fools For Scandal

SET



5—A stirring game of checkers while lights are set up. Allen Jenkins, Gravet, and Ralph Bellamy.



6—O. K. for the morning, Director Mervyn LeRoy? Then, they'll be off to lunch.

Carole Lombard
no pretends
to be bored
with such.





Marion Martin, last of Ziegfeld-glorified girls, shows up in Hollywood at Universal City.



A merry quartet—Dorothy Lamour, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen and Lupe Velez around the mike at Cha and Sanborn broadcast hour.

Here, There



From that scowl, tennis is a serious matter to Errol Flynn as with frau Lili Damita, he watches the Vines Perry match.



Latins prefer blondes and Cesar Romero and Virginia Field are having themselves a time at the Clover Club.



Despite strong rumors that romance is a-coolin' between George Raft and Virginia Pine, here they are stepping out for a quiet dinner at the Victor Hugo.



Nothing sad about this farewell party for Fernand Gravet at Club 21. Toby Wing and Ethel Merman on either side.

and Everywhere

A bathing suit ensemble is no hindrance to Jane Bryan in whipping up a salad de luxe for that hot California day.



Gay threesome out to do the town. Claire Trevor, and the Eddie Robinsons at Billy Rose's Casa Manana.



Always on the go—that's Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and the missus, here arriving on a Manhattan pier after European holiday.



GAY Giddy Gadabouts



Some fun! Jon Hall and Betty Grable in a Big Apple Number while Jackie Coogan with—is that a knife?—looks on at Hawaiian Paradise costume party.



The Chuckaboo, newest hot swing number as only Eleanor (Tap-Dancing) Powell can push it out, above. Bob Burns, Ida Lupino, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., doing their stuff on the Kraft Music Hall hour, below.



Joan Bennett and daughter Diana try their luck on skis.



At a Hollywood party, Anita Louise dressed as French peasant girl meets Comic Jack Smart all done up to look like (he hopes) an English trader.

Rudy Vallée—soon in "Gold Diggers in Paris"—and his best girl friend, Gloria Youngblood, at the tennis matches.



What? An ice cream soda with all those calories for Danielle Darrieux? But the studio doesn't mind.



WOMEN are LIKE THAT



Behold the bride and groom!
Kay Francis elopes with fascinat-
in' Pat O'Brien.



Stepping out with Ralph
after a quarrel with Pat.



Poor Ralph Forbes! He's been
jilted at the altar.



Still "mad" at her husband,
so dining all alone.



With sex-appeal, Kay goes after the account of Grant Mitchell. She's working now.



"You can't make a fool of me!" shouts Ralph to the lovers who have kissed and made up.

And here they go, bound for Blissville. It was just a silly quarrel after all.

THE JOY OF LOVE



A bunch of roses and a batch of smiles because everything's been patched up between Irene Dunne and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

With her secretary, Jean Dixon, the actress rejoices over an English picture offer.





Two of mischief-makers are the five-year-old Steiner twins, Dorothy and Estelle.



Guy Kibbee and Alice Brady resent their famous daughter being in the spotlight.



Don't worry. This business of ignoring doesn't last very long.

Caught Snapping

Click, click. Maureen O'Sullivan has snapped some one on the beach.



Norma Shearer gets a kick out of her candid camera.

Rosalind Russell even uses her camera at home.



Clark Gable's all set to take some one's picture. Guess who?





Nothing better than a good book between takes. So thinks Jimmie Stewart.



Entertaining some animal friends between shots is a pleasant pastime for Evelyn Terry.



As you can see, Carole Landis possesses all the things that make for stardom.



A nice sun bath and then Olympe Bradna will be ready for the next scene.

Rest Period

CATCHING



Gay, handsome Cary is on top of the world. Why not, with a big salary, big rôles and a "beeg" romance?



carefree Virginia Cherrill, and that they were platonic pals who could never be more. The spark wasn't there. But—he married her.

Yet he isn't insincere. At the time he wasn't planning marriage. Something primitive walloped him into it.

Later, when described as a dashing young husband about town, he was miserable. He didn't like to be talked about even in praise. He was, and still is, reticent about his personal affairs. He didn't want to share any of his and Virginia's secrets, and he can't glibly dramatize superficialities to satisfy the curious.

CARY GRANT is more in demand than any other man in Hollywood just now.

Both professionally and personally fully arrived, he is in that enviable position of being able to choose the best of everything. He is earning a top salary—\$125,000 per picture. As a possible husband he has no peer.

What sort of a fellow is he?

Until you know Cary very well you don't get behind the amazing front he puts up. Apparently blithe, he actually reacts terrifically to every situation.

He assumes a gay, joking air when he could be taking something big. He hugs his crises, is skillfully silent. Yet, though he plays down his own attitude, Cary is really an impulsive romanticist who is forever seeking an emotional cyclone cellar.

Nowadays he dates the blond, carefree Phyllis Brooks. Once he swore to me he wasn't serious about the blond,

"A brown suit," Cary was repeating loudly at me from his dressing room at home. "Is it all right for a Friday night date?"

"You're on the verge of getting somewhere, I see," I replied. "A date with Miss Brooks?" Yes, I was right.

Definitely, Cary prefers Phyllis these days. After his divorce he and Mary Brian were devoted, but that ended. It's been said that he and the social Countess di Frasso were romantically interested. They ran around together for a while. However, just pals they were, too chummy ever to become emotionally involved.

Six months ago Cary was reluctant to talk about Phyllis. Now he's enthusiastic in his praise of her. He met her less than a year ago. He and Randy Scott, with whom he shares a domicile, hold open house on Sundays and last summer she came down to the beach with the Earl of Warwick. She was attractive, intelligent, and laughed easily.

UP WITH CARY

Cary thought she was cute, so he proceeded to concentrate. Then he began to learn about Phyllis—that she has undoubted acting ability, that she can have fun without fretting over clothes and make-up and pompous people.

Now, he tells me she's his favorite type of straightforward, companionable girl. That she's earnest, yet sophisticated. That she has a sense of humor, is a smart girl, ready for fun on the spur of the moment, pretty without being vain, who speaks his language.

Listen to him go on—it *must* be love!

But still he won't betray their confidences. After all, so far as the public is concerned he's an actor and he abhors heavy-lover stuff. He simply won't talk—won't tell.

"I've been so busy—fourteen weeks on my last picture—that we don't go out much," he said apropos of how they spend their time together. "We take in the fights, previews, and the few parties we can. Phyl's been working steadily, too, so we meet between takes, you might say."

Each obligingly joins the other, according to which is most convenient, and their romancing thrives on last-minute dates. They try for leisurely Sundays at the beach with mutual friends.

About Cary's career? He credits his progress to free-lancing which has enabled him to pick

or reject rôles. He originally had a long contract with Paramount but when it expired he sagely refused to re-sign.

"No studio is able to give a stock actor the privilege of selecting all his rôles," he explains. "I know I can't deliver in straight leads, so I don't want to play them."

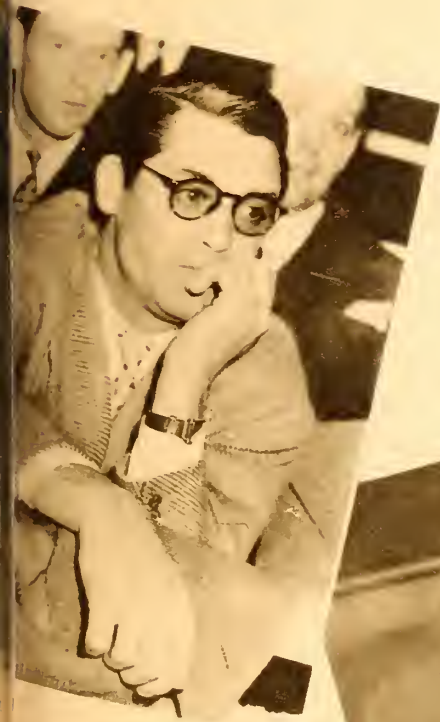
He really believes this. He doesn't want to rely on looks.

"What can you do with such 'handsome' assignments but be a papier-mâché guy?" he asks. "I enjoy cracks at characterizations. By the way, since you asked, you might explain that I did not turn down a rôle in 'Mannequin' because the part was unsympathetic. I'd liked to have had a chance at that rôle with Joan Crawford. I couldn't even consider it, though, for I was already scheduled for that time. I'm glad a new fellow, Alan Curtis, got a break with it."

Cary's prestige took a strong upward turn, I feel, first because he'd painstakingly studied his craft, next because he courageously declined a tempting money deal to strike out and make each individual rôle the selling point for his next one. He didn't sell out for money and become a safe carbon copy.

But he was shouting at me again. "Which tie? The tan one with the polka dots, or a dark one?" As though my decision mattered! All along I knew he'd grab the one a certain blonde would like!

What's he like since becoming a major star? Not different on the surface. A "nobody" continues to receive the same considerations always from (Continued on page 71)



In an amusing scene from "Bringing Up Baby," with Katie Hepburn. Certainly, it's another comedy.



With the girl friend, blond Phyllis Brooks at the tennis matches. They may wed.

By

TERRY HU

STREAMLINING THE STARS



PHYSICAL DIRECTOR UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO

In the "human rowing machine," Diana Gibson and Ann Miller tone up sluggish muscles, and bring a rosy glow to cheeks.

Bend way back, Diana, but slowly. This is recommended if you wish a lovely neck and shoulder line, and what girl doesn't?

THERE is scarcely an important player in Hollywood today who doesn't find some form of physical culture absolutely vital.

What will be news to many people is the simplicity of the exercises favored by the great stars. Garbo, for example, prefers walking to all other health-building activity. Spencer Tracy is an ardent horseback devotee. Charlie Chaplin swings a mean tennis racket and Carole Lombard spends a good deal of time swimming.

But—no matter how they take it, actually every one of them exercises. The reasons are simple but important.

In the first place, no one can overestimate the importance of good health in Hollywood. Not only is being "in the pink" vital to the star personally, but to the studio which might lose thousands of dollars should its star performer develop a serious cold in the midst of expensive production.

In the second place, the camera catches and reveals to the world the first signs of ill health, strain or worry on a star's countenance. It is also merciless in exposing extra avoirdupois. So the stars must exercise not only to feel well but to look well.

In the effort to look their best, many women stars have discovered that they may attain a perfection of form and a more pleasing shapeliness by following certain definitely prescribed exercises. They may build up one part of the body and diminish another, thereby attaining more perfect and pleasing contours.

I have worked out certain exercises to help attain this ever-desired attractive shapeliness—exercises, which I think are extremely beneficial to other women intent upon the perfect contour. In a minute or two, I will describe them. Meanwhile, I wish to make a point. It is: don't get the impression that outstanding stars exercise longer and more strenuously than people in other walks of life would find possible or pleasant!

Moderation in all things is a sound rule for everybody, and the stars follow it. Several hours of exercise a day for any one but a professional athlete would take the sparkle out of the eye and oppress with insufferable boredom and ennui. The maximum daily workout I recommend is from fifteen minutes to a half hour.


An exception to this rule is the person who really enjoys a sport. He or she can indulge in calisthenics much longer without injury to the health unless suffering from a heart or other vital ailment.

Very often the movies themselves call for extraordinary athletic feats. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., climbed, leaped and cart-wheeled himself into the hearts of fans. Cowboy films always have been and probably always will be immensely popular attractions. But Doug and the cowboy stars are great exceptions.

Most feminine stars are never called upon to bash in a villain's face, scale a wall or leap from a cliff, but they continually are called upon to wear one or more evening dresses, sometimes a bathing suit in their pictures, and they must keep themselves graceful and slender. If you would be as shapely as some of them, and wear evening clothes to such good advantage, cast your eye over these exercises which will develop your back, bust, shoulders, arms and legs.

First do an arm exercise that will also serve as a splendid warming-up routine. Stand with feet together and arms stretched above the head. Then twist the entire arm from left to right twenty-five times as fast as you can, being careful not to bend your elbow while doing so. Next, hold out your arms horizontal to the shoulder and again twist the arms twenty-five times. When this is completed, allow your arms to hang limp and shake them for a moment or two to stimulate circulation.

If done daily, this will tear down the fatty tissues of the arms.



Up on the toes, stretch, stretch—ah, that's it and perhaps in time you'll develop a lush shapeliness like Jean Parker's.


The second, illustrated by Jean Parker, is a towel exercise designed to develop the bust, back and arms. Jean first holds the towel at knee height, each hand grasping one end, then raises it high above her head while standing on tiptoe. Then she brings her arms down, still holding the towel, to back of her thighs, forming an almost perfect semicircle.

I have found this exercise most effective as a bust-developer. At the start it should be performed four times, which number is gradually increased to ten. You inhale as the towel is brought up and over your head and exhale as it is being returned to original position. Best results will be obtained by those who do the exercise slowly, keeping the elbows straight.

The third exercise is the floor push-up. In this, you push your body up by your arms until the arms are fully stretched, then you lower body to floor, inhaling as you raise body and exhaling as you descend. At the start you should perform this exercise six times, and increase to a daily maximum of fifteen.

The knee bend on toes is very important and should never be omitted from a daily routine as it keeps the joints of the knee limber. People seldom bend their knees in daily routine and when that occasion arises they find them stiff. It also strengthens the back and aids in avoiding sciatica and kindred ailments.

With arms held horizontal to the shoulder, stand erect with feet close together, then bend to squatting position, keeping back straight and tense your leg muscles as you return to standing position, inhaling through nose as you rise and exhaling through mouth as you squat. Starting with five times, this is increased to a daily fifteen.



Known as the "cold preventer." Stand on your hands five times a day, as does Dorothy Moore, and you will never have the sniffles!

(Continued on page 79)

BY MICHAEL JACKSON



is **SHIRLEY**
a problem child.

YOU'D be surprised who arouses the most gossip in Hollywood.

It's not Mae West or Marlene Dietrich, and not Bob Taylor or Tyrone Power. None of the glamour lads and lassies has inspired the amount of misinformation that has been heaped on the shoulders of Hollywood's littlest—and biggest—actress.

You hear from every one—except those who know her—that Shirley is spoiled, overworked (and underworked), slipping, through, a nuisance on the set, overweight (and underweight), precocious, dumb, and that she is leading the lonely guarded life of a "poor little rich girl."

In the last four years, Shirley has drawn more comment—printed and spoken—than any other studio personage. And, unfortunately, most of what has been printed and said about her is inaccurate.

For some vague reason, the truth is apt to fly out of the conversation when little Miss Temple steps in.

In those days when we were a press agent at Shirley's workshop, 20th Century-Fox, we found Shirley to be the nicest little girl we ever met—neither shy nor forward, neither spoiled nor overworked. A happy, but not happy-go-lucky baby unconsciously holding a world in her tiny hands.

But more than a year passed without our seeing Shirley. And in that time, once more came those tales. Shirley,

now growing up, was getting wise to her fame and spoiling. She was becoming a problem on the set. She was losing her elfin looks. She was getting tired of picture-making. She was ill. She was—well, she was just about as many and as contradictory things as any person could be.

We did not believe many of the stories we heard about her. But a year is a long time in a child's life, and a year is an era in the strenuous, high-pressure Hollywood existence. So, to find out, once and for all, what has happened to Shirley—to herself and her career in the past year—we made a trek to her studio.

Shirley *has* changed. But then, in a year, what child does not?

Shirley, whose ninth birthday is April 23rd, has about her a buoyant healthiness that dispels immediately all doubts concerning her well-being. She has suffered only one mild cold in the last twelve months. Her hazel eyes sparkle, her pink-and-white skin fairly glows with a coloring no camera has yet matched, and her almost perpetual good humor testifies to a happiness that has not been disturbed.

The biggest change in Shirley is that she has lost all her baby teeth, and is now displaying a permanent set. No more will she be bothered about hiding sudden gaps from the camera!

All in all, the changes that have come to Shirley are

simply the changes that time brings to any little girl. In fact, one of the best ways to check on her development is to disregard the wild stories you might hear, and watch, instead, the little girl next door. For, in most ways, Shirley's development has been exactly like hers.

No one, least of all Mrs. Temple, would claim perfection for Shirley. Psychologists tell us that a person's character is set by the time he is six years old, although, of course, it is much later that these characteristics have become grounded and recognizable.

In Shirley's case—as with most children—it is too early to foretell what sort of person she will turn out to be.

Most of us are pretty much a mirror of the treatment we receive. That is, we show our best to those who like us most. Because pretty nearly every one gives Shirley boundless affection, she responds by being a beaming little portrait of happiness.

In her private life, Shirley has three outstanding traits: her constant humor, her sense of possession and an inflexible rule of what she feels to be justice.

Her humor, typically childish, springs from the people around her, and from the knowledge that they all like her.

Her pet dislike is having other children play with her favorite toys, or disarrange playthings in her dressing room, for Shirley is inordinately neat. What is hers is strongly hers. Shirley is not outspoken in this, but those who know her well can easily read her thoughts.

Mrs. Temple has inculcated in Shirley such a strong regard for truth that sometimes there are little misunderstandings on the set. For instance, when still pictures are taken—and Shirley submits to an average of thirty a day—she is told that, say, three more pictures are needed. If something should happen so that a fourth is wanted, it takes a little smooth talking to get that last one. And even then Shirley sometimes shows that she feels she has been tricked.

To visitors she seems naturalness itself. But any one who has ever worked on a sound stage knows that it is impossible to be truly natural when doing the same motion for ten takes. What is needed is the *appearance* and the conscious imitation of naturalness. After all, she is more experienced in picture-making than most of the grown-up ingénues.

A bit ahead for her years, Shirley is now in what equals the fifth grade. Her working time is limited to seven hours a day, three of which must be spent in schooling. Because she is given specialized treatment, the three hours' schooling affords her more education than the average child gets in a full day.

No genius, Shirley likes school work and takes to it as a game. Her teacher, Miss Klant, has regulated the studies to the pictures in which Shirley is working. For instance, when Shirley was making "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Miss Klant related her study to farming, cattle, and agricultural problems. In such pictures as "Heidi," Shirley learned geography.

To say that Shirley is oblivious of her great fame is no longer true. But she takes this fame as a responsibility rather than any excuse for spoiled tantrums. She realizes, primarily, that if fame means anything, it means that she must be a good girl and not set any wrong sort of example for other children.

The ninth year of any child is critical—more so when it happens to be one of the most famous persons in the world. And Miss Temple will be nine next month.

Shirley's playmates are mostly the children from Santa Monica who have known her all her life and are consequently not in awe of her. Like Shirley's stand-in, Mary Lou Isleib, these children take the star as one of themselves and she considers herself one of them.

To show how much she considers herself a regular child, Shirley, listening to her favorite radio program, "The Lone Ranger," sent bread wrappers to the station so that she could become a member of the club. She received an answer saying that little girls shouldn't tell lies about their names! Mrs. Temple finally straightened this out, and now Shirley is a full-fledged member of The Lone Rangers.

Shirley has graduated from the mud-pie stage and is now busy with baking real biscuits, which, sad to say, are not uniformly tasty. However, many have been enjoyed by the rabbits and chickens that are quartered back of her dressing room.

When you are with her for a while, you soon take her for the normal, happy, lovable kid that she is. And then—startlingly—you realize once more that here is one of the most famous people in the world.



Above, Shirley in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." There is more gossip and misinformation about her than any star in Hollywood, but in this story you read the facts, the low-down by one who knows her well and isn't afraid to write the truth.

"Hollywood is insidious," says Fredric March. "It is wise to get away—even if you fail."



FREDRIC MARCH HAD ONE OF those unfortunate collisions with the New York theater recently. "Yr. Obedient Husband," the costume drama in which he played the rôle of the 18th Century journalist, *Richard Steele*, lasted one week on Broadway.

March was a good sport about the flop. On the closing day of the play, the Metropolitan newspapers carried a comic drawing bearing the phrase, "Ooop! Sorry." And the Marches sent out a black-bordered card to their friends who had sent condolences. The card read: "Florence and Fredric March wish to thank you for your kind thoughts in their hour of need."

Broadway had whispered a lot of things. March had been persuaded to make the stage try by his wife, Florence Eldridge, who had grown tired of Hollywood's lack of interest in her acting ability, they said. She it was, the gossips declared, who managed to get her famous husband to adventure behind the footlights. And she it was who played the leading feminine rôle opposite her cinematically celebrated husband. The adventure cost the movie star something like \$65,000.

It had been eleven years since March had faced a New York stage audience, since he had appeared behind the New York footlights. March, by the way, met Florence Eldridge when they were both playing in summer stock at Elitch's Gardens in Denver. They were married the following spring, in 1927.

In "Yr. Obedient Husband" Miss Eldridge, in hoop skirt and wig, played *Prue Steele*, wife of the brilliant, erratic essayist and pamphleteer, who, for all his doublet, hose and chestnut curls, was eternally pursued by bailiffs for debt. The costume comedy was written by Horace Jackson, a Hollywood scribe, and John Cromwell came on from the movie colony to produce the play.

March says that the stories about his stage return are entirely unfounded. When I talked to him he was barely able to get about. A form of arthritis had hit him, in fact it had delayed his Broadway opening. He had undergone one leg operation to speed his recovery. And pain had haunted him through the brief New York run of the play.

"I came back to the stage because I felt myself in a rut," March told me. "Hollywood is too easy, once you have achieved your set place. It softens you, wrecks your point of view. I've wanted to try my luck on the stage again for a long time. I've been reading an endless stream of manu-

scripts. Maybe that steady reading dulled my point of view, chloroformed my judgment. Anyway, I was inveigled into doing 'Yr. Obedient Husband' in spite of certain qualms about it. But it seemed the best manuscript in sight.

"I was tired of Hollywood and wanted Broadway—and that warped my judgment. I produced 'Yr. Obedient Husband' with my own money. So my rush into the New York theater can be checked entirely up to me. I alone am to blame.

"Maybe my illness hurt things. I know I was infinitely glad when the curtain came down on the last night of 'Yr. Obedient Husband'—and I could go to bed."

Here Mrs. March—Florence Eldridge—joined us. She was having a late breakfast and over her grapefruit she put in a word now and then.

"Hollywood is insidious," March went on. "The salaries, the flattery, the adulation, all those things are devastating. It is wise to get away—even if you fail. It is bad to have things come too easily.

"I've been working steadily, too steadily. The past two years—since I started free-lancing—have been busier than even the old contract years. The pace wears you down.

"I felt that the stage would tune me up. I felt that I needed the personal fight it would provide. The break-in of the play on the road was interesting. It was good to face audiences again, to have the nightly battle to win them. I'm sorry I hit New York feeling so wretchedly but I doubt if my physical condition had much to do with my play's fate. I picked the wrong play, that's all."

As I write this, March must wait in New York for some weeks to complete his medical treatment. He is in no shape to work now. But he may try another stage play before he returns to the sound stages of Hollywood.

FREDDIE TAKES A FALL

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



Jean Lafitte, above, the elegant pirate in "The Buccaneer," will be Freddie's last film rôle for some time. He's ill.

On the right you see him as he appeared in the play which caused Broadway critics to jeer. That wig and costume would try the art and courage of any actor.

Mrs. March—Florence Eldridge—below, is said to have egged her husband on in their stage venture.



"If we can find something in which we have confidence," put in Mrs. March.

"Yes, I'll have to believe completely in it," said March.

He went on to talk about his screen work. "I wasn't at all satisfied with my *Anthony Adverse*. In the first place I wasn't young enough. I'm forty. Anthony was a whole lot younger than that. When I looked at the young people about me in the cast, I was apprehensive. They were mere children, it seemed. No. *Anthony Adverse* is not one of my favorite rôles.

"The best thing I've done on the screen, I think, was the fading Hollywood star of 'A Star Is Born.' That rôle interested me. You could get your toes into it. Types like that are all about you in Hollywood. I think that picture represents my best work. I liked doing the farce comedy, 'Nothing Sacred,' with Carole Lombard, too.

"Hollywood has been damned kind to me altogether. Since it took me from the stage it has given me a number of fine rôles. Cecil DeMille, in particular, has been generous to me. He made me the Roman prefect, *Marcus Superbus*, in his 'Sign of the Cross,' one of the four or five top money-earners of all time in films. And he gave me the rôle of the pirate, *Lafitte*, in his latest spectacle, 'The Buccaneer.'

"I have a bone to pick with some of the New York critics and writers who talked of my appearance in 'Yr. Obedient Husband' as if it marked my footlight début. You would think I had grown up in pictures and was (Continued on page 79)





The first warm soft winds of spring didn't catch Betty Furness napping. Lo, she sallied forth in the smart outfit pictured above—a black suède dress with John Fredericks hat in dusty pink. Note the details. It is collarless, beltless, features black fabric buttons on the bodice and a love bird ornament is its only trim.

Fashions



Here's Betty, above, in one of Lily Dache's new chapeaus. It's really only a high swoop of square-cut velvet fastened on one side by a jeweled clasp. Her evening gown, left, is a black-taffeta-and-velvet combination with square-cut neck, full skirt and puffed sleeves. No, that isn't a hat on her head. It's a nose-length veil sprinkled with sequins and caught to her hair by a cerise hand-made flower.



Marjorie Weaver shows how a clever girl with imagination and a few yards of lace can maneuver several costumes out of one dress. First she wears her wine-red velvet with a bolero of powder-blue satin. Marjorie changes the effect completely by donning a full lace overskirt in matching color. Presto-chango—and we have Marjorie pulling the lace back of bodice over her head in alluring hood and cape effect.





"HAPPY" ALICE BRADY



ANNE SHIRLEY

Starting a new style trend in hats was probably far from Walt Disney's mind when he conceived "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," but look what happened!

Above—The "Happy" hat of delphinium-blue felt and worn by Alice Brady.

Left—Anne Shirley calls this her "gnome" number. Of larkspur-blue felt.

Lower left—The "Sneezy" model in black felt and Lucille Ball simply adores it.

Bottom—The "Huntsman" number in leaf-brown felt. Anne Shirley likes it.

Right—Like the hat that "Doc" wore is this pale-blue antelope on Ann Miller.



"SNEEZY" LUCILLE BALL

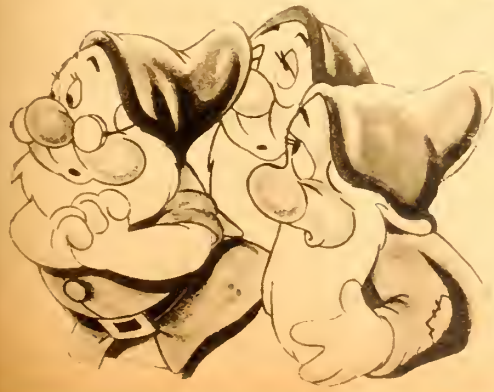


ANNE SHIRLEY





"DOC" ANN MILLER



Spring

IS TIME FOR BEAUTY

WHY NOT GIVE YOUR DRESSING
TABLE AN APRIL RENOVATION
FOR THE SAKE OF LOVELINESS?

BY LAURA BENHAM

EVER since I can remember, spring cleaning has been the first *real* sign of spring—more real than the first robin or budding crocus or hurdy-gurdy on the street corner. And I'm sure it's the same with every one.

For as the days grow gradually longer and almost—but not quite—imperceptibly warmer, we feel a need to set our homes in order, whether by "home" we mean a one-room



Dorothy Lamour takes spring inventory of her dressing table.
Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee), top, made up for "Sally, Irene and Mary."



Lovely Anita Louise, blessed with a natural peaches-and-cream skin, is faithful in her care of it.

bachelor apartment or a nice large house in which a comfortable family dwells—whether the "order" must be achieved by our own lily-white (I hope) hands or by a corps of well-trained servants who need only a word of guidance now and then.

We're tired of winter and of all it stands for—of closed doors and windows and dark draperies, of covered floors and heavy chairs drawn up to the living-room logs. We want to clean house—to sweep out all the soot and dust and grime that have accumulated during the past few months and prepare for a gay, bright season ahead.

We want to place light-weight rugs in the center of gleaming, polished floors, to hang our windows with crisp, fresh curtains that can flutter in the breeze, and cover our chairs with colorful chintzes that are harbingers of the sunny, carefree months to come.

And the other day, as I was thinking of how fine it is for a house to be made fresh and sweet and charming every spring, it suddenly occurred to me that what's so fine for a home should be equally fine for the persons who live in it. So why not a spring cleaning for oneself?

People, like houses, accumulate soot and dust and grime during the winter. And their dressing tables accumulate strange collections of jars and bottles containing cosmetics that are seldom if ever used.

For smart modern girls follow the season in cosmetics as surely as they do in clothes. But all too often one forgets to pack away the suntan oil when October comes, and it remains on the dressing table or cosmetic shelf until it has partially evaporated and is anything but a lovely sight to see.

Or the ski cream, used on winter week-ends, stands alertly amid the cosmetics in use to-day, though the snows that made it such a boon have long since melted.



Address your beauty problems to Laura Benham, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Ready for the beach, Joan Blondell looks glamorous and beautiful in a bathing suit.

And so it goes with most of us. We do hate to throw a bottle away as long as there's a drop left in it, and we cherish the sixteen flakes of lovely golden powder that just matched our skin last summer, in case we attain the same degree of tan next year!

As a result, our dressing tables are so crowded with things we aren't using that there's no room left for the things we need and should be using to-day.

So for a real spring beauty cleaning, take a day off—or an evening, if you're a business girl—to check up on yourself. It's one of the easiest, pleasantest tasks you'll ever perform, and it will pay you well in dividends of increasing loveliness.

To begin, take a paper and pencil, sink down in a deep chair and ponder for a moment. Then pick up your pencil and make a list of the cosmetics you are using at present—or should be using. Also include on this list the things you'll be needing during the next two or three months.

Then with this list clutched in one hand, take a wastebasket in the other and go over to your dressing table. And—now, be a brave girl!—do a thorough job of throwing away the cosmetics that are not on this list.

Naturally, you'll find a certain number of creams and lotions that should not be discarded, but should be saved for use when they're in season again. These you should pack away carefully in a box. And after you've finished sorting, if your job has been really thorough, your dressing table should be a joy to behold. And it should boast, beside the perfumes and eau de colognes that are your own preference, the following basic items:

First, a good cleansing cream. It may be of the same texture as that you use during the winter, or you may do as such increasing numbers of smart girls are doing to-day, and prefer a lighter cleanser during the spring and summer months.

If you're over twenty-five, the second item on your dressing table should be a rich nourishing cream, to be used every night or on alternate nights, dependent upon the dryness of your skin.

Or, if you're a real time-and-space saver, you may use one cream for both cleansing and lubricating, such as the fine four-purpose cream that is famous for its penetrating qualities.

The ingredients that give this particular cream such penetrating qualities seem to sink deep. (Continued on page 75)

BY JIM MALONEY

THAT'S GOLD IN THAT BAZOOKA

Bob Burns's outstanding characteristic is that he never asks anything of friendship. That's why he's popular with top-notchers. His chief idiosyncrasy is dislike of sugar in any form.

IN the days when Bob Burns wandered forlornly around Hollywood, scarcely knowing where his next meal was coming from, I don't think he had the slightest idea he would ever be in a position where he could, if the mood struck him, throw a banquet for half the town's unemployed.

To-day the money from pictures, broadcasts, royalties on the sale of bazookas, et cetera, rolls in so fast that even Bob has no idea how much he is making—how much he is worth. But he hasn't forgotten the lean years, and success hasn't gone to his head. He wouldn't be Bob if he had changed. At heart he is still just an Arkansas hill-billy—a hill-billy who struck gold with a bazooka.

Uncle Fud and *Grandpa* were part of Bob's repertoire even in those long-gone days—but they hadn't begun to pay dividends. Outside of Bing Crosby, Lew Ayres, Ben Alexander and few others, it was pretty hard for Bob to get any one to listen to him tell about his family.

Nowadays people frequently ask if that drawling philosophy of his is a gag—if his radio family really exists.

His philosophy isn't a gag. He doesn't drawl quite so much in person but he will philosophize as long as he can get any one to listen to him. His radio family is not entirely his real family but he says that every one of them is patterned on people he really knew. He cannot understand why he draws huge salaries in pictures and on the air for talking as he does because, he maintains, "In Van Beuren, practically every one talks that way!"

If there is any truth in the old adage that a man is known by the company he keeps, Bob Burns should be pretty nearly tops. He is one of the few people in Hollywood who ever succeeded in becoming intimate with stars when he, himself, was unknown. Not only were the friendships of the stars' seeking rather than Bob's, but they have been enduring, which is another unusual thing in Hollywood.

His most outstanding characteristic is that he never asks or demands anything of his friends—and that is probably one explanation of the longevity of his friendships. He knows some one, likes him and likes to be with him. He sits and chins—exchanges ideas and philosophies—and that is all there is to the relation as far as Bob is concerned.

Success hasn't changed him. He doesn't drive a big car, he has no chauffeur or valet and he goes out only one night a week. That is after his broadcast when he feels the need of relaxation to ease the strain under which he has labored. He usually goes to one of the swanky night clubs, where there is good food and music. He takes ten dollars extra with him and after dinner he gambles. When that ten is gone he quits. But he says he is one of the luckiest fools alive at gambling.

Not long ago he ran his ten up to fifty and did what not one man in a hundred would have done—he quit. He said he had had a good time, he was ahead and had only gambled for fun. So he paid his bill and left. (Continued on page 72)

Mrs. Burns was Harriet Foster, Bob's secretary. She still types out his letters and keeps the accounts in order



*Brings
new aid to
Women's Skin!*

this new Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"



Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

*"A cleansing
cream that also
nourishes the
skin is a great
achievement"*

Mrs. Arthur Richardson



A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin," but when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother, best of



(ABOVE) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.

(CENTER) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

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

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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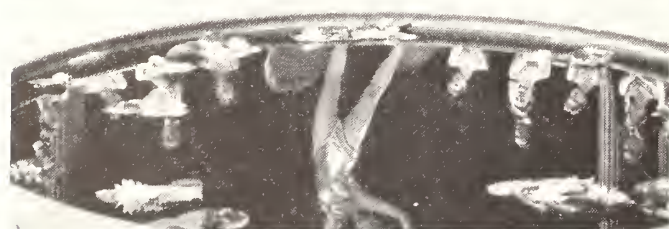
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NORBERT LUSK'S

Reviews



Vera Zorina's "Ballet of the Water Nymph" beautiful high light of "The Goldwyn Follies."

"The Goldwyn Follies."—United Artists. The most beautiful and tasteful of musical shows is one of the mildest. It misses being the knock-out it should have been, even with technicolor to glorify it, and an almost limitless roster of talent. "Pleasing" is the word for this two-hour lavish outlay. "Sensational" is the word I had hoped to use.

Perhaps there's too much picture, too much talent, too much of everybody. Mind you, everybody's good. So is the music. But there isn't any excitement and not enough laughter. Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy get most of it. There's wit and intelligence—perhaps too much for a large-scale musical. Opera, ballet, tap dancing, a Venetian serenade, patter songs, crooning and much else are carried along by a good story.

We have a normal girl attracting a film producer by her criticism of a scene he is staging. The girl's comments open his eyes to her value as a critic. So he nicknames her "Miss Humanity" and hires her to give the reaction of an average person to many mistakes he is making because of his distorted judgment. The picture is kept moving by the girl's suggested changes.

Andrea Leeds, who stood out in "Stage Door," is perfectly cast in this part and Adolphe Menjou has a rôle after his own heart—and ours—as the nervous, undecided producer. Kenny Baker is the carefree juvenile who sings at his hamburger stand and is magnanimously raised to stardom by Mr. Menjou after the youth wins Miss Leeds away from him.

Vera Zorina makes her film début as Mr. Menjou's temperamental foreign star who also dances on occasion. Trained in the classical ballet tradition, she stretches and whirls proficiently, but she conveys only skill, not beauty. Helen Jepson, of the Metropolitan, sings beautifully some of *Violetta's* music from the first act of "La Traviata." There is, as I said, plenty for everybody to do. With The

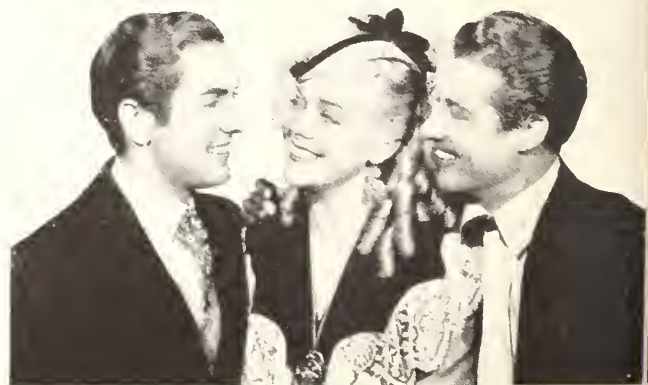
Ritz Brothers, Phil Baker, Ella Logan, Bobby Clark Jerome Cowan, the American Ballet, and the "Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls"—besides those mentioned as principals—all ready, willing and able to give value for Mr. Goldwyn's dollars, you know what you're in for.

"In Old Chicago."—20th Century-Fox. As a screen spectacle this is great. Like most pictures that climax in flood, typhoon, fire, or any catastrophe on a big scale, the disaster is more realistic than the characters. The story only marks time while the studio summons its resources for the big splash. "San Francisco" was the exception to this rule, and even it was not perfect as, for example when Clark Gable knelt in prayer among the ruins. In this, Alice Brady is the elocutionist. After fire has reduced Chicago to smoking embers and probably slightly singed *Mrs. O'Leary*, the part played by Miss Brady, the actress radiantly poses against a backdrop and envisions on the painted canvas a new city which she raptly describes.

Now all this is lovely, of course, and sends you out of the theater with the feeling that the fire didn't really matter—that neither it nor any other act of God could prevent a happy ending if Mr. Zanuck so decreed. What goes before is something like this:

Mrs. O'Leary and her two sons thrive in the lusty life of the prairie city of pioneer days. One of the boys is a politician who incredibly rises to the position of a crooked boss. He is Tyrone Power, looking all of twenty-one. The other is a lawyer, Don Ameche, who becomes a crusader determined to prevent his wicked brother from becoming mayor. Glamour is supplied by Alice Faye in the dubious character of a saloon prima donna who deserts Brian Donlevy to become Mr. Power's girl. It is an unpleasant rôle for the rising Miss Faye. The liveliness of

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche secondary to great fire in "In Old Chicago."





"The Buccaneer" has Fredric March elegant, harmless pirate, with Akim Tamiroff, Franciska Gaal.



Robert Taylor's best performance with Vivien Leigh in "A Yank at Oxford."



Gladys George, Franchot Tone, in "Love Is a Headache," light but entertaining.



Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier in technicolor comedy, "The Divorce of Lady X."

true love is supposed to come from their brawls, which end with rough-and-tumble fights on the floor. Mr. Power gives a fine performance because he is a fine actor. We can't blame him being mis-cast as a master politician with an undergraduate's face.

However, this is a big picture. It is never dull. And perhaps the fire with its dynamiting of city blocks, stampeding steers from the stockyards, the river ablaze with kerosene, will put the whole thing over as a picture you must see.

"The Buccaneer."—Paramount. Veteran Cecil DeMille goes mushy in his new picture. It isn't his fault. He still is a supremely good dramatist. It's censorship and ancestor worship that stand in the way of his being himself. If he told the truth about Jean Lafitte, the pirate, a distant relative of the old scalawag probably would crop up and demand a price for defamation of character. So Mr. DeMille gives us a romanticized, dandified young man who insists that he is a privateer, not a pirate.

He is gallant, a patriot, considerate of his victims. We are assured that he gives special protection to any one aboard a captured ship that flies the Stars and Stripes. He does nothing more dangerous than scowling. Fredric March manages this handsomely, leaving Robert Barrat to force the heroine to walk the plank.

This elegant marauder is in love with a New Orleans belle. He wants respectability for her sake. His men, as true-blue Americans as himself, give their lives in defeating the British and preventing the capture of New Orleans. But *Lafitte's* piratical past confronts him at a Victory Ball, and he is forced to take flight with the connivance of *General Andrew Jackson*. He takes with him not the voluptuous Margot Grahame, but a little Dutch girl who has loved him shyly all along, Franciska Gaal.

Miss Gaal is the heroine of the piece, a good actress who works too hard for the comfort of her audience. I liked better Spring Byington's sprightly *Dolly Madison* and Hugh Sothorn's impressive *Andrew Jackson*. The others do well enough with stock characters.

The picture is richly done. It looks like DeMille, but it is weaker than anything of his that I recall.

"A Yank at Oxford."—MGM. Robert Taylor's best performance is here. He gives more than he has ever given his admirers. He does more, also, to answer his critics and establish himself as the actor his fans have always known him to be. His acting has vigor, humor, and if not depth exactly, then a manly seriousness that is disarming. Best quality of all is his sense of fun. He shows that he doesn't take himself seriously.

His English-made picture is entertaining and unusual. It good-naturedly ribs American and British conventions in a way that should be enjoyed by both sides. The title describes the film to perfection. Mr. Taylor is exactly what one would expect, an American college athlete out of his element at the famous old seat of learning. The humor of his classmates, their ethics and their customs both on track and campus are opposed to his own. One of the picture's virtues is its fairness in acquainting us with both points of view.

Sonja Henie, Cesar Romero, Don Ameche, make "Happy Landing" popular success.





Mae West, Charles Winninger, exchange wisecracks in "Every Day's a Holiday."

Far from being only a rollicking affair, the picture illuminates and informs. That is what we are told is the purpose of the exchange of films between Great Britain and the United States. It is serious, too, with a more open discussion of sex than we find in Hollywood comedies of so-called college life. Here we have a full-fledged temptress in the young wife of an Oxford bookseller, a part beautifully played by Vivien Leigh. Maureen O'Sullivan is the nominal heroine, but Miss Leigh has the more colorful and sly character. Another fine performance comes from Griffith Jones.

This is the best picture of university life that I've ever seen!

"Love Is a Headache."—MGM. A good deal of excellent talent goes into a picture that should have been stronger because of it. But it frequently is funny in dialogue and situations. The plot, though slim, is out of the ordinary, too. In fact, it's a likable picture for all its unimportance. Franchot Tone is a gossip columnist, a mild pattern of Winchell; Gladys George is a typical actress, with the late Ted Healey her fast-talking press agent. Frank Jenks is funny, too, as Mr. Tone's leg man, or gossip scout.

A couple of comic orphans, Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler, are "adopted" by Miss George as a publicity stunt. They turn the tables on her by winning her affections so fully that she insists on adopting them in fact. Then Mr. Tone steps in to prevent it because he loves her. There's a lot of hoens-pocus to keep things moving and the audience in laughter. You won't mind this picture.

"The Divorce of Lady X."—United Artists. Technicolor fails to capture the true beauty of Merle Oberon. It turns her porcelain duskiness into hearty ruddiness at times, though it does reflect the coppery sheen of her hair. I prefer her in conventional black and white, which treats her fairly without promising what it cannot give. But to her picture, her first since "Beloved Enemy."

An English film, it is cleverer than most, with an ingenious, farcical plot that is labored in the telling and a bit stiff, but is politely diverting in the British drawing-room manner. See it for Miss Oberon's sake, but not with the expectation of finding her an exciting comedienne. She is arch, charming, persuasive. Let it go at

that. Her partner is Laurence Olivier, a romantic actor out of his element in farce and unhappily the victim of technicolor's whims.

The picture is held together and its comic intent driven home by Ralph Richardson. His bouncing performance of a slow-witted husband is the funny high light of the piece. And the veteran Morton Selten is richly amusing as the philosophical grandfather of the flighty heroine, Miss Oberon.

Caught in the fog after a ball, she insinuates her way into the hotel suite of Mr. Olivier, borrows his pajamas and turns him out of his bedroom. She leads him to think she's married, and leaves next morning without telling her name. When Mr. Richardson brings suit for divorce because his wife was guilty of an indiscretion in the same hotel after the same ball, Mr. Olivier thinks he is the correspondent. There you have what the flurry is all about.

"Happy Landing."—20th Century-Fox. Sonja Henie is a latter-day phenomenon, an ace attraction on the screen and in the rink. The public is ice-skating mad, or is for Miss Henie's particular brand of gliding. In her case it is rhythmic grace, technical precision and brilliance and, what counts perhaps more than anything, a winning, infectious personality. She is at her best in the new picture. The ice sequences are splendidly staged. They have verve, beauty and imagination. Never do they partake of a gaudily mounted stunt.

The story built for the star has Don Ameche and Cesar Romero giving her chief support, with such specialists as Ethel Merman, the Peters Sisters, the Condos Brothers as incidental high lights. Again the Condos boys amaze with their tap-dancing routine.

Mr. Romero is a band leader who lands in Norway with his pilot, Mr. Ameche, and finds Miss Henie participating, naturally enough, in an ice carnival. Because Mr. Romero dances twice with her, she naively considers herself almost as good as married to him. She follows him to New York, discovers that he's a heel and is consoled by Mr. Ameche, who shows her that Madison Square Garden is just waiting for a little girl with silver skates. The rest is Miss Henie playing herself as queen of the rink.

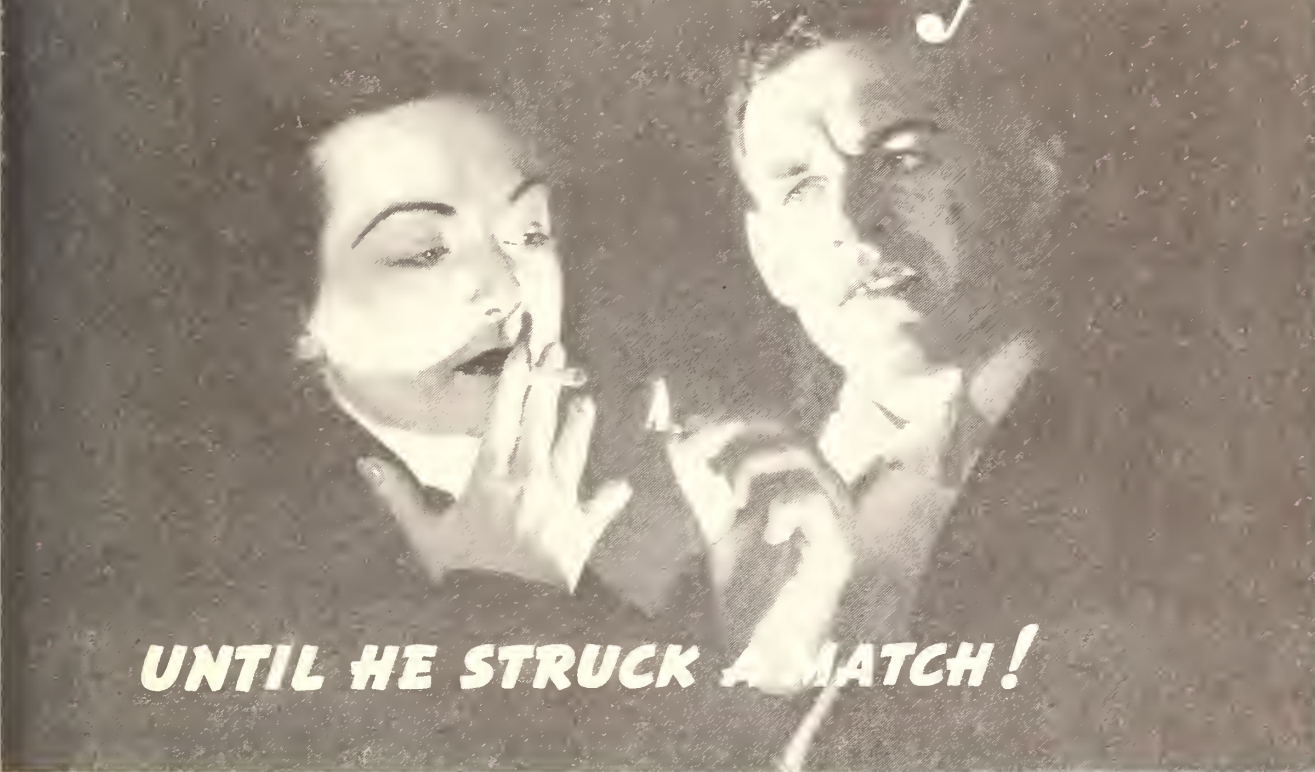
"Every Day's a Holiday."—Paramount. It is no longer smart for any self-respecting critic to find anything to praise in a Mae West picture, but I still like the old gal. I think she's foxy. Naturally, her pictures haven't the old-time gusto and bold innuendo of, say, "She Done Him Wrong." The purity leagues and others have cramped her style. Which is as well, or there's no telling how far she'd have gone. She's foxy in putting on a good show in spite of censorship. She's not squeamish, either. She doesn't insist upon playing hypocritically (Continued on page 78)



"Swing Your Lady" teams Louise Fazenda, Nat Pendleton in hill-billy farce.

Everything was Lovely...

UNTIL HE STRUCK A MATCH!



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We especially invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

You can get it anywhere

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Luxor powder is offered in several shades, among which you will easily find the one best suited to your own individual complexion. But more important than any shade, more important than the soft texture and fine fragrance of this powder is its light-proof quality. You will find that this powder—in any shade—will positively subdue those highlights that have always been such a problem.

Seeing is believing: Make this test

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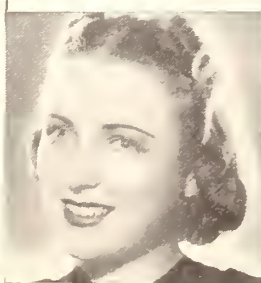
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Continued from page 30

way to MGM daily to lunch with her—he caught sight of Eleanor Powell at MGM.

Almost overnight Cecilia became just a memory and Eleanor was the Big Moment. More luncheons, calling for her at night at the studio, visiting her at home—for Eleanor doesn't go out much when working. Then that bubble burst.

Now—at this writing, but not predicting the future for there is no telling about the volatile Wayne—he is engaged to Priscilla Lane. This also started out as a publicity stunt—they were cofeatured in "Men Are Such Fools" and the press boys thought they'd whoop up a little romantic interest copy for the picture—but it turned into the Real Thing. Or so it seems.

In the interim there have been, oh, perhaps, a dozen other girls who in the parlance of the theater were only one-night stands—he had a single date and nothing more. A member of this group, before she married Tony Martin, was Alice Faye.

But to give you a picture of Wayne as a person let me tell you of a poker game he sat in on recently during which he was kidded unmercifully about his "queens," the romantic status of all of whom he denied flatly and had pretty nearly convinced us he was on the level a shrinking violet when—

But here's the yarn:

We had been chatting and the subject of poker came up. "If you can get free of your numerous social entanglements," I suggested maliciously, "we'll have a game at my house."

"Cut it out, will you?" Wayne said soberly. "The studio felt they had to get my name in the papers somehow and as far as pictures are concerned I wasn't important enough. Romance was the only way they could manage it."

He brightened, and continued: "I'd like the poker game. Do you mind if I bring Willard Parker along? He's my pal. I'll

Meet Kid Casanova

tell you something funny. He posed for the illustrations for 'Kid Galahad' when it ran in a magazine and I played it on the screen. But we never knew each other."

Johnny "Scat" Davis appeared. "Hey, Scat," Wayne accosted him, "want to play poker out at Dick's? We'll have eats at his house, poker at his house and," he supplied as an afterthought, "we'll reline our pockets at his house because he doesn't know anything about the game."

On the appointed night the crowd assembled—Wayne, Parker, Scat, Pat O'Brien, Bernie Williams of the Warner publicity force, and Dick Arlen. They gorged on turkey, drenched themselves in Scotch and finally sat down to the card table.

"Say, Wayne," I began as the chips were being counted, "how did you break into pictures?"

"He had a day off between dates," Pat put in, "and the studio had a chance to make a test."

"Shut up," said Wayne to Pat. "I was a member of the Pasadena Community School of the Theater. The week before the course ended the Warner casting director sent his assistant over to see the last play. He sent me a note and told me to report at the studio next day. When I got out there they made a test and gave me a contract."

"Just what I said," Pat rejoined, "you had a day between dates. What is this—dealer's choice? Yes? All right. Seven-card stud—nothing wild"—and he dealt.

"Didn't you go to college?" I inquired of Wayne.

He shook his head. "Fifty cents on this first ace," he offered the company.

"Raise you fifty," Mr. Parker supplied.

"Why don't you guys get a gun? You could clean us out quicker and with less trouble," Scat suggested.

"What about college?" I persisted.

"Which is more important," Wayne demanded in exasperation, "college I never went to, or this straight flush I'm drawing to?"

"Why didn't you go?" I kept at him when Mr. O'Brien had finally raked in the pot.

"Couldn't afford it," Wayne told me briefly as he dealt. "Five-card stud."

"But your biography says you lived with your folks on Millionaire's Row in Pasadena," I countered, disgustedly turning down a trey.

"That's their money," Wayne remarked. "All right, Pat, you're high with a queen."

"From all I hear, you're high with seven queens," Pat came back.

"Yeah," I interposed, "Alice Faye, for instance."

"I'd like to meet her sometime," Wayne reddened. "I don't know how that got in the papers." He cast a murderous look at Mr. Williams, the press agent. "I don't even know the girl—let alone have dates with her although I'd like to." He turned to me. "Since you're so quick to crack about everything any one does, do you think it would all right to send her a box of flowers with note saying, 'I only wish these newspaper reports were true'?"

"Don't be a fool," Pat cautioned him. "She can buy herself flowers. Send her an emerald bracelet so she can see you're serious. The queen bets a quarter."

"Mr. Morris," I continued, "is it true your name is really Bertie DeWayne Morris?"

Mr. Morris flushed the color of the mahogany table top and pretended he hadn't heard. "Didn't you hear the gentleman speaking to you, Bertie?" Scat asked mercilessly.

"Do you have to keep that Scotch hidden in the kitchen?" Mr. Morris queried acidly.

"Looks like my pair of queens are high," Pat smiled, glancing around the table as the fifth card was finally dealt. "Fifty cents. Any argument?" There being none, he raked in the pot.

"Say, stupid," Parker addressed the scoundrel when the chips were safely mixed with Pat. "didn't you know you had a straight there?"

A few minutes elapsed while a white-faced Morris, trembling with indignation, pulled himself together.

Arlen dealt. "Draw," he told us. "Maybe Wayne can hold all his cards in his hand instead of having some face down and so face up on the table, he can tell what he has."

The phone rang. A moment later the maid stuck her head in the door. "Lady wants to speak to Mr. Morris," she told me.

"Ask her if she has a friend," Scat admonished him.

"Make it two," Bill increased the order. "Three," I raised it.

"Do you think Eloise would find out if I went?" Pat wondered.

"We'll all go," Arlen took charge. "Crimes can't kick if something like this just happens, and there's a whole crowd."

But Wayne had disappeared into the bathroom with the phone and closed the door.

Parker motioned us to follow. He led the way to the closed door. Through the door we could hear a soft, "But I'm playing poker with a bunch of fellows, honey. . . . All right. I'll see if I can get away in half an hour."

"Sure you can get away," Scat yelled, bursting the door open. "We can all get away."

And that is why this interview ends before I had a chance to tell you success hadn't changed Wayne, his smile is just as infectious as it ever was and, while he no longer has to worry because people don't recognize him or remember him, he still sits on the edge of his seat in the theater for fear people he knows won't see him.



Allan Jones and Irene Hervey are hoping for another songster in the family in young John Allan, born January 14th.

Catching Up With Cary

Continued from page 49

him. He's completely unspoiled. He bought a fashionable car and then traded it in because folks might think he was putting on elegance. When he was broke and striving for a break he didn't enjoy the foibles of the fortunate. His chief trait remains "consideration."

The first thing a lot of money—and \$125,000 per picture is a lot—usually means is plenty of fancy high spending. Cary isn't splurging, however. For, in the first place, the Federal and State income taxes take most of his salary in one fell swoop. Secondly, he is thrifty because he remembers when he had to worry about bills. He isn't even considering buying a home. He says he'd rather not be tied down.

So he still lives right on the beach front in Santa Monica, comfortably and inconspicuously, sharing the rent with his best

friend, Randolph Scott. There the ocean and the sun revitalize him.

It will be six years this summer since he drove to California to see the sights of Hollywood. To his astonishment he stayed to become one of them. He had a new show lined up on Broadway, but he went to a party and a big shot said, "I'm testing my wife for a picture to-morrow. How'd you like to stand in and give her the cues?"

Getting into a studio like that seemed fun. When the test was run off the contract was handed to Cary instead of to the anxious wife.

Within six months he was being talked about as an up-and-coming young performer. In another six, Hollywood knew it had some one to reckon with and Cary knew that with his sudden good luck had come problems.

Well, he's faced his due portion of dilem-

mas and he's downed them by using his head. He's experienced the trials and tribulations which come to any one on the way up in Hollywood, and he's mastered them skillfully.

He also came across love and its troubles. He learned what heartache can mean. But this unhappy discovery brought him recognition of what makes him truly content, he says.

"What can I say about myself and what I've learned?" he parried when I questioned him. "I don't think my opinions have changed. Under the same circumstances I'll probably do the same thing over again. Now take the matter of that tie for to-night. Do you suppose she'd like a blue one for a change?"

Catching up with Cary? It's a tough job. He's just Cary and a swell guy.

On and Off the Set

(Continued from page 34)

hotels. The nicest part of all this is that Wischa deserves every cent of the money he's making. He hasn't forgotten the lean days and he still wears the same size hat.

DOROTHY LAMOUR, who has been giving out announcements lately—two of them being that she will retire at twenty-six and raise a family, and that she will play no more native girls wearing sarongs—will wear a sarong in "Tahiti," her next picture.

JUST In Passing: Bing Crosby is now raising boxer dogs—and he just laid \$1,500 in the line for a champion named Gunda of Barnere. . . . Clark Gable's dressing room is indicated by a brass nameplate with his signature etched on it. After four of the plates had been stolen (yeah, they have souvenir hunters inside the studios, too) he had

one welded on. . . . There seems to be no cure for Carole Lombard's practical jokes. On his birthday she sent Fernand Gravet a huge cake. When he cut into it it exploded. The inside was a football bladder. . . .

Alice Faye and Tony Martin, if reports are true, are finding the process of readjustment after marriage more than a little difficult.

ANNABELLA and William Powell were rehearsing a scene for "The Baroness and the Butler," when a lady tourist appeared on the set. To the French actress she gushed, "My dear, how I admire you—I've seen all your pictures!"

Annabella remarked politely, "That ees ver' nice."

"Such an intriguing accent! Did it take you long to learn it?" the lady queried. And before Annabella could reply, she added,

"Parleyvoo frausay, by any chance?"

The star spoke a mouthful of rapid French. The visitor stared blankly, but came right back with, "Why, you speak French almost like a native!"

A LOS ANGELES socialite was indignant when told she couldn't buy a Sealham terrier at a certain shop until she had been interviewed by the dog's owner.

"Well, madam, I'll telephone Mr. Cooper—he's very particular but I can recommend you, and—"

"What Mr. Cooper?" she queried sharply.

"The movie actor, madam."
The socialite hastily withdrew her objections to being interviewed. She passed inspection successfully and Gary's terrier, "Penny," changed hands.

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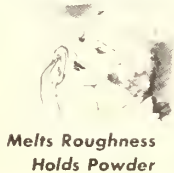
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Continued from page 25

Nelson Eddy moving in another direction. Just as it forced him into seclusion at first, now it seems to be drawing him back, where he will be closer than ever to the public. I think his popularity as a radio entertainer has much to do with Nelson's recent reaction to fame, and for this reason alone—quite aside from obvious pecuniary advantages—I think radio is a marvelous thing for him.

Radio seems to be quieting some of his worries about meeting people en masse. There is a personal bond between Nelson and his listeners which overcomes some of the coldness of strictly screen acting. His millions of listeners know that Nelson Eddy, in person, is on the other end of the line, just as

he would be if he were talking to them over the telephone.

There obviously must be a definite psychological reaction to every one in this respect. People who listen to him feel as if they know him better when they hear him laugh gayly and joke with the others on the show. Curiosity is satisfied to a degree, and the star is revealed in the light of a friendly, jovial human being, in which a lot of people had never before seen him.

In return, Nelson himself is seeing all those at the other end of the broadcast not as wild mobs, but as fathers and mothers and kiddies in their homes, listening quietly to the fun. He knows no wild tumults will

follow the close of the radio concert, that he can make a quiet exit, with the satisfaction of knowing he has entertained people.

This contact with his public suddenly becomes fun—the same sort of fun he experiences in showing up suddenly at a night club and handing out a few thousand dollars' worth of entertainment for the asking. Can you see now how one thing logically follows another?

True, Nelson Eddy may not have time to venture out often, but he is doing it when he can. Fame is beginning to give back to him what it violently took in the beginning—the pleasure of meeting people face to face, and knowing them as human beings.

Continued from page 64

There are few people as outspoken as he. He is what might be termed more forthright than politic. When he doesn't like a person he sits back with a sort of half sneer on his face and occasionally shoots a barb dipped in a mixture of sarcasm and vitriol. I have seen the recipients of these barbs stare at him with mouths agape, wondering if he could possibly have the effrontery to say and mean what they thought he meant.

The most amazing thing about him is his intense dislike of sugar. He once remarked that in his entire life he hasn't eaten a spoonful of sugar. He has never tasted candy, won't eat desserts and wants no part of anything with sugar in it. When he goes out to Bing Crosby's for dinner Dixie goes into a lengthy conference with the cook beforehand. Meat, potatoes, vegetables and things like that he will consume in astounding quantities, but such things as, say, candied sweet potatoes—a standard Southern dish—are strictly taboo.

Once Bing was asked what he and Bob did when they were together. "Oh," Bing replied dryly, "we hunt and talk. But mostly we talk, because it is in the latter art that Robin excels. Most men, when they go hunting, want to get their limit. Bob kills one bird and then wants to sit down and talk the rest of the day. It's odd, too, because he's an excellent shot. I've seen him take a small tin can, when we were down at my ranch, tie it to the limb of a tree when the wind was blowing, take a 22 repeater rifle, stand off about fifty or sixty paces and keep it bobbing from side to side until, when he finished, it looked like a piece of lace."

In the days when Bob was drifting around town like a lost soul, he used frequently to be found at Lew Ayres's home. That was in the days when there was no bigger draw in pictures than Lew. Bob is quite a bit older than Lew and the friendship seemed an odd one.

When I asked what they had in common Lew answered: "There's nothing I can't discuss with Bob. Maybe some of the things I talk about aren't of vital importance to him but as long as they are to me he'll listen attentively, interestedly, and discuss them with me intelligently. All the other people I know are interested only in pictures and gossip."

He rides like a Cossack, which seems strange when you observe Bob casually. But in his childhood he was a cowboy—in Van Beuren. Every morning before school he would get on his horse, collect the cows from everybody in town who owned one, and drive them out to the pasture. In the evening he would get them, drive them down the main street of the town and cut each cow out at the place she belonged. That's how he learned to ride.

His hobby at the moment is microscopes. He can become more excited over the acquisition of a new lens than he can over signing a new contract. If he can discover

Thar's Gold In That Bazooka

some new insect or germ he is in the seventh heaven of bliss. His son, too, is of a scientific turn of mind. He has several inventions that are pretty good.

Hollywood sat up in surprise when Bob first began being seen about with the lady who is now his wife. He was so devoted to his first wife—so broken up over her death—it seemed strange to see him with another woman. Asked about it, Bob regarded his interrogator soberly.

"Harriet was my wife's closest friend—almost her only friend. When I needed a secretary my wife insisted upon my engaging



That hat should help Judy Garland to reach high C. She wears this outfit in "Everybody Sing."

Harriet. Whenever we had money enough to go anywhere my wife always insisted upon taking Harriet along. There were the four of us then—my wife, my son, Harriet and myself. Now," he sighed, "there are the three of us. I know she would want us to be married. She would feel easier in her mind if she knew that Harriet was looking after Bob, Jr."

After they were married Bob went even further. "Ever since she has been with me Harriet has looked after the finances and business end of my affairs. She will continue to do so. It's simply that now instead of employer and employee we are partners."

In the old days Bob had one rusty blue serge suit. To-day he orders five to ten at a clip and has developed into what Bing enviously calls "a rather snappy dresser." The girls at the N. B. C. offices can hardly wait from one Thursday to the next to see what Bob's ensemble will look like.

It is when Bob starts reminiscing that he is in his element. He tells of his early days in a carnival. He had a pin board. Customers rolled balls down a board, four balls for a nickel, and a totalizer marked the score. "You got credit for whatever hole the balls rolled into. The highest score you could get was 16 and then you'd have to roll all four balls into the '4' hole, which was practically impossible. Sometimes the totalizer would stick and a guy would get the benefit of the score of the man before him. There were prizes on all the shelves—those on the top shelf being for any one who scored 16.

"Most of the prizes were a lot of junk," he said, "but I had an Indian blanket that set me back \$15 or \$20 and I was always scared to death some one would claim it. So every time the totalizer would hit 16 I'd yell, 'That's fine. Congratulations.' Then I'd turn around, grab the blanket off the shelf and shove it at the winner.

"Of course, the minute I pushed the blanket out, the guy would think there was something wrong, and he'd begin muttering, 'I won, didn't I? I got a right to pick my prize, haven't I? I don't want that thing. I want a big kewpie doll.' So I'd breathe a sigh of relief and put my precious blanket back and hand the guy a kewpie! It never failed to work—I'm thankful to say."

Bob plays a mean guitar and piano. At one time he worked in vaudeville and was half the team of Burns and West. When vaudeville petered out the team was dissolved. Later, after he was stranded in Hollywood, a circus was organized which showed every Saturday night at Gilmore Stadium in which Bob worked in blackface. He used to take some awful punishment to get laughs. One of his stunts was to wear a tie that was held down with a clothespin. Some one would snatch the pin off and the ends of the tie would fly up and slap him in the face.

It was at this circus that Crosby first saw and tried to get Bob for his radio program. But the people who sponsored Bing at the time didn't think Bob was funny. It was not until after he went back to New York and made a terrific hit in one broadcast that Bing was able to convince these sponsors that Bob Burns was going to be a sensation which he continues to be.

Ginger's Got Her Dander Up

Continued from page 21

in the picture. This was, I believe, in "Follow the Fleet." It was Ginger who, only recently, on the occasion of Katharine Hepburn's supposed birthday, planned the parade, complete with brass band, stuffed animals, calliope and hot dogs, which invaded the "Bringing Up Baby" set and disrupted work for the day.

I saw her when she had stood on her two feet for five solid hours for fittings, the most trying part of any actress's job. Every one else was nearing hysteria from fatigue. Ginger suddenly seized numbers of hats and perched them on her head at jaunty and naughty angles.

"Now I'm Pagliacci!" she cried. "Now I'm little Lord Fauntleroy!" She sent out for coca colas all round and suddenly the entire affair turned into a sort of party.

When she isn't actually clowning on her two feet, she is writing jingles, working puzzles, inventing new games. She doesn't like to do these things alone. She wants other people to join in her fun. The result of all this is that all the people on a Ginger Rogers set are absorbed, most of the time, in answering questions or playing games.

Personally, I am tired of the stars who maintain that their mothers are "like sisters" to them.

Mrs. Rogers doesn't seem a bit like Ginger's sister to me. But she doesn't seem like the traditional mother, either. She might live across the street and take a casual, friendly interest in "that Rogers girl." Each has her own group of friends and they are sharply divided in tastes and general activities. Mrs. Rogers officiates at the outdoor kitchen sometimes when Ginger has her gang for a Sunday afternoon hoopla. But Ginger doesn't attend her mother's parties.

Ginger's gang consists, for the most part,

of the Andy Devines, Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward, Anne Shirley and John Payne, Cary Grant, Ben Alexander, Phyllis Frazer. One senses a bit of extra warmth in the greeting when Lee Bowman appears on the doorstep.

Ginger is almost painfully shy when she attends a large party. The set seems to be home ground for her. She is at ease. She has fun. But a large gathering of people, done up in their best bibs and tuckers, intent upon enjoying themselves at any cost, appalls her. She dislikes anything which smacks of formality.

That is why all her parties are picnic parties, with outdoor cooking, people mixing their own chocolate sundaes, inventing their own fun.

Ginger never wears formal clothes, if she can help it, in private life. She likes slacks and sweaters and casual jackets. She rarely wears a hat.

To pull together some slender threads which may tell you more about Ginger. There is a formal sweep of lovely lawn at the center of her garden. The borders, which are Ginger's own and where she digs joyously, are planted in a hodgepodge of flowers which have sweet scents. Roses, mignonette, rosegeranium—all the spicy, smelly blooms without any especial regard to colors or garden decoration.

Her house was planned in the first place for Ginger's mother—back in the days when Ginger thought that her marriage was going to last. Compact, homelike, elastic enough to accommodate a few guests. The house was in the process of being built when Ginger became convinced that her marriage was, at least temporarily, on the rocks. She and her mother expanded and augmented the plans.

Underneath the blue-and-white living room they added a gay pine and red leather playroom where Ginger could entertain her gang. Next to it they built a ping-pong room, equipped with tables for all sorts of games. The two rooms may be thrown together and a screen slides out from somewhere if Ginger wants to run a picture.

She installed the soda fountain, complete with all the squirting gadgets and the things which go "spudge" when flavored sirups emerge from them. An outdoor corridor leads to a sundeck and a patio with an outdoor fireplace where Mrs. Rogers cooks those famous steaks and chickens on Sunday evenings.

Give Ginger's mother an iron skillet and a pair of chickens or an earthen pot, a piece of salt pork and some beans—and amazing things happen.

Ginger and her mother shop, take long walks and drives, read aloud, and perhaps there is something significant in the fact that Ginger always calls her mother "Leilah." Ginger's friends and Mrs. Rogers's friends have a nickname for her which sounds like "Leelee." Ginger never uses it.

In the new house Ginger had some empty bookcases. "When I have time," she said, "I shall fill these shelves with books of poetry—good poetry." Ginger's mother filled those shelves with books of poetry at Christmas time. "There you are, my dear," she said. "Dip and dip. It will do you some good."

Ginger has moved some of the books into the little studio where she works at her sketching.

Ginger, I think, has fun in her own, practical way. She likes her job and works terrifically at it.

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Hilarious Hollywood's Howdy Do's

Continued from page 29

And speaking of Raft, one night at his dinner table Franchot happened to mention that Raft was one of the few actors he had never even seen around Hollywood. The next day Franchot had an appointment at his tailor's.

Leaving his street clothes in a fitting room, Franchot stepped over by a window where he could try on his new suit in the daylight. When the fitting was completed, Franchot returned to the room to get back into his things. Standing there minus his trousers, stood George Raft! Naturally the two actors recognized each other. For a moment there was an awkward silence as they finished dressing. Franchot was the first one to speak.

"Hello, George," said Franchot, extending his hand. "I've always wanted to know you. But I never thought we'd meet like this."

In all probability George Raft and Franchot Tone may never meet in Hollywood again. Unless, of course, they go for another suit at the same time.

Once upon a time Janet Gaynor received a letter from a boy in Pomona College named Arlington Brugh. It was much the same as thousands of letters that Janet received every week. So there was no particular reason why it should impress her. The writer asked for a photograph to put up in his room. He explained that he wasn't exactly a fan. The other guys were collecting stars' pictures, so he thought he should have a few, too. To make a long story short, Mr. Brugh never received the picture. Instead he received a polite note from Janet's studio requesting him to send twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing, et cetera.

The first day of shooting on "Small-town Girl," Arlington Brugh met Janet Gaynor. When he was introduced as Robert Taylor, Bob smiled and said, "We haven't exactly met. But we used to correspond." For days Janet puzzled over this, but Bob kept her guessing. Finally Janet got the truth. "If I had only known, I would have made you a special price of nineteen cents," she laughed.

Barbara Stanwyck and Ray Milland met for the first time in front of a microphone in a radio station. There was no formal introduction. In fact there was no time for anything but Ray's first line, as he took Barbara in his arms:

"Darling, it's so wonderful to be with you again. You'll never know the agony of waiting and wondering when this moment would come!" And Ray Milland will never know Barbara's suspense in wondering if the moment would come at all.

Ray, who had been scheduled to rehearse before the broadcast, was detained at the studio. Finally, when he did get away, his car blew a tire. It was too late to replace him with an actor of recognized name. Barbara paced back and forth watching the time. Just as they were going on the air, Ray dashed in, grabbed the script away from a substitute actor and made love to Barbara as if he had been doing it all his life. At the end of the broadcast, Barbara turned to him and said, "Pardon me, but my name's Stanwyck."

John Beal and Una Merkel became friends in the darkness of the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. But it wasn't as romantic as it seems. Long before John dreamed of becoming an actor he was a rabid fan. He won more movie-star guessing contests than any kid in Joplin, Missouri. Eventually he landed in Hollywood with a name to offer the screen. But he continued to be a fan. And Una Merkel was his favorite comedienne. While waiting to go to work John went to the theater to see Una. When she came on the

screen John began to laugh. The funnier Una got the louder John carried on. The woman next to him kept giving him dirty looks but John was not to be put off.

"Isn't Una Merkel wonderful?" he exclaimed in a loud whisper to his wife sitting with him.

"I think she's awful," answered the woman on the other side of John.

When the lights went on, John turned to glare at his rude neighbor. Instead he looked straight into the eyes of Una Merkel. John took it big. Then they both began to talk. Una explained that she really hated to stop John—but she was afraid that some one might have thought she brought along a stooge.

When it comes to expressing enthusiasm for his fellow artists, Francis Lederer walks away with all honors.

One day Francis was getting a manicure in the Westmore barber shop. He paid no attention to the man in the barber chair, with towels covering his face awaiting a facial massage. To the barber, Francis was raving over the brilliant performance of Fernand Gravet in "The King and the Chorus Girl." Just then the towels came off the other customer's face and Gravet himself turned a smiling countenance in Francis's direction. Introductions were exchanged. Gravet told Francis he had liked him so much in the London stage production of "The Cat and the Fiddle." Francis told Gravet again how much he liked his picture. It was a mutual admiration party to end all parties.

After a series of pictures with Gene Raymond that didn't make her too happy, Ann Sothern was delighted when she was to play opposite Robert Young. It was at MGM, too, where Ann had once been signed and neglected as Harriette Lake.

The first two days Ann didn't work. A double was being used in a scene where Bob was supposed to kidnap her in a motorcycle sidecar. Then the studio gave Ann a call to come out and do the close-ups. Bob didn't know the switch had been made. When he saw a girl sitting in the sidecar, he sneaked up, made a flying leap on the motorcycle and started swaying dangerously down the street. Ann let out a terrified shriek.

"I'm so sorry," apologized a dumfounded Bob. "I still thought it was the double. I'm Bob Young!"

"And I'm a nervous wreck," gasped Ann. "Pleased to meet you."



Watch for English Vivien Leigh in Bob Taylor's "A Yank at Oxford." She's the campus vamp.

Spring Is Time for Beauty

Continued from page 63

in your pores, refining them and ironing out tiny lines at the same time that a thorough cleansing job is done. And if you write me, I'll be glad to send you the name of this fine four-purpose cream.

The next item deserving a prominent place on your dressing table is a mild astringent or skin tonic, and next to it should be placed a cake of bland, pure soap.

These, then, are the basic cosmetics you need to take the proper care of your complexion, plus whatever other creams or lotions your particular type of skin requires. And alongside these items so necessary for skin care, belong the oh so important make-up items.

First, in this category is a good foundation, of course, and in selecting it you must follow your own taste and skin needs in choosing between one of the cream or liquid variety.

After your foundation comes your powder, which should be soft and light and clinging. Next, your rouge, which should be chosen to match and intensify your own true skin tones, and that most important item, a lipstick.

I truly believe that lipsticks cause women more dissatisfaction than any other cosmetic. For it's so difficult to find exactly the right lipstick—one that is the desired shade, that lasts and lasts, and is creamy and smooth.

That's why I'm sure you'll be interested in the fine indelible stick that comes in five luscious shades, and is made on a real beauty cream base. It costs only fifty cents and if

you want the name of it, I'll be glad to tell you if you write me.

Another cosmetic that you must have on your dressing table is a good mascara like the cream one made by a famous firm and called simply by number instead of by name.

With these basic cosmetics for your face, you will certainly be able to keep your skin in fine condition, your make-up will be soft and flattering, you'll look charming and attractive and well groomed.

But there are several other items every bit as important as the ones we've just been talking about, if you would be truly the fastidious woman I know you want to be.

For a lovely appearance tells only part of the beauty story, and unless a woman is thoroughly dainty from the skin out, the glances of admiration she wins will not survive a closer acquaintance.

So, topping this list of "must" cosmetics is something to make the bath a real beauty treatment as well as a cleansing routine. This naturally means an oil or powder that will soften the water and give it a delicate fragrance, which will be imparted to your skin.

And one of the nicest bath accessories I know is the delicate powder that comes in an attractive tin, and is most moderately priced. A small amount of this fragrant powder sprinkled in your tub will make the water luxuriously soft and fragrant, and it will make your skin smooth and delightfully scented, too, with a fragrance that will last hours.

But let me remind you once again, as I have so many times before, that all the efforts you make toward fragrance and daintiness will fail unless you use a nonperspirant regularly, not only during the spring and summer, but the year round.

For no matter how lovely a girl's skin, regardless of how subtly she applies her make-up, if the slightest odor of perspiration surrounds her she will fail to have the immaculateness that is the basis of all charm.

So put the regular use of a nonperspirant down on your list as the most important part of your beauty routine. And be sure to choose a nonperspirant that is really efficient, like the pale amber-colored one that comes in the low, squat bottle with the long neck and applicator top. It's easy to use and detailed directions come with every bottle, so there's nothing to stand in the way of your quest for daintiness.

There's one other cosmetic item that I think belongs on your dressing table after you have had your spring cleaning, and that's a hand cream. It's another one of those things you need the year round, if you would keep your hands always soft and white, but it's especially necessary during the spring when winds blow so sharply.

Not only for your hands, but for your elbows and ankles and heels, you'll find a soothing emollient cream indispensable. And one of the finest is the one that has been the favorite of women for several generations, and is just as fine and pure to-day as when our grandmothers depended upon it.

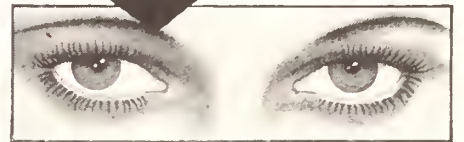
In fact, science has even enabled this cream to improve, as it now contains the sunshine vitamin D that the skin absorbs.

The bottle has been modernized, too, and is most attractive, and while it comes in several sizes, you'll find the fifty-cent size with its dispenser top the most convenient.

These, then, are the cosmetics you need every day. And if you've done a thorough spring cleaning, your dressing table should be spic-and-span and charming—just as you, yourself, will be if you use faithfully the contents of all these lovely packages that are standing so proudly in rows of loveliness.



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Joan Davis goes hill-billy in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Continued from page 27

dessert, and working back to the hors d'oeuvres, in order to "queer" Gravet, who was "inside" with Lombard.

This take was taken without much event, but when the scene was shifted to Lombard and Gravet in the sumptuous dining room, there were hitches. Little Marie Wilson, whose duty it is to wait on Lombard and Gravet, put her thumb in the soup. Now Marie is a very cute thing, and Lombard is her idol. She told me that she is thrilled to work with Lombard. Nevertheless, Marie put her thumb in the soup that she carried in from the kitchen.

The Napoleonic eye of Mervyn Leroy, to say nothing of the cameras, picked this up, and there had to be retakes. On the next take, Marie didn't put her thumb in the soup, but she lost the inside portion of the heel of her left shoe. The prop department had to go into action and provide new shoes or at least new heels. Marie's next chore was to take in water to Lombard. She took it in, and upset it all over Lombard's beautiful costume. There were no fireworks. Lombard is fond of Marie. Things just happen to Marie Wilson. She doesn't bring them about. It isn't her fault. She's so cute.

Next stop was Paramount, where I found them making "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." First person I saw was Claudette Colbert, sitting placidly alone. Second person I saw was Gary Cooper, walking placidly alone, thinking. At least, he looked as though he were thinking—you can never tell about Gary. The thought struck me that maybe these people preferred working at their jobs, where nobody took any notice of them, to trying to fight their way through mobs of people at the Brown Derby or elsewhere in public.

The set was a gay restaurant on the French Riviera. There was great activity. People were surging about and shouting. Lights were being moved, and moved again. Technicians were technicianing, camera experts were doing something awfully important to cameras, and people with microphones were doing what people usually do

Scouting the Sound Stages

to microphones. Voices came from above and below. It was all tense and feverish.

From somewhere, in a corner, a piano tinkled. It was not being tinkled very expertly, but it sounded like an oasis in a pandemonium. I followed the sound, and came upon Ernst Lubitsch, cigar and all, the *raison d'être* of all the hullabaloo; he was having a fine time, and was utterly oblivious to all the preparations going on around him. The Lubitsch "touch" on the piano is much heavier than it is on the picture.

I stood over him and waved helplessly at the frantic preparations going on around us. "Ja, ja," he nodded, grinning, "when they are ready, I shall be ready." And again became absorbed in his noisy arpeggios. He reassured me. I didn't stay to see the take. I was sure it would be all right.

At RKO I found them busily engaged in making "Radio City Revels," with Jack Oakie, Bob Burns, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and several other people. You'll pardon me, I hope, if my personal tastes cover these accounts, somehow. Victor Moore is one of my pet comedians, and it was with ease that I settled myself into Director Ben Stoloff's pet chair to watch Victor work. Victor had been called from his Pacific Ocean home, for a four o'clock call. Well, there was Victor, entering the set at half a minute before four.

He immediately became busy with Helen Broderick. Helen had to drag him through one door, and out through another, in order to hear a song that Burns had been composing in his sleep! Burns is a somnambulistic composer in the picture. Victor's line was, "Why can't you leave me alone? I was happy reading the paper!" The first time, something was wrong with the sound, and Director Stoloff found I had taken his chair. I rose, and planted myself in front of a baby arc. That was wrong, so I went and planted myself on a two-by-four perch above a dark chasm. (Of course I was in danger, but duty is duty.)

The lights were changed. Helen dragged Victor through the door once more. "Why can't you leave me alone? I was happy reading my paper!" wailed Victor. There was more discussion between the director and sound man. It sounded all right to me, but it had to be done again and again. The seventh take—or it may have been the twelfth—I was assured would be the last.

To get in the mood for it, Victor and Helen executed a nimble little step dance, hand in hand. I chorled, but nobody else seemed to take any notice of them. Then came "Quiet, please," and once more Helen dragged Victor through the door, and Victor said, "Why can't you leave me alone? I was happy reading my paper!" Through the open door through which Victor was dragged, I saw a prop boy whose duty it was to close the door gently after Victor, get caught in the shot. I raised my aching bones from the two-by-four, and eased my way off the set. An hour later, I saw Victor going to his dressing room. He had said his one line, and he was going home—probably to read his paper in peace.

Thence to MGM where they are making "The Girl of the Golden West," with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Buddy Ebsen, and Cliff Edwards. Ukulele Ike confided in me that he had to learn to play the guitar because ukuleles weren't invented in gold rush times.

The scene I saw seemed to be very simple, but there seemed to be swarms of people for some reason or other. I soon learned the reason. Jeanette had to ride a horse through a sylvan glade to her cabin, followed by Buddy Ebsen riding on a burro, tootling on a flute in accompaniment to Jeanette's song. My guide and mentor explained everything to me.

"That man over there is what you may call, I suppose, a fetlock stoker. He strokes Miss MacDonald's horse's fetlocks when she dismounts. It soothes him, and keeps him quiet. And then, there's the burro man. He prods the burro from behind, so that the beast will move into the shot. Then there's the pigeon man, in charge of eleven pigeons which he has to release at the right moment. Over there is the deer man, who herds the one-month-old fawn which wanders through the shot. That serious-looking man in the corner is the squirrel man to tend the gray squirrel which eats out of Miss MacDonald's hand."

I began to feel as though I should have known all this, but I espied four gentlemen perched in trees. "What are—?" I began. I was forestalled.

"One of them drops pine needles gently, as the horse goes by. Another man drops a pine cone exactly at the moment he gets his cue. The other two men handle pine boughs at such an angle as to cast suitable shadows in the sunlight."

I was interested in the pine cone gentleman. "Just one pine cone?" I wanted to know.

"Just one," replied my guide firmly.

They rehearsed it again and again—fetlock-stroking, burro-stroking, pigeon-fluttering, pine-cone-dropping, et cetera. I left them at it. But the only people you'll see in the shot are Jeanette MacDonald and Buddy Ebsen. The rest are *dei ex machina*.

Over on the "Test Pilot" set, I ran into Spencer Tracy looking perfectly dreadful. He smelled worse! I hate licorice, you see. It seems that Spencer takes the part of a grease monkey, whatever that may be. Anyhow, Spencer is allergic to grease. Allergic means that one breaks out into bumps or something, so Spencer has to be smeared with licorice! He didn't look happy, and my nose began to quiver, so I didn't wait to see the take. But next day, I did see Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Tracy on a kitchen set. They were examining an apartment, and Tracy was busy opening and shutting cupboard doors. He shut his finger in a door and yelled. It was not in the script, but I believe that Director Victor Fleming is leaving it in. See if I'm right.

And so to Twentieth Century-Fox, where I found "Josette" in the making, with Simone Simon, Don Ameche, and Robert Young.



Still arm-in-arming it are Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, and there are rumors of a more permanent friendship.



When you see the English-made "The Girl Was Young," you'll realize how Nova Pilbeam has grown since you saw her in "Nine Days a Queen."

I mistook Simone's double for Simone, and made a great hash of things when I told her I had admired her work so much, or something equally blah.

It was a night-club set, with lots of champagne around. I was hot, and also tired. And I like champagne. I inquired of a prop man, "Is there champagne in them thar bottles?" He looked upon me with condescension. "No, it ain't the real thing. Too many takes. But it looks like it, it sounds like it, and it even tastes like it. Want some?" I tasted it. It was cold and wet, and it was welcome. "See?" said my prop man, "everything's in it but the kick. We have it made special. Joke on some of these guys, isn't it? Some of them imagine the kick." And he departed on his prop work, chuckling. A sad story I call it.

Thence to the "Walking Down Broadway" set, where I found Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen deep in rehearsal. Claire told me that she was shortly leaving for New York, and was about to tell me all her plans when she was called by Director Norman Foster. I was sorry. Claire fluffed her lines continually in rehearsal, and I wondered however she would get through the take, but when the "Quiet please" came, she floated through her lines with the greatest of ease.

Michael Whalen, however, didn't fluff his lines in rehearsal, although a large fly in-

sisted on buzzing round his nose. He dismissed the fly. He thought nothing of it. A fly man—a gentleman with a spray gun attended to it, before the actual take. A dust-pan gentleman bore it away in triumph. Whalen looked after the corpse with contempt. "Flies don't make me nervous. I'm nervous anyhow!" he grinned.

On the "Baroness and the Butler" set, a camera crew was scooting about the top of a gallery of a House of Commons of a mythical kingdom. Annabella and Helen Westley were sitting up there. I looked for William Powell but he was not visible. "You're very lucky," I was told, "to see a shot at all. When Bill Powell is working, they have to put canvas flats about so the crew can't peak. It's worse than what they have to do for Garbo."

Over at Columbia, where they are making "The Lone Wolf in Paris," there was no work going on at all. Breathless individuals informed me that Frances Drake had been locked in a trunk. She was supposed to be locked in the trunk in the picture, but she wasn't supposed to be locked in so that they couldn't get her out by lunch time, Pacific Standard Time. Francis Lederer seemed to be very upset about it, and Frances, herself, might have been more annoyed than she actually was. Anyhow, lunch was had by all, notwithstanding the fact that nerves were shattered. No one felt well. Especially Frances Drake.

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The Truth About Star Salaries

Continued from page 23

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Katharine Hepburn	8,500 to 10,000	Robert Taylor	3,500
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This Is Their Affair

Continued from page 11

cases, when one's soul is stripped bare, a parade of memories goes marching by.

To see the ashes of her past life splashed across the front pages was painful enough, but it hurt her even more when Bob's name was brought into the case. Bob begged to be allowed in the courtroom. Much as she needed his support and comfort, she would not allow him to be subjected to the notoriety. Seasoned courtroom habitués tell of the splendid impression Barbara made on the witness stand. In a low voice, without dramatics and with simple, honest answers she took the stand. All during the trial she held her attorney down. Questions were left unanswered. Reasons were not explained. Barbara had such faith in the justice of her cause, she only thought of two things—she wanted to tell the truth and she did not want to throw dirt.

Actually Barbara's son, Dion, and Bob Taylor are great pals. When Bob returned from England he brought the boy many toys. The first time the boy met Bob he accepted him as a friend. From that day on he called him "Gentleman Bob."

During the time that Bob was in England I saw a great deal of Barbara. Bob wrote letters thanking me for being attentive, kidding himself for thanking some one who was taking out his best girl. Bob wrote how much he missed her and how badly he wanted her to come over for a visit. He begged me to let him know if Barbara was

worried or unhappy and trying to spare him the knowledge. Often he called her on the phone. At times her loneliness was so great that, after hanging up the phone she would sit for hours on the verge of tears.

Barbara Stanwyck's womanly wisdom in not taking advantage of Bob's invitation to visit England is added proof of why he is a fortunate young man. She wanted him to have plenty of time to himself, to figure things out and get a new perspective. Fortunately, Bob was back in Hollywood for Christmas.

Ten of us gathered round the Christmas table. Dion sat at the head, happy and excited. There were no stars present. Just as the butler in front of the house started to ring sleigh bells that announced the arrival of Santa Claus, Dion in a horrified voice announced that the blazing fire would keep Santa from coming down the chimney. Bob dashed to the rescue of the child's faith and beat out the flames. Santa Claus made his due entrance and Dion was called back into the room.

Barbara watched his face as mothers all over the world were watching the faces of their young. Bob and Dion assembled an electric train. When Bob collapsed on the tracks, Dion, wearing a cowboy hat, dramatically came to Bob's rescue. Dion saved Bob's "life" because, young as he is, in Bob he has found a friend.

If I were asked to name the one outstand-

ing bond that attracts Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor—besides the many obvious and subtle reasons—I would say it is a mutual love of peace. One can never know what a far cry it is from the vicissitudes of world acclaim, to the calm of the San Fernando Valley. Here away from the cry of mobs, the cruelty of courtrooms, Barbara and Bob live as two normal human beings. There is no reason why they shouldn't continue to do so as individuals. Or as man and wife.

Bob is a free soul, except for the responsibilities that have come with success. First and foremost in Barbara's mind is the welfare of her child. Bob appreciates her feeling. Barbara's career is important to her because she has worked all her life and knows the blessing of keeping busy. There was a time when her own career wasn't as important as Bob's. Barbara received cruel letters from fans telling her to stop using Bob for publicity. To-day they both are constantly urged from all parts of the world to "stand up and face it" and that marriage doesn't hurt at the box office.

If Barbara and Bob marry there is everything to be gained, nothing to be lost. To-day Barbara has everything but peace. Marriage to Bob should bring it. So much depends on the future. A single turn of events can change the situation completely. I hope they find the peace in life they both so richly deserve.

Continued from page 68

pure heroines as other stars do. Miss West's girls are as impure as the imagination of her audience.

In her latest she is a pickpocket with a police record, a confidence woman who sells the Brooklyn Bridge to an immigrant, forces an infatuated fool to rob a shop window for her. She isn't arrested, either, nor does ad-

Norbert Lusk's Reviews

versity catch up with her and part her from a single plume or spangle. She ends in a blaze of glory and not a spark of retribution, the heroine of a mayoralty election she puts over for the cop she loves!

The show is not hilarious—it is only amusing. A butler squirts seltzer water in his master's face, as a comic high light, and

Miss West's choicest bon mot is something like this: "He's so crooked he uses a corkscrew for a ruler." Yet, I found all this anything but a bore.

There's one thing even the most captious critic must admit. Never has there been a more elaborate and correctly detailed reproduction of the period, New York in 1900. Schiaparelli's costumes for Miss West are magnificent. There is dressmaker's genius in their design and adaptation. Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterworth, Lloyd Nolan, and Charles Winninger get more of a chance than Miss West sometimes has given her cast.

"Swing Your Lady"—Warners. Here's a hill-billy comedy that's funny and different. Unconventional, too. It violates box-office tradition on several counts. No sweet young love; no dressing up; no elegant sets; no beauty at all, and glamour is completely minus. It's realistic, though, and honest.

The story centers on an oxlike Greek wrestler and a woman blacksmith with a brood of young uns. It climaxes when the two meet in the ring. Now, this may not seem the making of an appealing farce; the idea of man and woman going into strangle holds and half nelsons may not intrigue you. But the characters are sympathetic and very likable—take my word for it. Their subnormal intelligence makes you feel a little sorry for them, especially when you see them victimized by their spiritual inferiors. And they triumph because of their simple-mindedness.

Louise Fazenda is fine as the leather-aproned blacksmith. She's restrained and natural, acting not for fun but for humaneness. Nat Pendleton is equally skillful as the Greek strong man. It is unusual for a pair of character comedians to play leads. Miss Fazenda and Mr. Pendleton prove they can carry a picture if given the chance. Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, and Allen Jenkins are colorful exploiters of the wrestler and his muscular ladylove. A newcomer, Penny Singleton—formerly Dorothy McNulty—will bear watching.



Joan Blondell seems to be studying the back of Dick Powell's head, but wonder what he's looking at?

Freddie Takes a Fall

Continued from page 55

hoping to get by on the stage. Most of these writers have no background, they know nothing about the stage once you reach back of the season before last. That is, their knowledge stretches just a short distance—and no further.

"I made my debut with David Belasco



Barbara Read finds this beach coat not only decorative but perfect protection against the sun.

when he produced 'Deburau.' I had been a clerk with the National City Bank in New York after being graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Belasco gave me my chance. I played *Victor Hugo* at sixty when I walked on the stage for the first time.

"I went on in various plays, some of them flops and some of them successes. In fact, I landed my first chance in pictures when I was playing on the Los Angeles stage in 'The Royal Family.' I know a little about the theater in spite of the belief of the lads writing about the drama in New York.

"Of course I am going to do more pictures, if Hollywood will have me. I want to get away from the costume thing if I can. I want strong modern drama, if I can get it. But I shall continue free-lancing, with no long tie-ups that bring bad rôles along with an occasional good one now and then.

"Please don't think me ungrateful in the face of Hollywood's lavish favors. I'm not. If it were not for Hollywood, I'd be a ham, playing sometimes on Broadway, sometimes on the road, out of work a good part of the time. At liberty, as they used to say. And hoping for the best. That's the life of the average stage actor. No, Hollywood has given me a home, comforts, a great deal of fun—and lots of money.

"I'm just afraid of growing soft and lax, that's all. I make no comparisons between the stage and the films. I just wanted to fight hard again. That I came out second best in my first battle shows I need hardening. More road work and a better sense of timing. And better judgment."

The two adopted children of the Marches arrived from school with their nurse. They climbed all over the softened film idol from movie-land. It was the birthday of one of the kiddies. Mrs. March busied herself with arranging the decorations for the children's birthday lunch.

"I can get along without a lot of things, including the California sun," March chuckled. "But not without the children. Mrs. March brought them on last fall, established them in school here. Then I arrived and we started rehearsals. We took the play out on the road to break it in. Do you know what was the toughest hardship of that tour? We missed hearing the children's prayers every night!

"You see how soft I've grown? An old sentimentalist. Now you know how much I need hardening. I'm as soft as the Roman Empire before its fall!"

Streamlining the Stars

Continued from page 51

Diana Gibson illustrates an exercise that is most beneficial to the back and neck. Holding hands on hips, she leans her head back as far as possible, without straining herself, then tries to touch elbows, moving them back and forth fifteen times. This is also a first aid to the development of bust and shoulders.

Another good arm, bust and back exercise is to lie flat on the floor, lift the head and, with arms horizontal to shoulders, rotate arms in circular movement fifteen times. Be sure also to hold the feet up while doing this exercise.

An amusing exercise for two girls is the human rowing machine as illustrated by Diana Gibson and Ann Miller. The two girls brace their feet against one another's, grasp ends of a towel, then pull backward and forward

slowly. This strengthens arms, shoulders, back and legs and should be done until slightly fatigued.

In closing, there is one special exercise I would like to recommend. This is the hand-stand done in the illustrating picture by Dorothy Moore. This is rather difficult and novices at first should place their feet against a wall. Do this about five times, holding position for a few seconds.

I call particular attention to it because it not only benefits every muscle in the body and helps the complexion but also is a preventer of colds.

If a woman practiced this one exercise for a few moments each morning she would not be subject to frequent colds.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third and concluding article by Mr. Hunt on how he conditions the stars.)

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Continued from page 13

Dear Miss Bennett: Audience chatter told me they were most interested in your shiny sleek hair. Many forswore permanents and wave-setting lotions right then. Better add a shampoo to your products. And they wanted to know the name of your next picture.

Keeping the Crowds Back—Gary Cooper is a sly one. In the past he has had to engage in major skirmishes with welcoming crowds, but not this time. He and his wife brought a most engaging Sealyham with them. Rabid fans in Grand Central Station, who think nothing of bringing scissors to snip off a sample of hair or necktie, aren't hard-hearted enough to trample a dog. Thanks to the tail-wagger Cooper's arrival had the dignity of a well-ordered parade.

Pleased to Meet You—Until Eleanor Powell came East recently on a Panama Canal boat, she told me, she had met only her attorney, her doctor, and insurance agent outside the theatrical profession which she refers to primly as "her walk of life." She said she loved the non-theatrical people on the boat, "they had such beautiful manners." They never asked her what Joan or Myrna are like or anything else they might like to know; just seemed interested in her. She was so grateful she danced for them four times, although she had promised herself a real vacation. She was deeply touched by the five thousand or so fans who met her boat at Havana and sang "Rosalie, I

Gossip of Stars in New York

Love You" and yelled "We want more Powell pictures."

She seemed wan and dispirited, though, when I talked to her at her hotel, subdued by the necessity of creating more and more frenzied dance numbers for her pictures instead of just playing girlish rôles with the dancing incidental. A few nights later, however, she was in her element. Teamed with Bill Robinson, she did a tap dance at an Actors' Fund Benefit that all but brought down the house. She is eloquent only when she is on her feet.

Are You a Jitter Bug?—If you can watch and listen to Benny Goodman's band in "Hollywood Hotel" with a fair amount of poise, you are out of step with the times—on the shelf. The young folks call themselves jitter bugs, and the ticket of admission to their brotherhood is a fervid performance when swing music is played.

With eyes glazed, tap your feet, crack your knuckles, sway your shoulders and when the drummer really gets going, clamber into the aisle and strut. Goodman invaded the precincts of Carnegie Hall, sacred to symphonic music, and his cult followers turned out in full force. Even the rafters seemed to be doing a Susy-Q.

Skippy's Grown Up—Fifteen now and a big boy for his age, Jackie Cooper, here on a personal-appearance tour, has been hailed as a juvenile Walter Huston for his rugged performance in "Boy of the Streets."

That's all very well, says Jackie, if you're the type that wants to spout "Hamlet" but as for him, he wants to lead a barnstorming swing band when Hollywood wearies of him. He carries Benny Goodman's records around with him on tour and practices drumming sometimes, waving a baton others.



Andrea Leeds scores again in "The Goldwyn Follies," and if we're any judge at all, she's headed for big things.

Such-Is-Fame Note—Dick Barthelme, out of pictures only a few years, returned recently from retirement in England with the announced intention of returning to Hollywood and picture-making. Social columns hailed him with considerable enthusiasm, but referred to him—so short is memory—as Dick Bartholomew.

Ballerina at Home—Wherever there is one Russian, everybody becomes gloriously Russian, living every minute vividly according to Vera Zorina of "The Goldwyn Follies."

Wherever there is a room walled with mirrors and ballet bars is home to Zorina whether it is Norway, her home country, Berlin where she went to school, London, Paris, Mexico City, or any of the hundred and ten American cities where she danced with the Ballet Russe. But Hollywood is nicest because the sun gleams at five in the morning, starting you off nicely on a long day's work.

Now living at the Ritz Tower in New York, conveniently near the American Ballet school where she practices two hours or so every morning, rehearsing a stage play, going to parties with her innumerable artist and composer friends, seizing eagerly every scrap of information about the Goldwyn picture she will make with Jascha Heifetz in June, Zorina is unhurried, savoring every minute.

She has that most precious and ingratiating of gifts, complete concentration in the present. While you talk to her, nothing distracts her. Everything is important, nothing annoying to her from the daily newspapers which she reads avidly, the wax which will let her finger nails grow long without breaking, the snowbirds her grandmother shipped her from Norway for a gala luncheon, the experimental theaters, new music and painting and costume design.

She is beautiful in an intense sort of way, young and thoroughly alive. I hope you will feel that when you see her on the screen, because she is the lovable sort of person for whom every one wants success.

The Last Gangster Obliges—Edward G. Robinson, Jr., is destined for great popularity with news photographers. Pop was eager to be off after pausing momentarily for the news men to record his arrival at Grand Central Station. Not Junior. With the air of a studio director his childish voice rang out authoritatively, "Now let's take another."



The family he kept a secret! Phil and Mrs. Regan and the four little ones.



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OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

A STREET & SMITH PUBLICATION OCT. '38

IS TY POWER ON
NEW LOVE QUEST?
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LATEST HOLLYWOOD
NEWS & PICTURES

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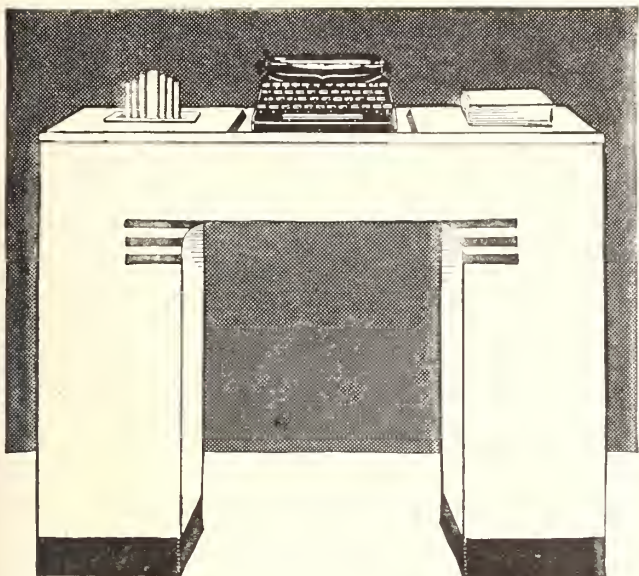
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OCTOBER 1938

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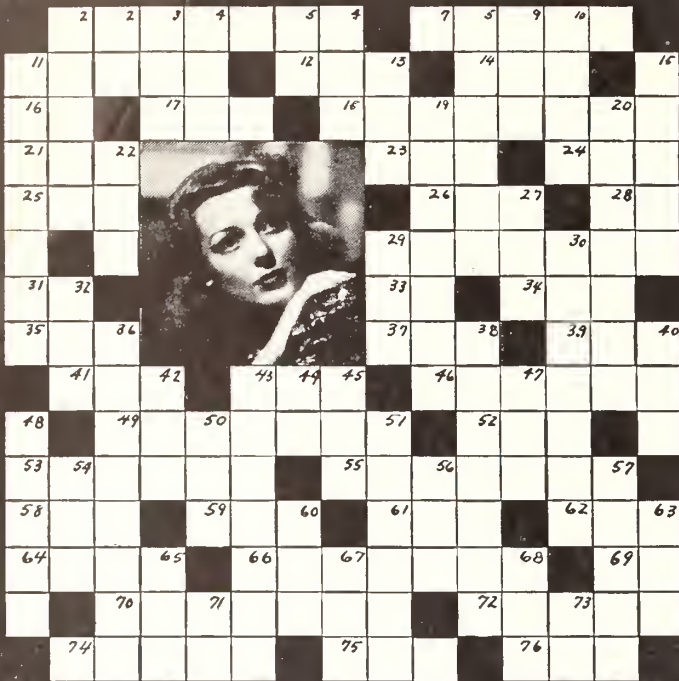
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ON THE COVER—Olivia de Havilland. The tan cocker sponiel posing with her answers to "Snoopy." Natural color photograph by Picture Play's own staff photographer, Bob Wallace.

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PUZZLE IT OUT!



Solution on Page 68

ACROSS

- 1, 7—Pictured player
- 11—Star of "A Star Is Born"
- 12—"... Hundred Men and a Girl"
- 14—M-G-M's lion
- 16—Initials of producer-star in "Goldwyn Follies"
- 17—"Call It a ..."
- 18—Cultured gangster chief in "Dangerous to Know"
- 21—Strong man in "Swing Your Lady" is ... Pendleton
- 23—C...et plays one of the "Fools for Scandal"

- 24—Small cat
- 25—Employ
- 26—Latin screen beauty
- 28—Concerning
- 29—Hard-boiled comic in "No Time to Marry"
- 31—Initials of Irene Dunne's leading man in "High, Wide and Handsome"
- 33—Paul Muni appeared in "... Nellie!"
- 34—"Wallaby ... of the Islands"
- 35—Sylvia Sidney's latest is "... and Me"

- 37—"Adventure's ..."
- 39—Large tub
- 41—"... Ring"
- 43—"Goldwyn Follies" danseuse is V... Zorina
- 46—Antiseptic
- 49—She played a servant girl in "... Number"
- 52—"The Case Against ... Ames"
- 53—Black-and-yellow bird
- 55—Featured player in "Vacivacious Lady"
- 58—First part of movie city's name
- 59—Wrath
- 61—Electrified atom
- 62—Strong drink
- 64—That funny man in the newsreels
- 66—Controversial
- 69—Exist
- 70—Hearkens
- 72—Comic in her current picture, "Three Blind Mice"
- 74—George Sanders as... shares acting honors with her in "Four Men and a Prayer"
- 75—"He Couldn't ... No"
- 76—Yes

- 13—What we hear with
- 15—Leslie Howard turns comedian in "It's Love I'm ..."
- 19—Opera star in "The Gay Desperado"
- 20—"She Loved a ..."
- 22—Western songster in "Sing, Cowboy, Sing" is ... Ritter
- 27—S...a makes "Happy Landing"
- 29—"... Married an Artist"
- 30—Number by which another number is divided
- 32—Radio signal for help
- 36—Haughtily
- 38—Schoolmaster
- 40—One hundred and fifty dogs appear in "Storm in a ...cup"
- 42—Her boy friend in two pictures was T...ne
- 43—Middle name of comic in "Holiday"
- 44—Initials of "Call of the Yukon" hero
- 45—Devoured
- 47—Medical men, abbreviated
- 48—Her sister's name is ... Ann
- 50—Mrs. Errol Flynn is L... Damita
- 51—..... Landi
- 54—Fish eggs
- 56—Plot of land
- 57—Woman's fleecy wrap
- 60—Sooner than
- 63—Priscilla Lane proves "... Are Such Fools"
- 65—Legionnaire in "Battle of Broadway" is B...n Donlevy
- 67—... and outs
- 68—"Thoroughbreds Don't ..."
- 71—City thoroughfare, abbreviated
- 73—Connie Bennett stars in "Merrily .. Live"

DOWN

- 1—Tibetan monks in "Lost Horizon"
- 2—"Love .. a Budget"
- 3—Joan Crawford stars in "The Bride Wore ..."
- 4—Top fem star is the great Gr...
- 5—The Jones family takes "A Trip .. Paris"
- 6—Industrious insect
- 8—Maid Marian in "Robin Hood"
- 9—Comic of "The Rage of Paris" is A...
- 10—Cozy corner
- 11—Her birth month is

GUESS WHO?



ANSWERS

- 1 Antia Louise
- 2 Melvyn Douglas
- 3 Robert Young
- 4 Claudette Colbert

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From the Saturday Evening Post Story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

Hear these great new song hits: "GARDEN OF THE MOON," "LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT," "CONFIDENTIALLY," "THE LADY ON THE TWO-CENT STAMP," "GIRL FRIEND OF THE WHIRLING DERVISH."

Ad.

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HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

behind the scenes on the west coast front with our own sleuth Ted Magee



Carole putting in a hard day as press agent for "Made for Each Other."

PUBLICITY WITH A SIREN.—Passing by Selznick's film emporium in Culver City, I dropped in to pass the time with Russell Birdwell, head of the praisery department. Instead, I found Carole Lombard in full charge of the publicity department for a week.

She said: "Sit down—I'll ring for a drink." She pressed one button and a loud gong began banging. She pressed another and it started a fire siren. When she pressed the third I expected the worst—and got it! A firecracker went off practically under my chair.

Some fun!

MEXICO LURES STARS.—Those old-time days when a visit below the Mexican border was part of the film colony's weekly pattern of fun are returning, it seems. Old Mexico is beginning to laugh and sing and dance again. Following the bullfights at Tia Juana, most every one—with the exception of the unfortunate bulls—kept on going right down to Ensenada for a brief holiday in that enchanted land.

Tyrone Power and his guardian, Frank D. Adams, led the van of fishermen, who made it a decidedly unsafe and insane Fourth for the deep-sea fish; Edgar Bergen and Ken Murray enjoyed motor-cycle races on the golden strand; the Arthur Hornblows (Myna Loy) entertained a large group of Latin-American dignitaries for dinner; Joe Penner realized a lifetime dream when he pitched and won for the Playa Ensenada baseball team over the Tia Juana nine.

Noted among the other holiday guests were Doctor and Mrs. Francis Griffith (Irene Dunne), Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde, the Brian Donlevys, Wally and Juell Kline, June Lang, her mother, and A. C. Blumenthal.

DATE WITH A STORK.—Margaret Sul-lavan's latest "act of God" has at least two studios in a dither. MGM brought her back to the screen after a long lapse of time. Two pictures brought her back to the top, and now she's headed for temporary retirement until the stork whizzes in early next year.

Figuring that they can make one more film before too much time has passed, the Metro story department is working on twenty-four-hour shifts looking for the right material. Meantime Universal, who had her signed for one picture and had the story selected must wait until another year.

The only person totally unconcerned over the coming event is Margaret herself.



Dixie Crosby leaves her big family long enough to attend the races with Bing.

BING'S GOING GOOD.—Bing Crosby's radio career has been perhaps even more amazing than his success in pictures. From a casual crooner on a fifteen-minute program, Bing has gradually become one of the two best "emcees" on the air. I'll give Rudy Vallee equal billing in this respect.

Anyway, if you wonder every week whether Bing will be there next Thursday, rest easy. He has just signed a straight ten-year deal with Kraft Music Hall. And no options to upset it!

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAKS.—It has been a disastrous month for marriages in filmland.

Joan Crawford's break-up with Franchot Tone had been generally anticipated, although apparently Joan and Franchot did their level best to keep together. When Franchot came back to Hollywood from a trip to the Canadian Rockies, they went to all parties together and were seen together right up to the moment they announced their separation. Most of us feel there isn't any third person in this break-up. It is strictly an "incompatibility" problem.

IT'S REAL LOVE.—The Arleen Whelan-Dick Greene romance, which started out more as a publicity stunt than anything else, continues long after the front office has said "enough." The two young 20th Century-Fox players have found they have a lot of fun; they go everywhere and they see no reason to start forgetting each other just because the studio says so.

Incidentally, we hear Dick squired Sonja Henie around town on studio orders, too, just to publicize their college picture together, but as soon as Sonja left town Dick was back keeping company with Arleen.

GYPSY ROSE LEE'S HUBBY.—Bob Mizzy, better known as the husband of Louise (Gypsy Rose) Hovick, has removed that Van Dyke beard he sported for some time. Louise shunted him into the House of Murphy of a recent night and told every one present, "See—he ain't no Bluebeard."

The Hollywood Reporter hints that Bob wore the beard while playing a rôle in a 16 mm. movie made by him and a group of friends up at Malibu Lake. They say it couldn't get a Hays office seal in a million years.



New addition to the famous Lane family! Rosemary poses with her arms full.

PRISCILLA STEPS OUT.—Since her break-up with Wayne Morris, Priscilla Lane has been keeping steady company with Orin Hagland, who met her while he was assistant director on her new picture, "Sister Act."

They drive about town in a ritzy-looking foreign car which is the pride and joy of Orin. Oh, yes, he bought it at a bargain price. (Continued on page 10)



JEAN ARTHUR
*Adorable as heart-thrilling
Alice Sycamore*



LIONEL BARRYMORE
*Brilliantly enacting lovable
Grandpa Vanderhoj*



JAMES STEWART
*Winning new admirers as
Tony Kirby*



EDWARD ARNOLD
*Playing the financial tycoon
Anthony P. Kirby*



MISCHA AUER
*Excruating as the irrepressible
Boris Kolenkhov*

★ **YOU'LL LOVE THEM
ALL FOR GIVING YOU
THE SWELLEST TIME
YOU'VE EVER HAD ...**



DONALD MEEK
*Inimitable as the inventive
Mr. Poppins*



ANN MILLER
*Exquisite as toe-twinkling
Essie Carmichael*

★ **The Great Pulitzer
Prize Play Becomes
The Year's Outstand-
ing Motion Picture**



H. B. WARNER
*Powerful as the ill-starred
Mr. Ramsey*



SPRING BYINGTON
*Portraying that amazing mother
Penny Sycamore*



HALLIWELL HOBBS
*Deliriously delightful as
Mr. De Pinna*

Frank Capra's

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN ARTHUR • LIONEL BARRYMORE ^{with} **JAMES STEWART • EDWARD ARNOLD**
Mischa Auer • Ann Miller

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by **GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART**
Screen play by **Robert Riskin** • Directed by **FRANK CAPRA**

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



FRANK CAPRA

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HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

RAINER VS. ODETS.—Another major marriage of this film village on the rocks is that of Luise Rainer and her writer-husband, Clifford Odets.

When Luise married Odets a lot of Hollywood eyebrows went up. Few could see the varying interests of La Rainer and Odets finding common meeting ground.

Odets is usually classed among the upper intelligentsia. Luise, on the other hand, is an elfish little thing who is more delighted with the world and its people than in studying what lies behind their faces.

Only a miracle could have brought the two of them to find a common denominator, in our opinion.

NO SCRATCHIN', PLEASE.—Herbert Marshall's British dignity came to the front recently when he was asked to pose with a set of trained fleas as a blurb for the film "Zaza."

The serious Mr. Marshall was finally persuaded to meet Sam and Sadie—the fleas—as they arrived aboard a plane from the East. But when one of the photographers asked him to start scratching himself, he retorted, "Sorry, boys, but you can't make a monkey out of me."

And the picture taking was over.



Ilona Massey and Eleanor Powell were among the celebrities at "Antoinette."

AN OLD-TIME PREMIERE.—"Marie Antoinette" will go down in history as drawing the biggest premiere crowd Hollywood has seen since the old prosperity days of another generation.

Thousands of admirers lined the street for blocks to watch shiny limousines bring the stars to the Carthage Circle Theater.

Inside the theater that night we saw the French Revolution depicted with all its bloody reprisals. It might have made some of those wealthy movie stars wonder if "it could happen here" with so many people destitute right outside the theater.

But when the show was over at midnight and the stars began streaming out, they still found thousands of fans waiting to cheer them—and I mean cheer!

In America any one is a potential movie star—and most stars came from absolute obscurity. That's why I think the crowds will always cheer instead of jeer. There's an easier way to "overthrow" a star than turning to revolt—the fans can just stop going to the theaters.



Joan Bennett, Joan Crawford and Hedy Lamarr, fans of Uplifters Polo Team.

POLO BIRTHDAY DINNER.—Joan Bennett's birthday party for Producer Walter Wanger still has them talking. Joan arranged her table decorations in the form of a miniature polo field, Wanger's favorite sport, and guests found their places not with the aid of table cards, but something characteristic of them. Mrs. William Goetz's place was marked by a tray of many kinds of small medicine bottles, and Hedy Lamarr's was signified by a sign, Metro-Goldwyn-Lamarr.

Among the guests were the Countess di Frasso, Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick, Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Taylor, Hedy Lamarr, Reginald Gardner, John Hay Whitney and John McClain. After dinner a rhumba band furnished music for the guests.

LANNY IN STRIP TEASE.—The farewell party given Tony Martin by his friends still is the talk of the town. Its success may be judged by the fact that the usually too-dignified Lanny Ross broke down and did his own version of a strip tease!

This is the way it started: A bunch of Tony's friends, including Benny Oakland, the Columbia song writer, started a chain party with Tony and his lovely wife, Alice Faye, as honor guests. Tony was to leave a few days later on a personal-appearance tour of the East.

The gang went from house to house building up "enthusiasm" for the climax. Finally they all went to the beach and took over the concessions.

But of all guests, sober Lanny Ross distinguished himself.

FLASH NEWS NOTES.—It looks like Wendy Barrie may wend her way to the altar yet. She looks pretty cozy running the night spots with Lee Bowman. . . . Don Ameche, before he left on his European tour, was warned by a fortune teller of a possible illness. Friends recalled the incident when they received word that Don had undergone an appendectomy in Holland.

There's speculation around town over Joan Bennett's recent public appearances with John McClain, former ship news reporter. Can it be possible that Joan's boss, Walter Wanger, is getting some real competition?

THE VALENTINO CURSE?—Hollywood is still sad over the death of Jack Dunn, Sonja Henie's former ice-skating partner. His one consuming ambition was to see himself on the screen, and it was only death that stopped him from realizing his desire.

Jack died on the day he was to face the cameras for the first time, in "The Duke of West Point."

His illness was a mysterious and baffling one. When he first went to Hollywood Hospital, doctors diagnosed his ailment as a streptococci infection. Just before he died they decided it was a disease called tularemia, transmitted by rabbits.

A dramatic radio plea sent over KNX brought two volunteers to the hospital to give their blood for serum purposes, but it was too late.

Because the young actor was to play the rôle of Rudy Valentino in a movie based on his life, stories have started that Jack was a victim of the traditional "Valentino curse." Curious superstition, isn't it?

TIMES ARE BETTER.—Film extras have been getting better breaks this past summer. They earned approximately seven hundred thousand dollars in ten weeks. On one occasion two thousand fifty-nine people went to work in a single day—and that's a record. The eligible list has been sharply cut in the past few months, but extras still aren't making a good consistent living. If you have any ideas of coming to Hollywood to be an extra, think twice.



Anita Louise is being seen here and abouts with Buddy Adler. A new flame?

DEANNA SAVES HER MONEY.—Universal Studio officials are reported doing a slow burn over that trade publication which hinted the studio gave Deanna Durbin a nifty new dressing room-bungalow on the lot in lieu of a pay raise. The article suggested Deanna's picture grosses were so great that her image ought to replace that of Atlas in the Universal trade-mark.

The truth is that Deanna's moderate but "plenty-good" salary is being invested in such a way that within a few years she will be financially independent for life. Meantime, the studio must be given full credit for carefully planning the little star's pictures with an eye to the future. She is being allowed to grow up gradually in her films, thus lessening public consciousness of the change that comes with more years.

Continued on page 12

**TOGETHER
AGAIN!**

**FRED ASTAIRE
GINGER ROGERS**

in
"CAREFREE"

Lyrics and music by

IRVING BERLIN

Come on, Ginger! Hurry, Fred!
Slap that floor and paint it red!
Sing it, swing it, make gloomscram—
Heat your feet and do **THE YAM!**



Here they come! . . . Dancing to your heart's content! . . . Dashing, bubbling, floating on a cloud of rhythm through a romance that will make you sigh as much as you laugh, and thrill as much as you tap your toes! **WELCOME, FRED AND GINGER, IN YOUR BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!**

with

**RALPH BELLAMY
LUELLE GEAR
JACK CARSON
CLARENCE KOLB
FRANKLIN PANGBORN**

A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
. . . Directed by Mark Sandrich

Screen Play by Ernest Pagano
and Allan Scott Story
and Adaptation by Dudley
Nichols and Meger Wilde

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HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

CLAUDETTE IN A "CAN-CAN."—Claudette Colbert dropped from sight for a few days and set the town to wondering, but it turned out she had just sprained an ankle while doing the "can-can" dance for her new Paramount film, "Zaza."

The "can-can" won't be half as naughty as you can imagine it, though. Credit the Hays office, which has strict regulations ruling out suggestive motions in any screen dance numbers.



Loretta Young sat with Frank Ross and Jean Arthur at West Side Tennis Club.

MICKEY BITES A PLATE.—Mickey Rooney is still looking for the fellow who nearly ruined his teeth.

Mickey walked onto the set of "Stablemates" with a "prop" dish made out of candy. He made two or three people nearly swoon by sinking his molars into it without batting an eyelash.

The trouble came when Mickey put the plate down for a moment behind him. The third time he gave a demonstration of his might he nearly broke his teeth off. Now Mickey wants to know who it was that switched plates on him.

HO, FOR A SAILORS LIFE'.—Ronald Colman, who usually keeps out of the public eye, will sail his own boat in the Los Angeles-to-San Francisco yacht races sponsored by the northern city's world fair.

Friends say that is the biggest concession he has made to the public eye in months. Unquestionably it is true that Colman fights harder for privacy than any other player in town—and usually gets it.

LEE TRACY IS "RIBBED."—When Lee Tracy eloped to Yuma with Helen Thomas, many provoking things happened. The worst break was when their plane was forced down with motor trouble in a steaming hot Imperial Valley desert.

Back in Los Angeles again, Lee was met at the airport by a squad of photographers. They took one look at him and said, "Aw, that's not Spencer Tracy." And left him standing there.

Lee was still doing a burn when the boys came back, grinning, and took their pictures. It was just a gag, of course.

CASANOVA WAYNE AT WORK.—Elsewhere in this column you will read what Priscilla Lane has been doing since she broke up with Wayne Morris. But it wouldn't be fair to stop there.

Wayne himself has been quite the lady's man since their romance went phooey. I've seen him about town with Rochelle Hudson, Paula Stone and Lana Turner, to name just a few. But I should add that all these girls are dating other fellows, too. That gives Wayne a clear field for new romantic notions.

ANOTHER ICE SKATER.—In a recent issue Picture Play told you of Bess Ehrhardt, the ice-skating sensation, and showed the stars watching her do her stuff at the Hollywood Polar Palace. We predicted then she might be some studio's answer to Sonja Henie!

Now we can add that Bess and her troupe will appear in "Excess Baggage," an MGM picture, sometime this fall. If Bess clicks in films as she does on skates, she will become a star overnight. The troupe will get eighty-five thousand dollars for its efforts.

A HOWARD HUGHES RUMOR.—Observers report Howard Hughes, who produced "Hell's Angels," made movies of his recent world flight apparently with the idea of later producing a full-length film.

Warners, meanwhile, decided to cash in on the Hughes publicity. They'll do a picture showing five women flying around the world with Kay Francis, who still says she's going to retire after the wind-up of her contract, as its star.



Hot stuff! Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Ken Murray, Bing and Tommy Dorsey.

OTHER CRACK-UPS.—Then the Richard Arlens decided to go their separate paths and really startled Hollywood. However, there is some chance they will forget their troubles and go back together.

Tom Brown and his wife of one year, Natalie, gave up the ghost. Tom has revealed that a divorce is contemplated on the grounds of incompatibility. My own opinion is that there may be a reconciliation. Let's watch and see.

For the umpteenth time in the past few years Lupe called it quits with Johnny. The Velcz-Weissmuller match has failed and

been revived more than any other Hollywood marriage, but this time Lupe insists the thing is final. But—they have an unblemished record of "reconciliations"!



Another West Side Tennis Club twosome—Lili Damita and Errol Flynn

STEPPERS OUT.—Some twosomes about town: Edwina Mandell with Director Edo Sutherland; Hedy Lamarr out with Pat L Cicco at Victor Hugo's, but usually with Reginald Gardiner; Paulette Goddard, the La Conga with the Earl of Warwick (squires a big variety of ladies about town); Olivia de Havilland with Billy Baldwin, previewing a picture; Wayne Morris with Rochelle Hudson on a round of night spots; Dixie Dunbar and Bob Heddon at the House of Murphy, also Ann Louise with Bud Adler and Marie Wilson with Nick Grinde; Claire Trevor just before her scheduled marriage to Clark Gable, looking excited and happy; Gene Markey devotedly watching June Gale, the La Conga; Benita Hume en route to the Frank Lloyds' party with her constant escort, Ronald Colman.

PUP Has Good Taste.—Richard Green's nifty little pup has a propensity for doing damage. Dick settles weekly with his lady for injuries to property, but he is beginning to get a trifle annoyed with the hound!

Recently Dick bought a new sport coat, slightly on the loud side. The reaction at the studio was so varied that Dick took home while trying to decide whether he'd keep it.

A six-hour date—yes, probably with prey Arleen Whelan—one evening settled the matter. When he got back home, the pup had confiscated—that's a mild word for it!—the coat.

YE-EH, Hollywood Does That!—When the Polish ambassador visited town, Hollywood gave him a merry round of parties. Bruce Cabot, who was with him a lot, took a jaunt out to the airport to see the diplomat. They walked up and down the field together before the plane left, and Bruce said, "I'd like to give you some little token, and I thought I'd ask you what you would like."

The ambassador, worn out from a round of gawty, managed a grin as he replied, "The greatest gift in the world would be a powerful sleeping tablet."

Continued on page 76

IMAGINE THEIR JOY

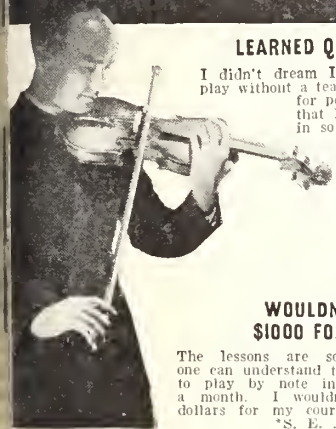
WHEN THEY FOUND THEY COULD PLAY

This easy as A.B.C. way!



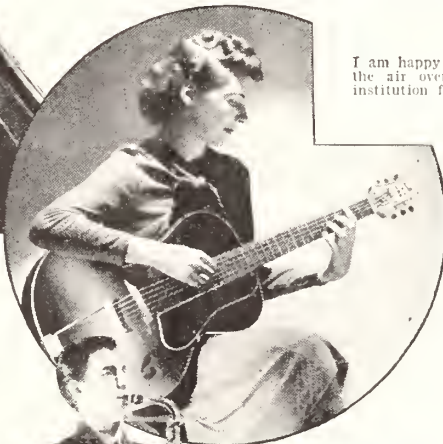
LEARNED QUICKLY AT HOME

I didn't dream I could actually learn to play without a teacher. Now, when I play for people they hardly believe that I learned to play so well in so short a time.
*H. C. S., Calif.



WOULDN'T TAKE \$1000 FOR COURSE

The lessons are so simple that anyone can understand them. I have learned to play by note in a little more than a month. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my course.
*S. E. A., Kansas City, Mo.



SURPRISED FRIENDS

I want to say that my friends are greatly surprised at the different pieces I can already play. I am very happy to have chosen your method of learning.
*B. F., Bronx, N. Y.

PLAYS ON RADIO

I am happy to tell you that for four weeks I have been on the air over our local radio station. So thanks to your institution for such a wonderful course.
*W. H. S., Alabama



BEST METHOD BY FAR

Enclosed is my last examination sheet for my course in Tenor Banjo. This completes my course. I have taken lessons before under teachers, but my instructions with you were by far the best.
*A. O., Minn.

What Instrument Would You Like to Play?

JUST name your instrument and we'll show you how you can learn to play it—quickly, easily in spare time at home. Never mind you don't know one note of music from another—don't worry about "special talent." And forget all you've ever heard about music's being hard to learn.

The truth of the matter is that *thousands now play who never thought they could!* Yes, men and women everywhere have discovered this amazingly easy way to learn music at home. Now they are enjoying the thrilling satisfaction of playing the piano, violin, guitar, saxophone or other favorite instruments. Some of them are playing in orchestras and over the radio; others are teaching music, making money in spare or full time. And thou-

sands are having the time of their lives playing for their own enjoyment and the entertainment of their friends.

It all came about when they wrote to the U. S. School of Music for the Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson that show you how EASY it is to learn music at home this modern way. No tedious study and practice, no tiresome exercises. You learn to play *by playing*—start right in almost at once with the melody of a simple tune! It takes only a few minutes a day and the cost is trifling; you save the expense of a private teacher. Does it sound too good to be true? Mail the coupon and get the FREE PROOF. U. S. School of Music, 5310 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y. Fortieth Year (Est. 1898)

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You'll open your eyes when you find how quickly and easily you can learn to play your favorite instrument. Don't doubt; don't hesitate. Send for the fascinating illustrated booklet that answers all your questions; let the free demonstration lesson show you how the method actually works. There's no cost, no obligation. Just mail the coupon, NOW. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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PICTURE PLAYS



Cagney, Marie Wilson, Pat O'Brien kid Hollywood in waggish satire.

"Boy Meets Girl."—Warners. The madhouse that is Hollywood, as set forth by the Spewacks in their popular stage play and now in the movie, adapted by themselves. "A Star Is Born," I think, pretty definitely dispelled the notion that only audiences "in the know" could properly appreciate these waggish thrusts at the motion-picture industry. This one would be first-class nonsense in any industry; it moves a mile a minute, its exaggerations are not too profound, and it satisfies the universal desire implicit in title and theme: Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl. Satyrlike James Cagney and open-faced Pat O'Brien go to town as the two loony scenario writers, *Law* and *Benson*, who completely ball up the already tangled skein of movie-making. They do *not* succeed in investing *Law* and *Benson* with flesh-and-blood characteristics, any more than the stage performers did; but that could scarcely be achieved by anybody short of, say, *Bad Boys* Hecht and MacArthur themselves. The authors save their real affection for the boy (Bruce Lester) and girl (Marie Wilson). Mr. Lester is A-I, and Miss Wilson simply immense as the ga-ga waitress who becomes the involuntary mother of *Baby Happy*. It's her first real opportunity, and Miss Wilson rises to it. Most excruciating moments are those corresponding to the curtains of the first and second acts; the word for both is bedlam. Ralph Bellamy as the slow-witted producer, Dick Foran as the western star saddled to a baby, and Frank McHugh as the actor's agent add their voices to a hilarious chorus.



Impish Mickey Rooney steals the whole show in "Love Finds Andy Hardy."

"Love Finds Andy Hardy."—MGM. It will find you, too, once you settle down to enjoy the simpler things of life. The Hardy Family—Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker, Mickey Rooney—are no strangers to filmgoers. This episode be-

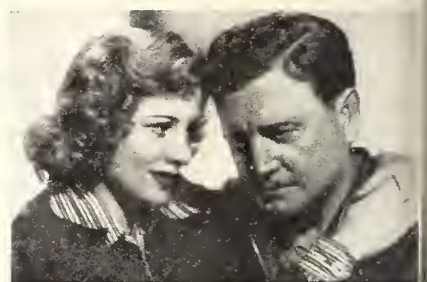
longs triumphantly to Master Rooney as *Andy*, to whom huggin' and kissin' have suddenly unfolded their clandestine delights. His "women" are Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner; but it is really Judy Garland, who has a terrific crush on him, who helps him out of his difficulties. *Andy*, you see, has mixed his "dates"! Cast in a "legitimate" rôle for once, Miss Garland has divested herself of an annoying precociousness. Her winsomest song is "Meet the Beat of My Heart." But it is the impish Mickey, whose happiness is your happiness and whose tears seem to be coursing down *your* cheeks, who makes this unpretentious little effort seem one large slice of humanity.



Idyllic love scenes of Norma Shearer, Tyrone Power are beautifully enacted.

"Marie Antoinette."—MGM. 'Tis a paradox that only a democracy could have served a Royalist cause as extravagantly as that of France is served in this production. With it bigness returns to the screen—the bigness of that glittering, decadent period when the last of the Capets, Louis XVI, a girl of Austria at his side, spilled his riches—and his blood—over Paris and Versailles. The girl, Dauphine and later Queen, is played by Norma Shearer; and the picture, which unfurls its gorgeous photographic tapestries for nearly three hours, is essentially hers. Envy the position of this star for whom, at a lift of the hand, an epoch is re-created! Again one is impressed by her capability in meeting not only the emotional demands of the rôle, but particularly, transformed in spirit as well as decor by a blond wig, its coaxing caprices. And what clothes! Yet her *Marie Antoinette*—even the dazed, pitiable creature mounting to the guillotine—never quite blinds your eyes with tears. It is possible that she weeps so copiously herself we feel spared the need. The film is so constructed that, except for the tears, the mob scenes and a thrilling flight by coach, it stands always on its dignity. W. S. Van Dyke has done an interesting, intelligent job of direction, but something—the inevitability of the theme, perhaps—has caused him to discard the dynamic for the static. Robert Morley must be acclaimed for his studied portrait of the impotent *Louis XVI*—the most eventful début since Charles Laughton's *Henry VIII*. So strongly does he make his presence—and absence—felt, that the passionate attachment between the Queen and *Count Axel* (Tyrone Power) is deprived of some of its potency. The sweet sorrow of their partings is idyllically realized, although I could not

have endured another of them. Mr. Pow is very good, and devastatingly handsome. But next to Mr. Morley's, the most trenchant displays are those of Joseph Schildkraut, the foppish, scheming *Duc d'Orleans*, and John Barrymore's irascible *Louis X*. Gladys George makes a curiously effective though unorthodox, *Mme. du Barry*, and Louise a lovely *Princesse de Lambal*. Henry Stephenson, Reginald Gardiner, Co. Witherspoon, Barnett Parker, Henry Danie Joseph Calleia, and Leonard Penn—memorable as a faithful soldier—are others.



"Good-by, dear!" Joan Fontaine Richard Dix, off for an Arctic flight

"Sky Giant."—RKO. Transporting has its bright side—usually a good one. Richard Dix and Chester Morris are friends in this one until Joan Fontaine comes along. Miss Fontaine takes up with Chester Morris, but on the eve of the big arctic flight elopes with Mr. Dix. Well, you know how those things are. There's a crack in Alaska which kills Paul Guilfoyle, whose only mistake is being the girl's cousin—and solves nothing. Not, that is, until— But if you haven't guessed, we won't tell you. "Sky Giant" is competently written, except for a "mister" gag that worked overtime, and is performed without obvious effort by the principals. Harry Carey, a martinet of a colonel, has his good points. The air-wise may look askance at his high-handed methods of conducting an aeronautical school. Miss Fontaine is gentler, less the high-strung filly her present rôle—an improvement worth noting. A take-off at dawn (the transport not hers) is a camera gem.



"Margaret Lindsay comes to life, Joan Payne is a personable singer. . .

"Garden of the Moon."—Warners. "Cocoanut Grove" in everything but name the setting of this nervous farce with music is the dining-and-dancing room of a swanky Los Angeles hotel. Considering the tenseness of the incidents used to fill it out, the film maintains a surprisingly smart pace.

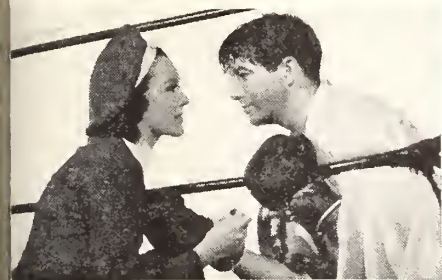
REVIEWS

Philip K. Scheuer

Our Critic Rates the New Films:

White Excellent
 Gray Good
 Black Fair

and is a better show than its predecessor. Pat O'Brien is accorded first billing as the fast-talking *John Quinn*, who will stop at nothing to make the Garden the show place of the Coast. He even feigns dying, as John Barrymore did in "Twentieth Century," to gain a point. The object of his disaffection is John Payne, a personable if comparative newcomer who reveals more assurance than most veterans as the band-leader, *John Vincente*. Margaret Lindsay comes to life for once as the lady press agent, and Jimmie Fidler, the radio columnist, tops Winchell and his other contemporaries as a featured player. Jerry Colonna, he of the popeyes and double talk; Johnnie Davis, scat singer; Joe Venuti, hot violinist, and others help persuade one that the band is not just a dummy outfit. Mr. Payne sings as well as he acts; vaguely reminding of James Stewart, he will bear watching on his own. I enjoyed this in spite of myself, if you know what I mean.



"Bob Taylor stands up and takes it! Maureen O'Sullivan is appealing . . ."

"**The Crowd Roars.**"—MGM. To-day he is a man. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has now made out a complete case for Robert Taylor's virility, and we can all breathe easier. As one who has never cherished the desire, secret or otherwise, to see his handsome profile covered with gore, I can still applaud the manner in which he stands up and takes it in this film—smash entertainment any way you view it. Not since Wayne Morris's "Kid Galahad" knocked audiences for a loop has the cinema contrived as throat-tightening a bit of fistic lore. "The Crowd Roars" is a happy inspiration on all counts: writing, Richard Thorpe's unerring direction, and a cast that is so nearly all-star you can't tell the difference. The story, which pulls no punches, is straightforward and sincere. It socks home the career of *Tommy McCoy* (Mr. Taylor; Gene Reynolds as a boy), whose "lucky punch" proves his undoing when it stops his best friend (William Gargan) for keeps. *McCoy's* comeback struggle, the opprobrious epithet of "killer" ever in his face, is one of steadily climbing suspense. That last fight—particularly the fateful eighth round—is one you'll not forget. Essentially this is a man's world—Edward Arnold as the promoter, Frank Morgan as *Tommy's* bleary, bombastic "old man," Lionel Stander as his trainer, and Mr. Gargan are all superb—but the women have their rounds, also. Maureen O'Sullivan is appealing, as always; and two stand-out bits are realized by Isabel Jewell (where has she been?) and Jane Wyman in the

Una Merkelish rôle of a Southern coquette. Incidentally, *Tommy* starts life as a boy soprano—but Mr. Taylor isn't required to sing, too!



Warner Baxter, tycoon in tramp disguise, meets pretty Marjorie Weaver.

"**I'll Give a Million.**"—20th Century-Fox. Hollywood tackles French satire—with results more amazing than amusing. Noisy where it should be ebullient, asthmatic instead of airy, this hybrid retails the adventures of a disgruntled tycoon (Warner Baxter) seeking "some one to lift a finger for me" for finger lifting's own sake. "I'll Give a Million (francs)," wails this modern Diogenes, setting forth in a tramp's disguise. The word spreads like wildfire; and soon the vagrants for miles around are being wined and dined, on the theory that one of them must be he. The whole countryside becomes a paradise for hobos—and character actors—all of whom converse in the excited patois of so many bogus Chevaliers. Among them are Peter Lorre, John Carradine, J. Edward Bromberg, Fritz Feld, Sig Rumann, Christian Rub, and Luis Alberni. Mr. Baxter, Marjorie Weaver and Jean Hersholt stick to Americanese, and a chimpanzee addressed as *Darwin* wisely keeps his mouth shut. The picture boasts more mugging to the lineal foot than you'll see again this year; but occasionally a gag "takes." I wouldn't have you miss the hotel scene in which long John and short Peter are guests of the management. Write this off as a noble experiment—and page Rene Clair.



Here are the members of the family of the Kate Douglas Wiggin's novel.

"**Mother Carey's Chickens.**"—RKO. The *Careys* are six: father (Ralph Morgan), mother (Fay Bainter), *Nancy* (Anne Shirley), *Kitty* (Ruby Keeler), *Gilbert* (Jackie Moran), and *Baby Peter* (Donnie Dunagan). When *Captain Carey* is killed in the war with Cuba, the others carry on as best they can. Most of all they want a home of their own. *Nancy* thinks

they have found it when she stumbles on a colonial "dream house." The rest of this quietly charming interlude treats of the *Careys'* efforts to hold on to the dream house. Each of the five is allotted his share of the film, even tiny *Peter*, who gets tangled up with the wallpaper. Miss Keeler has her romance (with James Ellison), Miss Shirley hers (with Frank Albertson), and Master Moran his (with Virginia Weidler). When two nasty, would-be buyers are frightened away by the *Careys* playing spooks, the house seems really theirs at last. Kate Douglas Wiggin penned the novel, and Rowland V. Lee has directed it with a nostalgia for the naïve, if not always gay, nineties. The picture starts out more importantly than it finishes. I felt. And yet the prosaic pattern into which it soon falls is precisely what will endear it to others!



Charley, Andrea Leeds and Edgar Bergen enliven John Stahl's fine effort.

"**Letter of Introduction.**"—Universal. The productions of John M. Stahl usually seem to this reviewer overstudiously developed, with a dull-as-life effect. In his admiration for the theater, Mr. Stahl would allow his scenes to run on forever—and often does. His theme ("Parnell," "Magnificent Obsession," "Only Yesterday," et cetera) is almost invariably based on a misunderstanding which a few honest words could blow sky-high; in which case, of course, there would be no picture. "Letter of Introduction" does not escape these charges, but it comes closest of all to vindicating the Stahl method. Beautifully interpreted by all the players, who are subtle and moving in even their most casual relationships, it cannot fail to stir the more thoughtful spectator. The screen's "great lover" (Adolph Menjou) learns in the letter that he is the father of Andrea Leeds. The efforts of the two to keep their bond secret is the cause of all that ensues, with a climaxing tragedy at a New York first night. (In this sequence Mr. Stahl surpasses himself.) Mr. Menjou is simply flawless as the great *John Mannering*, the sad-eyed Miss Leeds responding lustroously in her moments with him and also with George Murphy, the boy she loves. The wit of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy is like a running commentary on the story, only once definitely slowing it up, and then, perhaps, forgivably. More, Mr. Bergen introduces another fascinating dummy—by name, I believe, Mortimer Snerd. Rita Johnson hits just the right note as *Honey*, the other girl; and Eve Arden, Ernest Cossart, and Ann Sheridan contribute. (Continued on page 78)

SOFT SOAP and SANDPAPER

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

The magnificent flight of Howard Hughes around the world recalls the marvelous yarns told about him when he was a boy motion picture producer shocking Hollywood practically every other day by something daring in the way of casting, story buying or just plain movie making. . . . I think my favorite story is the one about the way he hired Pat O'Brien by "mistake" for the rôle of the reporter in "The Front Page" . . . and when Hughes made a mistake, he made a good one! . . . he not only hired Pat when he intended to get Lee Tracy but, because he didn't have his good ear to the telephone, he thought he heard Pat ask \$1500 weekly instead of \$250, and \$1500 Hughes paid. . . .

Of course, you remember that it was Howard Hughes who not only gave Jean Harlow her chance, but made her name a household byword with his spectacular publicity buildup as the "platinum blond" . . . that it was Hughes who made the first real air spectacle, "Hell's Angels," at a tremendous cost . . . that it was he who had imagination enough to give Adolphe Menjou a chance to play hard-boiled characters, instead of male butterflies . . . that he was one of our more colorful producers, showing imagination and courage . . . that he invariably made darned good movies, which we can always use.



It seems to us that the most pertinent remark to date from Hollywood on the great "Gone with the Wind" hubbub that has been raging, lo, these two years, is made by W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke, the director, latest nominee to direct "Gone with the Wind," and who doesn't want the job . . . says Woody: "It will be the most difficult picture in the world to make, regardless of how you make it. Every one has a different version of *Scarlett* and a different version of *Butler* and the other characters. You'd have to live up to a thousand different versions in the minds of a thousand different people. Believe me, I'm not keen about the job!"

And the most original casting suggestion to date from a fan comes from Joan Davis of Hanover, Maryland, who nominates C. Henry Gordon or Adolphe Menjou for the rôle of *Rhett Butler*. . . . Miss Davis is not so positive about her choice for *Scarlett*, although she thinks the late Jean Harlow would have been "perfect." . . .

All we have to say is we wish Mr. David Selznick would hurry up and produce "Gone with the Wind" with we-don't-care-who in the cast, if he will only make the picture. . . . C'mon, now, Mr. Selznick, there's going to be an awful lot of conversation no matter *whom* you pick, so make up your *own* mind and let's get going and get on to something more important.



Yes, we think that Hedy Lamarr looked very gorgeous in "Algiers" and that she certainly has plenty of "umph" . . . that she probably would decorate beautifully any film . . . but why all this furor over her in Hollywood? . . . Did she reveal any great histrionic qualities in "Algiers"? . . . If so, we didn't notice . . . we have a well-defined notion that movies have progressed beyond the point where a girl with a lot of sex-appeal and a handsome romantic leading man can make a box-office hit . . . if you will recall, Mr. Charles Boyer and Miss Sigrid Gurie—there's a girl on whom we'd place our money—and some of the minor characters did the acting in "Algiers" . . . meanwhile, Metro is going ahead with plans to surround Miss Lamarr with a lot of expensive production values in her next effort and have secured Josef von Sternberg, the gentleman who made the terms Marlene Dietrich and beautiful legs practically synonymous, to direct Hedy. Hy-de-ho.



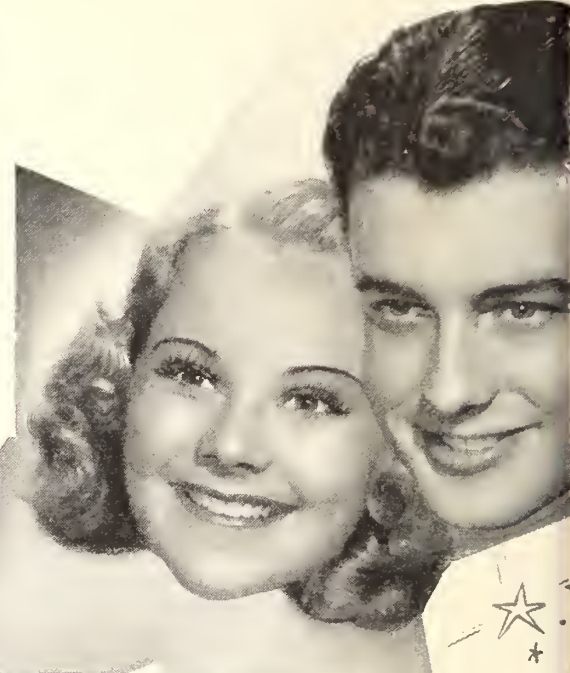
And now for our contest news . . . as we go to press, early in August, the little rolls of magic film are piling up . . . by the time you read this, the contest will have officially closed and we will be working at top speed with the other judges to review the films and pass judgment . . . just as soon as possible Picture Play will announce the judges' verdict. . . . Until then, thanks for your marvelous response to our efforts to give you something different, interesting and worth while in a contest . . . and to each of you who have entered, our best wishes. . . .



We are terribly proud of our cover this month . . . the beautiful natural color photograph of Olivia de Havilland, which our own Bob Wallace took at Olivia's home in Hollywood one bright fall afternoon . . . we think it's different from anything we have ever seen before . . . and really lovely . . . we want to call your attention to the exceedingly interesting story on Shirley Temple and Barbara Hutton on page 28 . . . we like the way Laura Ellsworth Fitch has written about Tyrone Power's romantic difficulties . . . she gives us a most clear picture of what is going on in that handsome young man's life . . . good reading. . . . Yes, and be sure to notice our fine enlarged beauty department! Three whole pages, in which Elita Wilson tells you the beauty secrets of the stars.

A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME...
 SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE...
 THAT'S SONJA NOW, SO DAINTY, SO DESIRABLE, SO INCREDIBLE

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!




SONJA HENIE
and
 RICHARD GREENE

in
MY LUCKY STAR

with
 JOAN DAVIS
 CESAR ROMERO
 BUDDY EBSEN
 Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
 George Barbier • Louise Hovick
 Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
 Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
 Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From
 an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettinger
 a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Darryl F. Zanuck
 in Charge of Production



Snow-deep in the rhythms
 of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
 "Could You Pass In Love"
 "The All American Swing"
 "This May Be the Night"
 "By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in
 America will be
 crazy about Sonja's
 twenty-eight new
 Fall costumes
 styled by Royer!



Photo by William Walling

dorothy lamour Flannel shirt and boots—
no sarong!—for Dotty in
"Spawn of the North."
Then, a holiday with faithful hubby, Herby Kaye, band leader.

Photo by Gene Keraman



warner baxter

He can whip up a mean dish of Mexican tamales, rides a horse like a fool, known both as a "Regular Guy" and "Best Actor." Soon you'll be seeing him in "The Dawn's Early Light"

joan bennett

Will she, will she not, wed her good
friend, Walter Wanger? Joan says:
Matrimony? Never again! Mean-
while, see her in Wanger's "Trade
Winds" with handsome Fredric March.





by Laura Ellsworth Fitch

Let's get at this thing straight from the gossip whispers: Did Tyrone Power really break little Sonja Henie's heart?

Was Loretta Young miffed because their romance lasted such a short time?

When an enterprising press agent sent out what amounted to a formal announcement that Janet Gaynor had ended her love story with Tyrone because she was

interested in "some one else"—was there a definite impression that the aforementioned p. a. was beating some one to the punch?

And what of that "inside" that Arleen Whelan, publicly enamored with Richard Greene, is really secretly infatuated with young Power?

More recently there's the story that Annabella, the little French star, delayed her departure for France in order to be on hand to say good-by to Ty before he left for his vacation in Mexico City. But apparently even that didn't turn out to be much of a vacation, because the beautiful

POWER on new love quest?

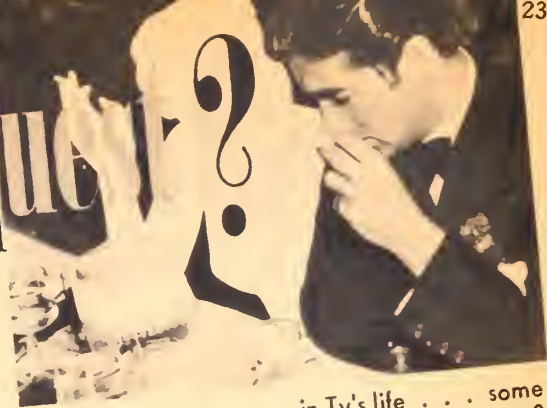
TOO MUCH TALK ABOUT TOO MANY ROMANCES HAS FORCED THE IDOL OF HOLLYWOOD WOMEN TO SURROUND HIS LOVE LIFE WITH SECRECY.

señoritas nearly mobbed Tyrone wherever he went—and so he came home two weeks ahead of time.

Before me on my desk are newspaper clippings of these latest printed stories about Tyrone Power, ranging from the present back over a year. And whether or not it is anybody's fault, what they amount to is that one of the swellest guys I know in Hollywood is being painted as a heartbreaker de luxe, a dangerous young man to trifle with a lady's heart and a carefree Don Juan going from one glamorous romance to another.

Which is a darn shame.

I say that in all seriousness because I think that too many romances in his twenty-three years of life, too many misconceptions about his friendships with the beautiful women of Hollywood, are going to have a marked effect on Tyrone as a person. I think the hectic rumors of "too many women" are going to change him from a happy-go-lucky young man who enjoys the society of women, and who



Is there a mystery woman in Ty's life . . . some girl he is hiding from the spotlight of publicity?



To date it is charming Annabella who is the "last lady" in Tyrone Power's life.



Originally it was all a publicity stunt but Sonja Henie was in love with Tyrone.



Only screen lovers now are Ty and Loretta Young. Their very latest picture is "Suez."



It was romance with a capital "R" when Tyrone carried a torch for Janet Gaynor.

should have the right to fall in love, not once, but a dozen times before he marries, into a cynical gent hiding away with his books and pipes a good seven years before frost-bite should normally set in.

Already there are evidences that all this has taken its toll in wariness. Tyrone escorted his sister to the première of "Marie Antoinette." His best girl at two recent Brown Derby dinner twosomes has been his mother. And just the other day, when an interviewer tried to talk to him very subtly about love and such, Tyrone sighed as he hit the nail over the head through her subterfuges.

"If you're driving at my friendships with Sonja and Janet," he said directly, "there's nothing that can be said

that hasn't been said, colored up, doctored, overemphasized, and made embarrassing for all concerned. I've said it before and I'll say it again that I don't expect to be married for years yet.

"Quite frankly, I'm not in quest of the one great love of my life—or that girl who may some day settle down to share my heart, home and future happiness. If it were possible for me to do so without being made as fickle as a cartoon in *Esquire*—I would like to be able to take a charming girl to dinner once in a while. But if these casual friendships are going to embarrass girls who are my friends, and if I am to sound as though I don't know my own mind as well as my (Continued on page 77)

IT'S Jane Bryan's contention that if you don't have glamour and beauty, then you must have something to make up for it. With Jane's freckles, unruly hair and a nose that's much too small, she says her face is about as fancy as the plain dress she wore in "Girls On Probation."

"And anyway, I don't think looks have very much to do with acting. Of course they help, but I think you should work with what you have and trust to luck for the rest."

This monologue was delivered in one onrush, while Jane tried between words to catch her breath. You see, little Bryan's call had been changed and as we went to see her at the Warner Studio dressing room she passed us en route, on her bicycle, as fast as the northbound mail plane.

"Back in a minute," she yelled as she pedaled away to find her hairdresser. She was back in ten with her helper in tow. So, between curls, Jane confided that she was a misfit. Nothing seemed right about her and as for type casting—well, it was out because she just wasn't that way.

"You see, they have a pretty tough time with me because I'm not old nor young, and could never convincingly be the ingenue. Anyway, there's no such thing as an ingenue—the way they write 'em—in real life, so how can you really play one? That's the reason I practically murdered 'A Slight Case of Murder.' Gosh, I hate those saccharine parts! I guess that's why I love doing 'The Sisters.'

PLAIN

by Robert McIlwaine

It's the new Bette Davis picture and I'm the unattractive one of the three. Anita Louise is the beautiful one, but Bette is the smartest. Of course we fuss a lot, in the script, and the other day we were going at it so hard that the director asked us not to live our parts off the screen! After the epic—that's what we call 'Girls On Probation'—this one is like being on vacation. Why, do you know I even have a baby? In the picture, of course."

Not so long ago Jane was going her quiet way to Hollywood High School, with her freckles, her unruly hair and nose that's too small, when she was bitten by a yen to express herself histrionically.

Well, she hied herself down to Jean Muir's Workshop—that's the experimental little theater which Jean ran for a time—and embarked on a theatrical career. However, she didn't last long in this group, for the ever-alert gentry known as talent scouts took a long look and whisked her away to Warner Brothers' Studio with a contract.

"They took one look at my face and decided to let it stay as is," Jane confided. "You see, I thought that once I was in the make-up chair it was a cinch. With all those magic boxes and a few strokes from the head man—presto! I would be a 'glamour-glamour' girl. Well, I was too scared and im-



Jane Bryan's freckles, her too-small nose and her unruly hair haven't kept her from making her mark in films. Why? When she's gotta go some place in a hurry on the studio lot—to the hairdresser, or just to work—Jane rides a bike.





"They took one look at my face and decided to let it stay as is . . . there's not much they could do with my pan," said Jane. Well, Janey, from these photos it looks to us as if a couple of smart make-up men slipped something over on you.



pressed to say I didn't care too much about becoming just another beauty, so I just sat still and let them sweat.

"After what seemed days they announced that it was no go. I would just have to stay as is! You see, there's not much they can do with a pan like mine. These freckles and features were wished on me and I just can't change them."

Not much they could do with a pan like Jane's? Notice the pictures on this page and you'll see somebody's been fooling Jane. The make-up men have done their work and Jane is as glamour-glamour as any of the other g.g. girls.

"But about that baby sequence in the 'The Sisters' . . . wotta time they had getting one to work with me! Gee, they coo all over other people but one look at me and they bawl their heads off. I don't know why they don't like me except that I won't talk baby talk. I can't stand this 'itsy bitsie' stuff. I treat 'em like grown-ups and talk about world conditions, but they don't like it! Why, we had three for the picture before we got the scene and then we had to go back to the second youngster before we finished. That just gives you an idea of the way I don't fit. Anita and the others could hold that baby for hours and he'd just gurgle for 'em! But once he was back in my lap he'd let out a lusty yell for help.

"All the same, I think its going to be an awfully good sequence," Jane continued, her eyes sparkling.

JANE

"That kid is so cute! We tied a cat to a little wagon and pulled it in front of him to make him smile. It tickled him to death and you should have seen his little eyes! Like stars. Of course, these are just some of the things that make working in pictures so much fun that you forget about it being a job."

Jane peeped out from under a veil of curls. "The other day was my birthday. We were working so I didn't tell any one about it. Well, I was standing talking to one of the players and the assistant director came over and yelled, 'Jane, have you fitted your costume? You know we're shooting that scene to-night, so don't make any plans to get away.' I told him I knew we were working and the costume was all set. Then, Mr. Litvak, the director, came over and called me. Well they just pulled me back and forth till I thought the war was on. Litvak wouldn't shoot till he saw the costume—and where was my hair? Things were so bad, he decided he'd have to do a test of the hair and costume that night before he could shoot the scene. I was just about set to cloud up and cry when I heard the little band on the set start playing 'Happy Birthday to You.' I whirled around, not sure if it was in the picture or for me.

"Over on the set stood Bette Davis with a bunch of roses as big as herself. Beulah Bondi had a lovely box all fixed up for me and Anita Louise, a nosegay. Well, I couldn't help it when the tears started to roll down my (Continued on page 68)



Too bad, girls! There is a woman in Ronald's life. Benita Hume.

Ever since portraying that rascalion of the 15th Century, François Villon, film folk are discovering similar characteristics in Mr. Colman, dubbing him "The Villon of Hollywood."

COME, COME, MR. COLMAN. COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL! WE PULLED A FAST ONE! EVEN IF YOU ARE HOLLYWOOD MOST CHARMING ACTOR WE'VE FINALLY GOT THE LOW-DOWN!

In their newest picture, "If I Were King," starring Colman, Paramount has faithfully produced the famed Fircone Tavern, hangout of thieves and beggars in the Middle Ages.



RASCAL AT HEART

by
Katharine
Hartley

MY goodness," exclaimed the motherly extra woman to the bearded ruffian sitting next to her on the Paramount "If I Were King" set, "that's a good make-up you've got! It looks like a real beard, too." She thought the poor fellow looked depressed and needed cheering up.

"It is real," came the answer. "I grew it myself. It's just eight weeks old to-day."

"Hm-mm," mused the extra woman cannily. "Doesn't that handicap you? I mean—are there a lot of calls for beards these days?" His mien was really very dark, his beard frightfully matted.

"Oh, I make out all right."

"You should," she nodded cheerfully. "Because, you know, you've got a real nice voice. If they gave you a chance at 'bits,' now, I should think——"

The "ruffian" rose. "Excuse me a minute, will you please? That's what I'm going to ask about right now." He hesitated. "You don't happen to know the director, by any chance?"

"Not very well, but I'll be glad to introduce you."

Together they sought out Frank Lloyd, the director. Summoning all her courage, the little woman said: "Mr. Lloyd, here's a friend of mine who wants to talk to you."

Frank Lloyd stared in bewilderment. Then he caught a warning look in the ragged fellow's eye as he thanked his benefactor. When she had gone the two men burst out laughing: "Damned rascal!" Lloyd exclaimed.

He was speaking to no less than Ronald Colman, star of the picture! Colman was portraying the famous François Villon of the fifteenth century. Villon, whom they called rascally and a rapsallion—and, though they hang us for it, we also apply these words to Mr. Ronnie. Villon, they said, was "a bold, beloved villain, a maker of mischief, a dazzler among women"—and that's our impression of the Villon of Hollywood to-day—the very same Mr. Colman.

The above little anecdote is typical of this suave English actor who has become more or less of a legend insofar as being perfectly charming to lady and gentlemen interviewers alike, but most unsatisfactory "copy."

So the gentleman won't talk? Oh, yes, he will talk—but not always about the subject you happen to be interested in. And incidents like the above are seldom repeated because certainly Mr. Colman, or Mr. Lloyd, wouldn't blab them around, and the woman was only on the set for one day, so had no finale to tell.

No, there is only one way to get something cute, personal and whimsical about the dignified, aloof Mr. Colman, and that is to overhear, oversee, and snoop-scoop around. Even if you do have a chance to sit down with him and chat, the gentleman is so wise about what you're up to that he gives you a perfectly beautiful run-around. Courteous? Oh good heavens, yes! And charming! And pleasant and devastating and divine——

But nobody bothers to go a step farther and analyze that funny little look in his eyes, which is half soft and half glittery-hard, but which is all mischief, all secret delight—and all an indication that the game which he is playing is more fun for him than it is for any of us.

A lot of peculiar ideas have been built up about Mr. Colman down through the years. Because he enjoys privacy and peace we have been led to believe that he is silent and sad—that he's Hollywood's Number One Malcontent. But does it always hold that a man seeks privacy because he wants to be alone in it? Pish, tosh and twaddle! If Mr. Colman puts a wall between himself and the outer world, it's not because he's dissatisfied with his private world, but because he's having fun in it, and he doesn't like binoculars peeping into it.

You have only to take one look at the Colman home and you'll see what we mean. When Miss Garbo wants to get away from people she rents herself a little place, like the one she had in Brentwood, where there weren't even enough trees to give a garden party. No guest rooms, no play rooms, no bar, no nothing, except maybe an extra chair in the living room.

When Mr. Colman wants to be alone—or so the world says he does—he gets for himself one of the most beautiful mansions in Beverly Hills. Rolling lawns with a croquet set planted firmly in one flat corner. Beautiful canvassed-in tennis court with a shade pavillion alongside where there are eight white lounge chairs, covered with turquoise canvas. A little table by each chair. For Mr. Colman to sit there by himself and watch the wind ruffle the tennis net? Hardly.

Behind the tennis court there is a gabled guest house which is cute and cozy like something out of a Walt Disney dreamland. Then the main house with all the little specialties that make not-entertaining impossible. Have no doubt about it: Mr. Colman may prefer to have the white wall around his place of cement rather than glass, but it's not because he's mooning around inside and beefing about the problems of being an actor and having to pay so much income tax. It's because he has guests to-day—the Warner Baxters, Bill Powell, the Richard Barthelmesses, Benita Hume, and any and all of the English colony who wish to come—and with these friends he wants to enjoy himself as ordinary people do.

On that tennis court a number of amusing Colman anecdotes have occurred. There was that time when he had tried for two Sundays in a row to have a good tennis game with one of his pals, a Hollywood agent. But every time they would start to play, the agent, who always left forwarding phone number wherever he went, would be called to the phone on business.

Finally on the third try Colman, a little chagrined, didn't even ask him to play a set; he said, "How about it, Noel? Shall we phone a set or two?" Which of course brought a laugh from every one present. (Continued on page 72)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Says the author of this story: "Mr. Colman absolutely refused to divulge any of the intimate details of his private life. He cannot understand why people are interested in it. But by a little hooking and crooking I found out his home address and ruined a pair of shoes climbing up the hill next which his mansion reposes, and over his fence. My dog dug up some tulip bulbs, I lost my car keys in the brush and it was all so delightful and disastrous, but I got the story!"

by Adele Whitely Fletcher

Can Shirley Temple escape the jinx that has pursued the wealthy Barbara Hutton?

Will her money be a honeypot for titled foreigners and will their old-world charm make her their easy prey?

Will she grow up convinced she can buy anything her heart desires—to learn, too late, that happiness always must be earned?

If these questions seem far-fetched, something trumped up to make sensational headlines, consider further. For there is a dramatic parallel between America's

great fortunes dwindle, Shirley won't have to worry about money as long as she lives. Even though she squanders her wealth, she'll always have more than she knows what to do with, because her investment trusts and annuities and the maturities on her government bonds have been "staggered" so she will receive five separate fortunes—when she is twenty-one, thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty respectively.

This in itself is enough to light a gleam in the eyes of those prospecting gentlemen from foreign shores who have more ancestry than funds, more charm than industry, and more cunning than loyalty. When Barbara Hutton in-

FORTUNE

HUNTERS



A million-dollar smile on a million-dollar baby. Shirley's latest, "Just Around the Corner."

Lucky girl to have a mamma and daddy as far-sighted as Mr. and Mrs. George Temple.

Dollar Princess and America's Movie Princess.

When Shirley is twenty-one years old she won't have the fortune Barbara Hutton has but she will be very, very rich. Every year approximately two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is being invested for her. Such sums out at interest and compound interest multiply rapidly. And even though the world turns topsy turvy and

herited her mother's third of the Woolworth fortune, her father, Franklyn Hutton, a broker wise in money matters, undertook to invest her wealth for her. Aware of the responsibilities that attach to great wealth, Franklyn Hutton also tried to train his daughter for her future. It was his belief she should grow accustomed to handling money and learn to stand upon her own expensively shod

feet. Even when she was very young he permitted her to have her own apartment with a governess-companion, and later a secretary-companion. When she was six she had an annual allowance of seven thousand dollars. At nine this was increased to twelve thousand. She turned thirteen and was given thirty-five thousand dollars every year. And when she was sixteen she had sixty thousand dollars to spend.

When it became apparent that Shirley Temple was to earn fabulous sums of money, even for Hollywood, her father, George Temple, a banker wise in money matters, undertook to look after her affairs. But George Temple is preparing his daughter for the responsibilities her income will entail in an entirely different way from that which Franklyn Hutton brought up Barbara.

To-day, at nine, the age at which Barbara was handling over two hundred dollars a week, Shirley thinks in the same financial terms as other little girls her age. When she

It also might be that a girl growing up sheltered, with no more comprehension of the power of money than the few small coins in her little red pocketbook give her, will, when she comes into her fortune, be a sheep among wolves.

Barbara Hutton is unhappy and famous because she is rich.

Shirley Temple will be rich because she is famous and happy.

But can Shirley continue happy when some one else is the darling of the screen and the honors and importance and publicity and admiration, which she naturally has come to take so much for granted as her mother's good-night kiss, belong to her no longer? Or as she grows older will she try to compensate for that which she has lost by seeking social acclaim? By crowding her life with people who pay their way by being amusing? By easing her vanity against the ceaseless attention and the smooth, veneered flattery which some gentlemen will give her be-

KEEP AWAY!

HERE IS A REVEALING STORY THAT TELLS WHY THERE ISN'T A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE THAT SHIRLEY TEMPLE WILL TURN OUT TO BE ANOTHER DISILLUSIONED "BABS" HUTTON.



"Some day my prince will come," little Barbara seems to be saying as she gazes on—distant shores?

"I'm waiting for the one I love." This is "Babs," two years later, killing time with wealthy Fortune Ryan.

Well, she got her prince, and she also got her count, and now poor "Babs" Hutton has a big headache.

loses a tooth she leaves it on her bureau at night and in the morning she is overjoyed to find twenty-five cents in its place. She lives with her parents and her two older brothers. Her brothers adore her but they have such a horror of her becoming a little brat that they sometimes show disapproval when she is only being youthfully exuberant.

It's easy enough to say Barbara Hutton's training was ill-advised and that Shirley's training will save her. But it's hardly fair to guess when you know one of the answers. Besides, cause and effect isn't always the same. Much depends upon the individual. And it might be that a girl becoming money conscious at an early age and having many people fawn upon her would grow canny about such things.

cause their leisure permits it and their bankrupt ancestral estates demand it?

In many ways it would be more understandable if Shirley did these things than it was for Barbara Hutton to do them. Girls who are movie stars for only a few adult years find it very difficult to adjust themselves to oblivion with any happiness. Shirley has had the excitement, hand-kissing, flattering looks and other accessories of stardom throughout her formative years. And invariably the appetite grows upon what it feeds on.

There's only one thing that can save Shirley, as I see the picture. And that's herself—

What is Shirley herself like? Not Shirley the movie star. Not the child you know from publicity stories banged out by employees of the (Continued on page 69)

by Edwin Schallert "I wasn't fighting for a cause. It was just business. It wasn't even an issue of money. It was simply a question of how many pictures I should make a year. I didn't think it was a good idea to be seen on the screen too often. Crusader? That's fantastic. I'm no crusader, and I never have been."

Thus, straight from the shoulder, spoke Jimmy Cagney in response to my assertion that he had been described as a "leftist" during his recent fight with Warner Brothers Studio.

"But now I'm perfectly happy. Things are going"—and there he gestured to indicate everything was O. K. as far as he was concerned. "My contract calls for three films this year, and two next, with the possibility of a third if a very good story is found. Two pictures a year will be the rule from now on, but that rule will always permit a third film if the right subject is available, and

it seems a good idea to make more than the two specified in the contract.

"I don't think it's good business to run the risk of the wrong kind of films, if it's possible to avoid them. You can't expect every one to be perfect or anything like that. When a picture's bad make another one quickly and hope it will be a good one.

"By the law of averages, certain films are bound to suffer by comparison. When you make too many the chances against you are often increased. That's the only point at issue, that and the fact that audiences might grow tired of seeing the same player in prominent rôles too frequently."

So let it be put down in the books that it was no rebellion for the sake of rebellion on Jimmy's part, according to his own statement, and that now that things are happily ironed out—perhaps for all time—he and the studio where his success was born are on more friendly terms than ever, based on a better mutual understanding.



**NOW
HE'S AN
ANGEL**

**JIMMY CAGNEY, THE "BAD BOY"
OF THE SCREEN, OPENS UP AND
TELLS A FEW POINTED TRUTHS
ABOUT HOW HE'S ACQUIRED A
REPUTATION HE DIDN'T EARN.**

Since his return to Warners, Cagney has completed two pictures, "Boy Meets Girl," which is now just being shown, and "Angels with Dirty Faces," and has embarked on a third, "Each Dawn I Die," with Edward G. Robinson. That will make his quota of three for 1938. The company also plans to star him in the "Oklahoma Kid," American historical play, in which Cagney will appear as a good old-fashioned gun-fighter.

I chatted with Jimmy in an old warehouse adjacent to the tenement street, so-called, at Warners, where Jimmy was working as a criminal-at-large, an idol of the neighborhood boys—the latter played by the "Dead End" group of hardy young actors. The picture was "Angels with Dirty Faces," and Pat O'Brien was depicting the priest who forces Jimmy to go to the electric chair as a coward just to show the admiring tenement youngsters that a malefactor is in no sense a hero.

Jimmy and the "Dead End" or "Crime School" boys, as they are sometimes called, had had a kind of rough-

Take a look at them, folks. Jimmy Cagney and his wife are the same pals to-day they were in trouping days.



Jimmy is a "right guy" to the "Dead End" boys appearing with him in "Angels with Dirty Faces."

he said. And Jimmy, who knows all the tricks, is certainly the one to teach them, while the boys are for him a hundred per cent.

Since Jimmy was back and forth between the hot street and the cooler and much more comfortable warehouse where I waited, he brought his little sister Jeanne over to keep me company. And there's a story of devotion! For Jeanne, I gathered, is the apple of her brother's eye.

As you may know, she's the only girl in the family with four brothers, two of whom, Harry and Ed, are doctors in the East, while Bill and Jimmy spend much of their time in Hollywood.

Jeanne had come out to visit Jimmy just after graduating from Hunter College at nineteen years of age, and her Phi Beta Kappa pin was glintingly visible as we chatted. Her eyes are like those of Olivia de Havilland, and she may soon be seen on the screen.

But Jimmy has ideas about that, too. While he doesn't oppose a career for Jeanne, he feels it must be the best sort of career. "It's heartbreaking to be anywhere but the top in pictures, or, for that matter, on the stage," he pointed out. So when the cinema sun *does* shine for Jeanne, it will have to be most brightly or not at all.

It is rare, perhaps, to have any glimpse of the family side of Cagney's life, since he has always kept this apart—as witness the preserving of his solitude at his Martha's Vineyard Island retreat, off the coast of Massachusetts, wither he retires whenever time allows between pictures.

There are other actors who lead lives of commuters between the two coasts, but none as definitely as Cagney. He loves the seasonal changes now that he can enjoy them at his country place. In other days he was only able to spend his summers there.

Cagney will never be accused of garrulousness. He doesn't want to be charged at any time with spouting buncombe. He'll listen rather than speak in any strange gathering. To some he has even appeared inarticulate. Others have said that he would

(Continued on page 79)



and-tumble tussle a few days previously. Jimmy had endeavored to do a strong-man act, holding one up over his head and another at arm's length, and had strained his back, reviving an injury he sustained several years ago dancing.

He was wearing a brace and walking with difficulty, because the pain inevitably spreads from his back down into his legs.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "I must go and try to pretend I'm a Sandow."

Of course, the "Dead End" boys would scuffle with him all day long if they had the chance, just because they have to live up to their hard-boiled reputation, and naturally Cagney spells a worthy adversary.

As a matter of fact, when they were playing basketball one day he gave them a taste of a few of the gas-house gang tricks and tactics. One tried to tie him up with a hammerlock, whereupon Jimmy vouchsafed a mild but effective bump on the chin, and then stepped suddenly on the feet of one of his worst hecklers.

"They might as well learn to take care of themselves,"

"IS SHE THE GARBO OF 1938?"



FILMDOM CALLED HER "A HOAX" AND THE "BROOKLYN DUCHESS," BUT GURIE GOES BLANDLY ON TO FAME.

by Elza Schallert

In Hollywood there is an eternal cycle of personalities. They come, they go, and they duplicate themselves. Calculators figure that such duplication happens about every

twelve years. When one star steps out of a place on the glittering film horizon, there generally comes another to assume his or her mantle of fame.

Hollywood is still looking for a Marie Dressler. Perhaps it is too soon to expect her advent, yet filmdom seems to have found a second Will Rogers in Bob Burns. Possibly Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are the Valentinos of to-day.

And now Sigrid Gurie has cast her shadow as the Garbo of 1938! New, streamlined, yet in essence a viking daughter—and in spirit an exotic girl from the land of fjords and Midnight Sun. To be sure, her destiny is not yet full-fledged nor does her gypsylike portrait in "Algiers" fit into the "divine" Garbo pattern; but innately, at least, she has the qualities of her Nordic predecessor. And she reminds me much in manner of the Greta Garbo I had the pleasure of meeting when she first arrived in Hollywood, under the artistic sponsorship of Mauritz Stiller, celebrated European director.

In the beginning of her Hollywood career, Miss Garbo was social and friendly. One guested with her at dinner parties given by Mr. Ernst Lubitsch and Dr. Ludwig Berger. While never talkative—she was a trifle too detached for that—still she was cordial and gracious. It was the death of Stiller, her discoverer, that sent her into retirement from social and public life, and undoubtedly cast the veil of secrecy about her.

Miss Gurie in no way resembles Miss Garbo physically, yet she has certain definite qualities that remind one of the Swedish star. For instance—her simplicity and naturalness, her courtesy and gentle reserve. But above all, the forceful assurance which she carries underneath an exterior of great calm and quietude.

However, Sigrid Gurie's arrival on the Hollywood scene was, in some ways, less auspicious than Miss Garbo's. Success in European films had already attached to the Garbo name and, consequently, it had glamour, which was augmented by the imposing sponsorship of Mauritz Stiller, her director and discoverer, who brought her to the MGM studios.

To Sigrid Gurie, the name of the astute producer—Mr. Samuel Goldwyn—lent prestige to her introduction. He sent forth a mighty publicity campaign announcing her as his new Norwegian star! The next thing, she became a mystery woman. No one saw her—no one knew what she was like.

And then one day, out of the blue, news stories broke into headlines telling the surprising fact that Sigrid Gurie was born in Brooklyn! Simultaneously it was announced that she was suing her husband, Thomas W. Stewart, for divorce, whom she had married in the little town of Cucamonga, California—the place W. C. Fields always kids!

The blast of this news spelled popular disillusionment—

A scene from "Reunion in Vienna"—Gurie's screen test. Sam Goldwyn took the bait in a great big way. Picture on opposite page was taken after Hollywood made her over.



The fiery, tempestuous gypsy girl Sigrid portrays in her newest picture, "Algiers," conveys little of that serene, passive quality she possesses that is so like Garbo's.

and therefore also a high hurdle for a new and widely publicized "star" to jump. The manner in which Miss Gurie rose above this barrier proved that she is both smart and discerning. She evidenced she knew the value of keeping her own counsel. This was apparent again and again during the time she was under fire during the litigation between herself and husband. She kept an impressive, sphinxlike silence quite befitting her Nordic ancestry.

How one enters Hollywood in the long run becomes a question of little consequence. Sigrid Gurie pursued a path that was not unfamiliar. After all, she is not the first star who was really different from what she seemed when she arrived on the movie scene.

Only a few years ago Margaret Lindsay was practicing the deception of pretending to be an English actress and winning her first big chance in "Cavalcade"—and then right on the heels of this came Robert Cummings. He is getting his first real opportunity in "The Texans." He, too, went British to gain entrance to the studios, and now has dropped the broad "a" and acquired a long one to appear in the saga of the plainsland.

Granted Miss Gurie was born in Brooklyn—and she is the first calmly to admit it—she was transported by her mother and father to the capital of their native land within one year after her birth, and remained there for the better part of her life until four years ago, when she came to Hollywood.

In other words, a mere accident of birth scarcely could be regarded as changing the influences of heredity and environment to the extent where Miss Gurie would be deemed Brooklynesse rather than Scandinavian. She wants to be known as an American, but momentarily her accent would deny this.

And the Number One axiom of the screen is that appearances mean a lot more than facts. If an actress has a Hungarian accent and looks Hungarian, she might be born in Borneo but she'd still be a Hungarian as far as the movies are concerned.

Anyway, Mademoiselle Gurie has (Continued on page 68)



35

movita

john carroll

The screen's newest love team! They are proving such a sensation that after "Rose of the Rio Grande," their first picture together, Monogram is planning to star them in three more. Movita, comparative newcomer, is a daughter of Old Mexico.



robert taylor
maureen o'sullivan

Another team coming up! For the second time MGM brings Bob and Maureen together, this time in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." But will the fans like Bob minus his sartorial effects and widow's peak? Maureen seems to, so maybe that's enough.



Franchot FACES

by Jerry Asher Franchot Tone to-day stands on the threshold of a changed career. His recent separation from Joan Crawford and his intention not to sign another long-term Hollywood contract are evidence that he is planning a completely new life.

Five eventful years have passed for Franchot Tone since his arrival in Hollywood. It is a more mellowed, friendlier, more communicative Tone who succeeds the assured young man who came to Hollywood and gave himself one year to make a lot of money, who changed his plans and stayed in Hollywood when he fell in love and married Joan Crawford.

Somewhere along the way the impression has been created that Franchot has disliked Hollywood. It was said that he was counting the moments until he could get away, and that he'd never return! Perhaps it would have been better had Franchot denied these rumors or explained his real feelings. He never did. His reluctance always to talk of personal things is the reason why Franchot has many times been misunderstood.

It is foolish to say that he has been perfectly happy in his Hollywood career. But he didn't live in a perpetual state of despair, as some have said. Nor is he bitter over his disappointments. Franchot just did not fit into the Hollywood scene. Simple in his tastes, modest in his desires, being used to the good things of life, he found no great exultation in Hollywood "acclaim." To be able to do good work, to advance and improve himself along the way was all he expected. And then when his day's work was done to be able to live in his own way.



Hollywood gasped, blinked, said, "I don't believe it!" when Joan and Franchot announced their separation. But it's true.

SUCH A VERY SHORT TIME AGO JOAN AND FRANCHOT HAD EYES FOR NONE BUT EACH OTHER. NOW THEY ARE UNHAPPY STRANGERS.

THE FUTURE

Unfortunately Hollywood has no respect for personal desires. If you're a public figure, you pay a most exacting toll. And Franchot Tone was not spared. Had he been allowed to do good work, had he been given the encouragement and necessary stimulus that an artist must have, many things might have been different.

"I think I was very lucky at the start of my career," says Franchot. "And believe me I am grateful. Being in picture after picture, regardless of whether I was right for the part, was great for a beginner. I didn't know anything about the screen and it was wonderful experience. I didn't like many of my parts. Particularly I despised playing those stuffed-shirt, wealthy-playboy rôles. I don't like that kind of person. But I tried to make the best of it, confident that I would get my break after I had once served an apprenticeship.

"The years went by and I was cast in one Class B picture after another. It was very discouraging to a person whose work means so much to him. Such breaks as I did get came accidentally. I was given 'Bengal Lancers' because Henry Wilcoxon was wanted for another picture. When Bob Montgomery was sick and needed a vacation, I inherited his rôle in 'Mutiny On The Bounty.' The part I played was originally written for Spencer Tracy. When he had to have an operation they decided to use me.

"It's not that I begrudge any one else his chance. But I am tired of being a handy man. So—I have decided that the only way I will ever get good parts is by free-lancing. Then I hope to be in a position where I can choose the rôles I think most suitable. That's why I said I would not sign another long-term contract. (Continued on page 76)



Franchot is meeting this new crisis in his life with a poise and calm that is winning the admiration of his many friends.



Deanna Durbin is inclined to be too serious so it's Melvyn Douglas's job to make her laugh.



Ty Power works with both Annabella and Loretta Young in the colorful "Suez." As a trio they're tops.

by Bill Colby

She hurdled a fallen tree, and her legs flashed prettily in the hot afternoon sun.

Presently she stood beside Tyrone Power, and they were ready to start a spectacular scene in "Suez," at the 20th Century-Fox Studio. It was a desert scene, built on an abandoned California golf course. To create it, some 3,000 truckloads of sand had been hauled from the real Arizona sand stretches.

Giant wind machines had been rigged up to create a terrific wind and sand storm. As I watched, the action seemed to center around two huge water tanks which loomed high out of the level desert. Ropes hung from the tank sides, so that the tribesmen might try to prevent the tanks from blowing over.

A siren sounded. Cameras went into action! The wind machines roared like a fleet of enemy bombers. Tyrone started toward the tanks, carrying Annabella through a blasting curtain of sand. At that instant, a tank gave way from its base and flipped over on its side, presumably crushing Annabella under thousands of gallons of water. It was a swell scene!

The first take was a success, but they shot it again to make sure they had something. Annabella and Tyrone came out of their "ordeal" red-eyed, their hair full of sand and their faces raw.

"You can have two days to recuperate," the director said.

"A lot of good that'll do," Tyrone said. "I'm taking Annabella to a Hollywood premiere to-night. We'll have to look like this with maybe five thousand people watching us."

He doused his eyes in boric acid and stumbled blindly toward the shower room.

A few hours later, I saw them both at the premiere, both with bloodshot eyes, and they were so sleepy from the day's work they could hardly stay awake. Some fun working in pictures!

Sound Effects.—Frank Tuttle was directing a colorful wedding scene in "Paris Honeymoon" on Stage 9 at Paramount. I walked in just as gorgeous Franciska Gaal was to be married to Akim Tamiroff.

Tamiroff, who can be the worst villain or the funniest comedian by a mere change of the eyebrows,

walked to the altar to meet Franciska. She was dressed in a nunlike gown, with big wide eyes. She was exquisitely sad and beautiful. The scene called for her to say nothing, but she miscued it.

"A-wa-hoo!" is the closest I can come to quoting the loud exclamation she subsequently burst out with. It scared every one in the place, who expected nothing but a yawning silence. Then she smiled apologetically and said, "I'll do it over."

Bing Crosby, who eventually wins Miss Gaal, was missing. Some said he was out

OUR OWN SLEUTH VISITS THE
HOLLYWOOD STUDIO SETS AND
REPORTS ON THE EXCITING
NEW PICTURES OF THE MONTH.

Scouting the Sound Stages



Here we are! Right on the sound stage of "Paris Honeymoon." There's Shirley Ross, Bing Crosby and Franciska Gaal emoting.

Next, we travel to Sam Goldwyn's studio and see Gary Cooper, Patsy Kelly, Merle Oberon at work on "The Lady and the Cowboy."



on a boat, away from the studio's beckoning call. And, I understand, they were doing a lot of calling.

"Smile, Deanna, Smile!"—"You're as Pretty as a Picture," was the song Deanna Durbin was singing. It was, perhaps, her best number in Universal's musical, "That Certain Age." Irene Rich was playing the piano, an orchestra was busy in the background, and lights blazed down on an elaborate set.

For a moment the 30-foot camera boom seemed to predominate the scene. Suddenly, I saw Melvyn Douglas, over by the director, making faces at Deanna—very funny ones. She smiled, but didn't blow up in her lines as one might think she would.

The song was finished and we remarked, "She's pretty good not to burst into laughter over faces like that."

"It's serious business—not mere play," Melvyn said.

"That's right," Deanna affirmed. "He's supposed to make me smile—otherwise I'd be too serious while singing."

We inquired if Melvyn were paid extra for such a stunt. He wasn't!

In her last picture, "Mad About Music," when she sang "Ave Maria," Deanna showed the same tendency toward seriousness. Director Norman Taurog had a solution.

"Listen, Deanna, you've got to smile," he told her. "If you can't do it any other way, think of Benny Goodman accompanying you in swingtime." Deanna pealed with laughter.

Director Once Socialite.—Trick photography predominated as Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon did a flirtation scene at Sam Goldwyn's film emporium, for "The Lady and the Cowboy." They were at sea on a boat, and

the script called for Merle to vamp the hero. There was delay in getting the lights just right, and the cast felt conversational.

Merle winked at a prop man, slid out of the hot set, and walked over. "Don't you think Hank Potter is a swell director?" she said.

We did. We had just seen his MGM effort, "The Shopworn Angel," and it looked good.

"Well," said Merle, "did you know he was more a New York socialite than anything else four years ago?" We didn't, so she kept on. "Yes—and then he became interested in a Little Theater on Long Island."

Somebody else said, "Mr. Goldwyn found him, and before long he directed 'Beloved Enemy.' He's been good ever since. You'll love this yarn about Merle, the rich girl, and Gary, the poor cowboy."

Gary himself had been standing there in his usual silence. Suddenly he settled the whole problem. "This is swell," he said. "I'm a cowboy again. That's the way Samuel Goldwyn started me off ten years ago—in 'Winning of Barbara Worth.' Yep, it's swell."

Whereupon they all went back to work again.

Villain Foiled.—Bob Montgomery gave his final instructions to his butler, Reginald Owen: when the girl entered his penthouse, the lights were to go out suddenly—Owen was to enter and report the fuses were blown.

Owen carried through as instructed. There was a knock at the door and the girl (Claire Dodd) entered. Montgomery gave the signal, then suddenly discovered she has brought her mother,

Scouting the Sound Stages



Remember "White Collars"? Now it's "Three's A Crowd" with Bob Young, Lew Ayres, Ruth Hussey. Looks good!

Cora Witherspoon, with her. It is too late, however—the fuses blew out and Owen walked in, a bit on the smirking side, with one lone romantic candle.

I watched the scene—the opening one of "Three Loves Has Nancy," as it was shot on Stage 12 at MGM. Montgomery finished the take with a flourish and walked our way.

"Heigh-ho," he said, "and I'm the old playboy again.

But maybe it's about time. I was a murderer not so long ago, and then a soldier in the mosquito country. Yep—it's not so bad being a playboy."

I couldn't help agreeing with him. Claire Dodd, lovely to look at, starts making things interesting from the very first. And if that isn't sufficient, Janet Gaynor soon walks in to make things even nicer. Montgomery contributes wisecracks to keep things humming in between shots. It's a set you like to linger on.

La-la—It's Zaza!—George Cukor was busy on Stage 5 at Paramount doing the first takes on "Zaza," starring Claudette Colbert and Herb Marshall. Between scenes Claudette was wearing a green dressing gown tied loosely around her waist. It didn't seem like a very decorative gown, and I asked her why she wore it. Claudette just shrugged.

Later, I found out Claudette is superstitious. She believes if she wears that dressing gown during the opening scenes her picture will be a hit.

Zaza, as you may remember, was a French entertainer with lots of "la-la." Claudette, wearing the clothes characteristic of the turn of the century, fits the rôle perfectly. I watched her scene with Marshall and Michael Brook, the Earl of Warwick, which called for them to approach the Alcazar (outdoor garden and theater), and for Claudette to leave a rickety carriage amid much laughter and excitement. She was, distinctly, the coquette.

Before the cameras started grinding Director George Cukor enacted the whole thing for the cast, giving the scene an amazing dash and verve. Then the camera started to roll. I could tell he didn't like the last few seconds of the scene. But did he say it wasn't so good? He did not! He said, "I got my head in the way—that's too bad. Let's do it over—and this time put more punch into it."

Good psychology, what? One reason why Cukor is a great director, I think. The technical advisor on the sidelines appeared to be nobody at all. She wore slacks and



A scene from the famous old play, "Zaza." Walter Catlett, Bert Lahr, Genevieve Tobin, Rex O'Malley.

dark glasses. I asked about her—and I found she was Nazimova, yes, Nazimova, the great, who a decade ago played "Zaza" herself!

Director Falls Overboard.—Before us was an ideal love scene. Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds were enacting a nice bit of "woo," and everything looked pretty hotsytotsy. It was a big moment in the (Continued on page 75)

HANDS UP!

by Elita Wilson

WHAT do your hands reveal about yourself? Maybe you hadn't even thought about it, being so busy making the most of your face and stirring up your glamour. But believe me, my dears, your hands are just about the most telltale feature you own. And before I really get going on the subject I want to tell you about an experience I had some years ago that I am glad to pass along to you.

I had gone to the famous dance studio of Ned Wayburn with a young girl who was entering his business girls' class at night. The name of Ned Wayburn should be and probably is as familiar to you as the famous "Ziegfeld Follies." I don't mean the movie "Follies." I am speaking of the stage version, when that connoisseur of beauty, Florenz Ziegfeld, was alive and very busy glorifying American girls.

Well, twenty-five girls stood in a circle wearing various types of rehearsal clothes—shorts, bathing suits, rompers. I say "girls," but some were women of thirty, interested in limbering up and acquiring grace.

In the center of this circle a large man with stern expression and keen eyes was stressing the importance of her hands to a dancer—how they convey moods, but especially how they aid or detract from grace. That man was Wayburn.

His keen eyes went round the circle. Noting the number of women among the fresh young business girls, he said:

"A woman's hands, more than her face, tell her age. I want all of you to hold out your hands. I will pass around the circle and tell each one of you how old you are."

His accuracy was amazing; he told their ages within a year. There wasn't any trick to it at all because, truly, a woman's hands invariably show age before her face. But more deplorable is that so many young girls have prematurely old hands. Why? Sheer neglect. Unnecessary! And such a blow to your glamour, my darlings! Almost as bad, I do believe, as decaying teeth in a lovely mouth.

So let's not neglect them any more. Let's vision our hands as slim, graceful flowerlike things over which, in olden days, gallant gentlemen would have bent and kissed. It's an old Continental custom and they still do it in the movies. Which reminds me—

Have you seen that new rage of the screen—Hedy Lamarr? She was the original "Ecstasy" girl, though the foreign picture of that name was banned in this country because Hedy was too beautiful and wore too few clothes. Well, Hedy's first picture for Hollywood, "Algiers," started people raving about her as no actress has been raved about since Garbo. There is a picture of this Lamarr gal who goes to men's heads like heady wine (no pun

LOVELY FLOWERLIKE HANDS ARE THE AMBITION OF EVERY GIRL. MEN NOTICE AND ADMIRE THEM. BUT ARE YOUR HANDS 'LOVELY TO LOOK AT'? SWEET TO KISS?

Photo Wm. Walling



Divine Linda Yale has what Producer Arthur Hornblow considers the "perfect figure." She will be in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad."

intended!) on this very page. I ask you to look at her hands—and then at yours. And I ask you, too, when you see "Algiers" to watch how she uses those exquisite hands—and then try to do the same.

You'd like to have hands like Hedy, wouldn't you? Of course you would. And I am going to tell you how to get them. Or at least I'll tell you how to make your own hands many times more lovely and appealing than they are. Then, when that breath-taking moment comes, when the right man slips a flashing ring on your left hand you won't feel like raving about the stone and then hiding your hand from his loving looks.

So here goes.

A regular weekly manicure is absolutely necessary whether your polish needs changing or not. Because, you see, every step in a manicure is cleansing, stimulating and nourishing to the nail. The nail is really an outgrowth of your skin. But before I go any further I want to clear up one great fallacy about nail polish. No longer can lacquer polish be blamed for brittle nails that split and break if you look at them. True, it used to be so but no more. And here is why.

A famous manufacturer of nail polishes has just perfected a liquid protection that you apply before putting on the polish. It guards against splitting and breaking and helps your nails grow. When I say this is brand *new* I mean it, because I don't want you to confuse it with similar protective coatings that have been on the market for several months. This one positively will *not* change or cloud the color of the polish because it is colorless. You apply it exactly like polish. It dries just as quickly and makes a lasting protection for the nail.

Then you apply this same manufacturer's liquid polish over it, which also contains special ingredients, and I guarantee that if you use two coats of polish and then put another coat of the protective liquid over them you will have a strikingly beautiful gloss and your manicure will last days longer than any other. If your nails are still brittle, then it is because your general health is under par. Your nails, just like your hair, reflect your physical condition.

Now of course you want the price of this new nail protector and I am so glad to report that it's *not* expensive. Only twenty-five cents for a generous bottle. The name is yours for the asking. Honest Injun, the stars have told me they wouldn't be without it because a broken nail is a calamity in Hollywood, where lovely hands are so important.

But there's more to having beautiful hands than just pretty polish. There's the manicure—whether you have it done at a beauty parlor or do it yourself. Lots of girls have discovered how easy it is to do their own nails, to say nothing of the money it saves. The method is really very simple.

It is best to file first, when the nails are perfectly dry. Never file with a sawlike motion. Always stroke from the side toward the tip. An oval tip looks prettiest, but beware lest you file too deep on the sides because this weakens your nails, encourages hangnails and soreness. Next dip the fingers in warm soapy water for a moment and clean underneath with a bit of cotton on an orange stick.

Use the other end of the orange stick to push back the cuticle unless it grows very tight. Then you will need cuticle remover and a regular cuticle knife, also nail scissors to trim it. But if every time you wash your hands you will press the cuticle back, in time it will vanish. Cuticle cream is applied after the polish is thoroughly dry because then there is no chance of it getting underneath and causing the polish to peel. Here's the nail tip. If you have short stubby fingers forget the deep shades of nail polish. You don't want to call attention to them.

Warner Brothers recently gave a perfectly scrumptious party for Olivia de Havilland. She was wearing a lovely black net dress with a large hat and held one tearose in her hand. I wondered why. Then I realized that it was because Olivia doesn't smoke or drink, and holding this rose



The most glamorous figure to flash across the screen since Garbo is the exotic Hedy Lamarr of "Algiers," noted for her slim, graceful hands.



No, it isn't Venus rising from the sea. It's Paramount's pretty Shirley Ross, rising from her foam bath. She'll be in "Paris Honeymoon."



You can have white and velvety legs like Kay Winters of "The Sisters," if you use the lotion and new hair remover described in this article.



For that "finishing touch" to your kissable lips, fold a piece of tissue, as Priscilla Lane is doing. It will absorb ugly, excess lipstick.

gave her something to do with her hands as she greeted her many guests as they stepped up. It was a graceful gesture.

But what impressed me most was that those hands looked as if they had been made just to hold such a rose. They were so smooth and white, so creamy-looking, that I couldn't help asking her how she kept them so. (Olivia is one star who never has a hand-model double for her in a close up.)

"Why, I suppose it's because I have always taken care of my hands," she told me. "I wouldn't dream of just washing and drying them and not putting on a lotion. And at night I use a very special lotion that nourishes and keeps them velvety. A fine homemade hand bleach is buttermilk, or cornmeal and water paste. For stains, lemon or tomato juice, peroxide and ammonia mixed in equal parts—or cuticle remover."

Yes, I got the name of the lotion from her along with

the surprising information that it can be used on the face as a powder base. I've really got to go off the deep end about this lotion! First of all, it doesn't leave that horrid sticky feeling after, and it has the grandest scent! Just the thing for that moment when you're dancing with Him to something like, "Thanks for the Memory," and he can't resist the temptation to press that little hand he's holding to his lips as a silent tribute to that moment when the moon shone down on you two, and the lake waters lapped at your feet—and you gave him your lips! You want your hand to smell sweet, don't you? I'm sure He does.

But this particular lotion has still another use that I don't believe you've thought about. If you could see my beauty mail you would be surprised to know how many girls are troubled with unsightly, coarse hair on their legs. Depilatories are good but unless you keep after it the first thing you know you've got stubby bristles sticking through your stockings. You don't always have time to bother with depilatory and it is certainly something one has to use in the privacy of one's bathroom.

Now I'm not going to tell you that the hand lotion will remove hair from your legs. It won't. But I have a brand-new little gadget that will. You can use it to remove hair on your face, too—especially that contrary upper lip.

It's a cute little gadget that has all Hollywood agog, Carole Lombard tells me. You can stick it in your purse and use it almost anywhere. It isn't paste or a liquid or anything but a small specially treated pad that you rub over the bristly hairs and they just vanish. Furthermore, in time it actually discourages growth. And it is one of the very few hair removers that can be used on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. Priced well within your budget, too, and comes in a cute bakelite case. Write me for the name.

But more about the hand lotion. . . . I'll tell you a secret that lovely Kay Winters, (Continued on page 74)



There is no greater tribute to the worth of a man, no surer certificate of his desirability than the love and admiration and devotion and self-sacrifice of a beautiful woman. When June Collyer gave Stu her love, forsaking all others—and all other things, including her career—she placed Stu in the ranks where only the romantics belong.

And not only is Stu a hero in his wife's lovely eyes, but he is a hero also to his children. Small Son Bill, aged six, was told one day that he has eyes like his mother's. Now, to have eyes like his mother's, which are lambent and golden, should have swelled small Bill's chest to the bustin' point.

But no. Small Bill was very indignant about it. He set the unwitting blunderer right as right. He said stoutly, "I have NOT got eyes like my mother's. I have eyes like my daddy's. I have ears like my daddy's. I have teeth like my daddy's. I have feet like my daddy's. I am *all over* like my daddy . . ."

It isn't, of course, that mommie isn't sweet and beautiful and comforting, with all of the virtues. She is. But daddy—*GEE!* Daddy in "Pigskin Parade," fr instance . . . Daddy showing a feller

HERO AT HOME

by Gladys Hall

When you see Stu Erwin in the movies, hear him on the air, you may think of him as "good old Stu," as a bare-footed bumpkin, as a small-town goon who blunders and stumbles from one mass of trouble into another, a lovable guy but certainly not a Lothario.

But—in the heart of beautiful June Collyer Erwin, Stu Erwin is Taylor and Gable and Grant and Boyer and Jimmy Stewart and Galahad and Lindbergh and all the valiants and irresistibles combined. He is all of these heart throbs. And he is none of them. Because he is uniquely himself.

He is a hero at home, is Stu.

And Stu and June have been married for seven years. "It seems like seven days," says June.

how to hold a baseball bat . . . Daddy telling about the small stock farm where he was born and raised, in Squaw Valley, California . . . telling 'bout how he wanted to be a circus acrobat when he was a kid, how he gave it up when he fell into a well and nearly drowned while practicing a flip-flop . . . making you laugh till you squeak describing how he used to give performances for the cows and chickens in the barnyard . . . making the works go round in engines that no one but daddy can fix . . . taking a feller fishing . . . being as gentle as mommie when there are hurts and bruises . . .

Yes, Stu is a hero to his little son. And very small Judy, aged three, offers up on the altar of Stu all of her favorite toys, the best cookies on the plate, the first kiss in the morning, the last kiss at night.

Bill's real name is Stuart Erwin, Junior, and Judy's real name is June Dorothea, of course. I say "of course" be-

"I married an angel," says Stu Erwin of June Collyer, "and the change has been good for me!"

cause I mean of course June would name her son after Stu. And Stu would insist that his daughter be named after June.

Yes, within the peaceful precincts of that tree-shaded white house in Beverly Hills which Stu and June call home, Stu reigns the undisputed sovereign.

This story should really be titled "For Wives Only," for what I am about to reveal may give some of us less-dedicated wives food for thought. But some of the men who read it are sure to go into an Edgar Kennedy slow burn and feel that, in comparison with June Collyer, their "little women" do not shine too favorably.

It is simply, of course, that the Erwins are so very much in love. You read a great deal of highly charged copy about the loves of the Barrymores and Elaines, the Bob Taylors and Barbara Stanwycks, Blondells and Dick Powells, Gables and Lombards . . . yet I tell you that one of the tenderest and deepest love stories in all Hollywood is lived in that white house in Beverly Hills, with June Collyer Erwin as the heroine and Stu Erwin as the hero.

It has been so from the beginning. It was so when, in 1931, June gave up her brightly flowering career to become Stu's wife . . . "not that he ever asked me to stop working, of course," June explains. "He *wouldn't*. I don't think we ever discussed it at all. As a matter of fact, I did make a couple of pictures after we were married. But I just knew that Stu didn't like the idea of my working, and so I didn't want to work, that's all."

"You've never really regretted it, have you, honey?" asked Stu. We were sitting at tea, Stu and June and I, in the blue-and-rose living room of their home, Stu and June side by side on the divan facing me.

"Of course not, sweetheart," laughed June, "you know perfectly well that I haven't. I just realized from the beginning that for both of us to be under contract was impossible and unbearable. Soon after we were married, for instance, Stu had to go on location and——"

"And," grinned Stu, "June was all set to make a picture and she gives it up to go on location with me."

"Then, a little later," continued June, "they sent Stu to New York and——"

"And," Stu took up the thread, "again she gave up a picture so she could come along."

"Because I wanted to be with Stu more, much more,



"Hi, folks!" Well, well, look who's here. Why it's papa Stu, home from work after a hard day at the studio. But is it? Looks to us more like Stu in 20th Century's "Passport Husband."

A rollicking gallop across the greensward of the Erwin domain in Beverly Hills. Yes, you've guessed it. Stuart, Sr., is the horse and the happy riders are Stu's youngsters—Bill, aged six and Judy, three.



than I wanted to be anywhere else in the world," said June. "That's why."

"We didn't want to be separated," Stu agreed. "and we never have been, thank God!"

"Now I am at home where I belong," June said, "so that when Stu has to work late I can go to the studio to meet him, we can have dinner together. Or I am here when he gets home, waiting."

I said to Stu: "How do you rate all this? Were you such a romantic lover when you were swooning?"

"As a suitor," said Stu, with a wink, "terrific."

"Stu!" laughed June, something warm and loving in her laughter.

"Well, I was, too," said Stu. "You know I was. Why, I worked, (Continued on page 73)

"HANDLE WITH CARE"

HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, OUR NEW "GIRL ON THE COVER"?

by Dorothy Spensley

OLIVIA MARY DE HAVILLAND, whose birthplace was Tokyo, and whose descent is English, is without a doubt a rare example of Hollywood glamour maiden. She is sensitive, thoughtful, keen-witted, a gentlewoman—in addition to being a Grade-A beauty. Her friends shake their collective heads and say that Olivia is in the wrong business for the full development of such tender traits. You see, she is spiritual; Hollywood is materialistic. Perhaps, like fine china and to protect this spirit, Livvy should wear a tag marked "Handle with care—Fragile—de Havilland."

Although her beauty, as recorded on the screens of a thousand motion-picture theaters, is every bit as exquisite and dainty as Haviland china, for which she is *not* named, Olivia Mary de Havilland is far from dainty in her appetite. She gloats over roast beef—it's the English in her—roast lamb, beets, corn, baked apples, cereals. And she shares in common with America's Number One acknowledged sweetheart, Miss Shirley Temple, a fondness for spinach. Of *all* things!

Like Shirley, she does not barge around much to night clubs, preferring to listen—unlike Miss Temple—to the sweet strains of symphonies, concerts, and other forms of artistic expression. She even likes to read books. (My, my, Hollywood, do you hear *that*?) "Singing in the Wilderness," "Of Mice and Men" or the fragile verses of Elinor Wylie are her favorites. She wrinkles her nose, short and shapely, and a disturbing dimple to the right shows, at the idea that she is "high-brow."

Men, she has discovered, after three brief but enlightening years in Hollywood as a filmster, don't like intellectual girls.

So Livvy is smart enough to make capital of five feet three inches of fairish feminine pulchritude—"I'm down to ninety-nine pounds now, and I don't like it," she says—a pair of chocolate-colored eyes, curling dark hair, laughing lips. All these valuable feminine assets have won her a starring contract with the astute Warner Brothers, for whom she has made a baker's dozen, more or less, of films. Most important were those with Errol Flynn—five in all—among them "Captain Blood," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "Adventures of Robin Hood," and "Four's a



Crowd." Her latest, "Head Over Heels," is with Dick Powell.

As a self-analyst, Livvy is at the head of her class. She worries about herself so much—in a nice way, of

course—about the way her eyes photograph when she is weary, who stole the bonbons from her night-table, and that her friends worry about *her*.

Totaled, her friends' worries amount to one big question mark: Will Livvy find a man worthy of her love? A husband, they mean. None of those Grand Romances for Their Livvy. Livvy is rather curious about it too. But she doesn't worry about Romance. She's had a taste of it, thanks, and finds it very nice. At seventeen she was *Madly in Love*.

Now, at twenty-two—July 1st was her birthday—she can look quite calmly upon the empire-rocking emotion. Because her face is so patently seraphic, the film yokels find it hard to believe that Livvy has known the *grande passion*. Livvy's answer to those who find fun in discussing old *amours* is silence. It's a potent weapon at all times, she has found.

(Continued on page 71)

Picture Play's Cameraman deals a New Hand

ONCE AGAIN BOB WALLACE AND HIS SPYING CAMERA MAKE THE ROUNDS OF HOT SPOTS IN THE MADDEST CITY IN THE WORLD. THIS TIME HE DEALS US THREE ACES AND (SEE COMING PAGES) THE BIGGEST HANDS IN THE DECK.



It's a famous Lombardian story that has the boys laughing. David Selznick, Jack Conway and Gable at gay Troc party.

This is probably the last picture taken of Joan and Franchot Tone prior to their separation. "Marie Antoinette" premiere.



Shame on you, Spencer Tracy, to let Bob Wallace catch you in such a little-boy pose. It can't be as funny as Walt Disney seems to think. And such a blow to glamour!

Two Queens



All Hollywood, including Jimmy Stewart, turned out to pay homage to the stage's first lady, Helen Hayes.

Their stirring portrayals of two great queens have won Hollywood's acclaim for Norma Shearer (at right) as Marie Antoinette and Helen Hayes (above) as Victoria.



Norma dispelled the tragic mood of her picture as she danced with Franchot.



and a Full House



There is one case where two pair would beat almost anything. Helen Hayes and Fredric March, Norma Shearer and Jimmy Stewart make a winning hand as they barge gayly about Hollywood in search of fun. But Helen is through with pictures.



Another unbeatable and inseparable pair who turned out to do homage to "the queens" were that gayest couple, Gable and Lombard.



Still making the rounds are Helen and Norma. Only this night they corralled Louis B. Mayer and Tyrone.

"I'll see you!"



No Hollywood buffet supper party is complete without Allen Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey.

Spencer Tracy all dressed up. Fancy that now! At the Troc with Rose Stradner and the missus.



Claudette Colbert was snapped while putting her "John Henry" in Carthay Circle guest book at recent premiere.



Irene Rich sure knows how to pick 'em. Now it's Arthur Salzburger, N. Y. T. "biggie" who doesn't mind being "st"

Whooping it up at the Burns and Allen party were Pat O'Brien, Joe E. Brown, Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Brown.





The Beverly-Wilshire Hotel gets its share of celebrities, too. Recent guests were Melville Cooper and Rosemary Lane.

Mrs. Mario Bello makes her first public appearance since the death of her daughter, Jean Harlow. With Una Merkel at the Troc.

Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas represented stage and screen at swank performance of "Merchant of Venice."

Some fun when Gracie Allen gives a birthday party! Her guests were Fanny Brice, Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone and Harold Grieve.



Two of a Kind



"Little Caesar's" going soft! The Edward G. Robinsons Big Appling at the Burns and Allen party.

Other previewites at Hedy's Hollywood but were Loretta Young and John McEuen

Comedian Reginald Gardner and Hedy Lamarr at "Algiers" première.



The veddy social Henry Fondas are seen at all the smartest affairs. "Algiers" première drew them out for public appearance.



Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg sign a preview guest book. The Gene Raymonds will be next. The Fredric Marchs look over the program while Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland doze.



Accompanied by his wife, Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer attends premiere of his picture, "Algiers."

Oh, for goodness sake! Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor again. Will you ever get married?



madcap martha



"Hi-de-ha." This is how it all began. Here we give you Baby Martha. Note the big smile.



"Oh, once I was happy," sings Marty at to-day. Well, here she is at ten years—and happy.



Clown though she is, there isn't a better-dressed girl in Hollywood. She'd like to be a glamour girl.



HERE AT LAST IS THE TRUE STORY OF HOW THE RAYE GIRL REALLY FEELS ABOUT HER BIG MOUTH.

by Dorothy Gulman

Martha Raye, of the ultra-violent Laugh Rayes, is a cuckoo

among peacocks—a clamor girl amid glamour girls. She's the hoyden of Hollywood Boulevard—the slap-happy screwball of the studios. The exotic elements lift their already arched eyebrows at Martha's zany antics, theater audiences roll in the aisles.

They tell you Martha Raye was born with a silver tray in her mouth. Before your laughter at that witticism has subsided, they send you into a fresh spasm of hilarity by wisecracking that she has so many gold fillings she has to sleep with her head in a safe.

But—behind the boisterous figure of filmdom's ace feminine buffoon there lies a poignant story of hurt and heartache, a story which I know almost as well as does the Martha who lived that tale.

I have known Martha since she was a hard-working girl of fifteen, making several hundred dollars per week and never seeing a penny of it. Her loyalty was always completely with her family—her salary was theirs much more than her own. She was the pet pixie of the night club spotlights, and I was press agent for the Chez Paree in Chicago where she performed.

In the days when we first became friends, no one laughed at Martha's large mouth. Every one considered her shapely, attractive, and quite the cutest number in town. She had more boy friends than any one in the show, and—best of all—her recent self-appointed critics did not know she was alive.

Martha never took her beaux seriously until the advent, much later, of Buddy Westmore. When she became a star and married Buddy under the white heat of international publicity, the marriage was doomed to failure. Buddy, headstrong youth, could not cope with her importance, and the constant activity which surrounded her, demanding most of her time and thought.

Martha, in turn, was deeply hurt because Buddy resented the things her stardom brought instead of rejoicing in the fame and position she had worked so hard to attain. And both their families, well-meaning but unseeing, spurred them on in their growing discontent.

Although still a very young girl, Martha has weathered the disappointments of an unhappy match and the blind criticisms of the envious few with a fortitude beyond her years. Her experience did not embitter her, but endowed her with a sane philosophy of life and people.

David Rose, her fiancé, whom she plans to wed this Christmas, has been a friend of mine for more (Continued on page 70)

Nat at all embittered by the failure of her first Hollywood marriage, Martha is going to take the fatal step with David Rase (left) at Xmas. Martha in scene from "Give Me A Sailor," (right).





IT TOOK ENGLAND AND
ALEXANDER KORDA PLUS
TECHNICOLOR TO GIVE
US "DRUMS," AND THE
RESULT IS A STUNNING
PAGEANT OF INTRIGUE,
ROMANCE AND REALITY.

As young *Prince Azim*, Sabu sits his horse with royal dignity as he reviews his devoted native soldiers.

"DRUMS" beat for SABU



Stark realism of battle scenes will grip you.

The arch plotter, Prince Ghul, plots against Azim.



FALL FASHIONS

An October bride? Why not, at this grand season of the year? Only she isn't a bride, really. She is charming Ellen Drew, Paramount's exciting new discovery appearing in "Sing You Sinners." About the gown—Designed by Edith Head, it stresses a glamorous note in drapery and simplicity. Yards of white chiffon went into a sweeping veil, caught at head with Calla lilies.

Photos by Carpenter



There's an "old-world" quality about this Elizabethan adaptation of an evening coat of heavy white satin with cloth of silver cording. It was designed for Maureen O'Sullivan in MGM's "Hold That Kiss." The skirt is positively regal in its fullness. Just suits Maureen!



Glamour-glamour plus! What couldn't you do to your Big Moment in this? It's all-over shimmering black sequins with over-shoulder drapes of chiffon. Fits like your skin, with new side slit. Reminiscent of the days when that arch temptress, Theda Bara, ruled the films.

Photos by Baehrach



At the preview of her latest picture for RKO "Mother Carey's Chickens," Ruby will wear something like this so-smart dinner frock. Of heavy white crêpe, bodice tightly wrapped, it flows into a graceful skirt. Minus the jacket you are ready for the most formal affair.

Starting from the inside out—Ruby's gown is of rose-beige silk net with a trailing band of real lace. Sapphire flowers lend an interesting color note. But the coat! It's really something to dream about, girls. Blue fox with long sleeves and light as a feather.

Photos by Elmer Fryer



A stunning formal is this. Designed for Margaret Lindsay by Howard Shoup. One of those "simple little frocks" that looks as if it could easily be "whipped up at home," but just try it! Foundation of black satin, covered with black net, and "winged" shoulder effect.

Here's a little number that Margaret will be sporting in Warner Brothers' "Broadway Musketeers." Look for it. And, listen to the color scheme! In shades of beige, tan and sage green. Dress is simply styled and topped by new seven-eighths length plaid coat.

Just the thing to impress the new boy friend on a luncheon or cocktail date because it is artlessly simple and is carried out in "man's favorite combination"—black and white crêpe. Sleeves of full length are finished in white tailored cuffs, cape to hips.

"Moon of my delight . . ." or some such romantic name should be bestowed on divinely formal gown below to which "Maggie" has lent her aristocratic beauty. High-necked, long-sleeved, of ivory net incrustated with mother-of-pearl. Dazzling!



FRENCHMEN PREFER — WIVES!

EUROPEANS, THEY SAY, MAKE SWELL LOVERS BUT POOR HUSBANDS. WHY? ARE THEY REALLY FICKLE? AT LAST, WE HAVE THE TRUTH FROM FERNAND GRAVET.

By Allan Finn

HOW can you be sure of perfect romance when you're in love?

And when you are, how can it be preserved in "till death us do part" tradition in these risky times?

You probably will be surprised that out of all the film stars in Hollywood I asked Fernand Gravet, the young French star, to answer those perplexing questions. No doubt you think of him as the gay Continental of the screen with hundreds of adoring women at his beck and call, and will ask: "What is his authority to discuss the ONE perfect romance in life? I'll bet he's had plenty of girls."

Well, Monsieur Gravet has not only found perfect love in real life with ONE woman, but has made it last for fifteen years! For one of his allure and international fame I think this comes close to being a record.

When you consider the upheaval of his youth in War days and his hard road to fame it is all the more impressive. Born in Belgium and educated in England, he trouped as an actor in Europe, Africa, South America, working up from bit parts. His path to stardom was made on the difficult international stage of Paris. His early mark in pictures was acquired on the hard-boiled lots of Paris and Berlin. And, mind you, Monsieur Gravet still is only thirty-three!

I met Gravet in Paris, saw him on stage and screen, and realized what his wife and home meant to him as a true Frenchman who had kicked about abroad. But when he recently returned to these shores from a brief visit home to do "The Great Waltz" for MGM.

I felt he owed it to his millions of fans to tell something of the secret of his successful private life.

Only twenty-four hours after his arrival in New York we sat down in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel to a

long chat. He was taking the 5:20 limited for California, but he relaxed with an unconcern for time, typical of his boyish air.

His large brown eyes were radiant with friendliness. He spoke with a rich, baritone voice, perhaps a bit more seriously than when I saw him at the Joinville (Paris) studios. During the trip home he had acquired a snappy Clark Gable mustache and rather long, intriguing sideburns. He reclined in happy and confiding mood in a snug divan, winding a foot under him. He explained he had crossed alone this time because his wife, Mlle. Jane Renourdt, wealthy French stage star, was detained at home due to illness in his family.

"Of course, my wife and I do not regard our happiness as being especially a secret," he began. "Romance is like anything else these days. It must be tempered with a sense of realism. There must be something more than 'romantic allure,' as you Americans say, to make it a go. For one thing, there must be frank understanding of one another and of one another's problems. My own marriage is a graphic illustration of the point. It is based on friendship. My wife and I were pals for three years before we married. We are still pals because we make it our business to get along.

"How? By little sympathies, concessions, sacrifices. Here's an example. My wife and I had co-starred for several years in many stage plays. In 1929 a career crisis developed. I realized it was one of those things that have wrecked scores of successful marriages and romances. Sound films were causing a sensation. We realized show business was changing. I was ambitious, and she wanted to see me get ahead. So I had a chance to do a picture for UFA in Germany. If I accepted, it meant possibly the break-up of our home life together. My wife promptly gave up her career so we would not be apart. She hasn't gone back on the stage since, unless it was when we were working together again.

"It was a wonderful spirit of sacrifice, very logical, yet in good French tradition. She is constantly assuring me that she has never regretted."

Monsieur Gravet sipped a demi-tasse, and flashed a smile. "I know in America it is harder for a girl to make concessions because the trend is in the other direction—toward greater personal independence. Of course, she has every right to it, and the American man believe it makes for her happiness. (Continued on page 70)

There are three women in Gravet's life, yet his home is more important even than his career. The reason? His wife, his mother, and mother-in-law





Soon you'll be seeing this romantic combination in MGM'S "The Great Waltz." Gravet plays the part of the composer, "Johann Strauss." Luise Rainer is "Poldi."



Even in America, Fernand Gravet and his wife, the former Mlle. Jane Renourdt, French star, adhere to the French tradition of always dining together.



Myrna Loy always has that well-groomed look, so important to men.



Carole Lombard knows you must apply make-up skillfully to appear smooth and intriguing.

So let's start at the top of the list and consider that well-scrubbed look that's in such demand.

As I'm sure you know, a well-scrubbed look isn't one that you apply casually, like lipstick, just before you fly out of the house twenty minutes late for that appointment.

For real daintiness is as much a *feeling* as it is a *look*, and the first rule for both feeling and looking immaculate is to take two baths a day, one in the morning—for no fastidious woman would dream of starting her day without a bath—and another in the evening either before you step out or before you retire.

And to make your bath a pleasure and a beauty ritual as well as a mere cleansing routine, you need the right tools.

First, a bottle of bath crystals or bath oil to throw in the tub to soften the water and scent it. Second, a good pure soap—I like mine scented, too—to work into a rich, fluffy lather that will penetrate your pores and help you relax as it cleanses.

And for a really thorough, luxurious cleansing, do get a big bath brush, preferably one with a long handle, to reach all over your back and shoulders. For a bath brush not only makes you feel tingly and well scrubbed, but its friction stimulates circulation and this makes the skin healthy and keeps it young and firm and smooth.

Then when you step from your tub, reach for your non-perspirant or deodorant, for nothing so robs a woman of charm and daintiness as even the faintest hint of perspiration odor.

And even if you think you don't perspire, *you do*. Every normal body releases several quarts of water a day through the pores—and while you may not be conscious of this fact, people around you are. So a nonperspirant or deodorant is a "must" on every girl's beauty budget during every season of the year.

Another must is a fine toilet water or eau de cologne. For nothing gives you a greater feeling of well-being than

to splash or spray a favorite scent all over your body, as this is the sort of fragrance that seems really to become part of you.

Next a light dusting of talcum or body powder and you've that from-the-skin-out daintiness that is the basis of all real charm. So, with a well-scrubbed look and feeling, you can turn your attention to your hair.

Now, a really well-groomed coiffure is the result of healthy hair plus a good permanent. And both these things are entirely up to you.

A clean scalp and healthy hair are yours for the brushing, for a hundred strokes a night are just as effective to-day as they were in grandmother's time—only you'll be able to use a better brush. And this regular brushing, plus a shampoo every week or ten days, will keep your hair in perfect condition.

For your permanent be sure you go to a reputable beauty shop where the operators are well trained and only the best materials are used. There you'll be able to get the sort of soft, loose permanent that looks completely natural and that will last for from four to six months.

When it comes to skin, the rules you should follow for your own sake are those that will assure you a complexion that men admire. And the three steps in skin care are cleansing, toning and lubricating.

For cleansing choose a cream of the weight especially adapted to your own type of skin. If your skin is oily, a liquefying cream will be best, but if it's normal or dry, use a cream that is a bit richer and heavier.

Cleanse your face with this cream every morning, remove with tissues and apply an astringent or skin tonic. Allow this to dry before applying the foundation you use under your make-up.

Then at night repeat this same cream cleansing, but instead of applying astringent immediately after you've removed the cream, give yourself a good soap and water cleansing, then apply the skin tonic, and follow with a fine film of lubricating or nourishing cream which should remain overnight.

And while we're on the subject of skin, I want to tell you of one of the best pick-ups for tired faces I've ever found. Its a mask that smoothes out wrinkles as if by magic and takes only fifteen or twenty minutes to do its work.

Made by a woman who is preëminent in the cosmetic field, this mask is a creamy white paste with a faintly aromatic odor, and you apply it with (Continued from page 71)

In this New Cream
the "Skin-Vitamin"
the substance which helps
to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



Mrs. Cyden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin, "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and

(ABOVE) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

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

**EXTRAORDINARY
1¢ OFFER**

AT LOCAL STORES

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.



**BOTH CONTAIN
THE ACTIVE
"SKIN-VITAMIN"**

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A SPY IN HOLLYWOOD

HITHERTO UNREVEALED CHAPTERS IN THE EXCITING LIFE OF GEORGE BRENT.

by Gwen Dew Life doesn't really begin for the majority of picture stars until that particular moment when they sign their names to a contract and the cameras start grinding. Up until then most of them have gone their ways in comparative obscurity.

But not so with George Brent, who appears soon in Warner's "Wings of the Navy." Excitement, movement, color, thrills—even a close shave with death crowded his life long before he had any thought of becoming an actor. I had heard that he had experienced many exciting adventures before he ever came to Hollywood so I made an appointment to meet him, hoping to get a really exclusive story. I did, and here it is.

He drove in from his home to meet me, and looked as though he had been spending long hours in the sun. His sweater was open at the throat—he wore sports clothes. Dark-colored glasses could not hide his quiet good looks.

"My father lived in Calcutta for many years, and was an Indian army officer," he began, "so were most of the male members



of my family. That may explain a bit of my liking for adventure." He leaned far back in his chair, and lighted a cigarette which he took from a thin fine case of silver.

"I was born in Ireland, you know, but spent the latter part of my boyhood in this country. I earned money to go to school by working on farms in northern New York—picking fruit for a cent a basket, or toiling like a dog for ten dollars a week. For a while I worked evenings (Continued on page 81)

Now he's settled down in Hollywood with his dog, his pipe and his afternoon tea. But—George Brent once tasted adventures such as few men know. Center photo shows him with Constance Worth, to whom he was wed briefly.





*Dates
More Dates
Re-dates!*

... ALL FOR THE
GIRL WHO KEEPS
SKIN THRILLING



NEXT DAY

LET'S MAKE
IT A STANDING
DATE, DEAR

**SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE ***



WHEN SKIN LACKS
VITAMIN A, THE
"SKIN-VITAMIN", IT GETS
ROUGH AND DRY — WHEN
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IS
RESTORED, IT BECOMES
SMOOTH AGAIN



I ALWAYS CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO MY SKIN BY USING
POND'S COLD CREAM...
IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST
LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY
VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

Men fall for *soft, smooth* skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets *harsh and dry*. Now POND'S Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," POND'S brings an *Extra Supply* against possible *future* need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

• All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." • In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. • Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of POND'S Cold Cream! POND'S has not been changed in any other way. It's the same *grand* cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

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

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



SOCIETY
BEAUTIES
USE POND'S

AND POND'S IS
THE SAME GRAND
CREAM. ITS USE
HELPS GIVE SKIN
A **SOFT GLOW—**
MAKES MAKE-UP
THRILLING!

Margaret Biddle

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is she the garbo of 1938?

Continued from page 33

arrived. And if you know her, she is delightful and charming, with a soft, persuasive voice. She has the physical qualities of the Norse race—slenderness and height—clear blue eyes and brownish-blond hair, and also the temperamental attributes of serene, deliberate thinking and poised, leisurely tempoed manner.

Incidentally, her appearance as the Chinese princess in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" is not a clew to her real personality, although she is stoical in the fashion of that oriental lady. It is truer to her type than the gypsy, however, in "Algiers," which offered little of the real Gurie glamour. That glamour, I believe, will be discovered in the next film or two. Of course, memory reminds that it took only one picture for Garbo to register; but did she register any more strongly than Gurie did in "Marco Polo"? One wonders!

Perhaps the progress of this new star may appear to be a bit slower, but there is this to remember: it is 1938—not 1926!

To-day there is far more competition than existed when Miss Garbo first arrived. And Sigrid Gurie is one to meet this condition by "sitting and waiting."

"When I first came to Hollywood," she told me, "I thought the way to get into pictures was through working as an extra. After I had been here for a while I decided that was not the thing to do. So I said to myself: 'I won't jump in . . . I'll sit and think!'"

That philosophy of "watchful waiting," coupled with her deep sense of values—the ability to discern what is important and what is not—has been the fiery sword with which Sigrid Gurie has conquered Hollywood. True, her first victory was a quick one and the battle for stardom has just begun, because one picture, two pictures, three pictures are not enough to stay at the top these days. However, the sturdy spirit of her Norse ancestors is in this unassuming girl and, having tasted glory, I don't think she is the type to let it evade her. If it should, by any chance, I'm sure she'll just "sit and wait" until the opportunity is right—and then, after coolly thinking out a campaign of attack, will probably walk right out into battle and recapture it.

In this style her entire career has been thought out.

To illustrate, she didn't try to crash Hollywood without any knowledge or preparation. When she determined for herself that it was the hard way, the uncertain way, to follow the "extra" route to success—she decided to study all about acting.

"I realized if I took a wrong step in approaching a film career I would be lost. I decided I must find the right way. So the first thing I did was get a dramatic coach. I took a lesson daily five days a week for eight months, and practiced three hours every day. After that I felt confident I could make a screen test, so I found an agent, and he was both kind and fortunate enough to secure a test for me for 'Marco Polo.' That is the story of my beginning."

But there is much more to it than that, because Miss Gurie saw to it that she was prepared with material when she met Mr. Goldwyn. She didn't make just the one test which the exacting producer requested—a test from a scene in "These Three." No, she was prepared to do scenes also from "Reunion in Vienna" and "Morocco." Each of these offered a contrasting mood to the other, so she had an opportunity to reveal the extent of her talent. That advance preparation showed headwork!



A rose between two thorns? It's Richard Greene, Alice Faye and hubby Tony Martin, top stars, at recent preview.

The result? She was immediately signed to a seven-year contract by Mr. Goldwyn. Her initial salary was small, but after the screening of "Marco Polo" it jumped to a high point, and it is reputed her weekly earnings are in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars.

But from the time she saw her first grown-up picture, which was "The Sea Hawk" with Milton Sills, she dreamed of only one thing—to be a picture actress.

About five years ago she received her parents' permission to go to London to study art, but that was a slight deception on her part, since she wanted to study acting, and furthermore, did. While in London she met Thomas W. Stewart, whom reports say had just come into an inheritance and also had screen ambitions.

Stewart and Miss Gurie, and Stewart's sister, and one or two other friends, all left on the same boat sailing for New York, and the ultimate destination—Hollywood!

Shortly after Miss Gurie arrived in the film center she and Stewart were married in the quaintly named town of Cucamonga, California, which proved to be quite an amusing target for the reporters during the divorce litigation. Her marriage was un-

known to most people even when Mr. Goldwyn announced her as his new discovery—and it was part of the pact of silence that no public mention be made of it.

However, the filing of the divorce notices broke that pact, and automatically hurled Miss Gurie's name into headlines. It also provoked the question as to whether she had perpetrated a "hoax" on Hollywood by not telling in the beginning that she was born in Brooklyn and that she was married.

One wonders what effect all of this will have upon Miss Gurie's career and upon herself. Judging by past precedents, the "hoax," if it was one, will not bear unfavorable fruit, insofar as her career is concerned. It might even give it momentum.

As far as she personally is concerned, the opinion may be ventured that henceforth she probably will pursue the Garbo method of aloofness. This is entirely possible, since Miss Gurie is serious and thoughtful by temperament, and her tastes do not follow the popular pattern of night clubs and the gay life. Aloofness and a certain social isolation might well be a suitable design for living for her, apart from her work. Then, too, it might be expedient and professionally discreet. It has proved so for Garbo. Thus far Sigrid Gurie is the first likely candidate for the Garbo crown, and, in fact, for the whole Garbo tradition.

plain jane

Continued from page 25

checks and Bette started crying, too. She had done it to embarrass me in front of the company, for a joke, and here she was just as embarrassed as I, so we had a good cry together. Then Mr. Litvak came over and said, "Happy birthday, Jane. That's all for to-day." It's things like this that make the movies more than just a job.

"That night Bette had me out to her home and we laughed about who was the one that really got the works and then, when I was ready to leave, she threw me a dog. I was never so thrilled. I'd been crazy for this little setter pup and here it was."

Bette Davis is Jane's best friend and severest critic. If there is ever any doubt about anything, a trip to Bette's dressing room is in order and there things are settled with Jane all ears and Bette giving her little friend the benefit of her experience.

As to Jane's histrionic ability, should there be any doubt let us repeat an observation of Beulah Bondi's concerning "Plair Jane." As you know, Beulah is an actress of note in the legitimate theater and since coming to Hollywood has been acclaimed one of the finest character actresses on the screen.

Said Miss Bondi, "I think you can tell when you work with a person if she has what it takes. There are so many out here who just walk through their assignments waiting till time to go home. But Jane is so different, so full of ambition. She will work hour after hour till late at night if necessary. I was interested to see her in this part as she goes from a very young girl to a young mother. I was amazed to see her take on the dignity that goes with motherhood. She has something upstairs and it works every minute she is before the camera. That girl will amount to something; she'll go far in the profession."

And there speaks an expert about a plain little girl called Jane Bryan.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 6

L	O	R	E	T	T	A	Y	O	U	N	G
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Y	O						E	N	D	V	A
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fortune hunters keep away

Continued from page 29

company to which she represents a most valuable property. Not the delightfully precocious nine-year-old on her best behavior before interviewers. Not the little girl of whom you may have caught one enchantingly golden glimpse when she was on parade.

None of these things are worth a tinker's dam. Shirley, unquestionably, has great charm.

No, what is Shirley the human-being like? When she acts on impulse what happens? Is she still charming, or is she a plain everyday nuisance? And off the record how does she get on with her co-workers? Is she more courteous to those in authority than she is to the grips, the property boys, and the minor supporting players? What about her attitude with her playmates? And how does she adjust to her position in the studios and the demands which it places upon her?

Let us answer these questions with illustrative incidents. At a time like this it is actions only that count.

A month or two ago, during Shirley's travels with her mother and father, a great and elegant party was given in her honor at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City.

There were members of the press among the guests, so Shirley's behavior generally doesn't count. She was under the watchful eye of her parents and a baker's dozen of press agents. She stood by her mother's side and smiled at the dozens of people who just simply had to speak to her because she looked such a little darling. Sometimes she broke out in a pun. You know how nine-year-olds are!

Mrs. Temple forgot Shirley long enough to ask some one what sort of clothes you wear in Bermuda. The press agents, too, were otherwise occupied, supplying some guests with details of the new Temple picture and others with tinkling glasses. It was then the *impulse* struck!

Shirley can travel fast. She ran the length of that long room, pell-mell. The last of the way she slid. She arrived at the little booth where guests had checked their wraps before the first two guests to leave could reach there. She put out her hand for the coat check one guest carried. She grinned triumphantly. The guest insisted she take ten cents with the check, for the tip. But Shirley shook her head so hard there was frightful confusion among her curls.

"You can't tip at my party!" she announced. "That's why I ran after you. To tell you!"

Shirley has been taught the laws of courtesy and she respects them, not in a docilely obedient way but because she gets a kick out of playing according to the rules.

Fair enough. She passes muster nicely here then. But what about the other con-

siderations? What, for instance, about her attitude with those who aren't as important in the studios as she is?

When Shirley was playing in "Now and Forever" she demanded a stand-in. She takes her work very seriously and, as she explained to her director, Gary Cooper had a stand-in and so did Carole Lombard. Marilyn Granis has been Shirley's stand-in since.

A short time ago I was on the Temple set. Shirley and Marilyn were sitting on the sidelines coloring paper dolls they had cut from a fashion magazine. The cameraman called Marilyn. He wanted to get the focus for the next shot. Shirley bounced up. Marilyn was coloring a doll that promised to be the loveliest yet and her lap was heaped with crayons. Shirley, very admiring, much preferred to stand in for herself than have Marilyn disturbed.

Shirley has a sense of democracy so complete that it makes her an aristocrat. For it never occurs to her that she cannot afford to be on equal terms with any one she likes, whatever their color, creed, or job.

But what about Shirley's attitude with her playmates away from the studio? Does she queen it over all? Does she believe the choice of games and everything else is hers, by sovereign right? Do the children she plays with call her a "pain in the neck" once they cease to be impressed with her as a celebrity?

I have to go back a year or two to answer this. It was then I visited with Gloria, Peggy, and young Harold Lloyd in their little Normandy playhouse at "Greenacres," their father's hilltop estate. Even small "Brother" lisped Shirley's name with awe. And they were, they told me, really going to meet her soon! It had been arranged that she was to come and play with them.

I hadn't met Shirley then and I trembled for the young Lloyds' illusions. They are nice healthy children and if Miss Temple proved otherwise I knew they would be crestfallen.

Since that time Shirley has played house with the Lloyds and romped over "Greenacres" with them many times. She also has been elected to membership in their exclusive club in which Jamie Bannister, Ann Harding's daughter, is the only other member. It is Gloria, the oldest of the group, who delivers their verdict on Shirley.

"We always have the most fun when Shirley comes over."

But how does she adjust to her position in the studios and to the responsibility this places upon her? This most important question has still to be answered. And the answer, I must confess, is equivocal. It depends!

Not long ago they decided it would be a good idea if Bill Robinson, who long had

been Shirley's dancing teacher, was replaced. One of the finest instructors in Hollywood was engaged. Shirley and this new instructor met and repaired to the dance studio to rehearse the new routines she would use in her next picture. The instructor naturally anticipated no difficulty with Shirley. He had seen her dance.

To his amazement, however, Shirley showed no aptitude whatever. She acted like a child who never had moved with music. At last, in despair, he suggested they begin all over, and that they start with the good old time-step, the first routine any dancer learns. But Shirley blundered her way through this, too. And she looked wretchedly unhappy.

The next day it was the same. And the day following. And the day after that. Shirley's instructor began to think her dancing scenes must have been done with mirrors.

Overhead on the new picture, including Shirley's salary, was mounting. Finally they let the new instructor go and called back Bill Robinson.

The first day Shirley went to work with Bill she was beaming. They warmed up on the time-step and then Bill introduced the first new routine. She took to it like a duck to water and at the end of the first hour they were hitting it off in grand style.

Bill, who had heard about the difficulty of course, stood back and wiped his dark brow. "Honey," he said, "you're the same natural-born hooper you always was. Why couldn't you dance for that other feller?"

Shirley laughed. Loud. Long. When she could speak she said, "Why Uncle Bill, I wasn't going to do anything for him. What do you think? That I'd let any one else in on our secrets?"

She had preferred to appear stupid and she wittingly had held up production, even though she is proud of being a good trouper, because she would not be disloyal, according to her childish lights, to her dear, good friend, Uncle Bill.

So there you have Shirley . . . sans grease paint . . . sans spotlight. . . .

Her fortune undoubtedly will loom as a honeypot for titled and impecunious foreigners. It would be the most understandable thing if, having lost her fame and importance, she became ambitious for social acclaim and fell easy prey for those with old-world charm. With a purchasing power that will make it possible for her to buy almost everything, she might easily make the mistake of thinking she could buy happiness, too.

The set-up for the Barbara Hutton jinx to overtake Shirley is perfect, really, except for one little thing . . . Shirley herself. But that makes the odds all in her favor!

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frenchmen prefer—wives!

Continued from page 63

Yet I think there are times when he should be a bit more resolute, for the sake of balance.

"When I first came over in 1936 my idea of the American girl had been gained largely from books and films. I was impressed, as I got around, with her passion for real romance and her ability to dress so smartly on so little. In France, girls of the middle classes simply haven't got the money for all these beautiful things.

"But I was struck by two observations. One was the tendency to copy so much; it is done at a sacrifice of individuality. The other was the trend here toward masculine clothes. Maybe it's the sport motive. Whatever the cause, it is a danger, if carried too far, to feminine character.

"This all influences romance, but I am broad-minded enough to realize you are a new country, breeding a new race, working out problems in your own way. The new desire to own a home will make people want to stick together, which is good. In France the girl *loves* her home; in America she *likes* it. One evening my wife and I invited a couple we were visiting in Hollywood to join us for a gay evening, and were astounded by the hostess's reply. She said her husband would doubtless be delighted to accept, but that she had a bridge engagement that night. In France this would be fantastic—if it could happen at all. Wives go where husbands go, not in a spirit of sacrifice, but one of companionship.

"True romance in any language," he remarked, "is true and faithful love put on a sensible basis where there is no cause for jealousy. In my life jealousy is unknown, although naturally I could expect it if I gave cause."

Gravet is so wrapped up in his family



A couple of good fellers getting together. Bob Burns and Bing warming up their pipes for their air show.

that I daresay if it came to a choice between it and his career the career would lose. His home is sacred to him as it is only to a Frenchman. There are, in fact, two homes: one in St. Cloud, suburban Paris; the other an estate near Tours, in lovely Touraine.

Besides his charming wife, Gravet's family consists of an adopted son, now five, his mother, who is seventy-two, and his mother-

in-law, who is seventy-seven. There's a saying that a man who loves and respects his mother will be likewise to his wife. Well, Monsieur Gravet has gone this one better. He also loves and respects his mother-in-law. He is passionately devoted to the two elderly ladies, and I am persuaded that this devotion is in no small part responsible for his success in private and professional life.

And right here the winsome Fernand let me in on a little secret. You've probably read all about his early refusal to accept Hollywood contracts; how Mervyn LeRoy, his sponsor, had to wheedle him into signing with Warners. It is true that he was diffident about accepting, because he feared the fate of other European stars at the hands of Hollywood—Charles Boyer, Maurice Chevalier, Anna Sten, Francis Lederer. He had great prestige at home—why risk it abroad?

Well, the truth is young Monsieur Gravet actually staved off those rosy Hollywood offers because of the prospect of leaving his mother! But she finally prevailed upon him to go. He keeps constantly in touch with her when he is abroad, always consulting her about his career. "There are plenty of productions," he said wistfully, "but only one mother."

This filial attachment to his home no

doubt stems from his rollicking days during and after the War. Son of the famous Belgian stage couple, Leopold and Fernande Mertens, he escaped with them, when war broke out, to Holland and later to England. There, at Hammersmith, in St. Paul's School, he got his education and a fluency of English speech which has moderated, through polyglot travels and work, to a cross between American and Colonial in diction.

After the armistice, his father dead, he accompanied his mother on tour with a stock company, graduating from baggage master and bit player to a full-fledged actor. His first success, however, came on the Paris stage. Here he met Mlle. Renourdt in 1923, courted her passionately, and in 1926 they were married.

As for his future, Fernand has some pretty definite ideas. Listen: "An actor's career, no matter how famous he is, doesn't last long. I want to hold on to mine as long as possible. Then I shall direct."

I haven't any doubts as to Fernand Gravet's success with a megaphone, either. For in his early days he worked in all branches of the technical side of the business. But it will be a long time, I hope, before his public will want him to be shouting "Camera!"

madcap martha

Continued from page 55

years than Martha. If two people were ever destined to make each other happy and contented, those two are David and Martha. Buddy Westmore was never very interested in music; David—a fine musician and well-known arranger—lives for music. He found in Martha a girl who knew what he was talking about when he discussed the subject nearest his heart, a girl who shared his passionate love for everything from swing to symphony. His gentleness and understanding are as food and drink to Martha, and his intelligence is above the petty annoyances which malign most inhabitants of the Hollywood goldfish bowl.

The last time I visited Martha, she and Bob Hope were engaged in a bit of tomfoolery for one of the last sequences of "Give Me a Sailor." "Open your mouth wider, Martha," the director ordered before the final take. After the scene had been shot, Martha joined me on the side lines where I had been waiting for her. She was ill—very ill—but she had left a sickbed to avoid holding up production. Her nurse came over to spray her throat. "Open your mouth wider, Miss Raye." I heard her say to the effervescent comedienne.

Martha looked at me sadly and then she attempted a smile. Her heart obviously was not in it. "Clara Bow made the world 'It' conscious, Marlene Dietrich made them leg conscious—but it certainly took Raye to make them mouth conscious," she said and then, almost as though she was speaking to herself, she added: "Oh, well, let them laugh at me. At least, my large mouth can't complain about lack of food these days!"

That afternoon on the set, Martha and I reminisced about the old days. "People who were always my friends are still my friends," said Martha, "but a lot of casual acquaintances who once did not even acknowledge my 'Hello' seem offended now because I only greet them instead of throwing my arms around them in mad abandon.

For a long time that worried me terribly. I knew they said unkind things behind my back. Now at last I've resigned myself to the fact that I have no way of preventing their talk—I simply try to dismiss it from my mind entirely."

Are Martha's spirited efforts to make herself glamorous of late to be catalogued as pose or pretense? I think not. When she was performing at the Chez Paree she often spoke to me regretfully about her lack of beautiful clothes. Sometimes, shamfacedly and nervously, she would ask me to let her wear my evening coat because she had a particularly important date. I never refused her because she was so obviously a girl who really loved and deserved nice things.

Martha's struggle to make herself glamorous and lovely can be laid to three reasons: A pitiful desire to make the public forget her big mouth and concentrate on her attractiveness; a very genuine interest in style and fashion and a quite human urge to have her fiancé—who really felt that way all the time—consider her the prettiest and best-groomed girl in a city where competition is keen.

A word about Martha's question-mark future would not be amiss at this point. Did you ever hear Martha when she had dropped her "jitter-bug" attitude and forgotten to "swing it"? Have you ever listened to that rich, tremulous voice grow sweet, slow and sad in a dramatic ballad?

Martha has the same depth, the same stirring melody magic that once distinguished the beloved Nora Bayes. She is an artist to her very finger tips. She can take a tawdry popular ballad, a shallow hit-for-a-day, and imbue it with a fine, lasting emotional greatness. Martha will never play *Juliet*—or even the hapless *Camille*—but she'll do something just as poignant and every bit as effective. And when she does—it will be set to music.

handle with care

Continued from page 46

Despite her reputation for being a fastidious beauty, Livvy has had her share of the Hollywood beaux. John Howard, for one, and Billy Bakewell, David Niven, Brian Aherne, plus some non-glamour males. She has also met up with the Pursuant-Director type, the French-Playwright type, the Persistent-Producer type, and all the others. What she likes in a man is not what any of the latter think, either. "A man's appearance isn't terribly important to me," she says. "He must be interesting, but he doesn't have to be handsome. I like an amusing, witty man."

An additional requisite is that he be a loquacious fellow. Livvy doesn't like to talk—much. Half the time she yells for her sister, also an actress—they live with their mother, Mrs. Lillian Fontaine—and because of a Solemn Agreement Not To Infringe Upon Each Other's Public Lives we can't tell you Livvy's sister's name . . . anyway, she yells for her sister to come into the living room and help talk to the gentleman caller. Her sister's time is pretty well taken up by Conrad Nagel these days, which is a hint for you, dear reader, so Livvy must fall back on her own vocal resources when there are callers in the parlor.

Regarding worries—as mentioned earlier—Livvy's are not *if* she will find the Right Man, but *if* she has let him slip by, unrecognized.

"There is so much *charm* in Hollywood," she says, with heavy emphasis on the word. "Too much charm. You build up a wall to protect yourself from it, because you know it can't all be genuine, and that you must defend yourself and not be influenced by it. And then you wonder if, in saving yourself, you have not let the real thing go by. Perhaps among these charming men who have murmured charming things to you, there

really is *one* who means it." Her antidote for too much masculine charm is unbeatable. She keeps her heart in control. And her head.

Olivia Mary arrived in pictures by the "classics" route. She played *Hermia* for Herr Doktor Max Reinhardt, late of Salzburg, in his production of "Midsummer Night's Dream." She might have gone to Mills' College in Oakland, California, on a scholarship—she doesn't tell her romancers

about *that*—but she chose a film career. Now she frankly admits that she is sorry. Not at all intoxicated by the glamour-making routine through which she has been put in the process of becoming a stellar personality, she appreciates the value of a formal education. "If I had it to do over again—" she says . . .

But that belongs to another story. If she had it to do again, she would finish college, then invade Hollywood.



Women by the thousands will testify that their husbands are not so restless and nervous when they smoke a pipe. So, if your husband needs to relax, help him to start smoking a pipe under ideal conditions that almost guarantee in advance that he will like it from the very first puff. This unusual offer introduces pipe smoking at its best.

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just as you know that you cannot get the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a rump steak price. We gladly pay premium prices to give men a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means *no tongue bite* and permits the full enjoyment of its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

SECOND: A handsome *Signature* Pipe (made by Linkman) that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "Broken-In") with genuine Edgeworth. It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give your husband an added interest in this pipe, we engrave *his own personal signature* in gold color on the pipe stem. No pipe so personal.

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hands up!

Continued from page 43

whose picture is on this page, told me about keeping her legs as soft and velvety as her hands. Winter and summer she uses this hand lotion on them that I've been raving about. As a consequence she can go stockingless any time she feels like it, and you wouldn't know. You want soft, white, smooth legs, too, don't you? Then ask me about this magic lotion at the same time you ask about the hair-removing gadget.

Now I must tell you about an exciting new shampoo that has just been put out by a famous laboratory that makes a specialty of unusual cosmetic aids. This new shampoo was created especially for girls with bleached hair, to make it soft and pliant and do away with that wiry feeling. Men hate fuzzy hair. Haven't you often wished you had soft, silky hair like Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers?

It's no secret that many stars have their hair dyed—not from vanity but because the camera demands highlights and certain shades. Many a red-headed star to-day was a brunette yesterday.

I know this is true of Barbara Stanwyck because I met her some years ago when she was on the New York stage and her hair was brown. The next time I saw her she was walking off a movie set, arm in arm with Joan Crawford (one of her best friends) whom she was visiting. I said to some one near me, "Who is that red-haired girl?" You could have knocked me over with a baby's breath when I was told "Why, that's Barbara Stanwyck."

Ginger Rogers's hair is touched up, too. But the stars simply won't have coarse and wiry hair and neither need you. This new shampoo will prevent it.

It comes in a luscious lavender bakelite jar and is of the consistency of thick whipped cream. You simply make a lather on your hands and then apply it to your hair. And what a lather! And what a soft sheen it leaves! I know because I use it myself. I'm a regular guinea pig; I try anything once. You can really depend on the products I ask you to use.

So do write me for the name of this marvelous shampoo. Whether your hair is wiry or not you'll appreciate the results. And for the price (it's only \$1 for a large jar) you can have *twenty-five shampoos!*

It really isn't possible to discuss beauty without speaking about our faces, is it?

So, recalling how interested you were to know more about Mary Pickford's beauty secrets when I told you about seeing her at the cocktail party she gave to announce her entrance into the cosmetic world this fall—I nabbed lovely Mary and said:

"What do you believe is the most important thing for a girl to do if she wants a healthy, clear skin?"

Without hesitation, Mary replied: "Soap and water, in addition to a pure cleansing cream." And when Mary's own cosmetic line is for sale you will find these two items prominently displayed.

Bette Davis, Myrna Loy and Ruby Keeler all assure me their faces get a soap-and-water bath at least twice daily but that they are very careful about the brand of soap they use. There is one which, strangely enough, they all agreed on, and I was delighted because in my opinion it is the very best facial soap—and here's why.

A group of important dermatologists (skin doctors in everyday lingo) made experiments thusly. They hired some people with very sensitive skins and on the arms of each they put a smear of a number of different brands of soap, covering each with tape and

leaving them on twenty-four hours. This particular soap I want you to use rated the highest. It caused absolutely no skin irritation or dryness, and was the soap the dermatologists recommended for such bad skin conditions as blackheads, pimples and acne. It makes an extremely light, foamy lather and washes away easily, which some soaps don't, and that is why you get that dry, masklike feeling after.

I suggest that you ask me for the name and start using it *to-day*, because it is one excellent way to wash off the dead and brown cuticle on your skin surface that any minute now is going to look like a dirty tan and—worse still—may clog your pores and cause goodness knows what kind of skin trouble. If you supplement this with a bleaching treatment (you can make your own bleach at home) you will have a pretty winter face in a miraculously short time.

The juice of a lemon, or half a lemon rubbed over the face and allowed to dry is a quick and harmless bleach. So is peroxide diluted with water, but watch out that it doesn't bleach your brows and lashes.

I WANT YOUR LETTERS!

Why not sit down now and write me a letter about your beauty problems? Now don't say you haven't any because you have. We all have. And I want to help make you as sweet and pretty and alluring as you can be.

Have you a poor skin? Brittle nails? Oily hair? Or do you want to know how to wear your hair so that your face will look thinner, your nose smaller? And you certainly want to know all about that marvelous new *liquid* lipstick that doesn't smear your handkerchief or napkin because it is really indelible!

All right then—why not ask me about it and let me solve your beauty problems? Address your letter to Elita Wilson, Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope.

I seem to be putting the cart before the horse because before soaping or bleaching you should first remove all make-up with a good, pure cleansing cream. I know of such a one that is used in all good hospitals and is especially recommended for new babies. In liquid form it is put up their little noses and their ears are cleansed with it—so you can see how pure it is. Personally I suggest it for any one who has a tendency to blackheads or large pores because it becomes a fine, delicate oil as soon as it hits your face, sinks deep into the pores, and actually "floats" out dirt particles—whereas heavy cleansing creams are hard to get out of the pores. Furthermore—if you need any stronger argument—it is the one cleansing cream that such stars as Norma Shearer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Miriam Hopkins, use for both the removal of heavy panchromatic make-up (used for taking pictures) and street make-up. A jar is 50c and a whole *pound tin* only \$1. I know you will want the name of this!

And I know, too, that you will want the name of a perfectly grand tissue for removing your make-up that is the best I've come

across. It is soft in texture, yet no tiny particles stick to your face and cause the danger of clogging pores. Forgive me if I talk so much about clogged pores, but they cause so much skin trouble!

These same tissues are fine for removing surplus lipstick, as you will notice cutie-pie Priscilla Lane is doing in the accompanying picture on this page. It's really the only way, you know, to get away from that horrid "painted" effect that gives such a hard expression to the mouth. It also gives the lipstick a more smooth and even look.

Again I repeat that these tissues are the favorites of the Hollywood glamour gals, for the above reasons. So they ought to be good for you and me. Four hundred come in the large box and the price is ridiculously cheap for such a high-grade product. Write me for the name.

Did you know that you probably have one of the best facial masks right on your kitchen shelf? It's a newly discovered use for an old-established food product. The only other ingredients you need are $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda, the white of one egg and two tablespoons of witch-hazel. I'll be glad to give you further directions as to mixing and applying—as well as the name—if you will drop me a line. Don't miss this bet! It will stimulate circulation, tighten up your pores and thoroughly cleanse your skin. And think how ridiculously little it costs. I got the recipe from Anita Louise, whose name I had vowed not to mention again this month. But how can I help it? She's so beautiful!

And now, before I say good-bye for another month, let's speak briefly about a subject very close to us—that "personal daintiness" business we are all so conscious of in summer but are apt to neglect in winter—and shouldn't. Because, especially in the early fall when we are wearing woolen and silk clothes, there is always a warm, perspiry day, or a hectic one when we go barging around on fun or business bent, when the sweat glands become overly active. You really don't want to offend with even the tiniest hint of perspiration odor, do you?

Then let me give you the name of the one deodorant that is advised for winter use. It really lasts all day. You just apply it before leaving home. It actually *soothes* your skin, too, and will not discolor or in any way harm fabrics even though you apply it after you're dressed. Comes in three sizes—one for your purse.

But to make sure you are thoroughly sweet and desirable, you will want to put into your bath a few drops of a new and fragrant deodorant that comes in ten enticing scents. Just a few drops, mind you, with the water turned on full force, and you have a bath that's not only refreshing with its twelve inches and more of foam, but is actually fun to take. (Especially grand for hard water.) It's a bath fit for a queen—and all the movie queens use it.

So why don't you buy yourself a bottle for that early-morning plunge and that after-work pick-me-up before you sally forth on an important date? I have a bottle of it right here before me, and any minute now I'll be frolicking about in foam *this* high! "On account of because" I've gotten all hot writing this long article, and I'm tired, and *Somebody Auctully Important* is coming to take me dining and dancing. Beauty editors are human, too, you know!

(P. S. Be sure and write me for the name of this slick new bath product. You can afford it.)

scouting the sound stages

Continued from page 40

filming of "Youth Takes a Fling" at Universal.

The big sound stage had been converted into Hollywood's largest indoor lake. On it, huge Director Archie Mayo, who tips the scales at a mighty figure, rode in a canoe, and from this canoe could do such marvelous directorial things as turning on the sun, turning off the moon, and blowing the wind down.

Andrea and Joel sat at the end of the pier on the lake. Sailboats and canoes floated past, whipped along by the wind from the big wind machine. Joel, who up to this point has been an unwilling victim of love, is about to succumb to the charms of the gorgeous Andrea.

The scene nears an end. Suddenly there is a loud—very loud—splash. Every one stops in surprise and looks around. In the lake, and looking sheepish as well as exceedingly damp, is Director Mayo.

He could stop the sun, start the moon, and blow the wind down. But when he stood up in the canoe, he couldn't combat Newton's little law of gravity!

"The Show Goes On!"—When Warner Brothers decided to film "The Sisters," with Anatole Litvak directing, they picked one of those terrific casts jammed with box-office names. Like to hear a few of them? O. K.: Errol Flynn, Bette Davis, Patric Knowles, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Beulah Bondi, Alan Hale, Laura Hope Crews, Ian Hunter. There are more, too, but this can't go on forever.

Bette Davis was "emoting" a scene in which she supposedly was very ill. You know—the "where am I?" sort of thing, with a young girl named Lee Patrick telling her all the answers.

As a matter of fact, Bette has been fighting off a case of laryngitis for days. She was feeling about as woozy as the scene demanded. As the scene drew to a close, Bette was supposed to lie on her downy couch in great pain, with nothing but silence registering on the mike. But as soon as Litvak called, "Cut!" Bette went into a terrific coughing spell. It wasn't in the script—it was real. No, it's no cinch being a movie star when you don't feel good.

"White Collars" Again.—Some years ago a play came out which eventually was done in most every hamlet from coast to coast—a neat comedy called "White Collars." Metro was doing a film version when I visited the lot, this time under the title of "Rich Man, Poor Girl."

Bob Young, Lew Ayres, Guy Kibbee and Rita Johnston were just winding up a scene when we arrived.

Rita came over and said, "Did you ever see the play?"

"Sure," I said; "in fact, I played in it years ago."

She raised her eyebrows. "I didn't know you were an actor," she said doubtfully.

"I wasn't," I told her, truthfully. "But in high school I thought I was."

Bob Young yawned and said, "Whewie,

I'm still worn out from the premiere of 'Marie Antoinette.'"

"So am I," Lew chimed in. "Let's go to the beach for the rest of the day and sleep under the sun."

"O. K.," said Bob, but just then Director Schunzel began ringing bells and calling for action, so the lads came back down to earth and went to work.

Modest Judy.—Judy Garland was just finishing a scene for "Listen, Darling," over on Stage 9 at Metro. She was playing it with Mary Astor, who looked lovely.

Presently Judy was through, and she turned to us. I couldn't resist telling her she was a wow at the preview a few nights before—the picture called "Love Comes to Andy Hardy."

"Gee—thanks," Judy said. "Truth is that Mickey Rooney and I—we went together to see it, thought the show was the best of the series. But we didn't think we were so very good ourselves. It was the whole thing that we liked."

"What about this one, Judy?" I asked her.

"I'll tell you something," she said. "I like this rôle better than anything I've ever done. In fact, it's the first rôle that I've really liked to date. No fooling."

In "Listen, Darling" Judy doesn't think her mother, Mary Astor, should marry the rich banker, Alan Hale. So she enlists the aid of friend Freddie Bartholomew to find a better candidate. Eventually they meet a roaming photographer, Walter Pidgeon, and they consider the match to have been made.

Olivia de Havilland
in
"Four's A Crowd"
A Warner Bros.
Production



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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 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Secret Make-Up".....FREE

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Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
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hollywood gossip

Continued from page 12

CAROLE'S HEALTHY—YES, INDEED.

—Carole Lombard in poor health? Nonsense! Since she has been going with Clark Gable, Carole has had an abundance of outdoor life and exercise. I've never seen her look better or appear so vivacious. Which is saying a lot for a girl with Carole's irrepressible personality.

MEBBE He Was Kidding.—Shirley Ross buys antiques because she likes the antiquity part of it, but recently, when she picked up a set of Louis XIV furniture for sixty dollars at an auction, she did more than gather in some dusty chairs.

A man from the San Francisco exposition saw the set at an upholstery shop where it was being renovated, promptly went to Shirley and offered her three thousand dollars for the outfit. Shirley turned him down, and later was told by friends that she should at least have rented the chair and divan to him.

Now Shirley is looking for her would-be benefactor to try and make such a deal. Unfortunately, she forgot to get his name.

CAVIAR for the "Boys."—You can always find a party going on at Victor Hugo's in Beverly Hills. Joe Penner threw a big one there, complete with dinner and fifteen acts of vaudeville. But it wasn't done to impress his fellow celebrities. The guests were members of his technical crew at RKO—not a top hat in the bunch.

CAREFUL Where You Sit.—There is one chair at Pat O'Brien's house that is forever startling guests. When you sit down in it a music box starts playing Irish jigs! Mrs. O'Brien (Eloise) wanted to get rid of it, but the thing appealed too much to Pat's sense of humor.

OAKIE Diets Again.—Jack Oakie has lost so much weight that he looks like a different man. He has sealed sixty pounds off that former weight of 210. Consequently, when he was introduced to a stage star the other day, the other man said, "Oh, yes—I've met your father. You two look much alike."

MY, My, Professional Models.—Amos 'n' Andy are proving to be two of the most avid camera fans in town. They don't run around

snapping photos of other celebrities, however. Instead, they have complete labs in their homes and hire professional models to pose for them.

MR. GABLE "Took" It.—Clark Gable has had many a joke played on him because he takes each one big—albeit good-naturedly. Recently, when they were filming a Chinese war scene on the set of "Too Hot to Handle," Clark was supposed to be buried under falling debris.

The scene was taken twice, and finally orders were issued for a third shot. So, following the usual procedure, they covered him with a few hundred large pieces of debris, with lighter hunks scheduled to drop when the camera started clicking.

And then came the rib. Once he was fully pinned under the mess, the director called time off for lunch, and every one deserted the set. Gable was unable to move, so he just lay there shouting things which don't look too nice in print.

After he had done enough well-rounded expostulating, one of the grinning members of the crew suddenly "remembered" his predicament and returned to the scene. Gable is still thinking ways and means of vengeance.



Leonard Penn lights up a cigarette for wifey, Gladys George. Both give fine performances in "Marie Antoinette."

SOME Eat Straw Hats.—Whizzing along a quiet avenue, I found Arthur Treacher toiling in a neighbor's garden. "I bet Tom Dugan three days' work in the garden that I'd get a studio call before he did," Treacher explained. "He got the work call first, so I have to do his work. It doesn't rhyme."

franchot faces the future

Continued from page 37

"There have been rumors that the studio was 'letting me go.' That is not true. I have been offered a most generous contract by MGM, but I still feel that I will be better off to try my luck at free-lancing. Besides I still want to work in the theater.

"The New York Group Theater played such an important part in my early training that I have never lost my desire to return to it. Clifford Odets, who started out as an actor and is now one of our foremost playwrights, has written a play for me to do when I return to New York this fall.

"I have no intention of leaving Hollywood for good. As long as I am wanted in pictures I will be available. The New York play season starts in late fall and winter. It is short and usually ends around June 1st—with the coming of summer. I will be eager to return to Hollywood then, if I am wanted. Five years, however, is a long time to be away. I don't even know if I will be liked or accepted in New York. So much depends on my first play. But—I hope so.

"Pictures reward the actor with the comforts of success, but the stage is the place for professional growth and progress. I hope to be able to do fewer and better parts, for I think an actor's career lasts longer this way, and people don't tire of him so easily."

If their marriage had not crashed, Joan and Franchot were planning on being in New York and working on the stage at the same time. It was to be an ideal arrangement. The terms of Joan's new contract allow her six consecutive months out of each year to use as her very own. The other six months belong to the studio, keeping her in Hollywood. The expiration of this new contract marks seventeen years of achievement in Hollywood for Joan. Now she wants to conquer the theater.

No doubt, their recent separation automatically changes these plans. And yet it is impossible for their friends to know what the outcome will be. I doubt if even

Franchot and Joan know. So far the Tones are living in separate abodes and they do not immediately plan a divorce. They are remaining conspicuously quiet—are far too upset and much too discreet to make any statements just now.

At the present time Franchot has taken comfortable bachelor quarters in a new apartment building in Beverly Hills. Joan naturally remains in the home she and Franchot planned together. With Franchot is David, a loyal servant who came to California with him from New York. David is a good cook and knows Franchot's habits.

Under the most happy conditions Franchot isn't one who talks freely about his personal business. So it's needless to mention that he has absolutely nothing to say about his present predicament. It's understandable why the closest friends of both Franchot and Joan are blissfully unaware of just what caused the breach. They hope, of course, that it will not be permanent.

"I can't tell what the future holds for me," says Franchot. "I will know better after I have done my play. Naturally, my plans are mostly centered in Hollywood. I love it here. I love the easy way that people can live. I'm a bit lazy at times, so I love the informality of Hollywood life. But I'll just have to be patient and see what happens. I feel nothing but gratefulness for everything pertaining to Hollywood and my life here. I hope I shall never have to leave it for good."

In November Franchot Tone will be free of all contract obligations. By that time he may know the future course of his domestic life. His plans are all made and he is eager to be off and start New York rehearsals. He is looking forward to being with the workers of the Group Theater again, renewing his friendship with those of the theatrical world that has remained so close to his heart. Let us hope that *all* the things closest to his heart—shall remain with Franchot always.



Johnny Davis gives his lungs a workout. He'll be in "Garden of the Moon" with Margaret Lindsay and Pat O'Brien.

is ty power on new love quest?

Continued from page 23

heart—then I'd better stick to stag poker games and quiet evenings by the fireside. Now is there anything I can tell you about my work?"

The lady's face was red, as well it might be.

Things have come to a pretty pass in Hollywood when a twenty-three-year-old star, famous, handsome and as likable as Ty can't have any fun out of a Hollywood contract because he's threatened with a love-'em-and-leave-'em reputation that in time might have an effect on his career.

Sad as it may be to the Hollywood glamour girls who have been keeping their fingers crossed, hoping to be "next" in Tyrone's love life now that his long romance with Janet is over—they might as well forget it. To all outward appearances, at least, it doesn't look as if there is going to be any steady "next" for a long, long time.

What is it about this frank, utterly engaging young man that makes his Hollywood romances so "serious" and involved? Answer that question and you've solved Tyrone's heart problem. Certainly when he first came to Hollywood he was far more impressed than consciously impressing the beautiful women he met. Ty hadn't yet made "Lloyds of London," and was therefore just another young actor waiting for a break when I first met him at a swimming-pool party. Several glamour "name" stars were there, and to me it was amusing that this handsome son of a famous theatrical father was as impressed at seeing and talking to them as any fan would have been.

In effect, the glamour girls were cordial (movie queens are usually cordial to admiring subjects) but I doubt if any one of them would have accepted a date to go with him to the Trocadero—even if Ty had had the wherewithal to take them—which he didn't.

Then "Lloyds of London"—fame and fortune—and overnight Tyrone was something far more than a "nice kid." He was important—he was somebody. He was, in a nutshell, just about the most important male star on the Fox lot after one picture. And that matters in Hollywood.

From that moment on I think the eager women of Hollywood terrified Ty a little bit, though he was far too poised in spite of his youth to admit it. How different were the parties he attended. Though Ty gallantly tried to pretend he wasn't even noticing it, he spent one whole evening attempting to dodge the romantic attentions of an older woman who pursued him from the dance floor to the buffet table and back again in the fond hope of adding his scalp to the impressive collection of movie heroes already on her belt.

Younger girls fluttered at him. Older women were more direct. Even many of our foremost married hostesses called him on the phone to see if they could snap him to lionize their next intimate little party of fifty or sixty.

That was the status of affairs when Sonja Henie came into his life. In many ways I think the ensuing love story between these two has been the most misunderstood interlude in their lives so far.

In the very beginning there is little doubt it was sponsored by the publicity department. The reasons were obvious. First, both Sonja and Tyrone were rising young stars on the same lot. Secondly the studio was beginning to be worried about too much feminine adulation over their fair-haired boy. With Sonja—well, she knew very few people in Hollywood and Ty was a charming

escort. And with Tyrone—his friendship with the little Henie was a marvelous protection against more hectic ones. That was in the beginning.

Of course they fell in love. Propinquity is a wonderful aid to Cupid and they were young, handsome, healthy and successful. But Sonja herself is the authority for the truth of the statement: "We were never engaged, Tyrone and I. If the columnists made it seem that we were that is their mistake, not ours."

To this day they might have remained friends, instead of casual nodding acquaintances if those embarrassing stories that Sonja's heart was broken over the termination of their romance had not cropped up. It put Sonja in the position of explaining. It put Tyrone in the position of not being able to say anything.

It stands to reason that proud little Sonja's pride was hurt. The entire affair was apparently no one's fault—but there it was, a very real thing between them, an "outside" belief that she was broken up over Tyrone. It made them self-conscious to be together, and as their warm friendship waned the stories grew stronger and stronger.

The next romantic interlude in Tyrone's life was a short one with Loretta Young. But it is just another fallacy that Loretta was as "miffed" as Sonja when he started going steadily with Janet Gaynor. The truth of the matter is that Ty escorted Loretta to a couple of night clubs while Director Eddie Sutherland (her real heart at the time) was on location with a picture.

Janet Gaynor was one of the two real romances of Ty's life so far. I know they are both saying they were "just friends" now, but that is hard to believe. When they were together in public it was as if they were in a world of their own. They had certain little out-of-the-way places where they liked to eat—the romantic setting of The Tropics, for instance. When they danced Janet always removed her hat and Tyrone's cheek nestled against her titian curls.

But as happy as they were together, and as poignantly as this love may have touched both of them, I think they must have realized in their hearts that there were too many obstacles in the way of matrimony. First, there was the differences in their ages—Janet being eight years his senior. Then there is little doubt his studio does not want Tyrone to marry for years yet.

Any place but Hollywood they might have called it all off to the tune of "Thanks For The Memories," but this romance—like the one with Sonja—was destined to end in a fanfare of comment. It reached its climax when a Selznick press agent practically had Janet "engaged" to young Richard Carlson, her hero in "The Young In Heart," before Tyrone could be seen in public with another fair charmer.

Through it all I think Tyrone has wondered a little, amazed and certainly surprised at his "heartbreaker" rôle. No wonder he is becoming cynical and ill at ease when he even so much as dines with a girl. In all, it is a peculiar and amazing situation for a twenty-three-year-old boy who a scant three years ago would have had a hard time making a date with a famous Hollywood lady!

But you can bank on this: In the future you will be hearing less and less about Tyrone's love life. The most romantic hero of them all is retiring from the romantic spotlight!



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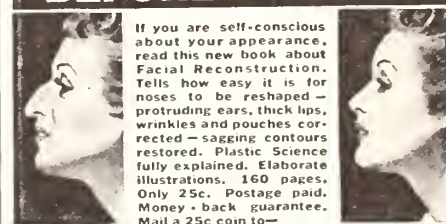
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picture play's reviews

Continued from page 15

"Professor, Beware!"—Paramount. Harold Lloyd's back, and for an hour or two all's right with the world. The wait has been worth it: the old gags are new again. Not for Mr. Lloyd the vagaries of drawing-room innuendo; his milieu is all outdoors, from California to New York. The ground is pretty thoroughly covered, too, before *Egyptologist Dean Lambert* and *Jane Van Buren* (Phyllis Welch) are clutched at last in one another's arms. The continuity is jumpy, as these comedies go; but so are the players which makes for a kind of mad consistency. The construction is awkward, so that just when you are reaching for your hat, the best part—a scream of a chase, culminating in a water-front battle—arrives; but the surprise is its own justification. Harold racing along the roof of a lengthy freight train to escape being swept into a tunnel; Harold pretending to imitate a chicken, to "cover up" for the live one hidden under his coat (remember the small horse in "The Milky Way"?); Harold driving around in a peripatetic tent, to the consternation of the pursuing cops; Harold rampant in the streets, like a modern Til Eulenspiegel, an-outraged mob at his heels . . . these are highspots. Miss Welch, a newcomer, is a cute bundle; Raymond Walburn, Lionel Stander, and William Frawley increase the merriment. "Professor, Beware!" not only revives the phenomenon of laughter; it remembers the forgotten man in the audience.

"Four's a Crowd."—Warners. Too much of what was never a very good thing; screwball comedy. Apparently this is based on the fallacious notion that, unlike Lot's wife, audiences never look back—for there isn't the slightest attempt to make one incident jibe with another. A likable cast is wasted on staccato shouts and rapid movements—sound and fury, signifying nothing. If they weren't such an ingratiating lot in themselves, you couldn't stand it. The oncoming Errol Flynn, who takes naturally to farce, even when clad only in shorts; Olivia de Havilland, who is adorable in anything; Patric Knowles, a second David Niven (or is it the other way around?), and Rosalind Russell, who is a bit too militantly womanish for my taste, comprise the romantic foursome. But I still haven't figured out who loved whom—and what's more, I don't care. Walter Connolly is again the apocryphic millionaire (he plays with toy trains, which is a happy thought visually), and Hugh Herbert and Melville Cooper as justice of the peace and butler, respectively, join in the fray. The affair does prove that when a man—even a Flynn—bites a dog, it's not necessarily good news.

"Little Miss Broadway."—20th Century Fox. Little Miss Temple's smile is as winning as ever; for the rest, she dances, sings, and screws up her face dolefully as required, in about that decreasing order of success. All things being comparative, Shirley's latest programmer may be classed as an improvement over "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" while not escaping the same general category. Again the background is show business; the curly star is depicted as an orphan adopted by old *Pop Shea*, proprietor of a run-down theatrical hotel filled

with midgets, acrobats, sister acts, Jimmy Durante and El Brendel. When cantankerous *Sarah Wendling* (Edna May Oliver) threatens to foreclose, *Nephew Roger* (George Murphy) and *Brother Willoughby* (Donald Meek) come to the rescue of Shirley and *Pop*. Mr. Murphy and Miss Temple perform a couple of nice tap routines together, and Mr. Meek exhibits unusual gumption, but the other names in the cast are little more than walk-ons. Among them are, additionally, Phyllis Brooks, George Barbier, Patricia Wilder, the Brewster Twins, Brian Sisters, et cetera. "We Should Be Together" is a smooth tune, and the finale is a courtroom show which at least convinces the judge. Irving Cummings is to be credited with direction which keeps within reasonable bounds.

"The Texans."—Paramount. A typical "southern western," this spectacle of a chapter of reconstruction days falls disappointingly short of the epic bull's-eye for which it aims. A singularly lackluster Joan Bennett is featured as the die-hard Dixie belle who, against the repeated warnings of Randolph Scott, ex-Confederate soldier, is still determined to fight the war that has ended. To secure the intervention of Maximilian of Mexico, she sets out to drive 10,000 head of longhorns across the border. The story endeavors to dramatize the conflict between two viewpoints—here and Mr. Scott's—with his wiser counsel prevailing at last. The cattle are driven instead to Abilene, Kansas, for the northern market. Unfortunately the spectator is never able to whip up the enthusiasm required; but the actors themselves do not so why should he? As in most westerns the characters are stock types, broadly and unconvincingly limned. May Robson shows the most animation as old *Granna*, with Walter Brennan, Raymond Hatton, Francis Ford, Robert Cummings, Robert Barrat and hundreds more taking part. An overpoweringly realistic grass fire; an Indian attack with the cavalry to the rescue; and the hardships caused by snow, water and dust are photographed with a magnificence worthy of finer effort; and there is a glorious "shot" of camp fires beside a drifting stream. You may want to see "The Texans" for these.

"The Shopworn Angel."—MGM. The romance, on an idealistic plane, of a bashful doughboy from Texas and a hard-boiled girl of the chorus, this is a remake of the pensive anecdote related once before in the talkies by Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll. The new interpretation retains much of the pity and tenderness of the original, but is weakened by three factors—moral serples, spotty direction, and overplaying. James Stewart in the establishing sequence Margaret Sullavan is the chorus girl, at Walter Pidgeon the sympathetic "oth man." These three dominate virtually every scene. Apparently the boy-and-girl affair is never consummated, although one can not be too sure. The work has moments of imaginative writing, and Stewart, on he ceases to remind you uncomfortably. Stan Laurel, is persuasively sincere.

now he's an angel

Continued from page 31

even have been a greater silent-screen actor than talking, because his pantomime is so expressive. And frequently he can short-cut with a gesture what might take many words to say.

When he tells about playing a scene in a picture he'll diagram it quickly in thin air. He was relating to me a debate that had ensued over how the criminal character should act during his feigning of cowardice in "Angels"—whether he should pretend to fear hanging with his tongue in his cheek, or actually go "all the way" in the masquerade and seem to be in a "blue funk" right from the moment he left his cell. It was an intricate point, because it meant a lot in causing the audience to believe the ending.

Jimmy gave a perfect illustration with his eyes and facial expression in each case, which told far more than words. It was easy to decide that the "tongue in the cheek" method was the best. There is, after all, a bit of whimsy in the Cagney personality that has to be flashed on audiences to satisfy them.

Sometimes one might say there are two Jimmy Cagneys. There is the easy, likable, down-to-earth, staccato-talking actor who is just about the same off screen as he is on, whom you can meet on the lot, at a few choice film gatherings with intimate friends, and maybe at an occasional public function concerned with welfare of the screen, but he seldom goes in for long speeches on any occasion.

Behind this Jimmy Cagney stands another, shrewd and experienced in the show business, for he watched every performer that went on the stage in the old vaudeville days,



Playing badminton is a good way to keep in trim, thinks Marie Wilson, who steps out in "Boy Meets Girl."

and learned all the tricks of the trade. This Cagney is a dreamer, too, an idealist, full of vaulting ambition that never comes obviously to the surface, but he is forever manipulating the wires that manage the Cagney most people know. This Cagney is so sensitive that he can be easily hurt.

The idealistic Cagney is the one, though, who surprises people occasionally. This man of very few words can make an excellent speech if the occasion is right for it. He did that at Columbia University a few years ago, when he was asked to perform the chore before a summer class interested in the study of motion pictures.

Perhaps Jimmy's kid sister can throw as much light on his personality as anybody. It was Christmas time last year, and she hadn't seen her brother for some time. She had thought to visit him at Martha's Vineyard, going up there from New York, but as she did not usually travel alone, and her mother could not go with her, she was doubtful about making the trip. Early one morning she called Jimmy on the long-distance phone and told him of the predicament.

He said little over the phone. Just something about "That's too bad. But don't worry about it." It was tossed off in the usual Cagney style—*independent and easy*, but Jeanne read between the lines. She knew he wasn't displaying his real feeling of disappointment.

She rushed into her mother's room to discuss the conversation, and her mother said: "I think you'd better go."

So Jeanne sought the time-tables, and without stopping to phone Jimmy, got the first train to the point where she would cross to the island. When she reached there she phoned Jimmy and asked if he'd send for her. "Where are you?" he asked. She told him. "All right," he said, still casually and nonchalantly.

The boat arrived in due time. Jeanne made the crossing and came to the farm, and from that moment until two days afterward Jimmy didn't even take time off to ask her how she decided in favor of the trip, he was so terrifically glad to see her, and they had the grandest time ever together, Jeanne told me.

Jimmy, as evidenced by this incident, and numerous others, is a simple, substantial type to whom the words "Going Hollywood" would mean absolutely nothing. He hates to hear the work he does in pictures referred to as a career. And he has never once been known to utter that pat phrase "my career."

On the present wave of activity, Jimmy will probably go far. He is fulfilling his old contract, which has a little over a year to run, and the last year, without any changes or alterations in the money terms, is known to call for five thousand dollars a week.

During his association with Grand National he was paid a hundred thousand dollars and upward for pictures. The final film for that company was taken over by Warners, presumably at the figure Grand National would have paid—reputedly about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This may constitute, in the studio's eyes, something in the nature of a bonus for the return of the Prodigal Son.

There was only one thing that Jimmy really wanted, and that was fewer pictures. He hopes, of course, they will always be better pictures. He is content. So, too, is the studio, which has so long been the professional home of James Cagney, and—if the truth be told—its brightest star.

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oh, boy, did i see stars!

Continued from page 65

a juice, it's French, but I guess I don't say it just right. I like steak minyol too, that's another French steak. Anyhow, I had caramel sundae for dessert. Deanna didn't have any, because she was eating candy all morning. I guess I can thank my lucky star I don't like candy. That's sure *one* worry out of my life.

I found out plenty about Deanna. She collects stamps an' elephants, like I collect dolls. She has a dog an' a canary an' a parrakeet. Her parrakeet sings high soprano. Maybe he learned it from her. I have a parrakeet too, but he only eries like a baby. He sure didn't learn that from me, though, because I don't cry. No, sir. I got plenty of drawbacks, but not crying. Mommy'll vouchsafe to that, won't you, mommy? Except once in a while maybe for a sad movie, or if one of my animals gets sick.

Deanna likes swimming—remember how swell she swam in "Three Smart Girls"? An' she likes riding an' sports clothes an' history an' parties an' candy, an' her favorites are Spencer Tracy an' Margaret Sullavan, an' she'd love to be a writer, but she'd rather be an opera singer. She takes lessons from—look, I can't say it but she wrote it down for me here—An-dré de Se-gu-ro-la—he's a him.

Oh, yes, an' she stopped biting her finger nails. I got real excited over that, because I thought maybe she could give me the recipe. But she said, no, she just decided to stop, so she stopped. Boy, I wish I had that much will power. Maybe I could other times, but when I'm seeing a thriller in the movies, why, before you know it those old finger nails get in my mouth an' I'm chewin' away like sixty. It's one of my drawbacks.

Deanna's pretty quiet, not like me, an' I guess she's pretty grownup too, because when she didn't hear something I told her, she said, "What's that, dear?" an' I notice only grownups call you dear. But she had the greatest disappointment of her life when she was twelve, not much older 'n me, an' that was when Metro dropped her because they didn't have anything for her to do. She was just simply heartbroken an' went home an' cried all night. I was so sorry. But, oh boy, thank goodness, there's nothing to be sorry about any more, gee, she sings so swell an' she's so pretty an' everything. I asked for her photo, an' she said, "Sne, if you'll trade," so I said, "Okey-doke."

Well, the day we went out to Metro there was more excitement on account of we were supposed to see Mickey an' Clark Gable too. Jo Rainey, she's our secretary, she was about to have hysterics. My, I never saw anything like it, she wanted to go so badly! I didn't blame her. But mommy wanted to go too. When we first came to Hollywood, Clark Gable was always her favorite, an' I thought they might not like it if we brought too many, so I had to give mommy the preference—oh, an' guess what. She had a new hat an' new dress on. We told Mr. Gable about Jo Rainey, an' he said, "Why didn't you bring her?" So then we felt sorry.

But first when we got there, they said he might not be 'vailable, on account of they were making some fog scenes for "Too Hot to Handle." An' poor mommy, I said, "Look, you got all dressed up an' you're not gonna see Clark Gable." So they took us to Mickey's set first, an' then they'd see.

There were about fifty boys doing a scene for "Boys' Town," an' when I walked in, I knew pretty near every one of 'em, from

playing in pictures with 'em some time or other.

Then Mickey came over an' all he wanted to talk about was bands. He's played drums with pretty near every good swing band there is. Boy, I guess he'd rather do that than eat. Next, he likes tennis, an' next, dancing with girls. But when I asked him his favorite girl, he got kinda red an' changed the subject, so I thought, hetter skip it. His favorite actor an' actress are Spencer Tracy an' Margaret Sullavan, just like Deanna. His favorite color's blue an' brown an' green an' gray, when they're mixed up. Sounds crazy to me but that's what he said all right. He likes long pants an' short girls, an' he has no animals now because he lives in an apartment, hut soon he's going to build a house for his mother. He'll live in it, too, an' then they'll have animals. After that Mr. Taurog came over, he's the director an' he's swell, an' they took a picture of Mickey on his knee like Charlie McCarthy.

Then we said good-by, an' suddenly of all things, Mickey called me up last Sun-



Loretta Young considers this a perfect costume for the country or the beach. You'll find her in "Three Blind Mice."

day. I had about three or four children over, an' we were all playing games, an' one of the boys answered the phone, an' he said, "Mickey Rooney." I thought some one was tryin' to kid me, but it was Mickey all right. He said, "What are you doin', Jane?" I said, "I'm right in the middle of my doll room," an' he said, "Uh-oh," an' I said, "What in the world did you call me up for, I'm busy," an' he said, "Oh, I just like to call people up an' find out what they're doin'," an' I said, "For Heaven's sake—"

Well, anyhow, after we got back from seeing Mickey, they said Mr. Gable came out of the fog, so it's all right. Well, I was so thrilled I could hardly talk. Honest, I think he's the swellest guy I ever met, he's so full of pep. Boy, I sure understand why all the young girls go crazy about him.

He had on this oily coat because he's a newsreel cameraman in the picture, an' he invited us over to his dressing room, it's knotty pine, my favorite kind of material. An' gosh! he's so easy to talk to, he asked me more about me than I did about him, an' he likes all the things I like. He has an awful lot of horses, an' dogs an' cats an' pigeons, an' he despises dress-up parties with ruffles an' stuff. I despise 'em too. An' most people pretend they like English saddles better'n Western, even when they don't, but Clark likes Western.

His mother died when he was a little baby. That was sad. But when he was five, he had a lovely kind stepmother, so it was sadder for his mother than Clark, because he didn't remember her at all. My, wouldn't she be proud if she knew!

He told me one thing, an' if I didn't like him before, I'd have liked him a million times better for just that one thing. He said it's a secret, but I don't guess he'll mind if I tell, it's not a private kind of a secret. He doesn't really care for shooting animals. He's crazy about hunting because it's outdoors, but he'd rather shoot targets, an' when he's with people, he misses on purpose, just not to kill the bird or whatever it is. Gosh, I just love him for that!

His favorite ambition is to make enough money to travel three years, then relax. I asked him, how would he relax? Just sit still? He said no, he'd relax with raising animals an' feeding 'em an' taking care of 'em an' building fences an' anything outdoors, because even if it was hard work, he'd think it was fun. Me too.

Spencer Tracy's his favorite actor. Looks like pretty near everybody's favorite actor's Spencer Tracy. And oh, gosh, it was the cutest thing. When I said, "What's your favorite hobby?" he said, "Carole Lombard." When I said, "Who's your favorite actress?" he said, "Carole Lombard." When I said, "Who's your favorite lady in all the world?" he said, "Carole Lombard." An' he said it with that cute grin on his face. Boy, he sure was unanimous about Carole. He gave her a motor scooter just like mine for Christmas, only I'm not using mine just now. He asked me why, but mommy said that was another story, an' I better not tell. I just as lief not. Clark said, "Sorry, pal."

He let me pick out a picture, so I took one with crumpled hair on a horse. Then we had to go, an' I guess that's all. Oh, no, it isn't. He promised to come swimming in my pool when his picture's finished. He said, "Don't forget, it's a date." I asked him to bring Carole along, an' he said he would. Boy, won't that be sumpn! I bet Clark wouldn't mind swimming with frogs an' tadpoles. He likes the same things I do.

a spy in hollywood

Continued from page 66

in a bookstore. Finally I had enough to start out on a freighter to visit an aunt in London. What a city!"

He loved the traditions of this great European capital, its regal trappings, the dignity of Buckingham Palace, the colorful pageantry of the changing of the Royal Guard every day. There were quaint streets to be followed, and old bookstores in which to browse. There was Piccadilly Circus, the Strand, Trafalgar Square, Chelsea to see, and Big Ben to hear. There were the traditions of the great British Empire to be absorbed.

It was not strange then, that when an Irish padre asked young George if he wanted to join in the work of the revolution in Ireland he was thrilled.

"What a grand ten months that was!" Brent sighed, and looked back, a bit sadly, I thought, down the road to youth and high adventure. "As I recall it, I realize what a routine life I now live in Hollywood. For I was a courier and I took secret dispatches from Dublin to Glasgow! Our leader, Collins, was a magnificent man, and fired us all with determination to do or die for him. He himself was eventually killed, and with him went great genius. He had real heroic spirit.

"Was it dangerous? Yes. You see we couldn't tell who was an opposition spy, waiting to steal our dispatches, and make serious trouble for us. I disguised myself as an American tourist, who was apparently wandering from town to town, from Ireland to Scotland and back.

"Sometimes, with important papers tucked inside my clothes, I rode in the same carriages with soldiers who were looking for me. Sometimes I walked miles through the seething countryside with actual warfare going on around me.

"It was mostly guerrilla warfare, but it was not uncommon to be bombed, and I saw death strike around me many times."

(Brent told me this as though it didn't take bravery to face it all, but I know—and you know—differently.)

"The soldiers put wire tops over the trucks in which we sometimes rode. If a bomb hit this before it exploded, it would bounce off into the road, and then go off. We were lucky more than once!"

If you will recall the Irish Rebellion, you

will remember that it was a time of intense feeling, of hatred, and a determination to kill any one who wasn't on your side. This wasn't a playtime in which an enemy was sent to jail or reprimanded. If you were caught, you were executed. That was all there was to it. The Irish don't fool when they are fighting, you know! And if a certain young courier had been captured, there would be no George Brent's grim, smooth portrayals on the screen to-day.

"What was your most dangerous moment?" I asked.

Brent looked out of the window for a minute, over the quiet green stretches of lawn outside. Again I knew he was seeing that earnest young man with the Irish smile, and the love of danger in his heart whom he had once been.

"Fifteen minutes difference in timing, and I might not be here to tell you the story to-day!" he finally recalled.

"I was dining in a little hotel in Glasgow. The waiter fussed rather unnecessarily about my table, I thought. Finally he leaned over to fill my glass of water, and as quietly as possible said, 'Is everything in order in your room, sir?'"

"At first I was surprised at the question from this particular servant. Then suddenly I realized that this wasn't an idle query, and I went as quietly as possible to my room. From my dispatch case I removed all incriminating papers, and hid them.

"Sure enough," Mr. Brent continued, "in less than fifteen minutes my room was invaded by soldiers, with orders to search everything. They went through my clothes and my personal belongings, the furniture and the room. But they didn't find anything!"

He knew that if he were caught, there would be death as a spy! I'm sure that he did some of the finest acting of his career during those few minutes!

"I've never known who that waiter was, but he saved my life. It soon became evident that I was suspected, and that my every move was watched. And so my usefulness to headquarters was naturally lessened.

"I had to leave the country in a great hurry, not very far ahead of those who were searching for me. I found myself on a cattle boat headed out to sea.

"I roamed for several years before I turned to the stage. I've been through Europe—hiked in England, visited the romantic places in Spain, became acquainted with luring Paris, as well as gained an appreciation of the art and music and history of the world, as I went along."

Said he quietly: "And I'd like once again to get away to far places. I need to get into tight spots, and have to figure my way out in a great hurry. I need desperately to feel free to taste adventure as it comes.

"But I'm old enough now to know a man must earn a living, and do good hard work as he does so. My job is being an actor—a salesman of emotion. I feel that as an actor, I must put my last bit of energy and imagination into the part I am playing. An actor can't let down for a second in any scene. He has responsibilities to other players, as well as to himself."

I'm one of you who admires Brent as an actor above all things. But I'm now also convinced that he is even one hundred per cent more exciting as a man. I've taken his measure in close survey, and found it vital, intelligent, stimulating. You would, too, if you could have my luck, and talk to George Brent in Person!



Bing Crosby and Edmund Lowe sure do enjoy watching a tennis game. "Look at that fast one!" says Bing.



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Elizabeth Allan	Hona Massey
Lionel Barrymore	Marx Brothers
Freddie Bartholomew	Una Merkel
John Beal	Robert Montgomery
Wallace Beery	Claudia Morgan
Ray Bolger	Frank Morgan
Fanny Brice	George Murphy
Virginia Bruce	Maureen O'Sullivan
Billie Burke	Reginald Owen
Lynne Carver	Cecelia Parker
Jean Chatburn	Nat Pendleton
Joan Crawford	Walter Pidgeon
Alan Curtis	Eleanor Powell
Robert Donat	William Powell
Melvyn Douglas	Luise Rainer
Buddy Ebsen	Florence Rice
Nelson Eddy	Mickey Rooney
Clark Gable	Rosalind Russell
Greta Garbo	Ann Rutherford
Fernand Gravet	Norma Shearer
Judy Garland	James Stewart
Fay Holden	Lewis Stone
Henry Hull	Margaret Sullivan
Rita Johnson	Robert Taylor
Allan Jones	Franchot Tone
Guy Kibbee	Spencer Tracy
Miliza Korjus	Lana Turner
Hedy Lamarr	Johnny Weissmuller
Myrna Loy	Robert Young
Jeanette MacDonald	

RKO RADIO STUDIO

780 Gower Street
Hollywood, California

Fred Astaire	Jack Oakie
Lucille Ball	George O'Brien
Milton Berle	Joe Penner
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Ginger Rogers
Cary Grant	Anne Shirley
Miriam Hopkins	Barbara Stanwyck
Vicki Lester	Patricia Wilder
Chester Morris	

COLUMBIA STUDIO

1438 Gower Street
Hollywood, California

Jean Arthur	Grace Moore
Ralph Bellamy	Robert Paige
Gloria Blondell	Joan Perry
Walter Connolly	Charles Quigley
Marlene Dietrich	Edward G. Robinson
Irene Dunne	Lanny Ross
Alexander D'Arcy	Charles Starrett
Edith Fellows	Three Stooges
Rita Hayworth	John Tyrrell

20th CENTURY-FOX STUDIO

Beverly Hills, California

Annabella	Peter Lorre
Don Ameche	Keye Luke
George Barbier	Tony Martin
Warner Baxter	Victor McLaglen
Thomas Beck	Ethel Merman
J. Edward Bromberg	Tyrone Power
Phyllis Brooks	Gregory Ratoff
Spring Byington	Leah Ray
Eddie Cantor	Ritz Brothers
John Carradine	Bill Robinson
Lon Chaney, Jr.	Cesar Romero
Jane Darwell	George Sanders
Joan Davis	Joseph Schildkraut
Brian Donlevy	Douglas Scott
George Ernest	Simone Simon
Alice Faye	Gloria Stuart
Virginia Field	Slim Summerville
Douglas Fowley	Shirley Temple
Richard Greene	Arthur Treacher
Jack Haley	Claire Trevor
Sonja Henie	Marjorie Weaver
Jean Hersholt	Helen Westley
Kenneth Howell	Arleen Whelan
Louise Hovick	Jane Withers
June Lang	Loretta Young

WARNERS-FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO

Burbank, California

Fay Bainter	Lola Lane
Joan Blondell	Priscilla Lane
Humphrey Bogart	Rosemary Lane
George Brent	Margaret Lindsay
Jane Bryan	Anita Louise
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Bette Davis	Wayne Morris
Olivia de Havilland	Paul Muni
Glenda Farrell	Pat O'Brien
Errol Flynn	John Payne
Dick Foran	Dick Powell
Kay Francis	Dick Purcell
Bonita Granville	Claude Rains
Hugh Herbert	Ronald Reagan
Ian Hunter	Ann Sheridan
Allen Jenkins	Rudy Vallee
Patric Knowles	Jane Wyman

UNIVERSAL STUDIO

Universal City, California

Mischa Auer	Joy Hodges
Edgar Bergen and	Andrea Leeds
Charlie McCarthy	William Lundigan
Larry Crabbe	Adolphe Menjou
Andy Devine	George Murphy
Danielle Darrieux	David Oliver
Deanna Durbin	Ray Parker
Nan Grey	Barbara Read
Louis Hayward	Robert Wilcox

PARAMOUNT STUDIO

5451 Marathon Street
Hollywood, California

Elaine Barrie	Betty Grable
John Barrymore	Edward Everett
Jack Benny	Horton
William Boyd	Roscoe Karns
Olympe Bradna	Dorothy Lamour
Bob Burns	Carole Lombard
George Burns and	Fred MacMurray
Gracie Allen	Ray Milland
Charles Butterworth	Isa Miranda
Mary Carlisle	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Ronald Colman	Martha Raye
Bing Crosby	Shirley Ross
Frances Dee	Randolph Scott
James Ellison	Gladys Swarthout
Leif Erikson	Akim Tamiroff
Frances Farmer	Colin Tapley
William Frawley	Eleanore Whitney
Franciska Gaal	Anna May Wong
Florence George	Yacht Club Boys

SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Culver City, California

Janet Gaynor	Fredric March
Paulette Goddard	Alan Marshal
Anne Gillis	C. Aubrey Smith
Tommy Kelly	

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Alan Baxter	Henry Fonda
Joan Bennett	Tim Holt
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Culver City, California

Brian Aherne	Patsy Kelly
Constance Bennett	Alan Mowbray
Oliver Hardy	Roland Young
Stan Laurel	

GOLDWYN STUDIO

1041 North Formosa Avenue
Hollywood, California

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Jerome Cowan	Joel McCrea
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 Cincinnati, Ohio, Rollmans
 Cleveland, Ohio, Filgbee Co.
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 Dayton, Ohio, Rike-Kumler
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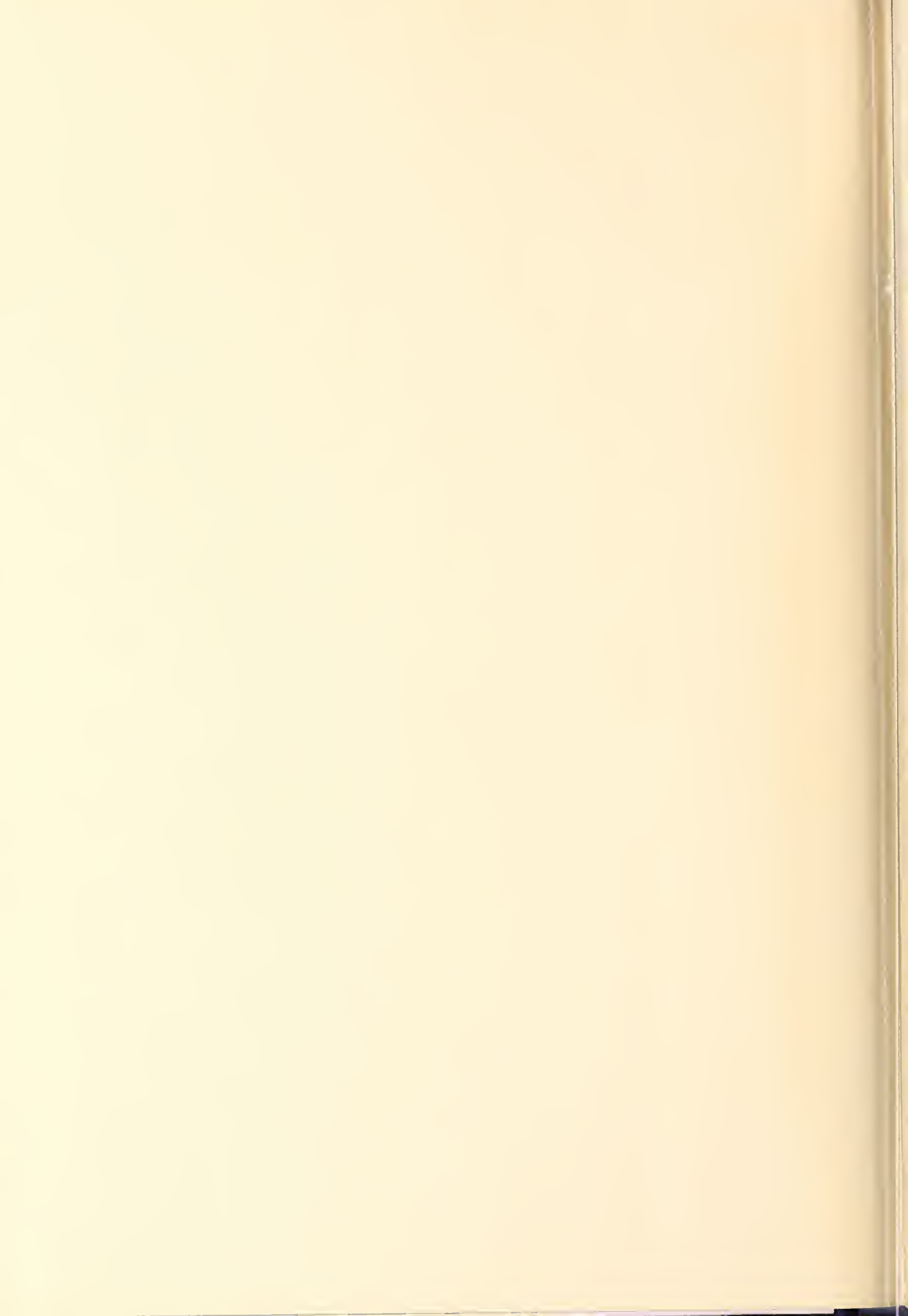
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